

One way out

Journal Entry 15

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The pain of the self-inflicted cuts slicing deep through your arm is no greater than than the burden of living. One cut for everything I do wrong and two when the same mistake was repeated. Not wanting to live is not a bad thing. I think it's pretty reasonable why one wouldn't want to keep pushing on. Life will never treat you well and no one around cares about you. It's crazy how you can make one mistake in life; small or not; it will ruin your life. Not mine though. Even though I was only caught Cheating, suicide is the only option. I do not have time to deal with all the consequences that come with cheating. All I know is that dying is easier. Nothing wrong with taking the easy way out. Why go uphill the hill when you can simply run down? Is the thing that is up the hill so significant? When you get what you want are you truly happy How do you be happy? I have forgotten. Staying consistently happy enough to want to live is difficult. I'm doing all this work just to end up doing more work that comes with even more stress. At the end we are only living to die. "You only live once" they say. How do they know that? They have no proof; they haven't died yet. Always talking about some bullshit that they have no evidence or proof for. There is nothing wrong with dying and no one should fear it. You don't know what there is in the afterlife, so I have a better quote for you. "There is a first for everything". So, kill yourself if your unhappy or did something terrible or wrong. There might be something better waiting for you. As I am writing this down now, I have 20 pills in my hand.

They are specifically Opioids and I'm hoping it would do the job. Picking my way to die was difficult enough as I want this to be a painless death. The easiest way for that would've probably been a gun but how would I even get one? I don't have the money to afford it. Hanging myself would be a difficult process and that would be extremely painful as-well. I could've drank bleach, electrocuted myself, or slit my wrist. Those options though are all still so painful so the pills should do the trick. I will go through pain with the pills and there might also be a chance I might still live. I've always heard stories of people regretting there attempts at suicide but I have always disagreed. I would be more disappointed that I failed. You failed to kill yourself? That should be a simple thing to do once you have the right items. Now if my parents are reading this I want y'all to know that this is not a suicide note and I'm not saying goodbye to anyone. My life has been terrible and would've stay terrible no matter what. You could've gotten me all the help you wanted and it still wouldn't have helped. I would've committed suicide faster. Fuck the pain at that point, I would slit my wrist with a butter knife. Also, wanted to let you know that you did nothing wrong so don't blame yourself and don't cry, if you are crying. I wouldn't expect anyone to cry when I die nor would I want them too. I want my ashes to burnt and spread across the world so my pain can curse the land I once walked through. Anyways I need add one more thing too this entry before it becomes too late to take these pills. If I don't kill myself tonight then I might not do it. I'm a master procrastinator and will procrastinate any chance I get, like what I'm doing now. I wanted to list something I will miss such as my friends, family, and food. One thing for sure I would miss would be cutting myself. might sound bad but hear me out. The rush you get when you put the blade on your skin and move your arm side to side like a violin. It's like music too my ears as I watch the blood slowly

trickle out my arm. You get a rush of adrenaline and endorphins as you do it again and again and again. You never want to stop. I would say it's like masturbation but there is no grace period. You can do it as many times as you want until there's no where to cut anymore. My favorite part to cut was my arms. Not just any part of the arm but where the meat is, on your forearm. I tried to cut my shoulders but that was surprisingly more painful and less blood came out which made it no fun. Self-harm can get very addicting especially when your alone. The dark thoughts creep in your head as soon as night hits. The negativity drains your body and you become anxious and concerned. Your friends are all of sudden not available and you feel you have no one to talk to. Your only friend is the man in your head and the blade in your hand. The man in your head is telling you all types of things. "No one cares about you", "Your not wanted in this world". After hours of this constant taunting, you agree with the man and start cutting into your skin because if you can't kill yourself. You can at least start trying to. I just checked my parents location and they are 30 minutes away from home. I'm going to take the pills now so I can be dead before they find me. I don't want there to be a chance of me surviving. I would never live out the embarrassment. Well, so long, I have lived long enough and I lived a good enough life. I ate the food I wanted; had sex so I won't die a virgin. I had some good friends in my life and made good memories but, I must interfere with god's plans. I must end my life and plays god's game. I will be burning in the pits of hell among the worse of the worse as there is no redemption for suicide. As one who tries to play god, will never get to see him after all.