

I really did think about getting a dog like some people have suggested but I'm afraid I'd give it fucking asthma or something. So I'm not going to do that.

My mind is blank right now. I smell like cigarettes. Instead of sickening it seems comforting, it's familiar. Can't help but feel disgust on Amelia's behalf, though. I really don't know what else to type at the moment.

I guess she just checked in to see if I killed myself already or not. Seems like the logical thing.

I don't want to speak to her. Or anyone for that matter. I thought about checking myself into a mental hospital too many times now. Maybe it would be easier. Maybe they'd tell me that I am actually insane and making all this shit up and I hit my head too hard when I was 17 which is why I'm like this. So I can at least stop sabotaging my own and everyone else's lives around me.

I know it's not true though. That's the most awful thing. I don't hallucinate. If I were prone to hallucinations I would've noticed by now, someone else would've noticed. Dreams can't be that coherent. I want to have doubts but deep inside I know this is all true. I think I might be delusional. But my certain belief in the fact that all of this is true is not letting me think I'm delusional. I wish I was. But I believe it all. It's horrifying.

I don't know how many more times I have to go through all of these same thought processes. I can't keep fucking going like this. Trying to convince myself I'm insane and then back to square one of just pure hysteria with the weight of it all. The depression. The mania. It's so exhausting. I need to change something.

My first thought is, of course, kill myself. That's the simple way out. I've tried before. I don't think I can keep doing this. It will end everything. But then again, it's not that simple. I lack the will to do it. Or the self-discipline. It's a fucked up thing to be too lazy to kill yourself. Or maybe it's morbid curiosity. Either way, I don't want to do it. I know it would be the easiest way out but I'm not going to kill myself.

Next idea is ego death. This one's abstract. But I think if I brought myself to some sort of total mental break I could pull it off. Not sure what will go after it though. There's really no predicting that.

I think I have to do something drastic. I need a drastic change. I need a break. Not the "I'm going to rest break" but a mental break break. I need something to happen. I think I'm going to make something happen. I don't fucking know what to do.

I'm going to go to work tomorrow. I guess we'll see what happens after that.