

FOR Y'ALL.

SINCE THE BEGINNING, I KNEW THAT I DIDNT HAVE FRIENDS—NOT IN THE PAST NOR NOW. BTW, IN SOME CASES, I WOULDVE THOUGHT THAT SOMEONE PROBABLY CARED A BIT FOR ME, BUT NO. THOSE WERE JUST DAYDREAMS...

FOR Y'ALL WHO IVE SENT THIS MESSAGE TO, YOU'RE BAD... YOU DONT GIVE A SHIT ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE AND JUST THINK FOR YOURSELVES. YOU DIDNT FUCKING CARE ABOUT SOMEONE THAT WAS WITH YOU A LOT OF TIMES, BUT YOU REPLACED THEM WHEN YOU HAD SOMETHING BETTER.

YOU ARE FUCKING SCUM, AND YOU SHOULD DIE LIKE A FUCKING BUG. A COCKROACH HAS MORE EMOTIONAL CARE THAN ALL OF YOU. IT WAS NOTABLE THAT I NEEDED HELP.

I WANTED SOMEONE TO HELP ME, BUT NOT EVEN THE CLOSEST PEOPLE IN MY LIFE WOULD HELP ME. BRUH, YOU ASK (FOR THOSE WHO ASK), "YOU OK?" I SAID YES, WITH NOTABLE DEPRESSION. I ALSO WANT TO TELL EVERYTHING ABOUT MY DAY, LAUGH ALONG, SING ALONG, PLAY ALONG—GENUINELY—BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE WHEN NO ONE REALLY CARES ABOUT YOU. AND MAYBE IT'S IMMATURE, BUT THAT'S HOW I AM. I KNOW THAT ALL THE PEOPLE I TOLD I WAS GOOD KNEW HOW FUCKING BAD I WAS, BUT THEY CARED MORE ABOUT PERSONAL THINGS THAN HELPING SOMEONE CLOSE. NOT A SINGLE TIME DID I DO SOMETHING EMOTIONAL WITH Y'ALL TO GET SOMETHING FROM Y'ALL. I DISCARDED THE IDEA OF TALKING TO ALL OF YOU A MONTH AGO. I WANT TO KILL MYSELF MORE THAN EVER. I CANT FEEL ANYTHING. EVERY NIGHT I LAY ON MY BED, I REALLY HOPE TO FIND A MESSAGE FROM SOMEONE WHO REALLY CARED, SAYING SOMETHING LIKE, "ARE YOU OK? HOW WAS YOUR DAY?" BUT WE ALL KNOW THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN BECAUSE YOU AND I ARE THE SAME—WE ALL ARE SCUMBAGS THAT SHOULD DIE. AND THAT IS A FUCKING DRAG.

