

2/16/01

Another week gone. This semester is going by quickly; already done with the sixth week - AMAZING!

Last night was another disappointment. I have not felt its effects yet and am waiting patiently for the devil to hit so I may begin my self-torture.

I started writing something last night - I think it kinda sucks but at least I am writing. It seems that the lighter and more funny stuff I had written (or began to write) hit road blocks immediately while the darker, more depressing (ie - Read "more closely related to my life") comes out much easier. I know that comedy is harder to write than dark material but for me, dark stuff is really, really easy - stuff I can only admit to myself on paper - each keystroke keeps me in this cavern of shit.

This cycle is so ~~regular~~ consistent that soon the disappointments will have no effect as I am in a constant state of self-torture - some form of starvation, sleep deprivation, denial of pleasure intentionally - it makes me feel good, the self-control and will-power I possess.

2/23/01

It would ease in your understanding of me if I could convey to you my value system, some sort of perspective from which I view the world that I could lend to you so that you may see through my eyes just a glimpse. I am not sure if that is possible because I don't think anyone wants to understand me.

Have you ever wanted to die, to end it all, but not wanted to kill yourself? I say suicide is a cop-out - an easy solution but maybe I just don't have the balls to do it.

There is truly no reason for me to get out of bed other than to complete and attend to responsibilities and tasks that I don't care about. I couldn't mind them so much if they were not the sole reason I wake up.

Chances occur that seem to allow the happiness and contentment and reason I desire to come to me yet somehow or another they are blown with or without my help. Am I to give up immediately? I don't really know if I have another option.

I am tired, so tired that I want to sleep for eternity.