

TCTD.

IF THE DEATH NOTE HAD EXISTED THIS WOULD'VE BEEN EASIER.

THINGS HAPPEN WITHOUT MEANING; WE ARE THE ONES WHO HAVE TO GIVE THEM MEANING. BUT WHAT IF THE ONE WHO HAS TO GIVE MEANING IS NOT MENTALLY WELL? WHAT IF THEIR WORLD IS ALREADY PAINTED IN SHADES OF GREY, WHERE EVERY WORD, EVERY ACTION, EVERY SO-CALLED KINDNESS IS JUST ANOTHER HOLLOW ECHO OF SELF-INTEREST?

IF SOMEONE SPOKE TO YOU, WHAT WOULD YOU THINK? MAYBE "OH, THEY LIKE ME" OR "THEY MUST FIND ME INTERESTING." BUT FOR ME, IT WAS ALWAYS DIFFERENT. I NEVER ONCE BELIEVED SOMEONE TALKED TO ME BECAUSE I WAS INTERESTING, SMART, OR WORTH THEIR TIME. MY MIND WOULD ALWAYS TWIST IT—THEY'RE JUST BEING POLITE, JUST FEEDING THEIR EGO, JUST WANTING TO FEEL LIKE A GOOD PERSON SO THEY CAN LATER SAY, I SAW SOMEONE STRUGGLING, AND I REACHED OUT. I'M SUCH A KIND SOUL.

BUT LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES. YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THE TRUTH. YOU DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT MY FEELINGS. NO ONE EVER REALLY HAS.

STILL, LONELINESS ISN'T THAT BAD. IT STRIPS AWAY THE NOISE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO FEEL. YOU JUST EXIST, FLOATING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THOUGHTS OF DEATH AND THE UNBEARABLE WEIGHT OF BEING ALIVE. MAYBE I'M A WEIRDO, MAYBE A PSYCHO—BUT THERE WERE DAYS, MANY DAYS, WHERE I FELT NOTHING. EVEN NOW, WRITING THIS, I FEEL NOTHING.

TODAY, FOR THE WHOLE DAMN DAY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT KILLING MYSELF. AND TODAY, I FINALLY CHOSE THE DAY—JULY 12.

I ALSO REALIZED HOW FUCKING COWARDLY I AM. I CAN'T DO IT MYSELF. I'D NEED SOMETHING ELSE, SOMEONE ELSE— JUMPING IN FRONT OF A TRAIN, STEPPING IN FRONT OF A CAR, MAKING IT SOMEONE ELSE'S BURDEN INSTEAD OF MY OWN. THAT JUST PROVES HOW MUCH OF A COWARD I AM.

TO BE HONEST, I'M SCARED OF DEATH. I PROBABLY WON'T WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, BECAUSE I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE. BUT ISN'T THAT THE FINAL STEP? WHEN THERE'S NOTHING LEFT, WHEN EVEN THE LIES MEANT TO BE KIND—"YOU'RE NOT ALONE," "THINGS WILL GET BETTER"—LOSE THEIR MEANING? LIES MUST BE KIND, THEY SAY. BUT IN THE END, A LIE IS STILL A LIE, NO MATTER HOW MUCH COMFORT IT'S WRAPPED IN.

GOD IS CRUEL, ISN'T HE? TELL ME, WHY WOULD A GOD TORTURE A CHILD AND GIVE HIM A MIND THAT TURNS AGAINST ITSELF? A MIND THAT WHISPERS OF ESCAPE, OF OBLIVION, OF AN END DISGUISED AS RELIEF.

BUT WELL, IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHETHER I CAN LEAVE TOO COWARD TO DIE BEHIND.

TO: WHOEVER THE FUCK CARES.

FROM: YOUR SHITTY FRIEND (HIKKIBE).

PEACE OUT 🐼

