

Thursday, March 2nd, 2017

I feel like I'm trapped; bound between two worlds. Nothing seems to matter anymore. As each day passes I feel less and less welcome on planet Earth. I wish I could go out and shoot up a school so bad, like my college campus. There'd be no way to kill enough people though. I want to kill thousands, not just three to twelve. My luck some dirt bag would tackle me when my back's turned, or SWAT/cops would barge in within 10 minutes.

I'm tired of acting like I care about the world; I don't belong here. I see these humans and think, "it must suck to be you." I want a sawn-off shotgun so bad. Maybe I'll own one soon, or at least a regular shotgun. I think that's the most efficient way to go out, my mom got her gun last week but I really don't have enough faith in that thing doing the job. Ugh. I'm so tired. Tired of things. Tired of trying. Tired of getting nowhere. Tired of humans.

Dylan Klebold was in my dream for a minute earlier today. That was very short lived.

-AB