So the days finally come for me to make one of these

Ever since I was a teenager I dreaded making something like this, a journal or diary, something I keep all my thoughts in.

What would be the point? Id always ask myself

Who am I writing it for?  
myself?

I can keep track of my own thoughts/

Maybe for my future self, even though im always my future self. Some means of reflection.

But I know what its really for

Its just to talk

Not so anyone can see it, not even myself

Just somewhere to talk to myself, pathetic.

Id rather never talk again than talk to myself. I wish this fucker would leave me alone, because he’s not me.

Hes a caricature of me that I puppet around so people wont worry about me, but whats the point..

No one knows the real me, no one knows the real anyone but themselves

Ive tried being honest, ive tried being me, but nothing helps, its likey trying to dehydrate water

If hes gone who will be there?

Nothing at all.

I don’t know how many times ive tried to fix myself

It’s a contant struggle of inevitable failure.

What am I even trying to fix?

Well I know now, and I didn’t for the longest time

Ive always tried to make people like me, or if that fails make them hate me, because why not

But though all these people ive pushed myself to try and impress, what have I got to show for it?

My life has devolved into dully doing the things expected of me as not to disappoint someone.

And I just cant stand that, when do people do that for me? Like genuinely do it, not out of some ulterior motive? Almost never

And those times It does happen it just depresses me now, instead of being a beam of hope that makes me feel somewhat appreciated

And over the course of years now ive developed this anxiety regarding disappointing anyone, and it got to the point of crippling my ability to do uni.

Last semester I was so convinced by the end of it that I was nothing more than a failure that I couldn’t bring myself to show up to one of my final exams for a subject

And that was the class I failed

So then I spiral into a cycle of guilt and anxiety. I couldn’t believe in my ability to succeed so I didn’t, when I was completely capable of success.

I tried going to my parents about that in some idiotic pipedream that they would help

It only opened my eyes to the fact they were no better, they either haven’t dealt with something like this themselves, making them offensively blunt on matters which may not hold weight for them, but it sure as hell fucking does to me, and to people of my generation.

It was a major dose of reality, as I have nothing but the utmost respect for my parents and what they’ve been able to achieve, but I cant relate to them

And they cant relate to me

I am alone

And shit, ive known that for quite some time, but I always thought there was a lifeline

There isn’t, im dangling off the edge and no one cares but me

And that care is slipping day by day

Why put the genuine emotional effort into people who say one thing and do another?

Why hold myself to any fucking principles? Why live by a code of respect and understanding when theres nothing but disrespect and a complete lack of either the ability or the will to understand?

Theres nothing that I say do or think that matters. It wont change the fact that works will feast on my remains.

Because it’s the right thing, right?

There is not right thing

No right political view

No right decision

No righteous people

Just deceptors.

So should I keep holdingmyself above that standard? One that, while making me feel concrete in my actions, eats away at me to the point I have to self medicate

And shit, I know im addicted to marijuana

All I know is that its better than being addicted to heroine

Gimme a few years, its always a possibility.

You know my dad said he’d support my decision if I ever took my own life ahah

How could anyone say that to someone they are supposed to love?

Guess love is subjective.

Before he said that, I had always been violently opposed to taking my own life.

I know I wouldn’t recover if someone in my family did it

It’s a pit of regret and misery that you can never fill or escape from

But maybe its not like that for all people, who knows. Id have assumed that having a child kill themselves would be something you wouldn’t care to go through, and the thing is I know my dad better than he thinks

Because I am him, and he’s me. The amount of similarities between us, personality wise alone is enough to give me a good insight into how he thinks. And im sure he regrets saying that.

But maybe he doesn’t

Who knows

I cant know

I just wish he could be genuine with me, I know he isn’t entirely comfortable talking to me, but I wish he’d try.

I just wish I had someone who I could relate to and who could relate with me.

I used to have people like that, but it either turned out they weren’t actually genuine at all. Or they just cut contact.

Who can blame them

Im a glowing testament to the fact I don’t belong in this world.

The more I try to fit in I stand out, the more I know the less I feel, everything becomes routine

Understanding peoples perspectives has always been a fascination of mine

How tragic it is that someone like me would have no one interested in my perspective in the world.  
  
and if you do now after you read this, whoever the fuck you are, its too late, fuck you.

Maybe this whole world is a test to see how much I care

To torture me for giving a hit

For trying to find meaning where there is none

Trying desperately to be worthy of the attention that no one gives me.

And yeah I know, wah wah wah, but fuck off. Its been 20 years of this. People pretending to understand me when they haven’t the foggiest. Whether its teachers, parents, siblings, friends, the story is all the same

And you know what its gonna be great when whatever happens happens

Whether they find me dead and they’re like “wow who could have seen it coming”  
literally anyone who cared or payed attention

So no one

Or I go on a rampage and hurt people, right? That’s what people do when they’ve been hurt, they hurt others. Or you take that hurt to the grave and it ends with you.

I couldn’t bring myself to hurt anybody

Not just for the normal empathetic reasons, but what’d be the point?

Maybe someone will try to understand me after im cold in the ground.

Im just torn between lashing out or lethargically waiting for my death

Weeds a great distraction

Makes me not me for a bit

And I just laser focus on something

After a few cones I work extremely fast and efficiently, emotion and anxiety drop away and I just work.

Well I cant afford that, and my consumptions just gotten worse.

At this point theres no point in talking about things to anyone. What, do I pay someone to listen to me and care? Is that supposed to help? Oh I give you $300 so you can professionally give a fuck about my existence

Im sure id have a great life if I just gave everyone $300, then they’d give a shit, right?

Because people don’t ask what they can do for you, they ask what you can do for them.

Its all about exploiting emotional energy out of people until they are nothing.

I have no mouth and I must scream, its like im stuck in a nightmare where no matter how much you try, you cant get out so much as a whisper.

How do I call out for help? And to who?

The answer is you don’t, and no one.

So that’s the reality of my life. Doing things to please people while being extraordinarily unhappy.

Common story.

I used to have outlets that would rejuvenate me, help me deal with doing it all over again the next day

And now nothing helps. I just work until I don’t have the drive to, and I shutdown until I somehow get it back.

I only have so much.

You know whats funny? Without the internet it’d be so much worse. At least I can distract myself by watching the mental equivalent of popcorn that’s churned out for the masses to gorge on .

That gets less fulfilling too.

So whats a retard to do?

If no one cares whats the point?

Does my care come before others?

Do I have to turn into some inconsiderate asshole to keep going?

Seems that way for now

Cause god fucking damn is being nice not helping

How do I stop caring?

Ive stopped caring now, was a bit easier than I thought.

All it took was the realisation that anything that ive though of as “love” just hasn’t been.  
  
and I I do end up killing myself, and you guys read this, I hope you feel that regret, and I hope you feel that dread. That’s what ive been feeling for months after I begged you for help.   
  
find no emotional respite, because you don’t fucking deserve it whatsoever.

You had every chance and every opportunity, and its not like you guys aren’t intelligent enough to realise when you’re doing something you shouldn’t

You just talk business to eachother and rationalise you children like you would a new Powerlink release.   
remember when I came to you about nick? That was fun wasn’t it. Being told that you’d just do nothing for one of your children that was slipping. Its not like negelect formed those behavioural abnor,alities in the first place, and more neglect would totally help, right?

But that’s the thing, you guys do discuss it, obviously. I wonder how many times ive come up.

I remember you saying that there was a chance I wouldn’t be so easy to deal with in the future

And that true at this point, but that’s only because you put in the lowest effort imaginable.

Thank you. If I had the option to go far away and never see you again id take it in a heartbeat with no regrets, because the honest truth is you guys don’t deserve my respect, or my love, or my regret.

If you wanted to raise a business, and not children, you should have gotten some dogs instead.

But now you have 5 children, and only maybe 1 of them has come out of childhood without any major malfunctions. And you’ve raised us to be employees for the business we were neglected in favour of.

I have a very hard time believing that you guys wouldn’t be aware of this, or have thought about it in any meaningful way.

But I will ask, was it worth it?

Cause when I was growing up I always told myself that you guys were doing that for our future, but any parent should have faith in their kids standing alone. If theres one thing that has stunted any success we may have garnered, it’s the business.

Because why put any effort into ourselves if we always have a backup? Why have any faith in our skills when you barely care about them to begin with outside of how they might be used as a tool for the business.  
  
im glad you remembered that time I desperately tried to show you guys my talent when I was in highschool with that video I made for you guys though

Id really like to not talk to you guys, but I know its inevitable. Im gonna have to face your indignation at why I utterly failed uni this semester.

So ill tell you why now, because why should I put any effort into developing my skills when you guys fundamentally only care about those skills.

And before you fucking start, if that wasn’t the case, why are you more concerned about my uni results than my mental state?  
  
especially after I made it clear to you guys I needed help.

So why should I care at all about uni?  
  
to please people who don’t fucking care about me?

Id rather work in coles, honestly. I don’t care about being rich or successful, I want to be happy.  
  
and I wish you guys wanted me to be happy too.

But theres no happiness here, and theres no love between us anymore.

If I had a child, and they came to me how I did, and I responded the way you guys did, I would be ashamed. I would feel like I have failed as a parent. And I’d be giving any emotional support I could to make up for that.

But you guys didn’t, so what should I think?

It honestly hurts me so much to feel how I do about this, but I cant help it. I don’t know what else to do, because I gave you all the chances you could need if you wanted to help me through this, and you couldn’t or didn’t want to.

Now I either cant or wont do uni, and cant or wont respect you, and cant or wont love you.

And that puts me in immense pain, because the fear of disappointing you guys is what made me continue when I had no motivation. My respect for you made me push myself further than ive every gone. And my love for you guys stopped me from critically thinking about the decisions you’ve made, and whether I would have made them were I in your shoes.

I don’t think theres recovery from this, and I don’t even know if id want to, because its too late and im tired of trying making excuses for you guys, and putting all the blame on me.

I matter more than that, and im going to need to be more selfish if I want to survive this shit.