

You...you...you...

I sit back from my laptop and rub my forehead. I grab the PBR can next to me and take a swig.

I'm getting tired of thinking of all these ridiculous endings. This seemed like a fun project in the beginning, but now it has become an endurance run of absurdist violence.

I give up.

Fuck it. It's four a.m. and I'm tired as shit.

There's a really stupid picture on the opposite page and some blank lines. Write your own damn ending.

This one's really up to you.

I'm getting another drink.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

THE END