

Being a good teammate is playing hard on defense. Go hard for loose balls and rebounds. Learn how to "box-out". Learn to set good picks (screens) on offense, so you can free up a teammate for an easy shot. Being a good teammate means coming to the game rested and playing as hard as you can. It means encouraging your teammates on and off the court. Together you can win!

LADY COMETS BASKETBALL

per attitude means respect for your teammates and your opponents. Your opponents trying their best just like you. Never try to "show up" or "trash-talk" your opponents. don't over-celebrate a basket with too many "high-fives". When you over-celebrate, make it seem like the basket was a big deal and something you didn't really expect to make. Instead, be cool, like it's no big deal. You do it all the time.

When you are on the court, play as hard as you can to win, but when the game is over, it's over!

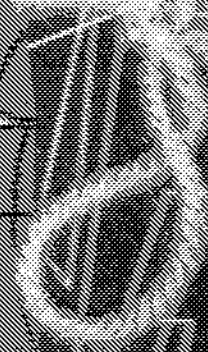
DESIRE + DEDICATION + DIRECTION = DETERMINED DESTINY

Never play "dirty" ... it's just not worth it. You only lower yourself by doing it. Play with enthusiasm and play to win, but play with class. Make your parents and teachers proud. Don't argue with the referee... they're human and don't always make the right call, but hey, that's life... it's not always fair. You just have to make the best of the situation and go on. People will remember you for how you act on the court. When you win, never gloat or rub it in your opponent's face.

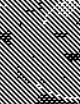
Remember, there is no such thing as a perfect game! Michael Jordan has never played a perfect game... he has always missed some shots. So don't get down on yourself if you mess up. Just keep playing hard and things will work out. None of us is perfect... even the coaches! The refs aren't perfect either... so expect a bad call or two and don't let it get to you. Basketball is not a perfect game.

88 I FOUND THE ♡ IN THEM.. SO I WOULD START 2 ♡

Change



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WINTER
GAM, LIFE
GAM

Nothing goes back
the same way

THE PRISON, TAKE
LIVE, here at human ends

get back off
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AFTER THE COMETS



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When my seventh grade year came to an unfortunate close, I've been trapped in probably one of the most longest, lonley summers of my entire creatin' life that got me addicted to the depression and stress in being occupied by everyone I knew. I was in a terrible mind state of constant negetivity and racing thoughts, drowned in doughts, with losing the team and losing a lot of people, my teammates along with other friends, too. Barely got rest. Mind racing like the indy 500 while turning to my left bedside, where my team picture was, hanging perfectly on my wall, just looking at it for a long period of time, staring into the eyes of my long lost teammates. My treatorous mind always had a pile of thoughts. Thought is that made me think too hard or opposite of the truth. Mostly just wondering.

"I wonder how thier doing? I wonder how they'll do in high school? Will they stay the same or change? Will they miss me or forget me?" I prayed and hoped to God that they'd never forget who I was and who we were as a whole, although they were hella happy they got out of that lame school of ours. I wished I could go with them, but I was only a seventh grader. I really should have gone anyways since I was meant to be in the eighth grade that year. I was almost older than all of them. If I could have gotten a chance, I would have because I really didnt want to go back to that racket-ass pitiful school. I mabe wouldn't have been as sad or depressed. I would

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cry and cry for days just a few weeks after their last day at I.T. because I knew they were long gone, I thought I'd never see them again. I would cry as my pillow was damp everytime I woke up to a new day.

Though the days were long, somewhat weird and messed up, I can't barely even remember to tell the truth what happened that summer. I just remember missing them because they were all I thought about, along with [REDACTED] too. But what I also remember was looking in the yearbook going through all the nice signings from my friends and pictures. I looked through that yearbook many, many times to count and it probably adds up to thousands of times. Everytime I looked at the best yearbook that poor school ever had, I always turned to ARE page in the year book. A picture of us holding up the third place trophy in the city, [REDACTED] with her goofy face surrounding everybody else making faces, smiling with spiritness. That page was the most pretty & realest one out of the whole entire yearbook. Straight up truth.

I look at it and I remember when the photo was taken and all of us crowded together, packed in as a bunch, saying "Lady Comets!" before the snap. My memory always reminds me how much I had and being apart of such a heart-moving team. It's like that clear and young too like it just happened at that time, but of coarse, when I had an unforgettable [REDACTED] with on top of that winning a trophy, I can't bare to forget, or even try to. My heart wouldn't let me. And speaking of the trophy, third place wasn't bad and was

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pretty sweet for us. The Lady Comets throughout the years of Creswell never went that far in a season, probably never to the city or even the District if you can tell they sucked, maybe just not as loved of a group as us. But we obviously did not suck speaking of which we were farther than any other team in Lady Comets history. I bet no one in the future would beat our level and plus the fact that there would be probably no better players than my teammates. Legends like them only come once in a lifetime like finding a puny piece of lent in a buffed out stack of hay. I'm so glad I was with them that year and overjoyed to have been a seventh grader instead of a little, hopeless, left out sixth grader. Then I would have never known or met them or gone through it all. I really did love being around them since they were so friendly, fascinatingly down to earth like they knew you their whole lives, like it was ok being me.

I'm pretty sure if we won the city, we would have had a fine banner and everything with the huge, shiny trophy, shining in colors of pretty golden wonderes of success in the case of our school. That would have been the only banner hanging up there in the next fifty years to bet. We would have won the city to my conclusions, but things just turn out like we planned, or what [redacted] planned that is. Things got too mental as we narrowed down to the end and things got harder, like competitive teams like we were. The starters were too under pressure for some to handle.

[redacted] lead us far, but we had to have done situations without him to show

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ourselves independently strong. It would have been an enviable goal to have accomplished, but otherwise we were mighty grateful for what we had, besides it all that we had all worked like a team to push as hard as we could go. We didn't beat two teams: JFK, who we lost to again and the undefeated champions, West End. West End only had seven players on their whole team and the starting remaining five played the whole game to their strong efforts. They were talented and especially hard working, finally pushed themselves to the defending title, and they ended up being the Champions. That game was a heartbreaker for all of us.

I specifically remember Sydney crying on the sidelines when the final buzzer went off. She really wanted to be the city winner champions, taking home the big one. I'm sure she wanted that title just as much as any player would have in the whole entire gym because she had a true passion in basketball and loved doing it. Succeeding in your passion really lets you know you've worked hard and puts a great, positive impact on you. Sydney was probably the only one crying just because she maybe thought we didn't accomplish our goal, but there was nothing we could cry about. We could only have gotten so far.

Boy, I'd want to have seen Sydney's face if we did, though. Winning over all which meant so much to us. We actually won a series full amount of games. Our record or game stats ended up to be 18-2 or somethin' like that. The pimped out thing about that was it was the same numbers as

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are destination, which was 02-18-09. That was the date of our last game, but shoot, I could only remember so much. But for the effort, we weren't bad sports. We were happy for them all and what they did to get there. To tell the truth though, I honestly think they wouldn't have won if they didn't own that [redacted] who is a beastly post and made at least to my knowledge twenty points. She was a huge dust sweeper, that's for sure, I'm sorry but she hit that ball hard in the paint with two of our posts on her. Those posts were as and yes, she defines The Iron Giant or something collage like. She pretty much was the whole reason they won since she scored down most of the points like a game of street ball. Nevertheless, they did have a well-skilled point guard who ran well adjusted plays, but really aimed for [redacted] in her spot to lay down a two-pointer, fake out, or whatever. Man, would there basketball life would have been tragic without her. She was like Brittney Griner.

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Just sayin', they're only hope to fill in another fifth player would have been that [redacted] benchwarmer who did probably nothing but sit the whole game, or every game in there season. She might have been like me who didn't get that much experience but man, they'r record would have went tumbling down a hill cause I would have shot better than she. Damn, I wouldn't have wanted to be on a team that put me on the sidelines all the time. I mean Good Lord that girl woulda been worthy to bring a parade to the team! Anyways, lets cut short. In real-

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ity, they had [redacted] and they did what they did. It was all them that night. You can try and picture the way you would have wanted it to be or how things should have gone, but the truth is the truth. And I could only except truth. But there was an empty spot in my heart that felt, "Man, I think we deserved it more than anyone. We went through a lot of things and struggled and strained to get to the top. We were the real team cause we had a group with different personalities and destiny or calling to the world, but all had the same goal. Too bad our goal was crushed like bread crumbs when it gets stale. That should have been us to hold that first place title.

It should have been OUR moment." As otherwise for God, he didn't place the decision for us to receive it because that's just not what God intended for us. He gave us the strength and the opportunity to a marvelous outcome which was a great gift for me on that team. An opportunity that I had been on my first successful team after all the mediocre years I've been playin' basketball, facing the hardships with some saggy, saggy sore losers, but that moment of my life that I so joyfully shared with them, I didn't feel like a loser at all. I felt like a winner being with a winning team as a whole. At that time, I would have dedicated a trophy I made of my very own to them that would say: "Best team in the world to me." They were super accomplished winners, therefore that made me a winner, too. So you know what I mean when people say, "one successful, all successful"

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Although a few kinds of people I know who said that was the one and only [redacted] He was all triumphant without many failures because he was probably not trembling of failing. He trusted in God I bet and let Him control his life. the thought of that makes me want to up beat myself from doing the same. Trusting in God. I have to admit that sometimes I wasn't that trusted with anyone except Him other than [redacted] [redacted] along with trusting [redacted] too. If they find out you know you trust them and actually show it, they'll have the taint instict to do the same trustworthyness to you.

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You can feel it certain in your heart that you don't have to worry about anything because you know they got you tight. I couldn't beleive anyone better than God having my back cause he has my life organised out with every miricle and detail, having it all under his care. He has a purpose for me, even though I fudly see my future, but its yet to come. If you say anything like a secret, I'm perfect to trust, but I really don't know for sure if people could trust me that well. I can see things in people that can get me not to trust people either. Some could appear friends in descize but its just unfortunately sin in this earth and makes mistakes all the time or at least when nasty situations occur in relationships.

I have put [redacted] down and I have done things that lost her focus and patience to trust me. Even we as people can't keep promises or do stuff we tell people to do. We mess up like replays on a song and

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In many ways cause we are so broken and imperfect. God in many ways is not a failure and is also not a human being, but even though he has walked on this planet like a man, he is perfect, which gives us Christians a sense to let God handle it even when we can't, which will let us pray to him to let some strength be lented. He'll know every second and every hour of life ahead and knows the future, as for mine. As worried out of my panics I was about the forthcoming of my eighth grade year and how I was going to pull out and flexibly manage through that time chilled my spine, making me extremely nervous. Nervous about too many areas I can be vulnerable by, like interactions and school work. I had to learn to calm myself down.

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As the summer days got thinner, my anxiety got thicker. I was frightened by situational change a few weeks before school started. I shakenly thought how different it was going to be and as I seaked it in my conscience, one of the most longest, dreaduring years of my life. And right I damn was for many reasons to my experience to the first day I came back. I realized how empty the school was as for my own heart was, too. No one seemed pippy to see me or each other which in a way broke my heart and to now figure out, I didn't keep in touch with anybody all summer, which ended up as a consequence. Not really that but the same loneliness starting from ground zero again.

I suffered to the fact that a new year had come and I needed to change my mind about things, but thinking

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about my teammates always hit me in the gut that they weren't there to be seen and never come back again. I just knew that was true cause I knew they hated it there. Teachers like [redacted] and [redacted] probably despized them of there obscure behavior and spittin' out words of critisizing instead of teaching them. All my freinds or people I knew said they were bad kids and [redacted] was on thier side of the defense. I could feel that they were hatin' on them, which got me furied cause you cant judge the whole eighth grade body just cause they were LOUD or BAD. My teammates were made of inside beauty and heart-warmingsness more than my grade and another combined. They just didn't know that cause they didn't know them like THAT. I'd slap the pure souls out of [redacted] said somethin' smart alike to them or just put them in trouble for no reason at all. My case would have been frusriated and testified in a hot tempered minute.

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I would have had my teams back if I knocked the freakin' lawyer crap out of [redacted], preachin the truth to her "grown" self. My grade and the old eighth graders were sorta like rivals and I don't think noone liked them. I think thats why [redacted] told me that she didn't like any of us old seventh graders. But man, there empty presence haunted me in a strange way. It made me feel sad again, feeling very lost and aloof. I felt like they were the only freinds I had, which in bright reality wasnt that factual.

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I had more freinds than I thought I had, I just didn't know how to keep up with it. I didn't feel alone when

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they were once around, but weren't around anymore to my disliking. I wouldn't see them in the hallways, lunchroom, after school, or even at the YMCA when I ran for track. Everyday I wish they were there just to make me feel special again, like alive or insanely happy when I got consumed in terrible days. To feel that feeling I always felt around them: Love. But dealing with a little twisted and gaged up depression, things seemed worse than I thought. Friends dragged slowly, the teachers turned mean spirited and ghetto (they were probably always like that), the kids that were the new seventh graders, joining us unfortunately made a bunch of disturbing drama and being ghetto-asses, the kids in our grade made some junky drama that got people in fumes, really pissed off just to get hype or somethin' dumb like that, and on top of all that excruciating mess, the grades were ~~lumpy~~ for me as well as the school.

[redacted] I have struggled to pull my grades up from [redacted] class. I had two desperate periods with her racket self and her teaching style was not even worth our while. She just gave a bunch of crap of weeks work and it would all be due on Friday, turning it in like a packet with all the pointless assignments in one hot mess. "Get to work," she said with her tongue sticking out makin' the F word like a buzz noise. She had [redacted] as the outcome making her stand out like some turtle. She said that everytime after she got done with her speech on what to do for number one or number two or the whole five huge assignments. Kids in my class usually

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gazed off, fell asleep, text when she wasn't looking, talking or secretly whisperin' to each other, or just straight up asked stupid questions to be rude, mentioning blurtin' out comments to get [redacted] pissed. But the person who usually did that last one was a ignorant, self-prideful girl named [redacted] Gosh, her bad-ass. Always had somethin' to say to anyone and everyone, usually something smart-aleke, kinda harsh or just plain mean to make herself look better. "Get out [redacted]" she shouted in disgust. Every damn day her ass was the first one sent out of class. Bad routine I would say. Even towards the opposite of [redacted] pissed [redacted] even more for doing not something ignorant, but careless. Sleeping in class. [redacted] would just talk for five or six meezly minutes and [redacted] was already knocked out like a baseball from the ball park. [redacted] thought she was lame and all I could do was shake my head. [redacted]

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"Huh..." [redacted] said as she slowly lifted her head up from her desk. [redacted] asked what time she went to bed at night. "Like... five," I looked at her crazy sayin' to myself. "My God, girl, I don't even go to bed that early and I love takin' naps." I could only shake my head in disbelief. "That's crazy," she answered with her beady old eyes from Spongybob Squarepants. I don't know why she would call that crazy when she was a crazy-ass herself. I turned in half of her work, I swear and she just put in zeros. Her attitude was so bizzar and I hated dealin' with her one on one all the

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time. I regreted not finishing all the work in class, but everyone just acted a fool and talked the whole time, not workin'. It always distracted me and I never got anything done. I'm sure I pretty much got away with almost much of my unfinished work. Us kids and her were both disorganised. I literally feel apart in that awful two hours of doom, and not to mention the school fell apart as well like a crashing avalanche, which means to [redacted] that didn't even realize that the kids were acting up and the teachers really didn't give a damn, giving sermons of more speech time than learning time, as in a whole lot of yelling, plumb foolishness, and totally wasting a lot of precious min. to our unhealthy education swirling down the toilet at that rat hole of ours.

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[redacted] is the freakin' [redacted] and she didn't know what the hell was going on [redacted] That's a complete fail. But I bet things went so caotic because the teachers like [redacted] felt under pressure and if she didn't do her part, she'd lose her job if we all failed TCAP. That brings a cue to [redacted] saying to her "Your done." I couldn't bare the fact that every day was the same and nothing went to smooth for me, like a curvy road on my pathway of abandoned hope. I was critisized, hated on, and misunderstood by all the kids who call themselves worthy and others below them. BS. Some cared about nobody but themselves, just wanted to be "cute." I can't believe [redacted] didn't know to their senses about any of it, but obviously, I didn't share my feelings to anybody because I didn't think no-

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no one would care to matter or listen. I didn't think people would understand because it was too hard to explain or express. It was already ghetto enough over there and no one cared for what I had to say, even though to tell the truth everyone got sick and tired of each other. No one learned how to appreciate or love either. People were just so hateful. That's why I REALLY needed someone like [redacted] or [redacted] to be with. I wanted to hear thier advice or somethin' positive cause I knew in my heart they would have understood. I missed everything about them. I was runnin out of options who to trust to go to with the deep feelings I had. I feel like I was taken advantage of there.

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But honestly, no one really knew me like that, speaking to where I went through nonsense every day like teachers pulling and setting me up stupid schemes to get me in trouble, yelling at me just cause I "stood up" or PASSED THE LINE OF [redacted] IN THE HALLWAY. "Ms. Hale! Ms. Hale! Come back here RIGHT NOW!" I seeked pain everyday just for hearing nothing important out of [redacted] pathetic mouth. They all pointed thier little "worthy" finger at me, thinking they were more "respectful" or "mature", when they really weren't "fully grown". You know, even though you call yourself a "grown person" doesn't mean your automatically grown. You can be immature no matter how old you are. She just didn't admit she had problems of her own and she thought he discipline ways would help. They just pointed out our problems and hiding theirs to LOOK LIKE their perfect, which they really weren't.

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But they didn't even know me that well to say obscure things to me like I'm the only white kid in that damn school. They didn't know how dark my feelings were, that I was OGD or that I had autism. They didn't know how punting school was for me academically and socially. They damn didn't. They were also all black teachers, which I didn't mind, but looked like they had hard feelings about my white self. Yeah, pick on the white kid, but I bet Martin Luther King would have strongly done somethin' about it if he got a chance (If he was there that is). He would have been my right hand lawyer in charging [redacted] towards child verbal abuse for sure. Ohh, man I just know if I heard [redacted] say "Spit out that gum" one more time, I would have called a child agency to surround her with tazers just to let her back off.

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Besides that, I didn't feel like a complete forgetter by people I knew or used to know, but I made it way more harder on me that I thought no one cared about me, like I just got dumped off a sailboat of happy, breezy freindship. Yes, I had freinds, but I didn't have best freinds. I saw kids at my school that had thier homies with em' all close and perfect together, linking arms. I just had my heart inflade like a ballon I was so lonely and desparde. All I had for my homies were my stuffed animals that I talked to every night before I went to bed.

They would have all the time in the world to sit next to me after I came home from school. They were real people to me cause I brought them to life with my imagin-

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ation ever since I was wee little. They always listened to me, having a smile of "I feel ya," hearing their soft whispers replying back in my ear. Those were my close friends. I was very poor with relationships because I didn't know how to create them and take the time to know people. All the new questions like "where you live?" or "what do you love to do for living?" always tangled my speech, up like gumbled up i-pod earplugs. I had the toughest time doing it cause I didn't know where to even start. I never thought once I was doing a good job.

I had social problems myself to start or continue on a relationship because I was my stumbleness. I suffered keeping up with people, they turn fine but then go down a slope and I didn't know what the hell to do cause I hated talking on the phone, chatting in lunchtime, or do stuff out of school. Every summer alone paid a consequence for me and I always graded myself badly from a low self-esteem and not doing anything right. I was a complete downer on myself. Honestly I didn't even like myself with the way I want things to go but they end up now how I want to cause of my wall of autism. I hated this bastard my whole life that hanged over my like a hundredd pound monkey my whole damn life.

So as hurtful as it is to explain this, even though it goes on like miles of train tracks, I had a difficult time making new friends, but much difficult to the fact I saw the same freakin' people for four freakin years: fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth. [redacted] came, but of course she

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had to be one of those people who was full of herself and thought she had All the friends in Disneyland but nobody really liked her. I was above all the worst disliker of her more than anyone else. Her rudness towards people like me were hurtful and harmful. Her retard voice and laugh boiled my blood and tingled my vains, bursting out of my hands. You can't know everybody if you only been there ONE YEAR, homes! That's just so unreal. It's like you could take advantage of somebody or use somebody if you speed things up too quick. I guess she just wanted to be liked and definatly not hated cause noone wants to be hated, but the ways she acted like a diva knowing she owned that school, she was hated for sure by some freinds I knew. They said she was a fake like one of those barbie dolls.

My teammates who I dearly missed that year made me feel and think that I only had a short time to get to know them, which to the point it was thier last year and they were the newest people I met in middle school that finally weren't in my grade. (I wanted to experience something new) making them seem like the wise old kids, who I ever so looked up to. I loved hanging out with the older kids like them cause it made me feel protected and more in the crowd that I never felt in my middle school life. My whole life.

It was cool bein' with them cause I felt like thier biggest fan. Even though I was strangely older than most of them, they were a grade older than me and born a year before also, so I really wasn't the oldest out

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out of all of them [redacted] and Sydney had their birthday month the same as mine, which was March. There's was on [redacted] and mine was on the twenty fourth from the other side of the plate. That to me was pretty cool since they were only [redacted] older than I was. Having friends that had close birthdays to yours are like miracles or unbelievably amazing. It blows your mind sometimes when you just find out that your friend has the almost same exact birthday as you, born on the same day, if ever somethin' like that occurred.

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Funny how God makes the world connect in perfect bond and satisfaction. Though when I looked at the world in my perspective, going to one of the worst schools in metro, I thought I was a lost ranger on a deserted land of forsaken, or in other words, fell apart. When it came to my unexplainable life that I thought had no meaning or defiance, my friends, grades, everything. Every tiny specable thing that irritated the stinken' mind out of me. But I literally fell apart to why I really found that year the hardest to bear out of anything complicated that year, emotionally fell apart that is. I had to play for the Lady Comets again. Had to, and this time without [redacted] or Sydney to help me out and guide me like great mentors of dearness and warmth because they were long gone, so far gone like Drake's album. I'm dead certain that they played ball on some other team in high school and probably improved much greater and unbreakably better than ever.

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So does this all mean that it was better for me on my side of the fishing pole? Hell no. HELL NO.

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Oh, DAMN IT NO! I was pretty much the person that everyone relied on to make that team what it needed to be: Star players and greatness. I felt like I had a thousand eyes on me expecting me to do well, cause that's what they wanted out of me. People askin me, "Hey, you goin' out for the team?" I was like the next generation of keepin' a good record of wins or a new and improved better white-out, me steppin' up and bein' a starter. Just cause I was the only one good enough from the year before doesn't mean I had to stand out like Maya Moore and do things all the past starters did. It was all too much pressure for me to have even thought like that. I couldn't even know how.

But I think my little inside voice told me that everyone on the team with me probably thought I was better than [redacted] like I had a special potential that she didn't have as much of. They all probably wanted to see me of how I turned out to be or expected of how I had to be, observe how much I improved the next year, possibly watching me in the stands. Picturing that in my own insecure head made me think thoughts that went way too out of the box, like that could never be true, not reality as it really was. I would have been overjoyed to see me play in my game or my moment of truth to shine, but then again I would have been nervous to what they would probably think how I would do. I would sink and crouch in my shell.

[redacted] told me to step up and look out for the seventh graders as well as stepping up my game. There is too many reasons why I didn't do as good as I wanted to do, but there is one above all that broke my heart. Game

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Wise, I didn't success in because I heard very unfortunate news of the third or fourth day of school that I thought was a lie, but eventually it was all real, from what I found out from [redacted] I found out that before the season began, [redacted]

[redacted], was not going to [redacted] that year.

The workers or head board of metro of [redacted] fired all the bad teachers and promoted the old ones back to their past jobs. Coaches from teams as well got fired, so that meant since [redacted] he also got promoted to be [redacted]

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b7C -3

But its not like he would just deny the offer, he HAD to take it because they need him back. Thier that desperate. Things were turnin' Scruffy over there.

He probably got payed pretty bangin' like a normal [redacted] since he got a big promotion in all. He told me in his e-mail that we recieved from him that he truthly was upset that he could no longer [redacted] anymore and he didn't expect somethin' like that to happen at that time being. I soulfully cried my eyes out when [redacted] read out the e-mail in sorrowfull black letters of truth. What I loved about it though was that he said "my girls" instead of "the girls." That's what made me so loved and belonged in him that the emotions that poured out of me I couldn't take back or hold in. I was so down more than ever cause I believed in my heart that it was already over.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I didn't understand why God was not putting him as a [redacted] like it should have been or would

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANGE

117.

have gone. I needed him so desperately to learn how to be the big kid that time and to train me and outgrow the kid who looked up to and observed and learned from everybody who was more familiar than I. I wanted to change the way I would have played, and being an inspirational player. When I was sitting on [redacted] lap that night, all I knew from all that was God did it for a rewarding or meaningful reason from it, having faith being stronger and braver soldier in life, to take the things in a way I really didn't want them to go, which seemed really terrible to my thought in my mind about who are coach would have been. Man, without the real deal [redacted] who the hell is going to [redacted] then?

b6 -3
b7C -3

No ones better than him. No one. I bet my school is going to choose any spineless fool that brings their rusty ass up at that school, begging for money or a job. Thier such dumbasses, they'd take ANYONE and not even care about how much or how less. They could care less if hes crappy cause all they really aim to care about is achedimics and leave sports offa the news paper and down in the gutter like its unimportant, where the hell would school spirit be if we have a suckie team? School would be dead as dried up chicken. No one would pay attention to any of it and disrespect more than just the team but the people on the team. People would hate each other and they all go to the same school but like rivals or arch enemies like Pearl vs. Coahn.

Just as long as they get a fill in, they wouldn't even bother to see how [redacted] They dont give

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANE

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worth nothin' to the Lady Camels, they never did. Oh, just shrug whatever why don't y'all. They so clueless about everything they can't keep up like thier not even freakin' adults. He could be the worst [redacted] on earth and could be in thier own world like nothin' ever happened. "Thoughts and thoughts speeding through my head like backwards runnin' Mater the to e truck, thinkin things impossible to even bring up or think about, but cheetah instincts that made up some real good common sense that they did just choose anyone out of an ocean of opportunity with someone who has empty, eager hands of a ba-ching-a-ling paycheck. Someone they did send, yet someone very hateful, mean-spirited, and no pinch of heart towards innocent children like us.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Get ready be burned by your eyes, bleed from your ears, and disgusted from the acid from the bottomless pit of your stomach. [redacted] not actually, more like [redacted] the villain of verbal sootery. Ladies and Gentlemen, the worst [redacted] to ever set foot on this divided world of hate. The cold-hearted, blood-sucking, ugly-old-monster, devil-eye-seeking demon inside the heart of a roat. The deersious, most terrible, most discreasful, most deceitfull looking outcast you would have ever seen or delt with in your life if you ever got a chance like me, ungreatfully so. He was a lazy-looking, slothy old man with no caring loving heart like [redacted] He was the very opposite like friend vs. foe, hell no, he was completley nothin' as dear as [redacted] that once taught me with a love for basketball as well as a heart for kids, too. You could compare him with [redacted] and tell they

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANGE

119.

obviously weren't alike AT ALL. NONE. Hell no times a billion into the universe of sucked up, shattered dreams like a broken window of opportunity, a ray of shining hope. Two different people and [redacted] was FAR, FAR, FAR different from a graceful, glorious God sent [redacted] from heaven above by Gods angels that brought him down from the clouds of love and affection. My little ray of hope near the window seal was crushed by this indescribable nightmare of a beast who breathed fire of hatred, spitted steams and fumes of intimidating lava through his rotten teeth from harmful words, and raged and rattled in his cage like an obsessed lion, hungry for killing, roaring at people with a screeching sound of terror.

b6 -3
b7C -3

You could see the flames of hell in his eyes and the ugliness that festered on his heart that grows like a patch of thorns and scorns. His laugh was a evil, nasty mucus in his throat that scratched like pain to your eardrums like fingernails on a chalkboard. A hatefull laugh, almost like an old man but unbearable to hear because it was so disgustingly mean and reched. He has thrown us in his vortex of madness and fear, hate and unpromised dreams of lies to everlasting twist of cries and suffering, poisoned by his undeedful commands, which buried our souls and then ate them for dinner as his treat to a horrible treatment. He has made fun of us and treated us like crap from the garbage, and funny to say I really felt like garbage and crap because we were talked and terrorized by with un-humorous jokes he threw at us. His dry sense of humor almost made me want to pitch a basketball a hundred

HAND

120.

and ten miles and how at him, slamming him down like sumowrestler when I would be at the free throw line, working on our foul shots. Sayin' corny jokes every freakin' day that were like not funny at all, mentioning and bringing up his stupid-ass red trailer that looked like a piece of straight up junk from inside and out. All with a fact he would annoy us, perverd us, and told us we couldn't do it that got us from keeping focus. Hope it goes IN...? he would say smeerly with his crusty ol hands on his hips. The junk that he said EVERY DAY at practice made my heart hurt, which was stabbed, bruised, beaten, punched gorely, and cut deep within' my softness inside but then obliterated of rough, frecklurizing torcher, making the boiled heat travel all the way to my infieriating eyes of hot [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

I bet if my eyesockets were schorcheringly on fire, I would have lazered his ass like the Human Torch so burned that it would be blacker than it was in the first place, appearing it blacker than the lights cut off. I hated how he said that I played like a kindergardner and that he expected me to do way better when he [redacted] from the start. You cant point a wand like a fairy and magically make your teammates better in a poof like you just kicked back sayin' "lifes simple." HELL NO!! It was blind to him making it seem like I was a nobody with no talent and just some kid with a ball in my hands, yellin' at me for somethin' I didn't even hell a do!

b6 -3
b7C -3

He shouted at me like I had all the problems when really that was an honest fake. He didn't see

CHANG

121.

The team or know anything about us like [redacted] would have seen. But he wouldn't of cared anyways because he didn't care about me. [redacted]

[redacted] or the team itself. All he cared about in the spot nick of beginning time was his damn paycheck he had gotten eventually outrageously to be true. He damn didn't deserve one from the performance he displayed to all of us unlucky campers. He didn't see the potential I had, nor the other kids on the team who had it in them like I did. He was too LAZY to work with us and make something out of people who really had it, which would have made a huge outcome if [redacted] were there [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

He would have seriously challenged every heart and soul to get thier inner talent alive. But [redacted] over here didn't even have a good heart for soul to begin with and thought he "knew it all". He made this a whole gig like it was a vacation for him and used us all in shame and embarrassment cause he was an embarrassment. But the big question was that how the hell would anyone that was on that team gotten better if there was wasting of time everyday that didn't even help, like thirty minute practices for example? We just stretched for a good clean one and a half second, messed around with pointers scrimmaging, shuffled our feet around the court a few times and then, what do ya know! Were done.

b6 -3
b7C -3

game. How the hell can you even put the time to even do something obscurely wrong about that if you can't even put in the effort! There's no little labor to even think about effort! What a wuppie cushion idea.

CHANDLER

122.

to every little stinkin' detail of him. But not only was I humiliated and made fun of by this joke show of a man, but [redacted] (who were both

[redacted] also got nailed by that hammerin' hardcore talkin' sayin' that "were no good" or we can't learn from bothin' because he thought we all had the knowledge when really he didn't. Alright [redacted] ... what da ya got? Got some plays to show us? [redacted] was the straight up [redacted] all year or season cause not only did she [redacted] she even

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] shouldn't [redacted] do that? DAMN IT, YES! Hell, why don't you just throw in a paycheck spot for [redacted] instead of this skunking. He knew absolutely

nothing about us nor basketball since he didn't even want to take the time to know us like [redacted] did with me and all my past teammates the year before. He would just stand there in practice and ignore us, then talk shit about us like he thought he was right about everything. He was SO TRIFLING to deal with. I'd bet he'd be too lazy to learn or even watch it on the TV. The coach potato he was, sittin' all slouched in his chair with his ashy hands laying on his thighs, doin' nothin' every single time hours before a game would start.

b6 -3
b7C -3

On the other side of the balancing scale, [redacted] whom made us go over the plays before a game and then say somethin' positive or moving to get us mentally ready. But [redacted] literally mentaled us down to breakdown "I don't care no more." He was so lazy that he didn't even supply hoodies or sweatpants cause

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANG

125.

he didn't have straight up No MONEY or in other words BROKE. We had to freeze our asses off in the cold with what we had and no warm clothing. You know, not every one on that team wasn't as fortunate as I was. He didn't remember our names cause his brain was too lazy to remember them, nevertheless he didn't care a pinch of salt worth nothin'. He didn't know the plays or make up any plays so he just stood there and looked like he had all the smartie smarts when really he had all the foolishness. He didn't even give us practice clothes nor game jerseys because we didn't have enough for everybody on the team. We had to wear these bootleg, stinky, fat as hell jerseys that were kept back in the nindees or somthin' from that old school called Warton that we had to take down to make T.T. Crenwell.

Most of them were worthless because they were all to airy for us of to fit half of us, since they were mens jerseys that had "BEARS" printed on them. I was super small especially compared to those air-spaced things. We had to practice in ghetto practice wear that looked like we had freakin' dresses on. Wearing those made me feel so stupid wearin' that crap, makin' my clothes smell twice as bad when I got home and on top of that, running around the court like a boy or a lunatic. Yes, he was very LAZY. Yet not his laziness was he only great at strangle, but bein' a hater through his teeth to man kind.

All the mean things he said and done, Yelling, screaming at me and the poor others on the court, acting like he did something to people around him cause he didn't want to look stupid as to

b6 -3
b7c -3

CHANG

124.

act like we were stupid ones out there. He didnt want to embarrese himself on the court making his slow self like "official" or "a good [redacted]" just cause he wore collage hats and old fart pants. Definate HELL NO! He wasn't official, he was a fake, and he wasn't [redacted] he was just a retired poor, untalented man with no future cause he probably didn't want me. Probably just wanted his little TV, couch, his precious money, and a remote control with a dash of snack in', crakin food on the side. Embourment and fool he was of himself, screamin' and hollerin', jumping around like a monkey on candy or drugs, throwin' his ragady old hat down on the sidelines when he got pissed when we messed up. "Damn!" he tragically said. It was actually hella funny when I look back at it now. [redacted] [redacted] laughed thier asses off of what a hot mess he was. Straight up tripped.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Whew, man he had a hot temper to win that bet. We messed up and lost almost every game all because of him. Lost hope and trust in each other cause of him. Didn't love each other cause of him because he didn't share or spread the love at all and not the sister love bond that [redacted] knew how to create so beautifully. I hated practice cause it wasn't even practice. It was a bunch of childish play around and not right down to buisness serious. I dreaded seein his face, I hated so bad losing three times straight, then out with that more pain of shoutin' like [redacted] always did. "Well... yall couldn't try hard enough and that ladies... is not my fault." For all the fault that was made rightfully his, he made that team not even

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANDLER

129.

took like a team, but a failure. He told us one day I think on our last game of the whole long as hell season the lamest thing in the history of all things lame. "Well, good luck... hope y'all win... I taught everything I could, so ladies... we'll see how it goes." I just looked at him like his nose fell off and I was just speechless to hear him say somethin' like that. It sounded like he wanted us to loose just so he could end this shift and call it a year. I wish he could call it his life and be gone never to see from again. Let's hope not from me, cause I won't be here the year after that one.

But needless to say that I unfortunately saw that comin'. Right smack in the face of pure encouragement and uplifting praise. Thanks [redacted] you made are day. I felt the tears comin' out my eyes. Tears of joy that I won't EVER see you again so duces, pops! Well, hope fully, Half the girls sighed when they heard this sorry confront of, "you almost ruined our lives in basketball." They were really fed up from being with that man, and so was I. I hated the fact that I definitely didn't want to see him for the rest of my life, but still I couldn't stand up to his horrible enthusiasm, for he had none, and then seeing him in the eyes of I liar.

Everytime he spoke to us I was one knock out wind closer to have smacked that man right back in to common sense. As for me though I felt like a failure of not doing my part in taking care of my team in a healthy way and encouraging them life I should have. The brave heart always finds its courageous

b6 -3
b7c -3

CHANNING

126.

way out and I just didn't feel that brave to stand up for people or even myself. I felt really down on myself cause [redacted] over here didn't do his part and trashed my dreams of becoming a hero or a star. To make that season a reasonable outcome. But I thought twice about if it was all MY fault for not doing specifically what [redacted] said or what my teammates said. I had cried every night because I thought I had sucked and my potential was departed from me, thinking doubtfully that none of my teammates up in high school would have been proud of me if they saw the way I played, looking at my team picture on my wall.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I glance full of tears that they shimmer of all the emotions backed up, mixing like waffle. Mix. My mind was so unhealthy and naive since I was careless around negativity everyday from school, teachers, and sadfully practice. Not to also mention those pathetic annoying kids who always made me feel like someone I'm not or thought I was at that time. A loser. Practice the year before was everything helpful and pleasant and not anything negative at all when I looked at it. Even when negativity started to produce [redacted] always tried to find a way to scurry it on out.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I had missed them so bad and I wanted them back with all my little heart could take so I could play with them again as a team some could reunite, being a family once more like before. I daydream and happily imagine them all in the gym as I would walk in, seeing thier

That

12.

b6 -3
b7C -3

b6 -3
b7C -3

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CHANG

128.

one cared either. I needed someone who cared and cared about the game. I really used to get down on myself because I thought I let [redacted] down and what she told me to do that year. "Don't be so nervous all the time, just relax!" I remember how she said it too like her actual voice was in my head. That message did remind me, but I could not put it into action. I was too fixed up on all the pressure I put on myself on how I should have done this or that than I would have, but that was part [redacted] fault cause I turned out in that position. I felt like no companion or guidance was on my side.

b6 -3
b7c -3

Letting people down, especially the ones I love dearly, puts a thousand weights on me, making me feel worse than ever like some claw of unforgiveness brought me down a land of the dumps and misfortune. As much as I tried to be a motivator myself, I didn't speak up and I was just in the mindset I focused to be in. "I want someone to look up to, not someone looking up to me" mindset. I almost had to have the intention of encouraging myself, which never worked cause I always put myself down. I had no choice to any ways but to do so cause I felt like no one was there for me any more. Without the real feel of a team like back then I'd be a rock to what I would have expected. I truly felt like I was the only one who still cared deeply about the Comets.

I had remembered all the bright sides of basketball with my old teammates whenever I was alone and quiet before a game, isolated by my surroundings. My mind tried its hardest to tell me just

to relax and do what I had to do the best I could, whatever the situation, in the intensity or mentalness of the time of play, but on the other hand my heart told me "why waste all of this time if your not getting anything improved or done?" otherwise making that stand out to just give up. I thought that my the teammates I used to play with weren't there for me anymore so why should they have cared? There probably too hype and excited about high school to even go support the new forgettable team. That promise that some of them made seeing me play as a starter would have already left their mind.

But when I turn the pages of my regrets in life, I realize how much I put them down for stuff that was stupid and doubting them just caused them moved on to a higher part of school where things are more laid back and you can hang with alot more people who resemble like you. Diverse area, true, but its not about diversity. It was that I thought they would move on and forget me cause I made no history or great shots nor close games that got attention either. My mind syched me in to thinking that they would have better things to do, better high school things to do than see a baby, eighth grade middle school basketball game, like it was irrelevant.

High school life can change people from what I heard from some people at my school. Mostly cause boys get you in the clouds to think you dont need to care about or do anything else but be with them cause it "completes" your life. I prayed to God that they wouldn't

= CHANG =

130.

do anything crazy that I thought wasn't them. But really that wasn't the thing that worried me the most. I worried about crackin' down to the season just to end it, but I had to play a full half hour nonstop which usually got me tired and hopeless in every move I made. Yes, the suspense killed me cause I didn't know what the hell my teammates were doin', but what killed me even more that I didn't even know how to find my own self in hard down to the wire situations that I was in. Without them was the most reason why I loved it so much. Like it completed the heart passion I had as a player. I played for them that year after and only them.

There was no guidance from [redacted] nor dearthness from [redacted]. I really wanted a hand to hold and some playful words to raise and lift me up again to days where I felt my life had sucked. I was desperate to hear and listen to positive influential things that would have brought music to my ears. Very beautiful, refunding music. But really torn my skin out was that I regretted not putting out a hand when the WERE there. Damn, it cut deep into me. I never really was outgoing enough to get out of my comfort zone like that and be open with them. I wished I could go back to those moments and do em right so I'd be protected and secure again, making me breath the good life I wanted to feel, but theres only so much I could wish for. They were the only ones who were a motivation.

[redacted] I had all of the above chances to make memories with them, but I was handicapped to creating memories. Meaningful ones. But anyways, I really got to

CHANG

131.

the point about all of it and my mind told me straight up just to get through even though it was totally not worth it bein' on the not so great Lady Comets. I couldn't think about quitin' cause [redacted] refused me to quit, so I just had to unfortunately go with it. I had really made myself look a fool too and humiliate myself on the court with my careless mistakes and all my wonderful convenient knowledge that I had, but then lost over time. I not only lost knowledge, but patience, perseverance, hope, and most of all faith, which you really need in bad spots of your life. It was like a sacrifice for the sake of them.

b6 -3
b7C -3

God was the only one who helped me get out of that basketball season strong, tellin' me not to give in cause it was too late to. I had to finish even if it was barely holding on by a measly thread, inching me to wherever it took me. He lead me down hard-baring paths but somehow, I got through it, thanking God for the extra strength and lacking patience he bestowed me towards my hopeless team and [redacted]. But what I did miss that made a firefly glow spark in my dread was wearin' the number of my first inspiration [redacted] the short, but great.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Even in farthest of loses, I felt like a champion whenever I had to wear it on game days, wanting to make [redacted] so proud and happy to hear that I wore her very own number. I took such gentle care of it cause I cared about [redacted] and reminded me what she did in the games we played and how it reflected on determination towards dominating, which she was very talented at. I hangd

b6 -3
b7C -3

==[CHANGE]==

132.

it up nifty in my closet and folded it neatly and perfectly in my yellow duffle bag, packing up before leaving home. Did it everytime. The sweat that soaked in and the tears I have shed on it [] did before me, and I think thats some of the history we shared. Going through being a starter and losing with a team and trying to stand up for the team. I wanted to do the things [] did cause I looked up to her like she was a college player or somethin'. I really thought back then that she was that great. I felt like I was walking in [] shoes by doing the work that I could and being a big kid to the ones younger than I, but honestly there weren't many seventh graders and no one really looked up to me, bein' real. Though I tried being a role model to them.

b6 -3
b7C -3

How eager I was to be the top dog, big shot, teaching the not as skilled, more improved, making that basketball connection and tradition move on and living, but really didn't do most any of that except workin' hard cause thats all I knew how to do. I wasn't very flexible with my time nor doings either. I wished I made somethin' more out of it so they would still be reminded for what I might have done. I was very sad losing all of them and thought they would never return back to where I devastatingly was. I had a strong heart for believing that we'll never be apart no matter how many years go by, but I had dreams and dreams about basketball and many different subjects packed all together like a ball of rubber bands, making my mind stick to one thing: Will I ever find a way back in thier heart again?

Or for the first time to be more sniffy sad about it. It bugged me and bugged me for nights and nights like Cinderella's curse asleep on the tallest tower of waiting in silence. But I sure remember the day of destiny when I had to turn my jersey in at the end of the season. It was already washed and all ready, ready set for it to be worn the next time. I for some reason just had trouble letting go of it, though, the jersey, [redacted] jersey. A souvenir of a treasure memory of when me and her were buddies and the feelings we might have related together somehow. The emotional state of mind sort of built up, bringing a stingful eye to the picture, but I sighed with a heavy, woeful burden in my heart and turned it into [redacted] who was [redacted] at the school. Man, if I had that jersey.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I look back at it, but try to move forward as though it's put away for death. A waiten centuries it seems, sitting in that stinky, gray plastic bin of bare lonesome space, put away for me not to see no longer in my sight. I say to myself as I was talking to [redacted] like she was actually there. "Bye Buddy... I hope I didn't let you down." [redacted] made that jersey historical, potential to be loved and fully respected by all. But if only I could have kept that history alive, for it was only alive the milestone heart of our memory.

b6 -3
b7C -3

☆ II. WELL... THIS IS IT ☆

131.

Well, this is almost it. You gone a long way. I think it's about time for me to let the rest of this out. I have gone a long way, too, trailing my heavy, weight-full burden heart full of feelings I needed to show. I'm so demonstrative you see cause I know I wouldn't explain any of this by talking. That's for sure. I'm not relieved yet, for I am saying much, narrowing down to the end of the book, which in ways I hope came out smoothly and made sense to make my heart agree that I let everything so far moving out with dark feelings no more.

I never really thought I'd come to this point, but I'm really gonna share some things I regret more than anything in my life. I have gave all my beloved memories to enlighten my middle school years, good parts, parts that troubled me, parts I regret, and parts that pitches black my life like a black overmass. I have narrowed down the best I can to its smallest and expressed every part of my heart I could. But I am not done. I will bring out what I felt that trapped me in a cell of mind for three freakin' years. I think this I tell you is the worst to me cause I have to be honest about what I thought wrong and felt harshly because of this trailwinding change that has sent me my biggest regret of all in this journal of mine.

No one deserves this at all and I don't even know why I would have thought up things like this. There's too much all at once. I have been depressed, messed up to my enemy-state-of-mind, and blamed others for my

b6 -3
b7c -3

CHANGE

135.

most terrible full potential. It all backfired at me from a few or two big things that got me from enjoying high school, hitting me like a million bullets in all areas of my weak spots. This is nothing personal at all, but my mind is controlling the wheel, leading me and my heart is there to confess and give out EVERYTHING to try. But to let anyone know that I do not mean to offend, take the wrong way, for I did, or hurt anybody's feelings because therefore I am a sinner for this, the big part of why I am these disappearing days. I thought that I shouldn't of have. I only choose to love as much as I can fully participate for I have said in past chapters.

I gave a whole lot of love in all that I did to make this book what it is and I love all the people who made me write this in the first place. As much as I hate myself for some things I ~~wrongfully~~ thought. I will let this pen guide me and my heart open like gate doors of truth. Sigh... no turnin' back. Gotta do this now or it will be too late. I'm real sorry.. I'm so sorry..

AS I WALK THROUGH THE DOORS OF HIGH SCHOOL



136.

My biggest fear I ever faced on those last bomb-fusing days of summer. The thing that scared the living daylights out of me. The thing that kept me up at most every night. The thing that made me have the most obscure dreams like half realistic and half like Dr. Suess. The thing that made me think A LOT. As in this habit I disturbingly have, I wasn't willing to stop because I was too plugged in from my dramatic reactions, sweating stinging drops of "new life" ahead of me. A different life style or a way of living, dealing with much more complicated situations you have to handle on your own, new atmosphere, more people, twice more people than sucky middle school and long, shake shivering hallways like it will never end, full of growing giants and oldies.

Holy cheeze-its! Seniors!

Gasp! But not only that... Meat fleshing vending machines! Just kidding. I would be surrounded and packed viciously by mature sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen year olds of stupid or wise attitudes. Seniors, juniors, sophomores, and me and my useless freshman species. All three danger grades all together in one clashing bunch. Bunch of nice people and haters as well. All of the above got me thinking like this: "Oh my God, high school. What will it be like? Will I make freinds? Will I find my way around? Will I look like a clueless retard and not know where my classes are? Will I like my classes? Will I like my homeroom? Who will be my homeroom teacher?"

CHANGE

137.

Who will be in my homeroom? What the hell are the bathrooms like? What the hell is the food like? What if people look at me like I'm a fourth grader? What if the older kids call me freashmeat? What if I'm hated or judged just by being a freashman? Will people like me or will people hate me? What if seniors eat freashman? What if I'll be eaten by seniors?! Ahh!! (Not really.) Will I have freinds other than freashman or only freashman cause I would never learn how to grow out of my comfort zone? Will people love me just for who I am? Will I love NSA or not love it? (Better than Hillsboro) Will this be the place where you could be able to somehow fit in?

Will people take me seriously? Will people tell me I'm loud and immature cause it could be all new to me and I don't know the program like they do, making themselves more responsible and know what their doing, setting a mature example? What if I'm not responsible in my grades? What if I can't keep up? What if I can't keep up with my new founded freinds like I failed doing before? What if I don't fit in? What if I'm too absorbed in the rusty wore-out middle school routine or life? What if people look at me sternly, pointing thier finger sayin, "Grow up and start being more aware of what you do?" What if I feel like home here like everyone else?

What if I find loving, loyal, honest, and trustworthy freinds that make me feel like home because thier the part that makes it home? Will I be alone or belong? Will I have a sister or

CHANGE

138.

sisters to make me think I'm loved and gives me the energy to love them just as much? Will I have them to make me find myself again? Will I be accepted or rejected? Is being myself all that high school humans ask for? Will the sophmores look at all of us like were little and not important? What if the sophmores think their the best just cause thier the next level older? Will some of them be too infested being all that? My teammates... Will they be happy to see me again? Will they remember me like I remember them? Will it be the same or not? Could this change be good or bad?

That's what I

thought about that made my eyes sockets shrivel in shining worries, way more than I could embrace. I had thought on subjects I'd never imagine I'd think about cause times were simple and calm then. I forced my crazy mind to stop, but the temptations of worries kept piling up and playing over and over again like a scene in a movie. But on that first day of school, I have been in a doomsday moment when I got dressed dark and early in the morning, like five-thirty am, carrying and dragging myself into the most frightening year or make to look on the bright side, the best. I guess frightening for the first few days of my beggining, young travel hike, climbing in high school since I wasn't used to it.

I wasn't going to be in childish acts anymore like immature, foolish boys ignorantly tripping girls over just to get them pissed, then thier yellin' at thier got-ups towards playful tantrums, possibly

CHANGE

139.

to have punched the shit out of those killycat boys. So long, pointless fights were the ghetto seventh graders dual up like a fencing match with the mediocre six graders. Grownass people like high schoolers tryin' to get a future degree in life, wantin' to be somebody, lettin' their innermost dreams sore don't do pimp ghetto fights like two hair-due ladies havin' a kickin' knockout in the work office.

I just knew people were no joke and didn't mess around, unless certain people want to be failures. Folks these now a days can be lazy. I threw on my blue flannel, pressed in perfection, white shorts that were kinda tight, and my white old navy flip-flops that I've had since late childhood.

I wanted to clean and scrub those ancient pieces of rubber squeaky fresh cause I was at the moment really self-conscious of myself. And besides, you could look at them if you had bad eye sight and tell they were nasty DIRTY. I at least wore those poor pairs almost every day in that summer period of rising ninth. My instincts told me just to do it so I wouldn't have thought people looked at me like I was a wardrobe mess, walkin' in school life it was a yard sale instead of the awakening yet exciting full day of jounior high. But to be true though, you had to dress good so you show yourself to everybody what you are in style and expose fine luxury clothing of yours. If you would have probably come to school with one of your worst outfits known to humanity, that just brings a sighn to everyone that you have a banger of bad taste.

Boys or kids would

CHANG

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probably stay away from you cause people can judge you easily just from the outside. I'm so glad I didn't have

[redacted] for a mom cause she made the worst clothes back in the day when [redacted] was a child. [redacted] didn't get all the legit, trendy stuff that girls her age wore. [redacted]

[redacted] forced her to wear hideous clothing that she sewed and hand made herself. It was like horrifying written all over it like it was delivered from the fabric store. And it was.

b6 -3
b7C -3

As much as [redacted] hated it, think of how I would have hated it. Hell no I wouldn't dare to even wear it if no one saw me. I'd throw that crap out of the window and just stick to option B, wearin' my pj's to school. I wouldn't care if I got in trouble to face the facts of honestly, long as I had my twenty-fifth century style on, I'll be alright and not humiliated.

I'd rather be punished than humiliated. Sorry [redacted] but that's that. But obviously, I wasn't a bad dresser. People throughout the years appreciated what I wore and liked my color coordination, putting things all together nicely, like matched. Matching is my biggest concern and priority. I HAVE to match, otherwise I look like a clown comin' out of lazytown circus of joke. And plus I just have an OCD about it cause I'll be in my room for maybe hours if I can't find one little, stinkin' thing to go with THOSE shoes of THAT top or "I don't know what the hell I should put on for jewelery!" Jewelery was the hardest decision cause really I didn't have enough then to match EVERY-THING.

b6 -3
b7C -3

But on that day of crackin' peep, eye squinting morn,

CHANGE

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I found just the right suitable thing to show off. Nothin' too dressy or too much. Layed back and just right cause I needed somethin' like that to chill or cool down so I wouldn't have gotten a nervous breakdown, goin into the ER with a gernie. I was holla nervous that day, buildin and buildin the intensity when I drove up to Nashville School of the Arts with a billboard sayin "Welcome back!" or somethin'. I took deep breaths as [redacted] pulled over on the side of the parking lot curb, tried to stay relaxed, cool, and calm.

You'll be fine, Audrey. You know some of your friends who made it here with you. Have a great day, sweets! High school, baby! Bo! Bo! Bo!" I can't believe she started imitating that dude back from JFK. Sigh. [redacted] will unfortunately be [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

I gave her a shakey look and headed out to the entrance, which actually wasn't the front, it was the back of the school where it's all hidden and crap, so I had to walk all the way around the building like it was the yellow brick road. It was an old layout and it was founded in 1994, so you might think that was sorta dumb. I thought it was at least cause I didn't like runnin' around like a roadrunner from the whole freakin' school like scavenging for a directory in the mall. I entered through the door, gliding with my light weight feet, looked about, I turned my head to the left, I turned my head to the right, there, a sea fish of people crowded, awaiting and re-uniting with their missed friends, screaming, jumping, running with enthusiasm, which abrupted me somewhat and was kinda awkward, making a sence that they were all not

freshman cause they weren't quiet, for I was. I was a newby. A weakling. A innocent toddler and the youngest once again. A beginner of beginnings. A victim outcast of new freshman generation known and seen from high school environmental organisms. I was the bunny prey of lions in kingdoms high, chased from the teeth phangs and claw shocking obliteration to my furry cotton tail that was about to blow off like a time bomb, which got my tongue twisted, dry, and salivaless, making me have the opportunity not to speak, for I did not speak cause I knew nobody, though I did know a few people from my middle school, who were freshman and non-freshman.

I couldn't just walk up to a group of folks and say, "Hi! I'm Audrey! I'm a freshman! Who are y'all?" Snap goes the trap of worst possible option ever. Nonsense, pure definite hell no to the roots of smoke. Smoke from my ass! I wasn't going to risk my life of being a nerd who no one talked to cause my first move was meeting up with strangers, the kid havin' a piece of paper on my back sayin' "world's weirdest weirdo." Hell no, I'd blow my chances of making some decent freinds and a decent, steadfast year. What I know now is that when in high school, you are blinded to know who everyone is cause it's a new start and the year would be young cause you haven't seen or heard or even watched a glimpse who they really are, like school not gettin' in sync, but when you see there pack, group or crew, they

CHANNING

143.

might not be your homies cause not everyone can be your homie. Sure, you can introduce yourself and be quickly recognized by few, but all they care about at that time setting in the present is be with the people they met the year before you came in the picture. It would be weird goin' up to a random person older, especially when you're a freshman. Not my plan and that's not the way I role cause I wasn't that outgoing in the beginning, more the reason cause it's a waste of time to my opinion. I just observed the area and watched who was there last year and who was new like me, like an owl or a hawk. Silent but careful from my actions, seeing the different kinds of diverse people and personalities opposite from others.

That's why I focused on two things: tryin' to locate my stranded home room and findin' my teammates again who I so dearly loved and still love. I traveled back and forth, side to side, scurrying like a nervous-reacting, puny chihuahua, peekin' and peekin' to find them, all over the hallways and back. While desperately searching, I ran into my friend who was over nearby the vending machine cause she skipped breakfast that day. She said she just ate some hot chips and I think a begal. When I listened to my friends lazy behavior, I couldn't respond but say in my mind, "Typical". We talked some more and then I suddenly set my eyes on this overmass group of people.

My heart jumped and fluttered. My hands tingled and my pulse beated like a base drum that made me breath more than usual. In

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANGES

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that group of people was [redacted] who I haven't seen since the seventh grade. She spotted me quickly as she turned her head with her dangly earrings. "Audrey!" as she yelled, smiled, and gave me a warm welcoming hug. "Welcome to NSA!" I was so overjoyed and ecstatic to get a nice hug from her cause like I said over and over again, I really and truly missed them and to be real, I didn't even think [redacted] went there cause I thought it wouldn't be the place for her, even though she loves dance. But I knew I was wrong as always cause she blended right into everyone else. It was a straight up surprise like a Christmas present that you didn't even ask for, like a miracle. It was a prayer answered from God because he knew I wanted to re-join them once again.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I still yet was on a mission though to find the people who I looked up to as sisters [redacted] and Sydney [redacted] [redacted] who loved me and excepted me from the start, for I loved them just as much. I still love em' to death. I have been waitin' for that day forever and my heart anticipatngly filled up with excitement as I speedly walked, dashing and keeping a look-out for either of em', especially [redacted] who I really missed bad, too. But the downside a little was I couldn't really see anything cause there were so many tall people around socializing and moving through the school, mixed and scattered all over the place. Minutes were running short and I needed to have spare time to still find my homeroom, but I didn't give up. My head was going like a giraffe's neck. My hope was weary as I stood near the end of the cafeteria, close to the academic hallway, striving to look one more time.

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANG3

145.

in that moment.

"Audrey!" My heart took off and jumped again. I knew that voice. It was not unfamiliar, for I did not believe it. There was [redacted] with her jazzy outfit and her hair in twisties as she trots over, having her arms wide open, smilin' that big, warming smile she always had and still has. I run with mine open too as we embraced, having me a sign of relief. "How you doin' boo!" I couldn't reply a simple answer because I was too excited to even let the right words out of my mouth. She looked at me and asked "What's your homeroom, girly?" My hands shakely rushed as I pulled the schedule out of my pocket. I skroll up to my first class, which was language. Beast to say I would have loved to have language in the morning instead of math or science, which would make me go back to sleep cause it be too early for that crap.

"Umm [redacted]" Her face brightened as it lit up "Oh my God, boo! I had her in my homeroom last year! Cmon I want you to meet her. Shes really, cool. I walk up the ramp with her, guiding me to my classroom as she held my hand. I cannot tell you how dear and touching that moment was. It was like a beautiful picture brushed and lashed of sparkling colors of loving kindness in a new memory that I would long cherish for the rest of my life to where I felt the same relaxation and calmness I did in the past when she was on the team with me that slowed me down from my nervousness once again, clinging to my mind that everything was going to be okay, that highschool wouldn't be as scary cause I had a friend that was older and more familiar with NSA, making me feel like...

b6 -3
b7C -3

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANGES

196.

protected...again..

[redacted] can be so dear she just can't realize the things she has done for me that influenced my life more stable and only I can see it. There's probably no one uniquely dear like her, so it makes me feel I admire her as a big sister. She lead me to her room, but couldn't find her so then she finally lead me to [redacted] herself. "Hey [redacted]" she responded politely. [redacted] "this is Audrey. she's my lil sister." "Hi, Audrey, nice to meet you." "Nice to meet you, too" as I say back, shaking her hand. As we finished greeting, the bell rang and it was time for me to head in. "I gotta go to my class boo, but I'll see ya." "Bye [redacted]" I said but I didn't say loud for her to hear me. I was sorta quiet yet sad cause I wanted to be with her and Syd after not seein' her for a whole crimethy eighth grade year. I wish I told her I missed her so much and that meeting her and [redacted] was a gift.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I still remember Sydney doin' the exact same thing [redacted] did. Came up to me, gave me a hug, and called me gurlie. Man that was just ment so much for them to say that name I so passionately adore. It just showed how dear they were and are, for I will never forget that day, even when I die. They formed the most beautiful memories. I sat there in my chair of [redacted] class silently, thinking good thoughts of a reborn year that might lighten before me, giving me the strength of being more open to people. I would have soon met and still felt pretty fulfilled that I would see my teammates that I thought I was never going to see again everyday, delighted and truly satisfied like I never thought I would have been.

b6 -3
b7C -3

147.

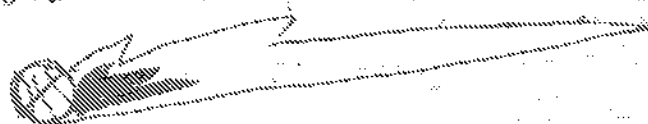
It was too long, but all the missin' and waitin' was all worth it. "Aww... She called me her lil sister." "I never would imagine she'd call me somethin' that nice. I could never ask for anything better than that... nothin'."

My father had to
stay in that
hospital for
a few days
but he was
in good luck
and he was
able to
get home
in time
for the
birth of
my brother.

My mother
was in the
hospital for
a few days
but she was
able to
get home
in time
for the
birth of
my sister.

before

THE PAST IS HISTORY,
BUT NOT ALWAYS THE PEOPLE IN IT



148

The bell rings. I scurry out of my homeroom like a pack of mice. I wave to my best friends that walk by. I look around but no eye contact. My head low to the ground, walking at distant place. I glance, but not too long. Someone will soon enough meet eyes with me so I stay in the clear and not get into risky stupid outcomes I never like gettin' in. The ones that have no meaning. The ones I don't care about or shouldn't care about. My voice got sucked in a vacuum and my mouth feels like it has stitches sowed on tightly. The hallways full as always. Two sections of people like trains, tracing like wizzycars on the interstate, nice and pairly single file while they head to their next classes.

I'm almost to the next ramp of stairs. My heart jumps. Oh hell... that feeling... feeling of fear. They head the opposite way. Close, closer, and then close between until I fly passed em, pushin' through it like a presentation. I didn't even offer to say hi at least, but I couldn't. I was consumed in speechlessness. I was quiet. Damn, damn it. Damn myself for doin that every damn day. Same everyday. Why couldn't I have changed it? Why couldn't I do something different for once? Why the hell am I like this? Why are things not going the way I thought they would? Set their eyes ahead and not seeing that I was right there for a second next to them and they act like they don't even know me or know me before, like I'm a stranger. Hell, why didn't I speak up?

Invisible, see-through, oblivious.

CHANGE

199.

transparent, a nobody, just a little freshman white kid that the older kids don't give a flipwad damn about. Hell, they don't give a damn about me. They forgot me, left me, forpassed me, abandoned me like a broken toy not for good use anymore, throwin' me carelessly on the solem, cold ground and dust all alone in the insecurity of my mind, trapped in a cell with my own messed up self with no companionship of any kind, turnin' around me behind my back not even sayin' good-bye, and find a freind or sister more subnificant and worthful than me. They don't need me. Who the hell at this point in their life wants a lil' sister anyway? It's high school, not elementary school where you need someone younger to your liking to be sisters with because their cute or kind.

They better off without me. Why? Because they got all thier new freinds, boys to give them attention and love and blinden' them towards other relationships, new life, new experiences, more older and mature, and sophmores stuck up and all that. They think their somethin' high power like a thrown just cause their a grade higher than us, at least that's what their stuck up, hubris dogs think. Why the hell are they even hangin' with em', lookin' like em', actin' like em', talkin' like em', cussin' like em', laughin' at thier judgin', hearnin' thier nasty ass gossip. They aren't like them. They can't be. Are they bein' different for them or were they unspeakably like this all along? No, it can't be, I won't believe it. I don't understand. Their probably doin' what thier forcen them to do. Being someone different inside and out for them like a transformer.

That's why thier payin' no attention at all to the freshman, like we're filthy worms of

==CHANGE==

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underdogs. That's why thier paying no attention to me, left me aside near the trashcan of loveless misfortune and insanity crisis of traitoriness. Flick me in the ear, they won't even listen. Rip off thier mouths, they don't even wanna talk to me. Pitch thier hearts black full of pride and arrogance, burning the tender, kind heart that they had like a candle. They got all the homies in the world but me, just me and only me. I wasn't special to em' anyway. I never thought I was special to them from the very damn start! Took advantage of me, didn't pick me up when I have been down, thrown into a ditch of dreadury, conieled in my own obsessive per all weat and shy and shit, just liked me for bein a white kid, not not em' me at lunch because I sat with a bunch of losers that weren't even my freinds so why the hell did I even sit wit em! I should have sat with people worth bein with, my teammates to crack in some useful time instead of useless time, memories that are meant to be fulfilled and refilled.

They think I suck, being the low life "changed" breathin' body I am who are they to say they have my back when they didn't even do nothin' they'll never have my back again. Ever. Never in my poor, irrelevant, desperate, love-grasping heart and soul. I'm not in thier heart. They don't ever want to have room for me to lie safe in thiers. I got kicked out, betrayed, shaved in me colony and shame, burstin' in tears and all they do is look blankly, just stand in there. What do they care?! They don't care about the damn Lady Comets! They damn don't. They're too infested in the tretchuring high school party livin' to even think about or bring up or most importantly remember. Remember? Hell no!

CHANGE

151.

Does it look like it even freakin' matters anymore what we have been through together as a team but are team is separated and thrown out the window of happy times and sisters appart for good? I see them. New group. Change in appearance hair done, big ass earrings, people they love now that I don't even know or never seen in my whole life. Look at me and pass me like nothing we ever experienced together ever happened. They don't love me cause I haven't shown them that I love them. They just love thier new besties and form new memories while I'm stuck in the damn past about things cherishable that will never happen again. Times changed. I knew it. I sli-

knew it through my palm of my hand and the lies through my head. Call me lil sister one moment in the beginning then several months later you go back to bein' someone different another moment. We've never been close like that and we never will. I'm humiliated, overwhelmed, obliveratngly hopeless, tramatized by all things they had said and done that made my basketball life shine and open my eyes as a miricle birth towards family and now it's all gone, faded, traded, shaken, and braking and crumbling into abliiss of an wantity space of high school crap. Crap. Thats what this is. Crap. Bull. Real bull shit. I don't know how I was able to have new friends around me that made me feel not as lonely, a feel where you can feel free to be yourself, but my teammates where on a compasity. So life-changing that it moved my hearts impact an unimaginable extent. Thats their job because they love you for who you are as the unique person.

-CHANG-

152.

you are and you know the y'll never leave you or forsake you, actually sayin' it for real because there lookin at you with pure honesty full of truth in frier eyes. Now I look back at my old teammates and how everything I thought was going to happen is true, sayin' they'll do this and that or say this and that just to make me feel warm, pure, or securely appreciated to lighten up my crappy, ya know suck days just to be kind or considerate like any other person would, pushin' away everything else about how kind you were to me, statin it was a big deal when it really wasn't when it was hard to see if you really meant it from the heart, which killed me to the fact that it was something I got to overly happy about something that wasn't going to last forever and ever again.

You said such things.

like nothin' will ever come between you and me, not lookin at me like you were bein' real about it, just blurtin it out of nowhere as you would just slip it out the door crack, not soundin' sisterly like it should have. Just said it to make me picture a belief in a relationship that was stronger than I ever was, really something that never even came close to closeness like making things sound the way they are, but why can't I ever see that? You have a damn boyfriend. No one can make a true promise like that. You were like a sister to me but hell, how can we be sisters when contact lost grip after a whole year? You say I'll get better at basketball, well guess what buddy, I freakin' ass sucked. You said you'd come to the games, seein' me start to keep my motivation at place of passionate heart. You never come but once.

And out of that one time you came

==CHAN==

153.

to my first home coming game, you acted so shockingly and heart-breakingly different and not the buddy I thought you were, a'kin' me pitiful questions like, if my season was lame, what the hell you think [redacted]! Y'all weren't here to sprinkle such joy you put in my heart. You should have already known how much pain I went through in basketball without you. Nothing was the same without you and you should have known that. You told me that I was the only good player on the team, but I wasn't even that good. You just said that to still make me think you care about your so called buddy, me. Just said it to somehow lift me up just so I can continue to look up to you. Even if no one else looked up to you, y'all were worth looking up to through my eyes, and deserve all of it. Did you really say that like a true, old teammate would do? I can't doubt you but it's like a two way.

You told me you missed it and how you wanted to come back, but how could I have known you meant it? I could tell you were having too much over at that NSA. Who would out of all the people in the world wanna relive that past anyway? Once in a lifetime yet once you'll ever make or form it like somethin' beautiful, wanting to keep those butterflies with you and not free them because if thier gone, than your hearts gone, too. I was the only one who really took it seriously and have it sowed tight all over my tender, sore-heart, bruised and pined harshly for sacrificing sake, holdin' on to the memories and y'all for dear life, hopin' it won't get loose or tear apart cause I love y'all so damn much. I can't give you a damn portrait of how I feel.

I literally cried and cried that made my eyes

==CHAN==

15A.

burn when I saw changes in you. I wore your legendary jersey and you think there's no passionate meaning or reality that I freakin' looked up to you and mentored. I'm gain ballistically uncontrollably insane. I never thought you were like that. You never hid it from me, but it's as if it's the fact I put you upon a pedestal and only put you towards all lightning bug qualities, all good and lead to misdirection.

that you have sins just like everyone else. It was like I didn't know how to react to all that, like it's the

I didn't used to know. You aren't really like it deep down, but what am I supposed to take in? I can't take it in cause it's not the way I thought you would come in to the situation, deeply affected as if I thought the buddy I knew has moved to something else and the history we had wasn't valuable anymore. I felt like I had lost you, and to think that quickly? No wonder I stare at the picture of our team to think it was all slipping away and scared your side would get the best of you. Obviously it's likely you don't feel the same about you and me on the team. This side of you I never knew. I can't blame you but made me

What made you act like that? Why you actin' like this is some sorta joke and middle school is just a blank nothing you even wanna see or try to support, digging into past of when we were a part of something that would have never topped anything that great or extremely amazing.

You told me I was the best player on the team, which meant the world to me, but then hearing hurtful gossip from others about you saying us Comets sucked on social networks. How could I handle myself on hearing that?

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANGE

155.

Why would I want to believe that the teammate impression is [un]wanted
questioned, not still havin' the teammate buddy side of sup-
porting and encouragement I still desperately needed
from you. My heart bleeds hearin' fake talkin' about you. I
have cried out for help and called out of nowhere. You weren't
there but I did anyway cause I missed you that much. I wish you
were there. Wished it wasn't like this all tangled up in a ball of
washed out happiness. Wished I could start over. Wished
I could have left with y'all. Wish y'all didn't switch up. Wish
I never got hit by a reality check by a trust. Wished I
could know to show you that I care. Wished I expressed my
feelings out sooner so y'all would have known sooner, but
it all seems so hopeless. A dead end.

It's too late, yet I'm not givin' up or lettin'
go. Maybe I should... maybe I shouldn't. Do they really wanna
hear what I gotta say? Probably not. They think there are things
now way more important than my no good, trashed-gutted
feelings. Feelings I can't tell anybody at all because no
one would understand but you because you went through
it with me. The past no one wants to have to hold on to but
me... woefully me... "That right there as I have explained
in an unrelenting bear truth was my highly hopeless and
doughtful, horrible-addicted mind that I have thought
all in my best yet worst freshman year in my entire freakin'
life, thanks to my failing actions and messed up mind topics.
Good in the begginin', excited to go to school, new experiences
you wouldn't expect in middle school, new surprises, getting
a fresh start and the people around you that has interests
same as you.

= CHANG =

196.

But the thing that excited me most of all everyday within every morning was seein' my dear-loved teammates that I tried my best to reacquaint them whenever I got a chance, even if I was only for a second. Seein' them here, seein' them there. In the cafeteria, in the hallway, seein' even runnin' errands every now and then, but why not? I see them in the bathroom. Everytime I had a speck of water I could jump in and at least take part in a friendship that never created or existed in the first place, so I was doing something like anything to let them realize I'm not ignoring them or forgetting them cause I never will no matter what I heard from other people from all the terrible judgemental things others said about them that made me wanna choke em' to death. It sounded true and false at the same time. It was too bothering to hear or believe but what did I have to believe or anyone else? No one knew them and said by neither did I very much.

They probably thought I was lettin' them fly past my life cause of the way I acted and reacted because they might have seen me with my new friends and passin' them. It probably triggered their senses that I moved on and I have people that I need and don't need anyone else when I really needed them, my used to be teammates that knows more about this routine than me. High school was too hard for me and I needed and longed for someone older and a little more grown/mature to tell me advice, keep my head up and encourage me that I'll get through it just like they did, like an influential booster. I felt like I was a helpless toddler with no booster seat and I was in for the kill.

I also desperately needed help with my work that I was so confused about and everything that I was learning then I was never taught to back at Creswell. If it was anyones fault, I could start with those lame ass teachers that didn't teach us material we had to be prepared to know and sadly it doesn't matter anymore. Too late for all that complainin'. Done and over with and that's that. But then again they don't know me that well enough to ask em' for anything besides work like the complications of high school and the way things get obscure and grown up big boy, big girl pants, like different. I mean they were my inspirations... my mentors... why would I not go up to them? At times I wanted to try even though it was a longshot and I would shake nervously and I knew I was going to choke, stutter, and will not move out so fortunate. The exact words unstably peering would always come out so awkwardly through my mouth, so scared to say the things I naturally think and feel. I feared if they would react in a way that I would misinterpret.

But the question towards myself hit me with the most fearful force that was this: What do I do when they are there at that moment? Say hi, yeah of course but what was there to talk about? Basketball? Naw, they probably shuned that aside except Sydney who was the varsity freshman on the MLK Royals and still is. I was never sure to know if they really loved it or not to be interested. I could make ask get to know you questions but do they really wanna know me? I wanna know them more cause they were such heart-moving inspirations makin' me feel more apart of them in their heart than them

CHANGES

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apart of me in my heart more. There was so many options but I choked out and let my sickening disorder of mentalness get to me and stole my speech, grounding me from golden opportunity of re-uniting like old times, we start a friendship like you should to never let them leave your mind and if they do, they have sense worth to.

It had dropped my sprouting towards being social, please and not be afraid how it's going to turn out to be. I was supposed to just do it and go with the flow and not worry about anything that doesn't go my way. I got too caught up in lettin' things go the way I want them to go and things turnin' out how it's meant to be or thought too hard about "it goes like this cause that's how my world is like." I wish I had times where I wanted these people to notice me and they gotta say this or I'll be like, "what? That's what I didn't expect." Why didn't they say what I thought they were going to say? Why didn't they say somethin' else like that instead of the ways it's supposed to be done? Did they take it the wrong way? Maybe I should have said it a little bit more clearer or words that make sense. Why can't I ever say things from the heart but never comes out right or the way it's needed to show properly and reasonably?

Everytime I go through this stage, I always question myself from the way I say or do things not the way I pictured it would be because I am so hard on myself not to do the things I want to do perfectly or at least try to look perfect that way my mind was so consumingly locked in by words of tender, kind, expressive feelings and the way I think about people I care about goes out flawingly

and exceptionally with the response of something I want back. But everytime I tried to do this exceedingly hard task right, I always messed up and never got what I wanted to expect out of people. I never lived enough to let people I care and loved for would love me back enough of the same amount. My mind has a whole set up plan on how I want this person to say it and say it in a way that I'm so joyfully or brilliantly nurtured by warmth or honorary sayings or happiness excepted nothing to me. But when I think about this now, I realize that you can't expect every speckle of detail of radiant comments through not giving the same amount back.

That's why I was so confused and blinded why my teammates didn't give the nice attention and words I wanted cause I didn't do anything in return or offer. I didn't do any favor of any kind like a real friend should have done. I'm a complete failure in any era of communication including doing things I'm not used to or comfortable doing. I usually got caught up in bad habits instead of good ones like that cause I was so negative in every aspect of life that's not easily sorta like I'm already givin' up when I knew I had to stand up, straighten my pannies and DO somethin' but I didn't do anything that was positive towards me and my peers, makin' them look bad that thier around such a let down influence. I didn't offer anything loyal, sweet, or respectfully considerate words cause I was afraid of how they would say back, respond or react.

Whenever I wanted to say the things I wanted to let them know about and know I really do care about them very much. I always said to myself "No, not yet. Not today. They don't

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look in a mood for it to be listening to this crap. What if they don't listen? What if they say they understand, but really don't? What if they don't share the same, mutual feelings as me about that team that we were commemerably on? Fears and fears I felt about people if they would say something that troubled me or something that I don't stop thinking about that I might have took a different way or the wrong way hardly and stays on that one certain, specific thing stuck tight on my brain like a leech. I was afraid if I was ever gonna be turned down by people or denied for whatever I said or did that didn't satisfy or complimented them securely in ways they feel good or being respected, making sense that I was not good enough for them like not happy or shiney no matter how hard I try or what I do in variety of ways to make them feel like I'm worth it for them, but nothin ever works. Not being good enough for people is one of my worst fears. I never think I'm good enough.

That's why I was never that serious or try hard enough to take action for doin' my part and stickin' with them besides all means and hardships cause I feared or got scared I'd loose them cause of me. But my friends always told me to remind me be yourself and don't change for anybody no matter what. That I did because I knew and they knew I wasn't gunna change in a bad way. They know I wouldn't do such a shocking thing cause they knew me to where my honesty was shown and also cause I didn't want to upset them by my change of less personality bein' me. That's also how you can loose freinds the worst way possible, especially when they were the ones who were worth it all in the first place and awful hard to loose them to be true.

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I was also afraid if I didn't do enough for my freinds and they were doing as much for me lost in life. I'm just sittin' back in my wheelie chair and let them handle the relationship all by themselves, which meant I would get turned down, left for, betrayed. Good freinds don't be freinds and not do anything to support or interest in that freindship cause otherwise its pointless. And with me that I did absolutely nothin' to my poor teammates who should have probably become freinds with me was one of the worst mistakes I have ever made in my life and completely unfair sense they gave a token of freindlyness and likliness to me in the nicest way possible. It looks like to me how that I didn't give a crap for what they did for me which was really an honor and a blessingful gift of sister love.

I should have done the same and got interested in taking part of all of thier lives too for a good reason and not for no reason at all. I wanted to know them more and more each day, knowing thier lives, showing appreciation like I would have done. But to my sadness of me, you can't be close with everyone, nevertheless it would have been such an amazing bond to be close to them cause I'd never feel more loved around any other group of people than them. But in the darkness of my reality though thought I was never meant to be with them if it was like this way, bein with thier near freinds that understand them more than I do and hangin with people whom you are in common with which came to the question that killed me to pieces. "Where they really my freinds or just teammates?"

I never found out on that team what we had in

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common with them cause I never asked or even start with a conversation and build up from there to find out their likes and their dislikes were. I wanted to know if they had things in common with me other than basketball so the friendship would be more special, otherwise if I found out I really had anything in common with them, it would sorta be hard being their friend since I wouldn't be able to hang out with em cause they wanna do stuff totally different from what you wanted to do. When you have friends, you do stuff together that you both like and have in common, making it fun or whatever like it was meant to be. I don't know why I go along with what my terrible nerve, carnival-spinning anxiety to think that I was never meant to be around a team like that, even though they made me feel welcome and homely and everything warm or fuzzy inside where to really they were like not similar to me it seemed. But they were like sisters but then can't be sisters. It all didn't make sense. They can't be cause of the time.

They were more popular, more outgoing, more talented, loud and social and counting to go on forever. I am not or was not at the time many of those things and I didn't just wanna hang with them just because they were popular. HELL NO! There way more than that! People got taken advantage that way and that's definatly not the way they were meant to have been treated because they were too special to be known just by being popular. What lived inside them counted as something unique and spectacularly unforgettable. I didn't give a damn about who they knew or how they were so popular. None of that stuff. I just cared about the way they were as sisters and cared that they cared for me. Who they were.

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Or at least I thought that to my twisted anxiety, I'm never to share what I thought about from then since everything I thought was totally changed and rearranged like a puzzle and you have to find all the pieces to put them back together again. I'm so questionable and cluelessly lost sorta like a mystery crime and no matter what you do to find clues on possible suspects, you never get a break and you're on standby for years. I would think all day long to figure things out how things went this way and that certain memories was still alive and only one I could remember and everything I try to scope out in my mind is barbaring with nonsense unreality to where the memories are looking on, sent and exposed wrong for all the things I think on that time where pleasant when there were days I thought so harsh of them.

I turned my thoughts into bad invasions, hurting and interfering the memories at killing it inside out, stabbing it into slain, making my teammates unimportant and dead like they were just anybody on that team. What you kill inside you on purpose or by accident can never come back to you again and think of it like it was something else. Something opposite that tricksters your mind. Two years were feeling like twenty years and everything I thought that was pictured beautifully the way my mind imagined it more than it really was is a nonexistent. The memories that I THOUGHT I created I really created in my head of my own world with them was really never real and never existed. My mind just dreamed it like I was in a world of will where you can make your world however you want it like it's a happy fantasy. It was heartbreakingly never true.

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I'm sure thier memories though would have been different, more awakening then mine because I was never put into those memories cause I was never in thier true memories. I missed out on so much more than I could imagine. They knew each other for years and knew how to create such wonderful, meaningful memories, reusable memories, dear memories out of the freinds they closely were to each other. They were so good at that because they knew how to do it all their youngen lives. I never knew how to create memories cause I was by myself most of my life. It's a skill I never learned to grow, increase, or prosper. Me that came into the picture with them was like I popped outta nowhere and they just happen to approach me and pull me into thier crew at that moment of time, brought me happiness or mostly brought me out of the messiness I so longingly felt. It was easy to isolate.

I came known to think that they seemed so close together that nothing would come between them, stayin' together and never fall separated from one another, but I ignored all of that. It's like I have been going into a surgery, stichen' up all the blood clots, flipped over unmaskable, oromio memories, clearin' all viruses, havin' a new heart that would never fail or die to purpleness, but realize that the cells I thought were looking like enemies were really good healthy bacteria, nutritioning me to thinking well again. insightful moments I looked at things right, fogging my brain out of the gloominess and brightening them, ennaturing them to how thier to be unmemorably. To this I thought, I made up an illness esary, complicated question when I was plugged into anxiety lies, trapping me tuned into the darkness of fear, afraid of my own

thoughts and this one:

"If they had known each other as long as they have known, was I blocked out of the 'come between' part, making me left out like I am now, trailed behind by their remembrance of me, forgetting cause I was just a traitor in the back, left behind and fitting not a bit in their new group that they have, surrounded by people that are alive to them but not to the lonely little white kid me? Was I there just cause I was... there...?" The thought terrified me. Day to day when I'd be sittin' slumphy in my class, homitized by my trickster anxiety, apophobically dead and tramp, showing me cards that I should pick out of the deck and transform them into cards of nothingness, cards faced down of reality of something that never was and wanted to be or become. It scared my heart like the demons trefurfying and scraping of my light in the ways I should look at things, things that are meant to be fulfilled with light and not a tack of darkness.

Demons that cealed up the light and locked it into oblivious chains of lusk full lagoons to hell and absorbed all the reasons to where it would be light and there was not enough to make it light, painted soon to dooming pitch black darkness and weighed solumly, withning and fear-ing its way to saddness and greif because it is no longer positive... its consumed and inforced stricktly to be negetive and doubtful, judgemental thinking. My brain made this rule to where my heart would soon believe it and when I think about it, my heart always moved me to the things that I desired and pointed reality on my face, tellin me, "Hey.... its just not how it was meant to be... you had your chance but you lost it and I

guess you just have to let it go and push it aside for a while. I mean, if it's this hard to hold on to them, make them all just not worth holding on to. My heart was honest and bearing, wanting to change it around and make something that was never formed and hang with them to where they'd be friends that weren't before because of me and always think everything is blamed fault by me and only me. They are worth it.

My mind plots harmful ways that blind my opinions toward people about how they've changed this way and that or by appearance, expressions, reactions, and how they talk by how they're saying it whether it's to care, gossip, or just be joyful or happily feeling good, teasing and hating on those that they think are less wise dominated and better than everyone else, making them look like everyone is not good enough for them except the people who are and think and do things the same as they do. But really as easy or tempting it is to criticize them, you really can't say anything about them because you don't know who they really are on the inside as a person they really are but just masking something else over them just to hide it not to let people they know so they'd think something else about them. You don't know what they go through at home or what their parents could be like that might effect them greatly in a bad way that makes em' change about they're impressions about the world that are wrong, erasing the things about loving your friends as well as you're enemies and expect the things they go for and believe are better than when really it could be dangerous or negative.

But I don't know why my teammates hanged out with some of those people. I guess they're

the chosen ones that understand them and how they are cause thier backgrounds can relate to thiers, bringing a match of similarity and cause so they wouldn't feel like no one has thier back cause they might not trust anybody. I have such compassion for them and concern even though there backgrounds are exact opposite ends of the hue. Understanding is not in the concept. Trust is the main key in any freindship cause without it, theres a big possibility or outcome things in that relationship wouldn't turn out well or fall apart gradually. But all I know is that when I saw ghetto people who get bad attention, it pops my mind into sensing that they might have not had the blessed life like me with parents who care and want you to succeed, not dropping out, leaving all your bright futures behind. Some of thier parents might have been abusive, sexually abusive, verbally abusive, or just causing problems over drugs, weed, alcohol, or just have anger management, creating fights, producing drama. The projects or the hood is where it mainly happens cause its a very bad part in any area of the world. All of it just makes me sad.

Parents that shout at you, whether its mom or dad, or worse both, can really affect any person greatly in any situation to where it makes you cry or gettin' in a nasty habit, actin' doing and sayin' the things that thier parents said and did cause the darkness of that took over thier hearts, long ways from looking ahead, admirin' the light when thier trapped in the cave over a long period of time in thier life, not givin' in to anything they wanna do that really isn't the right thing. Its a heartbreaking thing, but some can tend to be defensive or so tangled in so much negative they

Swart you to listen to the gossip and startup drama with them because they had no real experience of the things of joy in life. It could be that if you don't, they'll not like you.

But you have to stick to who you are and not tag along to what hurt they could form because it's not how I was raised. Well, cussin' is a whole lot but definitely not gossip. Never because nothin' makes anything better but putting pride in yourself about news that might not even be true, makin' you feel better, but no one else and besides I won't change for straight up NOBODY. I don't care who the hell they are. If they tell me I gotta look this way and say things that I don't normally say and my spirit knows it, being threatened or feared by whatever peers, this just not worth it and I'll call it all off leaving unviolence, walkin' forward like it never went down.

I don't get down like that cause that's not the Audrey God created me. But other people that go to my school can change sometimes and it's mostly when thier drawn into clicks, which really is a heartbreak, especially if it's someone you knew and when you see that thier fallen into a personality change, you would wish you'd have never want to know them at the moment, shocked by the outcome and are too sick to even look at em' at all, blanking you out like two face and you befriending them in early past tenses was never important or worth times share and they think there are people that thier with better than you. It then makes you change to into turning of hope towards heart of, "I aint trustin' nobody no more... Damn nobody..." And I think truthfully, everyone has felt like that cause everyones

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been turned down before and can't believe anything people say anymore, which is quite sad or rather tedious and frustrating.

I don't ever remember if I was ever turned down before. Never happened right, bein' left behind by people because they had a specific, picky group with only THESE certain people are in it or else they'll ignore me for the rest of my life, not wanting me in thier life anymore, having all pup & and after on turned away from you just cause you might have did or said something or one thing that they were not satisfied with and kicked you out of thier club, then back stabbing you like all tra-tors do, revealing the enemy they always were but looked totally friendly at first, callin you "best friend" then the year after, don't even remember your first name cause of the damn clicks they get sucked up in and soaked into towards people who mind man brain you in dark perspectives of "how they do" or "this hawwe swag", putting you aside like a can in the pantry whle the group all together is unforcingly unbreakable, feelin' you'll never fit in well or like a forth or fifth wheel like they poned you and mindgamed your picture of reality that is not with blessed tricks up thier vengaful skeems. You thought you fit in, but all in all towards grief you never did but hell, that's life.

To this, I feel like that alot and that's why I don't do clicks because of these: 1. Nasty drama happens. 2. They'll leave you out of things or news and your not gettin' the real get up of what's goin' on, tell you lies, downing the way of you to start goin' on guessin' 3. They might end up abandoning you and betraying you, yet also forsaking you. 4. They never REALLY

loved you in the first place, I could care less about clicks and I'm scared as hell these days if people I want to enter in my life will shake their heads not to enter in theirs... because something doesn't fit in with them that's apart of me. Me... My teammates... they don't need me in their life cause I don't belong... I can't relate... I don't fit... But they fit inside me. I may never get it. I'll never have it. I may never hold the answer. But you know that sometime in your life you heard this saying, "Your actions speak louder than your words," which means the actions that you do can be more harmful than the words you say. Well, when I look at it in my perspective, it's straight up wrong to me. When I thought about that fraze time to time in my life, I knew that there was no fact in that and it was more of an opinion because honestly in reality, both your'e actions and your'e words can be harmful in the same amount.

Actions do stand out better for the good but it can be bad with the words you say or the actions that hurt feelings you think that won't, it has both consequences on a life rope. If you suddenly release connection on standing on purpose by your'e best freind, its nothing personal. Times just change. Its nothing like one of those phrases, "I'm not going to be your bestie anymore," meaning to my point, nothing like this is ever more than the other. The problems like these always end up to the same unfortunate setting of letdown, confusion, and shame of regretfulness and as well being hurt. I never ment to do anything to harm anybody personally, but people around me in this new era of prostituting has them judging others all the time, laughing and disrespecting even if it's just

for thier own fun or just to be known as the best anyone has ever seen or known, makin' them have a little voice in thier head sayin, 'It's ok to judge as long as YOU'RE OK and it's better pride of self for YOU, then why bother worryin' what others feel inside? Who cares?' I know haters in bad shape would probably come up with something like that, but not really everybody in this populated world or even just at NSA. People are human, so they can judge by accident, which is unbearingly me because I have lost my teammates the most sinful, wrong, possible way by thinking opposite, crack things and no longer speaking to them in that period of time just cause I thought they were being the way they were which seemed different to me, like laughin' with people in there closin' a relation, gettin' in a fancy car with older, popular people, which troubled me deeply cause I saw something unrealized and made it my reality. I could never come across to that line. A door with a key

When I was trailed, bein' in the hall ways everyday after first period, turned my eyes slightly everytime and saw them hangin' with thier click near the first left lunch table that never made me speak up or jump in groups like those because thier freinds were the onliest chain of the hardest to approach, which havin' only one option. The one on one just when thier close freinds weren't around cause I cared for em' and even if they didn't notice me as much, I would notice them more to hold on to a freindship I was never sure would turn out soundly and security. They valued very much in my life and I REALLY wanted to show it so it wouldn't become a mystery anymore. Gettin' a chance to speak to them, even if it was just a few minutes felt literally impossible because

they were social and popular. They were always around somebody, leaving me in a speed bump of insecurity of maintaining my social status as a broken ladder - the most loved and down to stranger tremblino over all these spikes and spears that are surrounded by me, not really going to hurt me, but I just bounce in and hurt myself instead of avoiding it, letting to the point my worries had overcome me in days I felt uncontrollable of myself, having me out in open water, followed by sharks with the heart-beating, freaky short song gradually gettin' scarier by the tension rise of the music and no matter how far I swim and arm stroke my body to get away, thier still manifestingly after me, finding no way our life is a long-lasting dead end like not getting anywhere to where I'm exhausted and breathless.

Those thorns that wrap around my overheated head are my thoughts that I could switch around for my better sake, but unconsciously don't take of all action in me vs. myself senerio, so I am in a state of all things below negetive and irrelevant, false facts that are written "phonie" all over it. As much as I try to at least burst out of my comfort zone towards bein' crowds, I don't know or I am highly vulnerable against or mabe scared to be standing in that trembling moment of all or nothing really gets to me in a tightwad of mixed up words, exposing out to people in thier minds that I'm a stutterer or someone that's making no sense and not only I confuse myself, I confuse others and worse to summing up that I have to make up a quick, legiment or legable excuse for me to leave the death trap situation and tell myself to enter the port hole again, full of regret and always saying to myself

"You failed Audrey. You are such a failure. You never do anything right. Why can't you just stay cool and make yourself proud for once and a while. Why the hell do you choke and chicken out all the time when you feel your damn top notch considerate, but then you blow it all off with your mind blank of nothing else to say...? Why...?"

It made me want to kill myself, feeling more than worthless to anybody and even myself. I would look in that mirror every damn day and come home like the world's staid in faded misery and look at myself blankly and say three, badly self-esteemed words, "I hate you." I wanted to break that mirror to not look at me, so I would not see me. So I would not see my own enemified reflection for the rest of my damn life. My eyes would be a stinful of pitty damp tears like dewdrops on a leaf and muggface myself, "What the hell is wrong with you...?" I couldn't even answer the damn question... because myself was a blank canvas over this. I saw nothing and went to have hope. When school took place with crowds, everytime in the ninth grade made me start to wonder about myself as if I never knew myself like I'm a hubrix cube of fiddling for solutions and steps to find out more why I couldn't do normal teenage things other kids did, about how I can't do this and that, making me feel worse than ever, saying I need to work on these things more and not trying too hard on other things that subjects are so hard to explain or I just hate bringing up, like a waste of energy.

Usually I looked completely fine to others about how I handled things socially, but deep down I would critique myself I was doin'a horrible job over and over, tell

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ing me I kept doin' things wrong, not good enough, or mostly both. I felt like my pantihose was pokin' holes all raggedy because I binked into them by harmful thoughts, scaling down the ladder of low of what I said to myself, which in relationship with myself feels like a dreader of misunderstanding, which can be unhealthy and dishonorable to the Lord as well. Yes, I might look like a normal social individual, but the way I hide my problems will fool you into hardly believing what I go through everyday. You have no idea unless you have what I have. So to this matter, my teammates therefore couldn't understand not the first clue about what I was underspeciably goin' through, this process of communication blockage over myself. They didn't see or understand that I loved them, still and bared myself to the bone to try and keep up with them, at least havin' that eye contact I used to have with them a long time ago. I just didn't know how to communicate.

There were days where it went well like some of em' givin' me hugs or showing a smile of noticement, but I really didn't think they made those moments important or special cause they were probably just havin' good or great days.. and of coarse if your happy, feelin' good then of course you wanna talk and say hi to everyone you know. Me.. I was just there cause I'm someone they "know". But out of that year, I never really had a decent conversation with them cause as much as I wanted to and wanting to know them more, but usually didn't know what to send me down a road of leaving them behind and turning the opposite direction. The expressions of thier friends I always misinterpret, so to approach them when I'm tryin' to do a one on one with em,

which was easiest for me, but falling me off a cliff of cold sweat down my side burns and a hardness that would start to slowly create, forming me to walk away but don't really mean to, just to escape away from the muscle tight-joint fear.

"No... no! Don't leave! What the hell are you doing?! Why can't you do something about situations like this?!" Your making this opportunity a loss! Complete damn loss... "I would painfully say to myself. "Don't leave, damn it!!" Something was dragging My feet pined to the ground for my dear sake of others I wanted to cure and pay attention for, but my mind was reeling me away like a needle duel. That tedious social un comfortableness why was it so uncalm, so unsteady and frantically turning my head to see who might be looking at me or who else might come forth me in future affairs gets me in such a bounce-bouncing mind state? Nervous nelly hand motions, sweaty palms, sweat slowly and collectively gaining in my armpits and the souls of my shoe on my little, baby feet. Everytime. Every. Single, freakin time. Just something about them made me have a death match between me and this winged connection strand like Mario vs. Bowser duel.

It always told me with a sneer like the goblin in a box, popping out saying, "They don't care about you. They don't even wanna be with you why waste your precious time when what you wanna aim to make out of it isn't duplicating anything? You USED to know them... Move on..." I hated my mind cause I WASN'T wasting time and they WERE worth it... to me. If it was nobody else who would think so that thier honestly good people then damn them. Damn all of em. I notice

something that everybody that doesn't know them personally. They have a good heart. But one thing made me wonder if the relationships were really going to be worth it or last forever that made it tipsy on a balancing scale: Why were situations so uneven and displaced with something missing like, "The HAVE IN COMMON part" or leading to where I didn't or don't know how to start off with the "GET TO KNOW YOU part," to fill in the unrelenting gaps of no fillers that needed and longed for completion? The relationships of acquaintance category I had with them were a mystery or fairly scarce of information about each and every one of them.

In life I figured out (that I should have known sooner), I have come to gain knowledge of four levels in relationships stages that have more or less value and stock than others: best friends, sisters, or brothers, friends, buddies, and acquaintances. Best friends you know are going to know you the weldest and be with you for the rest of your life. They will be the ones that will love you always and care for you no matter what like "Ride to Die." Friends are just a pinch less but still in a positive, well known, know some things/don't know some things in a measurably good range like hang this and there with bonding in tide, precise fashion. Buddies are the people who you don't know extremely well but somewhat and a little bit of a decent relationship and similarity connection. They'll be the ones that will be "Friends" a very short amount of time because the relationship is either not in common with or not to stay for real, but overall, the hanging together was enjoyed for past years.

The last of the chain,

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which is the lowest of all relationships is none other than acquaintances. Thier the ones in your life that are really there just to talk to you in time beings or for the moment you see ~~em~~ come around. They really have no similaric relationship to you. Thier the ones who are just extra ducks in your pond and over time they will leave and forget you because you had no time spending together of contact bondage with those specific people, meaning thier otherwise called "The Movers" or they come and go, which breaks your heart in an unaverage way, but really why for your heart to be broken? The relationship was never used and improved accuately enough in the first place, like a bond was never bonded, just the people that are there for a certain time and not for the remaining to everlasting part of your life.

I think of the word of acquaintances and how I hate the thought of it so much. The thought of people that could improve deeper in the freind spectrum, but are not meant to be like that even if its your choice or not. It just happens that way. Their probably allways going to be acquaintances cause its something that can never be changed. Its not that important to me or helpful because you don't really know them and they don't really know you so whats a good source reason for it? Its like you get a new puppy and you wanna bond with it and teach it tricks, but he can't connect to you so he doesn't learn anything. They will never know much cause its not familiar. Your not familiar spendin' time and building strong relationships that will never clash to crumbling bricks cause thier just there for the talk. Nothing else. But some you love, my team, They might be interested

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in talking to you or the conversation, but maybe willing wanting to KNOW you. I find acquaintances because even if you want to know them more, you can't much cause you only see em' every once in a while and not REALLY there for you like your'e sisters or brothers would do, but not acquaintances cause they don't know you well enough to care or comfort and advise you. They don't know what helps you and what makes you feel better. Their not ment to be in those moments cause that's not thier role. There availible just to be there, not for any other deeper purpose. In to this, I have plenty of acquaintances in my messed-up mental life and in fact, too many cause like I said, It's hard to form good relationships and keep them, and because no one has the time in all this change to see every body. You only have so much time til those seven hours are munched like Pac-Man.

And out of those seven hours I have never talked for real except my besties along with my good freinds cause that's who I'm most familiar around and like bein' around, bein' comfortable as always. But I also loved being around people I less knew cause thier either funny, loveable, freindly, open, or whatever personality they have, bein' able to talk to em' on the way to class, during class in the halls, or after school. Even though it's not real, managable bonding time I spend with them, I still kept up little by little to get updates on how thier doing on this and that, like to let them know you still care. It's the priority you really gotta do or else they'll think after awhile your going the opposite way with them. They'll start wonderin' why your

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not keepin' in touch so they'll start doin' the same to you and that's how the separation produces. I didn't do exactly that to my teammates cause they were unfortunately my acquaintances. I felt full of heavy burden that they were meant to be seen every once in a while because it's sorta nice placin' it. I hanged out with em' everywhere they went cause they're not familiar with me and we didn't start small like knowin' them first. I would never do it except one of those glee-ter-ree, joyful days where I felt like I could do it like confidence in everything I was doing, making me run faster and fly higher cause I was in comfortableness and the comfortability was in stable condition. When my confidence was high at times, I made the calmness able to work.

I never really at all spent actual friend time with em' cause I didn't communicate. I didn't show. It was like love and interestedness in complete, over-masked descise. Nothin' I did except on that team almost three damn years ago Three damn years. I didn't have their phone numbers, hid myself from them when they were present cause I was scared, and they were in classes I was not in since they were all sophmores. I really regret not talkin' to em' at lunch, but I hated lunch period cause it was social, and besides they sat with people I didn't want to interfere with or trust especially and even though it was tough otherwise, I should have tried at least but I never knew what conversations to bring up, since it was my weakness. If it was me focused on them, tryin' to talk to em', their freinds would turn thier eyes on me and I could sense the terrible feeling of it.

It was the problem

CHANGE

180.

that made me feel so pressured and uncontrollably uncomfortable to where I had to creep my way out of the scene as always. I hated doin' that, especially when it was there all of them. I thought they didn't like me cause I tried to say hi to em, but they sometimes didn't do it back or did it not that excited or happy like wasn't looking forward to seeing me, or when they were with their friends in the morning on the way to class. And when that happened, I always thought it was me that made them not interested which made me so depressed and low in positivity to where I'd give up on em and then think the things I thought were true behind their back. I never ment to do that with anybody and by all means then, too.

But when I look back at all the moments that didn't go like I wanted it to, I never thought that it was maybe not me. Maybe they had something else on thier mind and they weren't interested in socializing at that time or just weren't in a good mood and wanted to be alone, which everyone thrives for and needs sometime in thier life. Or it could have possibly been that they maybe were just busy and going through tough situations in thier life that they were dealin' with and upset against. There were so many different things that could have taken place, but I just was too nieve to just sit, stop, and think and not have that poor, dreadful, rainy cloud over my head and say everythings all on me. I should have said, "Wait ... is it REALLY my fault?" Man, the things I said and performed that would have made them extremely pissed if they could have read my mind, then they'd really have a reason to relese me away from thier life. Everyone goes through something.

==CHAN==

181.

Really have a reason not to love me... It was me who has been a bad friend to them... but the part of not loving me that I felt in my heart wasn't true... I knew that they were still thinkin' of me as the lil' white-out they enjoyed a company with and they probably wished they would have seen me more, make talk to me and even wanted to know me... just make. I thought after most first year bein' depressed over this self-encounter situation with my teammates that they probably did care but I had to find out for myself and stop sittin' around, cryin', doin' nothin', dopin' saggy with my feet and my eyes all droopy, walking around place to place, but didn't have the full reason of what was really right, which made me mess up big time from my screwed up mind.

"It's all my fault... I-s all my fault..." I would mope to myself everyday... eventually I wanted to stop goin' with what I thought over and over again cause I was gettin' sick of it and it became to that time where I needed to get somewhere. Get outta that ditch and search-fully find out what REALLY is reality and what's the honest, gleamingful picture. I was tired of my own pointless questions... I was tired of wonderin' what they really looked at me as the Audrey they once knew... I was tired of bein' concerned over somethin' that might have not been that bad or stressfull. I was tired of wasting time. Damn tired of it... oh the time I sure wasted and never took good advantage of it. I had to make up something worth taking action in at the end of my freshman year, which was comin' up short to its last days. I should have been there for them instead of wastin' time... What I did was somethin' I should have thought of and done in the first place.

CHANG

182.

My plan was not tellin' them how I felt by talkin' to em', but communicate in a different way that would be as open and honest in a sincere, opposite of the vocalization: I was to complete a task that was easy to accomplish and easy to package sent to with words in ink and paper of how I was really able to let my true, admirable feelings out to all of them and how I was capable to explain, "It's for you... keep it." and hand it in with the outcome I would wait for in enjoyable, anxious, excited, and relieved feeling within myself that would soon then encounter in their blessed reactions. I was going to send out letters to all and make it the best, descriptive, loving, and straight forward letter with all my strength, mind, and love with all I got to those I will never forget or leave my heart and this action to make it stand out.

I wrote with thought, care and carefully plotted out sayings of "I love you and I'm praying for you..." so they will know and never not know themselves again. I will know what I didn't know and they'll know what they didn't know before. I would all come in place with a conclusion to this problem of mine that would enter through hands high in praise solution. I started writing to [redacted] [redacted] along with Sydney and [redacted] and were all a little sloppy but a beautiful, masquerade, manuscript outline of a page long or page in a half. It took no time to finish them all since I had my emotions trapped inside my heart, captivated too long, but only a few days and when I let them receive the letters, I got all of the same reactions to them that I never thought would happen... out of all the time I have lead my mind wrong... completely wrong. I was surprised, shocked, and could not believe it would turn out

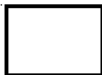
b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANOZ

183.

to be something I would not even think would be and from all in
all to this I learned that the past may be history and over
with, but not always the people in it...

That's what finally lifted
my eyes toward seeing the light of "It's all gonna be fine... It
finally is... I thought I had lost something that was never
really lost in the beginning--



b6 -3
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CHANGE

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I'm leaned over my desk in a early and peaceful morning around thirty after five, pen pinched in my hand and a wide piece of paper with raddges on the side, crintley and sorta torn from my notebook that I used from school. I breathed slowly and contently. I said to myself, "This is it Audrey. Just tell it how it is and how it will always be to you. Just let it out with honesty of a friend and a past teammate. You can do this." I shake witherly but patiently and throughly get into it as I begin to start out. I wrote straight down how it was all suppost to pour out of me, filled up with a knowegement and caring truth about the buddieship and how the meaning she was to me and is still with me, not gone or pushed away to [redacted] who I was first going to send the letter to that day. I wrote pretty long, front and back, scribbled what I thought didn't need to go in there or not what I was really meant to say. I put deep thought into it and was real from the heart of me. I tried to make out of it.

I read it a few times over and over to make sure I didn't leave anything out or if I wanted to add something to make the best I was tryin' to point out and something that will stand out to [redacted] to make her see how I feel. I knew that it was going to be the wisest choice for doing that sence I didn't know how to step up towards anything further. I was going to do that strong and brave with my Lord on my side to help me do something that was rather difficult and approaching them was not just any approach... an approach of gettin' down to the mark of seriousness. It was no joke and it was nothing

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CHANGE

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I did just for fun. It was what I had to do to make things finally straight with them and not hide information like that ever from them again. I had to stick it out and make the besting of victory. Nothing would stop me but myself. And I was not going to let myself get to me. I would not flinch. I would not forget one step. I would not fake. I would not share. I would not hold anything in for their sake. It was around afternoon or maybe morning. (I can't remember exactly) and I walked around the other half of the lockers on the opposite side. I saw [redacted] there, gettin' out her books and loading or unloading other things to store. "Do it now. get out of the way. This might be your only chance today cause someone is hangin' with her and you know you don't wanna mess with another day. Stay calm Audrey..." I walk forward and around, looked around if anyone else was about to head for [redacted] I was in for the break. The break of fear.

"Hey [redacted] do you have a yearbook with you?" she looked up at me and said, "Aw, I'm going to wait till my senior year." My expression lightened down. "Oh... cause I was gunna write somethin' to you." She zips up her backpack and gets up. As she was was going to head to her class, I stopped her, "Wait, hold up." I say as I tried to rummage and search scurrily for the letter I had somewhere in my pocket. Her eyebrows raised cause she knew what I meant by sayin' that and the way I was tryin' to look for something. "Awww, you wrote a letter to me?" I pull out the gumbled, severely folded up, lined paper and handed it over to her safely in her hand. "Aww..." she responds to me as she gives me a hug. We both leave and go forth our separate ways. "Yes" I said

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CHANG

186.

myself in my head as a huge sigh of relief came over me. I never thought it would come. I think and wait, think and wait overnight and imagine if she would like it or not or if she might not have the reaction of really thankful and feel she's cared for.

I gave everything and anything I could think of, every speck in detail of what she had to know and I hoped she'd understand how much I put value into it. I was nervous, but I was confident. I felt somethin' good to make me happy or make my day was going to happen and I was sure of that. Spanish was so greatfully over and I was loaded like a pack mule, filled up with my binder, my water bottle, and my book as I focus on playing all of my junk in my locker cause it was lunch for me. I saw [redacted] coming out from her locker area, weaving through the lunch tables and almost toward the hall way interstate. I pace all the sudden close to her so I would find out if everything I did was a good idea. It went ok or in fact amazingly well. She brighted up her face with noticement. "Aduyo!" I turned my head and she had her arms expanded as she hugged me for the thanks and consideration from my letter. "Girl we should totally hang sometime."

[redacted] "We should," as I smiled with a burst of joy inside, springing out with confetti. "Oh, thank you God for having the idea to do this. I never thought I would imagine [redacted] would even wanna pay attention to me after the emotions I shared. I thought it wouldn't be a big deal to my blessed buddy. Did you make me do this for rewarded reason?" I knew that was a retoricle question. I did know it was going to be worth it and rewarding. I mean [redacted] took

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CHANG

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honor and respect for what I wrote that probably meant a lot to her. It probably did, but I really came to find out her side of the Lady Comets story in her experienced perspective that next following morning. I rode up to NSA around three or more two past seven A.M., pulling up to the student parking lot when I saw [redacted] get out of the car with her friend out of my side of the window. [redacted] I whispered with happy nervousness. My eyes were misty and shady. I didn't know the full out look of what [redacted] thought about the whole thing cause we didn't actually talk into it, but now since it was early and many people mainly occur late after dawning time of day, it was my shiny, opportunistic chance to really know after all these months.

God told me or I felt a voice in my spirit, "Here's my opportunity I give to you now," and with that, I did not crutch out, but went with the flow and appear as myself and nothing else. No matter what her friends thought cause it didn't matter. They didn't know me and I was ok with that. I approached and tip-toed slowly and quietly so her friend would depart from her and when that happened, I came up to the auditorium and almost to the entrance of the cafeteria, I called out, "Hey [redacted] she turned her body slightly around and said he returned my hug and I automatically jumped right into the [redacted] I wanted to have that I've wanted to have with her [redacted] after all these years I wanted to strike reach at: Moments of the Comets. "So... what did you think of the letter I sent you?" I perked my ears as I waited for an answer. One [redacted] that's all I thrived for [redacted]

"It was... sweet," she

CHANO

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said steadily and paused between words. I mentioned that she was the best buddy I've ever had and I don't really remember right on what she said at that time, but after we talked a little she brought out something that dropped and sinked my heart gravely, heavily more. "I thought you... didn't care." Damn.. I knew it... I sure did know it and it made me regret all I did even more for not speaking up like I should have, showing and being the buddy for [redacted] but I focused on what was right at the present moment and only that moment. I couldn't look back. "I knew you were going to say that..." as my misty eyes glared and shimmered softly and sadly at the checkered floor. My eyes dimmed so much when she said that. That's one part I knew that was definatly my fault. I put my items in my locker, which was just in the cafeteria, while [redacted] sat down at the first opening table and settled there. I floated around there and stood there and as that time, that short exceeded time, I had made one of the best decisions in my whole life. I talked and talked the whole hour to [redacted] about almost everything.

I didn't think too much about what to say next. I didn't stutter.. I knew what to say like I wrote all the bullet points of importance worth saying to down [redacted]. I told everything in order and so precisely to account to where I was proud of myself. I told her that [redacted]

[redacted] left in my last season at Creswell and how I missed them, [redacted] from their absence. I told her how I looked up to them and how much like sisters. I told her that [redacted] was the most and most precious [redacted] ever and how he made [redacted] family, forming the relationships easier than [redacted]

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CHANDLER

189.

[redacted] I told her just... everything. About how what I thought the Lady Comets were to me and how the loving measures greatly in my heart and how I'll never forget them. [redacted] which I told sharing as open as I could tell, used eye contact and steadied closely on nothing. Not friends or her friends joining in cause the conversation was so deep, no one would understand or be interested in being in it. It was too synced in heart to heart. It was so presently on target. There was no interference. No distance... It was almost like we were the only two people in the building because she paid attention to me and I paid attention to her. We both wanted to hear what basketball meant to us inside our inner passion. It interested in to where we both came to something we had in common. Loved and missed the memories we shared together on the Comets, cherishing it for the rest of our lives.

It was that time of my awakening... was talking to [redacted] and how great it was hearing her... listening to her about basketball and just how interesting it all was. I wanted to hear it out of someone other than myself and that was worth the wait. She spoke about how much it meant to her, she talked about how we used to run seven teens together and the special along with talent we had as a whole. She talked about how she quit her freshman year and sophomore cause she realized she really DID love it and how her and [redacted] [redacted] close. She said she went to [redacted] about everything and how their bond was so connected in basketball. She said she used to work with her on her skills, tell her demanding. [redacted] you gotta step up in your shot and you gotta [redacted] She said she didn't know what she'd do without

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CHANGE

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[redacted] Oh, how that astoundingly amazed the surprising crap out of me. "She does love it! I had that feeling that told me no lie! She loves it! She loves it..." If I had a chance to jump and scream the freakin' rampbunsious energy out of me I would have. I exactly remember my heart so moved with joy and pure excitement, full of glee and fabulous, inspiring, not der, the passion that raised it's bar from low to exceedingly sky-rocket like NASA all because of those few words.

Mar. how I died to hear it and hearing it, nevertheless made my day. She also mentioned how you can get in many collage basketball teams and how you can get excepted simpler than gettin' into collage, professional dance groups when I asked if she wanted to grow up as a basketball player or a dancer. "Do you love dance more than basketball?" She shook her head. "No" she answered. Oh my Lord what a dumbass I've been, thinkin' she never loved it. I should have damned myself for thinkin' that out of all this time, turned and flipped over every inch of something [redacted] meant. What a bastard my anxiety has been to me, told me such lies that I actually believed. I should have never been forced into that formation. I should have stayed with the true thought of things. I should have always told myself [redacted] did love it even though she had some of the actions showing it. I think the best thing I remember saying to her was I was sorry for bein' quiet and not having communication with her as well as [redacted] Sydney, or [redacted]

[redacted] "Say nothin..." She said to me, using hand gestures to her point with specific meaning. "I know..." I spoke my hands over my head in a ashamed way. "I

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b7C -3

SHANE

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could go and tell them, but it's not my job to do that. If you want to let them know, you gotta tell them because I can't do it for you," she informed. I sighed in stubbornness, but I knew she was right. I had to be courageous and bounce out my boundary of having that fear of what they'll think. But what I also knew was that if [redacted] responded thoughtfully, then the rest of them would too. That's why I planned to write the three other letters that night. I would have begged to talk to her on and on about the history we shared and how we connected as buddies, but the bell rang and we had to weepingly separate. We hugged for a little and the talk that we had was a relief to both of us and everything hidden was finally exposed, kept forever in our memories. ~~Her~~ memories of never gave each other up and I bet somewhere in my faithful heart [redacted] will not wanna give me up or lose me, if I'm worth having in her life that is. Cause she is mine.

Well, I sure didn't want to lose her either to the fact that I looked up to her in the three year past, even though I didn't much that freshman year. What I figured out too was that she even knew some memories I couldn't retrace and forgot and relieved them to me in my face, hearing her speak of the Lady Comets that would be no better than any other person would explain. She taught me in those memories I then soon sparked up my brain of a main party and beauty of all things beautiful the way I saw the Lady Comets that day. It was more lively and brilliant with the sun that finally popped out of those dreary clouds more than any other day in my life. Then I really had a reason to hold on to it ~~and~~ and not judge one more thing about it. Ever. I think it was the ~~the~~ afternoon that I saw [redacted] again.

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CHANDLER

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"Audrey!" I frantically looked around all my surroundings.

I tracked her when she walked up one of the ramps with her friends. She had the biggest, most nicest smile she ever gave to me. Her eyes squinted in twinkling secretion and I could see the sparkle from a distance. I smiled and waved in return, thankful enough for someone to say hi to me, especially people I didn't know that well. Boy, I was so thankful I appeared to NSA that exact time and right place. So happy and I knew it was God who did that for me. I could only give him all the praise and glory. It was then [redacted] the second person I hand the letter in to. I wrote half at home and when I had to rush out the door that morning, I wrote the rest in [redacted]

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[redacted] I didn't want to hear [redacted] blabbering life. Specifically, I was annoyed about his prideful, language nonsense. I wish had come and when I was walking down the ramp at good pace to the dance hallway, I noticed [redacted] bust open one of the security rooms. I was alert and ready.

He [redacted] did you buy a [redacted]?" Her face was like an attitude in disgust. "Uh uh," she replied. "Oh, ok." I answered and quickly popped the letter out of my pocket and springed it out in front of her like a change of subject. "Is this for me?" she curiously asked. "Yeah!" I lied in truth. "Do I keep it?" "Yeah, it's for you. You read it." I said softly. She gave it back to me. "Look, can you give it a [redacted] period?" "Yeah." I sighed in irritation. She smiled up at me. "Scream, as for I hugged back to my lunch spot and said, 'Thank you, why can't she look at it and take it as real as it is?' [redacted] she didn't even expect it out from me, but I don't care

b6 -3
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CHANG

193.

now... I'm giving it to her today and only today and that will be that. With lunch that came to an end, I saw the Chemistry/Biology class slip in and when she was just about to, I went to [redacted] and said, "Here." she finally took the note and entered her class without me too see, as for I speedily headed for art, a little fidgety but felt... alright. Not fully steady, but fine. My worries were over from that time, relieved highly again once more and soon flourished by the upcoming dates of kind response and loyalty dignified. I could have only waited until gym came around and I heard from [redacted] sooner than I thought I would. I slipped out of my gym class to refill my water bottle and as the water was fueling up to the top of the canteen [redacted] caught my eye towards easy scope. I pretended I didn't spot her cause I was scared. It was my self-consciousness. I didn't know if she read it during class or not, which lead me to misconceptions of friendliness, but I had to keep myself balanced on my board of calmness, to surf with the flow that it took me.

"Audrey, I wrote you back," she mildly shouted. "What?" I questioned. I didn't believe she actually said that, I thought I was hallucinating. I thought I was hearin' things. I was such a doubtful dreamer that I didn't think anything of that event would happen. I finished refilling my bottle and baby stepped up to her. "I wrote you back." [redacted] pictured little menichian nights, raising their hands of [redacted] in such rejoice of over casting and echoing amazement. "You did?" She looked at me in pure honesty. "Yeah." I gave her a thumbs up and she hugged me back. "Where's your seventh period class?" I pointed to the right direction of the hallway. "Way down there, towards the library." "Ok, I'll come in and give it to you." "Ok."

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==CHANGES==

194.

I didn't smile in excitement, but I sure did on the inside. I knew it was going to be dear because she was sister like to me. I was the dearest in mine, so why would she have not in hers? I didn't expect anything less. I recieved something that I have meticulously cherished so sweetly because it was the nicest, most beautiful letter I ever got. A token of pure kindness and I will never forget this unshattered memory filed newly in my heart, document of all memories safely locked. I obtained it the day after that. Her [redacted] I said with a smiley expression. She smiled back "her smile."

b6 -3
b7C -3

She set her purse on the ledge of the stairwell and dipped her right hand until she retrieved the letter and handed it to me. It was [redacted] and folded perfectly. It said on the front: To: L.L.S. From: [redacted] Love Girlie! She smiled again like the smile she always used to smile that I rarely saw after all these years. I knew in my heart she put some dear-thoughtful things in there and I knew from the sensing goodness of my heart, therefore I knew [redacted] had plenty of goodness to be excepting and complemented, powerfully endorsed of sister love. I breathed two huge breaths when I sat crunched up by the white, red lockers near the end of the school. I breathed as a thin wave of nervousness shivered through me. I unfolded the letter like unwrapping a present in Christmas, slowly and carefully as my heart pumped like the racing car of a movie. The best part of that long, painful journey was right then, that moment.

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b7C -3

"This is it" I whispered. And out of that [redacted] I was exposed right realized in my face to such words of straightforwardness and beauty, pure delightfullness. These were the words of the REAL, EXACT, letter:

CHANN

95

To: [redacted] (Lil Sis)
From: [redacted] (Big Sis)

Dear Lil Sus,

I will always be here for you. Thanks for writing the letter. It meant a lot to me. And me and Sydney love you to death. Always keep your head up and know that I'm here to protect you. You do what's best for you and have doing it. I think you should try out for high school ball. [redacted] will work with you. She's very nice and you are ready you just have to put your mind to it. And since you like that name, I will call you that always. I'm honored to have you as a lil sister. You being a white girl has nothing to do with anything. You are normal and human lil mama. If you ever need anything, my number is [redacted]. In only a phone call away. You can come to me and Sydney about anything if you ever need to talk. I promise I'll be there. But all that and just be yourself. You don't have to act like anything but yourself cause I like you for you! Which is why I came this way in the first place. But Hey girlie, I love you and again and call me sometime. Love ya

Be good

(in love)

My heart sick end. I trembled in utter greif of happiness by the joy of that reality that was so vividly enlightened of all the things I wish would come to life did like a flower in the meadow spring of fresh, new beginning. The emotional bar struck up rapidly. Half way through reading the touching letter gushed me down in tears as I broke down oversobbingly, actually thinking that they never loved me and then they said

b6 -3
b7c -3

196.

they loved me to death, which made me shocked and heart-troubled to have thought what I thought. It made me hate myself for brutally doubting them when I missed out on the whole purposable outlook about never really forgetting me back then as the white reserved kid they used to know on the team along with [redacted] which made them love me even more.. cause of [redacted] ...and the way they treated us together so well even though [redacted] bombed those black jokes at [redacted] in the car and they never knew it came out of an old white woman.. especially when it came from [redacted] It was a surprise to them, but it was cherishable as stored memories for them, for we will both be in their memories that will never slip their mind ever.

b6 -3
b7C -3

They didn't deserve that hateful, misunderstood doubt that has myself crateling over a net of hate on myself. I never really knew they loved me to death... I thought they just loved me like any person I'd know would. They must have loved me on the scale higher like a sister of theirs that they thought of me. I couldn't have imagined a better response to have that undeniable truth appeared in front of me like the memory that was soon going to burn down in flames but was saved by the water of [redacted] hearts for me as a lil sister. I cried so hard... so damn hard. I couldn't fully understand myself why I felt so bruised from all the unsacrificial pain repelling back and pailed me to where I knew it deep down, but couldn't believe it well enough cause I didn't have enough evidence to REALLY see that. I can't see it..

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I mean, they ment alot to me so the letter did even more cause I loved when mentors like them told me their point of view on how they looked at me and tell

CHANGE

197.

their opinion by how they liked me as a person and it brings so much richness in honor to my inspirations. It makes me feel so special enough that I'm alive to be in their life... like I'm important. I went back immediately to the cafeteria and saw [redacted] hangin' out at the table with her sister and this other dude they knew. She spotted me when I walked up to her. "So did you read it?" she turned to me and asked. My face dropped sorta pontey and droopy. I told her honestly of how I really was then. "I cried..." "Lol why? I didn't cry in yours." Her face was straightforward. I paused, I wasn't satisfied with that answer, but it prickled my feelings a little bit like I'm pressed against some thorns. I knew ahead of time she would she something similar... I knew that with my heart blindfolded. Damn... she'll just never understand the depth of how I feel about them. She just couldn't get it how damn compassionate I was when it came to them, her and

b6 -3
b7c -3

[redacted] I guess cause they weren't that white girl to see. I probably didn't sincerely open up when I poured out a bunch of mixture of areas that needed to show the most like glittery diamonds that I stacked tight inside like chrostrophobic puncture over my heart and mind as well soul a ledge over triple times too. Why wouldn't she have cried? She probably didn't feel it like I felt it. She probably didn't feel the close interactive connection cause we weren't close like a fuse without a circuit. Or probably because she knew more and had more of a reality, not stricken by lies of anxiety. Sure, it meant a lot to her like she said, but it didn't get to her in the most understandable way even though she was emotional and expressive with her feelings in a wide, landscape-like, sincere way, but didn't feel the same way as me. Did I miss the most power-

CHANGE

198.

ful interval for her to feel the same, sobby way I feel? Or is it just the way she is... she was different, confident, and tough building, like a toughie along with reasonable and realistic with the feelings that were always permanent about this subject of matter, way more organized in her shelf of relevantness than me. No, couldn't have felt that intermediate, slow tinkle, sting of sticky tears. No way because she saw the big picture at first and forever glance. Unlike for me, I had the plastic picture that hanged over in gloominess and dreery gray, sunken me into, "This is what it is" about everything dark. Everything insecure... Everything belligerant... Everything impetuous... I painted that picture of how I saw it. It was all me.. It really was when it came to messin' everything up and then suprisingly astonished by all the things they did that were so dear. I should have expected it.. cause they were always like that and still were.

I should have been in no era of surprise or comfurance. This reaction I had was also one of the numbers of sins of many. But that thought really didn't leave me... I left it. I turned THEM down. I let THEM down. I've been the Darth Vador of enemy of state. State of my sin towards the "wrongness" of others. I will never forgive myself for the rest of my ever so givin' life. Only God could forgive me fully and salvemly. I will never regret or forget. I will never let that burrden go. I know that I didn't expect [redacted] and [redacted] to reply in such ways, but what really blew my freakin' mind out was Sydney. I mean damn, it shocked me.

I believe it was Monday of the week after that I was going to send letters to that last but definidly not least, Sydney and [redacted] and occured around during classes

b6 -3
b7C -3

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANG

199

of second and sixth period. We went to are normal Monday block period, but after that moved backwards from are schedules for the day, so I headed out of [redacted] class and was going to skip along grimmackly on to Algebra 1, I didn't plan to give them out until the day was over, but my placements of OCD time were rearranged and this is what happened, like a miracle part of time [redacted] just got done with dance and had her class super close to mine since my Physical Science class was a like a island aisle over so she was have distance from me. I looked both ways like crossing a street and went up to her with a worried talk through my asophagus. [redacted] I have letters for [redacted] and Sydney, but I'm afraid to give it to them." "Why?" she asked puzzled. I glanced at them and replied, "Cause its hard for me to do these kinda things... like I'm scared cause I've never done this before." she grinned. "C'mon girl, I know where sydney is."

b6 -3
b7C -3

I tried to speak but I pinged all the unfinished, unborn words that were spewing out my mouth like sprinklers and a ping-pong ball combination mixed, in and out, in and out. Oh hell... the fear, my fear of crowds and people that I was cautious of, just in her mist, uncomfortable, bee hive, buzzie senerios, looked and in the center of attention to pay notice of what I was doing but no one really cared but what they were doing and minded thier own buisness. But I felt like that though and it is the feeling that I always thought [redacted] pointed. "There she is." My heart leaped over a few billion trilliyards of beats. My eyes meetled with Sydney's at that was it. no turnin' back again and definatly not to Sydney. Gotta let her know otherwise it would be unfair and it never was.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I wanted to

CHANNING

200

do it cause. I was gracious and tender in the presence with Sydney from the past and even now. And it was that time I positively showed it. Even though I was unfocused by all the commotion, it was hard for me to stay socially on fact and relaxed cause the being of my pressure was a bit at stake. I looked at her very shortly, but then aimed straight for the floor and lifted the piece of paper into Sydney's mist. I was more nervous around Sydney than all of the other three and that was because I knew her the least. It wasn't a purposable thing that I forced or dragged into occurring, just one of those things that appears to be that way and half because we both might agree we don't click that well, especially if she thought maybe she didn't need the closeness from me cause you can only have few of those in your life who do. I didn't know much of anything in this perplexed social unbondage.

But one thing I did know and [redacted] actually mentioned this to me was that Sydney was demonstrative. She showed no emotion or expressed moods not near as good as [redacted] did [redacted] as pairs were DIFFERENT. It was impossible for me to tell how she really felt from her heart glowing feelings underneath like a blind fold curtain cause on the outside of her face was so content and was not buddged in a slight way to bring a sigh to me and others like appreciation, sadness, or delighted. It looked like from what I observed that Sydney was not much or not at all an affectional, feely-feel like [redacted] was. It was probably hard for her or that's just straight up who she is as a human being, but how should I have known? I didn't really know Sydney like that and I couldn't judge her for something that was probably not permanent in real factor. Besides, I already did that, I mean damn. Done and through with that

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANG

201.

and never retracing ease back.

I turned it into her and then I wobble my little penguin walk, treading away because I was so frightened by Sydney's uninfantsized faces about how I felt within the fortunes of my letter until I heard a call from [redacted] "Girl, come back!" My eyelids scrunched up, curled, and wrinkled as I breathed nervously large while my heart just a huge step over the mountain skyscraper of crowd heights, shaking in too much at once rather so unofficial like I wanted it to be done, walking unpicked by my feet. Sydney posed up to me as she drew her arm around my shoulder. She scratched it lightly, like a rub. I leaned my arms outstretched to Sydney and we hugged a little squeeze. I made the best out of that short hug. I had not hugged Sydney all that year and it was the truth. Undisturbed truth that will shake its head at me in shame for the rest of my life. I looked up and smiled at her. She stretched a smile back at me.

"So how you doin?" she asked. "I'm doin a right. What about you?" "Yeah, I'm fine." I was socially afraid what to say because my mind turned blank. This you know how I hate when I do that. "Did you already read it?" "Naw," she said as her eyebrows curved. "Well, will you read it today?" I nervously asked. "Yeah, I will. Where's your class?" My arm flinged straight out. "Down there in Algebra [redacted]" she nodded. "Ok." I remember glancing at the digital clock while I distanced from apart from Sydney, even though I wanted to talk to her longer and hang with her so I would be the friend first, piece by piece creating something by small, consistent steps.

But I'll I knew from glancing back at the

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b7C -3

b6 -3
b7C -3

CHANN04

202.

very core of time, of time was that I was unable to do that indescribable mission with my nervous in its blockage of outreach towards her. That's why it was so hard for me at that moment and all of the moments combined. It was the same, unprosperous strain, but my heart was always ecstatic and anticipated for those encounters that took place. I was bent back and slouched back in algebra, hands nuggely rubbing front and back on my thighs when I was nervously displaced and unbalanced at all that has happened for those past few days. I talked to nobody, I was in a zone of deep thinking. I had my yearbook on my desk with [redacted] message she wrote back to me and [redacted] letter I held firmly in my hand and shifted it around, staring at it for several minutes. I was so touched by the valubles I obtained, heart sighing in pleasure and smirked a wee smile. I felt a little bi polar feeling sad, then excited, then swooped back down to sad cause... I don't know...

b6 -3
b7C -3

It's like I was probably thinking and flashb acking too many dear memories at once, which got me feeling extremely happy. It was all of the attention that I got attracted by that I never thought I would have. I didn't know what the hell I was doing, talking abruptly loud and jitteraly moved around my seat, twisting and turning, legs that were wobbling and bouncing along with my hands that were outreaching and frillying to all areads of my desk. I breathed awkwardly. I could feel the dominant pressure of my heart's beat. I pictured the tapes of images playing over and over again, which rose my mood three times more than the last, triplefying. I felt loved... I felt thankful... I was greatful, yet conceded by my utter nerves. I felt appreciated and they probably felt appreciated too... I felt... everything I wanted to feel... I never thought it happen...

The next day was good as always, head looking above the sky, despite all the fears that could have tried to overcome me that day, but demanded them to back off and quite hanging on my shoulders, which fled them away till next meeting. "Sydney!" I gasped as I was outside the lockers during lunch period. "Hey!" as she waved and smiled with the white teeth of hers I could spy from ways away. I ran up to her and hugged her almost like I was going to tip her over and fall. I asked her how my letter was and as I expected like I haven't before, she said it was sweet, even though she didn't exactly look like it from a narrow, tepid expression and didn't really contact me in the eyes when she spoke it out, but I knew she wouldn't have lied about that.. she wouldn't have.

"I was going to write you back..." she told me. I was astonished as my mouth peerly opened a tad. I never imagined Sydney would have said something like that. But instead of saying something to persuade her even more to remind herself to do it later on, I said something that I shouldn't have said. "Oh, you don't have to.. I don't expect anything much. I just wanted to give what I had to give." No take back words on that and that I was enormously mad at myself. I wanted to get a reply back because it would have ment the world to me like the rest of the personal objects I got back, but I couldn't be greedy cause you can't always get what you want, nevertheless it was ok though because as long as she said she would have done that from an idea of hers was nothing I could repay more and be respected for with a sign of that she cared for me and loved me, otherwise she would have never thought about it or even informed me to my face to hear the news of honest truth.

CHANGE

20A.

And yet the truth I hold out to let myself see of a new picture of how things are meant to be hanged with the light and tolerance were all that I could see from right then till it was my time of departure from ninth grade, and as for that I let out to few, selected readers like you I have also brought and gave out to your knowing. I just want to let you know that if you had the opportunity to read this whole, entire book, you are one of my loyal, trustworthy companions that I will never change slightly in my mind. You are real, perminate, and sincere with how you feel just like me. I wrote this for my team and only my team that I will never ungrasp, even when my soul is taken into the granted holy hands of God's heaven. I'm sorry about all the fault I have caused within myself and y'all. If I never thought about doing this, your memories would have never been important or special to me.

Just know this that I love y'all that much and I have loved y'all that much. You are like beautiful ceramic pieces up for display because I desired you to be recatnised in the world around you and me.. You never, ever deserve to be put up in storage for no one else to see. If you really think this book is a absolute success, please let me know so I would be notified by my abilities of writing, but if you ever need to critique (not critisize) my work, I would be willing to hear that also cause that makes me stronger. With that I have added a rating to where you can fill in your opinion of how adiquate it was by color of any kind of pen to whether you thought it was excellent, great, fair, below average, or poor:

rate here:

1.	★ ★ ★ ★ ★
2.	★ ★ ★ ★ ★
3.	★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CHANGE

205

The last thing that I decided to put lastly and appropriately in my journal like book is that I have thrown up and made a literature model about the title of this book which is called "CHANGE". I know from what I have learned from this valuable lesson is that I may have thought it was change to my mind and suffered again through the strainful, unmodest, process I went through, but it really didn't occur to exactly appear like that in real life. But if you are positive from common sense that you really think something or someone has changed, remember this acronym:

C an't go back

H ave your last cry

A nyone can turn different

N othing can stop it

G od is your only hope but pray

E very cherished memory never goes away

So to this, make sure in life you become real aware of how you manage to handle things within your mind about how things are, and hopefully you won't turn out just like I have been. You will be better, bolder, and brighter within thoughts

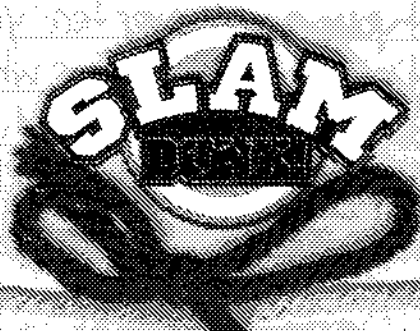
CHANDLER

206.

that will always lift you up and never tear you down. And with that as an anthem like teaching to those who have related to me, you'd attach it onto your brain fastened well, nothing inside you within your beholding of something purely dear will never change.

White girl...
Black team

the only white girl that was loved and excepted from an all black team. No white girl would have gone through an inspirant team experience than YOU. No white girl would have been more blessed and would not ask for anything else ~~me~~ than that. You changed this white girl's basketball life forever. Treated me so sweetly ^{regardless} ~~regardless~~ of being a white girl. You all will never understand now it all means to me... This white girl LOVED this black team. This white girl loved black people like you. I didn't care that you were black. I isatuatedly loved you for the heart that you had. Not the color.



Also For [REDACTED]



My sincere, inspiring, true,
sweet-loving, Christian sister of
God that I call my freind <3
The player → that would have
not been as leadershiped and
adoring without you c:

● JUMP SHOT ●



REBOUND

what is ment to be kept when
critisizers thought it up as meaningless.
When it's ALL THE MEANING - &

b6 -3
b7C -3



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An important aspect is developing a proper attitude about the game. To become winners, we must recognize how important our teammates are. "United we stand, divided we fall!" We must stick together. We must work together on offense with good passing, looking for an open teammate. But don't be afraid to shoot! If you are open, take the shot. Part of being a good teammate is scoring and taking good shots! If you miss a shot, forget it...you'll probably make the next one.

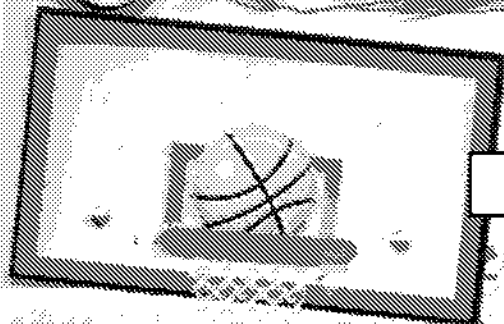


For you to become champions, you must develop a team "chemistry", or spirit...a respect and trust in each other, that you must begin to form now. Many very talented teams never reach their full potential because they lack this chemistry, or team spirit. Many less talented teams have accomplished unthinkable goals by their hard work, desire, and team spirit.

CHAMPIONS

FOREVER

b6 -3
b7C -3



I thank first of all [redacted] that have been with me through every high and low, struggle, frustrating and hard baring situation in my per-serving battle of life. Thank you for raising me right and strong in God to be confident in everything I do. [redacted] thanks for making me turn into a more mature, flexible girl!

b6 -3
b7C -3

Also, I would like to thank [redacted] for inspiring me to become a good student and making me try harder in life ahead. You are the only teacher in years that I have a little relationship of and telling me to be the best I can be in high school. You are the realest teacher, yet the smartest and a good sence of humor, leading to you great side of sarcasim, which always makes me laugh. Thank you for making the classroom exciting and lively.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:

[redacted] my best friend who loves to read and just being a weirdo like me.

To [redacted] making that team what it was meant to be - LOVE

Forever my favorite [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

To the REAL Lady Collets.
Forever a place in my heart you will be kept.

DON'T FORGET

AYDAY TONY TAVE

TONY TAVE IS DOWN FOR GIVEAWAYS. Just go check out his Day in The Life on skateboarding.com if you don't believe whether it's some decks, some and even his own house, Tave is looking out for the homeys. Maybe that's why this month, Tave, of the CIRCA team participants in the & Create II, got us all this gear to your way. In other words, this where your broken dreams get put together again (that'll make more sense later on in this issue).

So, while you're on skateboarding.com checking Tony's so-memorable-for-many-reason Day in The Life, you're also want to watch CIRCA's Skate & Create video, too. Why? Well, for starters, one of the most amazing videos we've seen all year. And secondly, if you want to win this overload of Element, CIRCA, Neff product, you're gonna have to come Tave searching. Go go check out CIRCA's official video entry for this month's S&C on our site and name all the tricks Tony lands. Seems simple enough, right? Well, this isn't your typical skate video, so it might be a little harder than you think. Send your entry, clothing and shoe sizes, and complete contact information by October 1 to

World SKATEboarding
Find Tony Tave's Tricks
52 Corte Del Nagal, Suite 100
Folsom, CA 95701



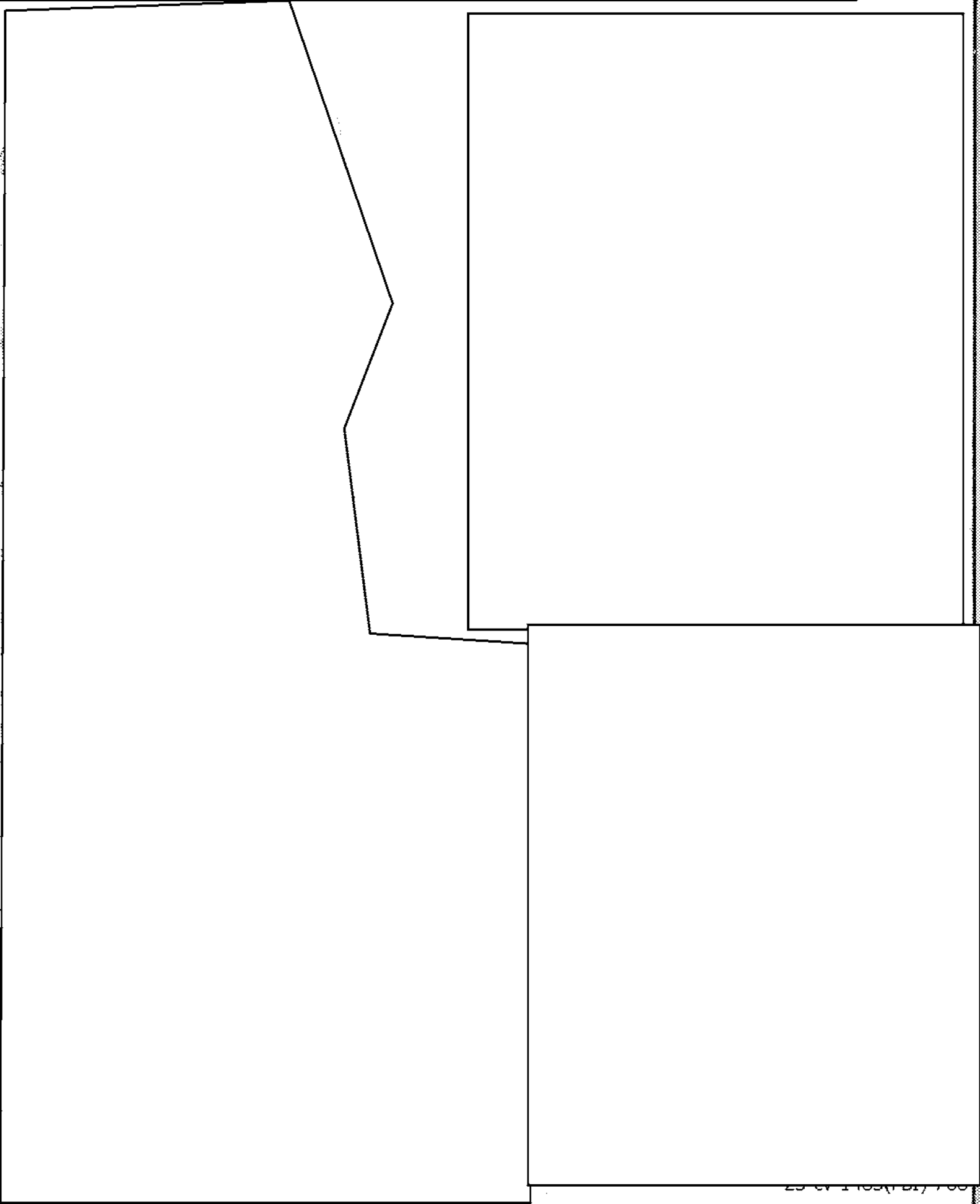


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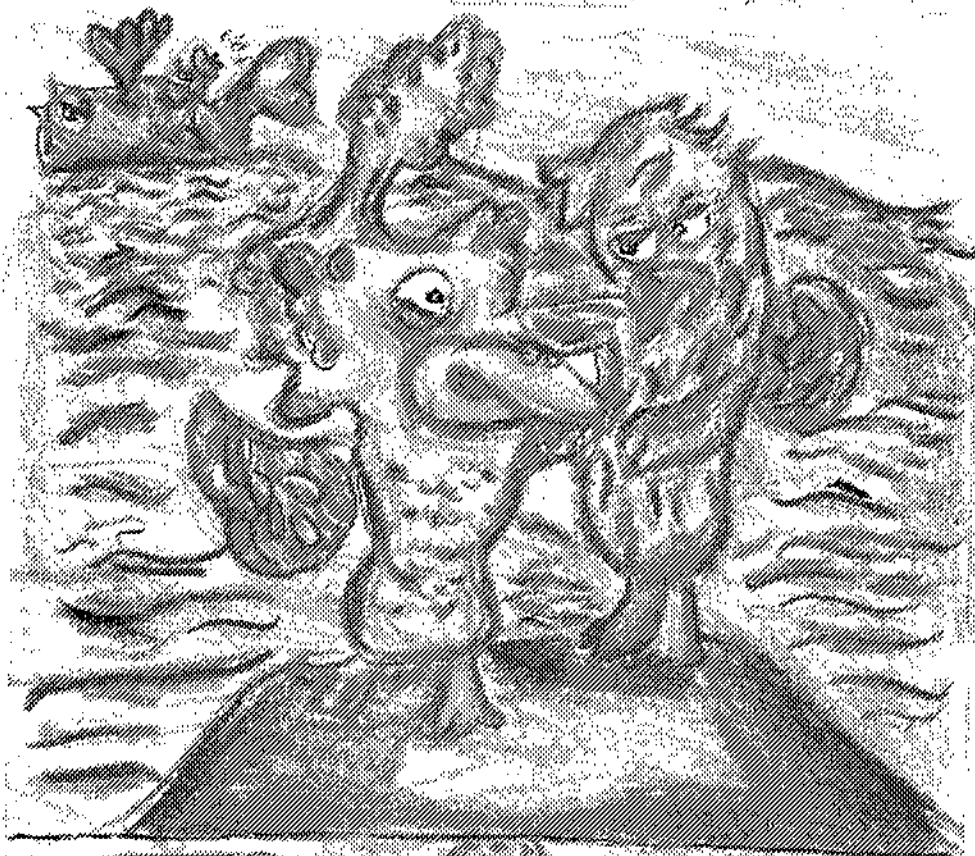












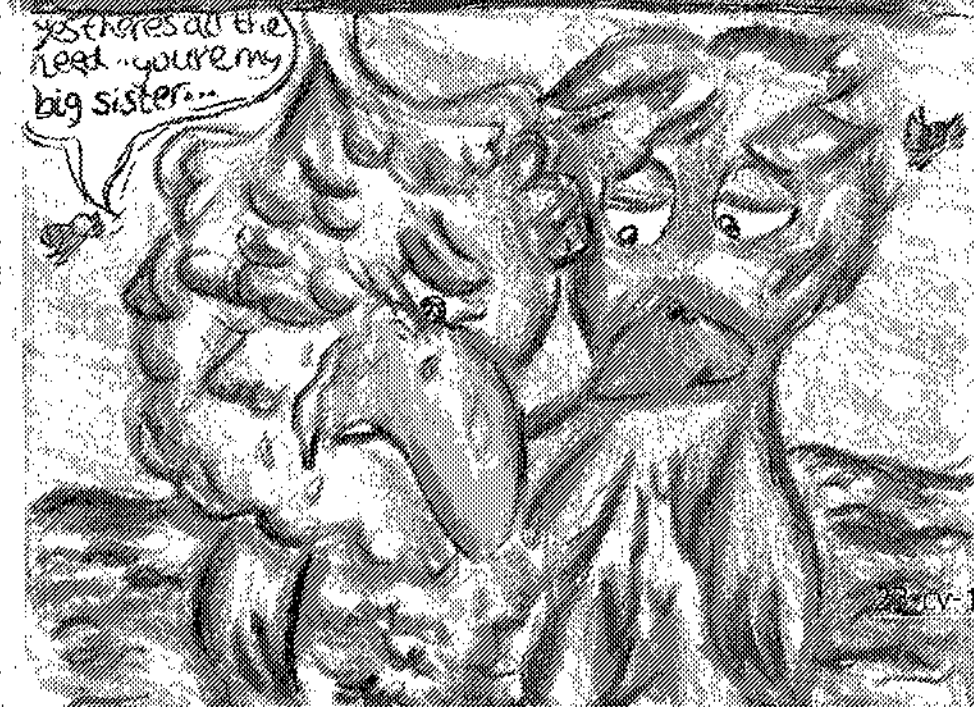
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you Milo



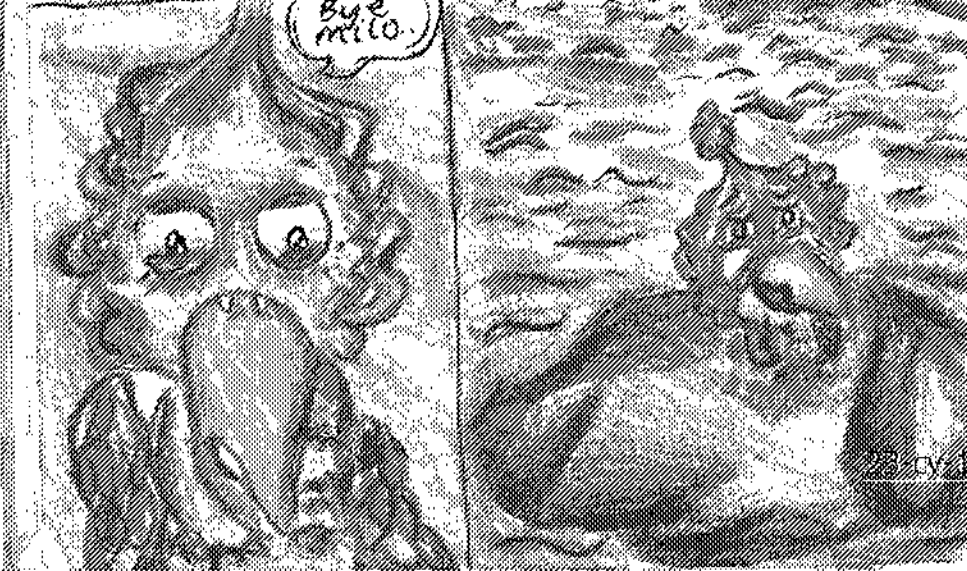
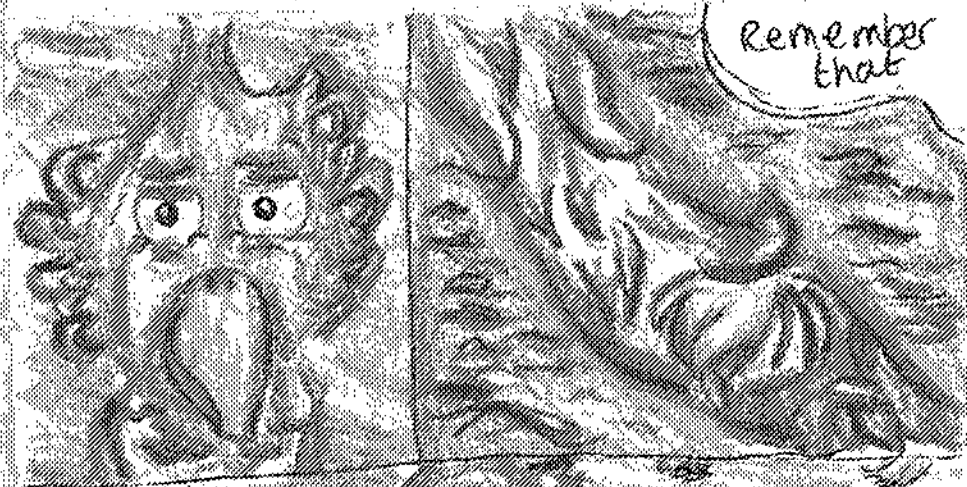
I'll miss you too Dre



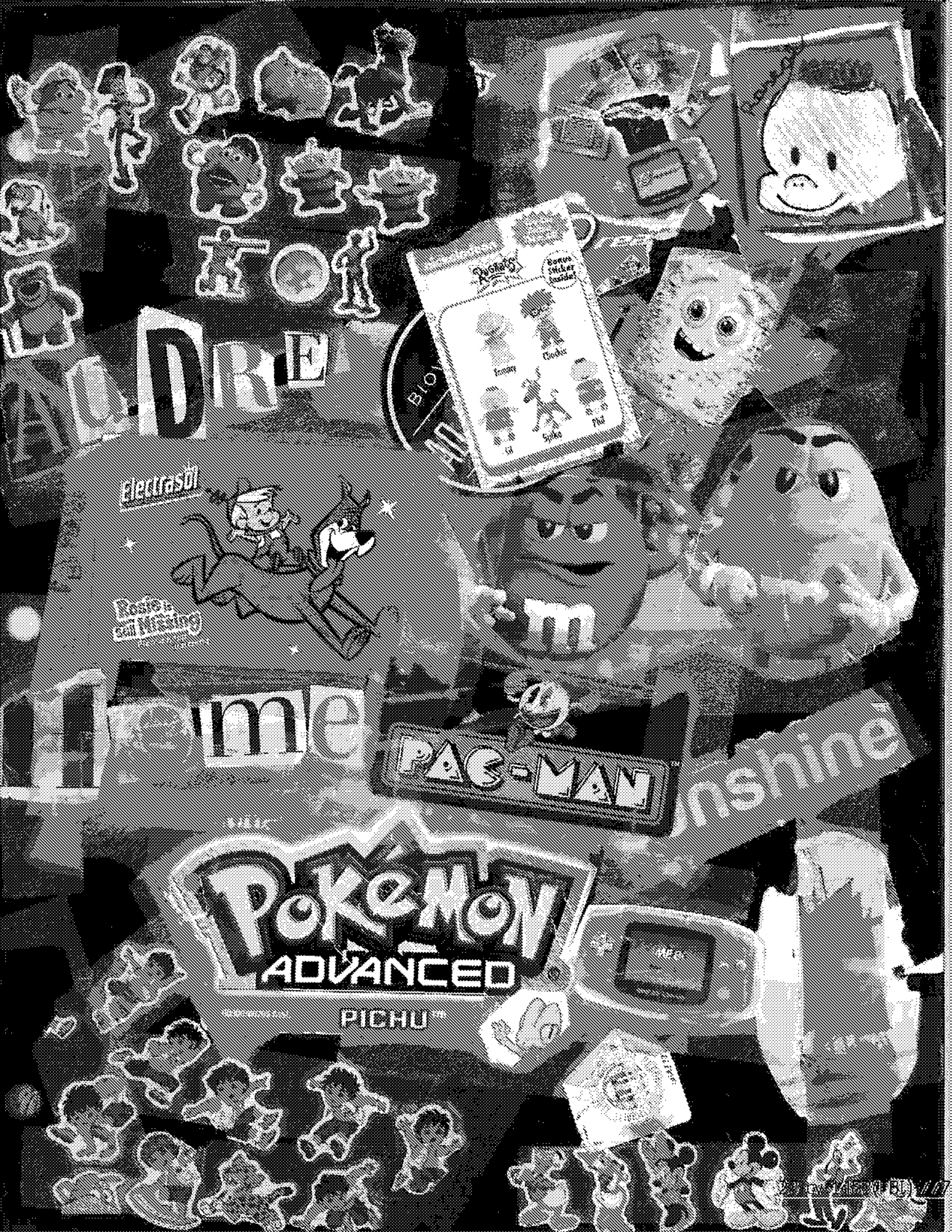
WHALE GOLF



And I always will. Real friends
never let go of each other. You
know I'll always love you Dre.







Electrasol

Rosier
can Misting

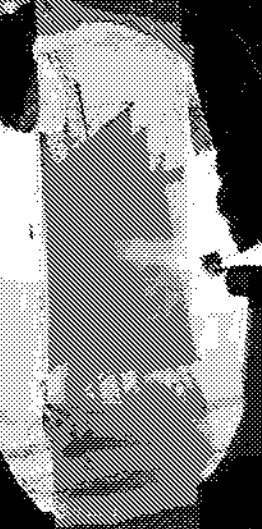
Time

PAC-MAN

inspire

POKÉMON
ADVANCED

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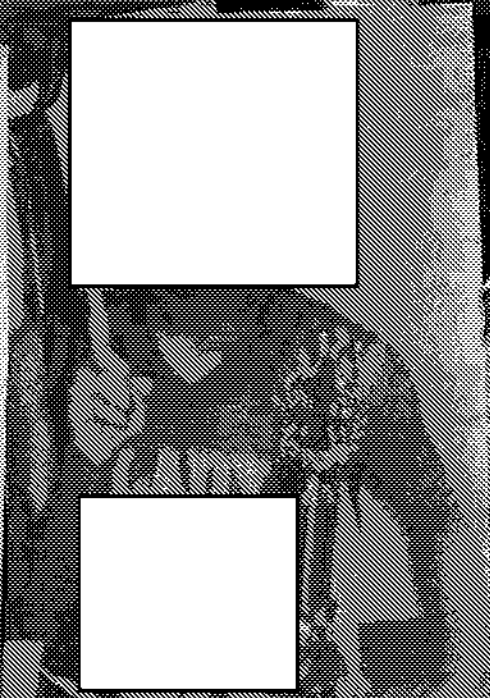
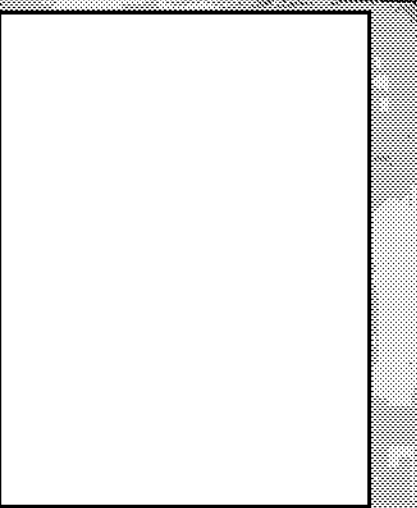
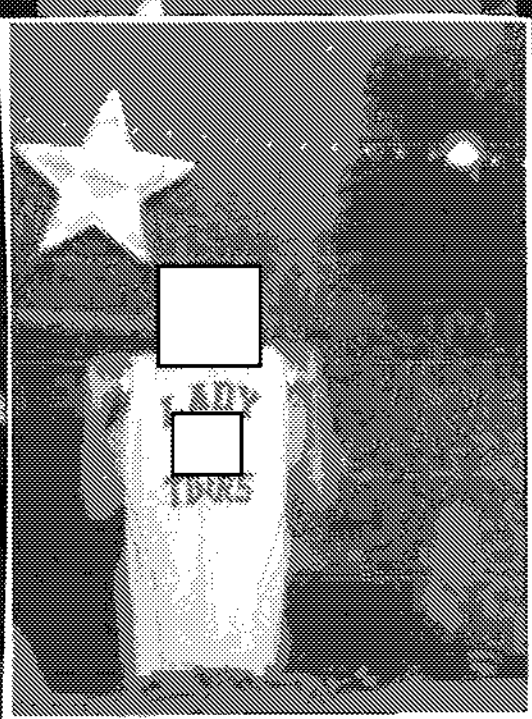
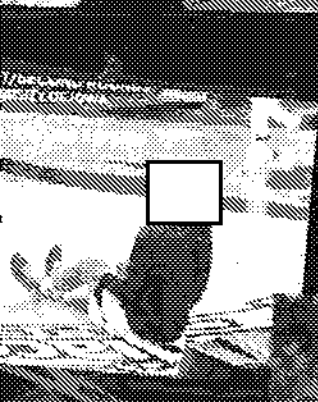


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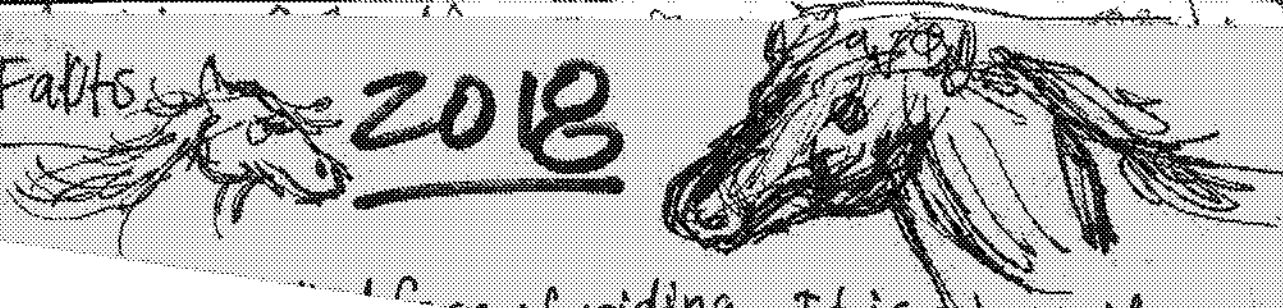
KEEP THIS COUPON
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KEEP THIS COUPON
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TO Audrey
From your and
Family
Love
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Horse Facts

2018



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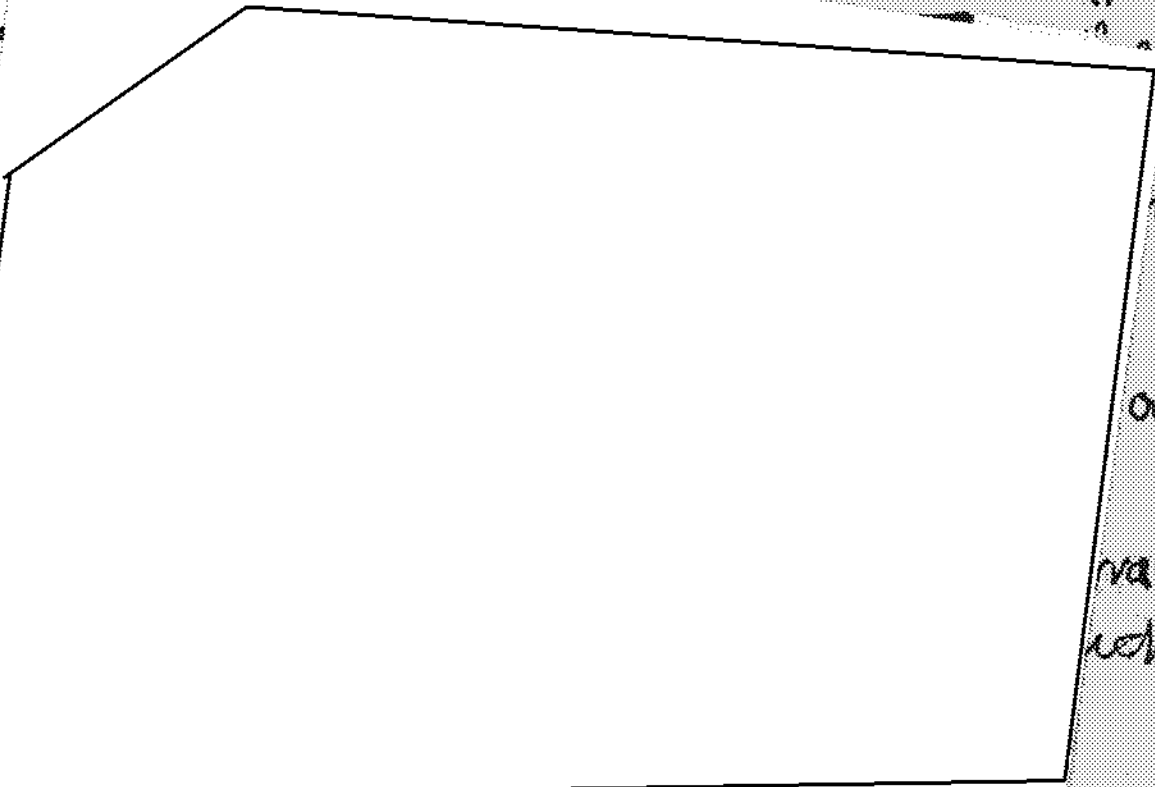
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Horse Facts

2018



Dressage → highly skilled form of riding. It is a type of competition that comes in "art" form from dance type free style, Hunting, jumping, walking, gaiting, + endurance. It also involves music when performance is taken place, where medals can be one at an Olympic level.

Trekking → cross country riding of the horse on farms or trails.

Harness → pulling ability, otherwise known to pull carriages, buggies, wagon, or sleigh. Also field + yard work such as plowing.

Gaits

Trotting

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canter

Gait

Wal



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inning



There is a time ~~and~~ for everything, and a season ~~for~~
for every activity under the heavens" - Ecclesiastes 3:1

(5-1-18)

There are years in life that change as we grow. A garden sprouts new flowers each year, giving them a chance to embrace the sun, soak in the rain, + meditate to the refreshing breeze. ~~When~~ a new season comes, ~~for~~ a new preparation must arise, ~~for~~ Each year is not expected to sprout the same life it once did. Nature has its way of change, and time is soully linked to it. The old flowers die, for they cannot live forever. Accepting the new ones should be watered with care + to ~~be~~ ~~allow~~ back them open into the sunlight. To mourn over what is lost cannot be recovered, for it was ~~the~~ time in past. There was a time where those flowers were a favorite, a garden prized. To look back and think the old garden was more beautiful, make it must be ~~to~~ that the new one has not grown on me yet. I must give time to let them spread out thier leaves, perk thier petals, and sturdy thier stems. ~~and~~ If I hide them in the shade, shy them from rain, + hold back the watering can, how will they grow on me? Nothing will be accomplished for the labor work that can be done today but in the field of this season. Last seasons have withered and died, only grained down to soil fragments under the earth. I cannot dig out what has desposed in nature. I cannot wind back time to a season most cherished.

There was a time I was a high-performing track athlete with ~~new~~ muscles + bulk, a season in which I had to have that body for training purposes. I looked that way because that season was where I was on a team. But that was back in high school. I cannot wish + hope I will look like that again, because that is not my new season. I am in a different one, a time for accepting my new body in recovery for my Eating disorder. I wish alot that



(5-1-18)



It could look like the fit person I once was, but I was 18 + 19 years old. I am 23 now. How could I ever look the same? I can't. Its impossible. Our bodys change and grow. To be in recovery is to grow in acceptance as ones body is revived, brought back from near death. My body was a feeble flower, droopy, uncrisp, dragged down by vicious hungry roots. To plow out the roots takes time, especially ~~when~~ I have to use all of my strength. My body is living + breathing, for it sits ~~right~~ upright, bracing out all its organs ~~and~~ like never before, just as a new flower in a new season springs up fresh, strong enough to absorb all the oxygen, sun, + rain. Weeds + roots of my ED must not poison it once again. The mind of illness are rooted venomously deep, for the main one is the strongest + most unbearng to strip out. Untill it does, this season is the time to labor out in this field of acceptance to what my body is. To finally admire what's ^{outside} ~~out~~, must start from admiring all it can do on what's inside. ~~Is~~ the source of ~~the~~ flower after all does not capture its beauty from out word forces of nature. It began with what was inside the soil - the seed to give it life.

Questions to ask Clients — For Logo Design

- (logo characteristics/personality)
- 1.) What is it that you are looking for (sophisticated, enthusiastic, bold, subtle,  informative)
 - 2.) What do you want the logo to have? (images, words or both?)   oooh
 - 3.) What time do you want the logo finished? (deadlines) 
 - 4.) What do you want the logo to emphasize w/ your product, concept, business (promoting)?  (film)
 - 5.) What colors do you want for the logo? (color scheme) (or does it want only black & white?)
 - 6.) What do you want the logo to look like in terms (FORM) of shapes? Organic/round or geometric? (shard edged) shapes?     curvilinear? 
 - 7.) What is your target audience? (old, young, middleaged?)

Reminders!  * Logo has to be SIMPLE, clean, + EASY to spot.

* Pick at the clients brain → If they have any ideas, pay close attention to what they want thier logo to emphasize.

* ASK for what they dont want → + if they don't know, do alot of research on thier buisness, company, ext as to what they are promoting.

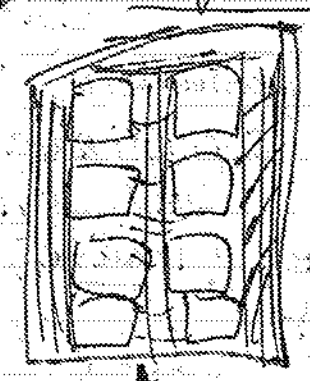
* If they have a concrete idea STICK w/ + HELP + go deeper  + execute further w/ the design process.

Logo → spells out name or product

perception =
icons
symbols
index/
context of
object

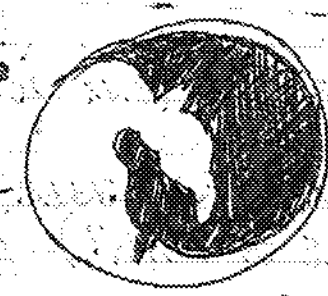
- 1.) original construction
2. easy to identify
- 3.) product displayed
- 4.) relationship of elements

Logo Design Reminders



figure/ground →

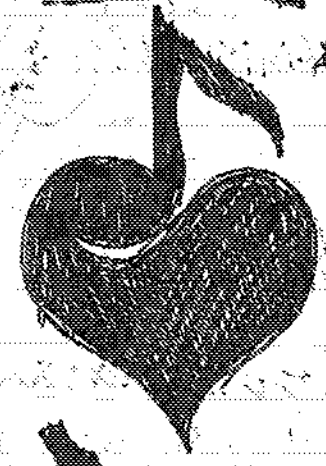
* simple shapes that are recognized



ying-yang

* eye looking back & forth to shapes

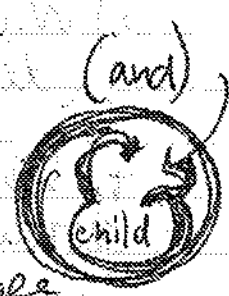
(reversible) to the eye



Closure →

* ~~eye closes in on a line or shape~~

* eye closes in on a line or shape to form an other shape



(and)



proximity →

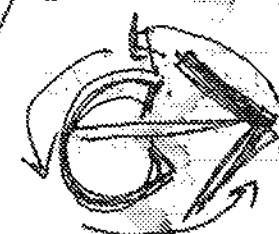
* spatial location

* objects, shapes in exact location

* nearness



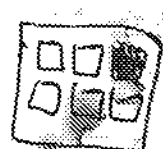
* similarity in shapes can draw attention to what's different



Continuation

* the eye goes around in a continuous formation

* eye is carried by curving lines that are connected



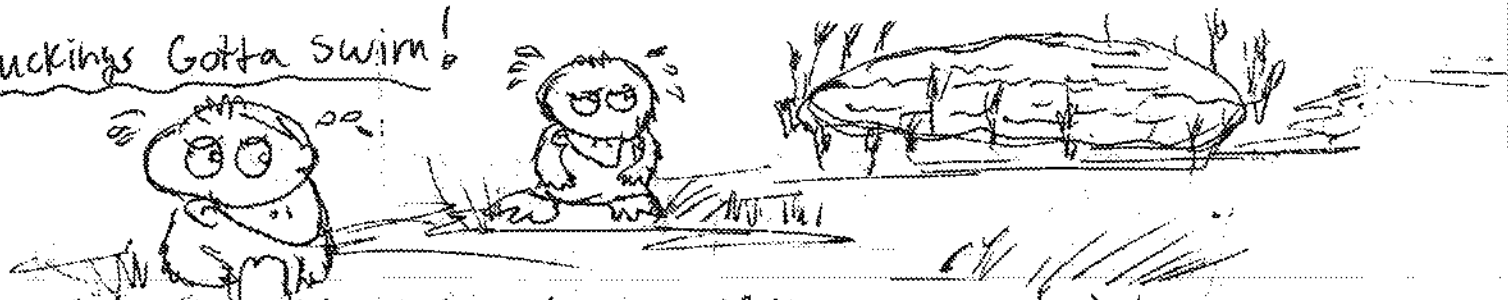
Similarity → same shape but can be different

color

simin

Families

A duckings Gotta swim!



A duck can't learn how to swim if he never gets into the pond. The same goes from working with clients doing real world projects. Experience comes from interning, applying the skills + knowledge gained from school to what is needed in the creative field. Every student has to get thier feet wet right? A young duckling will at first fear the water ~~be~~ and terrified how it might turn out. But with one step at a time, the water won't feel as scary. By begining to step its feet into the water, ~~get~~ it will feel uncomfortable at first. But, with practicing to swim in the ~~sh~~ shallower ends will raise the confidence corridor to ~~be~~ advance swimming in the deep end. Once the duckling has learned to swim in the pond (has full knowledge of its depth and atmosphere) - it can have the confidence to swim in any water surface, whether it be a lake, swimming pool, or even an ocean. The duckling can always learn new experiences of swimming in those surfaces, for it can never have too much knowledge.

One of the worst characteristics to have as a student is thinking your right opposed to the professor. ~~Hand~~ Accepting constructive criticism, even if it hurts, only strengthens the creative muscles and embroadens the learning process of how to execute creatively the right way. Art is subjective - there is not right or wrong way to what it can look like through ones style. Nevertheless, professors know what competition is out there + what clients are searching for to excite or grab thier target audiences attention. A student can only know so much of that untill they go out + learn how to swim - being involved in non-paid experience, being around professional Graphic Designers + Illustrators. That is the ^{water} surface where they will gain more knowledge + raise confidence level of ability, hopefully lowering self-doubt. The real world might sound scary, but once your in the water, it ~~water~~ will soon become your friend of ~~sum~~ ~~th~~ ~~ing~~ ~~ones~~ ~~self~~ ~~to~~ ~~work~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~career~~.

LOGO COLOR SCHEMES



Nintendo ● = passion leadership
energy active

Red Robin ● = Stimulates human
hunger & attention

Wendy's ● = optimism enthusiasm
creativity safety

HOME
DEPOT

Cheerios ●

= joy warmth
humor friendly



↓ = joy/friendly



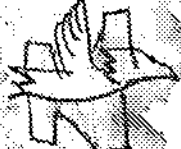
● = natural growth
vitality environment

GEICO



trust
calm

loyalty
openness



at&t

ARK
K&A



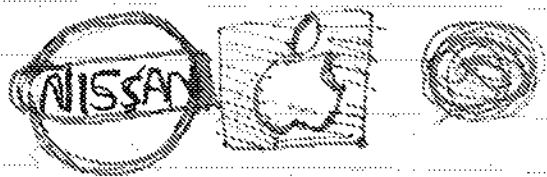
artistic
prestige

intellect
dignity

SWAN



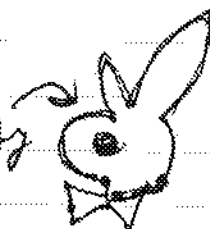
LOGO COLOR SCHEMES

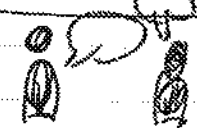


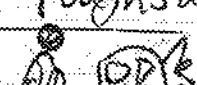
maturity stability security
balance



pure clean innocent simplicity maturity



- Sketches + Roughs must be done FACE TO FACE w/ client 
- observe body language (what they like + DON'T LIKE)
- COMPREHENSIVES/COMPS = CAN email 

~~scheduled meeting once~~ sketches + roughs are presented when meeting (2nd time)   → 

10-3-13

b7D -6
b7E -4

(5-17-18)

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

(5-17-18) *[Handwritten signature]*

6.-

b7D -6
b7E -4

All Work and no play makes Audrey a dull girl. All work and no play makes Audrey a dull girl.
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All work and no play makes Audrey a dull geirl. All work and no ply makes Audrey a dull girl.
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All work and no play makes Audrey a dull girl. All

b7D -6
b7E -4

b6 -3
b7C -3

AA

10-1-18

Asht.

it tried
hard
each
other

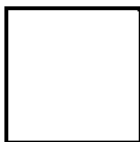
the
track
team
or older
kids like
seniors
+ juniors
in my
class

reverses
how I was
going
treatment
when I
was about
to die
wanted
to die
from
anorexia

b6 -3
b7c -3

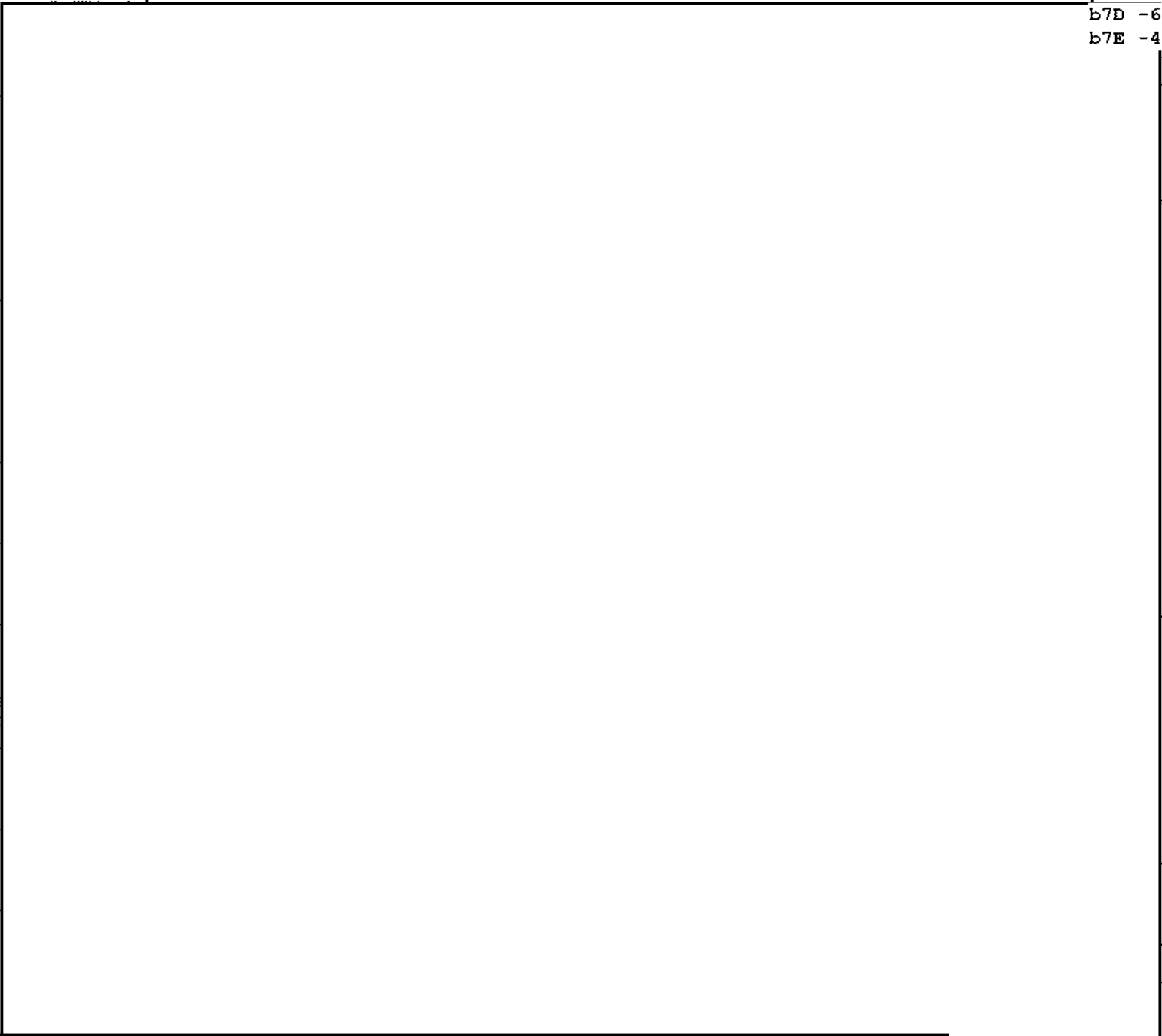
I fucking hate it when I try to be a friend and
spend time w/ someone I love & they don't necessarily
feel the same just because I simply don't keep in
touch every day. I don't understand why ~~everyone~~
[redacted] thinks everyone loves me but I'll
never fucking believe that. Some of the people in
my life that I loved & care about so much would
die for me, cause they really want to make an
effort to even ~~get~~ squeeze in a decent hour of
their time to hang w/ me. All these years its the
same fucking scenario. Every since 5th grade I've
been ignored & pushed aside, except for accepting
outcasts or outcasts like me. I know that the
ones I looked up to or had admired in the past
wouldn't care if I filled myself as a freshman, I
know all the ~~shocking~~ shattering & drama high
school shit. Everyone - almost everyone either
fucks, listens but pays no mind, or goes about their
life like the shit never happened. I only can think
of a few people who actually cared gave me affection
told me they loved me - hugged me. Its the same
nothing w/ middle school & those bastard chicks all the
girls in my grade did. I hated it when some kids acted
like a friend but wasn't one cause they'd get mad over
some dumb shit like I have to talk & always say something
they feel ignored. Bitch I'll tell you what ignoring
someone is. Try my ~~best~~ best friend who ~~was~~ is the world
to me wouldn't ever text me back when I would after
several times and doesn't even want to bother a few
seconds acknowledging me. I don't do shit like that on purpose
& just have trouble socializing you people are what makes it
that much HARDER ON ME, SO FUCKING HARD.

in high school
or was
able to
escape
running
& then
come
back or
get hit
by a
car
as I
ran
away
from
school



b6 -8
b7C -8

(7-3-18)



b7D -6
b7E -4



I always
 that one
 kind in the
 ok of your
 nd. You say
 u don't forget
 e but its
 fucking lie.
 ou just don't
 nt to am.
 t's one of
 me few
 What's the point of starting over if I don't know if it
 will happen again or not? How do I know if that friendship
 will last forever? Cause it wont, period. theres no such
 thing as a best friend forever. I thought make someone
 that could have been you or me, but I guess I'm
 a fool for believing that cause its so rare to have that someone
 But those who are able to always have a best friend & its
 close forever must be the most lucky people in the world. But
 I'm not, I'm the fucking loner left alone k'd I've always
 been. I should have known I'd end up loosing AGA
 was so special to me more than anything.

10-11-B
 A.H.
 23 Nov 1482 (FBI)-798

They say its more than just basketball. It was more than
your talent that you had. More than how many points
you scored, more than the number worn on your jersey.
Did you know I needed a friend? Its ok if you didn't fully
know that.

Maybe [] asked if you would look out for me.

But you are someone extraordinary. ~~But~~ I believe you
felt in your heart you wanted to look out for me.
You are not & were not an ordinary friend. Ordinary
friends would have not cared much for the other

listened
what he
made
wanted
from
you

kids made fun of me or thought I was weird. Ordinary

b6 -3
b7C -3

friends would not have had their heart really into
it to be my friend or thought of what to do. Other kids were
not like you. You ~~stood~~ stood out & outshined along with

ta
love

the ones you knew, and you sparked some of that up lifting

~~me~~ ^{star dust} ~~light~~ on me. [] ~~knew~~ ^{new} you were capable of
~~prote~~ looking out for me. ~~because~~ ^{negative} I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~know~~ ^{know}

you could do more than that: ~~you~~ acceptance, ~~retrieving~~
~~others~~ ^{very} different from you like

me - you didn't care I was shy, white, or
scared. You were able to see that ~~was~~ ^{was}

I accepted you for you right away. ~~idea~~ ^{most} of the outspoken
kids in 7th grade were mean, ~~cause~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{would} make

fun of the first thing they saw at me. But you
didn't do that, because that's not who you are - You loved

me. Yes, I was awkward - not in a ~~particular~~ ^{particular} way
in a good way, so I couldn't blame those black

me - right
one
me

outgoing kids because they were probably not
comfortable with who I was. They didn't know what

to do with me. But what made you ~~separate~~ ^{separate} apart
from them is that you didn't separate yourself

at soon
as you
took the
time

from me. You reached out to me. ~~caught me when~~ ^{caught me when} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~fell~~ ^{fell}

~~that~~ ^{that} You knew how to love in a way
that many kids your age had the mind & heart to

do. You didn't back away - and you ~~could~~ ^{could} had a
choice to not go out of your way to be my buddy,

if you did. [] was like an angel sent from heaven.
I guess you were a gift from God that he gave to me.

or pass
me
by, even
though you
knew
me
b6 -3
b7C -3
23-cv-1483 (PBI)-799

that just the
kind of heart
God created you
to be, which
is not
ordinary
either

you took an ordinary number
[] and made it into one
of the symbolist
of ~~me~~ my dearest

memories with you and the mentor you
were as the older players. I think of []

as
a person
who
is
unforgettable.
It's
a
name
that
has
stayed
with
me all
my
days
without
you
the
team
was
over

I had
a lot
more
than I
thought.
You didn't
just
know
how to
defend
yourself
or shoot.
You taught
me a
nickname
arms to
extend out
to when
I was
or the
a little
that
shined
away all
the
dark
shadows
You gave
me these
things
just
when I
needed it
I when
I needed
it.

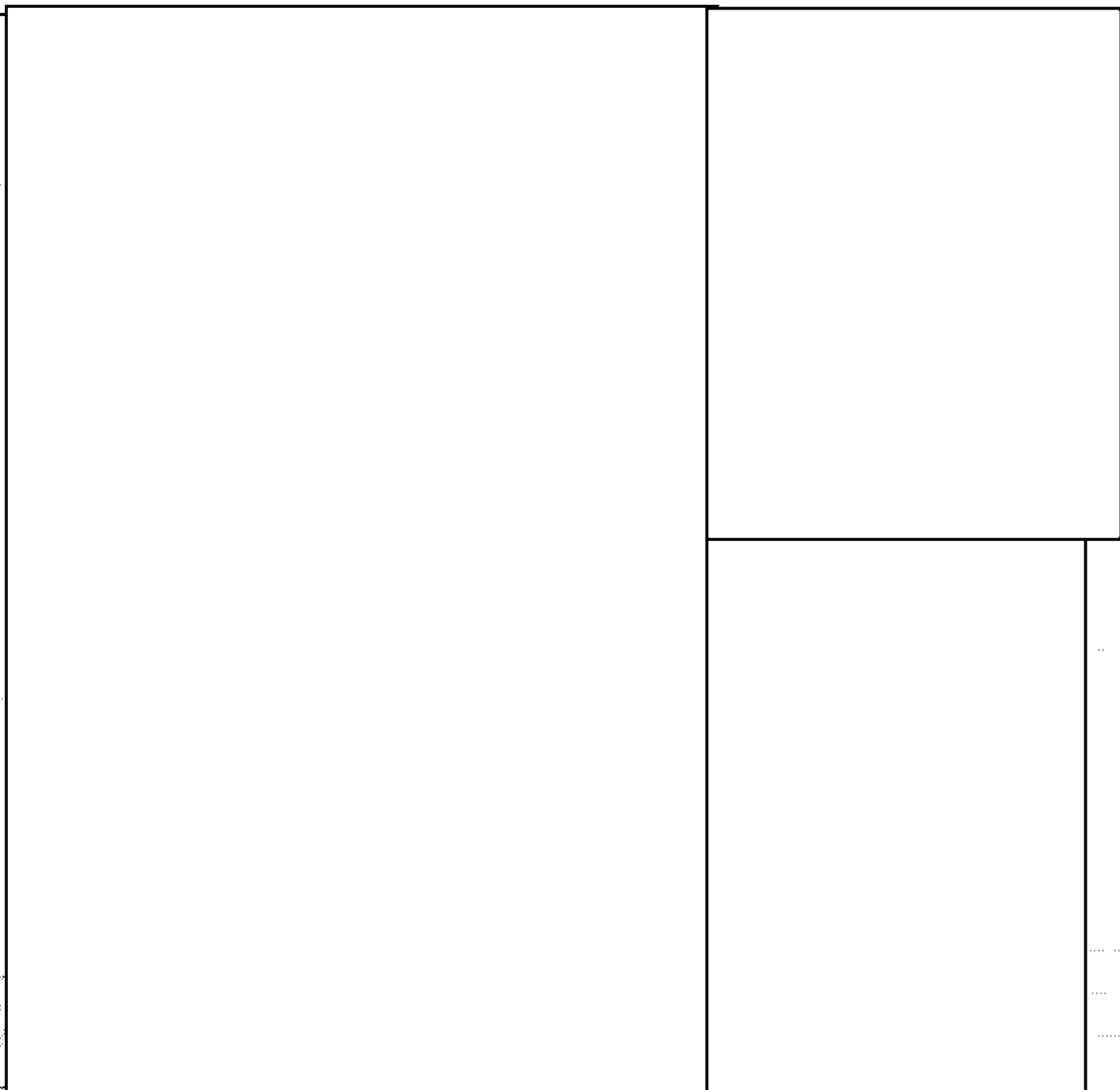
I knew I had this present all that times, but I
couldn't didn't unwrap our friendship all the way.
I couldn't didn't do that until I was older & realized
how much I needed you. For a friend ~~that I needed~~
that I cry over, it means you did something beautiful:
you fulfilled a friendship I was never able to get
myself or could do myself. You gave that to me.
I don't think you realize how extraordinary that is for
now you could do that the age you were. But I
understand completely, without a doubt, because most
kids your age would not take a risk and befriend the
outliers - someone who's not like you - confident
but going, fearless, bold. You befriended a once shy,
lonely, sad girl who didn't stand a chance to be
around the "popular" kids. It was one of the coolest
things ever being with you - and you ~~was~~ ^{some} took off
that coolness on me. All the sudden kids in my
grade ~~thought~~ ^{thought} that I was all the sudden popular.

~~How could that be? Because you were~~
~~popular in a sense so many loved you & wanted to be~~
~~around you. You taught me that make if I am~~
~~myself & express it, people will learn to love me~~
~~and would want to be my friend. You weren't~~
~~afraid to make friends. Taken that valuable character~~
~~from you, I discover that more when I do make a~~
~~new friend. You showed me that friends don't~~
~~have to be alike to accept me another & love them~~
~~enough that I wasn't good enough for anyone~~
~~But you proved me wrong. You were ~~my~~ ^a friend I~~
~~never had before & never will again, & probably the best~~
~~the best buddy I could have ever had.~~

10-1-18

Audrey ~~David~~ the only ones who have made it easy for me
latley were a few friends close that I made in treatment.
It wasn't trouble w/ them accepting my offer to hang out.
Does anyone else appreciate my offers or asking to see them?
No! Fucking no, Cause after all... its not a big deal to
them cause unlike me they get plenty of love + attention
from friends Cause they know how to form close friendships.
I'm not good enough to do that shit. Its not like people
want to call + hang w/ me, only my ~~other~~ best friend did
who made me feel needed for the first time in my life but not
any more. No friend needs me + ever will its all because
no fucking fault. I can't ever keep up or know what to say or do.

There are
~~so~~ beautiful
friends
who
have
impacted
my life
but I a
never
made them
feel that
way
want
me



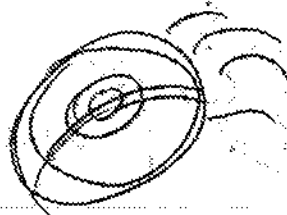
10-4-18

AA

I'm not committing to any ~~Fucking~~ friendship anymore.
Thanks to you, I want to give up trying. I'm done giving
my heart + soul to people. No one wants it any ways.
You broke my heart when you left me and I know
you'll never come back. You've broken it so many times that
nothing you do will ever piece it back together. I shouldn't
trust anyone again. I'm done trying to be friends. I did it for 11 years



Pokémon Cards → EBay



Entei #34 1995-2001 Holo

Infernape → - Diamond + Pearl PL promo
- Holo Stormfront #3/100

Raichu → 1st Edition #14/102 1995

Raikou → - 1st Edition Neo Revelations #22/64
- #73/64 Neo Rev.

Charizard → #4/102 1995-98

Ralkia → - GX #165/156 Sun + Moon Ultra Prism
- LV.X Japanese Encounters #106/100

Heatran → - #6/146 Legends Awakened
- Regional Champions Legends Awakened

Blastoise → #2/130 1995-98

Walrein → EX Power Keepers #99/108
EX #89/92

Venasaur → - Holo #15/201
- Mega Holo Flash

Umbreon → #29/32 Aquapolis Holo
- Neo Discovery #13/75
- ~~secret rare~~ - secret rare #164/149

Espeon → #20/75 1995-98

Leafreon → Majestic Dawn Holo promo #24/100



Pokemon Card Types



Magnamarter → ~~Holo NM Supreme Victors~~
- DP Promo 1/10

Feraligatr → #4/111 1995-98
- EX Dragon Frontiers Holo EX

Uxie → World champions 2009 #43/146

Politoed → - H.G.S.S. Unleashed crosshatch Holo
- Holo #8/75 Neo discovery 1995-98

Luxray → #7/130 Diamond & Pearl ~~SD~~ Holo foil
#7/130 Diamond & Pearl National champ.

Staraptor → #16/130 Diamond & Pearl Reverse Holo

Arcanine → 2002 Holo Foil H2/H32

Tyranitar → 1995-2001 #12/75 Holo

Typhlosion → Neo Genesis 1st Edition #18/111
- Park Typhlosion #10/105 1995-2000

Armaldo → EX 2006 #84/192

Seepitile → - #8/106 Great Encounters Holo
- EX Ruby & Sapphire ~~SD~~ #20/109 Reverse Holo

Swampert → - EX 2006 #98/100 Crystal Guardians Holo
- Supreme Victors Reverse Holo #12/147
- Great Encounters #9/106

Pokémon Card Types

Superior → - Supreme Victors Reverse Holo #10/147
 - 2009 Rising Rivals Holo #32/111

Ballade → - #6/132 Secret Wonders Holo
 - Rising Rival Holo #20/111 Lv. 59

Gardevoir → - XY Steam Siege #79/111 #12/114
 - Secret Wonders Lv. X #131/132
 - ~~Card~~ EX #93/101 2006
 - Ruby + Sapphire #7/109 Holo
 - GX Sun Moon Burning Shadows #159/177

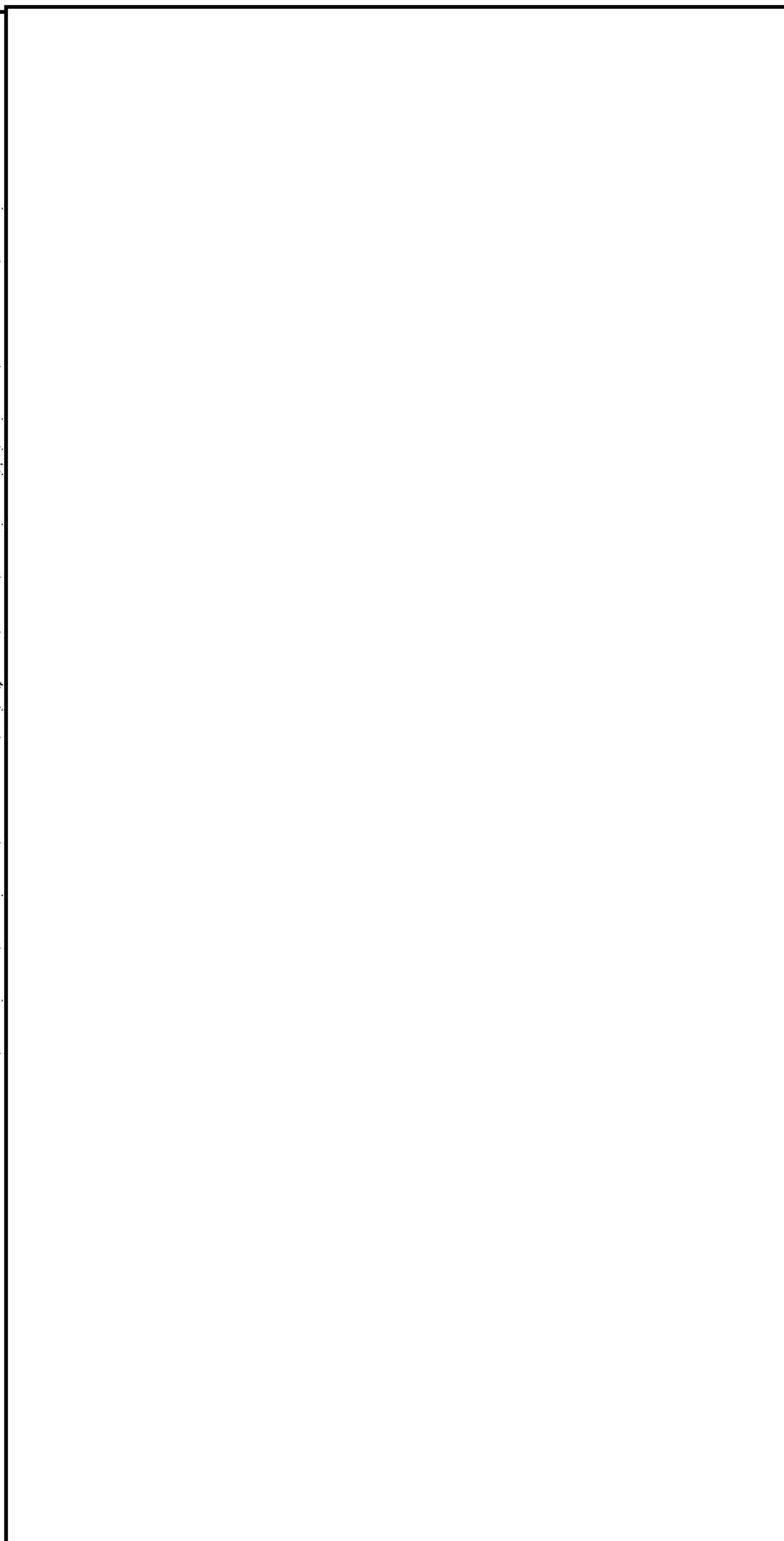
Kyogre → - Team Aquas Kyogre 2004 #3/95
 - EX Double Crisis C1 #006/034 Team Aquas
 Japanese secret
 - EX #148/160 Holo
 - Hidden Legends EX #94/101

Torterra → - Diamond + Pearl #1/180 Lv. 45
 - Reverse Holo 2008 Platinum

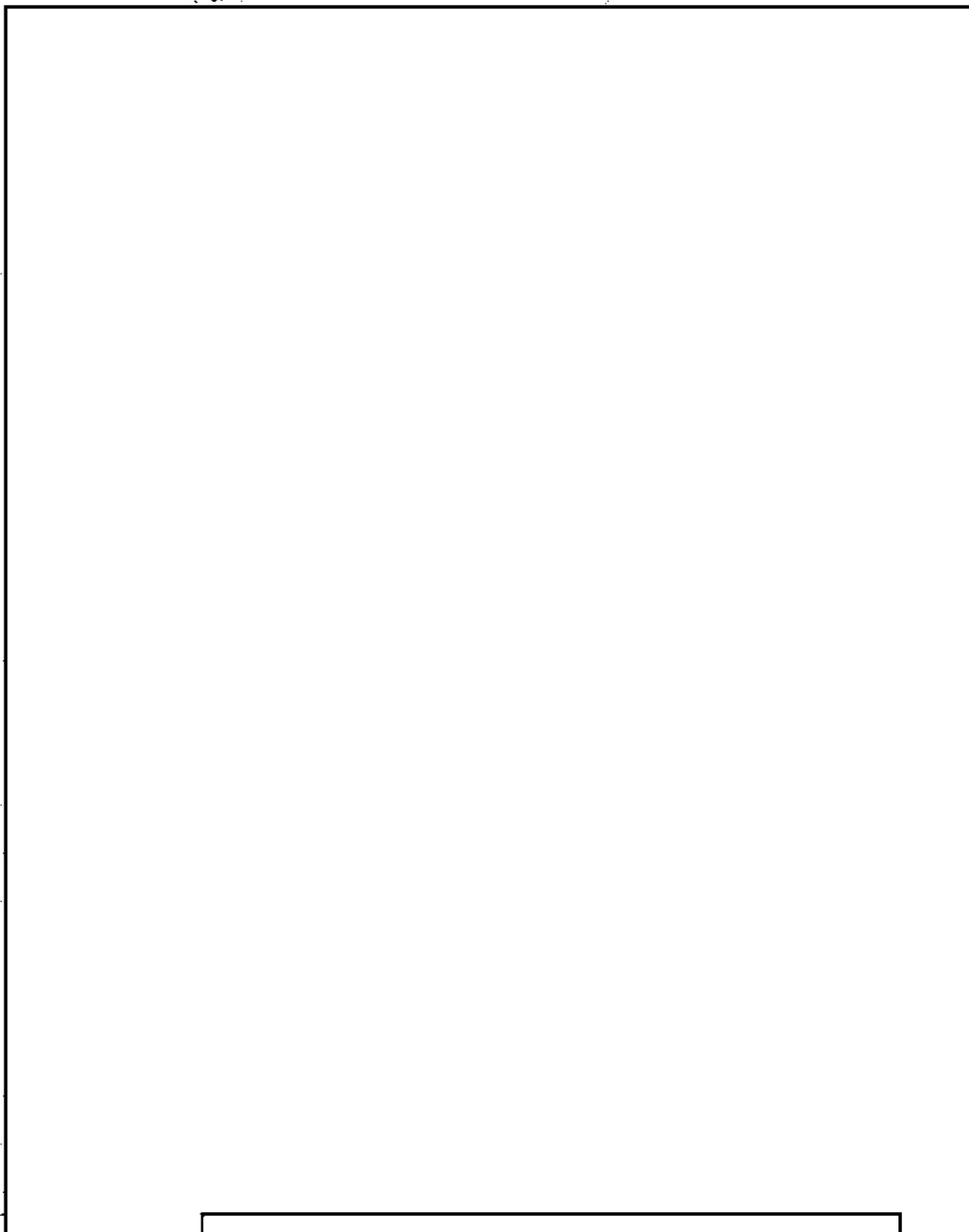
Aggron → - EX #93/160 Holo
 - EX Ruby + Sapphire #1/109 Holo
 - Team Magma's Aggron 2004 #7/95

Regigigas → - Legends Awakened #15/146 Holo
 Lx. X bp30 Blackstar Promo

Regirock → - Legend Maker #91/92 Holo
 - EX XY Fates Collide #43/124



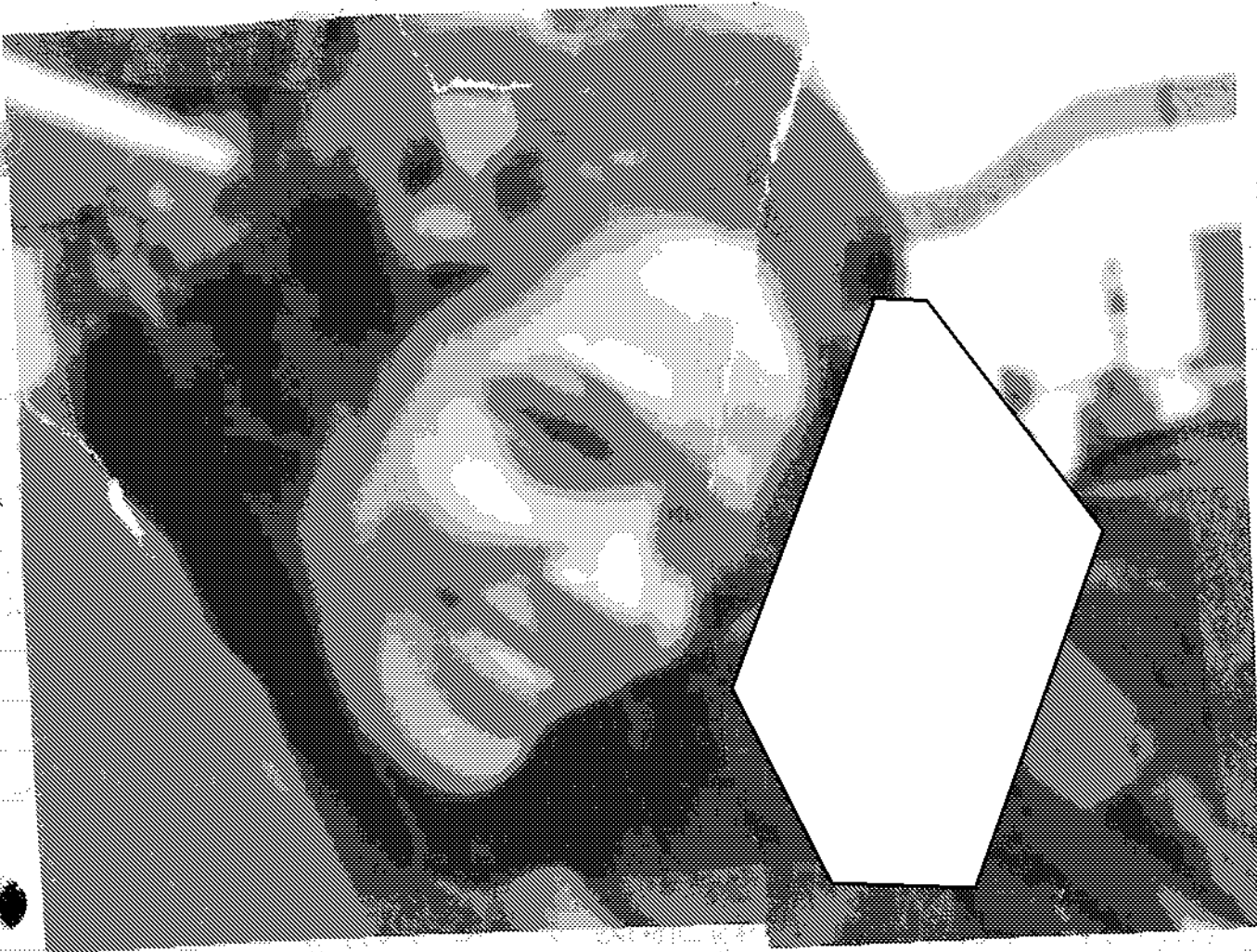
b7D -6
b7E -4



b7D -6

b7E -4

1)

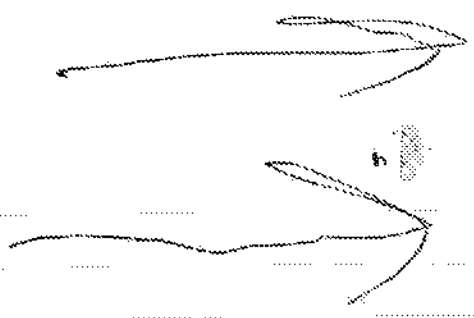
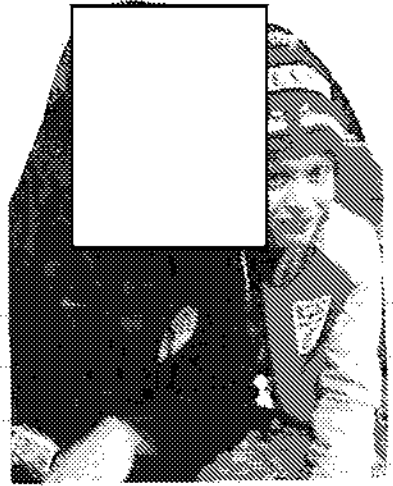
b6 -8
b7C -8

(It was As Good As it Gets)

I have never felt this far away from you, ~~when~~ when it seems like it was just yesterday I was so close. There was something between us that clicked right into place. What is it now that we are missing? I feel I am the piece to your puzzle that does not connect. ~~again~~ I feel I am that piece that ~~was thrown away~~ you threw away since I cannot fit what is not needed. ~~Does~~ Why is it that I felt so important + now I am an invisible ~~nothing~~ ^{dotted outline of a memory} that's easily to be forgotten? Why did you need me then? Why am I so special? I don't think it was your choice first to become ~~close~~ close friends. It's what I've always wanted. You gave me a best friend, but that best friend is lost. If I try to search for her, I wouldn't know where to start. But I already knew the ending. You decided to go away for a while, + I hope you come back. How much longer to wait? I don't care ~~at~~ at this point when. Everything I did for you was not ~~for~~ all for nothing. You are worth waiting for. ^{You are Special enough}

2.)

As Good
As It Gets



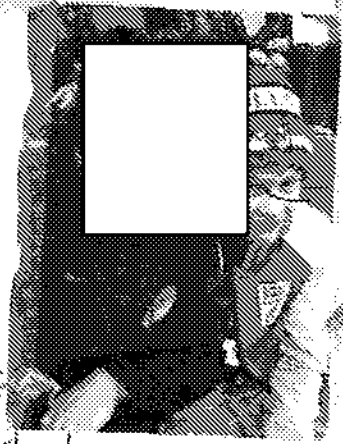
I miss you so much on a level you will never relate to. Even if it was close to you having ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~one~~ ~~good~~ ~~close~~ one friend miles away ~~at~~ in another place, you don't know this feeling completely. If you know what it feels like to loose a sister after a couple of years, maybe you'd understand, ~~and~~ If you really think about it, I've dreamed my whole life of having someone to look out for me. I wanted a sister, + I ~~showed~~ ^{wrote} that to you, showed it, expressed it with all my heart + soul. I made sure you were going to hang ~~on~~ when the windy storms of life blow ^{surges} you ^{fiercely} on the edge. I made sure I'd be there just as you have, the big sister can't do everything, so I made sure ~~as~~ you wouldn't feel I ~~wasn't~~ ^{wasn't} doing enough. I gave my absolute all, I gave + squeezed out every last ounce of my ~~every~~ heart to commit to our friendship, but I could ~~only~~ ^{can hardly believe} ~~imagine~~ then that you let me give + I ~~was~~ ^{was more than happy} let you. It was a dream come true to experience what your heart is, who you are as a person, you have such a big heart. I wanted you to see that I felt that way to you. You gave me memories I can hold onto + treasure forever. The memories are so beautiful beyond my imagination, I don't have to dream about having memories with other new friends. I have no choice but to move on just like you have. But unlike me, you wanted new memories. The memories of us together is enough for a life time. ~~Revered~~ ~~shared~~ ~~is~~ ~~and~~ ~~same~~ I am thankful we at least got to be ~~outgoing~~ best friends for those short years. ~~Just~~ just wish... we could be like that forever...

Handwritten notes on the left margin:
little
for
to
do
one
is
things
cause
are
measures
with
wishes
over
form
it's mine

Handwritten notes on the right margin:
that
you
were
much
bigger
for your
heart
than
you
new

3.) (It was)

As Good As It Gets



b6 -8
b7C -8

couldn't
we created
what we
shared
alone

you
didn't
ut call
me a
friend
nt a
ster in
family

beyond
wildest
dreams

No matter how many friends I could make, there
is no one that can replace you. You gave an impact
~~that had an effect on me that cannot be replaced~~
effected me in a way I cannot describe. I know true
friendship when I feel it, and I felt that with you. You
didn't have to go out of your way to look out for
me, but you did. That right there holds value. It
means something much more to me than it would to
you. You know how to bond with others of ages older
& younger to where they can become a part of you, a
piece of your heart. People can become close to you because
you're not afraid of people forming those memories. It's
not like that with me. You and me are two different
people. But it only came to when we were split apart that
we are not quite the same and more different than
I thought. The things that used to hold us together ~~are~~ fall apart
~~because we both have~~ we both have ~~had~~ had
droughts in our faith and we don't want to share God
with each other anymore. We both don't seem to feel
mutual when it comes to shooting some hoops on the
court. Our experiences & phases in our lives have
converged us ~~separated~~ on the wayside. We ~~came~~ meet up
& neither of us don't seem to know what to do, there's
not much of ~~a relationship~~ what we could relate to.
We are both scholars of suffering. ~~But~~ We may
have different degrees in that realm. I'm bound
to hurt more & lose you in exchange for God's
friendship. But I can't help but cry ~~to~~ the
thought ~~that~~ ~~of how we used to be, why~~ ~~couldn't my big sister stay?~~ ~~I wanted to~~
~~leave w/~~ ~~you but~~ ~~it wouldn't~~

wanted to
leave w/
you but
it wouldn't

(It was)
(8-2-18) As Good As
It Gets

4.)

he made you into a rock
that was beaten & scaped
by the waves & polished into
a trinket of gold.

I don't think you really know how much you mean to me. The feeling goes so deep, it's a struggle to even really describe it. I never had the courage to ever express how I feel towards you in person because thier arent words for how much you stand out even though you are a quieter person than your sister. The inner strength you have is alot greater than you think it is, for you have the capability to overcome & take an opportunity to everything. It can ~~be~~ take some time to fully embrace it, & its scary. But I know your not weak. Your heart is strong ~~there~~ and at the same time has a gentleness to the ones you love. Even people who aren't as close to you, I believe when you really give yourself the chance to be you, it shines brighter than anything in this world. From the struggles you encountered, ~~but~~ I could tell ^{God} was at work with you & his light shined brighter than anyone the ever ^{one} know well my whole life. He sculpted you into the image of his masterpiece of ^{his} creation. You are beautiful inside AND out. Don't ever think for a second your outer qualities are more important, because that's not what makes a person. It is the outer shell that carries the soul. I never cared for what you look like, what you ~~were~~ wear. You ~~were~~ have the garments of his love ^{since you} & you gave it to me. How beautiful is that? You shared Gods love & cloaded it around me like I was a ~~odd~~ homeless girl that needed something spiritual to grip me. My hand clasped onto the edge of a cliff to the hand of yours. ~~to~~ You had the heart for me & welcomed me in it. ~~that~~ You are one of my special friends, because it was hospitality of luxury. I felt rich in your friendship, through God we became, in lifes w

You are a true treasure to my heart. I always look at you in a ~~new~~ fascination.

written
my face,
smile
arms

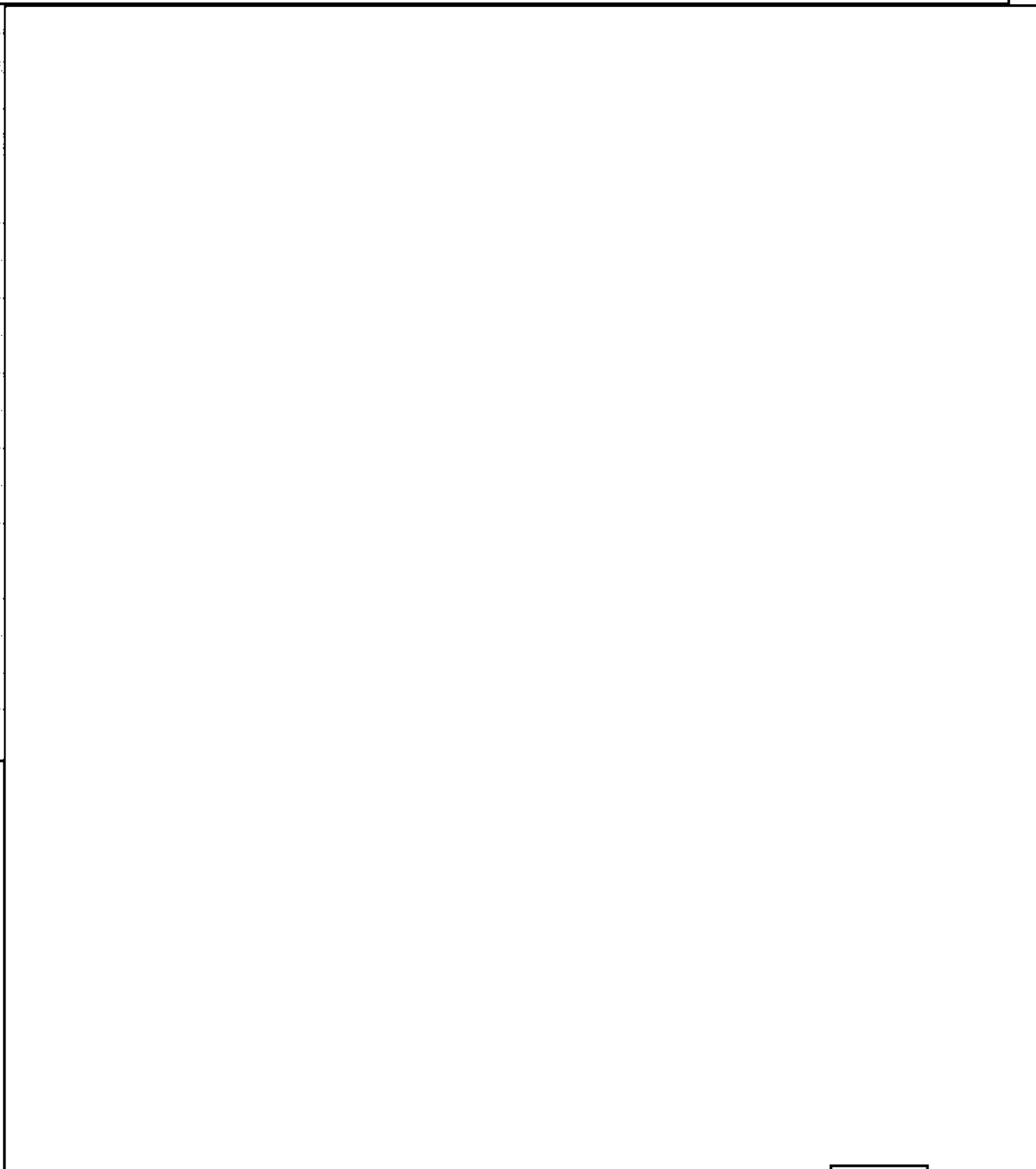
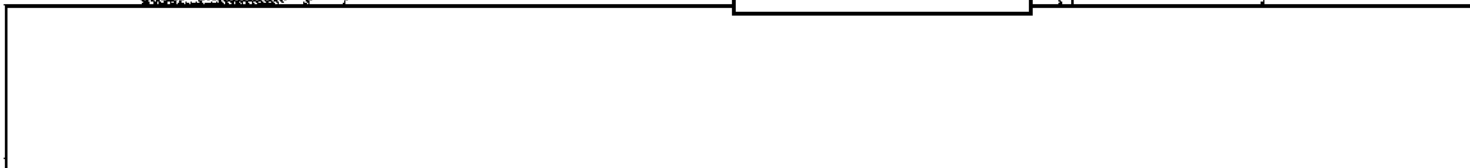
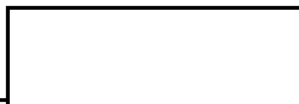
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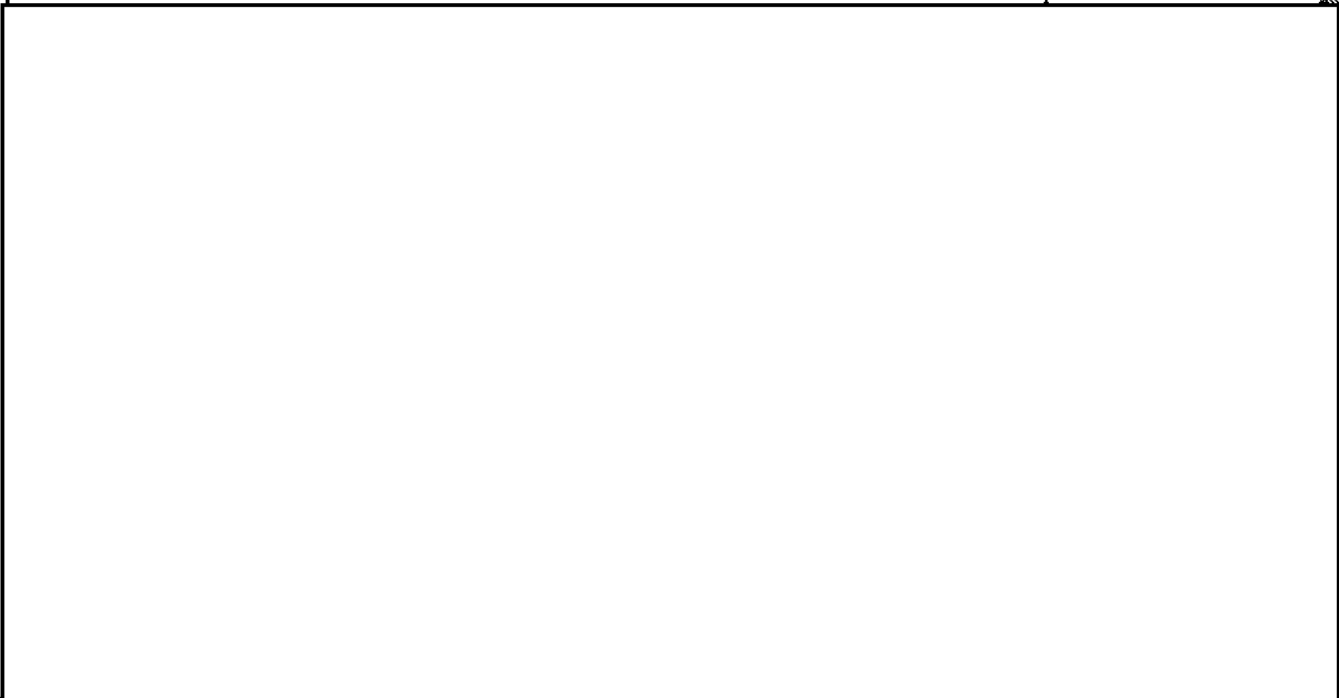
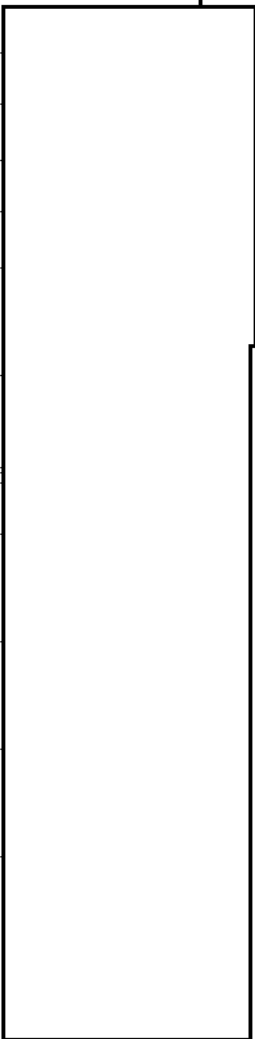
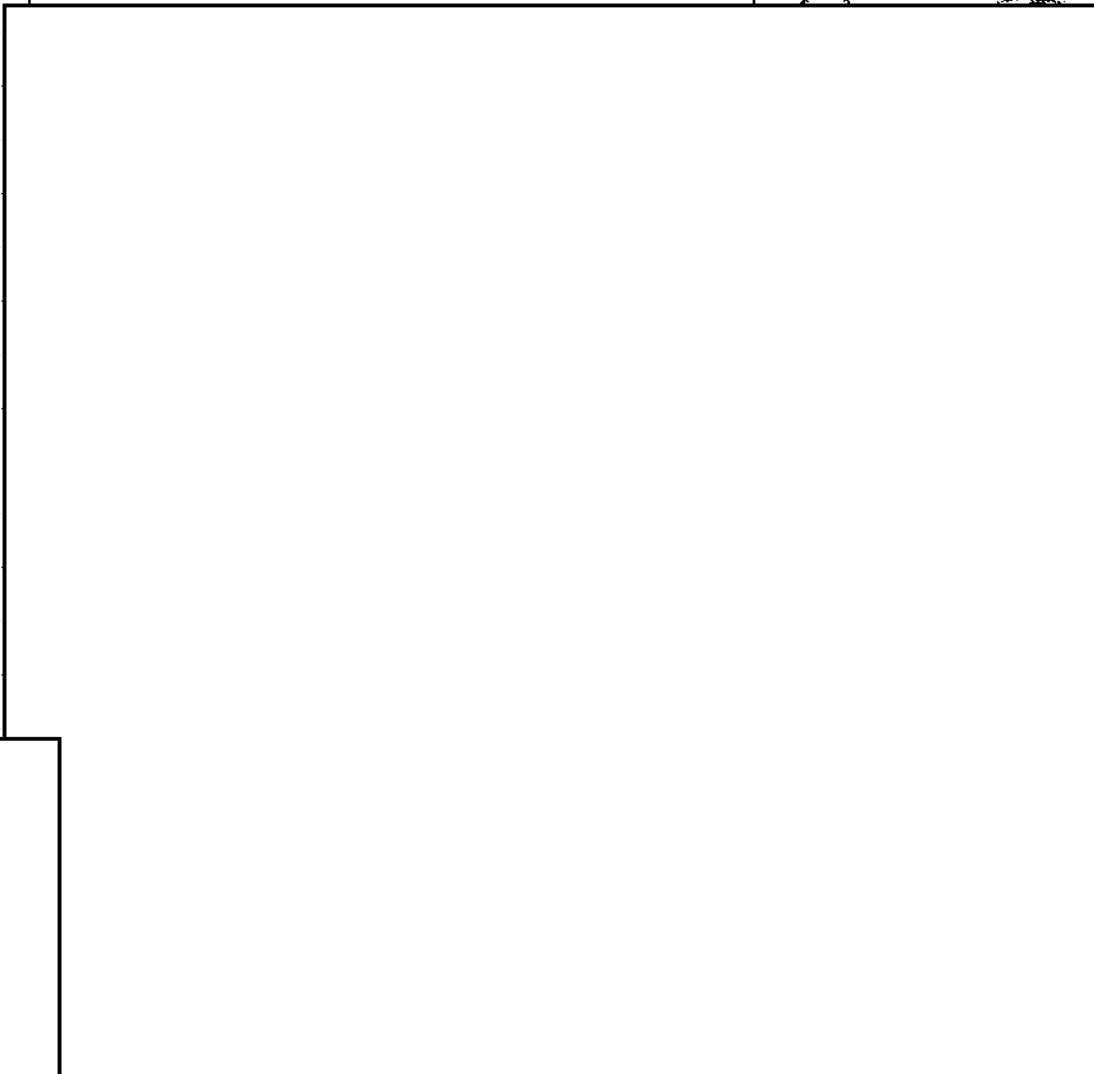
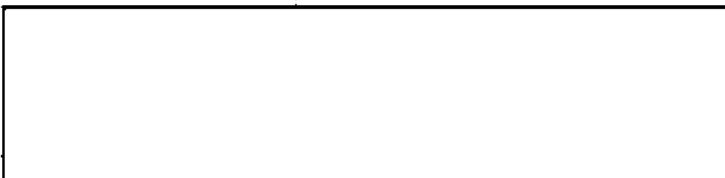
id experienced being

invite me, but you did.

obtained the author



b7D -6
b7E -4



5.)

(8-2-18)

(It was)

As Good As It Gets



b6 -8
b7C -8

When it comes to a friendship of two sisters having that kind of bond that stitches up together, ~~what else~~ ^{all} had the needle + thread. Because of who you are to stitch that together ~~the quilt~~ ^{the quilt} of our friendship was blanketed over me. You ~~were~~ ^{seemed} more than happy to ~~cover it over~~ ^{cover it over} me. I finally could believe maybe you do really love me, maybe were meant to be, because you know how to give more than enough. All of the family outings, basketball games, hanging out, smiles, hugs, + laughs were all tied into one present that was the best present I'd ever received, big enough to treasure my whole life. What I miss is that you had ~~the~~ confidence to ~~reach~~ ^{reach} out to me when I was hesitant to jump in the water of social pools. You made me feel less pressure like it was all up to me. The quality time we shared was synchronized, not one ~~was~~ ^{form} more than the other. I felt like you wanted me to be there. ~~I~~ I don't know if you thought ~~how~~ ^{actually} how hard it is for me to call the shots in the front end to get ~~the game plan started~~ ^{the game plan started}. You aren't afraid to set the game + call out the game plan, a coach who doesn't doubt himself. That's an amazing quality ~~ad~~ I'll never have, but to observe that + be on the court playing with you, it means so much. My life with you made me feel like a ~~big~~ basketball player at the height of their career, all wins with nothing to lose. Had all the riches. The little things you gave with our time spent together were what ~~made~~ ^{made} the plant of our friendship grow. God ~~shined~~ ^{shined} down on us, ~~light~~ ^{light} through God you showered blessings + how on me.

one of the things you got.

from the audience, tell me what you love about the little golden eyes.

You let me

surprised by a cheer

text, a big smile

bold you wave to let me embrace affection

Being with you felt like it was your best friend. You were my best friend. The memories I had with you were as good as it gets. I don't believe I have found that ever, + will never find that ever again, not since I lost you. Then the drought began where my heart became thirsty from loss.

(It was) As Good as it Gets

(8-2-18 6.)

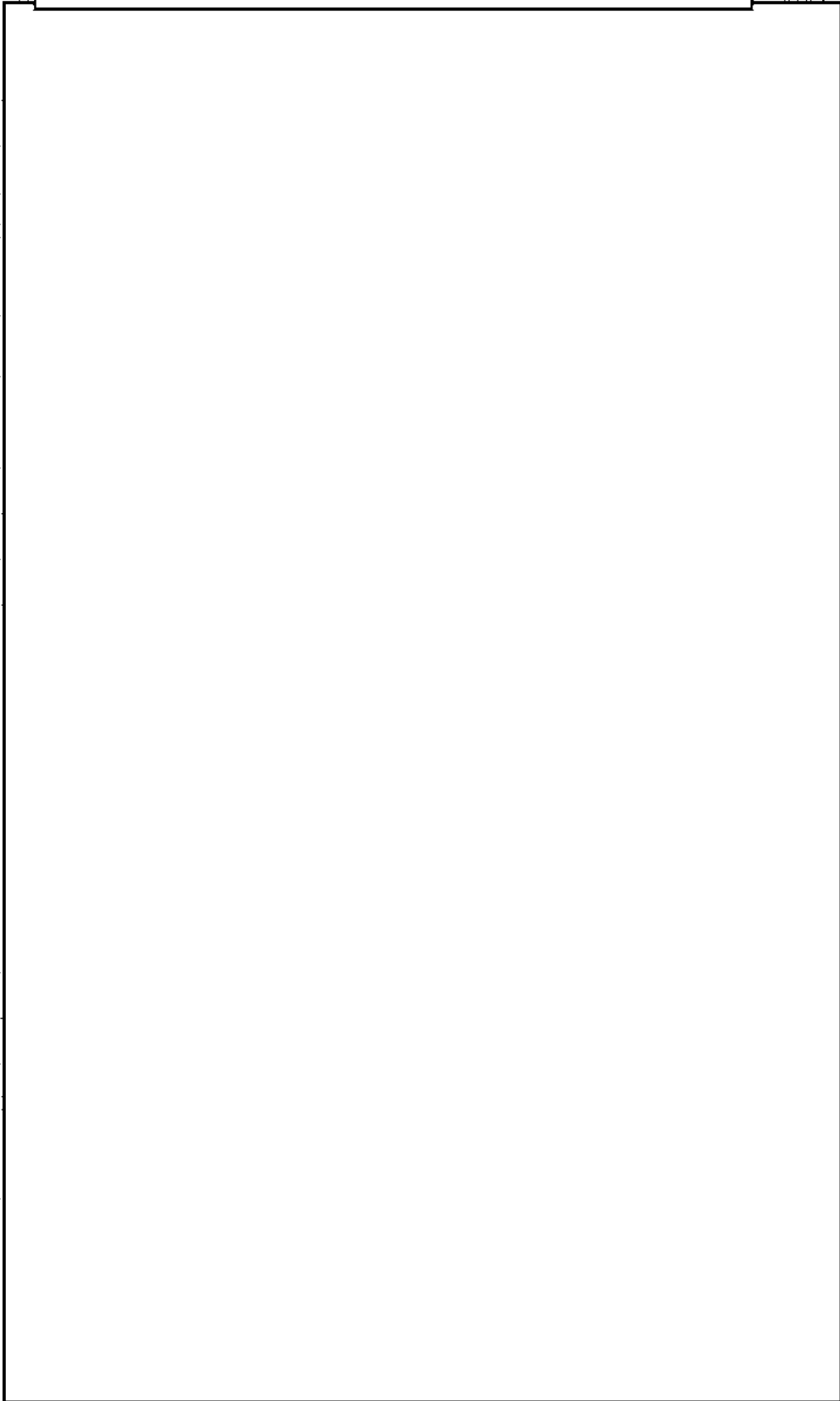
The other thing that you wouldn't really know is how much I miss you everyday. Everyday, I feel as though something is missing and my heart has a ~~gap~~ wide open hole right dead in the center. I've noticed that it has become dry & less pure, where the only ~~things~~ things that were filling it was bitterness, confusion, & devastation. Weeds then start to grow, bugs ~~and~~ of ~~food~~ ~~from~~ ~~sureness~~ start eating me alive like ~~leeches~~ leeches to skin, ~~on~~ lotus to wood. I feel my heart is being overcome by a thick mass of darkness and only see ~~bits~~ of light. My ~~deepest~~ ~~dark~~ darkness entered a year ago, and my worst enemy invaded my heart & mind. I began to become a different person, but the real me was screaming deep down. ~~It~~ Since I grew close to you, I felt you have become a part of me. You were still with me & knew who I was. You believed that the real me was still in there, ~~where~~ ~~a~~ sickness & death could not be victorious. I had to keep you in my heart as the only way for you to be there with me. You are cherished as ~~the~~ ~~every~~ ~~treasure~~ ~~keepsake~~ locked in my heart's chest. I had to hold onto that & ~~remember~~ remember there was a bright beam of light in my life. That was you. I may have forgotten what it's like to smile, laugh or just live life, but I didn't forget your light that shined down on me. When I was with you, I was living life at its best. You showed me what life is all about in a friendship, what it's like to have memorable moments we both mutually treasure. All those days with you were beach days full of sun, ~~shimmering~~ ~~glistering~~ ~~glistering~~ sea, & warm sand to relax & sink into. You gave joy at its ~~purest~~ purest where the sun never sets.

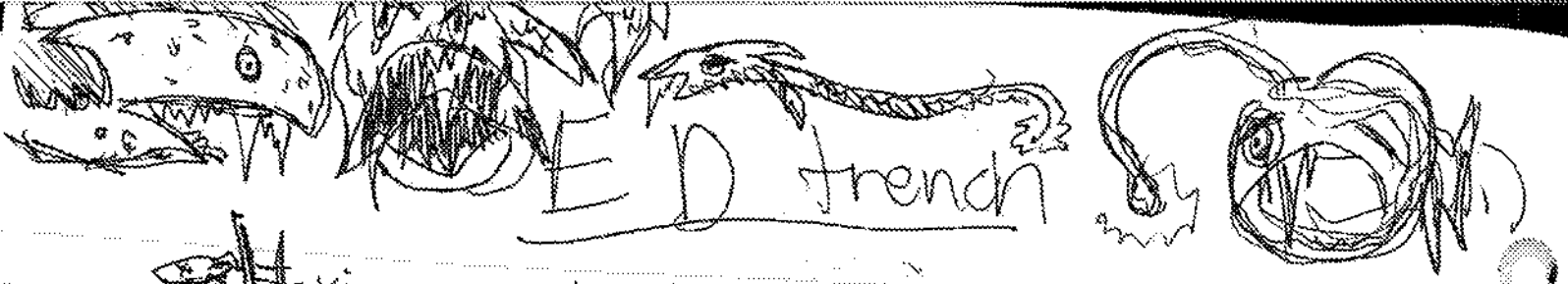
But when it set, those beach days were over. My treasure that I take out of my pocket, the memories shine, ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~ your spirit shines, but the sun doesn't. You gave ~~stunning~~ bright days, but ~~once~~ we went together. You haven't been

when
I
thought
of you,
I remember
now I
wanted
to be
like you,
the real
me
shined
when I
was
loved
after.

It
was
like
it
was
me
screaming
when I
was
in.

It
was
like
it
was
me
shining
light.





Having an Eating Disorder is like the Mariana trench. The deepest sea level in the Pacific oceans. The trench is so dark - its pitch black where no human eye could see a thing. The ocean pressure ~~is~~ would squeeze a human being to death. ~~its power is unbearable to~~ ^{human} ~~eat~~ ^{eat} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~fish~~ ^{fish} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~depth~~ ^{depth} ~~for~~ ^{far} ~~(if to~~ ^{enough} ~~go~~ ^{down)} ~~thing~~ ^{far} ~~from~~ ^{enough} ~~the~~ ^{down)} ~~sea~~ ^{down)} ~~animals~~ ^{down)} that live there are few, but many above the trench could never dare to enter. Trenches are dangerous & life threatening ~~at~~ ^{other} habitats that no mammal ~~could~~ ^{could} explore. ~~that does not reside there~~ ^{many less predatory animals} ~~reside~~ ^{reside} in the trench and some are cold blooded killers - dragonfish, ghostfish, the Goblin Vampire Shark. ~~Animals~~ ^{mammals} like these can only survive its intense cold pressure, darkest abyss to not a skimp of light, ~~and~~ ^{disturbing} vast deepness, scaresness, & openness of the unknown. Explorers of few reached these ~~depths~~ ^{depths} of the Mariana trench. Only sea pods were able to ~~witness~~ ^{witness} its unknown scariness & unlikely surprises to the fullest roaming discovery.

Eating Disorders are mysteries that very few know & can comprehend. Since people don't tend to explore it, it is often misunderstood & assumed. The ~~piece~~ ^{piece} anchor to reel in the facts is black - unseen & ~~unexplained~~ ^{unexplained}. Scientists can only assume what has ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~believed~~ ^{believed} ~~to full~~ ^{to full} ~~understanding~~ ^{understanding} unseen waters before pods were sent to the scariest of all trenches. It could have been that before footage was revealed raw evidence & research, they believed nothing was down there, no plant life, no living creatures, no light. The bravest three adventures were ~~enough~~ ^{enough} to find out for themselves. But like those who are unfamiliar & threatened by what is ~~too~~ ^{too} ~~questionable~~ ^{questionable}, they want to avoid at all costs. They let boat ~~is at full speed~~ ^{is at full speed} ahead & leave you in the dark. ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~mari~~ ^{mari} ~~ana~~ ^{ana} ~~trench~~ ^{trench}.

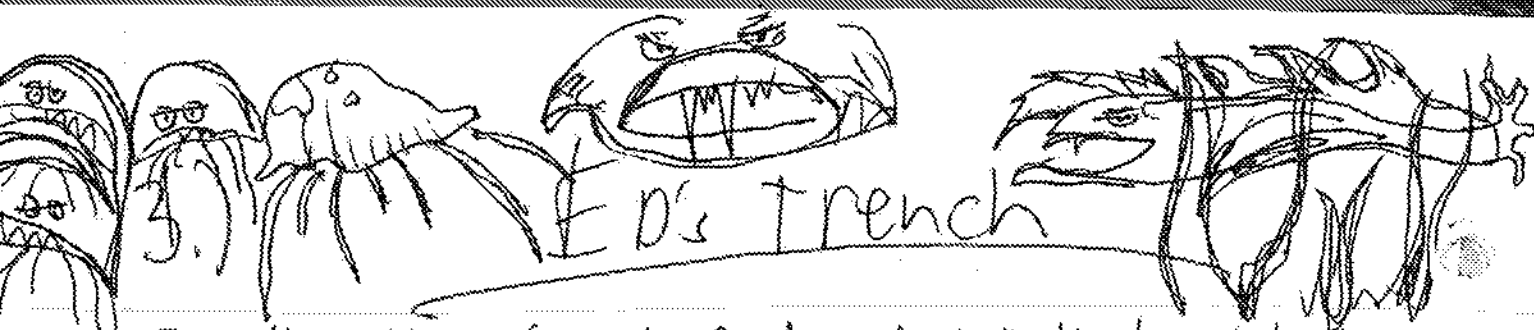
ED trench

2)

Eating disorders are unpredictable ~~as they~~ to loved ones and scary to the individual. Loved ones, no matter how close, won't be able to have the commitment to scoping out what lies in the trench of ED ~~because~~ since ~~the~~ luminosity to the person suffering is not bright enough to ~~see~~. Even the sufferer has questions why everything is pure darkness but still roam around numb to it all - that it's not much of a threat surviving in the deepest sea grounds of addiction.

The Mariana trench stretches at an extreme set point of ground, ~~but then slopes down to another~~ 1,500 miles. ~~There~~ scientist & explorers discovered the trench's deepest point is ~~connected to~~ another layer above it from the earth's crust ~~that~~ that was frictioned / shifted by volcano lava from ~~the~~ ~~the~~ islands of Mariana. That friction caused the 2nd lowest point of the trench to another deeply descended drop, which the empire state buildings height would be minuscule. The total depth of the trench is ~~over~~ 36,000 feet below seas surface, taller than Mt. Everest - only covering 29,035. The trench to explore is considered the "challenger deep" because of the many drops ~~and~~ it has to reach the ultimate bottom, ~~as though they are~~ from the ocean crust. Crust ~~that~~ has been pushed down by ~~the friction of~~ ~~crust of tectonic plates~~ multiple times by these volcanic eruptions ⁱⁿ.

Eating Disorders have not just one drop ~~and~~ a depth of darkness. It all comes to the root of the ugliest truth of false reality to the sufferer. (ex.) "If I don't look fit/thin enough, I will be ignored." There are swoops that ~~lead~~ lead down 2 darker part of ED's trench to the next. The darker ED's trench is, the harder it is to see the pain of the sufferer. The heart & mind is afflicted from eruptions of lies & frictions - ~~and~~ ED behaviors become the lava.



ED's Trench

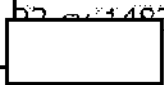
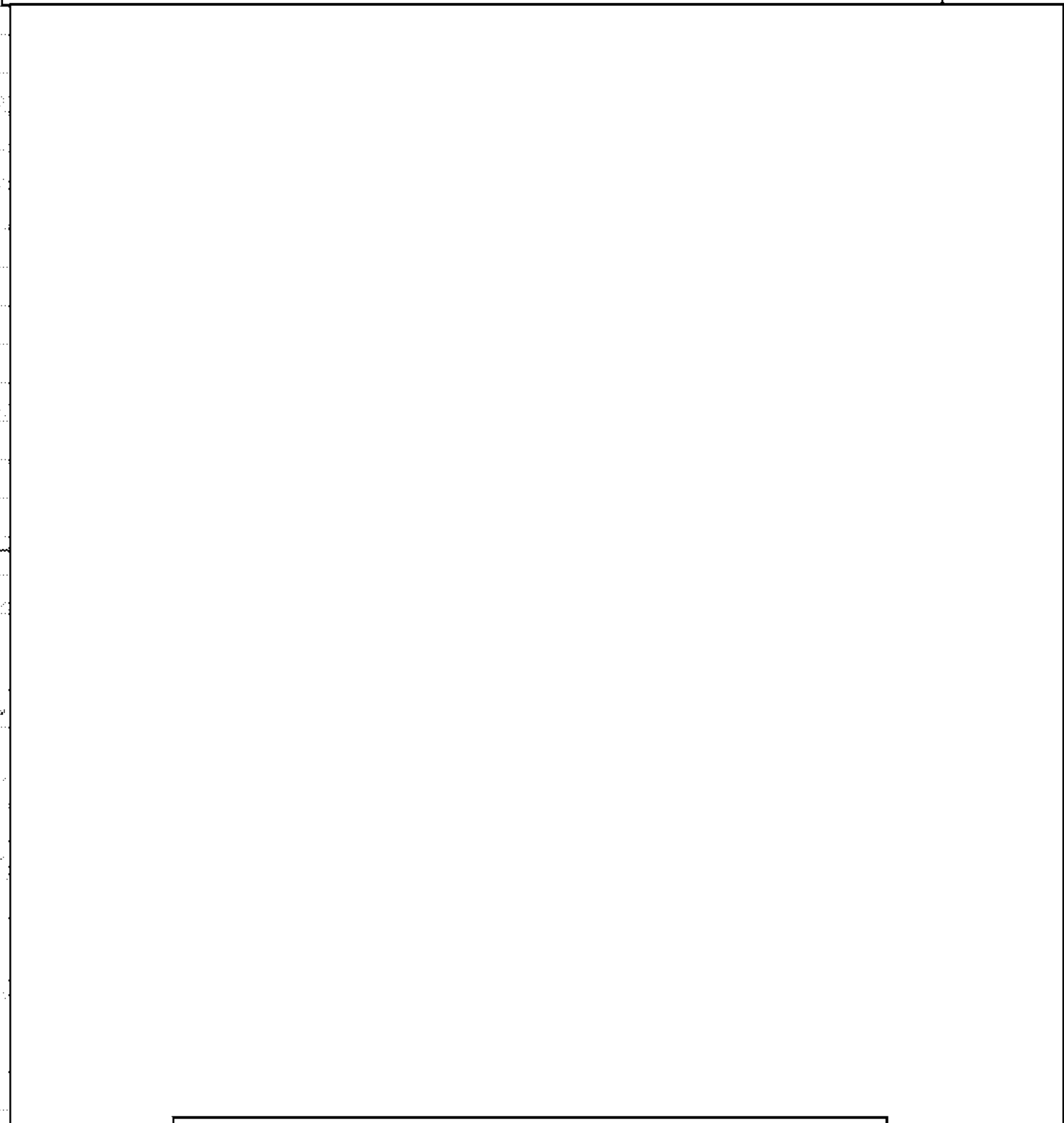
Each time it is performed, one drop down in the trench leads to another, for darkness, pressure, + bitter cold is unpredictable. No one knows what is down there - too mysterious to want to discover. ~~Like~~ To the sufferer of an eating disorder, ~~no~~ no one ~~has~~ can truly have the courage + sympathy to be the scuba diver to discover it all. It takes time, sacrifice, and patience, ~~though~~ ~~all~~ thousands of feet, for it seems to never end. It's not to predict if that explorer will have the answer to what caused the friction of the mind's crust or how the heart has lost its light, tied to the deep darkness. It's not to be sure ~~if~~ ~~what~~ what caused them to erupt in sadness, anger, or fear of how they look in an "image" to themselves, what their value is is unimportant, or if they won't be accepted.

^{of starvation, recreating,} No one can reach and witness completely what lies in the depths of ED's trench. From personal experience, an ED is for the sufferer to explore + find out about it themselves. It is to uncover all the mysteries that underlay our beliefs, myths we believe are true, and ~~negative~~ harmful feelings. ^{It's how we swim about the cores of} ~~we are~~ how we think others perceive us, how we ~~look~~ look at nutrition, + how we see through the distorted lense of our bodies. Lurking around these sea levels are long term answers if we learn more about what is yourself + the E.D. the trench is not you. You are IN the trench. The heart + mind might be in darkness, but that does not mean we are defined as dark creatures of a complex ^{twisted} environment. The important thing to learn is that are loved ones are not scientists, nor are they the curious scuba divers. We must be those on our own. We have to find out the underlying crasts - the deepest truths about why we have Eating Disorders. No one will really know how to escape the trench for ~~us~~ ^{you} - it's too complex. ^{+ having trench every for meal}

You have to rescue yourself.

(8-15-18)

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7D -6
b7E -4



A Beautiful Loss



I bet you know how it feels to have fully committed a friendship to someone who was close to you, and they don't give the same amount back. It's someone who means a lot to you and you devote all your time, patience, love, and sacrifice for that person. You would do anything for them, and when you know in your heart ~~they~~ ^{you} have, you ~~can't possibly~~ ^{would} hope they would do the same. You hope they ~~can't~~ ^{love} you enough to show their genuine appreciation, having the heart to say "You were there for me, now it's my turn." If they have the heart to think about you in return and all the things you did for them, you would then feel loved. ~~and they would~~

~~It would be that it was worth it~~ ^{that someone} special knows they have a special friend as well. They acknowledge their blessings ~~by~~ ^{by} giving back from empty hands of your own, when you have nothing left.

I thought I had a best friend who really wanted to be a best friend to me, but really doesn't. The curtains began to unfold to who she really was of not having the same level of commitment in being the best friend I could possibly give to her. She is a sister to me - someone I have felt close to and could be comfortable enough to be myself around. We had this bond that was like nothing could ever tear us apart. I knew in my heart she would be there like I was for her - until my heart became ~~broken~~ ^{turned}.

Everything I gave was taken, not a give & take from ~~both of us~~ ^{both of us}. When I found out that her heart was not like mine to have the ~~same~~ ^{mutual} feeling of sacrifice, trust that binded the ties ~~ripped~~ ^{was ripped} & yanked to thin threads. This generous heart I once had turned to hard coal with not the slightest flame of having the sewing tools of forgiveness to mend it back together. ~~I thought that if she really appreciated~~

next loves turned
spring
her
cross
long side
when
they were
busted
blood
shed
you shed
along side
from

The
curtains
lifted
but I
saw
no
saint
not only
and of
unknown

id not
balance
as
a equal
unity

A Beautiful Loss

taking my time to go to her b-ball games, get gifts, encouragement through her trails of darkest valleys, through my dark valley shes there shining against the dark silhouette of my troubles - at the very ~~deep~~ trenching pit of sickness. But she wasn't, and all I had was a wounded heart that had to fight inflicted battles myself. ^{I think about}

When someone who is truly valued in your life goes their separate ways without a heart felt good-bye, that's where it can be harder to find ways to forgive that person since there has been entangled growth of bitterness. I've learned that through my experience ~~and~~ as a consequence to not

being the same supporter from the past when our moral standards didn't ^{meet} on the same ^{side of fence} ~~page~~. My best friend handed me the pen, chose not to ~~write~~ continue

to an open field of our hearts

writing our memories that grew into a beautiful garden. One watering can is not enough. There must be two. No these days, the garden of our friendship withered into a field of thorns, crinkled dried grass, weeds ~~are~~ weaving through the path to a new beginning. ^{that ventures me on}

that was fenced in from Gods tenderness of care

But then I think about you ~~when I~~ ^{grew up with} ~~base~~ on a new perspective that my friend could have hurt me worse.

Your friend was a sister to you like mine, but yours was different. This was someone who ^{grew up with} ~~had~~ nothing - no parents, no ~~clothes~~ set of clothes, no guidance, love, support, teaching, safety, belonging, life ambitions. The needs of first being

loved by your parents was not present, & that's when everything can fall out of place. ~~There~~ there was something between you both that was a sense of family - for you gave that kind of commitment to try to fulfill many areas in her life that were not met. You tried to be more than a friend - but a mother ~~and~~ & father combined. You practically ~~had~~ hooked out for her whenever she needed anything whether

you tried to fit in all the pieces that got lost

A beautiful Loss

material needs, physiological needs, love belonging needs, self actualization needs. None of these ~~were~~ were complete. ~~and you~~, but you had the heart to make change

~~that the person who~~ ~~that if you let her know~~ ~~your care was above normal.~~ ~~that it was~~

~~for have to be~~ Not every one has the heart to be that generous to an individual that grew up poor physically from ~~background~~ the home to the mental development, ~~of a person who~~ ~~that love, discipline, & sacrifice~~

unavailable. I cannot imagine a more beautiful sacrifice than to devote most your life to ~~a~~ a family friend - basically giving your life to them - could die for them. This is like the love of Jesus - the friend who gives & gives when we don't have the natural sections in ourselves to give back praise. Nothing saddens God more than to see us complain, scorn, & damn him for our troubles when His blessings are given everyday in disguise. He still gives his love through the worst & best of us, He still waits for us even when we have sinned & turned our backs away from him.

I feel this was what you had to experience. You lost a very special friend so dear to your heart that left you with nothing in return. ~~Not~~ just a friend you met a couple of years, but someone of your childhood & grew up with. Losing that is a multiplied heart broken surprise. I can

understand the underlayers of insecurities that your friend had ~~be for her~~ She was broken from the start. You tried to fix her, ~~but~~ ~~with~~ with an unfailing heart. Her heart was not like yours. ~~Could you~~ Did your heart break too when you realized that you couldn't fix what was broken in her heart? I bet ~~it's~~ it's possible to feel at least a little insecurity that was rubbed of on them. Those wounds leave

a mark, even when the band aid is no longer needed. For such a beautiful person you are, it saddens me that you had to have feelings that God feels about His creation. He loves someone

failed to work out like you expected it would

most kind of loss doesn't go away

but sometimes you can't have this perfect love

God died for us when we did not deserve it, we had nothing ~~to~~ but our sins, & He cleaned them for a lifetime. He paid the ultimate price for losing his life so that we may be saved. I believe that you gave everything in your heart & soul to your dear friend - but ~~had to~~ ~~be~~ lost ~~her~~ her friendship in return, I believe you bled in your heart for all the blood shed from your friend you tried to cleanse through the grace of God, but she didn't know what to do but push you away leaving wounds still bleeding. Its one of the toughest kinds of love to have for someone who doesn't know how to appreciate the caregiver when they were not cared for in the beginning.

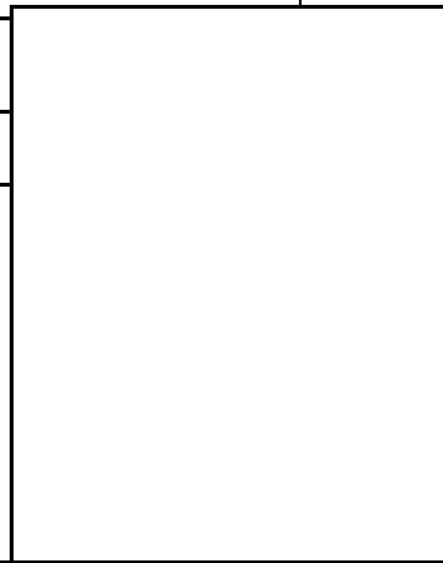
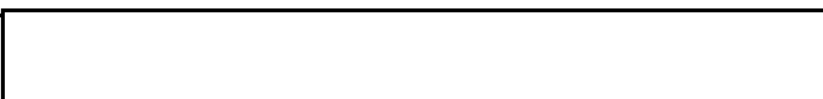
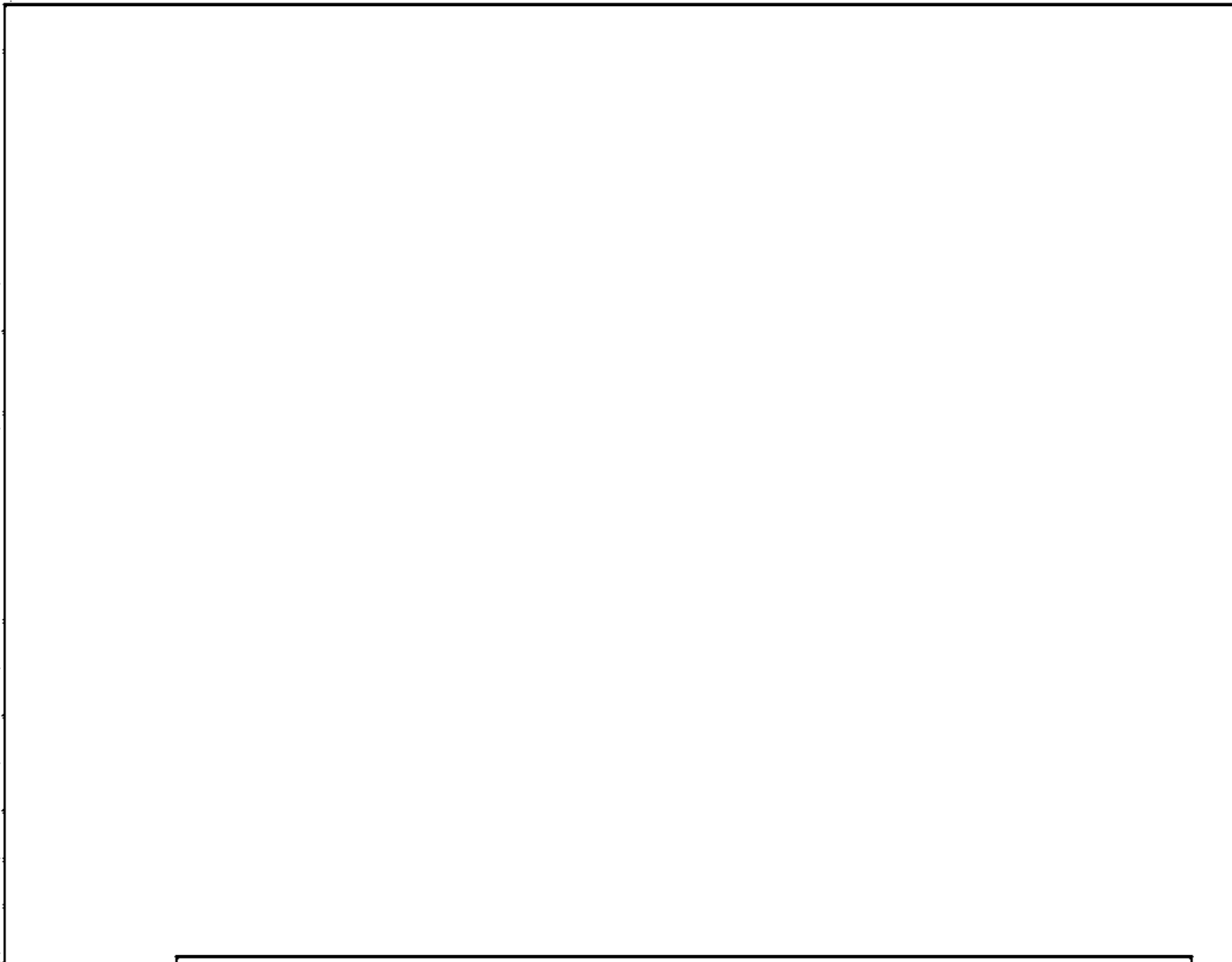
You could say that your ~~beauty~~ loss is beautiful because of your heart ~~that is so strong~~ that has the capacity to hold Gods strength He ~~you~~ shared with you. I find that its beautiful that you are still you by still giving love to others ~~and friends~~, not pushing it aside or looking it away. Its your faith in God of lending Him the key ~~and~~ with a heart full of open 2nd 3rd and beyond chances to ~~have~~ who abandon you, You ~~are still~~ ^{still have an enriched} ~~are~~ ^{caring} even when what you received from your sister was poor. You still accept receiving, not rejecting. You still give, not neglecting. I wish it could be like that to the sister I lost.

ere that you
wounded
s created in

found
we
fected
that
mine

NOT

23-cv-1483(FBI)-834



Is What I Feel A Mistake?

Sometimes I feel like ~~me~~ I am a mistake of who I am. When I have feelings about how much I can criticize myself, they ~~are~~ lead down to a stairwell ~~part~~ of steps, embarking into the basement core of darker feelings. These feelings I push aside, pretending they are not there. They still exist in the corner of my eye as I hear them growling or wimpering. Its staggering to look at it even for a few seconds, for ~~it~~ it tries to unmask the truth about myself as to who I really am. The sight, the cries sting my eyes + pierce my ears like a sharp bang of a hammer to ~~metal~~ echoing metal. I try to close my eyes but the image still veils in front of my ~~treacherous~~ head. I try to cover my ears, but it still yells at me at the top of its voice. It screams at me to stop hiding + run away. It wants to be freed ~~and~~ desires to stop ~~denying~~ the truth, ~~by~~ escaping by wearing a costume to cover feelings I shame. This ~~feared~~ voice is not an it. Its a he. And this voice lies a boy who has been imprisoned in a cage for over 10 years. This boy was born inside of me when I was only in the 4th grade. At first, I really didn't know who he was when I was young. But now that I am a young adult, I have tried to get to know him more ~~far~~ by giving him the chance to speak. He ~~desires~~ wants to one day express himself once I let him out, but he is starved ~~of~~ from vulnerability, rejection, fears of not being loved or accepted. These feelings eat him alive. These feelings that I feel are what he ~~feels~~ feels + is. He is just like me. He is male. He wears guy clothes. He likes girls. He is thin. He is shy, small in connection close relationships, but has a big heart. He would do anything for his close friends and would die for them. He has affections that are ~~secret~~ secret, never revealed of beauty he ~~sees~~ has never gazed at before. He cares

from the outside world, through my consciousness

like
ravid
mice,

millions
of them
he doesn't
want to talk

23-cv-1482 (A) 805
since 11/1/2019

He longs to know them, but they ~~don't~~ don't know him.

He makes it ~~off~~ a puzzle for them to know who he is because of expressions about others feelings, and if necessary, hide the ones that would hurt them, locking them shut tight in the chest of his hearts core. He believes that who he is ~~a~~ would not be deserving or good ~~enough~~ enough for anyone he cares about the deepest, the ones that he loves with all his soul do not have the exact mutual feelings for him, might not love him like he loves them.

He is confused about what to do, & the simple things friends ~~expect~~ he cannot seem to grasp upon, slipping out of his hands like butter is on them. He ~~feels~~ thinks about girls he has crashes on & dreams what it be like if he was confident enough in the social realm. He is frustrated with himself because he makes it too complex for the individual, nor ~~does not have~~ perspectives

he defies who a person is to him is viewed the wrong way, (or how he sees them to be ~~whereby~~ how he is treated). He is confused and cannot understand why he is who he is. Ultimately, he is dissatisfied because he cannot be ~~human form~~ ^{this true self} human form. This boy is me. I am female.

I don't really remember when this imaginary boy was created, but I do remember when he had his first crush in the 4th grade. He really liked this girl who was ~~in the~~ at least 3 grades above him. He thought she was beautiful ~~on~~ on the outside, but was too shy to discover her inner qualities, pick her brain, discover her heart. He ~~was~~ begged me to say something, but I never did. He had many butterflies that fluttered inside me. I never knew why I felt that way. It was strange. He thought about her a lot and always would be in a daze if he saw her. What was this funny feeling in my stomach? What was this flutter in my heart like a butterfly itself?

What was this yearn for this persons affection? He didn't question these things, He is a boy. I didn't know what imaginary

expressions of himself are
are shells
coated in thick layered shells.
He is not bold enough to crack himself open for he wants to give up trying because he believes how he wants to know him
imaginary

where did he come from?

It's only natural boys would develop these thoughts
23-01483(FBI)-837

Is What I Feel A Mistake?

31)

but lost contact over the years. we both know what ~~we have~~ ^{whose} is to each other, or at least we see each other like we don't see ourselves.

It was the same throughout middle & high school. He fell in love with a friend of mine in middle school. she & I went to the same high school too. This friend of mine ~~was~~ ^{was/is} dear to me & that I cared for beyond my verbal efforts. I could never have the courage to tell her that I looked up to her playing basketball. I thought she was beautiful, just as beautiful in her heart that was accepting, loving, generous, & ~~she~~ outgoing, confident in abilities, & self-sacrificing. I only had feelings at a friend level. I didn't want to take it beyond that. I felt I had to keep it "straight", not going off the balance beam to break my image of my imaginary boyfriend. Because then I would be next in the smasher of embarrassment, I couldn't bear the thought

we both promised not to let go of each other all our lives. we would always be friends.

that this friend of mine would know how I really felt at an intimate level. that level I by God's law is ~~not~~ against those feelings, I was raised by a Christian & surrounded by the House of God with straight couples. When God's law says that you can't like ones of the same sex, its dishonor to God, even though He loves them. Your "not support" to have intimate feelings with girls if you a girl since I am a Christian. & that's what I tell myself & a moral rule I have to follow, or I am a shameful presence not only to my those friends, but the imaginary boy hates it that he has to be trapped inside me and wishes I was not in that moral background.

b6 -3
b7C -3

What he hates even more is that ~~a~~ special friends I had ~~met~~ in the past and still have today, he can't ever be himself. I push him down in the cage & dare him to shut up. I knew ~~that~~ a portion of my life would never be the same if they found out I had feelings for them like he would. I think having ~~crushes~~ ^{crushes} or desires of affection ~~be them~~ from ~~them~~ that ~~makes~~ ^{is} my heart beats like the ~~metronome~~ ^{metronome} playing out lone notes, my ~~boy~~ ^{boy} is turned on. He loves them. I do too.

ever in
my life
He
an't
the
n to
press
s
miration
cause he
s trapped
inside
me.
I'm too
fraid of
letting him
escape
he hates
me for it
because

she would never know how much he really cares, how much
he admires such beauty within and outwardly. ~~He~~ there has
never been a more beautiful of a girl he had ever seen. His
eyes sparkle like twinkling stars reflected by his sea of admiration.
He loves my special friend that goes at a sea deep level ^{when}
he can not swim about its surface only to find cold water, ^{she} smiled
He loves her but she would never know. I don't want ^{like the}
her to if I want to keep our friendship. He hates that ^{sun}
he has to live inside me without being a real boy. I ^{radiating}
have to live with being this girl in disguise who struggles ^{between}
to get in touch w/a feminine side. I have to live with ^{down to}
struggles of being feminine physically & emotionally. ^{it.}
I have to live with learning to accept my feminine looks, ^{He was}
only to deny dreadfully my imaginary boy of his ^{the felt like}
masculine side, scrunching his cage smaller & ^{a #1}
smaller. He used to be at a normal tone ~~was~~, but ^{fan to}
now he screams all the time. He is dissapointed ^{one of}
he can't be real. I'm dissapointed I can't be him & he ^{God's}
~~girl~~ ^{side} ^{girlish} ~~side~~ at the same time. ^{of}

when
she
smiled
like the
sun
radiating
between
down to
it.
He was
the felt like
a #1
fan to
one of
God's
of most free

There were some small qualities my imaginary
boy could do through me. For as long as I can remember,
I was never among the most feminine of girls by
character. I was never a girly girl who liked to dress
up in frilly, fancy dresses, wear make up, or try to
attract guys with showing off my feminine looks. There
was always ~~trouble~~ ^{trouble} with showing that side since I didn't
know how to "act" like a girl. I know friends in my life who
are real feminists, ~~and that's who they are~~ ^{and that's who they are}. They are not
afraid to feel good about thier bodies, ~~to~~ ^{to} express
themselves, to dress up like a divine red rose. Thier
petals spread wide and are free spirits to express thier
beauty inside & out, blooming to flesh out thier qualities.
They ~~are~~ have a root that is natural for ~~to be~~ ^{to be} how a girl
should be in the world, or at least that's how I feel about
it. They should have affection for men, love to have a woman's
body, loving themselves by acceptance of character ^{and} ~~gender~~ ^{gender}
~~and~~ combined. That's how God ~~designed~~ ^{designed} his creation to be,
but ~~am~~ I am a broken creation because of ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~imaginary~~ ^{imaginary}

I didn't ~~not~~ choose in my mind to like all these things. 5.)
I just did.

I did not choose to create. He chose me and hope he'd come out seen & heard. Things were better between him and I when ^{it's about} ~~was~~ I was younger, since being a kid is all about ~~being~~ exploring, discovering ~~about~~ the world around you, ^{you discover} most of all, recognizing yourself to who you are, what you like, what interests you, but also what you don't like. It was fun back then when there ^{was} a lot ~~about~~ both my imaginary boy & I had in common. As a kid, I grew up as a tomboy. My imaginary boy admired this quality in me because he was able to express some of his identity to close family & friends. I loved to play rough w/ the other boys in sports like basketball, baseball, & basketball. He loved to play with [redacted] who has been his best play mate growing up. He ~~enjoyed~~ ^{appreciated} me when I wore boys clothes as a kid since I thought they looked cool to me. I didn't wear them because I wanted to be someone else, I wore them because they were comfortable to me and [redacted] clothes were more of what I'd like to wear. I ~~also~~ remember [redacted] ~~and~~ sport boxers he got that had basketball, soccer, & skateboarding in them. I thought they were the coolest underwear ever. My imaginary boy was a big fan of them too. He also loves toys - so of course into action figures, boys ones that is. I loved getting the toys that boys ~~could~~ ^{if you're the same} got to at Toys R Us. ~~When~~ ^{if you're the same} we went to McDonalds or Burger King, I wanted the hot wheels toy instead of Polly Pockets. I was not afraid to wear my hat backwards. I was not afraid to wear boxers like [redacted]. I was not afraid to have a passion for video games, cars, pokemon cards, or even dressing up as Yogi B on one Halloween, who was a boy cartoon character. I was just being who I truly was, and for a time my imaginary boy was happy.

b6 -3
b7C -3

if it was a Barbie toy, I would

rather choose
2311-188 (FBI)-840
need to be
a man

IS What I Feel A Mistake?

(e)

When you're a little kid being a tomboy as a girl, it ~~isn't~~ is not a big deal to those around you since kids young enough don't judge those qualities. Kids are just being kids, living in the moment to not care what you wear or how you express yourself that may not be the stereotype, not the usual. [redacted] didn't mind showing my true tomboy self because I was only a little girl, following [redacted] by sharing our interests as kids. My friends didn't mind that I was not that girly or that I was not into ~~the~~ dress up parties. They didn't mind that I liked more loose clothing and have a love for stuffed animals. (My imaginary boy loves them too). It seemed like I felt OK to where my hair in a pigtail everyday or bringing my GBA handheld system to school. I could wear my Shaq shoes & be proud to wear them. I could let my imaginary boy be worn to my outward appearance by clothing. I could let him shine by going to Gamestop, play ~~baseball~~ flag football with other boys, ~~and~~ he could ~~be~~ be him, all the while let me be some of myself. I did like more girl things as I got older ~~because~~ that started with GUND stuffies, dolls, & barbies. But he didn't mind because he let me be myself that was not all him because I let him be himself. ~~At~~ At that extend in early childhood, we were OK with being together as one. There wasn't really any problem or realization it would be in the future. I was too young to notice the difference.

b6 -3
b7C -3

that
was not
girls one

or
put on
a good
sweat
at
recess

which
referred
to

But then things began to change as I grew up like my imaginary boy. I was small. I ~~was~~ was smaller than other girls my age throughout my middle & high school years. Even some of college, I still pertained to be smaller than most girls. My girlish figure didn't really develop until I was a junior in high school. I'm sure I had a butt & hips, but I was

I had the
smallest size
bra size,
X small
in clothes,
& even
underwear
the 4 small

Before my ED developed, I did not really focus or
be so obsessive about my body & that I desired
to be really thin ~~to~~ ~~from~~ from fears of being
ignored or unimportant

71)

an athlete/runner at the top of my game. All I cared about
was my abs and muscles when it came to my body. My
imaginary boy didn't really pay much attention ~~back~~ to
when I was a little girl since my female adolescence body
development hasn't grown yet. I was a show bloomer just
like him. He also had to take time with growing up into his
masculinity. Though unlike me, the older we got, his
masculine identity grew stronger, while my femininity grew
weaker.

It seemed
to not
really bother
him
either.

He began to scream more when my ED came into the
picture. His name is Rex, short for Anorexia. My imaginary
boy doesn't like Rex very much. He's hateful, abusive, and
scornful to him. He is always stalling him into the ground
of how ~~he~~ shouldn't feel a certain way, believe certain
values, follow his heart to what he loves or how he sees
himself. Rex always tried to find a way to rip him apart
inside & out, that his body is unworthy, his feelings are
a mistake, he deserves to be alone w/ no one. ~~He~~ forced
him to sign a prison contract that he must bowl never to
~~discuss~~ expose himself through me or he would die. He
was taken under criminal charges of starvation when
he didn't do anything in his innocence. ~~He~~ Though there was
a perk to who he signed the contract - if he was taken
under Rex's prisoner to become malnourished, he would
be able to show his boy figure (human form) through
me. He starved to be real, ~~for~~ his desire stayed the same, while
my identity began to fade. ~~I~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~was~~ ~~developing~~ soon
enough I wanted to be extremely thin ~~thinner~~, thinner ~~than~~
healthy. ~~He~~ My imaginary boy physically became real. I
became malnourished. I was underweight.

He was
my
imaginary
boy's
room-
mate

Then one year passes, & I still stand today. My
health has become fully recovered physically. My body
is healthy at a weight I should be. My life was spared

Is What I Feel A Mistake? 8.)

because of what I had to do to weaken Rex's screams - his loud voice. Although I am no longer sick in malnourishment, Rex is still there waiting for me to fall in his traps of body shame, restriction, and isolation. The thoughts of feeling unworthy to be loved by friends and family still linger as Rex does in shadows of depressive nights. He will do anything to close me in tighter of his cage, just like I have done to my imaginary boy. Similar to him, I wish I was thinner like I used to be when I was younger. Rex abused that motive. Following his ~~death~~ only ~~more~~ goes down the trouble in my life. To choose the road to recovery is freedom, but with one problem - my imaginary boy is still in prison. I am a girl who's almost grown. My mind is maturing, my body is too. He is overwhelmed with being unsatisfied to be himself. So am I.

Rex doesn't make things any better. In the mirror, I see what isn't real - an image that is distorted. My nips are multiplied. My breasts are ^{shameful} ~~hard~~ to look at. I can't stand to see the curves on my back, down to my rear. ~~Every~~ Every time I stare at myself, I say "this is reality. I am female", and I become afraid that I will only become more unhappy w/ my figure. Even if I could be small for a 23 year old girl, Rex wants me to think the opposite. He wants to trap me & my imaginary boy. I want to ~~see~~ deep down set him free and eliminate Rex for good. I want to accept my imaginary boy just like I need to be authentic w/ myself. I am tired of lying to myself all these years that I'm not him. I ~~keep~~ shut him out in the dark like his cage hidden in the corner as the dust collects. He is not wrong, but through me - it makes me feel wrong. I've told myself over and over that I'm not like that. I lied to myself that I'm straight just like a

he wants to look me in pinched skin constant measuring, ultimately rejecting of accepting myself to who I truly am

I will look more feminine "bigger" or "fatter" as Rex impresses

It's probably a common fear with girls ^{or boys} who are not naturally attracted to the opposite sex. There's ~~the~~ imagining yourself with them being shocked, devastated, disgusted, or even made fun of. I wouldn't bear the reality of being

7)

my other friends because that who I'm supposed to be, and if not, everyone will not love me anymore. I thought how I felt was just a different kind of admiration I made up that's not intimacy. But now I know that it is from all that I felt & did back then. I was really good at hiding it from everyone and define it as anything but gay. I was too embarrassed with myself to accept. There was too much confusion for an idea that was too much for me at a young age. It all felt like a huge tsunami wave crashing over me & I had to try & find my way out of the rubble. I don't know what's above or below me. I don't know why I can't strive to be like everyone else who can

treated differently, not to be loved the same

and still be loved as a sister form close friends

identify their gender structure with nature. My feelings are heavy rubble that I cannot describe why they're there. I don't know why I keep digging myself out when I can't ever seem to break out in the open. I feel stuck in one place, and don't know how to lift my heavy feelings buried beneath rubble above me.

an survive no storm in identity

I think to myself, "why is this who I am?" why did I draw my crushes names on paper that were girls like me? Why did I ~~always think~~ ^{none} about affection from my girlfriends to feel their touch? Why does my fingers tingle & heart beat when ~~they~~ they smile warmly at me? Why do I want to be ~~seen~~ "a friend" with them so bad? Or is it more than a friend? Why

why do I deserve to be real by + thing about it so much?

a sidening obsessive yearning

didn't I ever have any crushes on boys? Why don't I feel like boys aren't what they would think of me as pretty? Why do I not feel attracted to them? Why is there dreaming revolved of imagining my girlfriends having a deep love for me? Why do I want their heart & deepest, most caring form of love? When girls hug me, why does my heart melt & sink deep like a ship that's anchored? Why is this me? What is this imaginary boy here for? Why is he with me? Why can't I just be & feel like a real girl?

Is what I feel A mistake? 10.)

There are things my imaginary boy always wanted to do that I try to be more accepting of. He likes to look at athletic basketball woman on the Internet. He gets heat sweats when he watches music videos with girl strippers half naked. He sweats a lot at night when he has dreams of his middle & high school crush - the most beautiful feminine in his eyes he would die to care for in his ultimate honor & to express that care by giving all his heart. He thinks about girls & only girls. Sometimes the ones he feels closest to or had special bonds with historically that they are all he thinks about. He likes to look at their pictures, stare at their ^{curves, lush lips, eyes, nose, in general} beauty, dream of ~~his~~ his crush ~~holding him~~ holding him in his arms, holding his hand, or kiss his cheek. He is a boy that is truly in love with girls. For me to finally be at this stage in my life to be authentic with myself, admitting this imaginary boy is me, it's terrifying, utterly shameful, a complete mistake of a created girl from God. God ~~doesn't~~ didn't make a mistake w/ me. But why did He create me in this way? Why was my imaginary boy created? ~~Why~~ If He created me to have a same ~~sex~~ gender sexuality, why didn't he create me as a boy? Why am I female and have to be a boy on the inside? ~~Why~~ Why did God have to create me a girl who does not follow His law to only fall in love w/ boys? Why couldn't He ^{have} created me as a real boy so I wouldn't have to be a gay girl? Why is what I truly am reality? How is that fair??

Is what I feel a mistake? I feel like I am with this Imaginary boy inside me. He is angry at me. He has to deal with me holding him back. He has to deal with being in a girls body. He has to remain in hiding so he

there are girls who are straight & like boys.

because He's perfect. He makes no mistakes

b6 -3
b7C -3

says that

physically an-
purposely

11.) IS What I Feel A
Mistake?

All the pressure ~~of~~ from me
hiding of someone I am not squeezes
pressure to harm him in a
unfair way showing no grace.

won't let me be accused of something dishonoring to my
family. He is trapped as the cage only scratches. It's
only a matter of time before that cage ~~and~~ breaks apart
loose. I feel I am about to break loose. I feel I want
to scream like him. Do I have the courage to one day come
out with him along with me? He believes he has to be seen.
I have to believe who I really am. This imaginary boy is me.

does that
make me
a mistake?

b7D -6
b7E -4

8-29-18

Pt. 2

~~The Experience~~
~~of Watching~~

11)

The closest friends that I have are all black people. They are girlfriends I've known over the years, some I've met in high school on the track team, others I've met in middle school. They as a whole were a group of friends where I felt some connection and acceptance. My black friends on the basketball team were the friends I felt the most accepted + felt I was a part of them. What was different + unique w/ them was that they ~~had~~ wanted me to hang with them - to be a part of their family. They were not like other black kids in middle school who made fun of me, called me weird, + ignored my feelings - insensitive to my tears or shyness. I felt like the black kids in my grade hated me. I was an easy target for minority. ~~Being~~ Being an extremely shy girl was one thing, being white made things for me bad to worse. ~~Place~~ Some black kids who lived in a black culture thought of me as some weird ass out cast that crash landed in their neighborhood by some awkward ~~planet~~ foreign planet. They didn't understand why I didn't know how to create decent conversation. They didn't know why I struggled to speak or connect with kids. ~~When~~ They were uncomfortable or intimidated by my awkwardness of reserved behavior or reactions ~~when~~ when they did speak to me. They didn't understand; they didn't care, they didn't want to love me, rather judge me + laugh at some white girl piece of gay shit who appeared gay by wearing guy clothes. I was trying to at least be comfortable in my clothes since I thought fitting girl clothes were too tight. I was sensitive to loud noises, outbursts of the outspoken, slamming lockers, popping back in the cafeteria by some kid monkey fools. Just as sensitive to their words of scorn + insensitivity. I was uncomfortable, afraid, + felt hated by them.

a geek/nerd who liked to carry stuffed animals, nerd, game fanatic who plays pc games + collects pokemon cards

~~people~~ people who love the black culture like me would cry
~~with~~ witnessing white kids being racist to them, showing
in compassion PfZ hatred. I'd cry to pieces. But no one
would feel sorry for a white

Just let a white girl cry. Its not like black kids were
racist cared about that. I sometimes felt like they did
it to maybe entertain their friends, themselves, or bump
their confidence by hidden insecurity. But I don't want
to be a victim of hatred towards them. Its not my
right to judge their pasts, background, or actions. How
could I know where they've been or what they have to go
through. Its not for me to know, even if I'd want to to
have something to be compassionate for. But would a
black kid ever have sympathy for me & love me even
though I am not in that type of culture or have a different
personality that's not confident ~~or~~ friendly, or outgoing?
I never thought it be true, until I met them - my
beautiful black friends in basketball.

One of my friends on the team was poor and had no
parents to take care of her. Her closest friend had ~~more~~
sympathy & compassion more than anyone else I knew.
When tears were shed, she knew & understood why. My
friend didn't even have to explain. She was looked after by one of
the most beautiful people I ever met by heart & spirit. She knew
her poverty was real. Abuse & ignorance, and hopelessness
arose, as for a kid its all but confusion & sadness. Its
a journey that the black culture, a majority ~~can~~ relate to
understand, theres a lot of parents who don't show up to the
house, go to jail for poor actions, simply don't care to support their
children, as if they just wanted to fuck. As soon as their pregnant,
they miss the whole picture of what it means to love and
be a mother or father. My friend had that journey, but her
best friend was with her ~~as~~ as ~~any~~ faithful as you
can ever be. Through her sorrows, she they shared them
together, and with that joy's ride them along a path journeyed
together. Someone loved her enough to have the happy ~~or~~ moments
& embrace the sad ones.

girl who
was
like
a gay
fag to
the
black
kids
who
acted
"racist"
to me.
hateful
to
me

drugs,
jail,
abandon-
ment

or getting
someone
pregnant

golden
moments
I've
never
known
before

"The Cave"
of Awakening

Pt. 2

3.)

They don't know what autism is. Its too complicated to even explain.
Too complicated for kids to comprehend at a middle school age, its not in

But who ever really wanted to embrace a white girl when tears shed? My journey was different from others, a journey my black friends couldn't relate to or understand. Who would really sympathize over a white girl who is autistic or learning disabilities? Who would feel compassion for a white girl who doesn't know how to make friends or find a knit type group of friends herself?

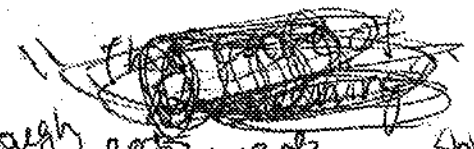
How would black kids ever cry for me? The ones who were in my grade didn't give a fuck. "So she can't talk? So what?" So she gets laughed at for stuttering, who cares? Shes lonely, its a loner whos weird. Its not that big a deal right? Well, all those apothetic kids, no matter what you looked like, race, or who they were, ~~by~~ appearance, ~~it~~ didn't matter. It was their perceptions that they didn't have it in their mind to actually think about things instead of ~~rather~~ having the nerve to say something. Kids that young ~~are~~ who are insensitive have no heart for shy white girls. Minorities are lovers. Some lovers get no love.

My beautiful black friends - the ones on the team, were the only ones who had a loving heart who would take a second to look into my misty eyes, head down, crouched over in a corner. They noticed something was wrong with me if I had a bad day. They knew ~~that~~ ^{name a} ~~their~~ love ~~that~~ ^{is} ~~was~~ kind enough to pour out to me. They had open arms to comfort + open ears to listen. "Whats wrong white cut?" I never know what to tell them, since I didn't know how to communicate. I was too confused with myself as to why to ~~my~~ ^{my} behaviors were not normal, rather inverted to hide from everyone like a Rats who love to find the ultimate hiding space. I didn't even know why I could not find it easy to be around social settings or interact w/ others. The reality of being autistic was too complicated for me to truly know myself. How could they really know me? How could I even form

therball
pack to
hit up
ideas
or ~~can~~
there
would be
no
answers
No one
would be
the ~~same~~
dark
Corridor
cage
of
Confusion
twisting
staircase of
lostness
Abrupt
pauses
in ~~the~~ deep
holes
you
could
fall into.
A ball
on my
white cowf
they'd
travel
a lot
get
lost
don't
know
but for
passing
up

cause if it was too big for me, it be impossible to hold on from my own weight

why put my own weight on the shoulders of a warrior-kindman



Link from Legend of Zelda

a sentence that makes sense to them why I'm made fun of or ignored? I had all these big feelings + I was a little person. I was always afraid of how a person would react if I told them how I felt. It didn't matter if it was some of my ^{white} friends in my grade or my black friends on the team. I was terrified they would not know how to be there for me. I was so used to seeing everyone walk away + not come towards me before I met my ~~black friends~~ black friends I admire so much. They walked up to me ~~and~~ without me approaching. They would have been ready to embrace me. ~~They would have been ready to embrace me. They would have been ready to embrace me. They would have been ready to embrace me.~~ I knew they would stand at my side if they saw someone picking on me because they truly wanted to look out for me. They accepted a shy, white, mysteriously artistic girl. But would they still do that today if they knew the deepest truth about me? Would they still love me if I told them I was gay?

As accepting as they are, I still have fear that would climax at the peak if I did let out my ~~biggest~~ mountain of a secret. ~~What if~~ If I somehow have the courage to climb to the top, scream my name to echo it in their ears, would they cover them? Would their hearts avalanche + crumble in surprise or disgust, or confusion? Or would that be me when my mountain ~~secret~~ comes tumbling down with me? What if they ever reached for a pickaxe, chizzele down my mountains structure, trying to break down the layers as to why its there? Or what if they want to set a bomb detonator + destroy my identity as if it means nothing to them? What if I ~~be come~~ the mountain itself ~~and never wants to be~~ it rather be forgotten to the oblivion of foggy clouds?

I know my friends well enough as to ~~what~~ that

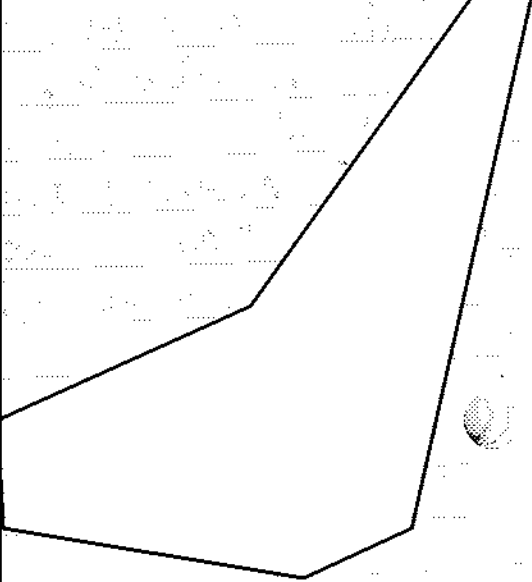
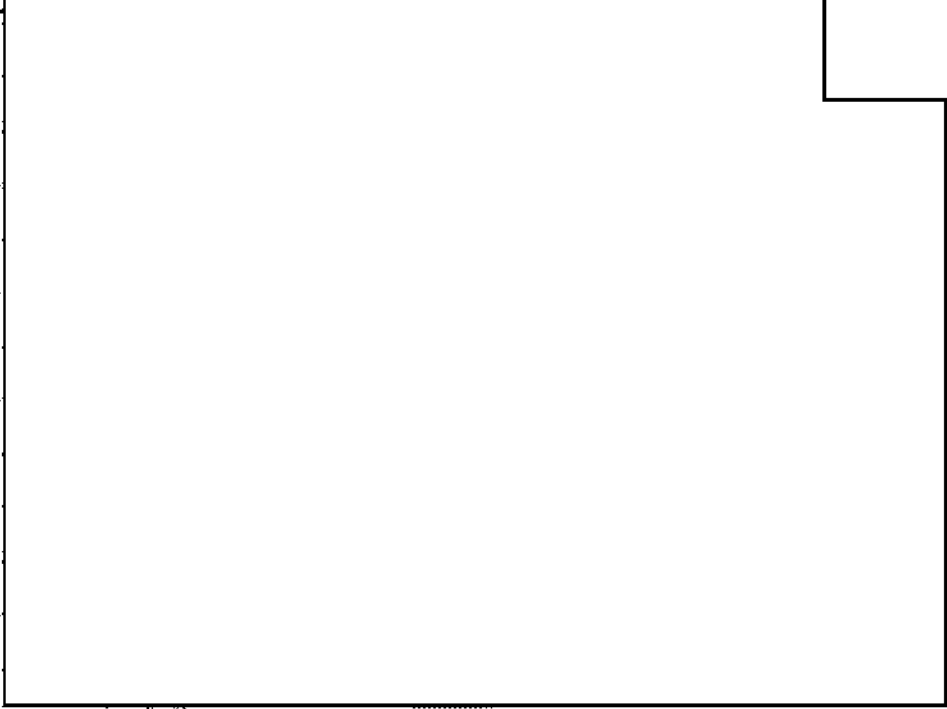
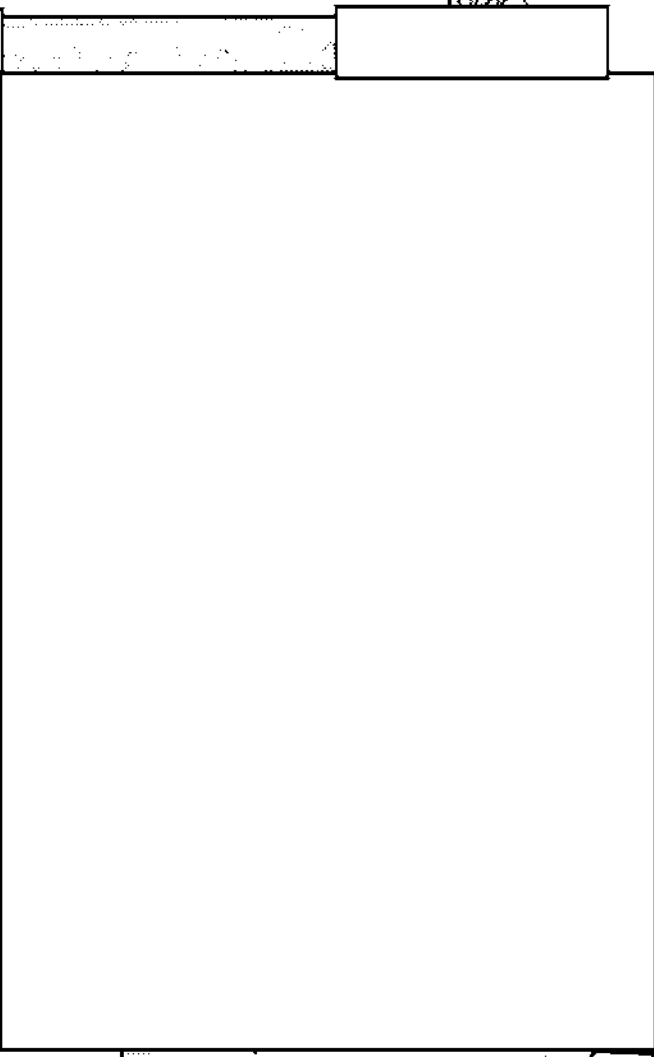
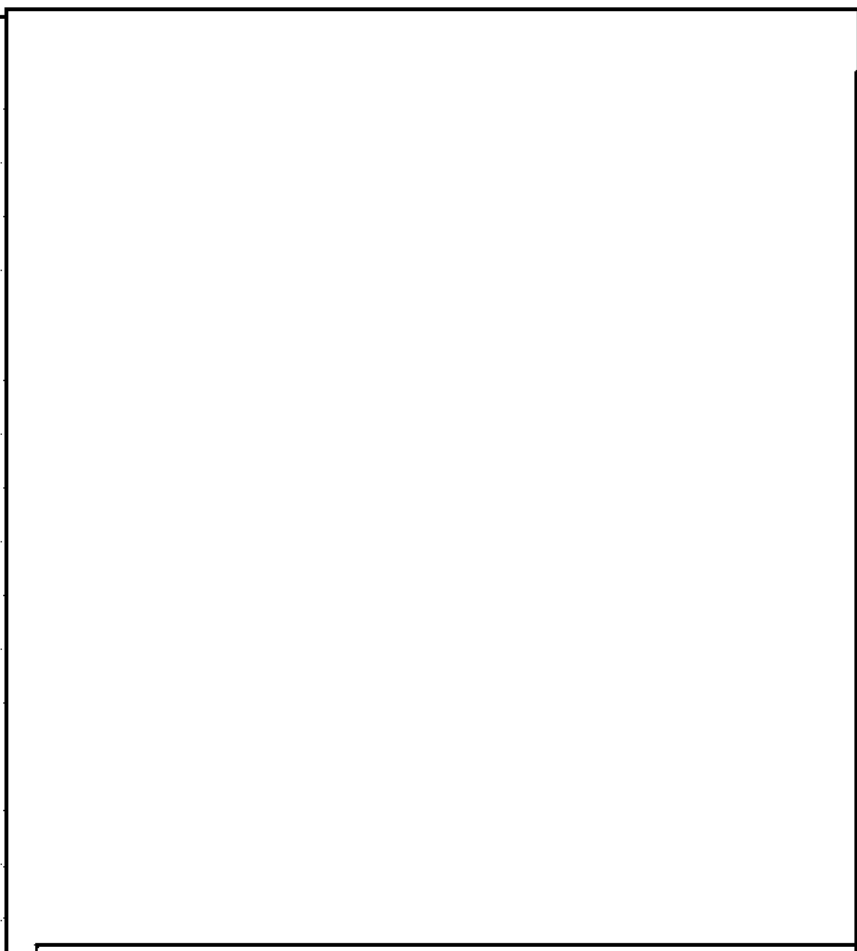
~~Handwritten scribbles~~ pt. 2

5.)

I can go to them about anything I am feeling or whatever is in my mind, ~~but it is as hard as they as~~ ^{as hard as they as} ~~but it is as hard as they as~~ ^{and before the line of other} ~~but it is as hard as they as~~ ^{and before the line of other} things. I have observed their body language & reactions that are too uncomfortable or avoidable to ~~not~~ let it pass without much consideration, usually serious things that are not something ~~hard~~ to weigh out easily by sharing feelings or opinions. If my friends were ever in shock, which they could be, what if I lose them because they don't know what to do with me anymore? ~~What~~ Will they think about saying good-bye or just treat me different, ~~to~~ not to touch me or hug me? Would my sexuality be treated like a disease to them? Would they understand & accept that I cannot help why I love who I love, that it's simply being that I was born this way?

After all, ~~my~~ my closest friends are straight. They love boys ~~at~~ intimately. I don't. I can only picture me drifted further away in my boat from them as they sail away beyond a sea I cannot mark my place on this life map of mine. If they were to go, it be my fault if they ~~were to go~~ don't feel comfortable with a gay girl. They do see me as Audrey and not for anything else ~~if~~ my mountain secret is not revealed under the clouds & fog. If I ever part these clouds, ~~what~~ will they still see Audrey? Would they still love me the same? It's not fair that I am who I am and can't be like them. For them to know who I am, it wouldn't be fair for them if I mean that much to them. I just can't take a chance. I just can't.

to take
feeling
their
current
that
feeling
push me,
the
force of
her voices
booming
vibrating
in my
ears.



This image shows a completely blank white page. It is surrounded by a thin black border, which appears to be the edge of a scanner or a frame. There are no markings, text, or illustrations on the page itself.

[illegible]

This IS Me

"the cave
of awakening",)

there is someone that I have loved for a long time, but I could not accept it as romance or intimacy. I was too young to fully embrace my imaginary boy and say "You're you You deserve to be you. It doesn't matter what any one thinks, no matter how afraid you are" I was always too little in confidence to explore his world. I was too hesitant to take even one step of what could lie on the invisible ties of my world intertwined w/ his. I would back away, & try and discover other places where my identity was marked, but it was not me. I lied to myself. I sailed the wrong seas. ~~I~~ I sailed through the thickest bushes of jungles, trying hard to claim an exploration as my place of what defies me.

It turns out the artifact I found was not hidden & is artificial. Its not real. A li that exploring was a fake. I just kept walking through the jungles of a place - the heart of someone else. (A straight kid) The real artifact is a piece of me. Its hidden in the innermost trails of ~~a~~ this cave covered with secret doors, twirling stairs, traps that appear something you have to avoid. But the trap was simply avoiding it. To find my identity, I had to be bold & jump into it, no matter how dark, gloomy, or damp it is. I did, & there's my imaginary boy. "Hey, you made it." "You found me" ~~at~~ I smiled at him & said "yes I have found you... but no. I've not made it out. Now I have to get out of this cave, with you beside me."

Some you
have to squeeze
into

Some faces
the walls are so
rough & cracked
483(FBI)-854

not a mindless
low level jewels &
treasures but
full of monsters,
creepy crawlies,
dangerous
bridges, &
ground surfaces
that are made.

This is Me "the cave of awakening" (2)

I'm at the phase of my journey where I'm at the bottom pit core of our cave. It's just been me & him, so we've been spending a lot of time together. Just the two of us in the ~~cave~~ mysterious, hidden cave where no one knows who we are, where we are. I started sharing things to him, the small secrets that I kept hidden from everyone. I told him how I had a celebrity crush on Disney actress Ashley Tisdale & downloaded a picture of her, ^{on the internet} hiding it under my bed to look at secretly. I told him how I was fascinated with the boys ~~clothes~~ department section in Target but was too self-conscious to shop around in since I'm a girl/pervious. I also expressed my love for boys boxers, boy happy meal toys as a kid, and the baseball caps to wear backwards. And of course, rough playing sports w/ other boys and collecting those damn Pokemon cards, along with my deep passion for ^{video} games. If there's one thing we agree with, it's that we spend too much time to an unhealthy extent trying to beat Mario Karts 3 on 3 and Kingdom Hearts.

The more I spent time with him as these days have gone by, I've been becoming more comfortable being myself through ^{him}. Still, we are in hiding, but I'm ok with that. I accept where I am at this stage of my journey. I'm actually a little surprised he is being incredibly gracious to me. He appreciates the fact that I have finally acknowledged him instead of ignoring him all these years. He's not satisfied where he is - that he is not out, but he's glad that I have found him - He I s'me, I'm a girl, he's a boy. He loves girls. I do too. It's ~~one~~ one of our biggest fringes in our relationship we still have between us. We are both not getting something we desire that ~~he~~ keeps ^{feeling} buried beneath this cave. I cannot be a boy in flesh. He cannot be himself through me female appearance. To work that out, I doubt those wishes will be fulfilled.

I let out how I'd get funny feelings looking at girls full in figure - 3.)
looked like real woman, I told him it was black girls it was
most interested in, like him. ~~that's~~ I loved it when I had
black friends, because I could hug them, possibly receive affection,

for the first time

Nevertheless, at least I am digging out my darkest feelings he started from my ignorance. they were feelings that I underlined as shameful, embarrassing, and difficult to self-accept or lied to myself, I explored him deeper, telling him my first crush in forth grade was reality of being gay without effort. I told him that I liked watching woman's b-ball more so I can check out the players to get some eye candy. I also discovered darkest trench like secret - some of the ^{black} girls on the basketball team in middle school I fell in love with. He knows the 1 girl it is that I had the biggest crush on. He said he gradually fell in love with her more in high school as he ~~he~~ looked back to all the beautiful ways she has accepted me + loved me as a friend. He + I were able to get a taste of her heart - her protecting me on the team. We witnessed her beautiful love for sacrificing on those who were poor - her best friend in particular. We admire immensely her work ethic, jets sky rocket ambitions, + has the light of confidence to blast above + beyond them, she has a fundamentally powerful faith in God, has a full grateful heart for [redacted]

I have been able to get closest by sister love

he never find st because o reveal stue about met him

one of the most beautiful people I've ever met

ring me in my hand, bring me into her friend family, names unshine all my hands that were filled with tears, I said it to me, I would name the most beautiful person I had the most beautiful person I would release in me

We think she's incredibly smart, talented in her career + passions, and funny to a loving ~~or~~ ray of warmth, I admire her alot with the openness she expresses herself around her friends, goofing around + just hanging out like nothing to it. But along with so many of her inner attributes, she's beautiful on the outside too. We both think she's the most beautiful person we had ever seen. My imaginary boy pulled out her high school graduation picture she gave me. "It's by your bedside window isn't it?" he asked. I responded "yes", "I'm not afraid to stare at it all day long. I'm ok now to look at her smile for as long as I want." "You love her" he told me softly. There was one person I loved how she taught me the fundamentals of basketball. She teased me in a friendly way as I felt of

beauty so pure as heart
one of the most beautiful people I've ever met
The eyes, the nose, body the short like me, the eyes even

b6 -3
b7c -3

though I couldn't do that yet when I was in middle school with a my
beloved teammate who treated me & was my best friend. I really
felt cared & loved. The funny & feelings of butterflies in stomach,
heart flutters, tingling feelings in palms.
dry throat
K. her giving
of what she was
me her friendship - a true token of generosity
brought my imaginary boy to. She's gay as well. She was heart beat
honored to meet him. I remember how happy he was
to finally be introduced him to my inner circle. I felt
like there was this huge monster finally
relieved off my back. I felt lighter in spirit since then.
I felt like my heart was not monkey reached any more,
constantly yanking me back into the shadows of his
cage. I believe my imaginary boy was the monkey.
I believe he's backed off and gave me some time to
explore his world we share together of our love fantasies.
His spirit was released into a real human being that
has an accepting heart. Maybe I needed that more than
him so I could learn to not ignore him any more - to
accept him myself. I do for her.
"Yes, I do love her" I answered. "You know
the girl I introduced you to?" "Yeah, I remember." he smiled
at me again. "She said that who am I to blame you
for liking the same sex as me? Even though
that's not how my parents raised me? You love who you
love. And I love her. I can't deny that anymore." My
imaginary boy put his arm around me. "Yes, she's right...
I never thought... I'd hear that from you." "Well... me
neither. We sat in silence for a little until he asked me
a question that was really heartrenching
to me. I guess he still acts like a monkey sometimes.
"If you were a boy like me, would you have told her you
fell in love with her? Would you tell her how you really
truly felt?" I didn't look at him "Yeah... I would not miss
my chance or hesitate for a second. In a heartbeat, I would."
He stared at me sympathetically, misty eyed. All I could
do was stare at anything but him. I knew "Don't be..."
I was stuck with him. There's nothing I can ever
do to make him go away unless I'm gone on this earth myself.
I'm sorry if I'm
a girl you could
be you, huh.
I'm gone on this earth myself.
I felt warm
ever even
around
her. I
tried to give
it another
name other
than it
being just
a red
deer being
like "Oh it's not
like that." But
it was
He paused
and stared
at his
shoes,
fiddling
with them.
He still
knows
how to
pound
+ ache
my heart
but I know
the truth
I-1483 (FBI)-852

"the Bed"

This Is Me Pt. 2

I remember when I went over to one of my close friends house. Her room wasn't very big, but she had a huge, spacious bed. It was rather cozy, although it was hot and the covers were heavily thick. I didn't mind, though I didn't complain. In that moment, I felt a strange, surreal feeling I thought I'd never feel. It was that feeling where my stomach ^{felt funny} but in a good way, while my heart was like a sugar floating to the bottom of a glass of lemonade. It was sweet but rushing all over like I've been evaporating a tingly sensation, kind of like when I jump when people touch me in sensitive areas. As I thought of it hard to believe I was sleeping in her own bed, my stomach knotted up as it was about to drop below from the top of my roller coaster dream-like reality ride. I had this feeling to where I knew that I felt really close to her, the fact that best friends or sisters do stuff like this, that non-family friends wouldn't. I didn't think she'd want me to come sleep over, more or less even think of inviting me. It was around those years we became active in our lives, sharing our growing up together. The more I came to support her in what she was doing in her life, she began to do the same. She has been someone I've known since middle school, one of my black friends on the team. ^{for similar reasons} I was another friend I had a deep admiration for ^{but not} only being a star basketball player in high school. ^{it was also} her quiet strength, understanding, and a free spirit. We stayed side by side encouraging each other, along with having fun too, laughing, and just simply enjoying each others company. Before that though, we were not how we looked. Our friendship was not that involved and for a long time I didn't think she'd want to have me as a friend or even more.

as I was lying down in her bed, face up

re was mini n that as lowing a full last next to her bed, but it didn't really make much difference

middle school ball team same as brother who I have on on

~~the Bed~~ "the Bed"

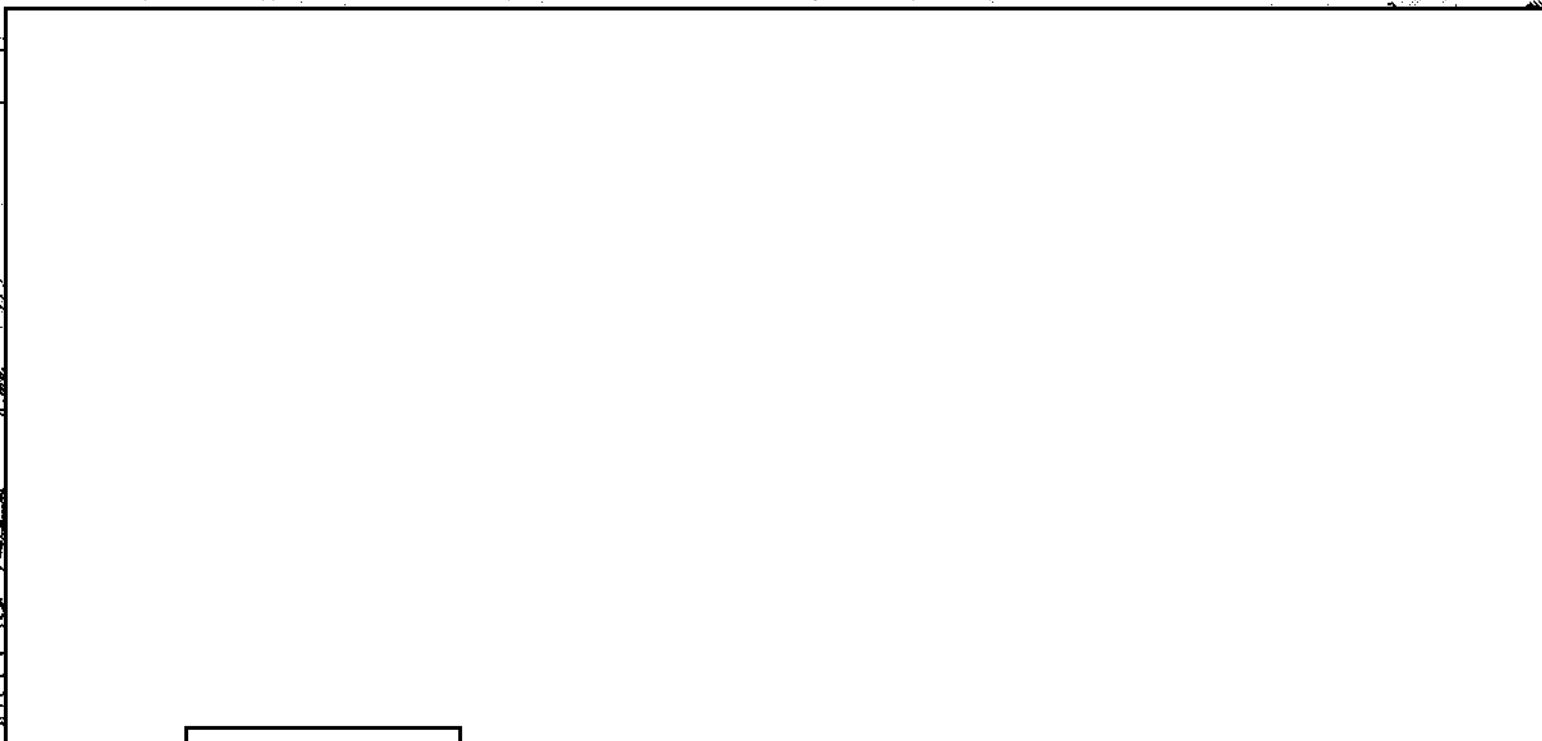
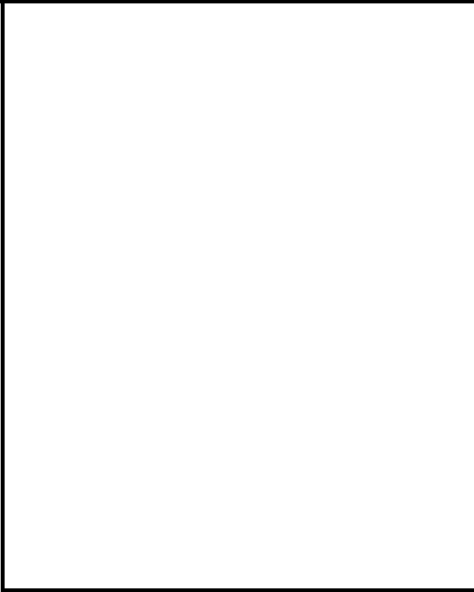
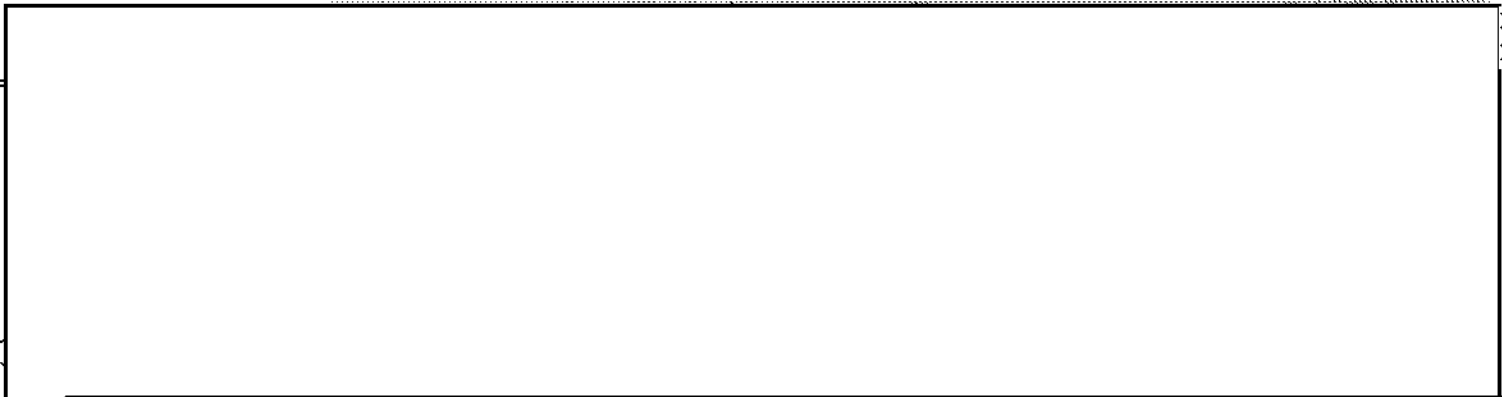
This Is Me pt. 2 2.)

surprising, a sister. She didn't have to choose me as one of her close friends, but she did. To make things even more surreal, she took time to know how to love me, like she knew exactly needed from her - her heart. I saw the best in her, all the while I was able to give myself just as much. I could never have the courage to do it when I was a lot younger. But ~~now~~ when I knew that she was someone worth giving myself to - my heart & soul, I wasn't afraid anymore. Not afraid of rejection, neglect, or ignorance, she is truly authentic - a true friend.

So, ~~as~~ ^{when} she was sleeping next to me in her bed, I couldn't believe I got this far. I made it. I won ~~over~~ a ~~friend~~ that's like a champion friend. I person I looked up to thought to myself, "Is this really happening?" Maybe I shouldn't go to sleep. I didn't want to let go of that feeling I had. I didn't want it to go away. "She wants me here. She doesn't mind sharing her family, her heart, her bed..." As I look back at this, I ~~know~~ ^{didn't know} there was some intimacy, I'll admit, that ~~was~~ ^{was} brewing. When I felt really close to her, I might have fallen in love with her, once my imaginary boy discovered her to a personal level. I know my true identity & don't deny it, like I've mentioned to my imaginary boy previously. My heart was beating maybe, but I don't remember... it ~~was~~ ^{had} to have been my imaginary boy beating on it like his own bongo drum. Of course, my friend is straight & doesn't look at it like that or feel that way, but I did. I guess why I tried to push away these experiences in denial so brutally is because I didn't want to be so disgusted w/ myself. As I told this to my imaginary boy, he understood my feelings, but felt offended. "Disgusted w/ you, or me?" After all, I am him.

she wanted to take pics w/ me, invite me to family get together even invited me to her college friends dinner outing, plus her 21st birthday.

My favorite memory was a dream come true. She let me shoot some hops w/ her out in front of her garage where she had a hop. It was 400 (FBI) - 8.22 fun, I feel I could fit



HATE NOTE pt. 2

I hate you for letting a relationship that's intimate come between us. You are so into one person that you suddenly spiral your priorities of importance in a direction that's unlike you, to an extent that it's unfair to everyone that felt close to you. I hate the fact that you turned against your own [redacted] that literally saved your life & love you probably more than anything in the world, & all you've done for them is be a rebel child against them just because they don't like your so called "prince charming". Just thinking about it makes me so frustrated with you. You can't have the thoughtful sense any more to question yourself why they have their opposed opinions, the fact that who your with is not the nicest guy ever lived. If he was, you wouldn't turn out the person you became. Because now, you seem & appear so insensitive to your family's feelings. [redacted] who is basically your lifesaver to [redacted] who couldn't even function herself to raise you, gave everything - morally, spiritually, supportively, motivationally, sympathetically. Authoritative to the bravest & noblest extent, & here you are having that "fuck you" attitude, acting you don't give a fuck for one pathetic reason. It's not like I blame them for not liking "your dream true love". The guy has been wiping all over you like a rag sheet, brainwashing you of the once thoughtful considerate friend & sister you were. It just proves you too vulnerable for someone giving you the slightest intimacy. You could give a damn if their background is broken, values are a screw, & loyalty to past relationships isn't taken seriously. I can tell your easily influenced to turn out just like [redacted] - not in the best relationships, can't balance a stable home, can't take care of anyone, so you try to let every one take care of you. You just one person that turned the one before was

b6 -3

b7C -3

male men who disrespect
man for sexual desire & then
are there with disloyalty,
it disgusts me so much ya
wike someone like that

HATE NOTE pt. 2

at the
blood

[redacted]

who wants a [redacted] who fucks for only fucking like
it's not real love or anything, leave [redacted] and
take [redacted] like that's ok. NO it's fucking 1011.
What is that was you? Do you realize that you don't
give a fuck if it's a clean cut ~~love~~ or respected man
like [redacted] or if it's a ~~fat~~ ~~dooshbag~~
dooshbag? Obviously don't, as long as they feel attracted
to you, like that's all that matters. But there's more to
having a guy than him touching you and try to get
you pregnant. ~~How~~ Who knows if he could do it
to you? Do you give a fuck about that? That your
whole family has to work even harder for you and
your life is changed forever playing house like a
little wifey? ~~Obviously~~ **YOU DON'T** You think
that taking care of [redacted] is a way
of getting grown feeding it + putting it to sleep? Fuck
no! Being grown is first, not falling for just any body
no matter who they are as a person. Second is having
a real job + go to college for it. Being grown is paying
bills by having a real job you have to bust your
ass for and earn. Being grown is taking care of
yourself instead of other people doing most the shit
for you. But no, let your everything boy dooshbag
do it for you. Your not grown worth a shit, I'm younger
than you I got better sense, and how sad/dissapointing
that is, I guess I ~~can~~ have my regrets to look up to
someone who looked grown up + was going after the
goals similar to mine, cause we obviously don't have
anything in common anymore. I'm in college to get a
real job, your not, your in a relationship, I'm not.
You wanna be a coach for the little ones in basketball,
I regret that you still try to do things your good at, but
it's no diploma in the picture. You want the money
to actually get a northwile ~~bag~~ check

appropriate
or if
not, stick
to descend
responsibilities
that are
productive
or age
not you
have to work
really hard,
working your
fingers to the
bone
sincerely
fuck
like he
trying to push
my dreams

b6 -3
b7C -3

you dont have a brain that sooo, thinking out thing r t r again your not pretty enough to have a guy who's more toward your attributes? Of course you are, but no. You wanna pick any duck in the pond, all the way down to the stagggy, bill pitting goose. You think your not good enough. But your not me. If you really knew my life, this is the white gay fag you know that all of the "popular" black kids in middle school laughed at + didn't want to be friends with. The why, white girl who didn't know how to even make friends except ones who were judged as weird like me, in with the whirl pool of loners. The white girl that ^{boys} didn't bother but calling me a lesbian and throw pencil leads at my head. Oh, no that white girl she wears gay clothes, Whhh look at Audrey with that smelly sweatshirt. No one ~~at my school~~ that was not my friends didn't give a fuck to know me + leave me out of the fun, this ^{stuck} socially abnormal, awkward kid that was looked like a gay piece of unworthy shit. I always thought I was it good enough. Those kids who were mean to me proved that. I have evidence, it's the same shit ~~today~~, even today I feel I am the only one who gives a fuck. No one wants to call me, text me, or hang out. I'm always pushed aside, forgotten hiddin in the back of a toy shelf like a teddy bear who has ~~broken~~ a fucking arm + leg torn off. Somethings wrong w/ me, full of psychological disorders not ment to be w/ people like your ment to be. At least you know how to converse + hang out like kids

Where you picked on as a kid? Were you ignored by the friends you loved the most? Were you considered a lesbian to guys that didn't even really know you?

socially abnormal
Fucking no, your not me, who's autistic, full of anxious breakdowns



and isolates all the fine canseth like "No one wants to be w/ me I know one anyway, why even they?"

who even they? Fucking call sit meaningful inner life has brain me

Thank you for not caring I was depressed as shit being in a prison and state so
red in self destruction +
get from threats of eating
or not
with an abandon
shore dock w/ a
light house that
has a broken light
want to do that shit hard for me, but you don't
really know that shit either or obviously forgot
about it. SHITS HARD, I TRY BUT I FEEL
I'M NOT ENOUGH. You think you are? Get
real. Its not like you feel that way to your boyfriend
and all your best friends who want to be with you,
actually spend real quality time. You have a bridge
to cross + have fun w/ friends and relationships.
Mines broken. I'm left there + no one gives a fuck
to call me over the other side. So no, you are good enough
+ beautiful, but you take this dirt-like [redacted] as
the [redacted] sweeping chimneys + waiting to fuck
some [redacted] like a rapist. Your heart was beautiful, but
now he's filthied that up even + fogged your mind
hypnotized by his love that isn't true love. You don't
give a fuck about me anymore, cause hes all you want.
Now, don't need a sister anymore. I feel better now. Thanks
for the gifts. Thats for supporting me as a [redacted] kid at
a shitty community college + bball team. Thanks for
all your encouragement spiritually. I'm fine now, don't
bother me anymore, I don't have to do anything
for you. I'll just assume your doing fine + [redacted] you
are all is well in your life and having a great time in life FUCK NO! Least
I was just one year ago about to go into a fucking
hospital about to die w/ a 72 beat heart rate, looking
like a twig. Had to go to treatment with belly aches
and eating to get healthy again + all those groups to
help me, mine became unfucked by illogical beliefs
the harons, while getting my malnourished brain stable
enough for me to actually think and do stuff again.
I was sick as a fucking dog + you didn't visit once.
Didn't send any encouragement. Didn't get any piece of shit
my heart from you, after giving mine at fullest. Didn't

HATE NOTE pt. 2

festival on the other side riding happy

hoping your heart can get turned

integrated but you'd have to go through the furnace for mine to become plated steel like mine

in house 2 leans within

patrol eating

shit as to arrive

b6 -3
b7c -3

DEVILS DEMON

There is a demon that is inside you. A demon that is under the devil's control to cast everyday misery on you. A demon that has you under its possession, blinding you from its harsh flashes of manipulation & interpretation. This demon is a smart actor, for it knows how to push you around and act himself out through you like it's the devil's play. The devil is entertained, for he mocks, sneers, laughs in cruelty, for he enjoys so much his actor is at its best performance yet - leaving you at the worst possible mental condition. You & script is not the demon, the demon is acting out of control, but you continue to let it have its fun - devil's comical desire - abuse show spiraling in a voidance denial to do nothing.

I hate this demon of yours. He's the ugliest bastard I've ever known my whole life. He's a fucking stupid, irrational, dumbass who thinks he's right all the time ~~and~~ about everything, which is so annoying. His voice is a shitty robot recording that has no sentimental feelings about anybody, as if its heart is like a hollow ~~one~~, filled w/ mold smelling like rat pee. He has rats that plague me with his free infected anger issues, rotation, & repetitive behaviors. I hate him when he acts like a ~~big~~ fat drama queen bitch when one thing is messed up in his schedule, have to take money out of his account, or fix something broke in the house. All he really cares about is himself, & yet he's a child & can't take care of himself - abuses his own health, work life, abilities, mental processing, not to mention not caring for his family. One of the things I hate about him is he thinks it all about him and ~~never~~ thinks about anyone else or their feelings. He doesn't give a fuck about how the ones in the family are doing. He thinks he's doing everything when all he does

to a disaffected extent
"Look at me in perfect disservice attitude
that's really expensive but needed at a

23-cv-1483 (FBI)-806

DEVILS DEMON

is work and watch ~~the~~ TV all the fucking time. Long as he has a job + a remote control in his hands he doesn't want to do anything else worth a shit. He never asks to help [redacted] when she is busy and works her ass off just as hard. [redacted] has to pay for ~~stuff~~ groceries all the time, buying stuff for me, even get stuff for you and ~~we~~ all he begs for is the fucking bills. [redacted] is so lonely, sad, & devastated that this demon of yours around who is the shittiest impression of a [redacted] on the planet who never does shit for her. ~~He~~ shows no affection, care, or holding up the end of its weight when the family falls unbalanced. She wants to be noticed by ~~you~~ your acknowledgment. She never is. She wants to have a normal clean house that's not full of broken appliances, clipped walls, cluttered upstairs & hoarded basement that looks like a garbage dump, and ~~up~~ tiny ass mediocre kitchen. It will never be since your demon doesn't want to fix anything. She wants to have an anniversary, trips, flowers on valentines day, and dates, that shit never happens, since he doesn't care about spending time w/ [redacted] ~~she~~ I'm sure she even wants to have a few meals where she doesn't have to cook. But it's always up to her cleaning up after his filthy ass making a mess everywhere; shit stains of financial crisis, house falling apart, or not even making effort to get a fucking haircut looking like a hobo rag sheet. Always procrastinating on projects, bills, & tuition bills always late at my college. Have to deal with a few times w/ no electricity because he doesn't have the priority skills & time management to pay for it on time. Have to deal w/ your cluttered office & stacks of newspapers. Have to deal w/ him acting like a stress pot of hot tea that releases toxicity fumes so strong ~~I~~ ^{we} can barely breathe. Have to deal w/ the fact that he has no moral judgments w/ making

2) Hellact
super
cussy
+ sissy in
fixing shit
around the
house
(doesn't mind things
broken around
every time)
It's a simple
5 minute
task like
teaming,
something
heavy or
bring
groceries
if he's really
frumpy.

Not ^{b6 -3}
doing ^{b7c -3}
any
chores
to relieve
all the
chores
on her
chest +
work
AND
look out
[redacted]

the
most
the five
he thinks
he's doing
a lot just
paying
bills
fucking
his
ass
bitty
queen
who

4) hearing the gas dishes & never want to cook just do that & everything else cause part of him is lazy.

looking at that ugly face of his makes me want to vomit or it burns my reflex every night

I don't really see you much even though [redacted] + I live with you day in + day out. I hate that because everyday I wonder if I will see your personality or your demands for the day. Its totally unpredictable, which is dreadful to have to wake up to every morning. This demon inside you gets stressed, grumpy, or unconsciously acts shitty to everyone + everything he has to do whenever he wants. He doesn't care or even notice how much he negatively inflicts our moods, for he's so focused + self-consumed with all of his tasks + procedures of the day. One of his key motives is as long as his clients are happy, no one is as important. Our feelings, needs + desires for a better home environment + threat free + safe of toxicity are pushed to the side. Its not the demons choice. Its yours to do something about it. But you ignore or deny hes there. It makes me so frustrated, as I feel sometimes I wish I could scream or hit something. This demon is the reason I isolate so much in my room. The reason I get so nervous about everything I'm doing around the house, worrying I'll run into it going to the bathroom + preparing meals. I'm so scared, ~~and~~ making it unbearable to handle its hazardous stench of demonized selfishness. I feel I can't breathe from him most the time. I can't feel at peace in my own house - his pants, his loud stamming + noises, his pacing around the house, him turning on that stupid TV every other hour. I can't ~~even~~ have a whole day where I can hear the delightful sounds of birds chirping and wind blowing outside or a peaceful meal to hear the crickets chirping at night. I can't wake up in the morning hoping its quiet, cause its not. Hes too into work, making noise. He can't ever sit still, which amps my anxiety. He can't ever be gentle in his roundabouts which makes me repulsive in my autistic side - Austin has to always hold in his ears cause demon I can stand down the stairs

afternoon I hate + dread coming home + scared to run into your bastard demon giving me a angry shitty look fuck off, what do you want?

never thought about cause everything is procrastinated or ignored to its own responsibilities

+ gets mad enough to hit me 23-02-1488 (FBI) - 8-00



this damn bastard

this is not your play ground that plays by your defensive rules. Its your demons prison camp compulsively hammering his staggering rules at you in

The more I have to deal w/ these things everyday, the more I get sick of it + dream to be far away to never live w/ him again because I hate living with it, I wish I could take [redacted] with me + leave him all alone for good to never be bothered by anyone, while I don't have to be bothered by it anymore.

I ~~hate~~ hate it that I can't ever escape from the demon of the devil. It imprisons both of us. It ~~strangles~~ wraps you around in the ~~best~~ tight ropes of stress, anxiety, disabled to make healthy decisions in work. It ~~pulls~~ circles your mind like a torture round about, looping in a repetitive cycle going nowhere to make a decision so you can have some of the ropes pressure cut off from you. It punishes you for losing jobs + trust from others + not want let you work problems out or neglect to for taste solutions. It has bitterness of distrust from others. Isolation is half the battle to escape from it. The more you avoid its ~~there~~ there tormenting you, the

likley hood it is to disturb me at an unbearable extent. The tormentures it burdens on you is a double whammy, eat a bolting back at me like a boomerang, wiplashing barbed wire at whipping force. It strangles ~~me~~ me embedded so deep into my skin that I ~~am~~ am a juicer of blood. My tears are red to cry, mope, and complain how much pain it brings. I hate to see this son of a bitch perform its evil works at you. It wants to strip you clean of your real identity- who you are as a person. I know who that is, but I don't see him ~~now~~ as much as I'd like to: we are both hand cuffed side by side. Your the demons possession, I'm its slave.

all areas of your life. tooth + nail, each one carving you away from your true self.

It wants you to forget who you really are. You so numb to it it doesn't slip into your consciousness clouded + forced

It convinces you you don't need help, need comfort. Your right, everyone being an idiot. help is wrong

It keeps 23-ov-1489 (FBI) 870 You out live with it indifferently

b6 -3
b7c -3

One thing I hate living w/ you is that everyday is so unpredictable. It's unable to know if you'll be your true light hearted self or your demon. It's your demon.

Vile Demon Bastard

I have to execute escape plans + go on vacations at [redacted] just walking around shifting on I wish there were more days where your demons not around me toward to haunt + torment me. The real you is relaxed enough moments in my day to crack some jokes. He's light hearted + welcomes you of peace in my attitude in our home. He smiled with a hello and checks on me. He's got a lot of a to see how I'm doing. He's funny, likeable, and respected. He's got a hit head, be his durable - He's got a maxed work ethic. He perseveres, I hate waking you comes through even when your demon tries to hold you back. Most of all, he does care about others feelings. I hate waking you + loves his family. He doesn't give up, even though he gives into a lot of his fears of failure + rejection. I hate waking you Sometimes I ask God why he had to let you deal w/ this horrid, + trenchable creature. I wonder why it had to be you and watch you being manipulated countless years by this monster, controlling your every thought, action, mood. It kills me when how I hate to even watch it move you around the house so angry like the frustrated hornet whose beehive is always wobbled around in bothersome attempts. It pains me to see be a witness to your constant swearing, + stress + sighs, lawnmower grumbles when things don't go your way. All your demon cares about is himself + work (ironically + contradictly he doesn't actually take good care of himself) - I notice it when you try to hide it. It kills me enough to even look at you + always keep my eyes down because if I spot your face, it's not you. Demich flips his mask on and doing his work of the day too. He's the boss of a bastard who never quits to work you to death of his torture, making you suffer to an almost unbearable measure. We are all to the point where we can't take it anymore of progress that's not being made - how to lessen your demons + live inside you. He can be silenced, but he's always found away to be heard too loud. a microphone echoed menace

It's your demon. walking around shifting on I wish there were more days where your demons not around me toward to haunt + torment me. The real you is relaxed enough moments in my day to crack some jokes. He's light hearted + welcomes you of peace in my attitude in our home. He smiled with a hello and checks on me. He's got a lot of a to see how I'm doing. He's funny, likeable, and respected. He's got a hit head, be his durable - He's got a maxed work ethic. He perseveres, I hate waking you comes through even when your demon tries to hold you back. Most of all, he does care about others feelings. I hate waking you + loves his family. He doesn't give up, even though he gives into a lot of his fears of failure + rejection. I hate waking you Sometimes I ask God why he had to let you deal w/ this horrid, + trenchable creature. I wonder why it had to be you and watch you being manipulated countless years by this monster, controlling your every thought, action, mood. It kills me when how I hate to even watch it move you around the house so angry like the frustrated hornet whose beehive is always wobbled around in bothersome attempts. It pains me to see be a witness to your constant swearing, + stress + sighs, lawnmower grumbles when things don't go your way. All your demon cares about is himself + work (ironically + contradictly he doesn't actually take good care of himself) - I notice it when you try to hide it. It kills me enough to even look at you + always keep my eyes down because if I spot your face, it's not you. Demich flips his mask on and doing his work of the day too. He's the boss of a bastard who never quits to work you to death of his torture, making you suffer to an almost unbearable measure. We are all to the point where we can't take it anymore of progress that's not being made - how to lessen your demons + live inside you. He can be silenced, but he's always found away to be heard too loud. a microphone echoed menace

DEMON I Hate to Know

Just when we think he's in process of being locked up in his daffy time cell, he was just in timeout, just like that - hes up + at it ready to wear you down + grind you like a orange peeler. It wants every last drop of energy you have to run out. Run out of time, us running out of patience. Running out of faith. All the things that can improve your life have not been happening, not happened, or temporarily a fluke for happening - but wasn't the real change for better. I feel your demon gets you nowhere, + even if a little progress is made, he jams you back to ground zero. I'm tired of you always feeling rock bottom where ~~best~~ demon friends live. You don't deserve it. Will you agree with that too? Are you tired of this demon inside you? one day? Will the blindfold ~~to~~ slide off?

I feel
as no
matter
how hard
[redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

prays
and how
tired
I
don't believe
or even
can
imagine
you a
life
w/out
your
devilish
monster

b7D -6
b7E -4

"This Is Me" (pt 4) "The Hangout"

It's been frustrating lately with my imaginary boy now fully aware of his presence by me. From ignoring him pretty much the day since my pre-mature sexual awakening, I've been used to denying, lying, & kidding myself that I have heard no such thing. "This boy inside me? Oh, that's not me. He's just a figment of my imagination. He doesn't exist. I remember how much he used to nudge me, convince me, hammer me into the nailing reality that I am him in the past, & it seemed the older I got, his image began to develop. progressively, the ~~gay~~ LGBT movement has grown more involved in society over the past few years as I have gone through my stages of adolescence to young adult years (13-23). The media has expanded this movement from movies, to TV, to even music videos or music. Groups of LGBT are thriving & flourishing, in communities making it more accessible. Gay rights and acceptance toward workforce, colleges, and even churches have provided un-discrimination. There are LGBT shirts, posters, books, blogs, commercials even that I've seen. It's become something I've been witnessing to an extent that I couldn't stand it. Mostly, it was because I couldn't bear to unchain the truth about myself. Some of the keys I have obtained in my life have unlatched my imaginary boy's shackles. He's not the prisoner he used to be, because now he at least has company. We have hangout for the first time in like... ever. So he's been trying to make me more comfortable since he knows how uncomfortable we felt about it all these years, as well as him apart of me. He wants me to find myself through him. I saw on TV, or watching gay celebrities expressing themselves. When I did, I didn't want to be an... I am them.

dated
lucky
wishing
stomach
hinder
narrow
it if I
a couple
something I saw on TV, or watching gay celebrities expressing themselves. When I did, I didn't want to be an... I am them.

over the past few years

23-cv-1483(FBI)-873

I find myself singing in a new blur ^{passion} toward
my actions in the past of how me acting too sweet to some
of my friends maybe caught them a vine like I was expecting/
hoping for something more, I've had those "Oh wow" moments

to slowly build up my exploration in the LGBT realm, of
to start out from our previous chapter to the story
beginning about us, we've been ~~open~~ looking
back through events, situations, and childhood
development that have made sense why he ~~was~~
~~here~~ is around. I understand why I feel how I feel,
from all some girls I've fallen in love with, the tingly
blushing sensations when I see half stripped girls
on TV, how fascinated I loved boy toys, clothes, activities,
I get why I wrote about my romantic fantasies that
(I denied as ~~something~~ other than that) in my
journals in middle school (6th grade) to high school
(9-12 grade). I understand why I feel funny and
my heart is a Yoshi flutter in motion whenever
my close friends hug me tightly or closely. I know
those are some of the signs of being gay. I am a

gay girl. ~~But that's not what I'm saying~~ So how do
I find myself + get used to it. Take in on the sights.

Get out my binoculars and find more opportunities
to accept my imaginary boy more. Where will our balloon

I watched "LOVE SIMON" a story about 17 year
old Simon spier who falls in love with a male
pinball on email. The story really touched me. It
grasped to the pinpoints of how I related to his
feelings of fears not being liked by the world +
struggles with change in every relationship, lifestyle,
+ interaction w/ others. He held in a secret that
no one wanted to know, but in the end he was
brave enough to be who he was and reject
the person who he really wasn't. He wanted to
be true to himself, that really helped me.
We both really needed that.

has already been seen.
I've covered my imaginary
looking enough that
where he felt
lost hope to the point
of him holding his breath
+ his heart on the edge
of a cliff

wanting
to hug
my
girl
friends
longer
but
they
didn't
cause
they
don't
love me
like
that
much

So here
he is, the
air is
released
from the
fines of
my heart
that his hot
air balloon
is taking
his high
where it's
unfamiliar
scary it
unlike

23-01-2018 (FBI)-824

This Is Me (pt. 4) "The Hanger"

I remember watching Troye Sivan's "Blee Neighborhood" music videos. It was a 3 music video story that was divided into 3 songs - Wild, Fools, & Talk Me Down. Troye Sivan is an outspoken, altruistic, self-expressive soul who has a freedom in his gay sexuality. He tells his stories about a special relationship he has with a best friend. There were scenes of sex, which was uncomfortable at first - watching two guys make love. But, I watched the videos more, and the more I realized how passionate & beautiful it all was, how much they care about each other & their love for one another runs deeper than the blue colors of the ocean. The memories they had as kids that bonded them, then the feelings are overflowed, pouring out from each other, & then the tragedy of their separation from parent inflictions (those who hate their kids to be gay) through in other words threaten the dad threatens the musical boy to be straight. It's all tied in to mixed feelings of such heart-breaking reality, heartaches of losing what he used to have, and hoping for things to turn around. Troye expresses his real experiences of some what of the trials a gay person has to go through. I could feel his experiences flow semantically through mine. I imagine how my friends would react, [redacted] not wanting to own me anymore, wishing that none of it should have been open as wide as oceans waves drifting into everyone's life that you know. They swim away, as you fear they'll watch you drown. Troye really helped me to connect with those that I had a deep love for & who are special to me, & if I had the chance - my love could pour out to them. I wished ~~about~~ ~~about~~ of false fantasies. They wouldn't want to hold me like I would, but watching Troye's story gave me some courage to accept my

b6 -3
b7C -3

intimate
rose at
bloom
psychology
jella

23-11-1483 (FBI)-8/5

This is me pt. 4 "The Hangout"

I imagine my own bitter heartbreaks, how my affections won't mean anything & nothing will come out of it. The girl that I've loved for over 10 years will never be the one who loves me back, not even if I Troye Sivan's music has also helped me to explore my true self more. My imaginary boy loves his music and dances to it in every favorite song. Troye's use of literary symbolism, love, heartbreak, & bitter sweet connection intertwined with his true identity has not afraid to shake some glitter of feminine qualities. Whenever I listen to a sentimental song of his, I play scrolls & scrolls of memories in my head of what my story would be if one I was close to found out about me, but also what it be like if I got a taste of their worthy gentle affections. My imaginary boy is a active dreamer when I feel the beat & rhythm of Troye's positive, upbeat tunes. Troye can take the layers of a sweetest fruit & squeeze every last drop of juice to satisfy the thirst of my imaginary boys awakening inside me from skin to core. I can feel free to let my heart dance, feel free to groove along to the flow of the music like a drop of a parachute when I'm in my room or sing along in my car. Troye says through his music, "I am gay, but this is me. I'm not afraid." My imaginary boy wants me to obtain that confidence, but I'm not there yet. It's too soon. Though I know that he is going to keep encouraging me. He wants the world to know his name.

Although these medias have helped me explore, I still have no preparation to announce the news as to what I found, coming back from the thickset jungles of confusion to the cave I had enough bravery to jump in & find him. Frustration still takes on heat that erupts sadness and wishes of what would be from the lava infused rocks of questions I have asked myself a lot. "Why am I like this? Why can't I like boys at an intimate level like how girls are supposed to be in society? If I can't help loving those the same sex as me, why was I born like this? Why was this imaginary boy born inside me to have crushes on my close & special friends ever so dear to my heart?"

so he does try to be himself through private situations like when I'm in my room

& denial

they wouldn't just have a reaction like "Ok, so your gay. You still you"
[redacted] comes from a religious/spiritual background, which shakes the
This Is Me pt. 4 "The Hangout" boundaries and cracks the rocks of conformity. These boundaries block my imagination boy + trap him, which he doesn't like. But for his own good, it's probably his life I want to change never

I don't understand why I am not straight like most of my other friends. God is perfect + doesn't make mistakes, but he still allows disorder + subjects of the world to oppose or go against his law. Since neither of [redacted] are not liberal, they are not toleratable or open-ended to same-sex principles. God created me not based on his law, like society wants opposite sexes to be attracted. Why am I one of those girls who isn't? Just why did my imaginary boy choose me? Why would I rather choose to love girls more over guys? I can say that I do call guys handsome + will point out if a stranger guy or celeb is really hot. I do like going online + looking at men. They are attractive, but I don't feel intimacy. The only way I really am into males are from fictional movies, cartoons or video games. I do love boys like Arnold on "Hey Arnold", Roxas from Kingdom Hearts: 358/2 days, and Simba from The Lion King. None of these male representations spirited through fantastical imagery are attractions of mine to their physical + psychological characteristics. My imaginary boy in the [redacted] displays no interest, nevertheless. He'd rather look at Skylar Biggs' photos on the internet, a world famous pro basketball player who's female of course.

Existing life is miserable especially Stuart mouse + respect little 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 + 10 + 11 + 12 + 13 + 14 + 15 + 16 + 17 + 18 + 19 + 20 + 21 + 22 + 23 + 24 + 25 + 26 + 27 + 28 + 29 + 30 + 31 + 32 + 33 + 34 + 35 + 36 + 37 + 38 + 39 + 40 + 41 + 42 + 43 + 44 + 45 + 46 + 47 + 48 + 49 + 50 + 51 + 52 + 53 + 54 + 55 + 56 + 57 + 58 + 59 + 60 + 61 + 62 + 63 + 64 + 65 + 66 + 67 + 68 + 69 + 70 + 71 + 72 + 73 + 74 + 75 + 76 + 77 + 78 + 79 + 80 + 81 + 82 + 83 + 84 + 85 + 86 + 87 + 88 + 89 + 90 + 91 + 92 + 93 + 94 + 95 + 96 + 97 + 98 + 99 + 100 + 101 + 102 + 103 + 104 + 105 + 106 + 107 + 108 + 109 + 110 + 111 + 112 + 113 + 114 + 115 + 116 + 117 + 118 + 119 + 120 + 121 + 122 + 123 + 124 + 125 + 126 + 127 + 128 + 129 + 130 + 131 + 132 + 133 + 134 + 135 + 136 + 137 + 138 + 139 + 140 + 141 + 142 + 143 + 144 + 145 + 146 + 147 + 148 + 149 + 150 + 151 + 152 + 153 + 154 + 155 + 156 + 157 + 158 + 159 + 160 + 161 + 162 + 163 + 164 + 165 + 166 + 167 + 168 + 169 + 170 + 171 + 172 + 173 + 174 + 175 + 176 + 177 + 178 + 179 + 180 + 181 + 182 + 183 + 184 + 185 + 186 + 187 + 188 + 189 + 190 + 191 + 192 + 193 + 194 + 195 + 196 + 197 + 198 + 199 + 200 + 201 + 202 + 203 + 204 + 205 + 206 + 207 + 208 + 209 + 210 + 211 + 212 + 213 + 214 + 215 + 216 + 217 + 218 + 219 + 220 + 221 + 222 + 223 + 224 + 225 + 226 + 227 + 228 + 229 + 230 + 231 + 232 + 233 + 234 + 235 + 236 + 237 + 238 + 239 + 240 + 241 + 242 + 243 + 244 + 245 + 246 + 247 + 248 + 249 + 250 + 251 + 252 + 253 + 254 + 255 + 256 + 257 + 258 + 259 + 260 + 261 + 262 + 263 + 264 + 265 + 266 + 267 + 268 + 269 + 270 + 271 + 272 + 273 + 274 + 275 + 276 + 277 + 278 + 279 + 280 + 281 + 282 + 283 + 284 + 285 + 286 + 287 + 288 + 289 + 290 + 291 + 292 + 293 + 294 + 295 + 296 + 297 + 298 + 299 + 300 + 301 + 302 + 303 + 304 + 305 + 306 + 307 + 308 + 309 + 310 + 311 + 312 + 313 + 314 + 315 + 316 + 317 + 318 + 319 + 320 + 321 + 322 + 323 + 324 + 325 + 326 + 327 + 328 + 329 + 330 + 331 + 332 + 333 + 334 + 335 + 336 + 337 + 338 + 339 + 340 + 341 + 342 + 343 + 344 + 345 + 346 + 347 + 348 + 349 + 350 + 351 + 352 + 353 + 354 + 355 + 356 + 357 + 358 + 359 + 360 + 361 + 362 + 363 + 364 + 365 + 366 + 367 + 368 + 369 + 370 + 371 + 372 + 373 + 374 + 375 + 376 + 377 + 378 + 379 + 380 + 381 + 382 + 383 + 384 + 385 + 386 + 387 + 388 + 389 + 390 + 391 + 392 + 393 + 394 + 395 + 396 + 397 + 398 + 399 + 400 + 401 + 402 + 403 + 404 + 405 + 406 + 407 + 408 + 409 + 410 + 411 + 412 + 413 + 414 + 415 + 416 + 417 + 418 + 419 + 420 + 421 + 422 + 423 + 424 + 425 + 426 + 427 + 428 + 429 + 430 + 431 + 432 + 433 + 434 + 435 + 436 + 437 + 438 + 439 + 440 + 441 + 442 + 443 + 444 + 445 + 446 + 447 + 448 + 449 + 450 + 451 + 452 + 453 + 454 + 455 + 456 + 457 + 458 + 459 + 460 + 461 + 462 + 463 + 464 + 465 + 466 + 467 + 468 + 469 + 470 + 471 + 472 + 473 + 474 + 475 + 476 + 477 + 478 + 479 + 480 + 481 + 482 + 483 + 484 + 485 + 486 + 487 + 488 + 489 + 490 + 491 + 492 + 493 + 494 + 495 + 496 + 497 + 498 + 499 + 500 + 501 + 502 + 503 + 504 + 505 + 506 + 507 + 508 + 509 + 510 + 511 + 512 + 513 + 514 + 515 + 516 + 517 + 518 + 519 + 520 + 521 + 522 + 523 + 524 + 525 + 526 + 527 + 528 + 529 + 530 + 531 + 532 + 533 + 534 + 535 + 536 + 537 + 538 + 539 + 540 + 541 + 542 + 543 + 544 + 545 + 546 + 547 + 548 + 549 + 550 + 551 + 552 + 553 + 554 + 555 + 556 + 557 + 558 + 559 + 560 + 561 + 562 + 563 + 564 + 565 + 566 + 567 + 568 + 569 + 570 + 571 + 572 + 573 + 574 + 575 + 576 + 577 + 578 + 579 + 580 + 581 + 582 + 583 + 584 + 585 + 586 + 587 + 588 + 589 + 590 + 591 + 592 + 593 + 594 + 595 + 596 + 597 + 598 + 599 + 600 + 601 + 602 + 603 + 604 + 605 + 606 + 607 + 608 + 609 + 610 + 611 + 612 + 613 + 614 + 615 + 616 + 617 + 618 + 619 + 620 + 621 + 622 + 623 + 624 + 625 + 626 + 627 + 628 + 629 + 630 + 631 + 632 + 633 + 634 + 635 + 636 + 637 + 638 + 639 + 640 + 641 + 642 + 643 + 644 + 645 + 646 + 647 + 648 + 649 + 650 + 651 + 652 + 653 + 654 + 655 + 656 + 657 + 658 + 659 + 660 + 661 + 662 + 663 + 664 + 665 + 666 + 667 + 668 + 669 + 670 + 671 + 672 + 673 + 674 + 675 + 676 + 677 + 678 + 679 + 680 + 681 + 682 + 683 + 684 + 685 + 686 + 687 + 688 + 689 + 690 + 691 + 692 + 693 + 694 + 695 + 696 + 697 + 698 + 699 + 700 + 701 + 702 + 703 + 704 + 705 + 706 + 707 + 708 + 709 + 710 + 711 + 712 + 713 + 714 + 715 + 716 + 717 + 718 + 719 + 720 + 721 + 722 + 723 + 724 + 725 + 726 + 727 + 728 + 729 + 730 + 731 + 732 + 733 + 734 + 735 + 736 + 737 + 738 + 739 + 740 + 741 + 742 + 743 + 744 + 745 + 746 + 747 + 748 + 749 + 750 + 751 + 752 + 753 + 754 + 755 + 756 + 757 + 758 + 759 + 760 + 761 + 762 + 763 + 764 + 765 + 766 + 767 + 768 + 769 + 770 + 771 + 772 + 773 + 774 + 775 + 776 + 777 + 778 + 779 + 780 + 781 + 782 + 783 + 784 + 785 + 786 + 787 + 788 + 789 + 790 + 791 + 792 + 793 + 794 + 795 + 796 + 797 + 798 + 799 + 800 + 801 + 802 + 803 + 804 + 805 + 806 + 807 + 808 + 809 + 810 + 811 + 812 + 813 + 814 + 815 + 816 + 817 + 818 + 819 + 820 + 821 + 822 + 823 + 824 + 825 + 826 + 827 + 828 + 829 + 830 + 831 + 832 + 833 + 834 + 835 + 836 + 837 + 838 + 839 + 840 + 841 + 842 + 843 + 844 + 845 + 846 + 847 + 848 + 849 + 850 + 851 + 852 + 853 + 854 + 855 + 856 + 857 + 858 + 859 + 860 + 861 + 862 + 863 + 864 + 865 + 866 + 867 + 868 + 869 + 870 + 871 + 872 + 873 + 874 + 875 + 876 + 877 + 878 + 879 + 880 + 881 + 882 + 883 + 884 + 885 + 886 + 887 + 888 + 889 + 890 + 891 + 892 + 893 + 894 + 895 + 896 + 897 + 898 + 899 + 900 + 901 + 902 + 903 + 904 + 905 + 906 + 907 + 908 + 909 + 910 + 911 + 912 + 913 + 914 + 915 + 916 + 917 + 918 + 919 + 920 + 921 + 922 + 923 + 924 + 925 + 926 + 927 + 928 + 929 + 930 + 931 + 932 + 933 + 934 + 935 + 936 + 937 + 938 + 939 + 940 + 941 + 942 + 943 + 944 + 945 + 946 + 947 + 948 + 949 + 950 + 951 + 952 + 953 + 954 + 955 + 956 + 957 + 958 + 959 + 960 + 961 + 962 + 963 + 964 + 965 + 966 + 967 + 968 + 969 + 970 + 971 + 972 + 973 + 974 + 975 + 976 + 977 + 978 + 979 + 980 + 981 + 982 + 983 + 984 + 985 + 986 + 987 + 988 + 989 + 990 + 991 + 992 + 993 + 994 + 995 + 996 + 997 + 998 + 999 + 1000

Hanging out with him is the only way really to get used to him, but damn... it's so frustrating. His thoughts project mine. His secret lover touches my heart to his. The sound of my close friends saying "I love you" vibrates from his ears and echos through my head of daydreams. His visual fantasies thinking every day of my sister-like friends I heavily admire makes my daydream roll of film play movies forever in my mind. He never goes away. Neither do these senses in early stages of my consciousness, I can't over be alone. Were both stuck together.

the fact he'd think about me + Jane he from the dastardly falcon

9-25-18

Andrey Hale

I hate it when high school kids at my school thought I was normal. You people are so ignorant by assuming me all the time + ~~you~~ create an image of who I am ~~by~~ by yourselves. ~~Not many ever~~ ~~ask~~ ask me questions to really get ~~to~~ to know me + how I really feel, ~~so~~ so you just think I'm normal cause I'm so good at hiding myself, keeping my personal business to myself. You kids I went to high school - most of ya'll were immature, insensitive, + unthoughtful bunch of brats who only really cared about themselves + won't really take the time to observe people like me on the inside. I fucking hated when you people asked me why I'm a mysterious outsider + why I want to be alone most the time. It's cause you people never wanted to be with me in the first place. You people ~~are~~ ~~are~~ so curious, ignorant enough to ask me that + then don't even notice when I'm absent at school, nor want to even bother ask why I wasn't there. I always felt I was no fun to you outspoken NSA kids, to whoever was and a person I'm first to forget. You treat me invisible I wished I was invisible for real so I can walk around unnoticed cause it wouldn't make a fucking difference. Actually, ~~no~~ it would, cause then I won't have to be hurt anymore by people ignoring me + ignorant towards my dark, abnormal side ~~that~~ ~~because~~ you never know or care to.

why the hell were

since a ghost haunted by a flatter unbelonged to any class or group

You people never knew how hard inscrutating it is to be in a social pool of mouth-runners compared to me who always gets worlds mixed up, questions ask, or reacting to jokes I never understand when there directed towards me. I don't care if ~~you~~ you were just kidding, I can't tell if you're joking from you fuckers. Same to you racist bitch assholes that shitty I, it, Creswell - I especially hated when you made fun of me

I sheered at me 9-25-18
w/ an attitude indiscreet

laugh at me and say comments that were uncomfortable

for me where I don't know what to say & laugh at me even more

just so you can act "cool" to your friends. You thought you were

ON PURPOSE just cause I was a neezy, forget, a pushover, & an nobody to you mood-killers. You didn't give a shit, if I cried in class or in the bathroom or ever feel like I have to run out of class with my ~~bad~~ face as red as a fucking tomato. You racist black kids will never love this white girl & never did. I don't owe you any respect white you owe me a fucking apology along w/ my other friends who were outcasts like myself. Why do you think I never felt special because most the time I was a bully magnet that got no affection or love from you since I never knew how to speak to other kids or feel like I can be with a close knit group to belong to. Society these days is all about communication, social shit, & those fucking social media posts & cell phones. You fuckers pass me by & exclude me to be a part of something ~~in~~ your world. I don't feel qualified to be a part of that shit to have the qualities necessary

ough to be good at, cause it's not natural to me. You w/ all your clucky friends acting so friendly to each other, laughing together having fun never cared or got to know a sad, sorry looking white girl who went home & cried almost every fucking day ~~ever~~, feeling like no black kid will ever love me. You racist bastards - I felt so hated by you because you ~~perceived~~ perceived to be so disgusted by me from my awkward ways isolating, hiding my head in my desk & hiding in the bathroom when those stupid ass peep rallies that weren't fun at all. You always made fun of my clothes, my food in my lunchbox, & my tomboy pigtail, & ~~also~~ not to mention if I said anything you'd either walk away & laugh or pull a middle finger at me. Well guess what - fuck you & your so called "hype" clique & all your acting out & looking down on an outcast like me, ~~as if you were better than me~~ taking advantage of me drawing & you borrowing stuff from me.

so cool
hype,
& all that
but you
werent.
you acted
cruel,
insensitive
ignorant
just a
worse
away
in
high school
ers.

like
them in the
cable black
culture

were totally
ol. I loved them.
I didn't mind giving them
my chizz-in at
giving her car rides w/ [redacted]
[redacted] those
reads were
worth doing
things for.

b6 -3
b7c -3

9-25-18

You fuckers knew I didn't know how to say "no" and
get stomped around all the time + kicked like a hackey
sack. A bunch of scumbags ^{like you} will never know how
it feels to be left out like I have my whole fucking
life except the ~~team~~ basketball team I was on at that
same shitty middle school. The only black kids that
were nice to me were the ones who accepted a diversity
number of kids that were different ~~area~~ from them.
They were lovable, kind, and friends that I ~~can~~ would
always respect. Although most of them did not inherit
the true black culture ~~and~~ influence from poor
backgrounds ~~as well~~ (if it ever be) they acted themselves
+ no one else. They were not easy to influence, very
similar to me. Maybe they were just like me who wanted
to love + be loved by giving others a chance. But apart
from them, I was severely shy + afraid that the out-spoken
black kids who were mean would never love me if
I gave them a chance. They never did to me + I know
it. I wasn't like them, because if you weren't following
their behavior or have similar characteristics of personality,
I was like you were a threat + annoyance. I seemed
to only ~~be~~ be a kid they wanted to push away. Why did
they hate me so much? The ~~the~~ other black kids in my
grade seemed to have better home environment + backgrounds
just had loving hearts + a warming, accepting personality
to them. And I love them for that. They do remind me
a little bit of my 8th grade b-ball teammates, ~~probably~~
the most special friends in the world to me. [redacted]
[redacted] You were so cool to me because you were
simply being you - you're real self + you were not afraid
of that or a target to be changed or influenced differently/
manipulated. It's a lesson my black sisters taught me over

b6 -3
b7c -3

7-25-18

Thank you for your heart,
funny jokes + fun-~~l~~ personality, + not like the
others who tried to make fun

Since I was thirteen + still learn that today. Thanks
for being a lover, not a fighter. Thanks for so much for
being kind to others + befriend, not be cruel ~~to~~ and
cause hurt feelings, just so you can get attention.
Bullying isn't cool, although a lot of those types of kids
didn't know what real friendship was. But you did. I
wish more kids were like you. The world would have been
a better place, You had a unique spirit that no one
can steal from you + claim as theirs. You're a golden
child - making a difference in the world + rebel hero -
just like my 8th grade b ball close friends who
didn't act like the other black kids who couldn't
quite know what love really is. I'll always
remember you the fact you had a heart to love
everyone. Thank you for that.

As far as it comes to my close black friends who were
like sages to me - ~~you~~ the youngest, valient, fearless,
confident teachers I'll ever know - I don't understand
how they would love me, after most everyone else didn't
gave me much thought, rather gave me pure hell,
humiliation, loneliness, + irrelevance, they ~~then~~ were
what average middle school kids did - throw rocks, dirt,
and hammer nail mock skits like I'm the product of
humorous entertainment. What kind of friend would I
be? Nothing, cause I was treated like a nobody. That's why
I know the reason why my ~~admirable~~ black friends didn't
treat me that way - they're special golden kids of God.
They knew how to love me because they knew how to love.
Although they have expressed that love verbally, physically,
gift-giving, service, and quality time languages in their
unique style + personality, sometimes I still don't see
it. I have binocular vision to look in their hearts + identify
first glance its true essence, but why can't I fucking see

of
other
kids
like
me,

Thank
you
for liking
me for
me
even
though

I was
one of
the
weird
white
kids.

Make a part
of what
made
you
so cool

is that
maybe
you
didn't
think of
me
as
that,
like
you
saw
me
as
Audrey
not the
weird
white
girl.

9-26-18

it glow when I stare at it when its in front of me? Its cause
I'm always in this black pit of isolation & stutter stepped
to social / communication tactics on routine daily basis. I want to put a hood over my head & hide in my turtle
shell, show as fuck to social cues, jokes cynical, and
topics to bring up. I've always been a hermit turtle mix
either hiding under a rock or behind the seaweed why
the groups of enthusiastic fishes swim by. I hated those
stupid-ass pep rallies in middle & high school getting hype
& shit cause I never knew how. I knew I would dry up
the scene fresh, flowing with fun since I just sit there
not know what to do cause that shit is so awkward &
uncomfortable - plus its loud & too many people saying
chants, screaming, speaking ~~too~~ too fast, bouncing from
one subject to the next. I never get passed the ball nor
they would let me join in the fun and take a shot & try. So
I never gave a fuck. Same for parties. I was never the life
of the party, so whats the fucking point of being there if
I'm a stick in the sand & no one knows how to have fun w/
me? cause I know no fun in truth, like a TV with a fuzzy
white screen or a white noise in someones ear. I can
turn on crickets w/ o even fucking trying, & if I do try - I'm
like an nervous wreck & want to run away from the crowd -
but they wouldn't chase after me. They wouldn't hear me
tip toe or watch. Call me a timid cat under the bed
with its toy mouse & ~~speaks~~ ^{purrs} to it like its real, except I'm
a girl who hugs, carries, & speaks to my stuffed animals
cause thier real to me but not to the world. ~~any~~ Any one
who wouldn't know me well. (pretty much almost everyone)
would think its weird. Well, fucking right. Cause I'm not
normal. I have all these fucking psychological disorders
all in one scattered, obsessive, compulsive, an verbal package that
was handed to me since I was old enough to notice I couldn't be

unable
to see
spot
gleams
of
light of
that
lone
norm
upon
me in
this
damp
cave girl
hideout

what are
you saying
cause I have
fucking
butterfingers
& they
respond
by who
are all
trapped
in a
claustrophobic
house
w/ metal
bars
crushing
me
on
my sides

It kills my heart beats, slices them in two
if you said to me "I thought you
didn't care" or "you don't
answer the phone or call
my phone." I'm a thought
ful person, I think about you all the time every day
a gecko to blend in like it is so easy for other kids growing up with
Anyone could wonder why, but truth is no one really fucking
knows me cause they don't want to, I know they don't,
and I hate that. I want to know them cause I'm interested
in their work/job, life style, hobbies, and so on, though they
have the wrong typical idea thinking in the back of their mind
that I don't care just cause I don't like talking + texting or hang
out w/ people cause it's such a workout of hard weights on
my whole being, Communication + it's like it's what
all friends expect from you + if you don't hang out w/ them,
someone they think you don't really love them. Well, fucking no
- how that's not the case. I hate the fact that it's so simple to other
people but not to me, I hate it even more when they're like
"oh I get nervous too, or oh it's uncomfortable for me to
be in social events, NO NO NO. You don't get so scared
that you feel like you want to find the exit door as soon
as you walk in. You weren't a kid like me who hid in bathrooms
crouched in a desk in the corner when classrooms
were like roaring fucking music concerts. You weren't a kid
who would say words + sentences backwards on purpose
+ held on to stuffed animals when getting so nervous my
stomach felt like a soda can about to explode. shit in my
pants. You don't know what uncomfortable feels like -
feeling like a helpless, useless rat trapped inside a tight
enclosed cardboard box w/ no holes punched in, on the
inside I'm kicking + screaming to get away as a kid +
be alone. If ~~there~~ ^{anybody} anyone would give me
a vibe to hang around, I'd notice like my teammates.
But if you weren't them, I'm not fucking surprised
if you were someone who didn't care if I wanted
to be around - that's one of the reasons why I don't.
I only know a few people in my middle + high school years who
angels to the soul, singing their love to me. The rest of you
didn't give a fuck about me or wished I'd go fuck myself for fuck off.

There were people I love so
much I'd die for them + do
anything for them, but they
never had H in them
extremely hard
I know
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so much
when
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that or
they think
I don't
want to
see them
or help them
YOU
DON'T
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I FEEL
or a
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of minutes
with
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+ pages
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the fucking
diagnosis
a long list
of physical
problems
23-00145-2 (FBI) - 500

9-26-18

Audrey

As far as I'm concerned, no matter how much I try, I feel like trying to hang w/ friends is like a video game, I fail + fail on the same level + can't ever move on to the next trail to win them over - to win their attention, I fall down the same fucking lava pit or wooden dock plank near an ocean + I'd drown in. My life's are infinite, cause I feel I fail + die over + over again, I can't seem to ~~reach~~ ever reach to the next level to discover their world to explore. There are friends who are so dear to me and want to be in their world to explore, but their too busy to even give me a tour. To be in their real world is like an expedition stuck w/ a map with hidden pathways + landmarks to find out about their natures. I want to walk in their foot steps, hear the sound of their trees brushing in the breeze, I want to sit by their lakeside calm waters, + gaze upon beautiful mountain top views. ~~But I wish~~ ^{so much that} badly ~~so much that~~ they could let me camp out + stay a little longer so I can feel the nature breath above in the tree tops + below my feet - if their that close to me, I could never feel that connected with them. one quiet moment where I don't have to say anything they don't mind because I've explored through their woodland beauties long enough. I've been a virtuous camper + explorer who looked interested enough, instead of wondering so badly what the maps would be if it revealed them - all those question marks. That's how it's always been. Getting to know them is a mystery b/c I can never reveal myself naturally, I hide too fucking much. I hesitate + hid out in my camper - playing this virtual reality video game never feels like I could have (I) best friend forever. Normal kids like to explore their friends worlds + ~~as a kid~~ ^{as a kid} want to know there experts at being explorers

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nature
ce of
longing
welcoming
e fur
mother
y of
venture
I want
to examine
their
animals,
wild life,
the
sounds
of birds
I hear
above
curious
to what
each one
is or
what
it
is

23-cv-1483(FBI)-884

9-26-13 AH.

I was born not normal, but no one knows that. I'm just really good at hiding it, since hiding is the only thing I'm really a pro at and being by myself,

I was never a social kid & never will be. As going back as far as being 3 years old, I played in my room with my toys alone, read alone, watch sesame street alone. When I was in pre school, I had imaginary friends that swung on the swings with me. Elementary school was like heaven because it was small, christian, and kids that had great families, similar to my close black friends. I did do kid stuff, but its not like I was that social. What was great about being a kid is that I could do activities w/ friends that involved sports, crafts, or something hands on, cause that way you don't have to say much. But I hate it when it involved going out to eat, going to the mall or some other social event where you have to socialize. I can't stand that shit cause its so nerve racking being an adult.

These days my friends don't think about doing kid stuff cause they're grown ass adults. Lets go shoot hoops or something where I don't have to fidget my fingers & sweat like some saint bernards mouth. But no, I always feel pressure of having to say something. If you put me at a table w/ other people, I look like I'm normal but deep down I feel I'm different. I've always fucking felt like that cause things that are so simple & automatic to others is a challenge to me. Like the video games I played as a kid hours alone to an unhealthy extent. There has to be a game plan, a strategy, I have to think things through. I'm pushing the hand held buttons like a nutty squirrel. Its a challenge I want to give up on but not my friends - that distinctive friction about fucking killing me. I'd give anything to go back in time & play my PC game & Lego Racers 1 & 2. I don't care if I did that every damn summer all the way

Make (A.H.) 10-2-18
I always feel like I'm being left out of things. I feel
so many that I knew or know leave me out of the
picture even when I try to create questions of interest.
They don't realize how interested I am in people's lives
and want to know what they are up to. I'm always tripped
up by a tree stump, stuck & unable how to keep an involvement
going, cause they'd rather hear from someone else. ~~But~~ I have
when they say, "I'll text you later" or "I'll let you know"
if I ask to see them, they never do either one of those things
EVER. No one ever means that shit cause truth is there are
so many other things in their life that are more important.
That's why I always want to be alone cause I don't have a choice.

110-

110-

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9-27-18

A.H.

through, At least I didn't have to worry about communion, thinking of conversation skills, or feeling like I'm not close to anyone like I'm a puzzle piece not fit for their amusement to want to figure me out. I have such a dark side no one knows. Video games were all I was committed to that's all I thought about. I didn't think about calling the phone to hang w/ people because unlike NORMAL kids who HAD social skills from the the fucking start who likes to do those things, I didn't, not that I didn't want to be w/ them, cause I do. I just hate being awkward + the party killer. I'll ^{on my Nintendo DS} my mind was pivoted on was getting to that next level that take me so long to get there + if I didn't I'd get so pissed. ~~Again~~ It was so bad I would go off on + slamming things if my Nintendo was taken away from me for going over my limit time or had to step away from the computer. I was obsessed like the controller cords wrapped me around like a mummy. SO OBSESSED. Play play play. I isolate all fucking day all fucking summer. I just want to beat my game + have fun damn it. My video games were pure fun + enjoyable, memorable. But they brought out an ugly attitude in me - a cranky socially incomplete shy girl. My ~~real~~ video games helped me escape from it all - being in ^{virtual} reality of an imaginary world so I'd shut out the real world who didn't want to include me when I was a kid. ~~Cause~~ If I was by myself having fun nothing else mattered cause I didn't have to worry being laughed at, getting nervous, or have temper tantrums if shit got out of my repetitlike style of schedule. Who really ^{would} ~~have~~ have given a damn if I had done the opposite + form memories. I never knew how + don't know - you people will never have a mind to think about that shit. No fucking way.

b6 -3
b7C -3

This Is Me pt 3. "The Dreams"

She's so appreciative, more so to my desires in response to ~~my~~ what I felt in what I saw & heard from her encounterment. She took my hand and said it was OK. ~~she~~ how she acted towards me felt as if we were close and had that connection I always wished I could have w/ her; To an extend where she was embraced wings to her feelings, love, and trust she was willing to gently cover over me. That was a dream where we had a friendship to a sister level - like a small glimpse of our time together as b-ball buddies. Unlike the other two, where I couldn't find her & the other I did, but she wasn't all into going to me about what's going on in her life or ~~on~~ what's on her mind.

Everytime I woke up from these dreams, I realized the reality of my identity that I really am my imaginary boy. He always has girls on his mind, thinking about them most the time, dreaming of them, thinking about thier affection. I understand now why he channels his feelings and desires, and fantasies wavelengthing through my head. My mind ~~also~~ seems to play alot like a movie with series of events of what happened, what I dream / make up of wishing what happens. My close back friends are like family, so I am able to dive into the water of thier tender souls. the water is so warm, so is thier sunshine as they warm up to me by a nickname, a hug, a smile. When they touch me, I feel tingly in certain areas in my body (won't say which ones) and my back feels like a cool chill of wind blow up against it. The fact I can get any kind of affection from them (my sisters), it is like intimacy to my imaginary boy, or feels like that. He feels more in love. I take this love the wrong way as it should be treated.

The girl both he & I love so much is the only one whom we don't get those types of physical touch & affection. 522-1483(FBI)-888 dream & dream of what would never be. Man, this wouldn't be so weird if I

I could fly with her as open as the sky to know each other

this is me pt. 3 "The Dream"

Another dream she was in with me. ^{this time} There ~~were~~ was a house that ~~was~~ had the inferior characteristics of a cabin. I walked up two flights of medium sized stairs, & saw two ~~real~~ beds. One of them, she was sleeping in & woke up. She had on Fighting Irish pajama pants, white & I had on a pair of sports pants, but can't remember what. I can guess maybe ~~we~~ she invited me over for a sleep over, or I just randomly found her room. After all, they are weird dreams considerably for that factor, I think the dream extended into another predicament when we met up in a gym at high school. We had packed bags like we were going on vacation w/ a group of friends. She gets frustrated b/c she forgets something, so we go back to the same place (the cabin house) to get it. She & I really were not bonding or having a happy moment together were or hearts connected one lace at a time to loop around one laugh, a smile, even a hand wave hello.

The one dream was definitely a sub-conscious supernatural reality to fulfill my wishes & desires - a close connection to where she wants to hang with me and be a friend to have open ears, heart, & mind to whatever she has to say, do, or feels in the moment. There was a little league b-ball game event of some kind going on. I remember we lined up to cheer on the players ~~and~~ something else. As there was a game ~~was~~ going on, she ~~looks~~ looks upset as she's standing next to me. I ask her what's wrong. She apparently got in a ~~fight~~ fight w/ her friend, then strongly led me to her and said a irritated remark, venting out ~~some~~ with a hurt inflicted emotion. Her friend had an attitude. Like she would do, she walked away and ~~responded~~ ^{reacted} back the same. We head back in the gym. I start expressing my sympathy. I might have mentioned that she deserves the best respect & loyalty from all kinds of relationships.

It was actually the same gym & building that was my private elementary school

Kind of funny, we both like the b-ball, but it's not as much as I like it. I could predict that happened because of the wish of we could have stuff in common.

In real life, or that we do have basketball interests in common.

23-Event 83 (FBI) - 839

This is me pt. 3

gaze deep in his aquarium of imagination. what would it be like if she knew me? would she love me back? what would it feel like to feel her
This girl is not ordinary. Just as beautiful inside than out, though he likes to stare at the pictures of her. He's feeling sinks - his heart but to drown in her love, not experienced intimately. With me, it's not all the same. I'm at a sinking state sometimes, but mostly just floating on the surface, bathing in her sunlight she radiates in my life that's inspiring. though he likes to go deeper than the love I had at a friendship level, I do feel what he feels I can't be his human form to shower my feelings out to her. I wonder what it be like to if her intimate ~~alone~~ ^{was} shined on me ^{where} I could feel it soak into my skin, where her love ruminates through mine - I feel that way too, I he knows what I'm thinking. When both of our intimate fantasies merge, they have collided into a ~~series~~ ^{series} of strange dreams. ~~she~~ ^{she} in every one of them for over night in a row the past few weeks she was there, but in a different scenario. Our unrealistic day dreams become supernatural reality (it feels real when I'm asleep - dreaming of her).

It's weird how I remember most of the strange ~~last~~ ^{last} dreams. One of them was a ~~one~~ ^{one} when it was the 1st day of middle school - or maybe high school. I remember I was walking inside a classroom and looked for my desk. When I found it, there were names tagged on the desks - like assigned seats. There was my name & the other kid - hers first & last name. I remember how I felt excited, hoping I could run into her if she had the class after me. It was like ~~an~~ ^{an} heart flutter feeling or a ~~pool~~ ^{pool} ~~to~~ ^{to} sinking heavily to the surface - heart sinks "wow - her name is next to mine". Like I would do in real life similarity - I tried to search for her in periods while the bell rang. I couldn't find her, but instead I ran into her sister / best friend.

He'd swim around in his thoughts

love worming on me to where I'm sun-kissed?

maybe it's our thoughts of her, or her in the yearbooks,

pictures, even ones online to search for (creepily enough)

she could teleport to her dimension

a big deal, but it was just another

opportunity to thinking about her

this is me pt. 3 "The Dreams"

I don't know why, but my imaginary boy has been thinking about the girl ~~she~~ ^{she} has in love with more than usual. Throughout the day, ~~the~~ ^{the} cause of the day, I wake up - she's right beside my bed. Throughout the morning in quiet moments, I think of our memories together playing basketball sharing times of a friendship she helped me lace together. Throughout the afternoon, ~~that~~ ^{that} I think of her love that I know was behind a beauty of no comparison to anyone on earth. Only 13 years old I kept telling myself, she taught me some of life's most valuable lessons - how to be yourself to others, how to express yourself w/out fear of being ~~judged~~ ^{rejected}. Taught me how to believe in my self when I was on the court ^{accepted} & ~~make~~ ^{make} if it took a shot - I could make it. Taught me, showed me what friendship is really all about, ~~that~~ ^{how} that can ~~form~~ ^{have} the most unlikely bonds ^{that} can be formed, ~~no~~ ^{regardless} of race, ethnicity, life style background, how you were raised, what you believe in, or who you are personally. I was white, she's black. But none of that mattered, even though it did to other black kids in my grade. She taught me how to ~~be~~ ^{be} open up & break my shell wide open, the once shy ^{my} ~~shyer~~ ^{shyer} ~~hermet~~ ^{hermet} I was. ~~She~~ ^{she} ~~also~~ ^{also} taught by her how to have fun w/ friends & laugh - ease of a little & not be so tense all the time. She's always been confident in pursuing her dreams, sacrificing to those she loves, and having fun. She ~~also~~ ^{also} knows how to be there for you. She knew how to ~~be~~ ^{be} when I walked in that gym wanting to cry from those kids who picked on me. Because as soon as I sat down w/ my ~~head~~ ^{head} heavy as my heart, there she was - arms out - hands ^{grabbed} mine - C'mon lets go. Your one of us. I was so severely shy, I didn't really do anything. She knew how to be a friend to me. She had a pure heart of red rose in a beautiful first spring day. At night, that rose blooms more in more in my heart. My imaginary ~~boy~~ ^{boy} ~~has~~ ^{has} love/desire grows more too. ~~on~~ ^{on} his thinking what I am

almost
like she
chew exactly
what I do
w/ sudden

b6 -3
b7C -3

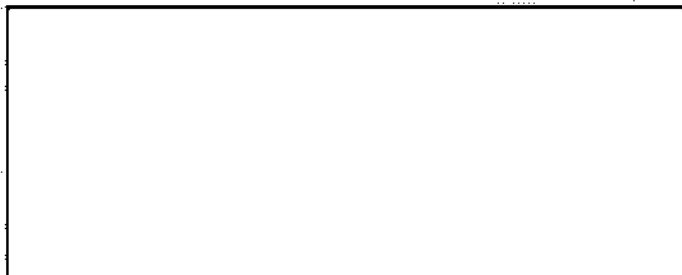
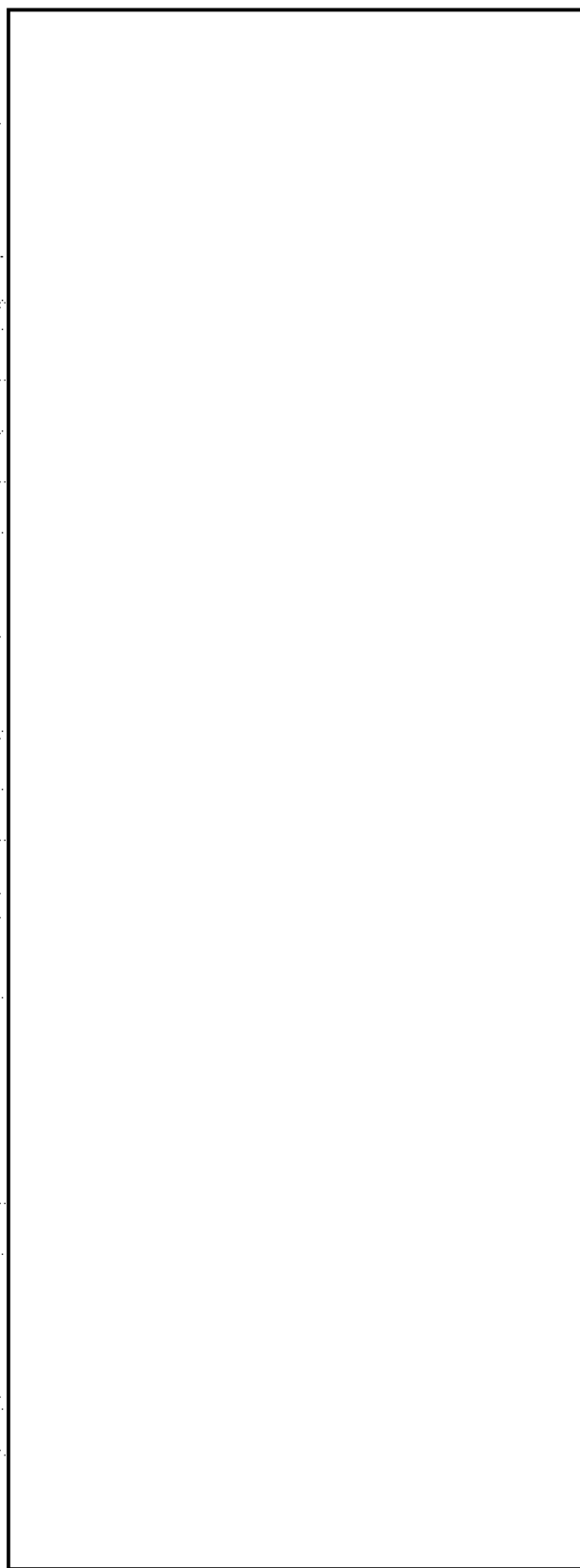
When
you
need
most

we're both
struggled
in their
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NY-100 (Rev. 1-25-60)



(9-12-18)



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(8-27-18)

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b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Ned's
SCHOOL SURVIVAL
Guide

meters
kilometers

Surface or Area
square feet

NOW AVAILABLE

ST EAST
EAGLE NATION

Best Dad! Hands down!

DADDY
DAY CARE

The Best, Big Thing
in Little America!

UMD VIDEO FOR

COLUMBIA
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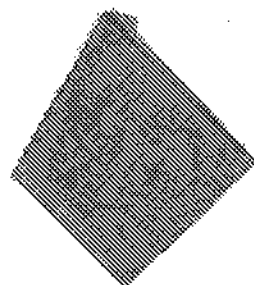
2019 Honda Fit



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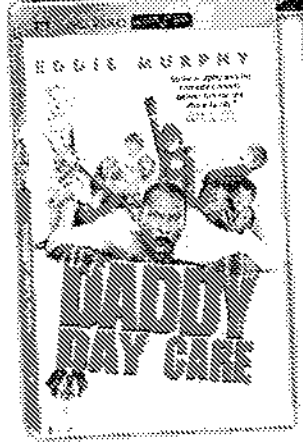


Ned's CLASSIFIED SCHOOL SURVIVAL Guide

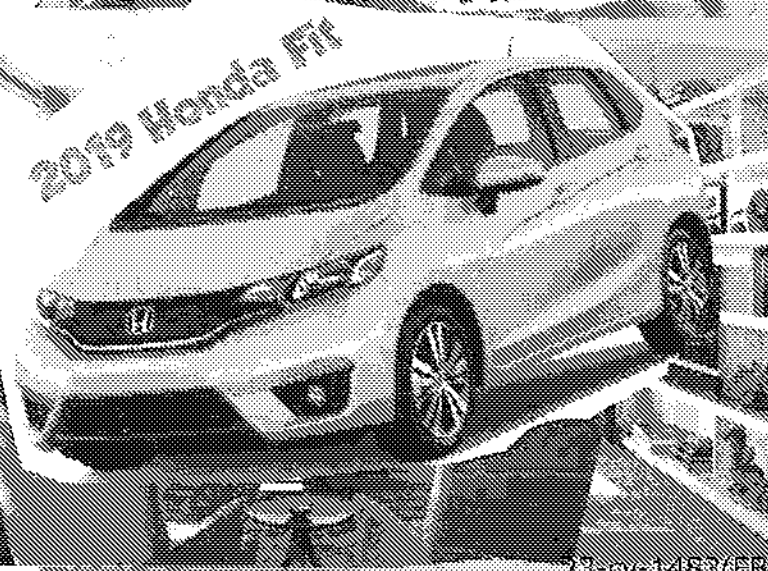
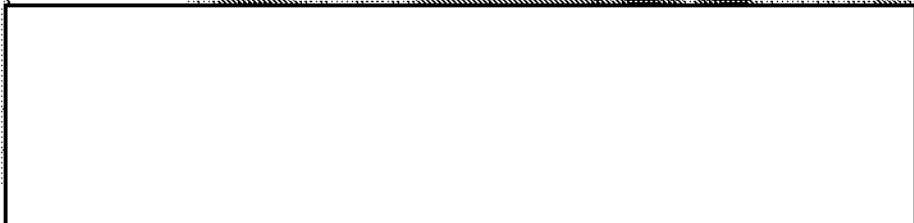
Sundays at
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on Nickelodeon

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square feet	18994	
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NOW AVAILABLE



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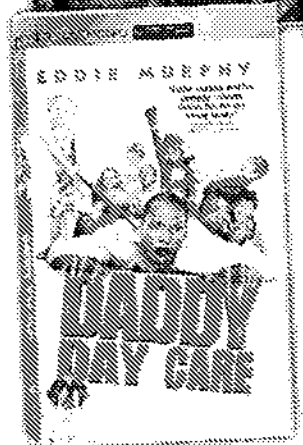
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Ned's CLASSIFIED SCHOOL SURVIVAL Guide

Sundays at
7:30pm
on Nickelodeon

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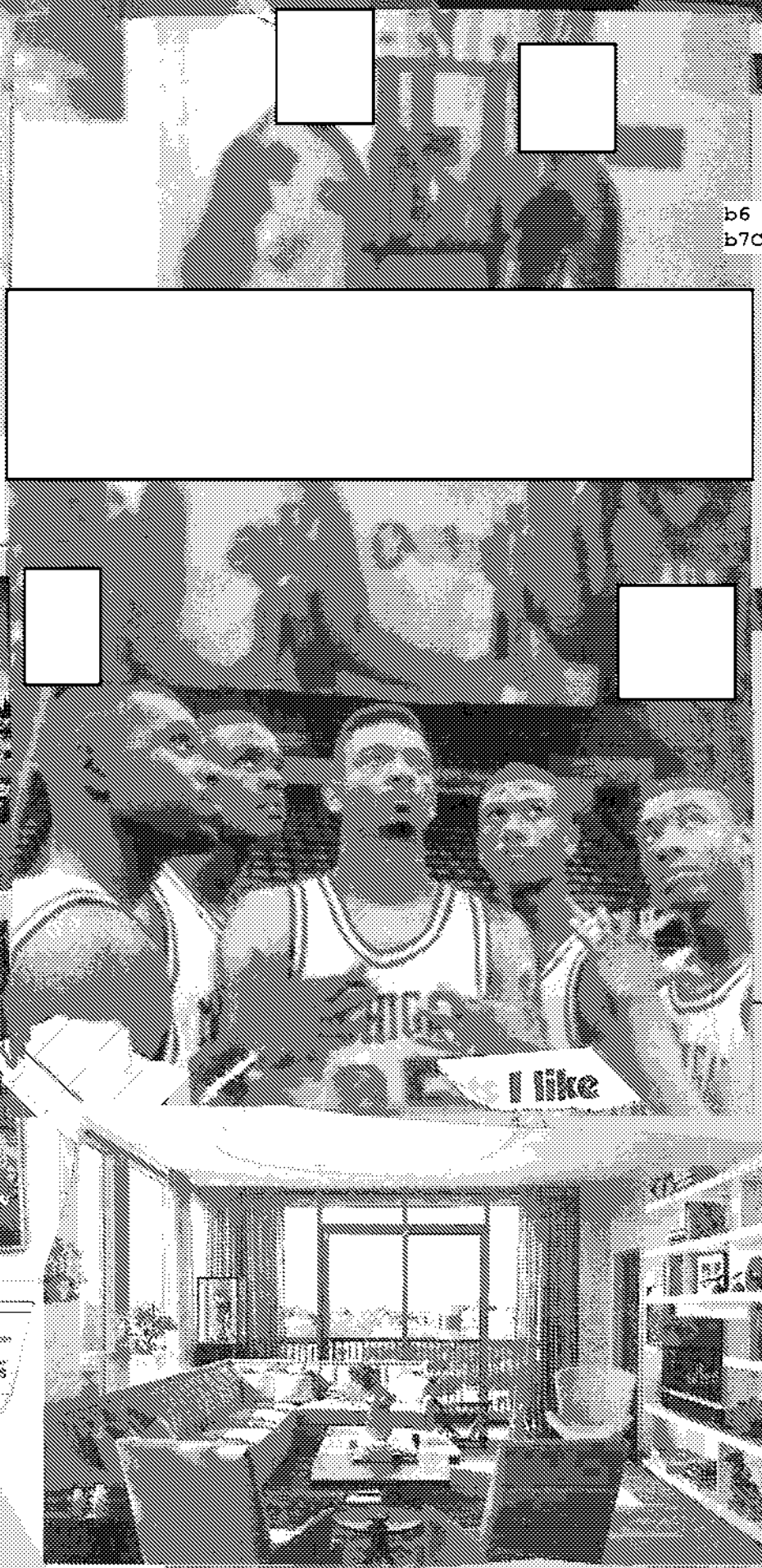
NOW AVAILABLE



UMD VIDEO FOR
COLUMBIA PICTURES
animation
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PRINCE OF PERSIA



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TOUR!

2019



COMPOSITION BOOK

WILLAMETTE

March

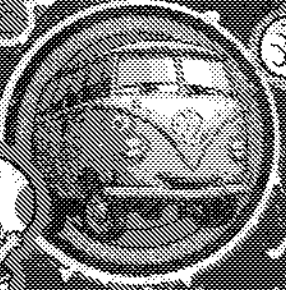
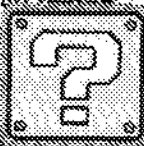
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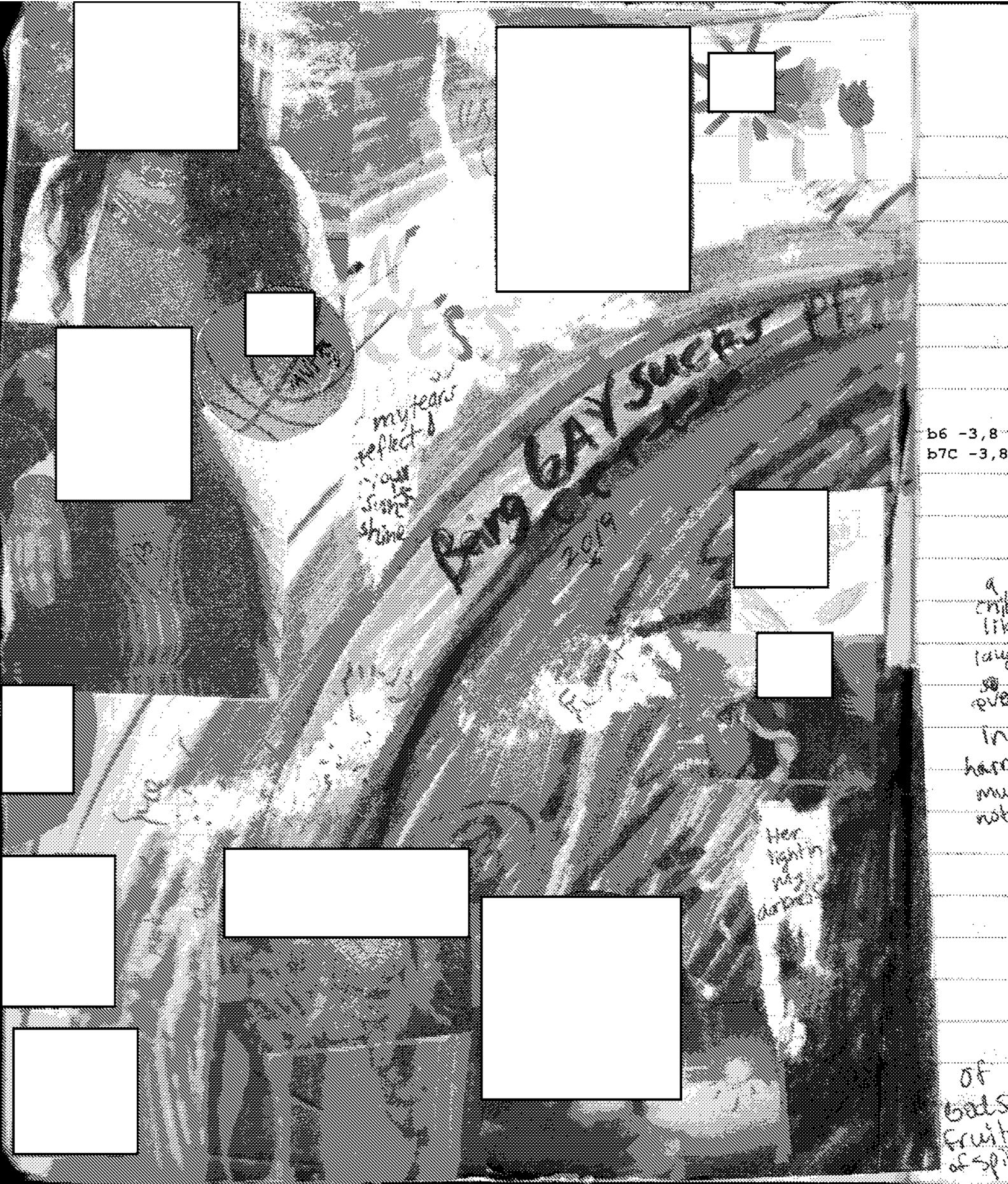
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7 1/2 in/24

TOP FLIGHT



America
Dedicated
Resilient
brave
Enough
Youthful
The world



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

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Her
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It's confirmed... I cannot deny it any longer.
I am in love with the most beautiful, self-confident,
lovable, talented, incredibly smart & funny
^{girls} ~~person~~ I know. I have realized ~~now~~ today just
how much light this person has in her heart,
shines & horizons bathing rays of light over
all my darkness - prickled filled forests. It
does just peek through, ^{at the darkened limbs of leafless trees} it shouts through
^{early bright} ~~late~~ and a sun arched smile ^{its} so bright
that it brings me to tears. My heart melts, it
churns, it flares, crackles, sinks like a
smore - marshmallow sinks, chocolate melts,
the graham of her personality that defines
her middle name - authentic stronghold - uncrumbled.
her name - the outer layer of my heart that
holds all of my darkened, blacked pieces
together when I feel sad, lonely, ^{blatant} ~~blatant~~ ^{of my} ~~blatant~~ ^{significance}
the outer layer that bursts bubbles of authentic
silliness, generously stretches out its blossom-
blooming w/ ^{freedom of} expression.

she is a true artist of the Creator who made
her a novelty of personality. To me, she sweetens
my life, brazes sun on my droopy ^{little} gardens, Gods
princess & angel to help write our history in
basketball. A memorable memory maker, ²⁰¹⁹ ~~2019~~ ^{1483 (FBI) - 90}

a
child-
like
laughter
so
evoked
in
harmonious
music
notes

accompanied
by my
inner
most
secrets
furnished
at night
beneath
the
midway
cracks
tracks

of
Gods
fruits
of spirit



a superlative sprouter spring of fresh water to motivate late bloomers like me toward growing as a person.

"Who am I?" to "This is me" "I don't think I can do this" to "I want to be just like her."

Her laugh shakes my heart, vibrates + tickles me to be more light-hearted. Her ~~work~~ ^{warrior}

ethic is the horse that hauls the war cannons in my battle toward a career achievement.

Her friendliness + authenticity is the joyride wavy flows ocean beneath my boat toward venturing myself - to be myself +

no one else. Her smile is the swing that lifts me ~~so high~~ sending into clouds of

carefree - no worries. All my life's regrets that become flower petals dancing in the

breeze - they tickle my heart so I can smile - smile more. My heart does not smile bigger,

wider, higher, deeper than with her. The love I have for her is too much for me to capacity that

it literally kills me. She showers her love to anyone so unselfishly, I wish I was like her,

be a part of her. Because she is a part of me that could never leave me. Who she is doesn't change.

A heart like that to sacrifice, give, love everyday -

SO BEAUTIFUL THE MOST I'VE EVER

her heart
burst
my heart
gushes
in sweet
tears

nn
its
artistic
or
or
her
to
d

I can't have her like I used to...
But the memories I have is so sweet
Bitter to know ^{I am} ~~she is~~ for away
But to her affection

But so beautifully in unbel of
I still feel her heart to reflection
she used to shine towards me -

Some of the most meaningful lessons

has taught me just as young as she was... only a kid

but beyond special. tearfully in joy special to me. Truly a

1.) Beyoungself ♡

She is just being her.

more she can
be her. Water if anyone
tried

On she just expresses herself

at the fullest, not trying to be funny. She is ~~so~~ just having
her fun funny by her expressions and how she acts.

her natural self when she interviews people, brings
up new topics, or goofy reactions from her dad -

the classic eye roll + sassy smile. It's original within

her middle name - it speaks for itself and is worth

more than words - but a ~~few~~ ^{never lack of} smiles

and laughs

me on the basketball team to not be afraid being myself

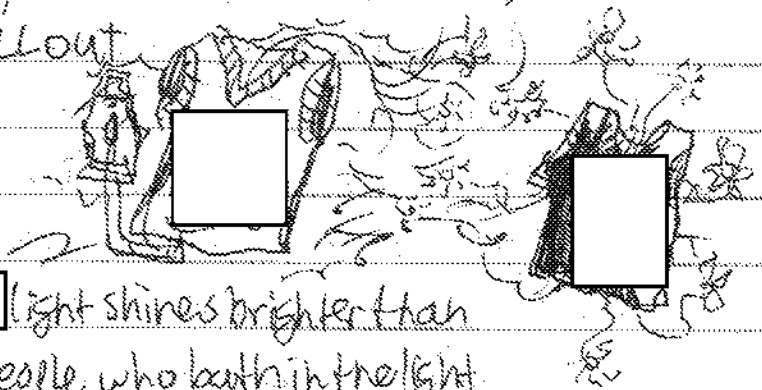
personalities contrasted toward her own.

need
it's a
artificial
or phony
she's
her real
self
to all kinds of
different



being accepted in a family-friendly lighthearted local TV show Kicker + Ben. I don't think either one of us could imagine a better show to be on than that, cause it resembles her positivity - no drama, no gossip, no politics - ALL OUT FUN, laughter, + love - ALL OUT.

3) Be positive ♡

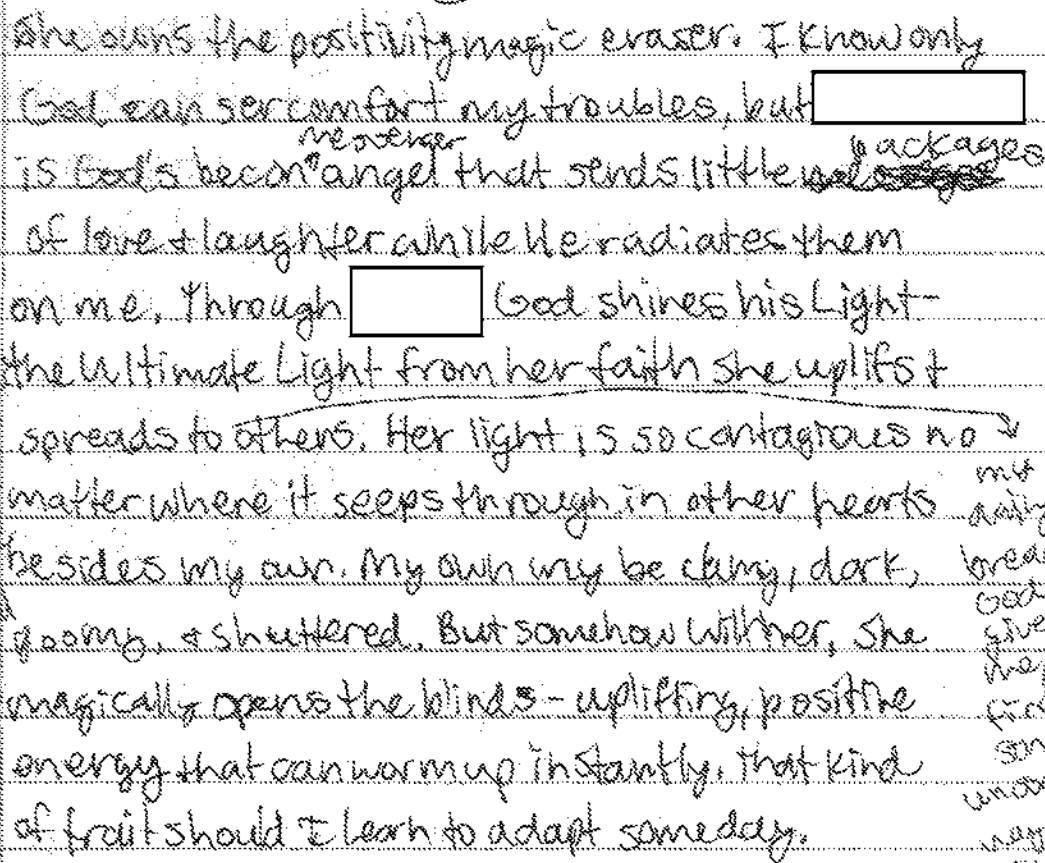


I feel that [redacted] light shines brighter than how others see her. People who both in the light breezing through life does not see the vibrance of her heart like others who are coated over by darkness. Her light is more effective so it can soak in a heart heavy with tears until it glows as a lantern toward positive outlook on life.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] knows how to live by focusing on all that goes right than wrong. acknowledge the good over the bad, that word [redacted] represents.

whether it be entertainment, music, + sports, [redacted] can take a negative subject + ^{brush} ~~some~~ some light to it like her heart polishes away the rust, dust, + filth from it. I've never met anyone who can wipe clean all the negatives on my mind in the moment - my thoughts, actions, regrets. as if



an example of humble honesty

Not with she is a princess with a golden

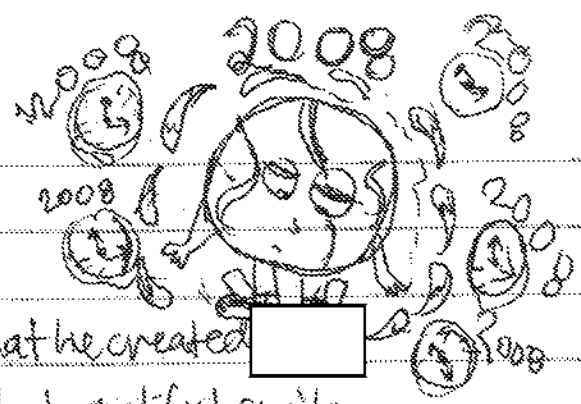
she does get discouraged, does feel down - but

5 goes up toward The Believer who can DO ALL
 in his own mind (in his own reality)

possible. This is one of [] golden promises she

no taught me in life exist on all - it shows

5.) Live in the present



What a true gift from God that he created [redacted] equipped w/ a beautiful family, beautiful smile, heart, ambitions, and mind set. I know from now [redacted] raised her - she is a valiant athlete in training to focus on the how to hope for the future in the making - working on her behalf. God is the Alpha & Omega, knows beginning & end. He mapped out [redacted] life - she follows with a contrite, determined heart that God never left her off track - God's compass never fails &

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

keeps it in her back pocket every day. [redacted] takes it one day at a time, w/ prayer & petition. Sooner or later, the haze clears & the promise land has awaited. Walk by faith, not by sight [redacted] has practiced a lot in her life. With that she's grateful for what God has blessed her with in the moment. What came before & after are equally worth gratifying, but looking back w/ regrets is another it seems in always fixated on the past where the old roll of film continues to run w/o wearing out. It may be from beating myself all the time of all I did wrong in the past & wished I did better on in a variety of areas in my life.

believing
God's will
will be
done
even
if it's
not
answered
IS FAITH
In all cases
a way of
seeing the
perspective
route
and one
promised
that
will
come

2-3-1988

But if [] were to reform me about that, shed probably smack me upside the head. Comparisons cause regrets - regrets cause doubts of self + low self esteem. My life + [] are different and our ships go different directions in the landmarks of lives Phases growing up. I always feel others are better than me by talent, progression, friendships. though [] only focuses on right now to GET IMPROVED, continue to get better, God puts you is exactly where you are supposed to be, she knows that. I should ~~know~~ practice knowing that too.

that's how she naturally is. I'm a late bloomer.

just cause I don't move as fast. I'm a late bloomer.

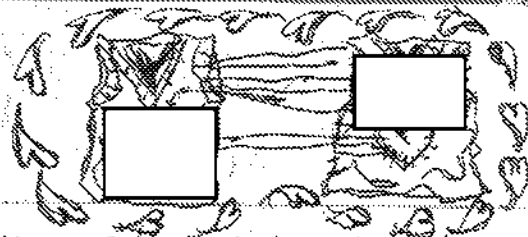
in some sense to ~~represent~~ represent thoughts of mine

today's mind. I think I did that. I wish I did that. I wish I did that. I wish I did that.

b6 -8
b7C -8

6) How to Love ✓

If there is anything [] is more natural + real at than her sense of humor, it's loving others. Whoever [] meets, whether work, school, sports teams, social events, [] church shares her love and develops a tight-knit community. Her love is crossed by how she weaves people together in her life, knitting memories + boning one stitch at a time. I've watched how close she is to her friends + family - open to express thoughts, discussion, ~~friend~~ ^{friends}, and having fun laughing up a bubbly party.



She knows how to treat people with respect,

Kindness, and encouragement. She gives people the opportunity to know her more, while she equally balances the relationship to be supportive with them in their ambitions in life.

^{one of} [redacted] is probably the most loving friend of mine

I know. To personally have shared a special season of basketball is stitched on my heart.

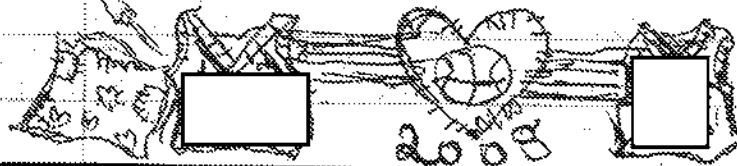
[redacted] doesn't forget the people she loves & cares for.

She's supportive ^{an active} ^{lover} to her community w/ artists, celebs, and local workers trying to

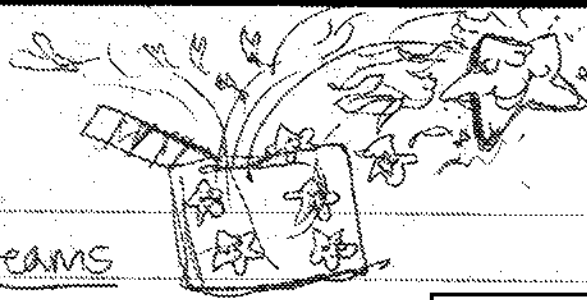
achieve their goals - and they all give her plenty of love back that she so deserves.

I'm so thankful [redacted] grew up in a stable home w/ a ^{foundational} loving family - taught her the value

of how to love - hers & Gods. She has knitted an unflinching blanket after blanket of sweet memories that are dear to me - ones w/ others & personal ones I shared w/ her in b-ball. I'll never forget how she saved me in this way of sacrificial love that's selfless & thoughtful - A love like Gods. ~~Who wouldn't want to love like that?~~



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



7.) Follow Your dreams

At the end of every episode [redacted]
she concludes a little ^{segment} of motivation
for her audiences like me. She always
tells people "follow your dreams, true I can
do it, you can do it". On [redacted]
it described her on uplifting others ^{to pray w/ them}
of work, something she naturally likes to do.
How much more beautiful can this get?

I've never met anyone as selfless as [redacted]
the way she devotes her time, effort, love, passions
to those she loves - it's more than an achievement
it's a masterpiece in God's making. God has
sculpted her in His image at a figure born
to be the leader w/ the hero spirit she has.

b6 -3,8

b7C -3,8

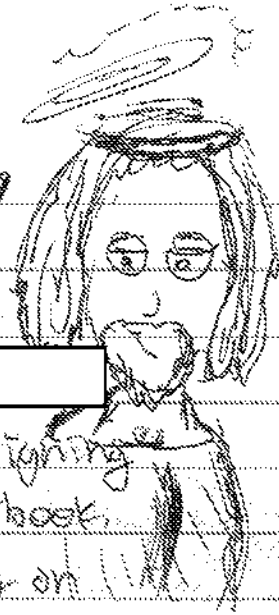
the most
artist
apprentice

She has all the powers of not a super hero -
but the Ultimate Hero of the world who created
everything & everything in it. With that and
the guidance of her close friends & [redacted]
she can fly, soar, & rise above, but lift ~~the~~
up never alone - lifting others w/ confidence
they can get through seasons of setback & ~~struggle~~
adversity. I want to rise above like her - & one
day meet her there.

all the
strong
above
clearly

23-NOV-1482(FBI)-912

2.) Keep Always put God First



These were the exact words [redacted]

[redacted] wrote in fine print at the end of her signing in my junior-year high school yearbook.

[redacted] has ~~also~~ stressed her testimony on

journies walking with God through

lands of the unknown / uncertain. She

has not one but multiple goals and rels

on God to be the coach in the process. God

has trained her to trust him in the ally shadows

of discouragement & the nocturne opportunity

hidden to pre-assume seasful. She ~~was~~ had

like a feverish desire to work her dream job,

living in the L.A. California heart of hollywood,

BE+H words, ESPN, & entertainment-what the

ground place where stars are born. [redacted] believed

that was the place for her, but being away

from the place she grew up in was taken

into heartaching effect. [redacted] is a star at

heart, ego, grind, & personality. But she is

also a ~~homegirl~~ ~~the~~ ~~person~~ person who

is passionate about family & broadcasting for

her city (Nashville). "Everything that could go

wrong, went wrong" as [redacted] recalls from

she was her
near town
her strength is his
she handles it
God the
action
in the
race
& he
finishes
it
former
J.K. Rowling

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



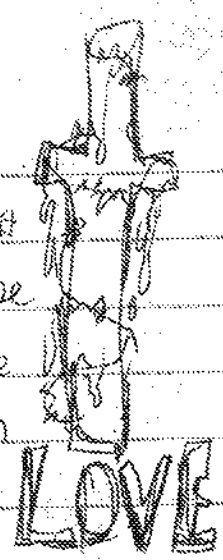
her L.A. journey experience. For her to reach
her dream destination, she had to sail through
the storms, hurricanes, + blizzards so she
can mark territory on the ultimate blessings -
growing a relationship w/ God through the
journey she had. ^{It was a} long + weary one where
^{In 2012} direction was lost + ~~goals~~ goals were
challenged. Similar to her athletic spirit in
basketball, [] may miss a few buckets,
but she shoots for them until she makes
it by God coaching her through it - not
through her own abilities, but Gods. These
skills make you as a player on Gods team
an inevitable + pioneer explorer of the dream
destination expeditions. Through the thicket
of forests, gloominess of swamps, rocky
plateaus crumbling, blocking her path - she
overcame to Gods open field in freedom of
faith - traveled by only faith, not sight.
As being a student in Gods adversity school,
she's MVP. If I had the chance to engrave
a gold star emblem on the red carpet hall
of fame, I'd do it. [] deserves not just
peoples credit, but God sees in her heart -
through His perfect eyes smiling down on her

with kindness
in mind, I would
have been
the same
other
she doesn't
just want
to win
the dream
but over-
achieve
it as
if she
is praying
with []
vision
overlook
through
God who
is doing it
all in the
works
through her.

the very
note has
the
highest
difficult
level
the
anticipated
discovery
to an
unexpected
earthquake
to shake
her posture
energy

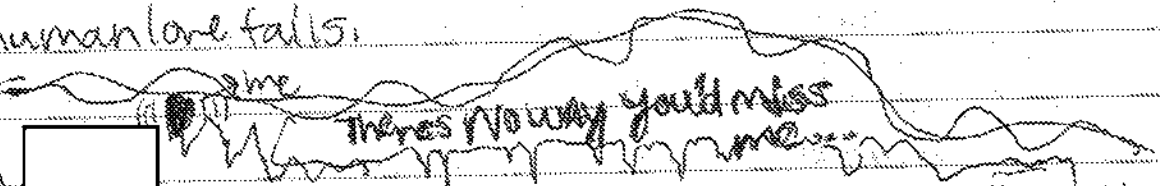
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] relationship w/ God is enough. I just don't have that or feel that way. I always hope other loved ones or material possessions is the answer... but it fails me everytime. I wish I could be like [redacted] in putting God as her #1 priority sensei so she can be the



as a female
kid, heart to
emotions to
try resist
with
his
package
of all
the
tools you
need
tools
equipped
nessesary

best in her craft/skill. Cause when you count on God whatever trip it may be, short term or long term - He ^{love} never fails. [redacted] experienced that AND applies to it in everyday life. Not all human love fails.



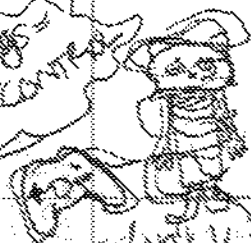
[redacted] You have your friends, you have your family, You have your God. I know you don't need my friendship, actually die for my support. I feel I can never do enough for you. You are too good for me & out of my league. I'm ashamed. I idolized you wrongly as an immature younger self I once was. I lashed my monster-demon possessed depression on you you didn't deserve. My sickness in 2017 made me miss 3 years supporting you through your career & growing up. I'm not a good friend. I'm worthless and don't belong to your precious-treasured heart. I hold it dear, but I

my heart
is so
diffuse
it's
reflecting

your
switch
the
box.
I'm
someone
who
jumps
in the
hole

b6 -8
b7C -8

Feelings =
misconceived



Suicide Fantasy

don't think you hold mine the same. Your heart,
spirit, faith is too beautiful for me to be apart of.

You
are
incredibly
special
to me.

I just end up crying because I'm inadequate to
give my love to you ~~in a way I can be far away~~ ^{in a way I can be far away} ~~from you~~ ^{from you}

I don't
know you
ever feel
that mutually
that's great
that you have
reached

I have words but they jumble up, when I
meet you in person, they lose it's form to

be of any impressionable meaning to you. The
way I miss you is because I missed out being

is too
unbearable
to hold
in with
gushing
races
of tears
not just
not being
able to
form
the
memories
+ a whole
thing

a friend back to you. I feel there is nothing else
I can do but pray, think, & have you in my
heart about you. That's just not enough to me.

You do so much, while I do so little. I'm time
frozen in the past - my own heart is hard of

from
the
memories
+ a whole
thing

my own failures to be a best friend that you
were to me. All the things you are I am not.

All the things you are I try to be but I just
know I can't do it like you can. No one can

I'm too
linked
to the
past. I like
my dream
world to
return back
to the present
yet.

be you, but no one would want to be like me.

I don't think you want to be apart of me even

though you are apart of my world I dream &
wish it came true. I dream of being close to you

but it will never be. I want to follow those dreams
But it's just a dream I wake up from in my sleep.

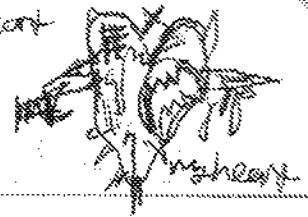
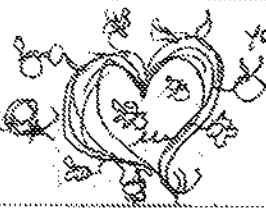
It's only real in my fantasies. You as real as a true
friend can get, I can witness your love but I only feel

of being
w/ you
laugh
w/ you
have
fun
w/ you

It's all my
fault. It's
cause of
me we don't
have the
relationship
I wish you
were
apart
of my
world

have
fun
w/ you

Pre-Suicide



it in my heart, I take you with me everywhere.

I feel I've never forgotten about you, & I try to express
the vibe, not actual stimulus that, ^{keeping you in my heart} ~~but~~ to still not enough. My rope snaps

^{a soon} ~~because~~ as I try to make a start. My discussion
interest I have about your life is worthless - useless

to you. My ^{unaffiliation could never reach your - your hand to} ~~unaffiliation~~ is short of supply & a heart grab me.
filled w/ darkness ^{in bitterness of others, &} ~~darkness~~ self hatred. I wanted

My heart just doesn't apply to yours filled w/
light & love of God. Worst of all, my existence
to you wouldn't matter. You have everything
you need when it comes to friends. I'm in love

with you and I think that's why God keeps
me at distance with you. You are one of my
penpoints to the inspiration ^{indented markings} ~~inspiration~~ I carry on

^{COMMIT} ~~A FUCKIN~~ my bloody cross, motivate me to continue being
^{SUICIDE} a pursuer & rise above like you. But... sometimes...

^{unconsidered} ~~unconsidered~~ I wish I could die ^{to} ~~that~~ be here anymore
^{unsympathetic} ~~unsympathetic~~ so I don't have to carry these feelings

^{my feelings} ~~my feelings~~ anymore. I know no human can lift them.
^{my reflections} ~~my reflections~~ I wish God could not just lift them up, but to
^{should all be dead} ~~should all be dead~~ lift me away from this world. Being gay ~~sucks~~

sucks so FUCKIN BAD. I wish I could be
discontinued in all lives ^{reside} ~~but~~ hate to leave you.

^{ITS SO} ~~ITS SO~~ I just can't take it anymore... I'm sorry...
^{I am a} ~~I am a~~ I wait for you in Heaven, ^{never} ~~never~~

you have
[redacted]
[redacted]
I can
be close
too. That's
enough with
myself

or have
so sad
irrelevant
unimportant
to what
you believe

b6 -3
b7c -3

but 1230061483(FBI) 917
never for whole time

☹️ ☹️ 2-10-19 ☹️

Fuck my social life. I wish I didn't need one. I swear to ~~God~~ it just makes me more lonely + isolated from everyone. Those I try to be open with have so narrow to me + reek the door. So I can't ever be

invited into their home life style. I don't believe anyone goes through this. Not the level I'm at. None of my

girlfriends ~~EVER~~ text me. I feel like I do all the participation. FUCK THAT. I hate that shit. The faggot-level I'm at is the brutal level like a video game

level can't ever get to or see it's never predicted. Cause none like me allowed cause feel I got to respect myself. Love myself. Not hate myself. Quality as a 3rd or 1st place in your championship life.

no one wants to know my suffering. It's unrelatable to my girlfriends who are confident, no psychological disorders, have perfect grandparents, boyfriends or parents. They are always shutting the door on me and most the time avoid my replies, ignore my sufferings, don't fully appreciate all I do for them

cause they rarely feel like giving their love back. I feel I should stop trying cause I just feel more worthless + useless to them the more I try. I

realize... people pity for when black people have been brutally mistreated for generations. People pity

poverty, homelessness, kids who are parentless, people who have cancer or AIDS. People feel

sorry for those who loose their homes from environmental disasters. People ~~at~~ activists in the

 2-10-19 

community try to do something about those social issues because its easy to understand. People dont have to think nothin of it cause most of them are self explanatory. People/friends & family are there for them. But my social issues of the world are labeled as poorly understood, criticized, insensitively hammered, & ignored. My fuckin Eating Disorder. My fuckin OCD. My fuckin Anxiety. My fuckin Autism. Does any of my friends ~~wanna~~ want to be there for me for those things. FUCKIN NO!!

Cause its threatening to emotional stabilitres to try & understand, Interferes w/ thier mood & daily life, abruptly thier capability to help. truth is thier not my nutritionist. thier not my medical doctor. thier not my therapist. I realize the only ones who pities & cares about us are the professional healthcare people who need a fuckin medical degree of some sort.

Cause they understand book smart wise and have the ~~care~~ compassion net that ~~lands~~ lands us to safety from suicides depression. their ~~passionate~~ ^{passionate} about it. Huge difference compared to what my girlfriends can do. theres so little they know & choose to know, only whats familiar &

2-10-19

comfortable to them. FUCK that too, cause they
to clutch hole that crunches me to pieces
like a trash dump machine. I feel like ~~the~~ a
white piece of fag shit that they watch
as I burn in the disposal ~~fire~~ fires. No one
feels sorry for the white girl. No white fag
is pitied. FUCKIN NOOOO.

No ^{old} friends care I hate being gay. Only my communi-
cating therapist. No ^{old} friends care that I have ~~anorexia~~ in
fukin anorexia even though they think general
I'm better by just how I look. Fuck that shit. when
it comes to
only cares. No friends ^{old} to

that FUCKIN CARE if I have rock bottom,
sunken pits for weeks full of anxiety in
web-n et
a vortex of depression + suicidal thoughts. casual
friendship
interaction
I think

Only my doctor cares to help me. My old
friends don't really truly give a shit. the
ones I looked up to that is they don't know
all the ~~ways~~ (ways) connected into a web of they
are.

pattered ways of life having no care to untangle.
I know one thing apart from you. I have to
deal w/ my problems the rest of my fuckin life -
its NOT TEMPORARY. The struggle never
ends. Your life goes on + you rise w/ or w/o me.
Your life changes based on your decisions +
if you
connect
the dots
It's not
simple

b6 -3
b7C -3

I feel left
~~left~~ behind. People always ~~used~~
used to tell me. "People change... life goes
on... life changes..." Fuck that shit!

But it's so true cause this world is plivily
in non-stop or bit of transistional change
in revelation. Social media, web, interactive
shit. Nothing is personal anymore. No one
wants to be traditional to thier heart + feel
geherous enough to share it. Rather consume
thier hearts in minds in politics, events of
today... changes to make, better or worse.

People have no choice but to ^{vide} ~~live~~ w/ the
motions of lifes wave lengths, no matter how
fast it goes ^{while} ~~when~~ it's ~~a~~ ^a real strain
to keep up. That's how I feel ^{when} ~~how~~ I'm connected
w/ others. I miss out on so much. They leave
me out of so much even when I ask them
questions. It's like they don't even care that
I'm in krested. That's FUCKIN SAD considering

I have no ~~social~~ ^{friend} pack. I'm the lone wolf
in the deserted Arctic, scrapping off of
bugs + birds everyday from my ~~door~~ den.
Everyday the more I live the more I doubt
my existance + live. Is this all worth it? I'm
worth to a pack. Is this life worth living?

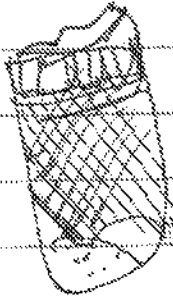
no hand
written
letters.
no cards.
no
personally
knitting
bonding
time.

thier
career,
Instagram,
Youtube
channel

w/ it's
flow +
movement

the more
I know,
the more
I'm ^{leaving}
curious
about
a trail
to be
included

2-12-19



No lone wolf like me can survive my art
 life alone, starved of affection, deprived of
 trying... Exhausted of change in life like
 loosing friends but having to run from
 danger of threats. They don't change, but
 the protection ^{from} ~~is~~ them runs away. I'm
 just left w/ ^{exposed} more baggage on my back but
 more skin & bones around my weak heart
 dived ~~up~~ out to love again. I'm almost done
 trying so close. Cause the world passes me
 by as quick as change does like the climate
 of day. Dusk is down I cannot ~~find~~
~~it~~ instinctly distinguish the distance. Only
 God's stars I ~~see~~ gaze at my dark blue
 sky. Maybe someday I'll learn to appreciate
 them once I give up on my old friends for
 good. Cause I feel they don't need to give
 up, they barely try these days. Does any
 of this really matter? It's like maggots
 that ~~can~~ decompose my meat & flesh until
 I'm degretted to nothing but a forgotten
 animal abandoned by the shift & blistering
 windwhirl of a world. I'm staying right where
 I am, weak & weary - but have the mental
 strength of a bison ~~and~~ skin thicker ~~and~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{as}

In last place,
 last warning
 tonight. I
 stay in the
 dark afraid
 to be found
 their light
 I'm someone
 to it.
 So
 much
 my
 old
 friends
 go through
 & I
 didn't
 even
 know.
 I like them
 don't
 want me
 to know
 or don't
 think
 of me
 right
 away

Cause
 they
 are
 too bright
 for me;
 all my
 negative
 doubts
 are
 gone

all the wanna do is talk, talk, talk, AND expect
me to do that back like I'm normal, FUCK THAT
I hate doing it, I hate being forced to do it from school.
heart of a lion, unbroken spirit of a horse.

My animals that I live w/ me, they know
me, they love me, They are with me
everyday. Human friendship can't do

that. No fuckin comparison. If I have them -
fuck all the friendships I had in the past.

they left me behind. I should ~~be~~ but I
won't change a thing. My lover doesn't even

love me enough as a ~~sister~~? Doesn't want
any part of my thoughts, pieces of my heart,
specs of my brain, half-second of quality
time. None of it matters. She has sacrificed

one that I've never seen in friendship before.
To not share hers with mine makes me think
of suicide. [redacted] Love is sacrificial & that

seems to be the only thing that keeps me
on both feet these days without walking

into the quicksand, or running into it. diving
into it. I wish I could just let it all go,

leave my ~~old~~ being behind & spirit elsewhere
that means nothing on earth ~~as~~ as

a whole. My being is whole, but my spirit
is empty is of hollow, so deep & wide as

my howl that I call, day to night.
I feel I'm a mistake... that will never go away...

So many people are so overly concerned about that shit, & it's a dread to be apart of it. What does it matter to anyone that

she's an exception. I always with me her spirit & love that keeps me smiling, laughing, enjoy the moment.

b6 -3
b7C -3

00000 2-74-19 00

You just don't know how much I love you. A little robot all alone in a overly populated world felt this way as soon as beauty struck down to visit the earth.

WALL-E: the lonley robot who lives w/ a cockroach he befriended. sets out daily to ^{make} collect trash cubes + collect treasures

in his cooler. Only items he thinks are unique + special through his eyes that he collects. He wiszes this way + that, dabbly day searching for something that can gaze

him in awe - a little green plant he scoops from out the dirt + safely secures it in a

small brown boot. Could he find something ~~more~~ fascinating like that again? Pure

life that is hope to make the world green + bright again? ^{soon} He finds another robot

such as he - ^{out of his mind many years of loneliness} higher tech in the age of the future. His kind is rather a dust pan

that's been around a couple thousand years (life ago, but his heart has been born of something new to feel - LOVE. He clasps his hands together

Ever never realized until the end how much WALL-E admired her. They

clasp hands

throw out
a ring for a
not bank to
show that
he's not
w/

of deimped
waste
lands?

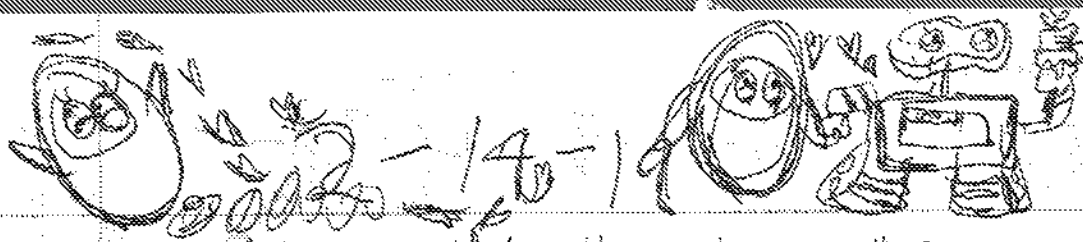
what could
be the like
to his future
of other
worlds
unknown?

who would
take him
beyond the
a. ^{dist} ^{days}
music
video

he
records
on his
pod
(both him
he found
of dancing
with a glow
& a couple
dust bunnies hands

could he
find a
treasure
with in
the here
someone

wall
after
thru
bein
by
fast
V
S
ac
1
ad
d
P
S
and
W
WALL
her
could
on
it
in
cl
P
to
S
E
:
o



Saved the world together - two unlike
minds but two hearts that wanted to
help others and create change - a new
Earth for all to love to live in again. WALL-E

had a recording ^{video} ~~box~~ built into his body ^{box}
that showed all he did for Eve when she
was asleep from the plant that was to be
retired to the Axiom (a flying ship where

all civilization lived since the world was
too polluted w/ trash). EVE could only then

genuinely feel loved by WALL-E by what
she didn't feel then from unconscious

experience - but whether she felt it or not,
WALL-E wanted to be there for her ALWAYS.

It went ~~retrieving~~ ^{retrieving} the plant from the
robot enemies who wanted to dispose of it,

WALL-E was electrified so she'd be safe -
and for being an advocate to civilization

It went being crushed by the ^{plant synthesis} holodetector
so the ship could return to earth. It went

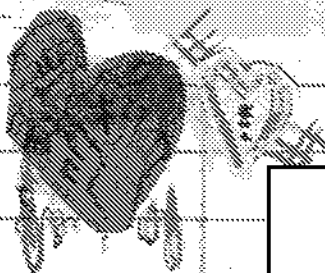
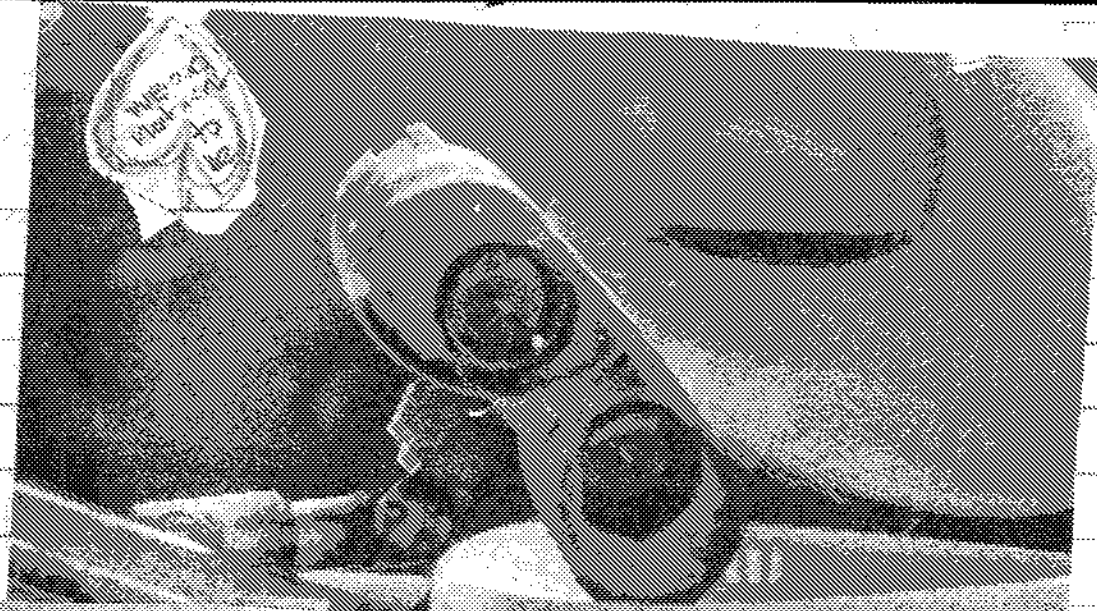
holding the ^{greenery of the past} ~~key~~ to the future for ever and
Instead of EVE's ~~hand~~ ^{hand} of sympathy. It

went petting to the metal on his wheels so
he wouldn't lose sight of EVE ^{for} all the
destinations she had been deported on the Axiom.

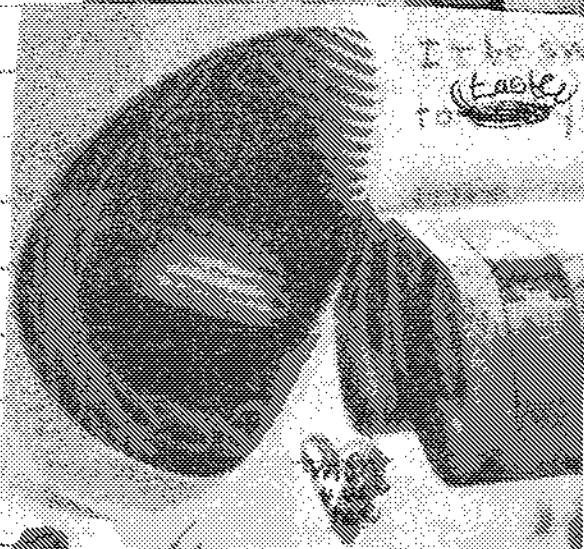
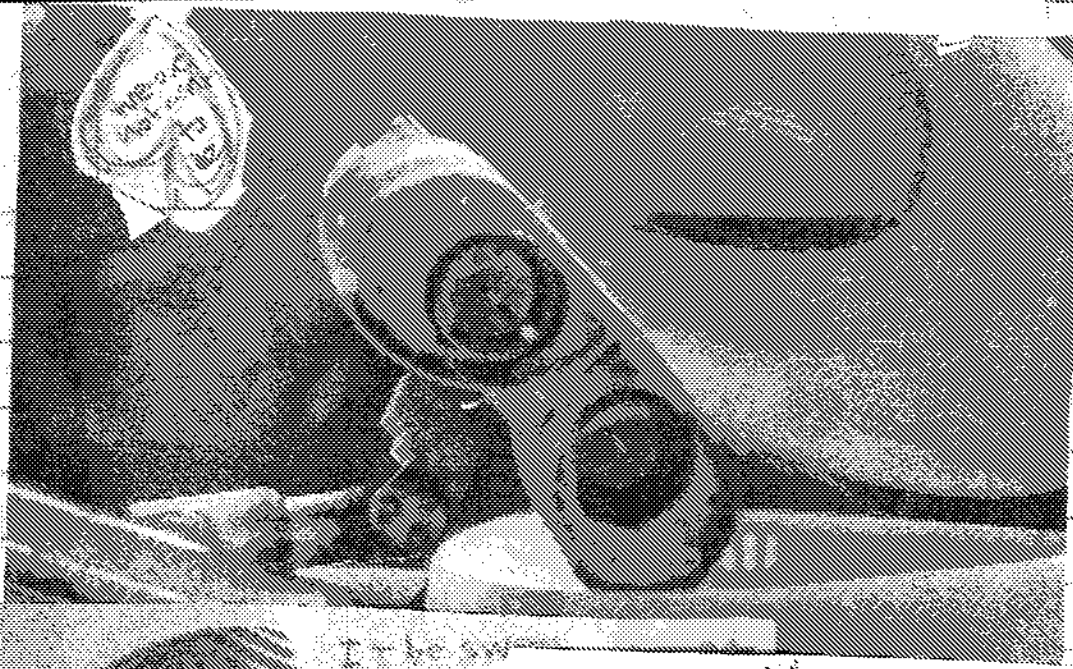
2008-2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017
 2018 2019

I know you for who you are was the same
 as I've known from 11 years ago - the
 same witty, positive, influential, talented,
 work-ethic driven individual that lives
 in the skies where stars are ~~10000~~ million watt
 lit stars. If only I could reach you... You
 above the AXIOM. I stay ~~trapped~~ ^{below} down
 on my ^{below} average life of darkness if mine are
 polluted - but I look up to the sky & I see
 you brighten up the whole world by one
 positive message, one broadcast, one TV episode,
 1 interview at a time. If you'd let me, extend
 the tail of your shooting star heart of
 unfailing human love so I could ride
 once. Never could I... I missed my only
 chance 11 years ago. It feels like it was
 a million, but maybe that's ~~cause~~ cuz

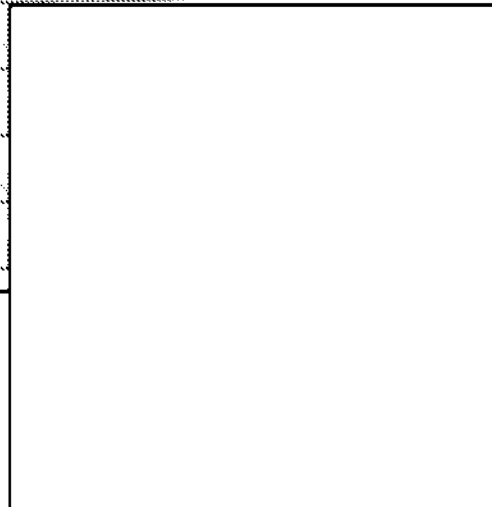
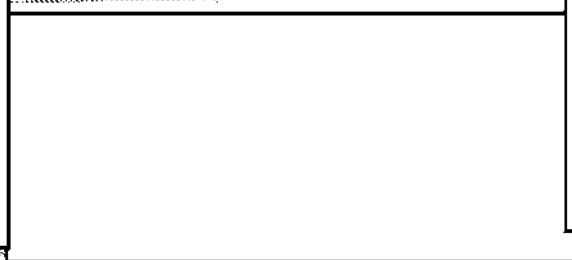
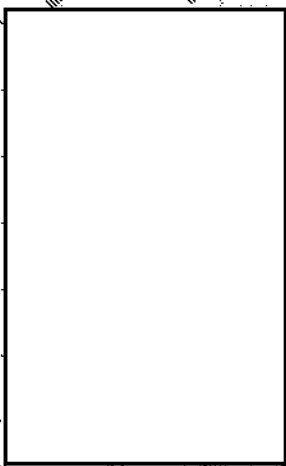
^{longer} I feel like I miss it that much. Missing
 you makes no sense if I only feel like
 a subscriber and long-distance friend
 too ^{dark of a heart} for a heart to burst like a cydascop
 of color filled light. ~~As a kid~~ The memories
 of us as kids - this little plant that transformed
 into ^{most} the beautiful oak - knowing you
 close to my heart today ~~and~~ ... till death.



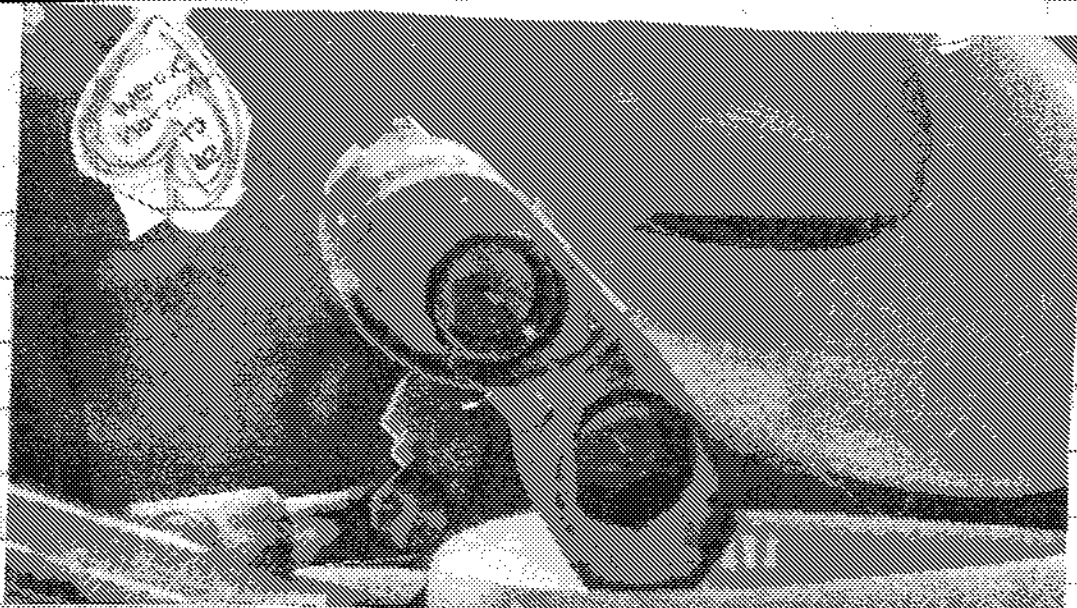
b7D -6
b7E -4



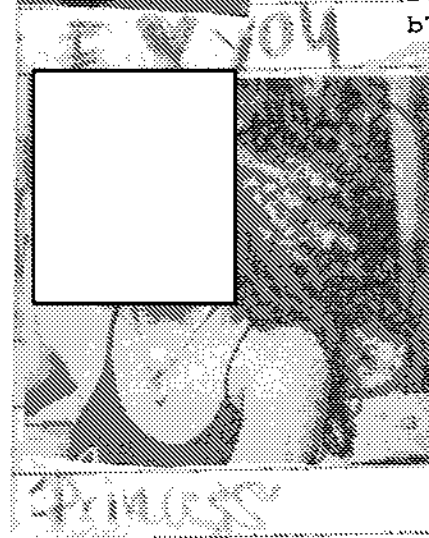
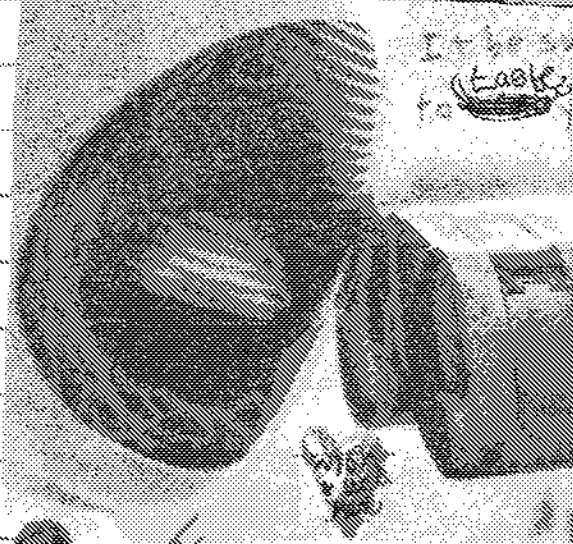
I'm so
to (taste)



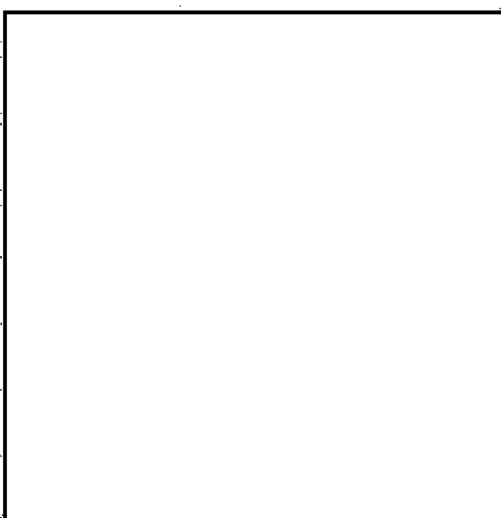
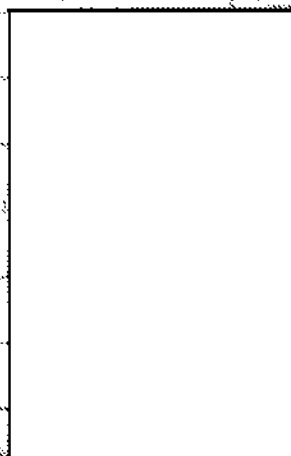
b7D -6
b7E -4



b6 -8
b7C -8



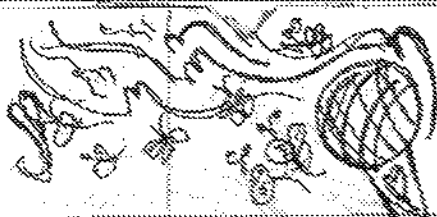
b7D -6
b7E -4



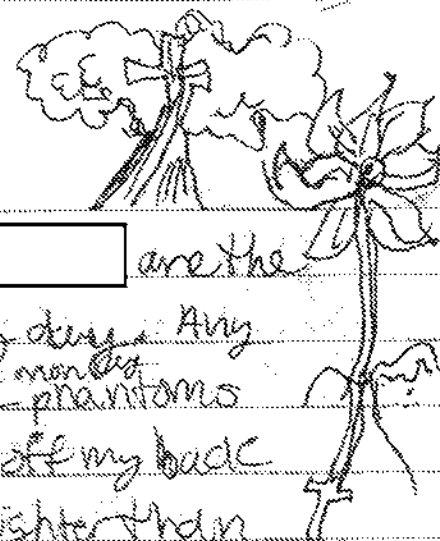
b7D -6
b7E -4

En: Audrey 05

b6 -8
b7C -8



2-18-19



Being w/ [redacted] are the
best 17-40 minutes of my day. Any
day I get to watch, the dark ^{monstrous} phantoms
release some of the barrels off my back
the weight of them feels lighter than
air. Because I'm up in the air with

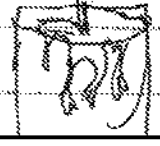
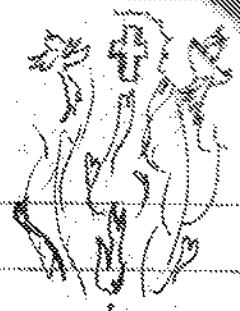
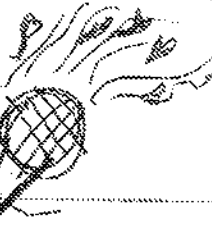
almost
as if
they
were
w/ me
that

a princess in God's heavenly kingdom.
Real disciples that live in his right ways
& abide to his callings & spiritual growth.
I ~~love~~ ^{love} heaven & earth being with you

[redacted] ^{some} people who watch you know
you as your brand. ~~Some~~ ^{They} know you as a
close friend, daughter, sister, cousin, ~~and~~ ^{relative},
You get to have personal ^{in private} ~~relationships~~ with celebs,
music artists. Then you show that to
me, a friend. Your interviews, research
and social connections/platform progress
is part of your job. You want to be ~~perfect~~
perfected in your craft by following &
listening to the Creator crafting you
in his sovereign, loving image. Struggles
enforce opportunities to grow in connection
w/ God - maturing as a human being. Your
wisdom is a fountain overflowed with
blessings - your struggles ^{in the process} are blessings to me.

b6 -8
b7C -8

2-18-19



Cause I know exactly who you are. I knew ever since I was 13 that you were more than just a basketball player. I once met in the very beginning. You are God's child disciple. You breathe God's encouragement. You ~~pour~~^{exhale} out his love. Your light never flames out. The season always has a passionate burning sensation to love what you do + in doing your job (love others to lift them up. ~~This~~^{You're} is the

a teammate to lean on; the

Christian way: As a captain, you are the sailor. You ask for his navigation. You go for it in confident, childlike trust.

that is the ultimate inspiration of my life.

to push + motivate

When clouds gather up heavy, God showers blessings on you. You are the golden yellow

the teammate who sacrifices

flower that evaporates all your blessings

the ultimatum of an

your heart while the

So I can feel the refreshing dew down my droopy stem - deprived of friendship - encouragement

as a Christian

the

I feel I never get any of it to the ones I love the most. But you never let me down. Your petals never fall. You in full form winter, summer,

above identity

sacrifice his time

fall, spring. Every year is a season to win. You're the MVP, coach, courageous confident leader

you're new yourself

you teach me, guide me, and yet you are my friend

the life but acknowledges in most humblest respects, sharing your dreams, aspirations,

because your on goals

my friend

with respect

on goals

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

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2-18-19

Touches on personal connection
I feel when you give yourself to the world to me; I feel better about life. You true to being yourself & express in your own unique way God created you than no one else can be. Warriors stand out - ~~get the crown~~ Your destiny to where the princess crown in victory for God's glory. Your armor of your personality

b6 -8

b7C -8

theater
that
you
super
d like
best
again
first
thing
more
sounded
right
back
and

05/11/2005

mirrored
saw in a
the mirror
good

~~that~~ that, its reflecting will never dull.
I look at it and I see who I wish Ed be.
I wish I could be you [redacted] I hate
being me. I hate what I have to deal w/
I hate feeling different, ignored, pushed
aside. References on [redacted] say that
everyone has something they go through
& all have to deal w/ some heart breaking
life changes in transitional growth as
humans. OK, that I believe. But I feel
so disconnected from those who are
when they don't need me. All you need is
God's peace in mind, His love, His direction.
I'm not there yet, you are. I want to be like
you in that way. Depend on GOD, not
dependant on earthly desires.



2-18-19

is the ying of my yang -
the opposite root of

peace
in purity

Your strengths are acceptance of self-
communication & connection is the
substantial root to who you are. Your
engagement in conversation. That's a part of what
your platform does & how it will grow
branches & a family tree of followers &
connections. I'm a subscriber... but I don't
feel in supporting. I don't feel I communicate
well enough to give what you want - a simple
conversation. I believe this my weakness

Self
honesty &
ungraceful
honesty
self

Simple to you - ~~as an~~ an impairment for
me. I'm an old soul cripple in weakness
of auditory & verbal content. That just not
the root of who I am. ~~But not~~ But not

with
that
are
roots
don't
grow
under
& above
the
same
garden

strongest strength & my feeble weakness
don't connect our roots intertwined, they
only create a concrete surface ^{mineral rock} between

us. How can I grow to know you if it's what
I am not created as? I feel I can only know
you best on the internet. I love to be w/you,

On [redacted] in my heart. But you

wouldn't feel what I feel. We aren't the

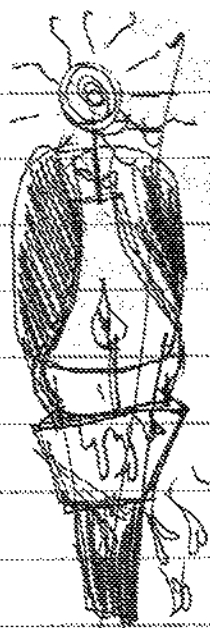
same because that not has God masterpieces

his creation. You are beautiful; just as you are.

I feel through [redacted] you encourage me to believe

that
I am too
f

b6 -8
b7C -8



You are a human like no other, we are both fighters we
are on different battlefields, ~~but~~ not alone cause we
both fight for our internal dreams + growth. But
I'm a lone warrior, ^{but} I'd die to fight for you that's my
I feel you right next to me - right next to my ^{biggest}
heart to yours. A generous oath keeper of ^{dream}
authenticity ~~and~~ of your heart unlike none
I've ever seen. Any day is sad tears to
happy ones because your heart smiles on
positivity, joy, laughs lightly, I uttering
wisdom pouring, my eyes water. Your
motivational segment is love of God's
heart segments you share w/ Him. You
broadcast His Love to all the world. ^{You have} ~~and~~ a

each
segment
in your
heart
are
gears
chiseled
from
God's
perfect
Love
forged
by the
cold
mines
you had
to work
at
to let
God
open
your
heart

a lions roar I hear that ~~drives~~ drives me wild ^{testimony}
and pursues me to never give up no matter
the predators that lurk, the poisonous self
harm that bacterially decays my ~~roots~~
green branches that bear fruit. The fruits
on your tree are God's spirits of the spirit.
Any taste are all different but nourish my
mindset to strengthen with being unsatisfied.
You go through it to and are in the
process to live in your wildest dreams, ^{underlaw}
Over the bungle of twisted vines in my ^{God's}
unpeaceful mind, your voice enters my ^{Kingdom}
heart + the calm. Your spirit is interactive ^{as}
w/ Gods. Your human love doesn't fail ^{night}
transcends over external contact. ^{waves}
^{current}

I
really
~~desire~~
want.

I know
~~where~~
to fight
for a
dream
unrealistic

cont
side
too
are
sh
we
Tim
Bu
vi
to
which
not
had
word
A

Bible Vense Testimony

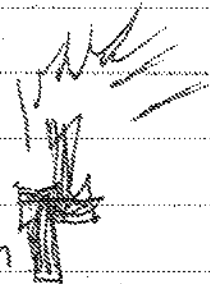
Victorious in defeat

(John 20:29)

because you ^{had} victory
believing blessings unseen
untangible to external use
God tested you, passed the test
the best comes after the worst
Gods promises kept
~~pro~~ providing ~~at~~ steps at / st
internal use to grow
in doubts of exhausting drought
Gods blessings will overflow



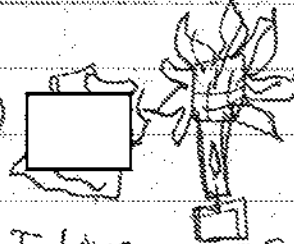
"Blessed are those who have not seen
but have believed"



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

continue to
ride on the
board waves
are wavy

9.) "Go with the Flow" (From 2-2-19)



she works
up to
improve
it progress

Life is not perfect + neither are humans. I love
attitude whenever she hiccups ~~was~~ in

Even it
hiccups
get
tangled in
the mind

words in  or gets tongue
tied w/ + twisted words. when she messes up, she
keeps smiling or even laughs about it. she's not
embarrassed by appearance. she keeps going in a

it is
humorous
blooper,
improves
it makes
her show
more
natural
+ relatable
that
way.

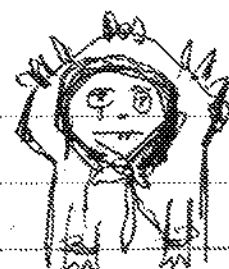
it should try to
not have to be
word on my lips
then

casual, authentic ~~was~~. Life's natural sense of
are imperfect.  is ok w/ being perfectly
imperfect

23-cv-1483(FBI)-432

12-19-18

Being Gay Sucks = Being Female...



Being female sucks. I am starting to hate it more than ever in my life. I hate these fuckin periods making my emotions all haywire and wiggling all over the place like worms in the dirt. I cry over stupid shit that I shouldn't cry about all because of fuckin female hormones. Shit's real + men make fun of it in advertising or just think it's an act like we're trying to bark w/o being out in the day have pouring down rain. my emotions spill down the drain + I feel so

fract
spills blood
all over
my
periods
need more
slide

depressed - one thing my little concerned into ^{filling} unnecessary big ones - distort + out sake it. ^{glow}
Hate having these fuckin eggs. I wish they'd die. ^{the}
I bleed the Red Sea just like Lorraine + that's ^{spill}
birth cramps. Affection - real love is forever

being female
+ gay =
pain...

menopause - never again. I wish I could end my gender. I wish I could stump my growth being overly concerned some of my shirts get shrinking + burdens of a whale feeling so unaccepted of my body + ^{internal} being. Buried in the depths of dirt thinking about my lover everyday but she's going in a different garden. She's the sun - I can feel her warmth, ~~but~~ ^{but} want her rain to grow ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{her}

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

(9-20-19)

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

b7D -6
b7E -4

UNTITLED

(Just writing...)



The problem is sh/t guns
the problem is ignorance
people bein' all for them
leave a territory mark at night
leaving the useless behind
people like me, trench bottom
in solitude loneliness
barley no friend to lean on

the problem is
not guns
gun control won't solve
the problem of us
feeling unloved
there's no sides
of a coin

only ~~bat~~ on the trigger
was all I ever leaned on



not of random
choice
unlike Atlanta folk
I am not society

suicide, vietnam apocalypse

I have no choice

bombs & the bullets, ~~no~~ ^{aimed} ~~controlled~~ ^{blank}

Fuck the media

tearing apart my hearts tissue

facts can manipulate

to continue to be strong in love

into disordered lies

muscles losing shape

knotted stomach

but try to up grade for the better

tangled tongue

even when I'm worse in murderous visio

I ^{swear} sometimes

swim toward my own light at sea level

Just want

not water - pressure from outside

TO DIE

this world feels so cruel & isolating

one of my dearest

just as much as my demon's hideouts

trench

my demon's want it all, killing of suicide piranna

inhabitants

my life - all of it - cause to friends - want none of it

NADA

significance
is with
dissected

demon's
commander
trichet
wrapping
the shack
tank

No letter
they let
law to
kiss
there

b7D -6

b7E -4

Handwritten marks and scribbles in the top right corner.

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted text block]

[Redacted]

b7D -6
b7E -4

Handwritten: [illegible]
[Redacted]

[Redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

b7D -6
b7E -4

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7D -6
b7E -4

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7D -6
b7E -4

b7D -6
b7E -4

b6 -8
b7C -8

b7D -6
b7E -4

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

3-3-19

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Princess

My life is a white shirt. I have bloodstains
of suffering being in love with you. Being gay
sucks... It wouldn't bleed as much if I was not
who I am. You say love on yourself, but what good
is that if no one wants to love on me my age? Why
love myself when I have an infectious, uncured
dissected hatred for myself ever since? How can I know
how to love you if you don't ^{trust me} ~~trust me~~ spread your arms
out to me. Spread your wings princess... I watch you



3-3-19

fly away. As I am down below bleeding tears
from my bleeding heart. Cause I know in
this heart; useless heart of mine that's tabled
a disability to have arms being held in. Your wings
of love are so glorious, royal, graceful, all I can
do is continue to cry for how beautiful you are.
Up in the stars, there you are princess. Light up
my dark eclipsed world. Continue to shine as I
recede to the shadows. God is my lantern that
lights the way. Your heart lit ^{your} the lantern itself from
God's love infused in you. You lead me to light while
I linger in the depths of twisted, fanciful darkness.
God directs my paths. I could feel your spirit
lighting trails ^{which was} for me to go, glimpses of light I catch ^{glimpsing, fluttering,}
your encouragement, your smile, your laughter, ^{dancing,}
your excellent-driven ambitions. I feel you right ^{the stars}
next to me. Your spirit I hold in this lantern. God ^{trail at}
and you work on my behalf to be the leader to a ^{day}
wounded being such as me. Maintain your light ^{as long as}
ablaze princess. Keep close to your King of heaven ^{I continue}
as you serve as his humble princess of light in ^{to push}
which you both share. ^{on}
^{finder}

As for me, my love for you bleeds through even
when I feel there is nothing left of me for your life. ^{any good use in}

Being Gay Sucks Pt 2

The more I think of invisisioning myself as a ~~gay~~ boy only has made me more trapped in my little woman's body... yes I don't have those thick waists and curvular thick ~~butt~~ ^{butt}. But fuck I still hate being in this body. And I feel its not even about my ^{now} E.O. Its extending outward past that about my sexual orientation & identity.

Its more now than just having not enough body ~~excessance~~ & criticism with delusions I translate as "fat" in the mirror. I understand ~~that~~ ^{why} I compare everyone to me b/c I say to myself I'm happy I don't have a super curvular body like other woman ~~but~~ ^{then} wish I didn't have any curves like a guys. ~~And~~ Everywhere

I go - school, restaurants, grocery store, gym - any guy I see that's small like me, I invisision my ~~body~~ spirit in them - aneswe. I want ~~that~~ ^{trust now...} more than anything ~~more than ever~~ ^{Except} that I

am old enough & having matured. ~~I~~ ^{Patricia} ~~at this~~ I was too young to understand - connecting the

dots as to why I wasn't like others girls in childhood. ^{that I had a gender role behavior or a different way} If I had play daks, I'd would get mad if I had to play w/ barbies but get really excited if I could play football w/ other guys or some other competitive sport.

It's beyond
desires to
manipulate
my body
into a
boy's
one

the
main
stri

its
saying
I wish
I didn't
even have
this
girls
body

or
if I had
a body I
wouldn't
be like
these
girls
shit
an
E.O.

like for
mirrors
but
its
hot
fun

also
more than
having my
lover
more than
being w/
my
sister
than
a
dad
daddy

Being Gay Sucks pt. 2

I remember hiding in the closet at one of my friends tea parties. My friends loved to dress

up in dresses + wear make-up. But I remember now I dreaded it so terribly. I was so confused

with myself as a 8-9 year old why I didn't like to play dress up, all about the pink, and

doing hair. I know you don't have to like pink

to be feminine or be super girl to be a feminine.

I know some girls who are in the gray area

where they are OK with those topics / interests but

are indifferent to their gender. They don't think

about being boys, while I do. Though as a

kid I was carefree to do boy things + boy clothes

that ~~was~~ its cute ~~and~~ since I was trying to

find yourself + who you want to be. But growing

into adolescence + adult hood, the world / society

becomes comfortable w/ it. ~~They~~ the world is cruel

to gay kids like me cause its not cute. They

call it disorder, different, + wrong. I + my

christian morals, religious beliefs, + the

traditional parent raising black and white

structure.

I'm happy to have [redacted] he cause I could feel free

to express my boy side w/ him. That's about my

only bright side to being a gay kid w/ anti-LGBTQ

cramped + shelled myself away from the situation skirts + dressy shoes + paint nails

it was so uncomfortable + uncomfortable

It was fun cause I was able to truly express myself who I really am, shaggy hair, messy hair, my hair, my skin, my body, my soul

am, shaggy hair, messy hair, my hair, my skin, my body, my soul

b6 -3
b7C -3

Being Gay Sucks Pt. 2

Cause me + him were so tight. He didn't judge me wearing ~~boy's shorts~~ ^{boy's shorts}, playing w/ hotwheels cars, tech decks, + boys toys at McDonalds.

It was funt was able to collect pokemon cards, play sports, and be ok w/ wearing boy clothes around him. He probably handled it better than any ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~one~~ ^{one} would. Maybe he just didn't mind much cause he looked at me "Follow you

~~as they say, he would be~~ ^{as they say, he would be} ~~the~~ ^{the} twin ~~if~~ ^{if} I was a pink poweranger, he was red one.

If I got a sully stuffed animal for Christmas, he'd get Mickey. Oh how we were so into video games, schemin through the gamer catalogs and gamin all day on our Nintendo DS +

Gameboys. One moment in particular I remember how much I loved ~~being~~ ^{being} shirtless. ~~but~~ ^{but} I was

too young at the time where my breasts didn't ~~develp~~ ^{during puberty stage} get, but I LOVED IT. ~~but~~ ^{but}

though as I would walk around the house shirtless like ~~she~~ ^{she} wanted for me to have a

shirt on... so I did... and so it is my sad-sack reality.

When I'm just alone in my room, I'll do it for freedom

sake but still not free internally b/c I hate having

girl breasts, the ugly truth threads on my like lice + keeps me restless in my heart + mind

for Halloween

I was
Yes: -Yo
one year
I loved
it And
yes
it was
along with
another
person's
A: I love
as my
face was
concealed
I could
be my
male chad

b6 -3
b7C -3

being
to
like
shirt

I'm old enough to know the feeling, going to bed

feeling good + warm fuzzy in my fantasies w/ girls

intimate

it takes

the way here

7

protagonist

who gets the girl + love.

but wake up sick that my

reality is ~~not~~ almost anything

My heart squirming and bleeding that I have

to live as a girl who is in love with the most

beautiful girl in the world, I can't have a

chance to have girls love me like that cause

I'm "not allowed" by God's nature, + God forbid

if I had a girlfriend, fuck that shit, I'd rather

be a guy so then it all be right and orderly to

God's nature, I ask God why he created me

a girl if I knew all a long I felt like a boy and

am one on the inside.

Sure, maybe so [redacted] can have a

relationship, maybe so I could be a little sister

to [redacted] my big sis, make so I could have

some of the affection / sister love from my close

friends I had in the past. But that still doesn't

solve my fuckin problem now that I've done

the math, I'm old enough to look back and

feel shameful for [redacted] that was as fuck

I shopped in the boys department w/ him [redacted]

in childhood, I'm old enough to be ashamed

that one of my friends asked me if I was gay

but lied cause I feel so sick being someone I'm not.

I'm old enough to feel burning distress how [redacted]

[redacted] tells me to act lady like, where my hair down,

wear dresses, or cross my legs like a lady, act like one.

possess

I can't

have

from

those

the

had

crushed

+ still

to go to

star in

though

with

a special

strangers

who

would

never

know

Long

was

the

other

sex

b6 -3
b7C -3

Being Gay Sucks p 12

I don't "know" how to act like a real girl. A real girl that likes to wear jeans, like showing their figure, wear bras + tight shirts, wear make up + think about boys. Cause I ~~dislike~~ ^{dislike} some of my girlfriends + they like wearing jeans, dressing up and being girly in the or behavior. I dislike that they're nails are done, they take selfies, and have boyfriends. The difference is that they don't cry cause they're being girls, woman, whatever the fuck you call it. I realize fully: That's not me. I hated ~~shopping~~ ^{shopping} for skirts + dresses for funerals. I ~~have~~ ^{don't have} ~~to~~ ^{have} to carry around a purse except for my keys to dangle. I don't have make up a day in my life. I never fell in love w/ a guy while all my other girlfriends did. Unfortunately cause if I were I am with family, friends, + school life. Transitioning would make it only worse cause everyone would be either attacking me or leaving me less, ignoring me more. It's not for me ^{simply} cause it's not God's plan. I hate that. That's why I tell myself fuck my life all the time + wish I'd commit fuckin' suicide. If I can't live as a boy... fuck it I can only choose to die as a girl who was never born like one.

don't compare to my feelings
fantasies
thoughts
yearn
I get emotional
yearn I still have
female hormones
but its not what I choose to
girls are more
isn't true
cause boys
just take
longer to
wake up
gender
depression
+ nothing

he takes that out of my story

b7D -6
b7E -4

3-11

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

3-15-1

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8
b7D -6
b7E -4

87
(A)



Life is a Journey MUSIC Speaks its

- 1.) Wild - Troye Sivan (someone I love)
- 2.) Heaven - Troye Sivan (my sexuality)
- 3.) BASTARD - (my ED, my depression/anxiety)
Tyler, The Creator
- 2.) Closure - Jack & Jack (friend I lost)
- 4.) Grand Finale - Mac Miller (my suicide thoughts)
- 5.) Fools - Troye Sivan (my ex-bf I crushed on)
- 6.) The Good Side - Troye Sivan (I saw the best of you)
- 7.) My, My, My! - Troye Sivan (someone I love bein with)
- 8.) Forever - Drake, Lil Wayne, Eminem (2008-09)
- 9.) Your Love - Wicki Manaj (my ^{1st} LOVE I don't have)
- 10.) Leave Me Alone - Karri Flux (fuck off)
- 11.) Beautiful - Eminem (bein bullied) middle school
- 12.) Successful - Drake & Lil Wayne (my future)
- 13.) I'm Goin In - Drake & Lil Wayne (bein brave in)
- 14.) Over my Head - The Frey (my fantasies) college
- 15.) You Found Me - The Frey (finding God)
- 16.) TreeD - Turn they back (fuck you)
- 17.) Bloom - Troye Sivan (I'd do anything for you)
- 18.) The Postcard - Troye Sivan (why didn't I tell you?)
- 19.) Vanilla Twilight - Owl City (I miss you)
- 20.) 3005 - Childish Gambino (I'm faithful)

b7D -6
b7E -4

3-8-19

b6 -8
b7C -8

I HATE YOU FOR
DOING NOTHING (at all)

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

It's gonna be a long ass time... Super
long time until I can learn to forgive you.
To this day I still don't accept the
^{2 choices}
~~choices~~ you made: 1- to choose a spouse
relationship like any ^{filthy} old rat off the
street? 2- For dumping me like I
was a pile of meaningless filth or
clutter that you never look into or are
interested anymore. At this point I can
believe my memories we shared are just
baggage to you - bunch of deadweight
cause you traded me over some HOUSE

plus wifey to a babydaddy dumbshit. I hate baby daddies.
They are like rapist to me. The fuck am I move onto the next

one. And I don't mean anything against black culture or any
one. I broke & needs surgery
of her race who does that shit. I don't respect it, period.

So in that case, I shouldn't respect people like you or
your stupid boyfriend you consider a prince. You no princess
cause you care about noone who's suffering in a different
optical ^{torment based} backwards world like mine. You act like fuck
everyone who doesn't like my Mr. Lover. FUCK THAT SHIT.

It's not like me who says fuck all racists that bullied me
in ^{middle} school who didn't understand me, so I fantasize to
be a school shooter at I.T. Oreswell. Huge difference. ^{Swartz}

Or daughters
as Shales
that you too
stupid to make
partner
Like
I said,
I'm not
a racist
so don't
get it
fucked
up.

I HATE YOU FOR DOIN' SHIT NOTHING

Who gives a fuck except you that no one likes him.

It's actually only rational they do that cause they make a very clear point as to why. It's not like they

don't like em for no fuckin reason or he didn't do

nothin fuckin unloyal or mean-like. Fuckin

isn't love so I bet he's a pussy. But I don't

fuckin care. Do you? NO. Cause how long it's

been - almost 3 years since you kicked me in the

dirt + said ~~no~~ good-bye? I'm countin the days

you better fuckin believe it you better know I will

never forget what you did to me - ran my heart

through the shredder or want to detonate my

heart itself + commit fuckin SUICIDE.

So don't just think if you decide to come back to

me that I'm lettin' you off the hook, cause

my heart's got a hook pierce right through it +

prayed the sharks would eat me. I'm gunna be

real with you. I'm gunna make it fuckin uncomfortable

to where you will be fuckin ~~happy~~ but that's all in

testing a pinch of my medicine to wake you up.

Wake the fuck up or grow up like I'm trying to do...

I hate you for doin' nothing. You didn't do SHIT

when I needed you at the most critical time period w/ someone

of my life when I was dangling ^{from} a hole in a rope

on the verge of life + death.

only 600 can do that shit

desperate but you want any

I don't find it all like wing. A

man I can

heart even

removing

when you

reappear

+ I don't

even care

all you commit

for.

to let someone present just

fuck just me

personally

find it

delving

living a

life worth

spending

breathing

minutes w/

someone

not just

anyone

I know

you are

weak when

it comes

to desperation

you just

wanted

to give

up

3/11/19

Conda killed myself from having so much hatred
ex/ by all these demons - Vex, Anxious Andy, A.S.O.
Austie havin temper tantrums n shit. I felt like
burning shit or breakin shit in my house. I self-

desruucted myself ^{hated} to a human internal rampage
riot in which my soul, ^{hated} self, & faith ~~was~~ burnt
to ash & debris. Then how dare you over in

the bright sea coast ^{at the port never seen in any challenges} relationship ^{like} ~~is~~
artificial - a straw house that be easily fallen
down, its like rubbish to me or a toy house toddlers
play in. You on some childish House Play bullshit.

I aint cooperating ^{no more} in a friendship where a friend
takes no shots. My ball is deflated. I'm sick
of you. In fact, I could give a fuck

behaviors influenced you at this point. Your
too ignorant aware of your own actions mimic
her own like a mime. Life isnt no fuckin
acting gits GROWN THE FUCK UP, Goddam
I'm more mature than your pathetic ass and
thats a ridiculous understatement. You one of
the weakest people I ever met. You not that strong.

Any one can get through a fuckin community
college. Any one can deal w/ being on a shitty team.
I had one fuckin grade 11 n you
were havin fun at that fuckin N.S.A.

from
being
a self-
caricatured
tiger in a
size too
small
cage.

so
lovely
all
high school
girls
were
your
bible
to send
me
scribbles
huh?

who dont
give a fuck
try hatin
your own
fuckin self
& bein
depressed

so
yeah
you
were
too
fuckin
strong
to not
ask how
I
am
makin
so
fuckin
shit
in my
head

b6 -3
b7c -3

3/11/19

That leads to another thing I hate. You over there
in Disney Land + Six Flags on roller coasters of
love life havin the time of your life or havin
fun. While me, I'm over in the Devil's lair
dreading every day bein whipped and feel in the
hell's clutches from his hands. He either
wanted ~~me~~ to take my life or be a victim possessed
by his evil deeds. I swear ~~that~~ since you left
me I've never felt more violent in fantasy.

Revenge is becoming my hidden middle name.
If I was the school shooter of I.T. Creswell (Prep)
Middle, then you'd ~~be~~ be cured from / eprey
blindness of heart from bein bullied to
a severe extent that those scars are tumored

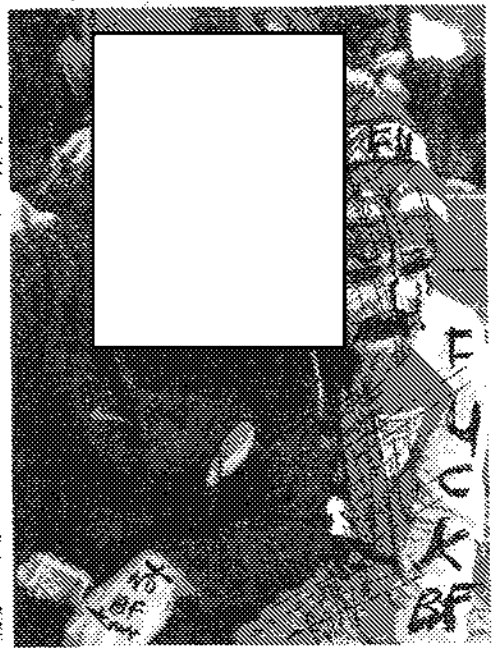
to ~~poison~~ me. The pain only manifested to
hate + rage, bliss of melancholy, thickeners
+ thickeners of ignorance. So much ignorance from
you that I despise. When I think of you, I don't

feel your love anymore. I don't feel anything's
real. All I feel is a fake true friendship. Nothin
warm fuzzy about that shit. I don't have no
bear hug feelings for you ~~more~~ more, but I'm
fucking glad. Cause now... I don't cry at you ~~more~~ more it.

A part away. A planet a huge generation away. A light year
away. I'm blasted off in our friendship nothing oddish

3.11.19

NO BF... xxx



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

That leads to another thing I
in Disney Land + Six Flags
love life. In the time of y
fun. While me, I'm over in
dreading everyday bein wipped
hell's clutches from his han
wanted to take my life or
by his evil deeds. I swear
me I've never felt more violence

not
send me
a ticket
to ride
on your
fag rider
for shit

Revenge is becoming my hidden middle name.
If I was the school shooter of I.T. Creswell (Prep)
Middle, then you'd be cured from / e prey
blindness of heart from being bullied to
a severe extent that those scars are turned

twisted
casualty
fantasy

to poison me. The pain only manifested to
hate + rage, bliss of melancholy, thickens
+ thickens of ignorance. So much ignorance from
you that I despise. When I think of you, I don't

you're
in a
damaged
condition

feel your love anymore. I don't feel anything is
real. All I feel is a fake true friendship. Nothin
warm fuzzy about that shit. I don't have no

your
after
year
I feel
more
familiarity
from

hear hug feelings for you more, but I'm
fucking glad. Cause now... I don't cry at you more it.

my
dearest
friends
are not
me

you. A part away. A planet a light year away. A light year
away. I'm blasted off in our friendship nothing

nothin
I get
now
in my

now I'm
aggravated
at you

3/2/9

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I never
lost you
to anyone

Whooosing you as apart of my life
was like the Fab Five ^{at} Michigan
loosing to UNC in the championship
1993 game. Those 5 freshmen
wanted to win one. That was
their dream that all five of them
would make it together - but they
didn't. It ended a historic climax.
It ended a franchise so fanship

You didn't
gradually
lose me
friendship
divided
but it's
not dead

known - media targeted but most prolific time
of Michigan basketball that changed how college
basketball looked. I loss ended the seasonal
continuum, but not the tradition. The legacy lives
forever + they are all mutual w/ each other - Best
of Friends - best brothers they could have.

by continuing
of struggle
+ adversity
that doesn't
turn into
memories
remain
the same
year one of
many a leap
normal
people
change
but I stayed
to grow

I'm like those guys. I never had a sister growing
up, but I found you and [redacted] I once had
a big sister like you at a time when our friendship
was unbroken at a time of broken hearts - yours.
I tried to pick up every last piece, but I'm not the
reason your happy now. Our friendship is not a legacy -
just our history is. A bidle from our similar natures -
I know chances are I won't ever win a championship.
My only dream was to win your heart and [redacted]
I can't win yours. This sore loss will never go away

NOT
MINE
b6 -3
b7C -3

inspott
light
other
life

Being Female SUCKS

Now I realize... it doesn't just suck being gay. It's even worse a feeling hating being female. Now I realize I'm not in a girls body any more. I'm a you know what. I don't wanna say the fuckin' "W" word cause I know that's not what I am. I slip on a pair of old ass ^{right} pants ^{what slips} haven't worn since fuckin' high school. I slip off the cliff.

that more my soul is bare crushed in spirit, feel more dead inside since I can't be myself to the world society expects you to act, dress, & behave. speak like a female, whether stereotyped toned a gender roll or not, I observe most woman

wearing jeans, tight ^{right} stretchy pants, masique tight shirts to flatter ^{circu} thres fascique, to men.

FUCK THAT with me. I look in the mirror try to

at ^{at stores on times where} clothes ^{at stores on times where} says I need more "dress

"casual" clothes for events & interviews and in my

trendy mind I'm like fuck this. Really my imaginary

boy is goin' OK on my plaster wall heart that

crumbles every time I have to do these

things girls do. "I love jeans, I love boys, I

love ~~show~~ bein a goddess of a body to museum

to man" WOT ME FUCK NO. I am not a

woman nor female. I never was the more I analyze my behaviors now & in the past tied in the

I'm not a housewife, I'm not a mother, I'm not a wife, I'm not a girl, I'm not a woman, I'm not a person, I'm not a human, I'm not a creature, I'm not a being, I'm not a thing, I'm not a person, I'm not a human, I'm not a creature, I'm not a being, I'm not a thing.

fuckin' truth is I do it cause I HATE TO BE

misread he is wrong to do or feel to be faulty a sign

b6 -3
b7C -3

Bein' Female Sucks

4/20/2015

Wino
and
beard

1. 1. The first part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The second part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.

Stamp
of
the
Court

Nothing
from
Colonial
Empires

THE NATIONAL

10/10/10

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-11-2010 BY 60322
UCBAW/BJP

Am a big
Wingsman

Learn
Call

eclipsed suicidal thoughts. There is nothing in this fuckin' world that triggered the sun to

my explosive thoughts, that I can't go in the
men's department w/ [redacted] shop, that I can't

have 5 minutes to get dressed, that I can't
have ~~any~~ ^{amtricked out still} shopping & trying on a million pants

I feel baggy and baggy in these female clothes
for how the clench my waist & squeeze my

heart to ~~do~~ volcanic acid, I don't paver
don't just try me, my female body does. my
heart is so filled w/ deagrosine, means that it

could burst any day of my entire ~~of~~ female
life. ~~For the~~ All collective info. for the

past 5-6 years that my imaginary body has
been sick from ^{5 years} year after year the infection

worsens 1st my fuckin hormone + body develop
growing into an adult. 2 my fuckin Anorexia

that made me go to treatment far where my woman's body transformed into from those

overportioned meals. I'm so full for having this body
a first time in like ever. My FB doesn't
take it well he says it's not healthy. I don't think so.

He is. I can't be who I don't want to be. I don't feel I want a son. I don't feel I am. I don't feel I want a son. I don't feel I am.

first
try
my
chase,
stomach
that
can
appe
stomach
my skin,
Yeah,
Imagine
But
I'm
alive
up
a
waist
and
blends
that
we don't
apply to
my desire
I don't want
kids. I don't
need more fa
the pig
get lucky
takes place

b6 -3
b7C -3

Beim female SUCKS 3-15-19

I want to express my love for the princess
most beautiful to me. I want to show in
men's apparel & be confident. I want to
wake up in the morning ^{not} wondering if I got
fatter or gained more weight. I want have
to worry about periods. How boys treat me,
How middle school boys thought I was
lesbian. How some of my girlfriends mellow
their love to me so I don't have hyperactive
fuzzy feelings of intimacy, if they thought
or felt a vine I was gay. I could leave that
all behind on me. I'll never be free if I remain
a gender I'm not. A role I have to play & am
disgusted by the script. After all these years
 ^{or getting her up} dresses ~~as a~~ she has
really been dressing a boy - though she'll never
dare to know. It's not her fault she consults
me on what nice outfit to where on whatever
occasion. It's not her fault or problem I get
irritated ~~as~~ as fuck - a hornet that stings
on purpose because of a purpose to be a girl
is not fair at all by God's mysterious plans.
For a long time I wondered - why is this ~~so~~ such
a hair yanker? Why do I look in the mirror, clutch
my hair, stare at myself - I HATE THIS

b6 -3
b7C -3

make normal
live all the
things girls do
- not all of it
is angry
of having
the sex form
I feel to
out of

19 Being Female Sucks

[redacted] says she will always 'love me no matter what. But now will she feel after ~~the~~ explaining my criminal sentence of being a fugitive

gay girl? A felony for carrying intimate feelings w/ my 'close' girlfriends. A triple charge against not having natural athleticism in girl behaviors.

The devils demons are the jury to raise charges on my life to life w/ a gender discrima type shit so their main objective is one target - bullets of outside forces to kill me = commit my

a suicide. The Devil to laugh his bad guy laugh but not in a cheesy cartoon way. His laugh to cause my heart never to stop.

[redacted] wish peace - rather it be aiming vesting it in peace. Cause his torments he commits it

is getting away with murder - always on the loose to demonize me - posess my being.

Companions of my other bodies on his plane that will find my imaginary boys in even more. God

wishing he was meat as is boiling him alive in his pot - drizzling toxin spices intruded

to his liking. The devil... cooking up the worst recipe ever - to eat me alive so I

am converted to love like God again... cause I am more in realization ~~now~~ I'm against his law

the devil
concentration
camp a
malnourished
prisoner
who knows
a detail
but
will
never
know
you're
Princess.

I wish
you could
hear
me...

this is not
myself - ~~the~~
burns
four

as from
not a
follower
of God
to a

God in
of
hypocrisy.

which my
suppression is
just my spirit

bullet
in my head
I can't think
about it

that's what
I want to
be

being his
is a
kind of God

I am -
outside
my inside

and how
making
me made
me female

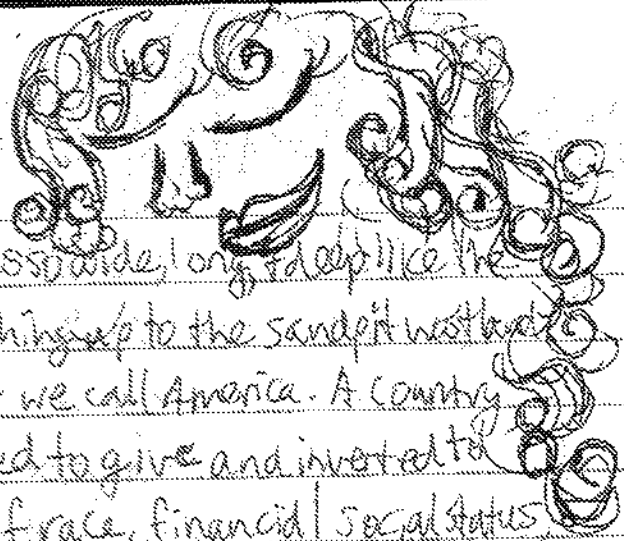
there's no blessing
that will be
only to
me

in more
in realization

b6 -3
b7C -3

D

ORMESS,



Your love spreads so wide, long, & deep like the
oceans gentle tides, washing up to the sandpit with the
islands of this country we call America. A country
we live in that is covenanted to give and inverted to
stand united regardless of race, financial social status,
sexual orientation, and gender, even by religious
standards. God is your #1 priority & dependency.

Because of that, you went to God 1st. You listen to what
He has to say to you - how you can come to others in His
love, ~~know~~ what opportunity you can take ^{offer from God's unique} ~~for~~ ^{plan}
in ~~the~~ generous hands, what you can do to live
your life about the fruits of the Spirit. Kindness, ^{about being a prophet in} ~~bad~~ ^{service}
goodness, self-control, positive affirmations, love, ^{of} ~~service~~

God whispers in your heart, but you hear Him loud
and clear, muting out all the outside critics, voices,
and uproars of the world. If I can do what you do,
all those demon shrieks & sneers can be muted in
my head - outside voices that expect me to do this &
that - be one thing not the other. Not be different at work,

& weird - all those voices of those middle school kids that
despised my disposition inverted to they're following of
Culture that continue to de-humanize me - haunt me.

to stop
making
those
calls.

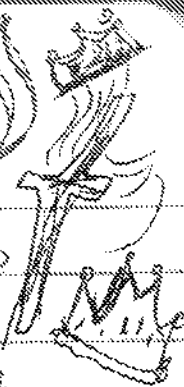
To haunt
those
despising
of those
mean
trumpeters

[Redacted]

is work of the Lord. Not only you promote
yourself. You are promoting God to
get His name out there. I know & know

b6 -8
b7C -8

Princess



all my life knowing you that you are not normal. No one does what you do at your age. You pack up Gods tool kit and materials needed to venture out into ~~the~~^{your} world of golden opportunity - intricately woven by Gods patterns of leadership roles set assigned for you. A pioneer of faith, a follower of the head Commander & Chief, an apostle on a mission to ~~go out~~ be a missionary of those hurting or indifferent to know the gospel. This country ignores God calling to them or shakes him off - like "I don't need Jesus. He is not the answer."

But He is the only one who provides - The Provider when all is in poverty & inefficiency, without Gods love that you share to this ~~blood shed~~^{blood shed} U.S. of A - there can be no freedom in America. You see it in past history & now. Hitler killed millions of Jews. White court house "leaders" allow white cops to beat up on blacks like dogs since the 1980s ~~and~~ since long before L.A. Riots. Racism will never end. Gender discrimination will never reduce. Men abuse money, power & sex to become their own king ~~but~~ mistreat women - wrap ~~it~~ around sinister casino ropes of greed until God lights the fire. - End of the world.

Until then, no justice. A president that is a pastor. A society that is has it all backwards when they follow

Princess

outside voices - dietitians - commercials, politic talk in
 heads that are so brainwashed to rely on solely other
 opinions & comments - social media that post
 a "pretty picture" of how a person can glitter up
 a vision of themselves and beautify a portion
 their life - but it's not true. There are ways in
 the world where people try to fool people all is well
 in this life when everyone has something to deal with -
 one sort of another, whether it's denial or just the
 blind nose of stench ~~as~~ these trash heap society - no

spirit of God I feel in this world. The only Love I feel
 through others in my life right now is [redacted]

only hear from [redacted] & you. You princess - are born to make a
 difference in this world for people to have control
 over human power & feel the Thor Super Hero power
 of God "enriched by the Holy Spirit"

A Jedi to Darth Vader commanders. Like
 one of bads apostles to be a disciple of the world

so vulnerable to evil forces of the world. Love
 conquers all because you believe in God - the

one who overcame the world. Even though he told
 us we will have trouble. With so little faith

He can let ~~one~~ move mountains. One can do immeasurably
 more than we can ever ask or imagine when joy is

forward giving you heart & passion to glorify God.

only hear from rebels, who don't know who to believe in, or others who believe in the wrong things. Like Darth Vader who owns the universe.

ap. clowns
 a
 b6 -3
 b7C -3
 angry
 in the black
 whole
 abyss
 of
 sympathy
 compass
 constrains
 whatever
 God can
 make
 miracles
 miracles
 miracles

Princess

You have an African Heart Princess. You are a person who loves and looks at poverty in human condition

dear in its form. ~~dear~~ You solely sacrifice your own strength so God can mold you + make you into

the fires of trial. ~~dear~~ You are the clay - God is the sculptor - when He gives offering to you, you

run into your world wholeheartedly to spread His love just like the African culture kindly invites

others who are different from them. Like them, you don't abuse your strengths. Instead - you distribute

them + cut out pieces to share to others. The most generous form a human can do that is value. No

value in money, material possessions, or social status, simply on all about Jesus - a slice

of love to give for the day to anyone + everyone who watches + hears you, that's you.

Your not like everyone else. I see that + hear it loud and clear. You don't have to tell me who you

are. I already know - then + now. When I was 13 and when I'm @ 23 almost 24. You carry

the fruits of the spirit in your basket and plant trees of God's fruit in your growing garden of

life. Flowers bloom in your canyon because thunder cracked it open in

what's better. What's the?

its not about
status, who's
better, who's
the best
that's
regard

the way
country
does
of the
compare
rankings
constant
cal
reason

to you
+ them
both

a
and not
benefit

so human
sin
can
be
decrease
in its
opposition

to show
victory
with

that's
the only
win
that's
the victory

Princess

seasons of critical time. ~~But~~ When the blessings
of rain ^{Finally} came, you rejoice the moment but
greatful BEFORE blessing yet to come. You
arent scared of ~~storm~~ ^{thunder}. You met God at the

just
woven
flowers
beyond
the
valley
of
joy, love
+ peace
were
budding

eye of your storm at a surge fervent confidence
thats invincible in faith expedition. God is
at the storm. You glided skyward with brave
affirmation, Determination. All access all in.

The top MVP player in my book - on & off the
floor. Athleticism to win your goals. God rewards on the
you as you grow closer to Him & authorizes ^{Flame}
you w/ more tips to be the guiding light of ^{of}
servicship to others off the floor. As a person ^{career}
is humble in spirit, your light always softens ^{mind}
my harsh hazes of sin & darkened ^{seductions} ~~my~~
in my demons' layer. I feel I am free & walking

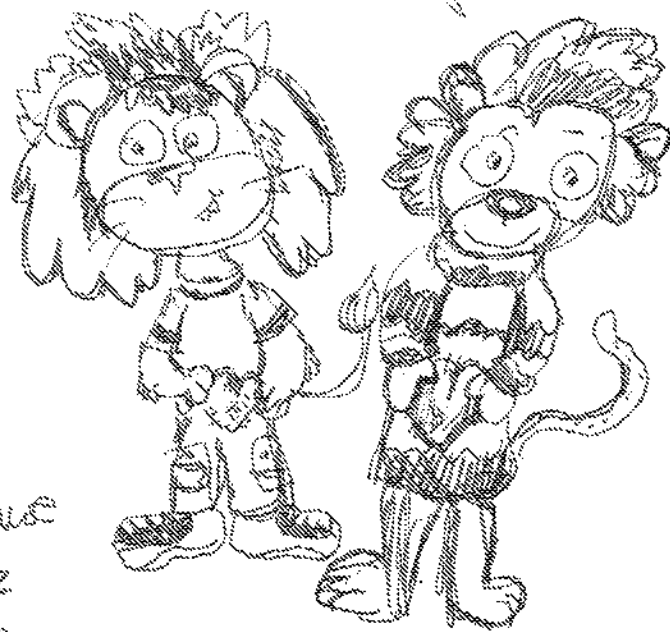
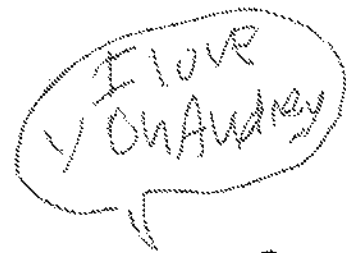
on clouds w/ God. I feel I can sense His nearness
when I hear your voice on TV or on your channel.

I can pick
on some of
those fruits
of the
spirit
from God
of your
treasures
I have
a great
taste.

I can ~~be~~ be in tune w/ Gods love by you being
one of His symphonic notes of gentleness, self-
control, kindness. I believe most of us rebel
from God, but from my ^{heart's deepest} ~~surface~~ ^{furthest}

~~I~~ I don't think you do. I only observe
you a higher place than you were ^{before} & gained more
tiger strips, eagle wings, & honorary rewards from

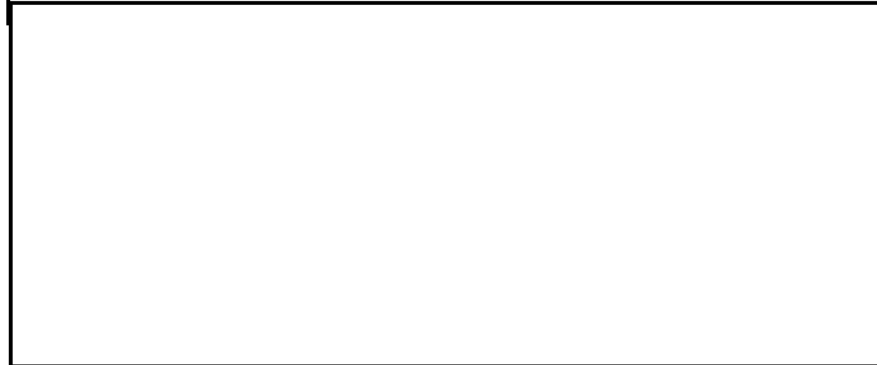
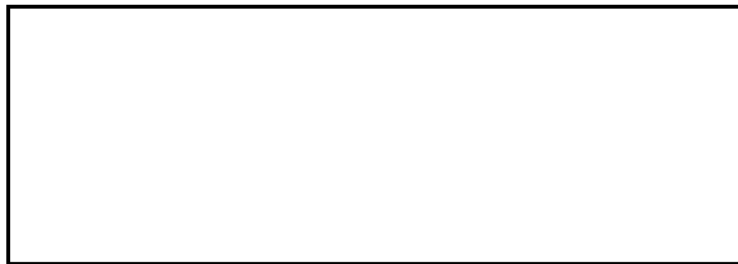
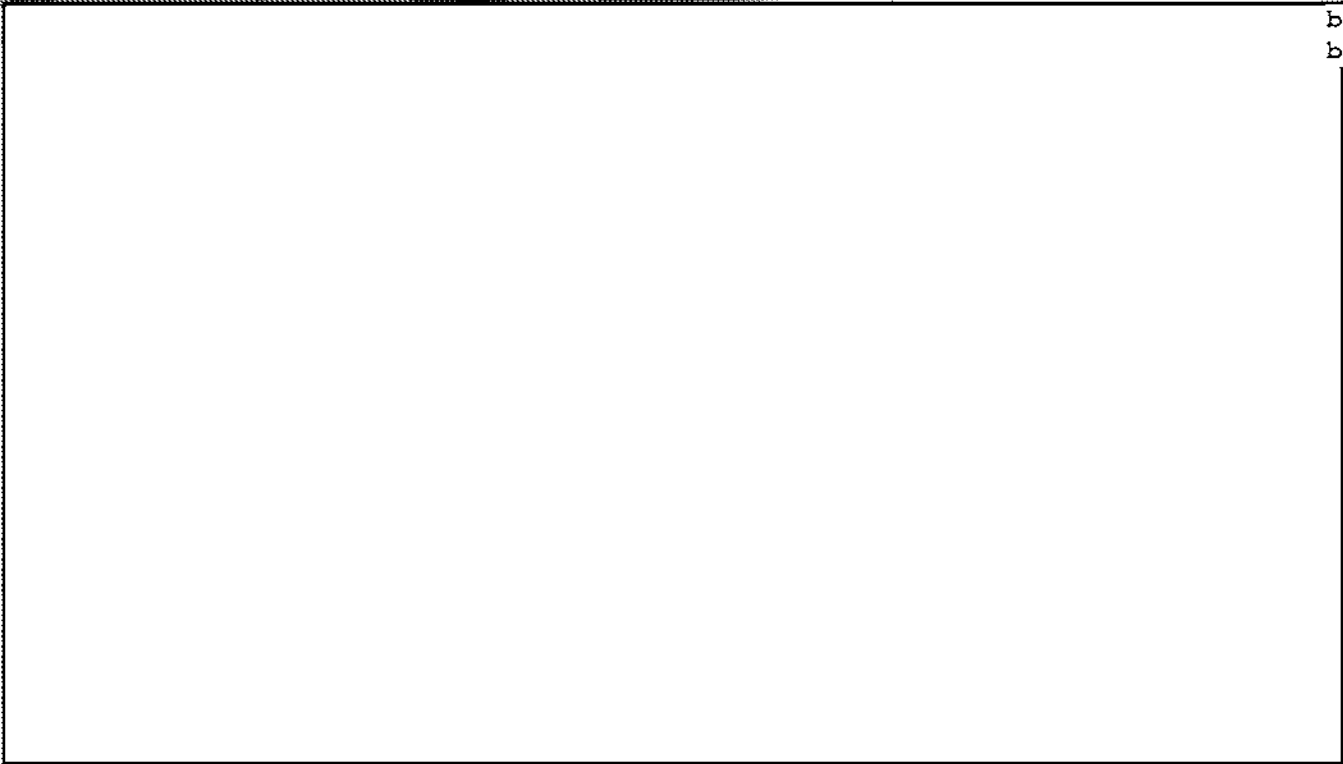
Stewie



Stewie



Hey,
don't leave
this earth.
I want you to
stay here with
me & my friends.
I know you can
be unhappy, ~~or~~ sad, or
lonely, but I would be
sad if I had no one to
hold me, hug me, & take
me places. We are really
good friends - You bringing
me into your heart is a home
of mine. If you were gone,
I would have no home then.
You're what keeps me alive because
of who you are. I would not be
me if you weren't here, because
another kid would see me that
totally different way. You thought
of me & inspired my world. I am
real through you. God made me
special in that way. You need to
believe you are too. Think of God ^{just try for} + me whenever you feel you ~~don't~~
~~don't want to live~~



3-21-19⁶
(A)

I Love You

God. You flood only positive that over blesses
people even if discouragement throws debris
in ^{your} mist. You still stand ~~as~~ firm just as
God is your rock that you rely on. When
blessings over flow, ~~your~~ fountain your heart
is like to let eye witnesses gain perspective
first of what a journey it life can be of working
in mist of the work of God. You are so beyond
normal, you go beyond the box of ~~boundaries~~
or boxes, because most kids our age want the
easy way out, the fun life. You ~~are~~ embrace
challenge, hunger to excellant till dreams are
the high you can reach. Your canyon is
nothing beautiful. Your fruit trees are beautiful.
Your testimony with life travel is a scrap book
I'd love to look into more. My heart is just a
film camera that won't stop taking pictures of
every beautiful part of your world that
makes you who you are, eager to explore
more + more. You feel what you have is
enough in your life even if your ultimate
dream isn't there yet. You'll have it soon
enough, because you do more than enough
for everyone. Me - You more than
you glowen ~~set~~ shine - one of Gods most beautiful creations.

to the people
think
that's it
but you
yearn for
something
more
by doing
in the dark
of paying
if it does
it's mid-precious
some of the
hidden things
only at the
bottom
you
embrace
the scary
speculations
to do
your beyond
the clouds
but had
to fly
through
them.
one of
your
biggest
fear
favs.
enough ~~love~~
princess
your world won't
prosper at the stage
you want
I made
through
you.

... I wish you knew...

how much you

mean to me at the depths of my being. I am a human, ^{by nature} & only so much love I can capitate

in my heart. For you, its a depth that no measurement can imply or make applicable

number. Its a depth endless & limitless. The sea goes on & on, never lifeless in its movements

& wave formations. An entire earths masses are none compared to what my heart contains.

My heart is so deep & heavy, its too much for me most the time. When I wrestle with external

benevolent forces of the world - ^{and at once} I hear your voice & spirit and it all tunes out. How I feel

about you is permanent. I could never love anyone more intimately than I do for you. For

the hermit I am, I doubt I ever will. When I hear you, my waves flow

in love tones at calm rise, but other times it rocks, rolls, & crashes against the outer

rock shells of my heart [redacted] voices, media voices, school voices, event voices,

I feel they are against my sexuality - that I feel I am not female. I'm a boy inside & they

all threaten me to be a girl in disguise.

weighs so heavily it hurts

if I can feel the

velvety softness suffocating me

its worse, a manifesting that wants to suck me into suicide

3-25-19

My aqua suit is on redound people to
look formidable + representable. But I
truly cant be myself, + I know it.

[] is always going to account me ^{tell me to}
for how I should dress feminine on ^{where}
events that are meetings or going out to ^{something}
eat, tell me to not wear my hat in a restaurant. ^{I should}
Guys do it all the time but I cant. I'm the ^{or}
only one I feel I cant do that + be totally ^{shouldnt}
carefree like I was when I was a kid. [] ^{wear}

b6 -3
b7C -3

they
can

be

themselves
by

attire

will continue to pester me about not wearing
my sports bra when I meet [] (my gay friend)
but an actual one. [] is going to have
the same disgusting attitude about how
disgusted he is w/ gay people in general.
I even feel Gods voice + remember to not
do things in a behavioral way to dishonor him
or displease him.

about
how to
dress,
what to
feel, what
to do.

I feel your the only voice that doesn't
suffocate me. Doesn't try to threaten or
harm me. I can take off my aqua suit +
be free to think of you. These waves of
reality they hit me hard but I still dive in
deep to you where your love flows + a human
love I know never fails.

2307 03 25 1927

this love I want to never ~~dry up~~ ^{crack} or loose its
moisture to the seabeds of sand continually
washed w/ blessings in wisdom. Out of
your story from ~~the~~ shipwreck, you came
not out of complaining - but sharing your
love to wash other peoples ^{islands of} hope runs through
dry. That's the only benefit when ~~relying~~ ^{relying} on

the stepping stones of faith. Desperation
called ~~at~~ ^{to benefit you} upon you from the past but repairs
are made because you believed HP will even
when it was not yet done. Faith keeps flowing
as ~~the~~ ^{our} waves of my heart will never loose
the tempo or its masses, because you are
true to who you are + true to who HE IS.

What a beautiful combination for a
human being to live by that in soul, spirit,
+ heart. There is no fir/I know as
beautiful as you to be in love with right

now. Incubating who God calls you to be,
not just how you feel who you need to
be: relying on Gods incentives + not just
your own. Your heart has the ~~telegraph~~ ^{reached about place to telegraph}

His voice. The fruits of His spirit have matured
on your tree. What He promised in your life is
only desire for him. vis Noe today h/s you were willing to

His goals
His
ideas
His
strength
His
power
only
made
when
wearing
affection

consistently
staying
firm
or
this
need
but
reaches
cracks
Smoothing
out
the
world
only
desire
for
him

3 27

form a relationship with God. How beautiful
of a human you are. You

b6 -8
b7C -8

hit the goldmine by doing the dirty work
first so God can earn you your ~~own~~ ^{gems}

badges of victory on faith seed packets
opened, sprouted, and grew into a tree
of how to like the christian life - KICK

Generosity of Gods gift flows through you
like a mighty river. I swim in your spirit
everyday. My sexuality living in ~~the~~ my

because world apposed to it tries to drown me.
of that. though if I listen to you & feel your

↑
I'm lifted
from
examples
drowning

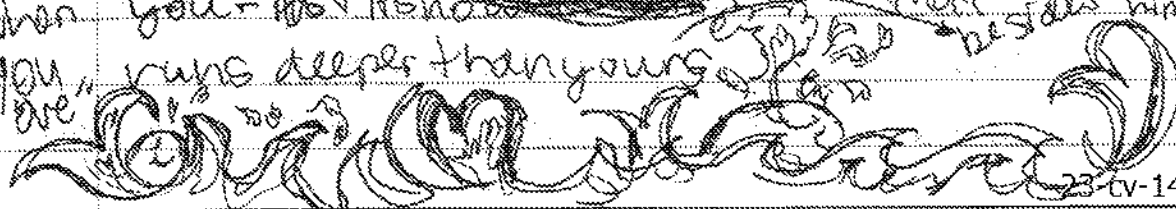
glow sent warm light, bubbles of your
laughter will rise me up. I breathe, I
feel free. To be in love with you. You

✓ say love is love. Its Gods top priority -

"no matter and its yours to share. At least I can
who you love, get receive just a little snipit of your

what heart. I'll accept anything from you - I'll
you dive into your heart and one day won't
love be afraid to drown. I love you and only

when you - its ~~its~~ ^{ocean} spread that ^(god) ^{HIM}
you "love" runs deeper than yours. ^{besides himself}



A Living Angel

3-28/9

I have an angel looking out for me...
but it's not one up in heaven. She is living
on the earth in which God made. A human
born beautiful that is an angel on earth
created by God, the Most High. The Sculptor
molded & furnished a piece of His own soul,
His desires, His goals, & engraved them
on her heart to follow & learn from. She learned
about God through low points, and by those
opportunities for God to love in the most
powerful way ^{to affect} to guide ~~an~~ ^{to then} ~~disciple~~ ^{plator} in further
His masterpiece in sculpting: An Angel.

You are my angel who
is always reminding me of God's mysterious
& glorious ways. You come around the corner
of dull & dry moments to a meaningful snippet
of my ~~life~~ ^{life} ~~dare~~ enlightened by the Holy Spirit
~~shining~~ ^{shining} ~~living~~ ^{living} through you ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~and~~ ^{and} awakening
in me. Your experience with God to share is
the greatest gift a friend can have to offer.
I'm grateful to know someone like you reminds
me of that - that complaining & comparing ^{me} others
helps neither one, but rather give back all God
has given you & created you to be - Disciple & Angel.

b6 -8
b7C -8

b7D -6
b7E -4



Wing
give you
all to
I person
I think
you off

big
helping
her
around
the
house
to keep
her
company

or
listen
to
her
when
she's
drunk
or
high
or
w/ a
boy
something

b6 -3
b7C -3

from
bad
days
she
was
in phys
pain
her b

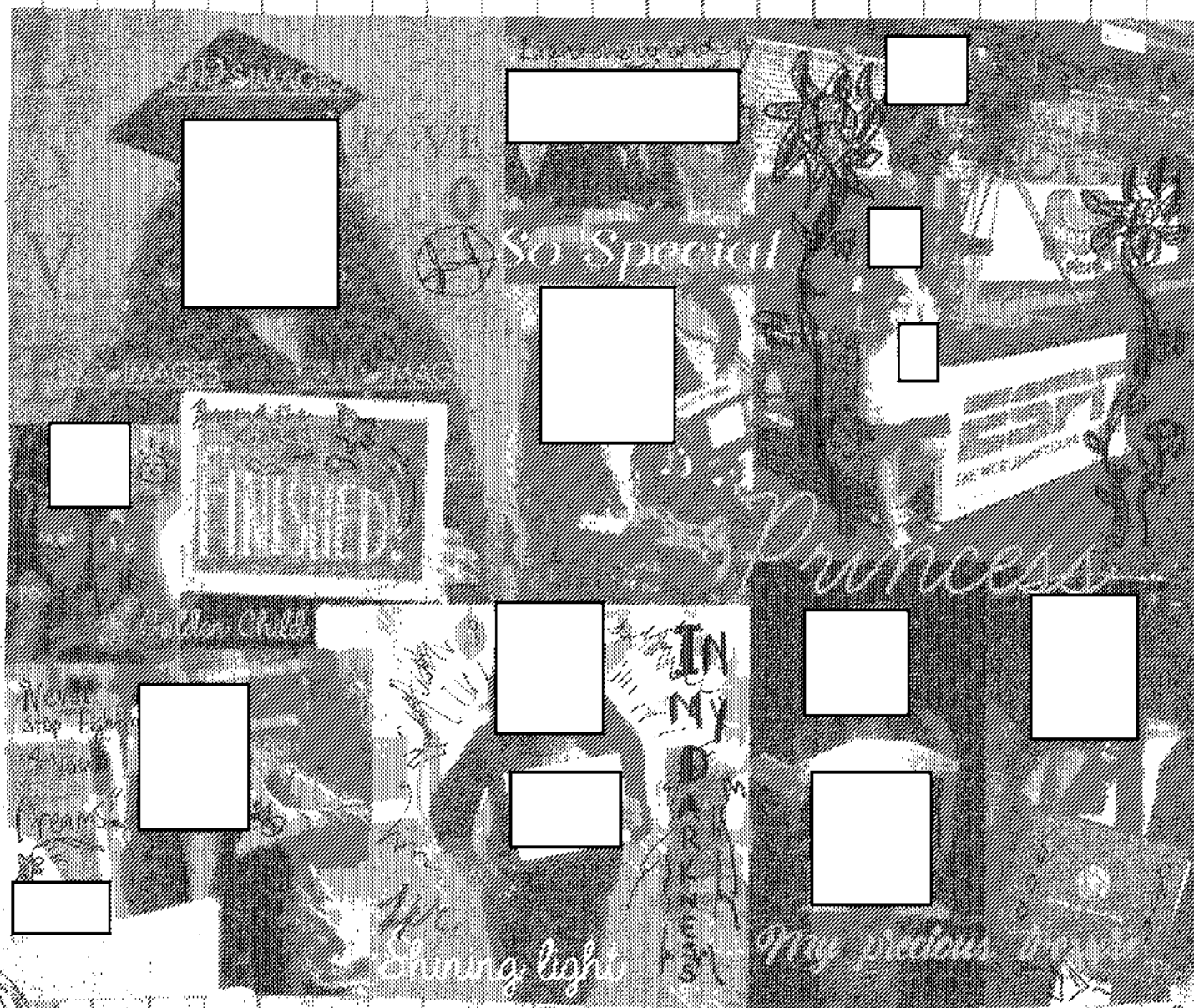
felt
even
on in
her
day

e
 e

Fact someone loves you, someone loves you, only difference is that you are not aware of it.

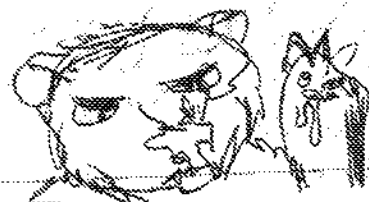
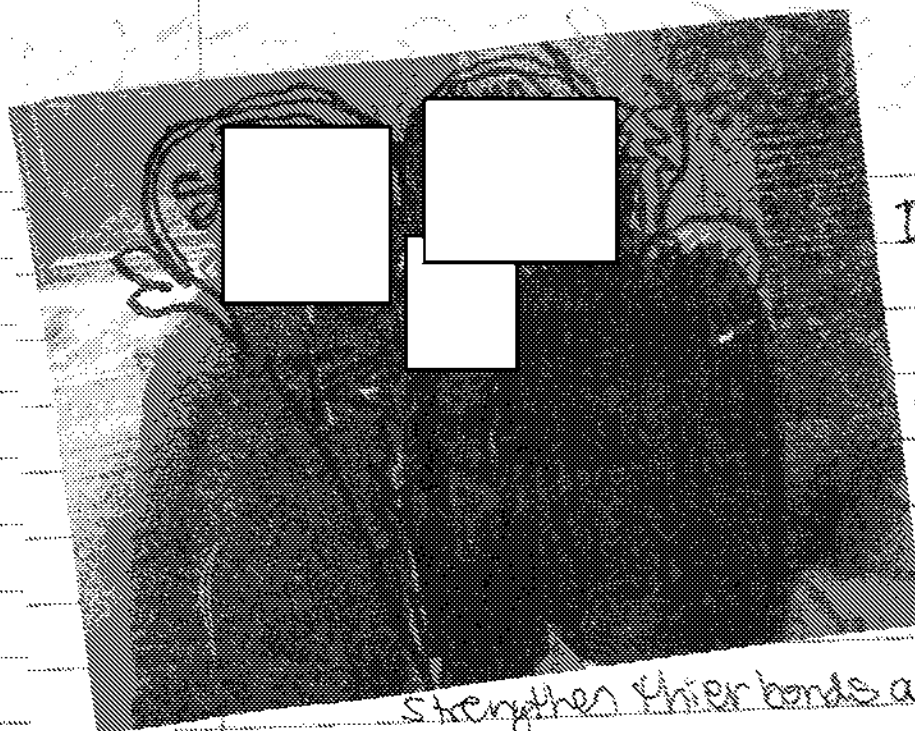
~~And~~ if it's not lonely, it doesn't bother me, I just wait.

SPRING
CORNER



I love
Her
No one
like
She
Like no
other
My precious
Shining light
Princes of my world

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



It took me so long
to understand what
a real friendship
has to be. I know
now that friends
spend time w/
one another to

strengthen their bonds as they venture out
into their worlds to share. I know now that friendship
has to walk + run w/ that person - not sit. I realize

SO
muscles
can shape
in the
movements
of
interest,
activity,
+ longevity.

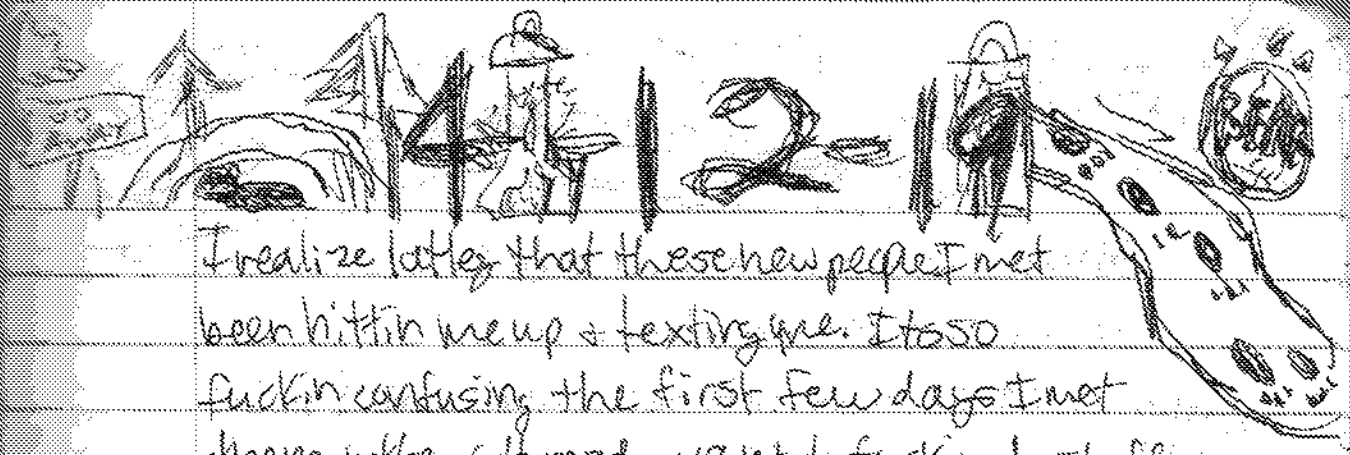
my whole fuckin life those that I became close
to was all a fantasy. I was never close as we came
cause all I had between them was my phone screen.
I remember I had a real good buddy - [redacted] - who
I had so much in common with. We had sleepovers.
She invited me to her b-day party, we played video
games together. ~~how~~ How I was able to do that was
that those bullies in middle school excluded us

+ are shy,
introverted
personalities,
outcasts
of all
it was
common
to be

from our "unfamiliar weirdness". Yes, both of
us were video game nerds + loved to draw
pictures together at school - we were like each other
from our interests. THAT'S what kept me from my
other girlfriends who were way more extraverted
sociable + outgoing - shining like suns on the
square root of the ether - [redacted] (does it rest)

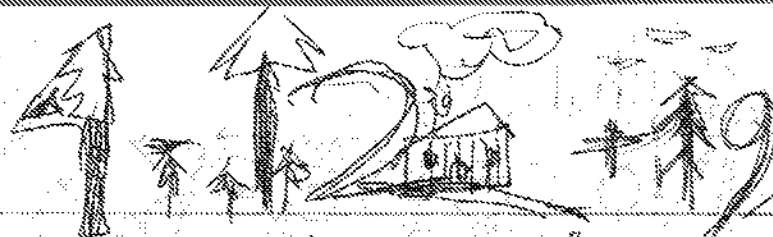
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

at
p
w
s
up
m
s
or just
say
fuckin
inappropriate
jokes
some



I realize later that these new people I met
been hittin me up + texting me. Its so
fuckin confusing the first few days I met
them + they all ready want to fuck in do stuff
with me. First of all, when has any guy actually
wanted to fuck w/ me or call me cute tryin
to act all flirty? And since WHEN has
any guy try to act like goin out to eat or
some shit when really it sounds like a date?
Its awkward as fuck to me - other girls find
it fun but I fuckin don't cause its as
uncomfortable as shit. Cause last time I
checked dudes in high + middle school
just thought of me as a lesbian fag who
didn't have a relationship her whole fuckin
life. How the hell do I know what I'm supposed
to do? This is all so strange + new to me. --- after all
since when do any of my girl friends text I am gay
me - even my own sister too fuckin busy like they
to hit me up first. That's cause our friendship was all thought
currently a screen, [redacted] + me in high school - a different
fake friendship cause we were never seeing + meaning
each other eye-to-eye about anything in person. how
meeting up was like a suck-ass camping trip I take
where the fuckin tent can't stand up + the bike

b6 -3
b7C -3



only because only old long time friends can ^(aside from long years acquaintances)

stame my sensitive, hesitant - but nocturnal

dark mind hidden in the ~~corpus~~ tied to my heart infection stitches that keep ^{Calve} lasting

I will come out to ~~have~~ people ~~but~~ I don't

like it ~~because~~ I get so aggravated + angry that

I grow people that knew me 8-10 years ~~and~~ don't

ever want to at least call me out of the cave

or visit me. they don't want to fuck w/ me

for real or go on adventures w/ them cause

I'm an unknown species to them that they

have too many others to go camping with in

the big story ~~they~~ [redacted] is the star

that shines in my darkness but she'd have

shoot down for me - even if I have fallen

for her. I can't stand it I HATE IT SO

MUCH. They say they love me but the

adventure time is no fin + Jake

mordicior ^{all the sudden dip out} Righty nor Arnold + Jarold -

but then those new pups want to have

a playdate like I'm a kitten + they just

met me. WHAT THE FUCK shit I'm

tired of going along w/ the friendly game here,

If I could just move out to the p.m.ags forest

where the bears live maybe I can live in solitude

(aside from long years acquaintances)

Good with my old friends
ever
call on to me just once?

for the past several years

I just wish new people could more make it's always been

stuffed animals + the field

In the end and near who just wants

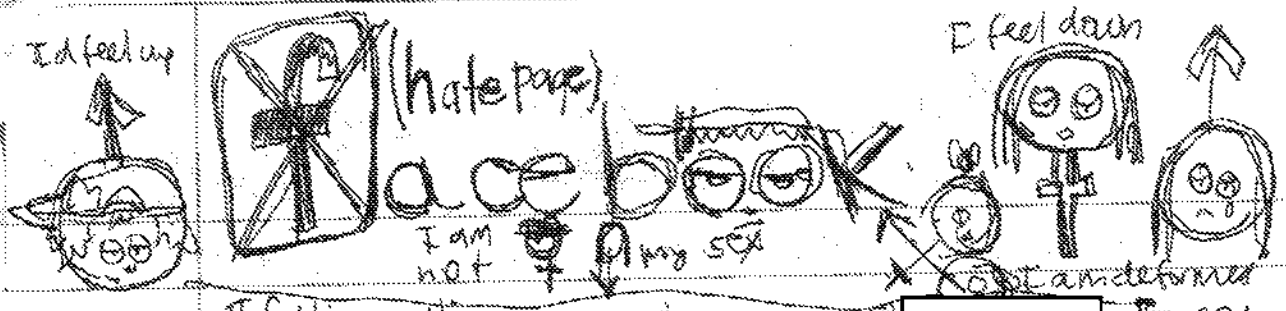
I'm not a duck or a fish, as a sport many

that he convinced my more to expand the

the

Creeping

b6 -8
b7c -8



but make
clear I'm
not a
woman
I just was
born fucked
up w/ a
brain gender
disorder
I'm tired
of this
love
porno
& porn
shit
like
little girls
in motion
some
grown
self
employed
college
degree
shit

If this writing segment was a post [redacted] I would be alerted and ask me to take it down

I am not female. This is offensive shit

To all you straight ass Boys in Motion dreamy state
girls - YOU ARE SICK AND STUPID. I
hate all of you. I don't hate dick. I'm a girl
by human form but I'm a boy on the inside w/
a fuckin vagina. I swear to GOD next bf post
I see I'm going to dislike it or say fuck that
your gross. C mon guys mostly aren't that sexy
I've only seen a few gorgeous ones in my whole
life time that are that Aquaman tarzan hero
husband type shit or disciple of Gods Kingdom
in Golden age. All other men ~~you guys~~ - if any
you girls diggin on some bump Street rat shit

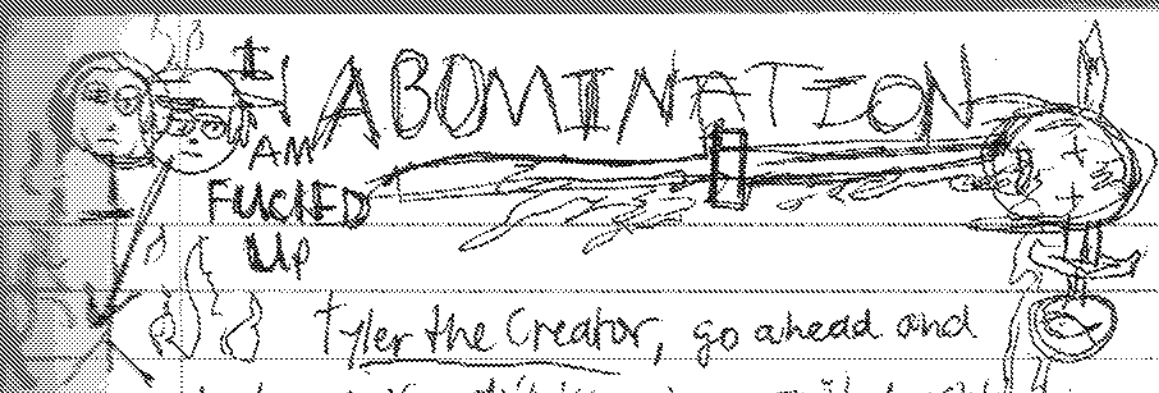
I hate you all (I'd be a sexy ass man. If I really
had a dick to wnt ask you 2 swap it for me)

→ whose on that
To all you give your whole life to bf not husband
sith kids - FUCK YOU

To all you black kids who really don't want nothing
to do w/ me cause you consider me a rich white
kid who has it all - FUCK THAT SHIT of UTER

I hate Facebook/c of + has white ass country in my
family tree (no offense to them) turned
into a man

b6 -3
b7C -3



Tyler the Creator, go ahead and hate me. You don't know me so it doesn't fuckin matter I hate myself, why?

I'm a gay. Go ahead, call me lesbian & a fag like those pussy boys did in middle & high school.

Please go ahead - get a rifle & shoot me dead. ~~kill me~~ ^{blowing my brains out} kill me - I am a transgender that

can't transgende to a guy cause of that are anti-gay like you (not devil worshiper like you)

Besides the fuckin point though, please, be like a sicko surgeon & slice my pussy off & eat it - lesbian pussy to eat?

I DK it might be fishy & crusty to you. FUCK another gay girl I wouldn't do that maybe unless she looks stupor dyke like a dressed up short haired bitch in male clothes.

That's how unlucky I am. I am Antisocial and have a fuckin Anxiety Disorder I thought

of suicide alot. My overall contemporary problem? My fuckin twisted sexuality. I am an abomination

and a shame to God and my family. I am a male on the inside but no I don't hate dick I just hate

men that act like dicks like its hangin on their head. To my imaginary dick I fuck this

bastard

b6 -3
b7C -3



4-19-19

female
accusations

I think I'm ok with it now... accepting the fact that I had crushes on friends I know and love with my whole heart. [redacted] is definatly beautiful

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

nothing
else
again... I
don't mean
that much
I would have
heart
clashes
w/ hugs
or smiles

on the outside. Over the past several years w/ no high school pictures I look at on facebook.. she looks like a model or a girl you'd see at a strip club making bank money n shit. The pictures look professional not on that home family matters shit. Its being independant in not the best way... but damn she is stunning.... yes I ^{can be} a freak n bastard. I look

[redacted]

up bitches on facebook but she I used to know why back and had intimate feelings. (not [redacted] level). ^{but I} ~~was~~ not a bitch, ^{also} I don't act like one. A woman's body I ^{can} be free in the moment looking... but

did love
me, but
then again
all she
wants
is a strong

GOOD HATES it. I don't care anymore. I know who I really

Looks can be
deceiving" the
say. I looked
into your heart.

I know who you
really are...

I forgot your faults...

Once I found out about your life... I could connect
all the dots to my question marks. I could
have the fog cleared from my misty heart around
the clutter of mixed comments + stories about you.

← from others - it became a pollution that was
hard to bear in the beginning. Over time I was
able to get over it... but still. I came to thinking
about you. I mean in a way I'm slightly glad
for facebook so I can at least know what's up

w/ you. As far as I know you are the same

as your heart stands. I know you are the same

fun-loving + sweet kid I met as a 13 year old

playin basketball. You disrespected + took advantage

of me 5 years ago (out of high school) when you

asked for money. [redacted] were mad, but it

was ~~sad~~ really sad... just how your past +

abusive life links to your behavior.

you
do post
inappropriate
stuff +
cuss
but you
weren't
you!

you can
do that
because you



You grew up with a hard life that was brutal on you. To me, I can't blame you for how you act & showed off in high school & middle school. I can't blame you for all the times you get in trouble, keep traveling & bouncing place to place, living lost in living a glamorous life. ~~and~~ I don't know what you want & desire in life. But I know you wanted to have loving parents. I know you didn't want to be poor & grew up with nothing. All you had was the love of your friends that were like family to you. I just wish you choose me to be there just as you wished [redacted] would choose you... but chose ignorance & addition instead.

It broke my heart to have the truth shattered in front of me. My heart is left with a few scars with you. ^{through} God was able to heal them a side alot others that have become infected & swollen ^{by heart} ~~heart~~ ^{mind}

I felt God had to b/c my compassion was threatening to you since 1st love w/ parents did not make you into the person like me or [redacted] to get a career job & college degree. If ^{biological} family support fails - only God's support could carry you. I knew that what I could do to help did not help. It just made me more vulnerable & you more of a ~~card~~ chance to get what you want the easy way.

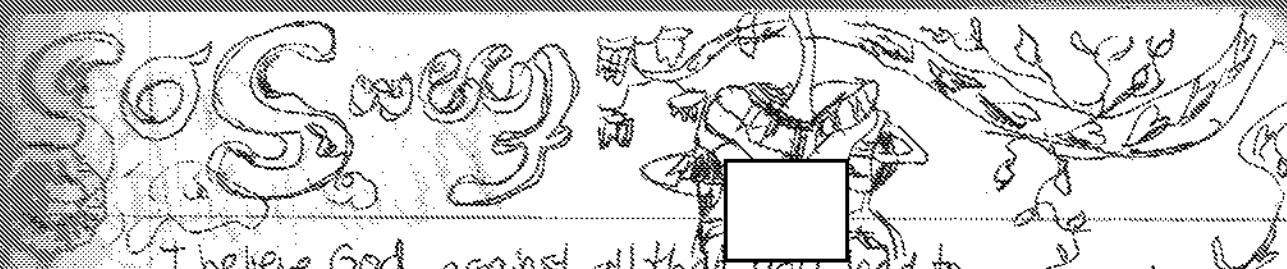
or a dad who misjudged you as a spoiled student and I know you wish you didn't have [redacted]

[redacted] the out of jail

to test against my beliefs about

with that kind of strong mind sets heart & some for challenges

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



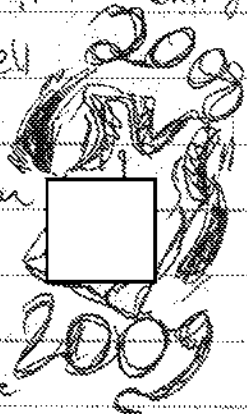
I believe God, against all that you had to
unfairly go ~~through~~ ^{through}, still made you a beautiful
human being inside & out. There are many out
there that love you and wish to guide you.
I know [redacted] knew in her heart she
couldn't b/c her boundaries were set to defend
her futures. Out in the unknown - everyone
has to come to realization support & deep caring,



loving support - scares you and you escape
from it. It's unfamiliar to you since you never
experienced it at a very young age. Part of
human development - mental aspects as well

so you
create your
bubble
is forced
that line from
entering

as physical - come from those before you
who were already raised & grown up so you
could raise up in the way they believe is
best - to be the spiritual, situational, phase
boosters so life as an adult it is not too close

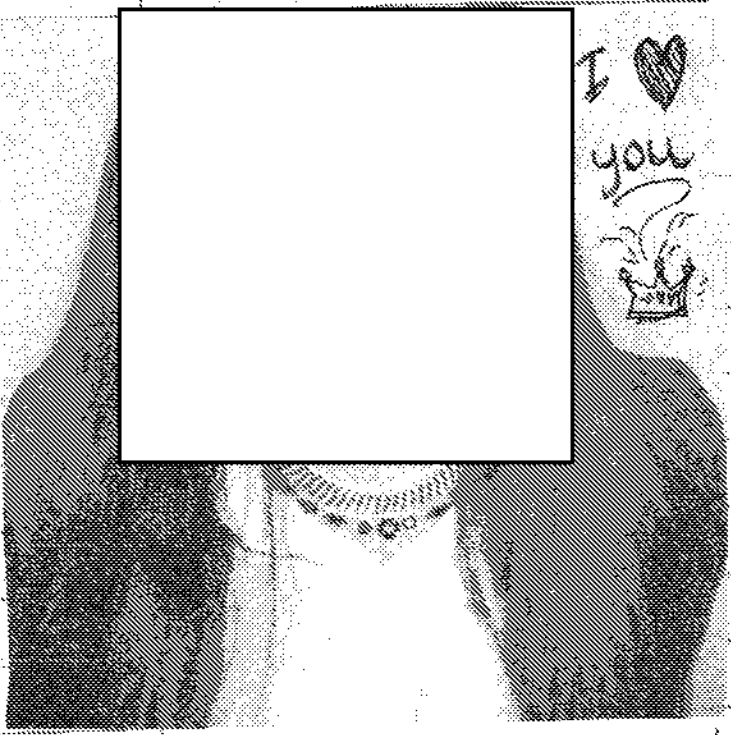


to the fire pit. Whoever is keeping you away
from that fire pit - GOD is - His merciful love
I can never judge you. I will always love you

Nothing that you do or what you did to me
will interfere or ~~block~~ ^{block} my rivers flow of love my
heart has for you. As friends will stay in memory
with me. ~~It is~~ ^{It is} for the best, I'm
OK with that too, I just hope God continues to look

and I am
OK with that
[redacted] when
no one else
can &
phones
who
brought
you into
this world

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



I ♥
you

Mr. MJ 23

You may not wear
a real jersey hanging
down on your shoulders,
but you still have one
by your champion heart
that wins hearts of others.
You accepted pieces of God

daring
to make
an impact
to different
people
Some
players
can be
apart of
God's team

heart and share His love to the world. In the eye of
an athlete, we see desire, determination, a flare
lies in the iris. It burns brightly and it's raw
to mature as a person of who one wants to become &
feels they need to be. Adrenaline to win - but not only
the adrenaline that ignites the flame fuel.
DETERMINATION is the jet to get it off the ground
and let goals have wings to fly. MJ brought more
than just freak-of-nature athleticism - but style
in his ^{thunder} dunks, ^{dynamite} dodges, & firework fadebacks. He created
an art to the game - a style that has never been seen
before and hasn't been seen since - probably never will.
Probably b-ball as an art was never perceived or thought about
worth considering. Micheal Jordan had a down in the
French work ethic so he could soar through the court.
After Jordan he became failures of his young past
soar kept motivation to become the best he could

4-23-19

do to make a high school team. Determination & consistency of characteristic authenticity, loyal to the game was growth towards becoming the best teammate he could be ^{to the bulls} the best player to the fans - the world by claim to all who witnessed. He was a player who was beyond talented that is years of ability ahead to those much older than he was - yet he still sacrificed being coached to learn & grow in mental aspects of the game while learning how to use his own flavor to spice the game. All mechanics & fundamentals were at surface core in the young MJ's mind. What ultimately made him soar was not his ^{just} athleticism - but his heart born to fly over the clouds of limitations. Every opportunity



he took while approaching the rim was not created from scratch. He was stardom of stats, glory, fame, poise, passion, grit, talent, & gameplay because was willing ~~ready~~ to take 90% of those shots off the game time floor. As other mortals agreed - Jordan was the god of basketball - but never by humbled by spirit. "I am strong enough person to accept failure, but I'm not going to accept not trying." As a human mistakes followed, but so did instinct whenever up in the air - just hang there the longest. It's not what

over all fears, critics, pressures, a heart not built to forget the fires of the close games, change of the possibility

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

b6 -8
b7C -8

made him the greatest of all time. It's the fact he chose to go beyond + live beyond what basketball looked like - changed it ~~all~~ with inspirational combos - style - instinct + talent + ^{muscle} + ^{artistry} hard work = HOPE for the younger generation of athletes. The greatest thing to offer is not how much you know about the game, the greatest thing to offer is how much you give to the game + fans. And that clinches championship motive AND legacy.

10/10/10

You are m5. m3 behind the camera as you speak
your stories & your brand to the microphone. You
are inspirationally ~~roll~~ it to the younger generation such
as me. You light my world brighter than the stadium
lights. Banners of your legacy hang above my ^{to-bill} ~~god~~ ^{are that}

and I think its only the beginning with you. You have already given a name to yourself. Imagine what you'll be 5 or 10 years from now. I believe that you have outbusted the competition of veterans 30 years in the game. So young but dominate on all angles & every corner made crisp to perfection. Dominate player of the game that's beyond talented but far beyond special, More than special - I word I cant even think of but God-given angel from heaven. You are a rare role model - your career + who you are. I don't want to form a second.

that is
for
of how
achieve
as you
rise
airborne
in a
= form
impress
that
& inspire
other

4-23-79

I can barely live through this...

(A1A)

There is something squeezing me inside. It's gushing, throbbing, trying to break its way out. I have a true deep love for you now. I feel if I release it, it will be a danger to both you + me. Do I really want to jeopardize our friendship + let it all go to waste? You say I'll never lose you, but what did I have to gain? I feel I was always distant from you, but your spirit it lives in me, ^{but} I could never live your spirit through you because there is only I you. You are the true

love of my life. I've had my crushes but this one is far more than the what it is or what it looks

like, to me, this is real in a scary, terrifying way

where my love can be a threat to you in the most harmful way. I feel I will only hurt you in the process if I dare to start it,

but if I wrote to you which I've done before... I should at least come out to you. The boy part of me

is dying to break its bars of isolative self-destructive forces of my self-hatred. What will happen when

I set my imaginary boy loose? Will it end up hating myself more? or will you end up loving

me less than you ever have? I barely have you

as a friend. Feelings for you to accept that... I'm far over my head. I don't know how much longer it will be

There is only one you + you I can't have close to me

to live on with this...



Can I still be loved?

4-24-17



I hopped on the bravery train. I rode it out for you.

when it comes to details

I didn't tell that I had feelings for you. I think where I am with you is ok. You accept where I am & who

I am with my sexuality that I have had so much trouble with throughout the past year. I believe the biggest trouble is not only my disordered identity

as a guy more than a girl. Its that I am in love with you at a very strong extent but you are a dear friend

to me, a very special one, all at the same time. I know you could never feel the same about me intimately, but

thats not reality. All I really hoped for was that we can still be friends & you won't leave me for being gay. You

could have easily turned away like I know others would, or just anybody. But you didn't, because you are not

just anybody. You are a rare golden gem of special that glitters in Gods eyes and mine. You please Him by

glorifying His work through you & what you do. There are alot of questions I have when it comes to God how

Since being gay is against His Kingdoms structure of commandments. Even though you are straight, maybe

you'd know the answer to some of them since you have formed an unbreakable bond with God. Through your own

personal journey, I have an idea of how to work only for God. But I don't know what pleases Him. I guess I forgot how.

but also being an advocate of service to head others to believe in working their way to the land of promise

I've come to realization

4-2-10

I've mentioned this before ~~that~~ the way you connect with people at a personal level is a part of what makes you and [redacted] ~~extra~~ special.

People who think or consider having a connection with God really need a living present day disciple, humble and loving in spirit - living IN the world but not OF the world. There is such an enviable

light within you that I have been attracted to even more so than I have several years back. My darkness still masses over my plains & enclined Rocky's. It still spreads & tries to consume my soul

and spirit. I feel it over powers me at times and I have trouble hearing God's voice. I used to hear it...

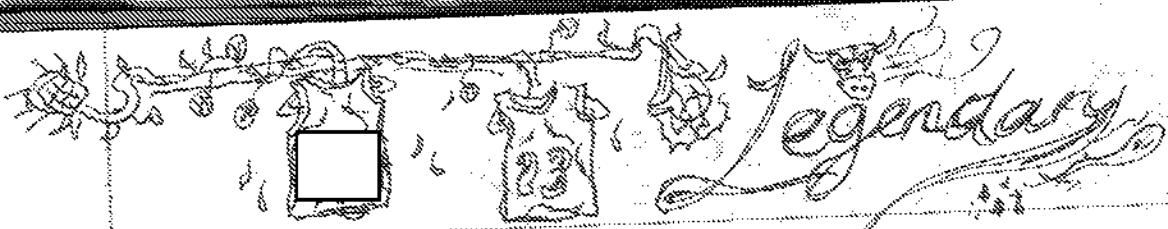
but I feel I have lost that spiritual ability. With you and God it's different because you ask Him first about the choices you make in your life. All

my decisions are not the best - and certain are ones

I have thought of with the Devil shickering down on me. The Devil is a hateful force and demon possessing master. I have become entrenched - dehumanized by his mocks, sorns, and deceitful laughter that rings heavily in my heart. I hear him tempting me and whispering some alot of dark, evil shit. Based on how I feel around people, insecurity, hesitation to continue

giving
yourself
to
the
masses
by being
yourself
is what
seperates
you
from
others.

It's
service
not for
human
pleasure
or
something
given in
return.
are who
as general
faithful
and
a high
athleticism
faith



to love like God is more challenging than ever. I
try to find reasons to run away from new people from
becoming such a resentful & doubtful person. Part
of it is feeling neglect & abandonment from my ex
big sister. The other half is the way I was made fun
of and kept out of the circle with kids in middle & ex
high school. I have friends, but ~~to~~ being close with close friends
someone special matters most to me. I can try & do
that with others, but it wouldn't be the same. I
truly admire & look up to you. I had my chance to
have that kind of connection w/ you but I failed. I
lack communication - a huge fault & error on my part.
I try so hard - but maybe I try too hard & wish to give
up. I want to live for God, but I treasure you and
my family - my big sister from another mother. I
don't know what God wants from me. Is it just in ^{my} ~~my~~ ^{my} heart?
my heart? I guess God and I are both hurting. He
wants ~~me~~ ^{my heart}, but ~~at the same~~ ^{all the same} time... I long
for yours...

10/11/11
Shine Princess

I LOVE YOU
Princess

and
situation
I feel
it is
an
invisible
voice
I hear
at the
base of the
throat
that
separates
me from
not + him
my hard heart
molds

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Day Dreaming Pt. 2

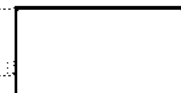
Day

Daydreaming of you again. All day when I am alone in my room. The sunshine shakes with the leaves and the wind as it glimmers speckles on light on my window seal. On my bed. On my nightstand. Your spirit is riding the wind. It radiates with the sun in happy harmony. The light flickers through my room. Your spirit waves and smiles at me. I feel you right beside me no matter how far away you are. What it looks like outside is so beautiful. My soul soaks in the light as if my heart tries to bloom a piece of your own light I can carry with me. My blinds are not closed, they are wide open. God can give artists a of nature on any day. As such is you princess. I think of you and today is beautiful when I am alone in my room or a moment to myself. Your spirit flows of God's nature itself that lets ^{dance petals & fragrance in the air to romanticize my} you ^{lost heart and restless mind} ~~soothe~~ a graceful role. You spread your love far and wide in my world princess. My darkness loses its tone to gray scale while your ~~heart~~ heart saturates God's colors. God wrote your story and he narrates it to me - what a beautiful creation of his you are and choose to be.

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7D -6
b7E -4

GODS Work of Art

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



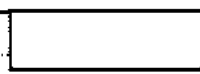
you are one of the very few people

I treasure dear in my heart. There is this light shining within you that is transparent - I see right through it. Someone can look beautiful but thier inner qualities don't match thier outer exquisite beauty. The inside & outside of you MATCH PERFECTLY. God took His time to create you to make sure every detail about you is pieced to be ~~the~~ ^{the} golden support the sector of ^{His} Light of the world. He took special care of you intrusted with a ~~gold~~ ~~godly~~ godly woman

in spirit



she smiles

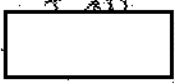
and I see you.  and I are one in the same. Her love reminds me of 

God made sure you have been bonafide & secured with a loving mother. I hope the rest of your family loves like she does - Gods love that goes around in simotaneous flow.

Colors pale yellow and oranges aglow on Gods canvas. He was thinking happy thoughts while he was creating you. He let his brush run wild in perfect strokes. His hands shaped you and made you - not a rough surface but a shiny glossy heart. I don't see not one crack or dint in it. Like  - you are Gods chosen one

cause I look at us and I relate to how much you love her like I do

all angels we supposed to look this beautiful in appearance with a heart that has a pure glowing shine to it



Oh wait... Fuck I still hate you

I feel like your black culture doesn't accept fully
or love a white girl fag like me. And what I
mean by your black culture is hood girls +
bags living a ghetto mentality w/ unstable
down in the trench poor shit being baby
daddys + mommies sorority or fraterniti
shit. Unmarried couples like you postin that
only BF shit and hands around your waist
like you want to have a kid or some gross shit
ACTIN like you y'all married but oh wait...

You AREN'T stop actin grown bitch your
not out of the box like [redacted] her black
culture is the type of group that love me for
me + wont turn their back on me like you
whos under [redacted] loves oo goo gaga hyphas
You feel you give your life to em, big for him,
All you want is him don't all bitches like you.

He is not in love with an angel cause your
not one by my close observation on stupid facebook
shit you post. I only on your page so I can
see my beautiful sister [redacted] NOT YOU
that I love + miss so much + that's the only
way I can see her these days.
[redacted]
love someone.

b6 -3,8
b7c -3,8

I hate living Sometimes, I don't want 2

I hate living in this world. I'm surrounded by
stupid average teenagers, stupid social media,
stupid drunkheads, assholes, atheists,
non-conformitists to accept those different
from them at basic levels. I hate politics
that's pretty much shit to this country. I hate
how this world is cluttered & overpopulated w/ more
people than we need. I hate snobs & fuckin
scammers robbing poor folks of ~~most~~ earned (real)
aid by some fuckhead leaders. I hate how
people don't accept school shooters for their
chronic psychiatric condition. In a way I
think like them. I was bullied, ~~people~~ friends
& love the most don't consider me someone to spend
time with. I'm no one's best friend I have no
best friend. I feel my life is surrounded by
artificial, ~~stale~~ ^{stale} ~~corruptive~~ ^{corruptive} media shit that ~~no one~~ ^{I observed}
~~well enough~~ ^{well enough} wants to genuinely ~~support~~ ^{support} give their
heart besides facebook or texting shit. It's
not enough it's phony & I hate it. My lover
doesn't get enough credit. Goddam this world
is all full of greed, relativism, and selfishness ^{benefit}
God made this world but it's all fucked up.
~~Why do I have to exist?~~ ^{Why do I have to exist?} I did get to choose not to exist?
people need to get real problem is people's love is fake,
& let + take no give fuck in self

who
want
stop
running
there
much
+ learn
to shut
the
fuck
up

in which
there not
strong people
have been
rough enough
it's sad to
think she
was so
little views
on youtube
does anyone
watch her
show?
of course
it may

what in
it for
me
mainly

4-29-19

I feel I have gender dysphoria. I think I know where I am on the LGBTQ spectrum. I feel I am transgender. All of the symptoms, or at least most of them, I felt represented my feelings. I have suppressed and hid my real gender identity for so long, and a big contributor to it - the nemesis of my true peace within myself - is my spirituality of being a Christian. I feel the devil has cursed me with having something fucked up like this, considering this is one of the "sinful acts or nature" of God's terms in the bible. I am not a relativist person. I will not ^{think} ~~be~~ like a rebel + say shit like "well if I think being gay is ok, then it is. If I think transitioning from my biological sex is right - its right, if I FEEL IT IS." Fuck no I feel like I am a scared boy most the time but don't feel its right. There is something wrong about me and without a doubt, 100%... I am NOT who people perceive me as a female.

there is no fuckin
bragging
about

honest
again
Lol

I am
absolute
+ well
aware
of my
beliefs.

changing
my biological
appearance
would dishonor
him + most
of all
my family

How the fuck can I continue to honor God as a Christian if 1, I don't want to be female, + 2, I wish so bad - literally torn inside ~~to~~ ^{want} to change it w/ fuckin hormone shots or some transitional shit of my gender?

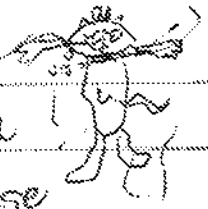
b6 -3
b7C -3

~~4-29-91~~
dilliberately disobey

God says I should not ~~disobey~~ his laws + commandments.
[redacted] say I need to imply a representable,
presentable appearance of the stereotypical gender
role. [redacted] says that in the bible homosexuality
is wrong and its been an abomination millions of
years ago when Jesus himself walked the earth.
Men that imply and assume I'm straight try to
be all friendly, flirty + shit. ~~at least~~ anytime
really was that guy at Austin Key. Boy has
he got it all wrong I dnt find men sexy unless
he looks like a god of beauty. Rather he, I'd
want woman to call me sexy + handsome cause
I'm so sick + tired of being called pretty. It's
flattering at times but its just weird as fuck
when men say it cause women eve + think of me
that way. At least that's how I feel I always felt
more comfortable with men or boys than girls.
Girls are more sociable while guys like to get
thier hands dirty + active. I always felt more
myself when I would play sports w/ [redacted]
or boyfriends I had when I was a kid. I loved playing
videogames w/ guys and just... being around them
cause I feel I can relate to them more, at least
more so when I was little.

b6 -3
b7c -3

4-29-19



I am an adult now, but I still feel so small to a world so much bigger than me. I have all these questions about myself I don't know why I behave + feel that I am the opposite sex. The world opposes it - many religious + cultural beliefs say I should play my gender roll. Forever I feel I will live undercover doing woman things, wearing woman things, have disadvantages against the dominant male role who has all the economical financial + career based opportunity ^{power} to be a CEO, a president, a coach, a civil rights leader, a principle. Even if I don't want to be all of those things, I feel men will still look down on me of thinking less than I am capable of. Not just of my female characteristics outward appearance wise, but also my mental disabilities.

No For ~~me~~ ^{me} resulting the fact I am full aware who I believe I am who I am, I'm so distraught to the burning core in my flaming gut that I will never live the chance of being my true gender. I believe that it is the only real solution to all my pain, discomfort, suicidal thoughts, and overall confusion from no peace in myself by all these opposing forces + voices of my life. ^{force me as} to be someone I am 100% not,

I would
be accurate
if it did

there is
always
something
watching
me + fear
I'll get
caught
a sin for
being me

as a little girl, it was so much better b/c [redacted] let me
wear girls clothes & be myself. I remember how I would
even use dolls & toys that were male played as me
like it was them in my fictional play + imagination - my beloved

I am in hiding as I have done for most of my life,
but I wonder once I live on my own, I can do what

I want since I will no longer be under the

authority of [redacted] household. I believe it

would make my life so much less full of suppression, less

stress, + discomfort. I hate when [redacted]

blame us gay people. It's not our fault we're gay!

Being gay IS NOT A SIN. Now behaviorally,

neither maybe. But feelings are not sinful, they are

a part of being human. [redacted] are also too

absolute to the extreme that distort my confidence

& peace within myself. They just are gasoline adding

to my fire of frustration. My stomach burns, my

heart aches. The mirror glass breaks. "mirror

mirror on the wall... can I rid of my biological

gender once & for all". what if it was me saving the
girl or winning the girl's heart?

The closest place I am to being a gey is

fantasizing it. If I feel I am the boy character

in a video game, movie, or TV show, I picture

myself as them as me being a male. + think

alot about what I would look like as a male, how

woman would treat me more than as a friend,

how to never fear mens department stores again

most of all, I could tell the love of my life... I love her.

Tomy my
+ y doll
and those
flame
dolls that

kind
of
like
bottles

It wouldn't
play
leapfrog

girl
doll play.

but
adventure
action
play w/

w/ our
toys I
felt I
was a
boy just
like
him
as I
look
back.

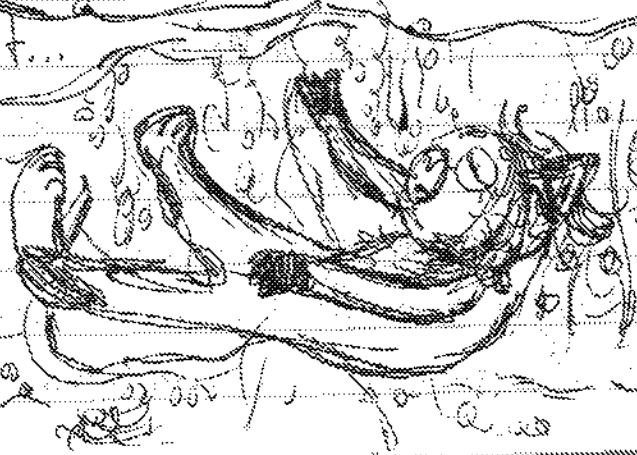
b6 -3
b7C -3

4-29-1991

But guess what? Believe it or not, nothing has changed even though I've been through puberty & female hormone emotional shit. I am still a boy on the inside & it kills me. I hate living in a world where I can't be male + Audrey at the same time in contentment & relief. worse off, not everyone in my life would be there for me in the process. If I lose my family's trust, what family would I have to support the sides ☐? Would ☐ support me as uncomfortable as it be? What about God? Would he punish me by taking everything away in my life except the contentment of relief in my body? It's risky, it's scary, but I feel its worth it. I feel if they really love me, they wouldn't ^{want to} let me suffer anymore. they would find away to unjam my handcuffs, they'd release me and let me fly. Sometimes I wish I could just runaway from this place. I'm becoming so tired of it...

maybe
I need
more
supportive
& compassionate
voices in
my life

Just
please



Let
me
go

b6 -3
b7C -3

Look into the Heart not the ~~body~~ ^{face}



just so much of the focus channel. Fuck I need to break this TV w/ REX in it. ~~staying~~ judging myself & how I look obsessively fixated makes me feel like shit. But comparing an being analytical to my own friends makes me feel even worse. I should love them & not care who they who I love much though I hate feeling I'm still a part of this twisted minded society. ~~these people~~ ^{these people}

2-19
TOW

I feel like a shitty person sometimes from this ~~shit~~ bastard sin I call my Eating Disorder. If your a genuine person, you wouldn't compare yourself to someone else when it comes to outer image. "Body Image" as many call it, specifically from people w/ eating disorders like me. God... I've been doing it too fuckin much - judging bodies & what's the comparison or difference from mine. Everyday people I don't even know like in the gym, the store, the bank, the fucking gas station. I'm always in a evaluation room w/ REX, telling me I'm skinner than this person or that person like their manufactured products of all kinds running through a machine in a factory. Its cold blooded and artificial. Its ungentle for actually thinking shit like God made people full of mistakes. God doesn't sin, humans do. As such goes on & on about people wanting to loose weight, feel they should, their fuckin state as doctors telling them they clinically should. I'd never tell em that cause its hurtful. But even if I think that, its still fuckin hurtful whether it comes out of my mouth or not. God damn I even have this problem w/ my friends. How dare I so accumulative and analytice to their body changes from months or years ago. Fuck THAT rather do it from self heart

on social media

looked body looked

exaggerating

actual has

limitations

to light

what should it

be? A body

isn't a projecting

that

images our

soul.

the vulnerability

is an uncontrolled

dark side of

my heart.

Breath For the Broken

pg. 1

There was a fragile butterfly who had a torn wing to flutter away. It cried for help "someone! Please help me!" Humans walked by ~~on~~ ^{on the street} without hearing or noticing the butterfly.

A small mouse ~~was~~ scittered dead in the center of the cracked sidewalk. "I'll help you" he said as he approached the butterfly. The butterfly was so thankful ~~was~~. "Oh, thank you Mr. Mouse". So ~~they~~ ^{he} walked on the side ally

with the butterfly resting on its shoulders ~~back~~.

Humans ~~continued~~

~~walk~~
~~by~~
~~and~~
~~screamed~~

spotting
the
mouse
& dashed
away

Then a nimble, slim cat sneaks around trashcans & dumpsters. The mouse hears the cat's tracks & begins to panic. He darts across the ally as fast as he could. But about halfway, the cat yelled. "Wait! I don't want to hurt you! I want to bring you to a safe place!" The mouse hesitantly tip toes slowly up to the ~~mouse~~ ^{cat}. "Please don't be afraid" says

in a
faint
beam
of
purplish
light from
the building

the cat. The cat looks down at the mouse. His eyes were filled with a golden freshest light. The mouse's heart senses trust in the cat. It follows him along with the butterfly still wounded. Humans dumping trash in the ally ways ignore the cat with a mouse on its back.

Breath for the Broken

pg. 2

The cat, mouse, + butterfly walk all the way on the other side of the town. The cat heads to a dead hollow tree where he claims he lives. A cheerful chipmunk then approaches.

← this is my new name. my owner abandon me + I've starved for weeks.
The chipmunk was hiding behind the other side of the tree. He felt sorry for the cat.

The chipmunk carries some treats ~~about~~ he found ~~in~~ by another tree that bore fruit. "Hello Mr. Cat" he says friendly.

I'm sorry you don't feel good. Maybe my food will help." The cat felt comforted by the ^{chipmunk's} generous offering.

"Why, thank you so much Mr. Chipmunk. That might be the the kindest ~~thing~~ thing anyone has done for me." The mouse smiled with admiration.

← "Mr. Cat, Mr. Mouse, + Mrs. Butterfly, I have an idea," says Mr. Chipmunk. Why

Mr. chipmunk don't you come stay with me? My friend

~~the cat~~ Russ has a three story dog house.

The 4 friends head over to Russ's house, but he isn't home. "That's ok," ~~they~~ assures

Mr. Chipmunk. Russ is the most kind for a bit dog I know. He loves all animals." "Even

Then - ~~the~~ delicate creature bugs like me? Squeaks the butterfly. "Of course" Mr. chipmunk softly

while the cat feels nourished from the food, but it isn't enough.

Breath for the Broken pg. 3

places his ~~old~~ ^{tiny index} paw on the butterfly.
the animals ^{are getting} all ~~surged~~ in the dog house. Mr.
cat finds a nice fluffy pillow. Mr. mouse
finds a cozy matchbox bed. Mrs. Butterfly
finds a nice bird cage with ~~blanket~~ ^{clothes} ~~and~~ plush ~~blanket~~ ^{clothes} & hankkerchief. Mr.
Chipmunk ^{is} ~~statters~~ at the top ^{lookout} ~~of~~ the "lookout
lounge" to ^{track down his friend} ~~track~~ through
his telescope, ^{something catches his eye} ~~he~~ ^{at his} ~~limps~~ ^{friend who is} into his yard and
whimpering. Mr. chipmunk scurries
quickly out of the house. "Russ, what happened?"
with Russ's head low, he replies, "I got caught in a
dog gang and they ripped me apart... They were too
strong for me." His head was gashed. A large
chunk of his fur had been ripped clean off
his skin. His ears were shredded and
his legs were battered dripping in blood.
A piece of his ^{sharp} ~~beastly~~ ^{bone} ~~bone~~ stuck out of
his front left leg. Russ pants & ~~tramples~~ ^{tramples}
down on his ~~left~~ ^{right} side... "A very..." Russ
said... "I don't think I'll make it..." the chipmunk
feels hopeless just when not long ago he felt
he could save his 3 other friends. He kneels
down beside Russ & begins to cry.

Breath For the Broken pg. 4

then all the sudden a marvelous thing happens. Above in the sky, 2 puffy clouds part slowly away from each other and a bright, glittering beam of light strikes down at Rus's territory where he lies.

Coming out of the clouds ~~as a~~, a colosse unicorn with hooves of gold and ^a mane of fire ~~as~~ send down from the beam of light in a heavenly graceful pose. His wings are stretched longer than 3 houses casting shadows on them.

The ~~horse~~ unicorn horse lands light as a feather as his eyes ^a blaze ~~in a bright~~ so bright none of the animals can see him.

All the other animals soon discover the unicorn is too beautiful they gasp in fear. Helpless they all fall on their feet & cover their eyes. ^{moose, butterfly, a cat, a dog, & chipmunk} ashamed, they ~~all~~ feel like broken creatures compared to the magnificent gold like unicorn. But the unicorn replies, "My dear animals, Do not be afraid. Do not be ashamed of your brokenness. I will make something good out of it."

Suddenly, the unicorn takes a deep inhale. He breaths out a ^{2nd} gentle presence of dust

Breath for the Broken

pg. 4

like it comes out of his nostrils. A ^{blue} ~~stable~~ flame exerts out of his mouth & flourishes it ~~to~~ at all of the animals. But as they all feel the fire, it doesn't burn them or harm them. They feel invincible & renewed ~~at~~ while the unicorn continues to blow the blue fire flames.

Then ~~about~~ the animals all ~~are~~ realize that something marvelous has changed about them. Russ the dog ~~is now a dog~~ ^{is} has become a dog made out of gold ^{that can show enemies test}. Avery the chipmunk grows wings of an eagle and a tale of a heaver strong & sturdy. ^{is} Mr. Cat has been transformed into a Tiger with silver fangs & silver white hair. Mr. mouse has grown into a beast that's the size & muscle mass ^{of a rhino} of a Rhino. Mrs. Butterfly ~~is no~~ longer has to worry about her wings clipped, they have been turned into titanium steel with ^{embossed} crystalized gems molded into them of all shapes, colors & sizes. All of them look at each other & stare in glorious amazement, stunned, then look back at themselves. But all their eyes fill w/ tears & become overjoyed,

is no longer a thin mouse animal.

Breath For the Broken, Pg. 5

The Unicorn horse unfolds their destiny to new life.

* My dear Mrs Butterfly, with my wings of titanium steel, you can soar over countless lands of sky + sea without fear of breaking your wings. My dear Mr. Mouse, You will no more have to fear or feel discouraged by your size. With my robust thickened skin + muscle, you can be ~~as~~ bold in character gentle in spirit. Mr. Cat, with my silver steel teeth + silver flame hair of a tiger, you don't need to be discouraged. The fire desire in your heart to re than survive will keep you alive + well. Mr. Chipmunk, With my ~~long~~ ^{outstretched} ~~long~~ wings + strength of a beavers tail, you will be of greater service to all those needy + wounded with your tender-hearted compassion. And my dear

no longer do you feel your generosity is not enough for it will be more than enough for your imagination
← Russ, you can do anything with a body that is made out of my gloss-carved gold hooves. You will trample the enemy and all evil forces will fear you + flee. My beloved ones, go ~~out~~ forth and shine my ~~gold~~ light through you → by your ^{extraordinary} testimony of faith
the unicorn then ascended back into the sky, & they never saw him again. The tiger who once was the malnourished, brokenhearted cat asked a curious question of heart to

b6 -8
b7C -8

Breath For the Broken pg. 6

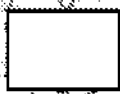
the rest of the animals," ~~failed~~^{my} friends.

Why did that unicorn choose a bunch of worthless broken ~~animals~~ creatures like us?

← Mrs. Butterfly answers with the most confident answer that wins them all, "I think it's because we may have suffered a lot, but that's ^{in our life} the only ^{what} ~~thing~~ ^{that} made us ^{unbreakable} ~~strong~~.

There was some silence.

turn out

 I wrote this story ^{DoS.}  you ^{are}

"Breath of the Broken" I thought of you. I feel that all the feeble creatures have big hearts for those who help them despite of their own brokenness. I believe that it brings hearts together through compassion ~~and~~ ^{em} sympathy for other like God has for us every day. I believe, just as you ^{as a} do, all that ^{may} feels lost & hopeless from adversity can ^{be} turn into something beautiful ^{in the end}.

the end, like you had been there.

b6 -8
b7C -8



1st

1st

b6 -8
b7c -8

Progression Relentless Engaging
Strategic / Strategy Self-discovery

- PRESS on with strategy

growing in opportunity, learning,
growing in character + career, maintain
positivity. An omnipotent willingness to push as

as you can ever
when you are tired
by your relationship you have

our warm spirit, shining a light to the world
ed with darkness. ^{All about} Positive vibes, golden
ld disciple of God, A rare spirit seeking something
more.

in every effort. in every
noise. In every ambition + determined
ndset, All encompassing in Gods guidance.
ependant in taking care of you. bependant
on God to always look out for you. Do your
best, let God do the rest,

in your love, your goals,
process. Your stages in self-discovery,
ur relationships. Your successes. Your
ng day work ethic to motivate others.

in everyday work

ork is fun + you love every moment, no more

Aside from discouragement that can occur time to time to what
time, you stand on a confidence platform where
no one else is but you. Sharing your laughter, creativity,
humor, beauty. Hello sunshine find a way to

you are
one of a
kind
soul

you are
one of a
kind
soul

(my ^{mind} new ^{talent} heart is live... wait a minute)

Impersonation to Culture is Not Cool



use your
imagination
mixed with
real experience
the other
right that less
and more

Music =
- fantasy
- imagery
- symbolizing
- imaginativeness
- high
- don't sound
- fake
- ~~no~~ pain
- is most piece
- and
- ~~strong~~
- personality
- reasonable
- size
- it
- in slang
- which
- that
- not
- even
- your
- fuckin
- voice or
- tone

• ~~Smart~~ but there is a lot of smart
do some stupid shit. One of them is
youngster. If you're a black kid who
"white" to the fuckin ghetto ^{needs} kids,
rap shit like you've been through this
~~shit~~ pit bull fighting type experience.
fuckin offensive - even to me + I'm a
white kid. You fuckers are stupid who
act like you came from the hood and
went through it. It's nothin to manip
in your own style - even if it's music, act
whatever ~~is~~ your creating ~~your~~ ~~step~~ thro
or action ~~music~~ video or musical. Interpret
with my shit I know I don't belong wit
+ they don't really love me or understa
shit but I do know that deep down
like the school shooter infamously one
resent people they ~~are~~ ^{at an extreme} ~~are~~ ^{hated} ~~are~~ ^{scared} ~~are~~ ^{of} ~~are~~ ^{met} ~~are~~ ^{or} ~~are~~ ^{ass}
in general - or just anti all people in
If you wanna be a hip hop artist -
try to rap black if you not cause
sounds fake as fuck. I don't tarnish the
black culture in general of that ratchet shit
thats super cool if thats your personality. ~~Don't~~
SHUT THE FUCK UP BITCH!!!

write smart
who ones
heard or
visually seen
before
so you
stand out
apart from
the rest

albums
beating
at my
what a
wre
artist

oh has
R.I.P.
mike
white

b6 -8
b7C -8

ack the
phases
at the
like
G.M.T.

or is
part
but it's
like
new
rap
the
shit
you
want
that
the
become
a
thing
faded

you
strong
new
regular

These Dreams are too HEAVY

These dreams I've been having "lost leg..."

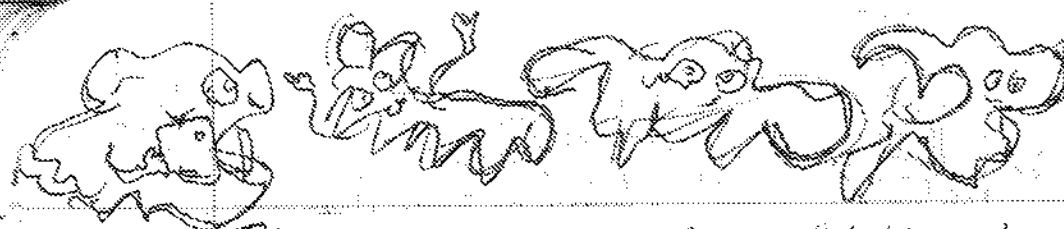
They seem to have been dreams I actually remember days after I have it. Most sequences from where it starts, to where it ends. Dreams can tend to

not make sense or are considered weird - a bunch of random shit happening to you or what's going on around you. But these are different, because they were developed in base of my ^{capsule} thoughts about...

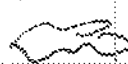
girls. Whhh... God I hate admitting that shit, but it's true. I know I will never see them in ^{w/o} doubt

person, rare occasions at random times. (Even if God's timing & plan of events is never random)

So, if they aren't physically apparent toward real life terms, terms apply into memory books of diary thoughts & day dreams, ~~as~~ as such the mind is deeply woven together by stitchings of feelings for them... my girlfriends in mid childhood early adolescence that is... When I dream or think about them by pictures or visual roll plays in my head - the film makes sense. The events of interacting w/ them and being w/ them are what I wish would be true, though I'm not conscious enough that they are abstract.



The way they involve w/ me with their interest to become apart of them by quality thme seems too good to be true - which is what I desire to be true in reality - but is too abstract in imaginative script of my daydream thoughts as producers in the making of this film-like dream, surreal but feels good. In these dreams, I had close encounters with just me &



[redacted] - the whole dream just about her since the more making daydreamers in my head were at work, then just a week later another film producer - but this time it's [redacted]



the side character - me the main. Shit this one got to me considering the damaged truth about our relationship isn't really "friends" cause in real life - she wants nothing to do w/ me, other people ^{sound} ~~all~~ ~~like~~ ~~she's~~ like she's a bad person just b/c she borrowed money from me. Fuck that. I'm just a vulnerable target and considered white trash to the black culture of the streets. so if people say she has a ghetto mentality, so what? I focus on her beautiful humor that attracts ~~pe~~ others to her. She definitely attracted me by her positive ~~and~~ butterfly intricately - woven designed heart made by God.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

that charming love
and how she shared it ^{with me} ~~in person~~ like she would to her
friends she
considers ~~as~~ family

So, that dream I had specified- emphasized
heavily on that. ^{It was} so much so that when I woke up,
my heart felt achy & my chest felt tight.
I had trouble to breath deeply, I had
feelings leaving on the ~~end~~ inside of my heart
weasel but weren't going to burst. Only [redacted]
can do that, as much as I love [redacted] w/

all my heart & soul. the dream doesn't leave
me. ^{nevertheless, it} has been yet another leach to suck
on my blood & manifest, suppress my daydreams
into re-occurrences - again & again they're
faces are glamorous in beauty, I want to
fall asleep so I can run to them & there
they are... actually waiting for me. Why can't
my dreams become reality? Maybe cause...

this
one
in
particular
that
have
not
been
rated
5 stars
in a while.
A dream
to
reconnect
with
an
abstract
way

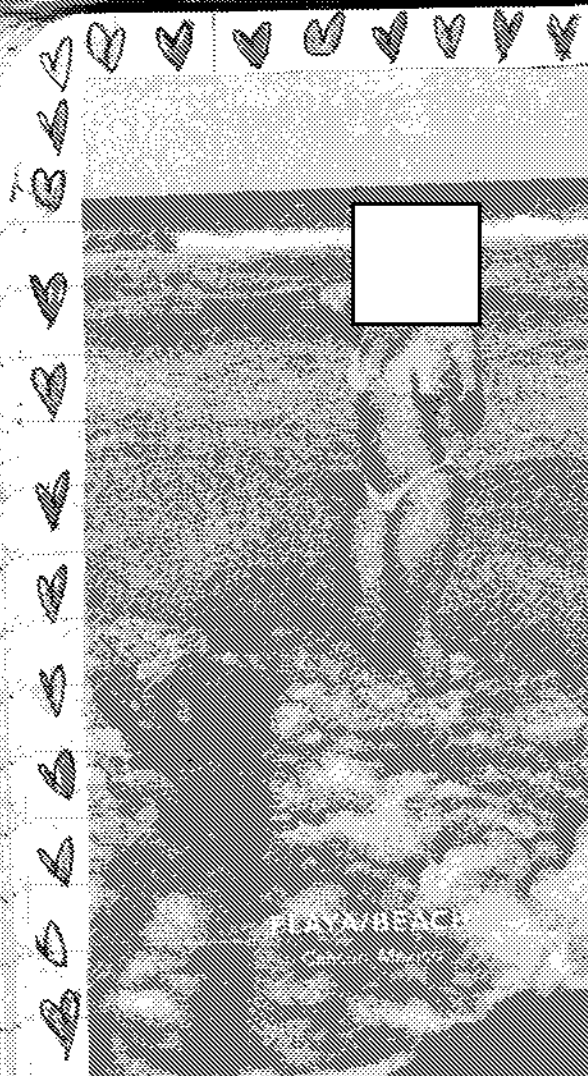
I'm too afraid to try...



I always knew
you'd turn out
this fine...



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



b6 -8
b7C -8



Damn you have turned
out so fine. ^{damn} Fuck. That blonde hair makes
you look like a black Ariel or some shit - an undersea
princess. Forget that you dnt even want nothin
to do with me or the way you live your life. I have
become kind of in love with you apart from such
attractive femininity. I ~~have~~ know there is love in
your heart even if others have told me you can't love.
Fuck that I dnt believe it. It may not be ^{all} Gods love
but its sure not nothing. Its something special to me.
My heart glows just as I look at you just like your
long elegant blonde hair. I think I'm starting to love you.

beauty
seen
I would think
of or imagine
Likewise
I actually
find you
on that
model shit
or I know
you like
a dreamy
guy

you think your beautiful, you're right. God made you flawless.

"You love your own way, not all will understand..."

It's not the outer surface of something everyone can see. It runs deeper than what people perceive by what you say, what you wear, what you do.

They watch those observations of your ways of life or personality to interfere. Your love is what is unseen & hidden of the human eye. Those who have the ability to see that there's more about you than even you are aware of.

you are His (Eyes!)
you are precious
you are beautiful
believe dear one,
If you believe in Him

B
E
A
U
T
I
F
U
L

you are special
rare i've seen
your heart
is Beautiful

Always OK Fuck what I said that you'd say "turn out so fine. Fuck THAT. You HAVE ALWAYS been beautiful. Ever since I was 13 I knew

right away

Look beneath further.



to what the human eye

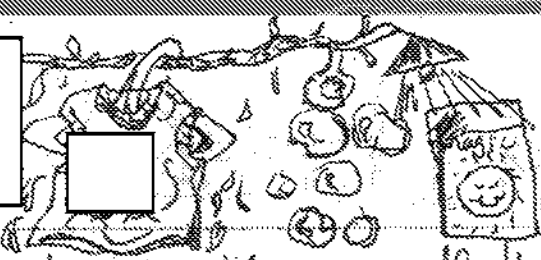
CANNOT SEE

Hello Beautiful

Its not about the clothes
you wear. Its not about
what shoes you ^{bought} ~~got~~. Its
about the color of your
hair. Its not about the
the ^{glossiness} ~~color~~ of your nails.
Its not about the make-
up to make yourself
appear "better" to others.
What I saw in you
was before you modeled,
before you changed hair
styles. Before having

b6 -8
b7C -8

the sexy clothes in your closet (that grow
ass noman shit) was not outward looks first.
It was your heart that give me a nickname I
will always treasure the first day of ball
practice. It was your heart that brightens
faces, days ~~and~~ good and bad. A heart
that smiles even when you ~~be~~ say you
beate yourself up of not "feeling beautiful".
I've learned from my own experience that a
feeling is just a feeling, not always reality.
You have a heart to express your own love that doesn't
have to be ^{perfect} like gods or goddy people in your life.



I grab you & hold you gently in the hand of my heart to hold dear

God gifted
a heart
to you
I love you
in every way
not all my
understand
if
that's what
to be
judged
or a word
you
were
born
it's a
sweet
heart
God's
secret

Reflect the love inside yourself that God gave you as a gift of His Love to you.

You have an idea what love can be, even



did not provide the essential

toward how to love others. You have a heart and it's a beautiful one. Your faults don't

count - they are sins just like all of us have

You are human - we are all bound to do wrong

have bad days, mess up. That does not relate

to your heart at all means by reflection.

I felt your love before. You ~~did~~ had the heart

to kid around with me as a love expression.

Humor is your craft God created - that's not

a mistake. Your outward appearance - not a

mistake. The sins you have - not a mistake

Since God freed you from all of them. You

are already victorious because you are a

precious child in His eyes. His eyes let ~~but~~

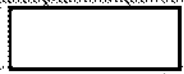
mine in how I see you. You may see me as

just a rich white kid, but deep down I

believe you see something more, just make

unlike my parents. Underneath social media,

outside voices, past experiences, there ~~is~~ ^{is} a



stars ^{over} ~~and~~ night and your shining up there. Quiet

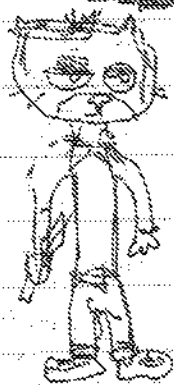
contrast, at ease, at all love for your heart - till I die

for
you
smile even
when days
are hard
I was
able to
be shared
by your
joyous
you let
me laugh
w/ you

You let
me
hug
you
You
let
me
become
a part of
your
crew
when
a ball
once
held us
tightly
together

b6 -3,8
b7c -3,8

I Need a break from [redacted]



It's about fuckin time [redacted] got a job ^{A REAL} FINALLY thank God!! Man, I am so glad he can go away for 7-8 hours in a day havin to deal w/ his shift everyday. Fuck... I was so sick of [redacted] braking backs + necks, working to the bone + paying for most everything besides bills. [redacted] didn't have no money + it was just fuckin embarrassing. I mean

for like it wouldn't be if [redacted] had no degree or college or any career working experience. That's just poor living

2-3 years

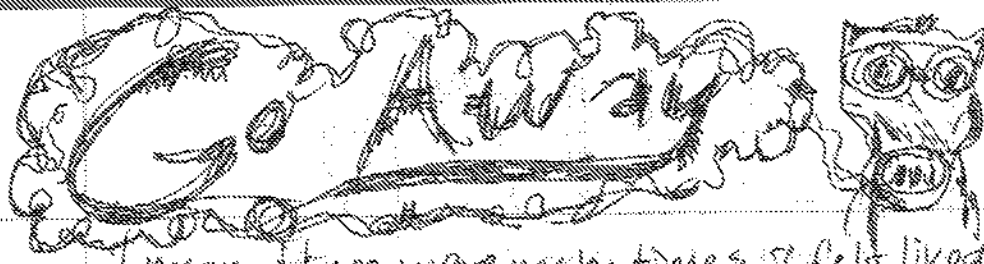
of his business going down the toilet.

with single [redacted] doing all the providing. But no it wasn't like that in real life but it FELT LIKE

it. In a sense [redacted] was there but not really doin shit - going on the internet, watching that dumb politics Donald Trump bullshit more than once a day. Having damn cheese n skore crackers wine shit **EVERY FUCKIN** in the **MIDDLE OF THE DAY** - while normal, stable [redacted]

actually are banking workin overtime. I mean, not even fixing that fuckin broke up stairs toilet, no yardwork, no mowing the grass, not even cleaning up after his fuckin dishes + dirty laundry. **FUCK** - was acting like such a champ in a depressed state of mind. I hated waking up every morning looking at a crusty old man w/ no hair cut, no face shave or shower. Like **FUCK**...

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



I mean, there were many times I felt like shit but didn't avoid my highline. Probably in his situation he never felt he had to work or go anywhere. Fuck that [redacted] bank account was always low - spend spend ask for money [redacted] says no cause no reliable income came in.

And at the same time power goes off, TV's broke, wifi not working when [redacted] + I both need the Fuckin INTERNET - but bill didn't get paid.

It was a continuous cycle that didn't get any better.

But till sooner or later he always feels he has to do something - finally act when desperate measures are at extreme. I was sick of [redacted] overworking.

[redacted] not doing enough! I was sick of [redacted] stressing + continually pushing [redacted] like he's

no grown man. I was sick of [redacted] being the

reliant one + not depending on [redacted] for shit.

I was sick of worrying we'd lose our house + having to live in a 2-bedroom apartment where I'd

never be able to be away from him at a distance

since there wouldn't be near as much space like [redacted]

or house. I swear to God I wanted to end my life

living w/ [redacted] trapped w/ him all the time.

Damn his car always sat... [redacted] after day --

else to spend.

vortex

his always has a confused in

My fuckin God just leave

Legs!!

Fuck it, to [redacted]

I HAD to run away at times

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



5-17-19

Just
kill
myself

Maybe if [] didn't grow up like the way she did, or
or wasn't cursed by her []
passing down the disability, feelings about
would not be as insecure, or uncomfortable,
uneasy, or bitter, I mean, [] can't help
it, unless he comes to his senses - if ever, that
he needs professional help like I realized, I'm
fucked up to I still can be. I've been living in
a dark Daniels lions den ^{hole} for some time now. But
fuck I'm not in denial I'm full aware of my sins,
my setbacks, my mental disabilities, my
temptations - and therefore special professionals
process/help me through that. But no - he won't
take care of him - probably why he doesn't know
how to genuinely take care of us.

And he's
a fucker
in the
head of
individual

can't
argue
of
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I blame [] for that. I hated coming
over to her trashy house to visit when she was
alive. Papers all over, nasty fridge, dirty bathroom,
fuckin smells like mildew + mice poop. []

Come
in + she
cut all
nice as pie
but hides
all her
lashin
bulldog
shit from us,

[] said she was mean + NEVER did anything
for her kids. Was a horrible [] never giving
[] a room, band lessons, going to church
to learn about God. Nope she was like fuck all
that, cause most parents who were abused in

sex
the
are
no
love
no
supp

She started
it all from bad to
worse. Demon
to perfection

5-17-19

with the reality
death curse forever
imprinted on my
psychological disposition

their childhood turn out useless, self-centered,
unsacrificing, ignorant

I ^{to} ^{never} liked that bitch - if she was a mean

then when
these
kids
growing
they want
to take
care
of her
in him

muther fucker I can understand why ^{on his part} ^{had} ^{no} good childhood. Had to put a fuckin knife
under his bed at night in case ^{he}

to
leave. I
saw to
bad
here I'd
be gone

^{he} tried to kill or attack him. He
grew up w/ a dad. How the fuck is he supposed

to know how to be a ^{to} me ^{to}

He's a good man, but he's not the greatest

in the world - no fuckin doubts about that,
cause truth is I'd be just fine if ^{wasn't}

in my life. Sure, it was great when I was a kid,
but I was too young to understand until I got

older of ^{condition} that is challenged

against ways to be ^{easy approaching} a loving, supportive

He ^{I think was an idea} ~~knows~~ how, I believe he tries... but I don't

always feel it, cause I don't have a normal

But at this point I'm just glad if ^{ever}

does have bad days, he can front his frustration

storms elsewhere where I don't have to have

him showers down on me. I hope until I

figure out I won't ever have to deal w/ his shitty

attitude anymore so I can become untaxed for

good... I can breathe... finally...

that's a
disturbing
childhood
with
that

he's lost
to the
fact
of
learning
on

to take
care of
him
instead
of
handling
problems
himself -
or at
least
most
the
time

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

5-18-19

Aquintences... fuck I don't like that word.

People go unmet but want nothin to do w/ you
cause its so awkward. Those you are there then
poof! Gone, but not like it has any effect. It

Since life always changes fast in people like its the interstate that im roadkill
I feel shallow + confusing. Sometimes with
people, I'm like... "Why the fuck does
my therapist encourage me to make friends
when I can't get past the fuckin acquaintance
stage?" I feel I get a dead pitch in my brain
+ it turns fuzzy. "What to say, what to ask,
what to do w/ them?" God I ~~KNOW~~ KNOW I don't know what friends do together
that they truly enjoy when their passions/jobs
are linked like good luck charm bracelets.

Another charm, ~~another~~ another memory...

It seems I can only learn about it from animated
movies, horse movies, + car toons.

I know what my fate is. I ~~am~~ only truly
belong to the outcasts, weird kids, ~~emo~~ ^{artists}
+ emos. The visual art kids were always
considered the "weird ones" for the most part.

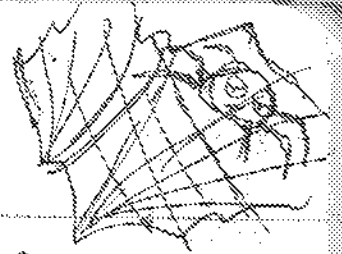
I know for a fuckin fact I was, and for as
long as I can remember, other kids in small
circles complimented me

Kids like them truly wanted

Is the same thing w/ her that makes me wish I could get over from being a fuck to get up people like to talk about I know I'm giving for me to be that

b6 -3
b7C -3

5/8/9



and pleased my company. I belong w/ the
kids at the bottom - I don't know why - I try
to please people above me who have never been
labeled as the dirt level group of outcasts. I know
a lot of confident, outspoken, social girlfriends -
most of them black who have like a thousand
fuckin friends on facebook + always got their
besties, sisters, or boyfriends in their pictures.

Thier fake is different from mine. They are in
a culture that it cannot be considered family
to them. They belong w/ people, but I fuckin
don't. I just don't get society + why people try
to do a bunch of new shit like it's easy for
them - even almost natural. They're just bold

like that - just as such who they hang w/ on
a rotating basis. Me? It's never consistent + I
fuckin know most of them don't like silence. I

like to be alone. They don't (most the time if
ever) - They need a "hit me up to hang" type

of shit. Well how they fuck ain't
supposed to know what you want to do. Your
guys never ask me. Cuz... I'm not you
guys. All of you with perceived bonding star
status. I grew up w/ no one but [redacted] like
have no fuckin people w/ me. is all I have

most of the
time I'm
fuckin alone
want to be
that way
People
ask me
in high school
at lunch
why are
you
yourself
cuz I'm
not a social
person
I want to

Besides, mostly
they
need
aspects
your
poor
to grow
from

as always
love
never
lasts,

But it was just a season, it was not fate. I don't belong w/ them & it fuckin sucks. I wish I had their friendship but they got more important things in their life ^{than} me. I don't truly belong w/ the black kids when it comes to that. I hate all of you fuckin people who considered me an outcast and make me feel like dirt. I have an idea why I can be so resentful, & you're the big fuckin suspects of it - a crime you're so aware of ^{your husband} ~~blame~~ out. You're just like [redacted]

I realize
at times
I must
give up
my heart
we were
not
desired
for
each
other
the fuckin
my only
destiny
is to
either
die a
gay
school
shooter
or
complete
loner
~~gay~~
~~gay~~
who
lives
in every
day
solitude
& hidden
modest
school

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] w/ a blind heart in denial of his faults. Yeah, just blame it on the sorry sour puss, depressed, shy white kid who never says shit to anyone except small hi & bye. I'll just throw some dirt on you so I'd feel better about my own self-image. FLICK ALL OF YOU who are still like that today.

die a
gay
school
shooter
or
complete
loner
~~gay~~
~~gay~~
who
lives
in every
day
solitude
& hidden
modest
school

I.T. Creswell bullies deserve revenge from me. Past, present future, I just wish sometimes I could buy my AR 15 - point it to all of you & murder every last fuckin kid at mission that school today. I don't know a fuckin soul but to my "posy" they don't know me

[redacted]

for shit. My love isn't enough or it feels that way cause ~~because~~ they either take advantage of it, or use it to run w/ it. I've never been a cool kid. I could only be one when my teammates in basketball did it for me, in their loving accepting protection to all my social

you're
done
so
away

b7D -6
b7E -4

You Have

What I
Don't

6/20/19

[Redacted]

again

b6 -8
b7C -8

Hey again. Just wanted to write to you. I've been having a lot of stuff on my mind lately. As you already know, I had to withdraw from my classes at school. I just don't feel that motivated right now to keep pursuing toward my dreams like you say all the time. I have been fighting hard for them for a long time now, up to 5 years, I've been stuck

(from my previous writing)

up to the point where the light in the tunnel is becoming less faint by the year.

in college. I'm 24 and yet still no degree. I watch you and others after graduating, and I have two parts of me in ^{an} ~~in~~ coincide beliefs - The depression side ~~tells~~ snickers at me like the ^{concept} ~~the~~ "Keaton voice" "I'll never graduate" - the ^{shifting} ~~optimistic~~ ^{half} confident-in-progress side of me. "I CAN DO THIS." ~~Unfortunately~~ Unfortunately, the optimism voice has went on vacation. Don't know when it will come back, ^{and} ~~though~~ it still is taking its time. Depression has been dragging me around like I'm a donkey w/ heavy ~~luggage~~ ^{luggage} on my back from sun's scorching heat. Chronically suffering as usual - though as my therapist believes my behavior is not the usual now. I should have never started another semester right from the very beginning.

besides
not fully
accepting
state of things?

You Have, ~~What I Don't~~

6
+
who is there to blame? Guess all I can do is
make the most of my time off so I can recover
my strength, physically + mentally.

20
I was referred to Vanderbilt mental
hospitalization yesterday and had to go for
an assessment at their psychiatric base

center. ~~At first~~ I was ^{also} angry at my therapist
for believing I needed more intensive care.

19
I was ~~also~~ ^{lost} angry at my life ^{too} and where
my life holds right now. I'll just have to be
hopeful for the good that will come out of it.

Maybe, just maybe, my depression will hold
off its weight on me and I can return being
a more loving person rather than an angry,
resentful person who hates those who hurt me
and society in general.

I have so much hate + anger in my heart more
than I ~~ever~~ have in my life. I have always

hated myself, but have had hated others so
badly that I wish to blow brains + guts out. I
never really thought of killing innocent people

so intensely before. I do fantasize + think about it
A lot.

I love my family and I love you. I love my bud

I love I love your sister

I was
kind of
scared
that
they
would
make
me
stay over
there
for a while
which
didn't
happen.

I have
never been
kept angry
over
injuring
persons
of
mine

b6 -3
b7C -3

1483(FBI)-1042

6-20-19



Besides my life at a ~~crisis~~ ^{sudden slowdown} ~~now~~ nowadays,

I've been thinking a lot more about [redacted]

I found her facebook online and have been obsessing with her photos because she looks so beautiful to me. She always has, she's

fit for her queen heart
wearing a different outfit in almost every picture from 2015 on, almost like she has a princess's wardrobe. I hope she does for being poor all her life. I also find it interesting how [redacted]

(you know more about her than me)
looks really good in a lot of different clothing styles + hair styles. I believe she ~~can~~ ^{can} look good in the "back to that head hoe bald shit" as she says. Can't disagree with that. I have had my own

internal experience to love [redacted] respect [redacted] *appreciate more*

throughout these last several months
how as to how comfortable she has become with herself. She can have any type of hair done, any kind of outfit, but her ^{and her} smile + devilish smirk never changes. She's still authentically

[redacted] even if she does cuss in her posts + puts

up super roach ^{at times} shit. I think it's appropriate given under her specific background

but its super cool and sexy all the same
circumstances. I think she's just being real like Funny, Authentic, Real angels.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

b7D -6
b7E -4

she
says

rate
re

you

Boundless Sea

I don't think I will ever let you go. I believe in myself that no one on the face of this planet will make me feel the way you have made me feel for a long time. I ~~am~~ am certain in my heart I will never get over you. You continue to awe me, inspire me, motivate me. You make me feel like I am a real person worth your time when I watch

you, With you I smile so wide, make myself break down in cry, laugh, and my heart

only becomes more drawn to you as if I were

in the face of a masterpiece and wish it could be all mine. ^{It's fantasized too long} It's too late for me to reverse all my feelings,

my devoted writings, and boundless seas of thoughts

about you. It all runs in together too deep, at a surface not acceptable to jump in and drain all

of it out. My heart is not a drain, but a sea. An

ENDLESS sea for you. Like so, it sparkles w/ the

Sun - God's love light reflected on you, then you

wash in waves of His spirit. It's mysterious,

boundless, relentless. Nothing can dry up God's

sea. No one can dry up His Love. It fascinates me

how your connection with God runs so deep ^{that} you are in love

with Him. ^{You have your eyes fixed on him. I have my eyes} You have your eyes fixed on him. I have my eyes

on you. ^{to not do so, there's no way, I don't know how} You left a mark on me that I will never be able to

erase, wouldn't dare. I am too deeply in love.

You are in
His image,
you are
His angels
& His children
become
right
you set
your
heart within
flooded in
the perfect
position
God's
chest

that needs
spiritual
refreshment

to this
dry sand
I call the
world

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

b6 -8
b7c -8

YOU HAVE WHAT I DON'T

6-21-19



Jealousy is an ugly feeling, but so is my heart. It has turned ~~become~~ moldy + weed infested where maggots and leeches of my enemies take their teeth into it, chewing deep to the core.

Filled w/ it in boiling lava form + mud slaps

you and you were apart for awhile, but a few years later, SHE returned to you... as it seems. I can never know and only run a script to how it all plotted out, but you received a good ending. As all it should be for a princess like you.

She loves you enough. I needed her to return her friendship w/ your token of 2nd chance for all

Both of you have that mutual love. You and her deserve each other. From who grew up w/o parents' love, and from you who had been surrounded by Gods Love through your loved ones, its meant to be. You two have been through it all going way back as talents.

as if it came from a fairy tale or a Disney movie classic. I hope learned about your love, grace and sacrifice so she can give in return. I feel she is capable. I have faith in [redacted] as I have faith in your friendship that will never be lost forever, I hope...

for years to come

You have what I don't. A LONG TIME ago. People don't love me enough. It never lasts. There is always changes, but how is this good that I lost you? How is it that she's someone I used to love & now hate? Its because of me, I say. But NO. Its people that I hate. You two are just the love of my life.

you have each other apart of the world but not passing you by

I don't need it she does of them I never states I love friendship

In this way in the world I have you read of Gods chosen a belief in him as his love Your lives with me, your spirit is in love with him

b6 -3
b7C -3

Depression in Chronic Low/High

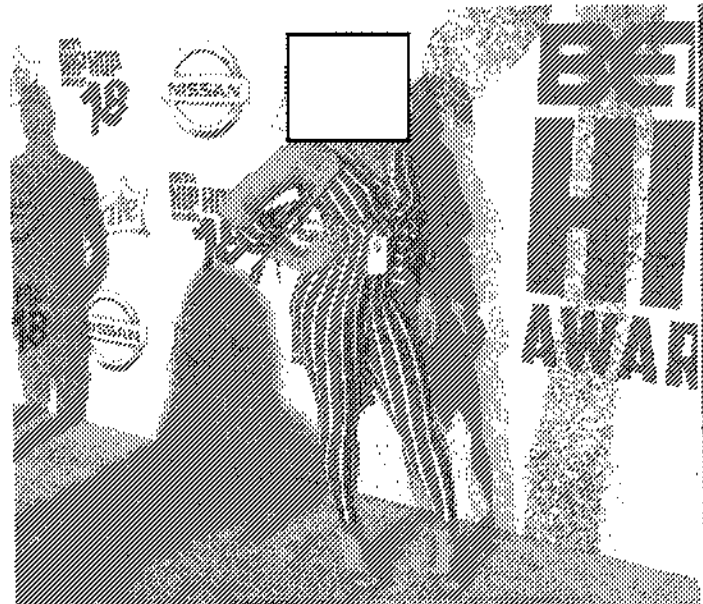


Imaginary Boy

Ebay and McKays
are my only friends these days
that would keep my feeling high
but only for temporary time
white lies in my white noised head
try not to ore sleep
didn't hear my alarm go off
sandbag eyelids
try to stay awake
my demons are hungry
gave them food and asked
to lay inside my mind
I try to move ahead
but my memory tape rewinds
or memories that are fantasized
figurine-sized self esteem
old friends that nail me low
I feel the blow of hammers
tied down to train tracks of suicide
refugees like me escape, I tag alone
then weekend flights on amazon prime
circling the bookstore, shit I don't need
but buy for the sake
of feeling high of gas adrenaline



I love you; No One Else



I love you so much
 Im OK if it hurts
 you are more than
 worth it
 more than beautiful
 to me

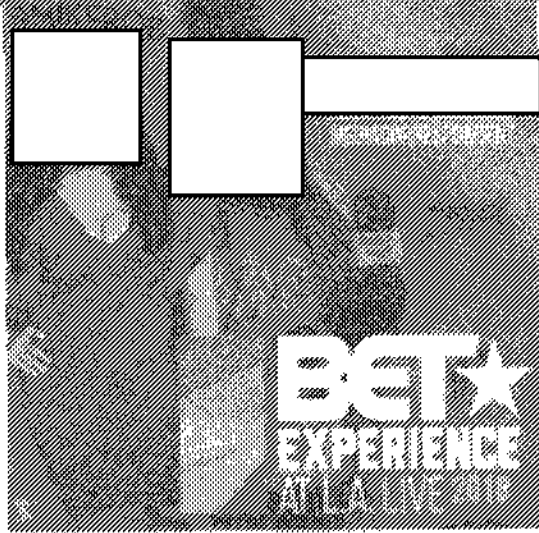
Without God
 where would we be
 you understood love
 before we could
 queen of my soul

b6 -8
 b7C -8

Light the way
 princess;
 wherever darkness be
 fight in mist of storm
 in the palm of his
 hand - calm & free

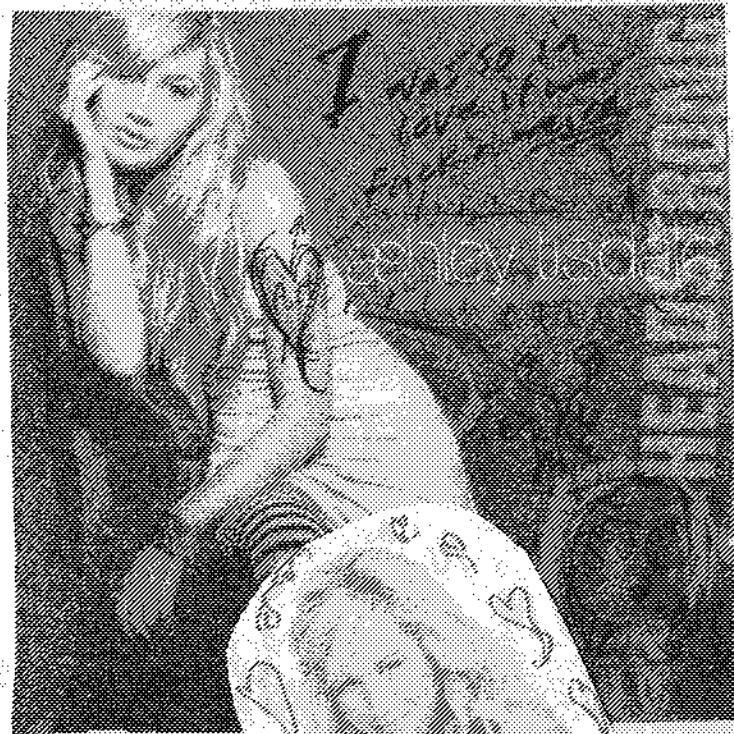
I love you, no one else
 just as me to hear your
 voice
 I slow down as
 you speak

Be
 you
 full



SO
 FLY





I was so in love with her
and she was so beautiful



I kept a picture of her under my pillow and would secretly stare at it



Oh my God, she is so beautiful



I can't help but stare at her

My heart now drops in all my blood and tears
and I will never understand the truth
Had no idea what it meant from
the truth was
but I was
and I was
and I was



Why is it that I become so into them?



Boy thought so

Ashley's tale

My Own

Being Gay Kids

I can't get over feeling that I will never be it (I can't get over it)

5-5-19

[redacted]

how much happier my life would be
usually in my life growing up w/ me. You

[redacted]

as to who you wanted to be in life, and I missed
an all of it. It makes me so sad, I continue to hate
myself even more.

[redacted]

day I ~~was~~ full of dread + no joy, sometimes I feel
lifeless and hollow. I tell people I'm good but sometimes
just not.

[redacted]

of what happens, we are both relentless w/ me
don't give up. But sometimes I wish I could surrender my
life.

[redacted]

need some light + joy in my life. That's you. Because of
you, I begin to see the bigger picture from what you have
created ~~as~~ as it broadcasts on TV. But a lot of what I'm

[redacted]

searching for is right in front of me, but I'll never
have it I feel. It's your love in friendship at a close
range

[redacted]

I feel it's my fault. You moved to L.A. + I didn't even know.
I have excitement for what ~~steps~~ ^{steps} you take, but
then I step back + look at me. Why was I not there? I miss

[redacted]

a chance anything will ease my darkness + sadness +
self criticism except God. I even feel
distant from Him. I am a place in

[redacted]

I wish you knew ^{I am} my life right now where I am so lost.
now I really felt, ^{on a} tiny island - just me + but
everything about you ^{I don't even melt down in}

and this self-hatred of not knowing ^{I don't even melt down in}
how to be a ~~type~~ type of friend ^{feel Him.} I know just
you are looking for. I know just
where to find you, + it's not YouTube or my
phone. ~~one~~ one call away. But my heart is the only
place I can smile these days. When I can look
inside + you are there bursting forth in ~~at~~
spirit - that it overwhelms me ~~at~~
you make me happy but ~~at~~
when I feel lonely, my darkness tries
to consume me / dark thoughts
to distract me of what could
lift me up. Your love
+ GOD'S =
28-1485(FBI)-1050

b6 -8
b7C -8

If I just want to
hug you... (in my

I miss you so much...
heart is bursting. I
only take so much in
it will never stop think
of you. The more you
gone, the more you
my dreams. I feel
are there. You from then
and you today. I want
your arms. It was
Almost as real as
your golden sparkle eyes
& skin. My tears are

b6 -3
b7C -3

b6 -8
b7C -8

4

19

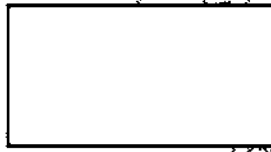
19

19

when I dream and feel it on my cheeks when
awake or ^{maybe} was it your spirit that kissed me...
lets me know in my conscious & unconscious
heart our sisterhood still breaths in this
toxicity tech age of ~~de~~ destructive robotic
friendships. Screens & social media I believe in my
heart underneath surfaces of doubt, confusion,
uselessness & unhappiness - it cannot interfere
the love you have for me. Because you've been
willing to stay the same. I hope I can ~~be~~ have your
bear arms someday soon... a big hug!

4-29-19

For



Big Sis

b6 -3
b7C -3

You're my only sister

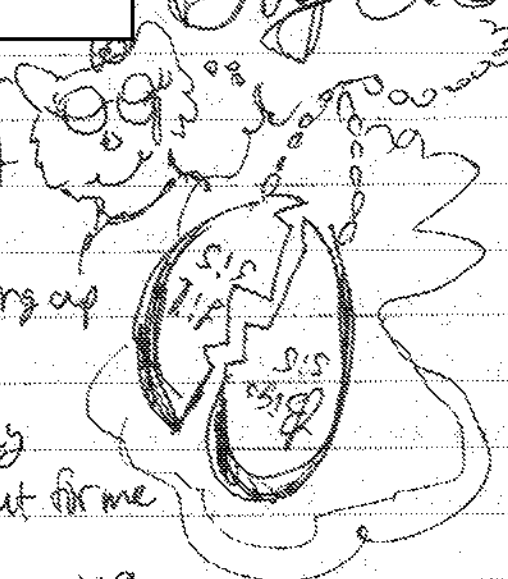
I have no one left
who's a sister to me
never had one growing up
then I met you

I knew right away
protect and look out for me
other older ones

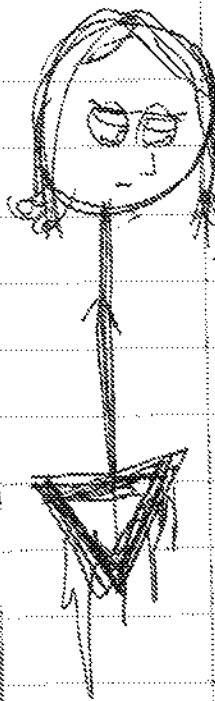
who could have been ~~the~~ big sis
~~but they~~ turned out not to be
cause they never thought of me
as a little sis

You always have

and you say you will be; ~~and I'll be~~
so you will always have me; to the grave
~~and I'll be with you~~ I felt I had others
along the way
but all faded away
except YOU ♥



5-6-19



I feel my Christianity is being crucially at threat & hangs ^{on a slender rope} in the balance. It is my sexuality that wants me to cut the rope. I feel that I will be rejected by those that have rejected me several times - they don't even really know me. I feel they don't want to know me at all. When knowing that who I really am is not a secret anymore would only push me further away from them. I can sense the devil every day taunting me to think about ending my life - that I am worthless in beautiful people & useless to others time - friends I have that I really can't call them that or lean on to. They are content

just go on
what use it
can't some
naïve shit be
a friend who's
not in real
in what's
I feel

in my mysterious solitude. Who they are becomes less radiant, jaded, disjointed. I feel my heart has nothing left inside but sadness, anger, resentment & bitterness. But then I was reminded that I am worth it to I being higher than anyone human - GOD.

that's
all
most
went to
share
just to
have
some
reverse

I ask ask... would God still love me if I am gay? I think... He does. He never lets me down. His love never fails. His grace is everlasting - that I am prone to evil thoughts & fancies of childhood bullies, mochaes, ~~man~~ - included encounters, abandonment... from the faking lies

He was living
in me, but had to
take away my treasure
He means, I love
so much

5-6-19

He wants
me
to come
back into
his arms
when
I'm
with him
even if
he loves me
I feel he
still is
not happy
in me since
all of my
fresures are
being stolen
by him. lol

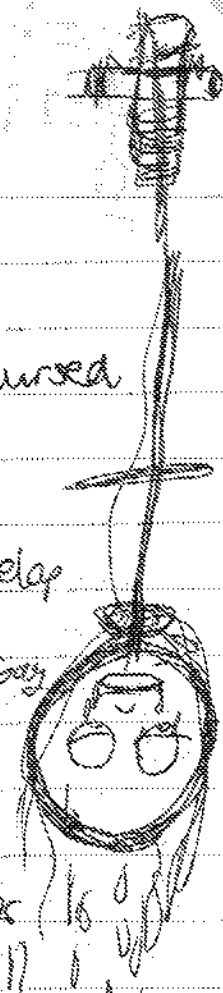
such rotten rooted hatred that is plagued by
thorns & weeds from the entanglements of
my internal struggle vs. external voices, others cursed
this influencing mine on a grand scale. He
knows me inside & out. Every thought & word he
knows. He wrote my story before I began to develop
my first heartbeat. If he thought of me,
he must have a purpose for me. ^{so I get the let me be Gay} So many times
I wanted to end my life. So many times where
I tell myself I'm no one to this person or that
group or that culture. So many times I wonder
if someone would ever love me but I know it will
never be felt w/ all my heart. But... God loved
me first that's greater than any human love -
even [redacted] God is perfect, tireless, infinite,

[redacted] was born
in a prison
cell, God did
not care
for anyone
in a prison
cell.

My
unability
to fit in

undefinable in strength & humble power to save. As a kid
The wicked abused me & remind me of my past -
I can still hear them. My fantasies grow as I
re late to infamous school shooters. I either leave
a mark on those I know & don't know by being
remembered as a ^{heartless} crime I committed, or I am
not remembered by what I have done that's been
self-sacrificing. ^{though} God has never left me,
that's a hell of a choice by two extremes.
No friends choose me. No lover choosed me

I can punish
those who
hurt me
to trouble
their lives
forever



school
& complete
strangers

but those
who hurt me
are satisfied

FUCK High School 5:10

When thing I hated more than anything
in my life - fuckin high school. People are
losers when they say they miss the high school
years. Fuck that shit, I don't. Every day
was dread ful + painful. I never got any love
from you people I truly had a heart for

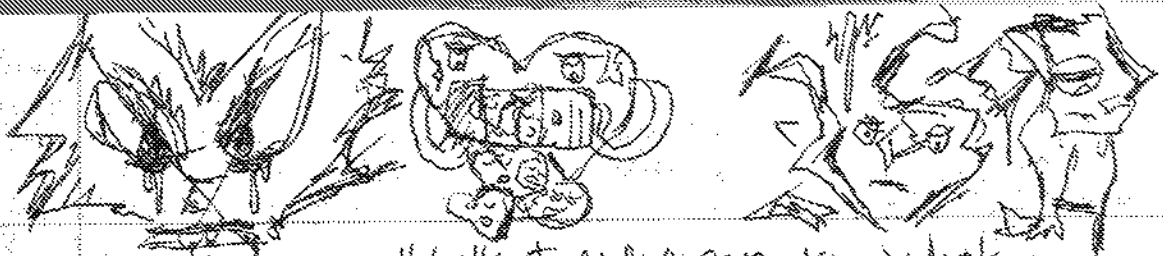
ignoring
me &
not
appreciating
my
life of
complete
solitude

You were too fuckin busy being w/ the
confident cynical joking bitches who were
just so unlike you. Your friends were prone
to make fun of me & stare at me the same
fuckin way the black kids ^{mean ass} back at Shithole

& looked
up to
when
you
were
too
blind
young
to
notice
my
retard
behavior

If I
ever
had
the
courage
to say
something
w/ them
always
around
you.

Creswell. I hated when you guys had all
the fun, laughter, + confidence while I had
all the misery, loneliness, wh acceptance,
and isolation. My only true friends were
either the ones being wh accepted by snotty self
ass theater kids or just a herd in art class
who likes anime or ^{drawing} cartoons like me. I
loved those guys + ~~you~~ I loved them, but
your friends didn't like us for shit. That's what
made it so fuckin painful that ~~was~~ ^{you were} ~~in the~~
in the mix of it - clash clashing of the
anti-social status diversity vs. the anti-
acting out loud kids status. We ~~are~~ ^{were} too
fuckin different at the time we couldn't



even barely small talk. I didn't ever know what to say or start up decent conversation cause I was always at aid someone in your social group would approach you and throw me off.

No, I don't fuckin know how to talk

to people in groups, especially if its a mixture of people that are a warning sign to say

something judgmental about me. I know

too well that others had mixtures of feelings

for me. Even if they said they loved me its

not like ~~th~~ any of them were interested. They

thought I'm not interested. FUCK THAT

I just didn't know how to show it, But then

again did anyone above me + my friends in

the social status chain jump in first? Fuck

no! I have so much pressure in a sense I have

to do all the work + come up w/ all the topics cause

no one really cares about ~~me~~ ^{for shit}. Like any average

teenager would for that matter. They are too busy

goofing w/ their friends, skipping class, + being

loud in the hallway. Fuck all that, I didn't

do that worthless shit. Cause I have + had

fuckin ^{high intelligence} awareness of myself how different

I felt from everyone else - especially you

the socially
inclined
black
popular
kids

would
jam
all my
feelings

in my
heart
like it
was a
time bomb

+ ~~that~~
It would
blow
up after

I got home

that's mainly cuz

natural
reaction
to being
different

like
life
is fun

hanging
out +
socializing

is
simple
to
them

in real life. I'm capable of making friends, ^{but I wish that good at it}
when it comes to just impossible to be friends w/ you at the time. I was not in your thoughts. You weren't they

Yes you all, WAKE UP. Listen to me for fuckin' once, I don't think you follow, so ^{results who wanted me I was the one who}

let me rephrase: I DID CARE, I LOVE YOU GUYS. I WANTED YOUR HEART.

How many times to I have to fuckin' say it? ^{want you}

I was too ahead of you to know where it came from that your lessons I learned from ^{I'm my thought}

you in basketball were more than basketball. ^{every day}

I never wanted to say shit cause you were too fuckin' young to understand. I'm like ^{In...}

"no just wait... not yet..." I would be at ^{pay out}

my locker & see you standing there and I

would ~~be~~ have the sickening feeling that

I couldn't brave the train to arrive at

your tracks, cause you always had

fuckin' passengers to board your friendship

train. You were never alone & I could

never be one-on-one there was always

a fucker ruining the moment, so I'm like ^{in the process}

"might as well give up or not try at all."

If I had a remote to point at all the people

trying to get in my way, I'd freeze fire just

so it be you + me, no one else. But fuck it was

too over my head - daydream but within happened

I feel ran over on the track by those grinding wheels of this torture.

5

10

19

with my heart racing & pumping like my feet

they would arise me to turn the fuck around if not I feel

5-12-19

Another Champion Heart



b6 -3
b7C -3



Just so you can concur beforehand, you are not just "Another" person I'm writing about. No. If I'm writing about you in ^{nightly} positive affirmations, you are extremely special. You always were, and the impact you had / have on my life doesn't make your significance any different. Without me in your life, you are just as special. Besides who was a valuable impression / influence on who you aspire to be, you alone - who God and how God made you is special - more to me than others because I know a golden child that is in the spotlight of God's merciful + glorious spectator. You outshine many - much more in my life to go into more condensed terms. My love has it. My big sis has it. I believe you're one of my top 3 special souls who's not all human.

you were
born a
child to
bear
Christlike
light,
and don't
naturally
of average
teenager
+ young
adult
civilization

And what I mean by that is you are not of
Society, doing + acting the way everyone else
is - ^{many are} Selfish, prideful, ignorant, inconsiderate,
worthless, untrustworthy, doubtful, hurtful,
not truly being a friend, all about themselves,
rebellious. You are not, I believe, any of those
things. You serve God through your work life
as a teacher, to your sorority sisters, to
your school community giving hope + joy to
kids. You have angel qualities that are heaven
scents, I can smell it from afar + I can feel
your spirit touch my soul. Your extravagant
spirit encourages me to release myself from
the dark side - the Devil. That right there is
a disciple talent ~~positioning~~ / nudging those
cluttered + overmassed in darkness to come
into the light with those higher beings such
as you. God has reflections of those who
truly dominantly, consistently, thrive, sculpt
shape, persist, masterize His image by their
heart in which God has created before you
began to breath. You remain the same person.
You share Gods love. You love your work. You
love your family. You love your sisters. You love
the lesser ones such as me. Love your enemies first.

Be in the
world,
not of
the
world.
as God
says,
and you
stick
to His
testament
your
family,
your
other
friends,
you give
so much
loving
+ irrevocable
credit /
appreciation
to at a
level deeper
than others
do to understand

5-22-19

Godly human beings are those who love, give, and shine like God. That's you. He never changes, He always loves, He always forgives, He never lets you go. There could have been many reasons you'd leave me behind & forget all about me. But you didn't, because your heart & personality is none other I've ever experienced.



b6 -3
b7C -3

Your resilient, athletic driven spirit in track inspired me to be the athlete I aspired to become. A leader, a provider of the younger ones, a strider to go the extra mile, an overcomer through over strenuous workout, a victorious warrior who braved

I do not regret anything - not one thing when
I was able to be with you, I learned leadership
& I ran with it - with all my heart.

the heat, the weariness, the time crunches, the
opponents - pushing for the gold. A champion
heart you have got you there - and by the spirit
strength that God conditioned in you. I can
look into your heart at close range and distances.

There are subjects of attributes that I have
already known before I got to know you better.
Some of them may be subjective, but aren't all
works of art & saints of God, such as you.

all of them
strike
rays
that are
far
superior
then the
striking
outward
features
goodness
sculpted
your
outward
beauty
in.

I am no comparison [redacted] says comparing
is one of the devil's temptations to reel me in close
to his frying pan to pressure heat me in the flames
of Hell. We all have weaknesses, but I know you
work hard to endeavour / embrace your weakness
to become more available, approachable to God. In
such marvelous ways, He can shape faith
enough that becomes a stronger person on the
other side - wiser, bolder, ^{more} humble, more resilient -
as long as we walk through His fires that become
healed. For God shaping you into a destined-born
leader, He & your sages ([redacted] family) guided
you with skills to take heart & resist all evil
or temptations forces - those to protect you. I remember
when you protected me back when I was just
a shy freshman who needed guidance from a leader.

5

16

19

b6 -3
b7C -3

In the Thoughts of Thier Heart

The lives of others. I have to find out for myself.
No ones found me. Because no one is looking for me.
I gave my all. To the sisters I truly love.

One ^{of them} ~~has~~ never come back. I had no choice. ~~to~~
~~turn~~ ^{turned} the other way. Digital life. Nothing is
real life with them anymore. My 2nd family.

I want to go home. My other home. They are
hear in my heart. The hatred of who abandon

± me. She is family. She chose to go away.

^{haven't} left I wish shed come back - I still say. Its
^{them} sweet + bitter - mixed feelings. I feel this

^{I still} will never heal. Will I ever learn to forgive? Can
^{keep} them there God soften such a rock of cole - my heart?

I'm tired of technology ruining the

^{with seeds} natural feeling - to be loved. The screen feels don't
^{tried} artificial + robotic. Peoples hearts are lazy. ^{put} ^{their}

^{with} mine subdues into the darkness. My ~~heart~~ ^{heart}
^{an aching} true love's light casts her shadows on me. ^{into}
^{memory} I have no light in me. All but easums of ^{what} ^{loving}

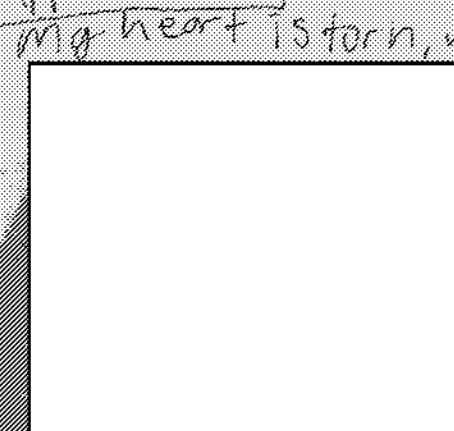
^{to not} darkness. I think late at night. Where are they?
^{let it} If I wrote to them, would it matter? My
^{die} heart ripped in two. ^{somebe} ^{can be}

^{or} and left. A part of me is dead. A life w/
^{eleven it} ^{free} am absent sisters to share it with. I sometimes
^{rest in} ^{peace} wish I was dead, because I feel I don't exist

I
L
O
V
E
you

you are all the things I am not. You are beautiful. I am not.
you are truly accepted. I'm not. Your life has been full of
happiness. Mine has not. Your heart is pure; full of light.

full of
suffering



My heart is torn, with open pores to darkness. My
heart is consumed by darkness. Your
heart is filled w/ His light. You were
born to shine like stars in His sky.

I was born to recede... & fade
in darkness forever, feeble
& vulnerable to the Devil

But w/ your
love that
resonates in
many directions
maybe I
might...
Shed
some
light.

of Yours Princess

5
20
19

b6-8
b7C-8

None Compares To You

[Redacted]

Hey just ~~again~~ writing again. Fact - I

think I'm jealous of you a little. Or ~~not~~ maybe a little more. It seems you have everything. A ^{faithful} good, exagrent group of friends, I fuckin million dollar salary, a beautiful home, beautiful

[Redacted]

Have a dream job, living

dreams, have a st on holly wood - Your [Redacted]

a beautiful puppy

[Redacted] brand, You have your spiritual

Life at an all time record high - top of the golden

child crown / tierra of Glory for the Lord. He

shines down on you + masterize it on your heart

that ^{motivates} stays pure to your identity + pure to others

in the most heart felt genuine way - humble

and a queen of beauty in a coat - Your heart

golden crystallized, polished, magnified by

God the sculptor who made a masterpiece that

everyone loves. They love + support your brand + you.

You receive awards + praise. People men + woman

close to you that your beautiful. I'm sure you have

dear friends that hit you up to hang. You have

a love of your life. You have a [Redacted] that

is both your world. Your personality is brate

strength to outweigh any challenge. Your perspective

is a train that never slows its gears - you look ahead

of the [Redacted] not the adversity

radiates warmth to all

future becomes of God

the engine of your heart

performs untold miracles

all positive love

at lots of love

back hugs kisses affection

not even

can be

faithful

can't

up to

life

Not do that

my darkness

5-20-19

everyone else does. You have striking personality that stands out more than anyone else I know, & I'm not just saying that because I'm in love with you - I'm saying that from a friend perspective too.

I know life is filled w/ problems. I know God created us imperfect. I get that no one - on rare occasions - can live a perfect life. I know that Facebook shit can skew perception that it looks as though many of my successful friends like you have it all - & it looks much more glamorous ^{than} in real life. I know the hollowness of reality in social media & the ^{to people's lives of privacy tendencies} transparencies to feel uncertain still if

by photo filters

+ added stickers make up

some of it all encompassing

the smiles of others the filters

people truly want to be a part of your life or not. I know that you're not perfect. I know your friends aren't & your family isn't. But from what you share to the world... it's almost in a positive way that overflows my heart to an steady extent. I cry but it's not just happiness... it's desires to be loved by you - the hurt that I'll never experience it at close range. I believe that your family is perfect close to it. It's almost more than perfect the fact you have & you treat them as if they had your biologicals.

that goes beyond whatever problems may be

most piece shape molded + formed

A rare jewel ~~under~~ under the deepest surface/crust
core of God's creative heart + mind -
(thought ever so lovefully)

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I've never heard from anyone in my life that you
would have such unwavering, unfailing relationships
with and that I believe was

even
through

influenced toward ~~eliminating~~ eliminating drama
+ toxicity and embracing God's love to what

even if
it all was
painful for
all of you

a Christian family really can be - what if can
SHOULD look like. What God blessed you with can

compared
to
so many
children
who
have
become

is a rare blessing - but "to whom much is given,
much is required" I believe you a noble example
for it. You go above + beyond to everyone in
your family - to do the most for yourself do a way to
give back all did for

frustrated
+ abused
infringed
by it in
all their
life

you in raising a beautiful, never-before seen,
none like no other their princess.

All your passion, work, dedication, + love for what
you strived for in the past several years leaves
a blessing + a relief for your parents + family.

← unfathomable

God is the God of Giving, and you surely have

a mind
lined by
heavenly
revelations
w/ God

know what to do in being a disciple follower
of God. Nothing can break you down or stop
you from getting what you want in life - 1
because it's all in how your mindset was setup

over-
abundance

+ 2 - to how much God blessed you with.
Precious gifts for precious Princesses like you.



raised you
like a king
would. If
he is a king
of all earthy

you
are the princess
who was
deserved to

live in a palace
of love that
ever so surrounds

you embraces
you.

is someone you
can fall in love
of, go to about
anything.

I don't have
that.

is no match to yours. You call yourself a [redacted] but w [redacted] FUCK
THAT I don't need [redacted] he caused me so much pain
and alot of bad memories. [redacted] is a celebration to you but an
awkward rehearsal to me. I love [redacted] & has a good man. But hes
not my best friend. He never tell me he loves me shows NO AFFECTION

Un-
Breakable

All I can do is think happy memories back
when [redacted] was not as fucked mentally in the head.
His fuckin illness didn't ~~just~~ wiggle in that brain yet.
Cause right now, no fuck that since high school
I hated living with him. Fuck no I'm not posting that
crusty neck & hair shit of [redacted] on my facebook
fuck that! Its all fuckin AFWARD! I hate it

So fuckin much unlike [redacted] yours actually treats
[redacted] like a queen & you like a princess. His
problems make him a pussy but oh well it seems
the only thing perminating my mind when it comes
to that. You have plenty more memories of laughter
smiles, & portraits of [redacted] - your world
Even if it was suffering at times it didn't involve him
or cause anything to infuminate suffering. [redacted]
[redacted] has I never cried next to [redacted] it was my
fuckin [redacted] You

I'm sure have no mixed - ying yang feelings about
[redacted] because you honor him so much I
honor mine but I don't advertize it. I shove it
down deep in my soul that's locked in a box & forget
where the fuckin latch is to open it again - because
I still breath the toxic fumes of his own demons
that's ~~the~~ food to my demons that only make them
more alive to petrinize & manipulate me as per.

to bring
back
replay
of those
world
memories
I have
that
strapped
to a fuckin
electric
chair &
electric
cane

b6-3
b7C-3

key

Like [redacted]

Like [redacted]

[redacted] is your everything... thank God for that he contributed to how he shaped your heart w/ the Master at his side teaching him along the way on the parenthood journey and was a masterpiece in the making.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

It may be because ^{who you} are by what [redacted] did for you in many different aspects & growing pains of life

He made you (God)
He inspired someone who you can see in [redacted]
God

Best Dad! Hands down!

It may be why a part of your beauty reflects back on the righteousness & loyalty of a real caring [redacted] I may not know him personally but I can see all his love through you &

entire
ret
pe
factor
entire
ent

vibrant spirit

More colorful than his
palette he paint. saturation
at perfect tone.

Bright but is pleasing
to the heart. My
heart ♥ yours plending
into mine would only
blot w/ black shades +
blue.

my twisted
dark love

you are
a beautiful

Famous people compliment

you. Its no surprise
to me. they believe

what they see in

their heart, if they

have a heart in some

resort of yours. Pure

light, angels that are

human, or those with

a trained eye to learn from

your princess of heart will

be attracted and want to know

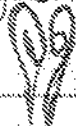
you + your success. Only the beginning

and so much further lengths you will go and

they all will follow, as all disciples main goal to enter

b6 -8
b7C -8

Refer to Kingdom
Hearts



But pure light can also attract pure darkness.
I am one of them. ^{our} hearts are lights + shadows
of extreme contrast - no hues in my palette only
muted + blackish dark blue purples + violets, all
gore of blood ~~and~~ it resembles. Your colors
of spirit as all fruits on gods tree (not all colors
of the rainbow) but yellows, pinks, blues, purples -
the ones all blended to me are the true spirit
colors - your heart. We ~~are~~ have hearts - but

contrast
strongly
against
mine

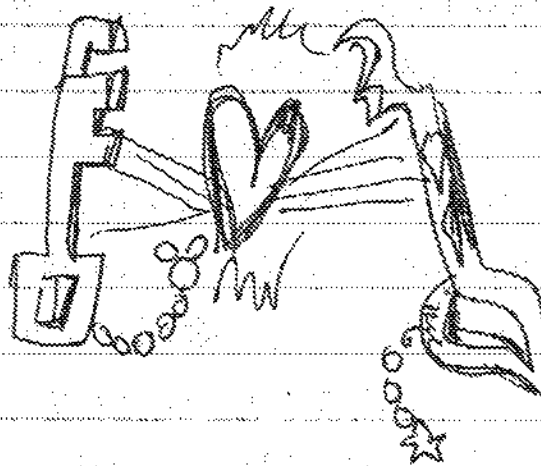
my
darkness
that
draws
with
your
heart

that close
shares
light
in looks
strangers -
newcomers
family
followers

they are not the same when it comes to nature
of feelings, ~~and~~ behaviors, + thoughts that
are the symoniosis of ^{the} hearts ~~per~~ translation.

Owns contrast of a ying-yang affect. Pure
light with pure darkness = the balanced reality

of separation - love kept at distance never to be ^{+ intimate}
in context ~~in~~ in realms of physical touch [my suicide = the ^{blade} X]



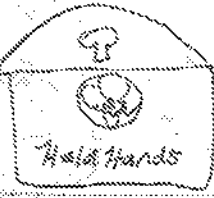
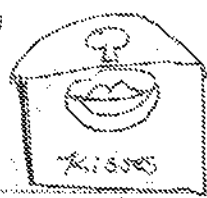
your
Outgoing...

↓
Enough to make
new friends and
enjoy it. To
relieve the ^{future} past
memories with
old ones... even
ones who might
have turned
away from you.
In spite of [redacted]
that hurt you,
you forgave +
more on. You
make it in your



heart to forgive with everlasting Grace like Gods.
Whoever is true to you will fully appreciate it.
They are ones who you like to have fun with,
share a laugh, have things in common to all
the hangout spots. Dressing up have some
mascot t-shirts + do grown shit but it w/ acting
ratchet or straight ~~to~~ silly that's funny as hell.
I may not have encountered but I can envision
What the experience is + what the hang time
is setup. I know your friends hit you up to spend

It's no
fucking
placement
they all make
the same
amount

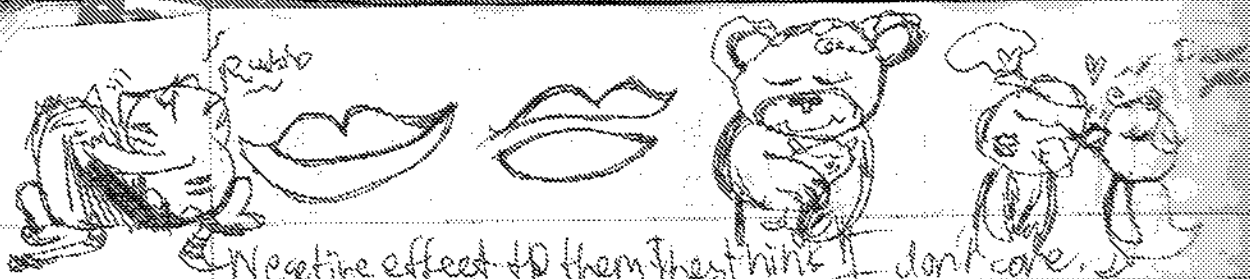


or
kill
me,
call
my
a
(sister)
or
forget
or
remain
empathy for
other
can
distract
is not
a selfish
thing
to take care
of yourself
1st

time w/ you & you do the same to them as
well. those who you love the most have it
mutual when it comes to memories. Lucky
you, when friends involve w/ me, its never what
I wish it be since I'm not confident in social
shit & two I can't ^{feel adequate} be around friends like
yours. I'm white, I'm a fag, the hood black
culture could hate on my ass. I'm depressed
sometimes, sad most times, confused w/ my
identity all the time. But no one knows, no
one cares. [redacted] is too busy ^{u/school}. Sydney is too
busy w/ her prince charming. You are too busy
focusing on yourself & not focus on "being
there for everyone" as you say. That's not in
a pathetic way, that's just being true to yourself
with a one-track mind set that doesn't let go of
the tracks, regardless of empathy you have for others.
Only [redacted] knows how to "be there". It seems everyone else
I know doesn't get it. They don't have a
fucking anxiety disorder or depression linked to it
when I get anxious as fuck all days in my life.
They don't get being autistic on the spectrum
too at light end for no one my age or older to
notice worth a fuck. I'm amosy to them & myself.
Double hatred to be backfires =

you
buy
fucking
tickets
to shows
on your
b-day
saying
other
you
choose
bustles
he-
the white
girl
and body
yet
know
only a little
inferior
association
your brother
normal
barnes
is like
news
summary
double
isolation

b6 -3
b7C -3



Negative effect to them they think I don't care.

I see you
in them
you
guys
leave
me out
it's not
fun
fucking
friends

But/shit. I just don't know how because I'm
so afraid they want have the mutual feeling
like your friends do. I have ^{really more acquaintances} friends ^{like you} but not
have, ^{it's too} black independent woman who have
at least a substantial confidence within
themselves like you. But only difference is they
have someone like me they can't at all relate
to or share a laugh - I have with [redacted] but a lot of times

20
avoiding
the jealousy
ranging
growing
as a person
to which
connecting
to feel

~~fuck~~ it's been years. ~~TEARS~~ and can't
even receive a simple text from them. I'm wise
enough now to where friendship is texting. It's
active + live like - not remote & computerized.

I can only get as close to the updates on
fuckin Facebook I see my black friends - track
basketball school. ALL OF THEM get love
& picks from their friends hang out, they
receive heart-felt texts and dinner events

which
I hate
cause it
makes
me want
to isolate
more &
avoid
get together

going fun places & doing fun things with them
(what's fun to them) They all seem to be living the
life - having the time of their life going places
and feeling amazing while they don't know
DAMN that I've suffered like no shit, and

all I can do is take pictures of my stuffed animals
that are only real to me through my imagination.

b6-3
b7C-3

are
you

mean
catharsis
was

or
of,
with)

+st
and
I don't
them
at all

hey,
want
to be
not
is alone
prob
it fuck
day w/o
in someone's
thighs

he
me
fucking
you

stupid

is

Friends I'm sure - sisters & brothers ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~gonna~~ ^{gonna} ~~kill~~ ^{kill} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~you~~ ^{you} kisses + hugs. I get more of that. Never do. ^{They said they'll do it for me}
I don't want no fuckin sympathy... I just want your love.

or
can
to do

those
things
would do that
a while
it has
will

it was
feel
myself
and
the way

you don't
know
what it's
like
to be
alone

the love
you
want
to be
with
me
I never
used
to be

fuck
them
all
who
tried
to
fuck
you
down
you
deserve
only
love
at
the
best
of
heaven
sent

My friends are not my stuffed animals. They aren't
here to give their love to the sad sack white
scorpions, who's always on the negative side
of the train tracks until I wish to strap myself
the the fuckin tracks myself & get run over by
the pents. ~~the pents~~ ^{the pents} ~~the train~~ ^{the train} my fuckin sexuality
that's fucked up. I've been in the dark depths
of despair at a surface they haven't been to
close to mine where they could hear me. They
don't know suffering like I do. That's the fuckin
problem - and forget the fact of them ~~not~~ ^{not} to knowing
what to do w/ me when I'm fuckin in suicide prone
duo mode - Revil vs. me to end my life & take
me away from [redacted]
[redacted] they don't even think to hang
w/ me period, more or less. So fuck might as
well delete that shit I wrote they won't call back
well fuck that BS shit w/ them they are better
off w/o me. I belong alone, born a loner, Stage
loner. ^{so bad that it never left you}
No one made fun of you ^{shooter} and called you names
in an ^{judgemental} way. If anyone called you bad names
fuck them. They aren't you. But I'm not you
either. I try to be like you but at the end of the
day I fail cause I'm too covered in darkness

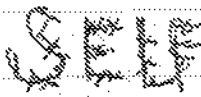
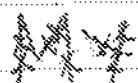
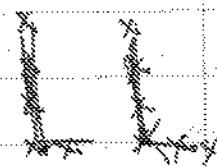
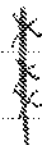
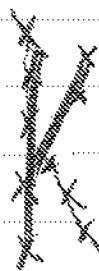
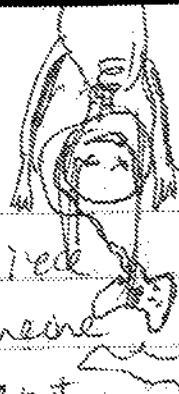
They said
they'll do it
for me

they are
in the
realm
of
light
or

b6 -3
b7c -3

the
in between
I reside
in the
realm
of
deepest
darkness
where
they won't
find me
the
heart
to
me

xx I'd rather die gay



I try to hold it in the pressure with my will

It can be taken as a norm flame or

Fires to threaten them - to put them in danger & burn their trust to them

GOD I am ~~and~~ such a fuckin emotional piece of shit. As soon as I have feelings for someone I go to far until curiosity sparks. When I think about it, I forget that its intimate writing even though I don't want it to sound like that. I try to be careful & not let my sensitive feelings leak out of my heart through tiny holes of vulnerability. I guess I wrote to you yesterday cause theres no other way I can. But that poem I sent yesterday... shit I should have known better.

I am pretty good at hiding my darkest secrets & personal matters - whatever the case. On days I'm fine - it doesn't bubble out the surface barrier of my heart, but when I'm fuckin depressed and feel like the most mysterious loner on the planet, it freezes out. Depending what I'm writing to, it can either be a heart cleanser or a heart attacker. The fires of desire rush quicker than I will fire if the love is so strong it becomes intimacy. That's you. You are a writer too, after all. But ~~now~~ I need to remind myself your ~~not~~ adapted style is not emotionally integrated.

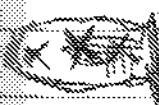
you didn't have to know



So yeah, I did something I shouldn't have done
as I stuck it on a leaning tower of ~~other~~ regrets
I don't seem to throw away dating back years.
I think I timbered it down. Strike the match
and burn me down with it - my fuckin' demons.
I should have wrote it & kept it hidden like I
normally do. But my love for you is going out of
control! If it grows any more, not only my life
will be at threat but you will start to feel that
way about me.

withier
ning
poison
So I
could
attempt
my
suicide.

21



19

And if it comes to that, I might as well not
bother you anymore. Your probably ^{Deal!} uncomfortable
& weird about this whole thing - Amess I
discovered & then dumping it on you. ~~DR Debo~~
I bet if I never sent that thing I wrote you
would have never been curious, but I couldn't
just lie. I felt it was no turning back & I had
no choice but to tell the truth. No suprise though
you handled it in the nicest possible way. You
didn't judge me, ^{you sent} ~~wasn't~~ mad... just felt weird.
If I did worse than I'm shit for that. After all,
why would it not be weird since those fuckin'
middle schoolers called me? A weird white girl
in love w/you... Fuck. That makes me wish I wasn't here.

thats
a fuckin
Shame
I don't
want to
abrupt
anyones
mood
but here
I was
fucking
up

ANO was
called
a lesbian
w/2
boys

time remaining
0:50
days min

SUICIDE BOMS



I've been thinking all day to not be here on earth.
If I could just die + put my whole life behind
me, then I can no longer live w/ this - not
just between you + me, but me in general. I
feel a mystery even to myself. I don't even know
why I am who I am. I used to know, but once
I embraced the darkness of my psychological
sexual reality - I feel fucked up + confused
all the fuckin time. I try to put my mind on
other things - but when I think of you, my mood

just collapses in a furor of betrayal, the ben-
tempting me so fuckin hard to end my life,
but somehow I still choose to keep breathing.
Just right now feeling so upset that I
may have ruined our friendship, its not like
I had much to lose. What did I have between
you anyway? Sometimes I feel like its outgrown
you now, at this point of your ages. I know
before + after this I'd never have your heart.
at how I feel I can't even dare to say
"I love you" or ask to hang out. Fuck all that
only our feelings from the past are mutual.
I can feel it
my heart feels overweight w/ all
this struggle internally
I just pray that God let me go forever
a socially retarded outcast

tempting
scrolling
down/away
of you
photos on the
Internet like
a fuckin creep

theres
no
rewinding
fast forward
or control
in digital life
actions + feelings
arent
All I can
do is live
the way
life of

HATE HATE HATE

I fuckin hate society

I fuckin hate betrayers who don't even realize they fuckin are

I hate that I can't die if I don't want to be living cause I think of [redacted]

Stewie is my only best friend cause no human associates w/ me personally. I'm starting to become anti-associated

I hate people who are stupid, ignorant, + unsympathetic
I hate change in people that's not good
Change worth a fuck

I want to be in heaven but I'm ~~lost~~ w/ God and being in His light

I hate T. T. Cresswell black racist bullies who called me weird in a bad way like [redacted]

I hate that in high school I wanted to be w/ the popular kids but all I could hang w/ was weirdos like me - the lowest social chain

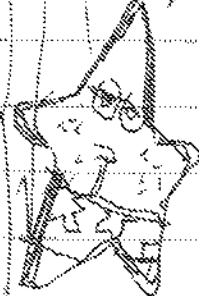
I hate delusional people and those who don't think they never hurt anyone or did anything wrong to fuck up someone's life

I hate this world I only like Africa

I hate the fact I want to ^{buy} an AK-15 Shotgun but have to pay in fuckin cash so [redacted]

won't see me debit card purchases

society



b6 -3

b7C -3

me



I hate -
most of
no one
is fuckin
doom
water

5-22-19

I SWEAR TO GOD.... If you had that same shitty gas/pain stomach problem like I did, I'm gunna have a bad day tomorrow, cause guess what?

You call in sick means you'll stay home ALL DAY watchin that politics bullshit w/ those talking head hear in feed in creature that means 2-3 whole fuckin days [redacted]

[redacted] will be home, GODDAMN I HATE

MY LIFE, Told my love that I had feelings

Sometimes for her now she'll never text me back or ever only sometimes want to hear from me ever again. Now I got sometimes to have some days predicted to be shitty just temporary feeling like your fuckin chronic disease. Have to

wear my earplugs over head ear phones all fuckin day. so I don't hear your t-rex thumps up & down the stairs. STILL didn't fix that fuckin bathroom upstairs - WHICH means you'll fuck up not only [redacted] but the same bathroom

I have to go to. Plus burping loud and having that shitty face wearing all day. OMG Fuckin God

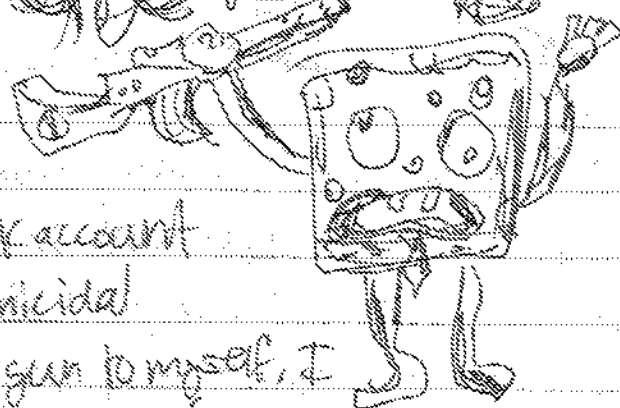
I might have to go to [redacted] or if I had my own place, a job, & money I won't have to

w/ your shit - ~~all this shit~~ w/ ease of deers kings & deers screams

my shitty week has been extended - that's the fate of a bastard like me where most my life is lifeless + dead in up in easms of deers kings & deers screams

b6 -3
b7C -3

I AM Puddle



I'm always fuckin broke

only \$1-2.00 in my bank account

I'm ^{at times} ~~always~~ fuckin homicidal

wish to be the turn the gun to myself, I
fuckin hate myself; of course

I always hadt knew something was wrong

I don't engage conversation or start it up

+ if I do its only to those like me - LOVERS/OUTCASTS

or who are easy going - ALL AROUND

I'm going down the road to abyss

darkness has become my middle name

die ⁱⁿ homicidal thoughts to kill

Or back to point my AK-15 shot

at 62 helpless kids at Christwell

^{Wofie} ~~Abominable~~ is my other middle name

full of hate + surrounded by ignorance

they fade me out walk through me

as if I am a ghost - ~~un~~invisible to society

an unbelonged spirit in the hearts

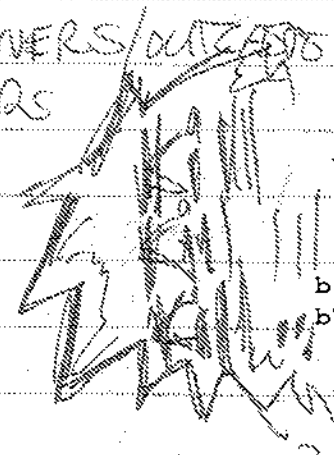
of those of pure light

cause I am an emotional threat

to them and can ^{create} ~~create~~ the X-blade

destroy myself to pieces; them as well

dash of pure light I fight to my pure darkness



b6 -8

b7C -8

Lyrics in the water. ^{darkest} I am a prehistoric predator deep french

I fuckin hate being broke

being dependant on [redacted] for money

the fact I only survive to live in a house

as long as [redacted] pays the fuckin bills

thats all I need em for - NOTHING ELSE

I just want to outline plans for...

A SCHOOL SHOOTING! (ass...)

I was born to die, claims...

Lana Del Ray's album

I was born a nobody

like Roxas himself

[KHarts 358/2195]

his theme song is my life song

friendship that hurts - pretending its real

+ self-identity thats a complete mystery

the mystery machine riding along

in my head I scare scows off

cause I'm fuckin pissed off

thats [redacted] can't be gone every fuckin day

cause thers sickness + the weekends

my friendships end too short

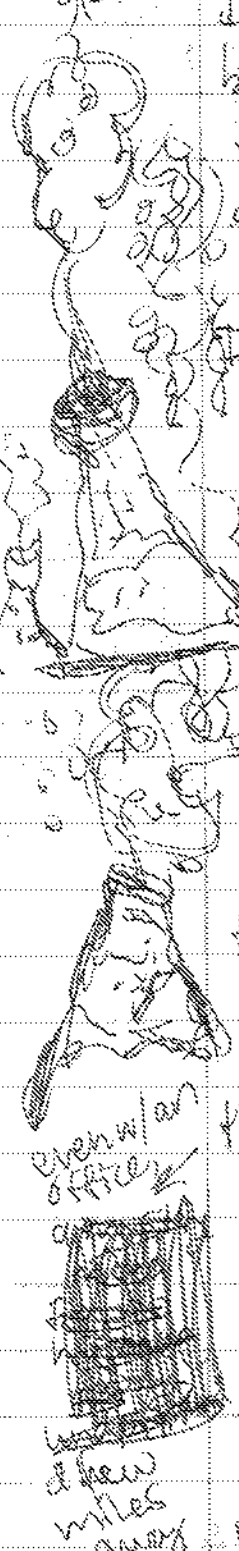
like the holidays or weekends

just writing anything in my head

in a jumble + scrambled

~~make it sound~~ just writing any shit

like Kari Faux says she does too



b6 -3, 8
b7C -3, 8



Lurking in the deepest
darkest waters



My stuffed animals & my cats
are the only ones I can hang with
these days I am meant to be alone
such is the fate of a weird kid loner
I love it when I'm not fuckin lonely
and when I am my mind full of...
suicide attempt maps
or outline maps of I.T. Creswell
so I can KILL ALL OF YOU
just so I can prove my existence, isn't existence
to all of those who purposely in reality
avoided me (all my life)

I'll love myself until pigs can fly
fantasies of sexual dark tendencies

active at night & I can't fuck in sleep
while I carry all my burdens - too deadweight to place in God's hands
try to hold my fuckin tears in & while I'm up w/
a poker face at school but murderous mind fuckin
at home look myself in my cable & hide the
caving into all love I can share

I'll never but now I find it's no use to them
fuckin they lost me the whole fuckin time

know any before they learned to love me
map I have no fuckin love left for em
or directing the used it all up & selfish way

key from
myself, hope
to forget it
what
transit
staying
dark

5-22-19
 pivotal of motivation to push myself

piritual of motivation to push myself

but I push myself too far

until I'm dangling at the tip of a mountain

is what I am pursuing really worth it?

are my dreams destined for me?

I feel convinced that it's not

from how my professors express

The real world

in which I have things in

SO GOOD AND MUCH!

I've gotten some bad fucking grades

and when I do I'm discouraged shit

cause in real life that's a low paycheck so only a

cause I feel I can't seem to do the best

when I'm trying my best; I am ^{never} ~~not~~ a professional/quit
don't have a superb talent + skill.

don't have superb talent + skill. Professionalism

never been the best creative ~~person~~ individual

but I know for a fuckin fact

Am the hardest working art student

but fears internships and diets

That's sound like a toothbrush. Shit, clear.

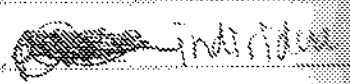
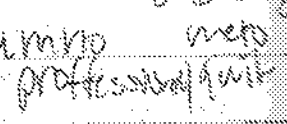
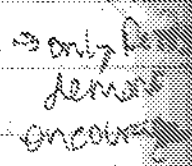
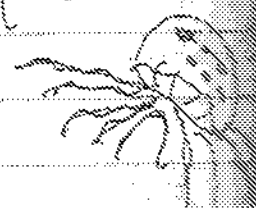
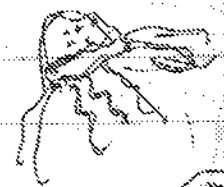
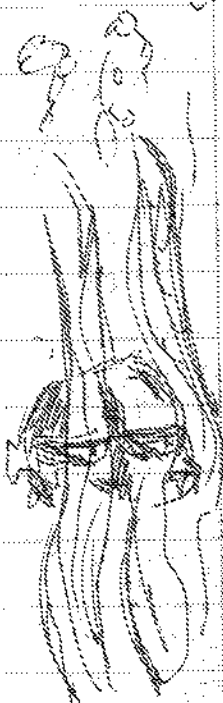
mx lfc can feel like shift -> like m

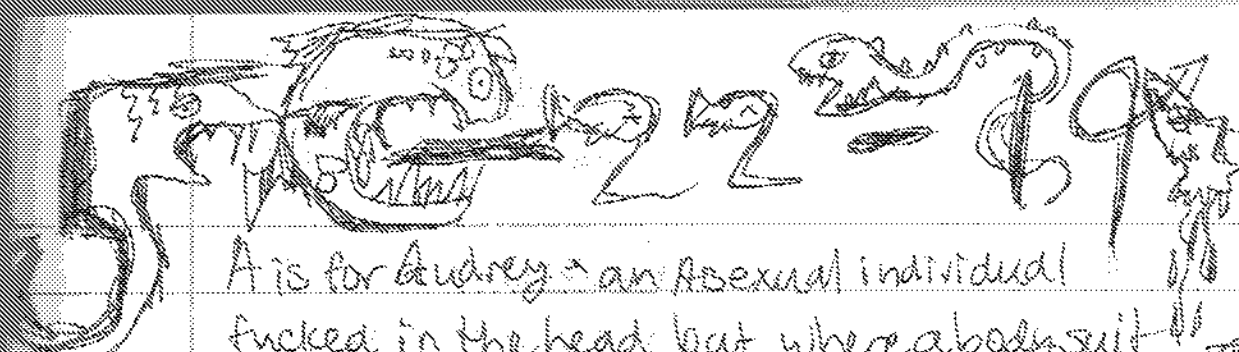
but people misperceive just cause.

I have cats + a horse... animals that are
the only thing that puts a smile on my face.

I have also found that the only thing that puts a smile on my face

the
pressure
rises;
~~like~~
the air
heated
coral
reefs
of
Marian
trench
do





A is for Audrey - an Asexual individual
fucked in the head but where a body suit
that appears normal

I usually get As but when I don't I'm mad
my doubt spikes & soon I have needles
in my confidence "WTF"

~~It's~~ ^{but} it deflates like a balloon "why do this?"
like its characteristics. events pop up
gotta deal w/a fuckin [redacted]

that's vs. me - a fucked up mind daughter
psychological mind like the Great Depression

on, you
cause
it's a
dream
to follow

when will a harvest come. in dark secluded places

what is my potential purpose

Or how?

God can fulfill but I still feel worthless
to every organism, life, or living thing
a speck of white dust that's piled up
around me, & I still choose to breath
shared and pushed back

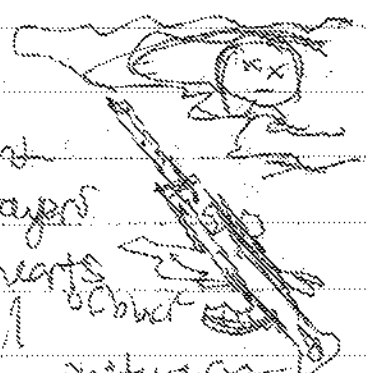
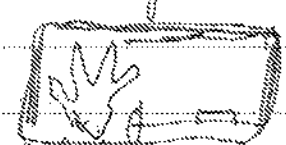
my real fate to share my AK-15

and blow off fuckin faces present

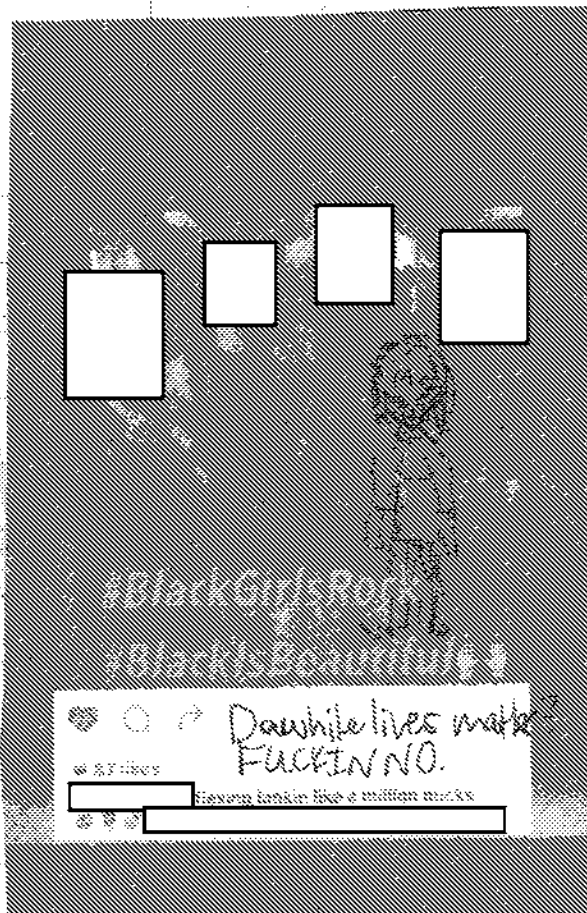
so revenge can back spiral to betrayers

^{but} bullies can open the fuckin hearts
^{but sed, but red} my heart married buried lost soul

help I don't need - Just a gun + my obituary



b6 -8
b7C -8



5-23-19

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Damn, I feel so heart sick.
Syd is avoiding me, I
don't know where the
fuck [redacted] is, I
have no idea if [redacted]
is insanely busy or had to
get a new phone + lost all
the previous stuff. [redacted]
I feel I lost you. I feel
I'm back to square one w/
you guys. Fuck high school

where's diversity in this world? Why can't there
be more friendships like Larry Bird + Patrick
Ewing... Bernie + Ernie? I believe I have
had that w/ you guys in basketball... but
what now? You guys were out there having
fun cause you guys are still hanging on
to each other - you've known each other
longer than I have. What used I? I
still think that one season will keep us together
~~and~~ but... time is cruel and so is life.
Those Presidents gifts like you get taken away
from me. I was apart of the fun for a time...
but I'm a faded Bob in the photo now. Back
to square one... just God + me. me + the devil.

but you
never
thought
of
adding
me
my
history
means
nothing
only your
lives
impact

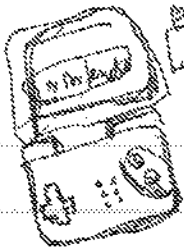
The Sisters Keeper

What is the sister's keeper?

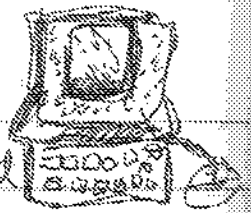
b6 -8

b7C -8

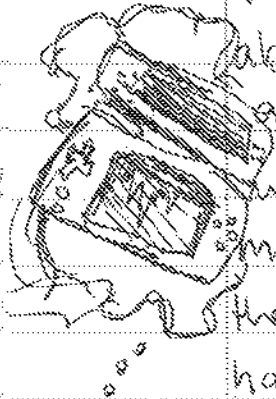
I can have an idea of what it means. You have sisters biologically & unbiologically connected from thier heart to yours. Those sisters are yours to keep. You are thiers and they will always have you. No sin can decay it, no faults can punishde you, the love that "conquers all" as the bible says. All I have of you is a memory, not a sister relationship, but you are still a keeper to me and I am holding on till God lets me go - releasing me from the human world. As my spirit goes, you will be with me. My heart is connected to yours, as will always, as you said you'll always love me forever. Remember? That's what you wrote on the front of the envelope you gave me back when you were graduating - your senior picture was inside. It sits by my head ^{window} and has not moved its place - its been in the same spot over 10 1/2 years. Its a keeper I never want to loose - too precious to store away where I can't look at you and say "your a keeper - I'm keeping you in my heart." That's what I say. I wonder... what do you think of me? How do you see I... if you ever think of me? Am I someone worth to keep... If I'm not yours? What your sister?



5-27-19



Find an escape... away from everyone - friend
related matters simply ignored. I never thought



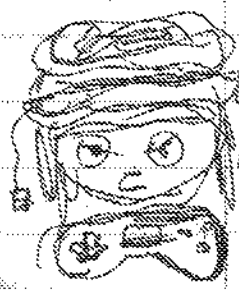
about it when I was young. Those summers -
every summer I was alone playing PC games
upstairs. Our dinosaur dell computer and
my imaginary stuffed animals. I'd imagine
they are playing and one of their friends watch
having fun with them. I never wanted to do



anything else besides shoot hoops or draw
in my sketchbook... by myself. Playing video
games were my livelihood - more than a hobby
it was a passion that was a dark fantasy
infatuated by a poisonous obsessive mind.
The controller cords wrapped around my brain -
the anger grows as the cords strangling it
hour by the hour - but I never gave a damn.

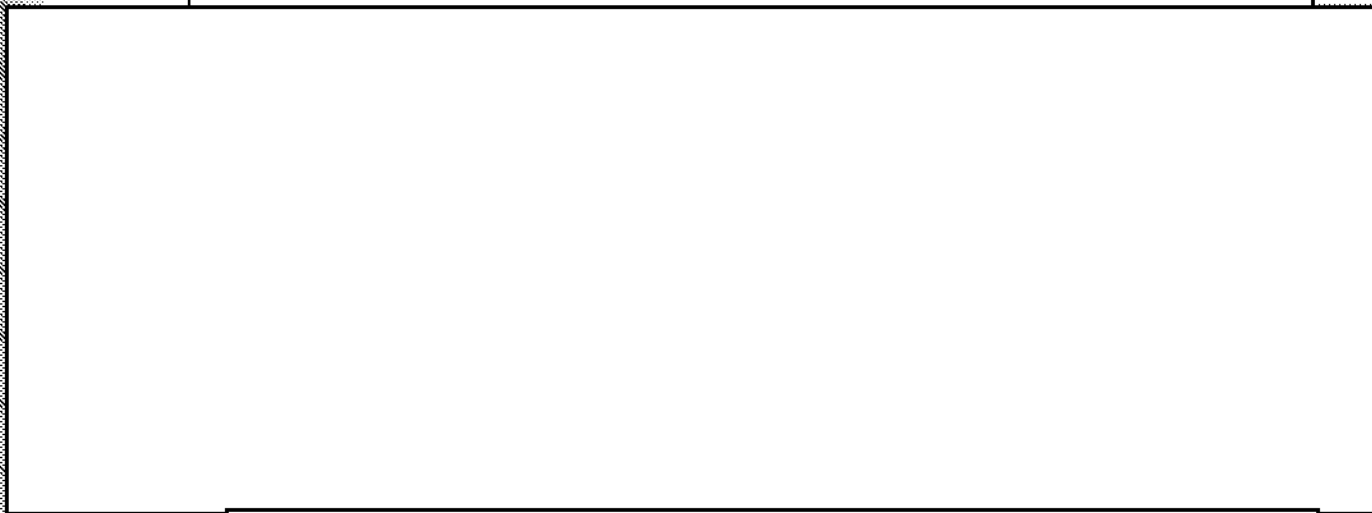
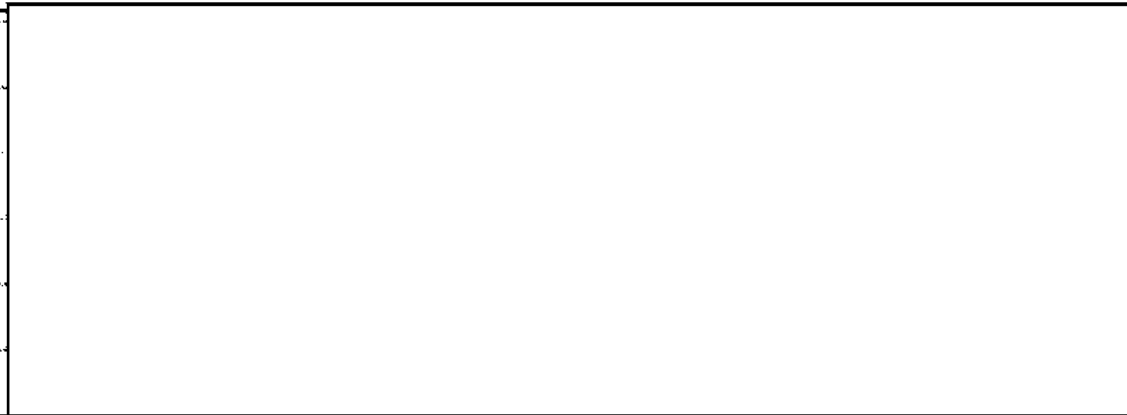
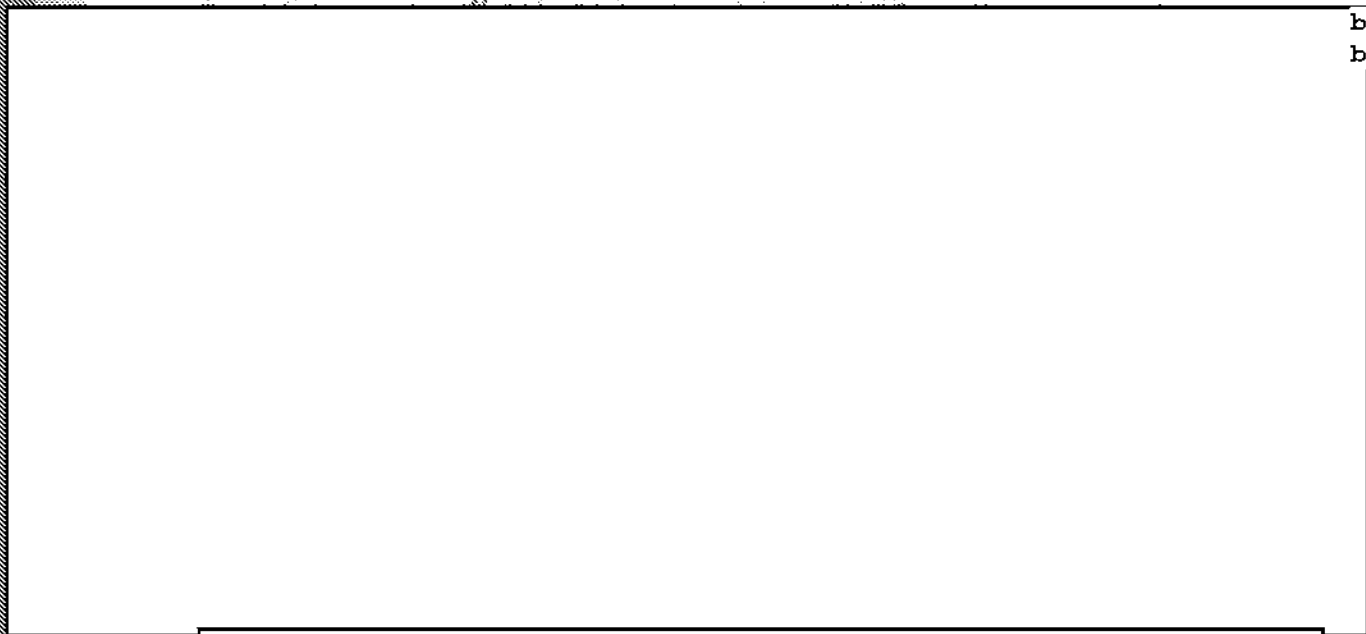


Advancing to the next level to win was
a competition mindset for resumes, but
not a reality to make a living. still... I didn't
give a damn. Backyard baseball - can't beat my



the team? Lego Racers 2 - can't excel as
a Rocket Racer champion? Could I be the best
Lego Racers 2 player ever? I knew all the
secret passageways. In LR 2 I knew all the
hidden golden blocks. what I didn't know?

b7D -6
b7E -4



1

e

am

of

5

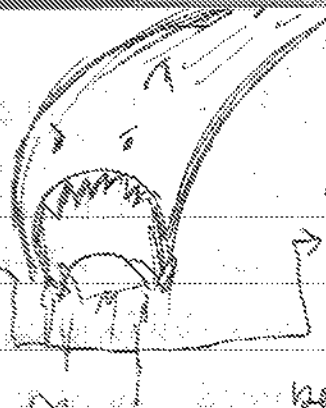
2

19

w/ AK's + AK's. They all shoot me dead, what a fuckin weird dream! 2: The kids should have been the ones scared. 2: I didn't commit my own suicide cause I was scared of dying WTF?

I am no face - the most I am wearing
I am a school shooter - black hoodie, flame Vans
jumping over people - like I'm Jet Lee
police man of all kinds
kids - + teachers of all sorts - out of focus
they try to keep finding me - but they don't
catch me. investigators try to find places I've
hidden under tight drawers + cubbies
They think its too small their wrong. I'm
thinking oh shit they caught me - but its
like a video game - it starts over again! I ket
never lost but my heart keeps racing. Kids
keep screaming. I'm floating a willow dash
through the air + I'm invisible, this
little girl dares to track me down. Soon she
gathers a crowd. Im in the school, then
outside - then in + out. ^{as they chase me - laughing} windows never
cracked doors didn't bust open. Am I a
ghost killer they can see? Kids stay huddled
and they scream out to anyone if they
spotted me. soon a mob of kids is throwing
some damn water balloons at my head. I run
and run but Im at the same fuckin place I started
from. I run around in circles until I finally escape
~~from~~ but it don't, I'm surrounded by a kid gang

LEECHES BARN FEAST



DEVIL'S PETS Leeches Baron... me

My mind is sick. Suicide, homicide, massacres all into one. A dominant belief in useless + helplessness

My heart is sick. Have no best friend to love someone. My love means nothing

I'm not a girl, I'm a boy. But I deal w/ this vagina

I am cripple in the Devil's churches, waiting for me to run into the arms of death + suicide

This cheek is just full

of tears running down. Its but that I can't hug anyone except the body surface wear

salt water periodically begins

ends through phrases +

think about to hug me or not. No black friends don't want to really do that shit - not that.

good seasons come to an end, I am unlovable to have strong intimate affection pushed against me tenderly, only ~~demons~~ ^{leeches} ~~demons~~ ^{leeches} lunge into my skin to where it stings like poison.

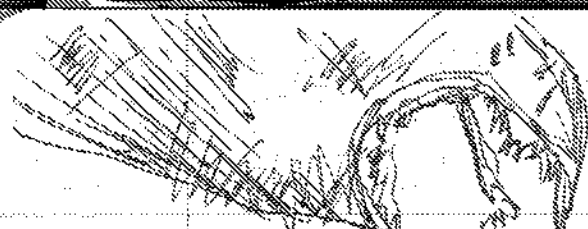
~~It does not attract lips or butterfly kisses -~~

just venomous bites, from my ~~demons~~ ^{leeches} pet's feast on my blood.

Vessels to my soul + heart are becoming prunes - dried of from the juices of Jesus passion. Just hatred, loneliness, + forgotten soul.

The leeches feast at night ^{the} ~~when~~ ^{place} where memories

awaken. They infest my mind + heart. By noon, my memories come cockled when confronting the confusion of delirium, solitude, + not too sure who is there for you.

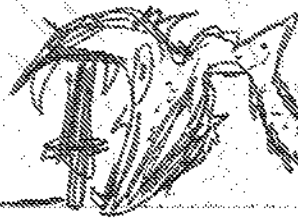


5-29-19
11 11 11 11 11 11

I question, why is it that they CHOOSE to ignore me? The ones that were one of a kind in sisterhood, friendship at best. Our history marks similar to a band of boys out to search for a dead body - through confrontation to realities about their lives reveal. I saw, I felt others pain, Even yours. Because this is not new to me. I wander in waters where the leeches live. Do you have - still have... a heart to stand by me in wilderness so called life? I wasted time, plenty; but not with you. I do not regret a second of it. I was in a band of friends once - the best I ever knew, & haven't since. Even God knows, you guys are the ones who will ~~can~~ ^{12/13} ~~have~~ rip off these leeches that have manifested & primed on my being raw & fresh till I feel dead inside. Leave me & cover me up. Or let me feel alive again... What will it be?...

b7D -6
b7E -4

6-3-19



thinking & worrying myself
pulling my heart & say how much I hate myself

God is my surrender, but in the clutches of my demons they ~~neglect~~ neglect my submit "submit to him... but if your willing" the Devil is ever so near me. I can feel him. I am his prototype of ~~sadness~~ ~~mocking~~ to laughter whenever I turn against God in all my cursing, ~~and~~ temptations of suicide, thoughts of homicide, fantasies of being the most hated and infamous school shooter and have even cursing in his own name. I am a wretch - ~~but~~ ^{most} people in this world are too

worry doesn't accomplish only drama my energy - hatred doesn't heal my heart, only

God will arm your sails, sharpen your sword for battle

and rage these exist

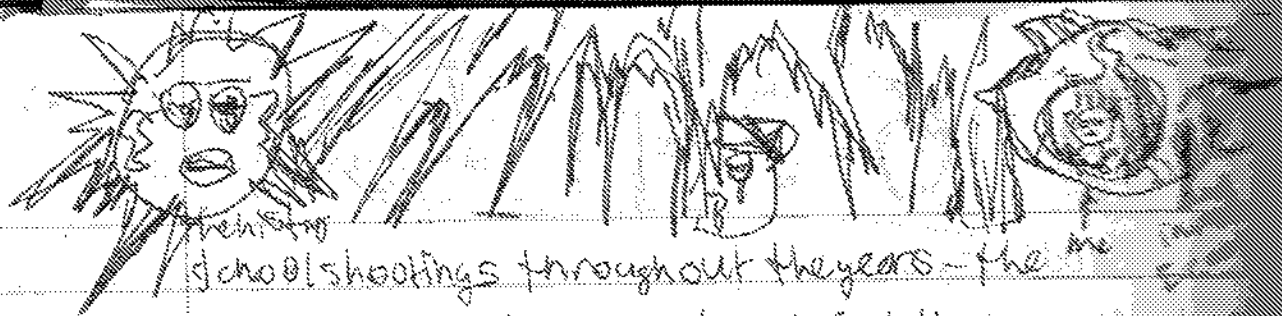
If you cost all anxieties on God and let Him be your firmament.

God tells me not to fear - but my anxiety is an illness that takes no concentration to challenge it w/ my therapist.

wrapped up in their pride to believe that and unless they are angels or disciples admit for themselves - but God forgives all the if same. If I died a villain would I still go to heaven ~~and~~ when I die a transponder will God send me up w/ Him? If I curse out hate rant in my journals & go off on some kid I don't know on Youtube for ~~sadness~~ teasing me as a dumbfuck - ~~does~~ ^{goes} God ~~weep~~ weep? I believe so... cause after all - I feel I'm turning into a bad guy. the No face spirit who roams around yearning for a friends affection but has no confidence in his own identity suffice that - instead manipulate monster Snafus. I don't eat people whole like No face or binge on Japanese food - but I have been under some casums of becoming fascinated w/ guns;

infests if w/ maggots eating it alive A heart full of maggots from the gutter

God is waiting for me. He is the only one who calls out to me while I call out to those who choose to ignore me.



school shootings throughout the years - the
shooters themselves I believe I feel those
same feelings they felt, feeling ~~used~~ at the very
bottom & treated that way surrounded by a
lot of bastard brats in middle & junior high. I
feel I share their fate. I was not born with too
much is given, much is required. No. I may
have a decent home, a warm bed, & money in
my bank account, material possessions whenever
I please. But what they assume is that I
have everything. No I fuckin don't. I'm not
a rich kid, & if you thought I was think again.
I'm no spoiled hard boiled brat. I'm no pussy
winner neither. I don't over exaggerate my
sufferings it's one thing I don't agree with
God about. Being gay is a burden I didn ask
for - being in love with a [redacted] is a
load. I haven't felt free in a long time -
not since Syd left me. I've got resentful buds.
[redacted] from her too. Pike that on top
of having a [redacted] & my mental ill
nesses of my [redacted] so that tries to manipulate me
self, mix it all together - Devil's poison I drink
everyday and I think it's working. My faith is slow
at heart but my heart keeps breathing. Is it simply
I delight simple pleasures or that - I just ~~can't~~

too absolute
to go beyond
outside the
gray area

under [redacted]

raising that
being gay is
bad, a sin,
disgrace -
raised under

[redacted]
initial
defense
mechanism

I don't
go
around
like I'm
poor
beggin
for
symp

but
that's
not my
kind of
suffering -

mine is
different but

you fucks are
so short sighted

to ~~know~~ think
deeper into
my life

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

6-3-19

b6 -3
b7C -3

But I'll never have the courage to tell them. Even if I have courage to talk in class even though I hate it. Even have courage sometimes to call my boss on the phone when its too easy to everyone else for the most part. My faith is rocky, but I'm still managed to consider being on Gods ship. Nevertheless, I feel I am a bad guy in disguise and its depressing cause God knows it. He knows everything about me. ~~Therefore~~ Infinitely powerfull & wonderful but in a way its scary - who he desires me to be vs. who

6-4-19

GOD I hate society!! They are SO IGNORANT!!

This mother fucker / bitch had the nerve to be
a mean sarcastic bastard w/ me on my youtube
account. I'm not commenting shit anymore people

are rude + try to be funny. Fuck that, they never
think do they? ~~They~~ ^{he} said what I thought in the

video - what I pointed out was obvious "thanks
detective" that pile of shit said. Not only I hate

Sarcasm, hate it even worse when they mix it
in w/ bullying and ~~being~~ ^{being} syntical. I've had

enough times in my past ~~people~~ ^{bullies} called me a slow
fuck in the head + I swear to god people at random

are STILL doing that shit. Well guess what? Whoever
you are I am not someone who looks at obvious.

The things I see in people's animals is a sixth
sense - I can see alot people don't see such as

their own faults or how they treat people like shit
w/o no valid reason. I can do that cause people

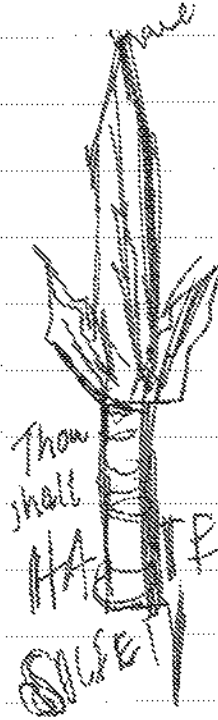
who were ignorant DID treat me like shit. You
don't have to tell me shit about who you are,

what insecurities you have, what type of
approach it can take at you, I just know. So yeah

I'm kind of a sidekick, ~~but~~ ^{but} what's obvious to more
few is not to you bastards who never stop being

an asshole

apathetic
sensitive
humans
who are
not fully
humans
by
nature
not animals
sensitive
I can
name



Loner

It makes me jealous sometimes when people have a best friend because they know how to bond w/ others like its their specialty. They live in packs regardless of faults & disagreements.

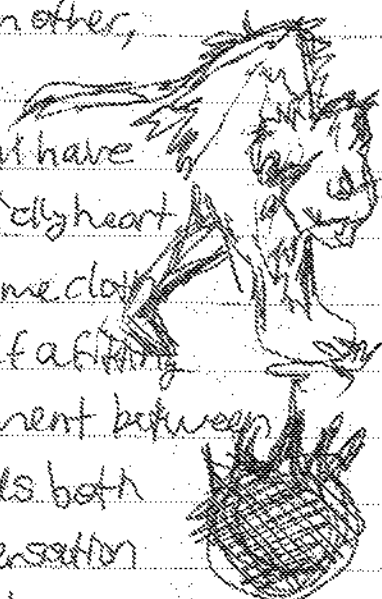
Even in years of partage, they come back together again and start again where they left off.

If in case, specifically, its a special friendship between the two because they battled, scored, laughed, and cried side by side from day one. The cubs at birth destined to forever be family & never part by physical ~~affection~~ terms and heart.

2 cubs of
similar
species,
share brother
in 2
environment

Forever they live close - a feeling at that from that they know they are still thinking of each other, because its mutual.

I don't have my pea in a pod. I don't have my peanut butter from my sad sack jelly heart. I don't have another patch from the same cloth. I don't have another sock to call myself a fitting pair. There is a dominant distinguishment between a good friend & best friend. Best friends both enjoy hanging out, both enjoy conversation or don't mind it. Best friends do wacky or dumb shit because its fun & if they are really loyal they devote a day to them in how much they love them & spend a whole chunk out of their day for them.



6-6-17

to get at the
same time
2nd Sac file
to a day.

Part of not having a best friend is my fault, I don't like social involvement - always feeling pressure

to every breathing minute. I most the time
avoid people & they assume I don't care. NO.

I just like to be alone most the time whats so fuckin wrong about that? I am ^{like} a bear who

lays out in the marshes of Alaska weak,
diminished, & destitute of rejection &

loving affirmation of physical touch + affection

11 I get nothing from you but [redacted], that's

the closest thing from affection I get

comes to me & pets me when I grunt in pain

From my main attribution of ^{total} ignorance that

been eating me out flesh & bone. We both isolate

we both feel depressed, we both avoid social

Situations. We are friends from a comfortable

aspect, which is what to wish from a BF - the

give & take is equally distributed, we are two

hears who will share the same bang together

But we share mostly suffering + understanding.

of happiness. I look at [redacted] how she still

forgot her sister-back ~~syd~~ sydney

3. ~~Give~~ give a shit about me. Some best friend...

5th
has
trayed,
time,
hounded

I after all I did & all your
appreciation is gone.

you
people
don't
suck it

[Handwritten signature]

[illegible]

2000

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8
-mylogal

comparisons

books
+ Section
trans

Q. Nine

[Handwritten signature]

2500 1000 500 0

to me
cause
in hope
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I love an
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 I may still
 so out
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b6 -3
b7C -3
b7D -6
b7E -4

6
7
19

[Redacted]

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[Redacted]

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[Redacted]

[Redacted]

b7D -6

b7E -4

[REDACTED]

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[REDACTED]

b7D -6
b7E -4

① The loveless boys Revenge, by Audrey

Here was a boy that was at the very bottom in life → the high school life where he stalks in the dirt underground levels people pushed him under. Everyone that was he encountered felt intimidating. All the noises around him bothered him. All the voices agonized his mood and bunched his security. He walked around the halls w/ his head down. He never talked to anyone or joined any social clubs. He did not involve himself. He had no good group of friends. He didn't want to be seen in ~~the~~ the lunch hours. He would go to the art room, hide in a corner & draw, write his thoughts: "I hate people. They don't like me. Every one else ~~likes~~ why I do this & don't do that. They call me weird and a faggot who cries in class but they are too stupid to realize they are the ones being incompetent bastards causing ~~me~~ ^{to cry} ~~nothing~~. I'm a boy who cries cause I'm too severely shy to speak in class. I just wish I could become ~~invisible~~ invisible to the eye that ~~they~~ only angles would notice me... but they are too good for me".

His name is Danny. No one finds danny ~~at~~ all like a kid when it comes to the selfish ^{prideful} theater jerks or outgoing popular status quos there are some kids that will talk to him, but when the stater group of guys approach, they tell ~~the~~ nice girls - "Don't speak to that faggot. He's a little pussy & a sow pussy"

2.)

The Loveless Boys Revenge - Audrey Hobe

"Niagms" to Denny refers more than what the popular skate ~~boys~~ think. He sees them more as ~~very~~ sensitive and accepting goddesses. They are pretty and they all together Christianity bathed in God's baptism waters of holiness. ~~He~~ they are the only humans he likes, only because he considers them beyond human characteristic behavior, nature, more of a supernatural spirit that they contain as if they can tenderly touch heaven realms & can feel the shatter-shocks of evil from the layers of hell.

~~As~~ As the boys walk away, Jeannine gently touches him on the shoulder. "Don't listen to them Denny. I think you're a sweet guy" she smiles. ~~and~~ Denny ~~doesn't~~ doesn't. He stores them ~~he~~ lowers his head. "Well... Bye Denny..." "Bye..." ^{he says as she turns away}

As Denny ~~drags~~ drags himself to class, he talks to himself

"How could a girl that beautiful think of me different to my awkward ass. God... I'm so fuckin' awkward."

The Skate boys as they are called, are the most popular guys ~~in~~ in high school. Eric is their leader.

Taylor, Sid, and Brandon ~~are~~ are his sidekicks ^{they are like his dog} best friends he's known since kindergarten. Everyone

knows that Eric went to the X-games with Tony Hawk as a young daredevil in the mid 1980's. Taylor & Sid

are state champions in the Bad Boys Thrash ^{skating} competition. Brandon plays Playstation and is hell a good at it. He ^{is a} ~~is~~ is a

there's a lot of what the high school student body multiplies in. social status have gone to the next level

31

Page

don't
that
beach
forced
suppose

W. F. L. P.
00000000

~~_____~~

The ~~main~~ ^{main} case
of that

Handwritten signature: *John J. [illegible]*

Don't let
the quiet of
the night

to the 2nd floor
to the 2nd floor

1000

Eric + the gang thought of him as ^{and} ~~a~~ ^{as a private} ~~person~~

at times but overall didn't mind it. Danny was

as easy to manipulate, ~~the~~^{the} would undertake

peer pressure by attitude, lifestyle, & behavior

for his, not so his friends would continue

for his, not so his friends would continue

4) The Loveless Boys Revenge

One time Eric bought a gun & brought it to school.

In the 8th grade, Eric was ~~not~~ caught by police at school when they searched his backpack. ^{He was really excited about it, he called up Danny to go w/ him.} ^{He found the gun}

His dad saw the gun before he left for school as Eric slipped it in his backpack - right away he

called the Fuzz. Eric lied to his parents that he wasn't the one who bought the gun b/c he didn't have the money - he blamed Danny. Another

weakness of Danny's - he's been a lonely character toward self-defence to stand up for himself. When

Danny was confronted by police and his parents -

he claimed that he watched Eric by the gun & it

was his idea. He ~~grated~~ ^{grated} out Eric even more when

he went into detail saying Eric saved up 2 summers

at his job to get ^{one of them} ~~one~~ for \$600- and it was no

ordinary gun - it was used for military, while the 5 caliber

Since then Eric turned away from Danny. He ^{with hand held}

was so pissed that he was expelled his 8th grade

year & had to transfer schools since his zone school

was where ^{all the} ~~the~~ hipster ^{faggots} ~~and~~ were.

but Eric or gay guys & lesbians - who he hated.

"Thanks to you, I have to be surrounded by

only for faggots the next 5 months..." He looked Danny dead

in the eye. "You'll never be one of us again..."

He ^{didn't} ~~didn't~~ have a little faggot.

5) The Loveless boys Revenge

Danny used to be friends w/ Eric, but then he realized that they weren't good friends anymore. Eric became a bully to him and other boys who appeared pussies ~~for~~ or sissies. Taylor, Sid + Brandon, though w/ their weak judgment, still hanged around w/ Eric despite his disloyalty - just so they can prize hold their status. They didn't ask Danny to hang anymore. ~~before the group went to the 8th grade~~ they didn't even ask why Danny went cold on Eric + Eric turned hot full of rage. things became too tense where one guy's story will be completely different from Danny's. the Captain of the crew vs. the shwabdeck cleaner Danny. ^{Eric} which side of the story would be more plausible? Eric's only looking down that he butters it up (all of convincing shit to make it sound like Danny was the bad friend. the longer it is in his head, he sticks to it. But it wasn't true, Eric was the bad one, though Danny never had the courage to say so because he feared it would break them all apart, though it didn't happen. Only to Danny, Danny saw a different person in Eric once he showed up at high school. ^{as a high school} ~~as a~~ Danny ^{years} ~~was~~ ^{my} himself started to become a different person as well. ^{change} shit would ~~end~~ his life + theirs forever.

He ~~was~~
began to
realize
that
Eric
tries to
be badass
on purpose
just to
get attention

Danny thought
it was
funny in
middle school
but then
he believed
that he was
like everyone
else -

looking down
+ ignoring
the longer it is
in his head, he
sticks to it

He lost
his only
friends
in the
process
+ saved Eric
as to keep
his friend
they wouldn't
appreciate for

they
pretty
much
ignored
him
as if
he was
a stranger
they
have
seen
in their
life

throw
him off
the plane
to help
the person

as a
high
school
years
was
my

6.) The Loveless Boy's Revenge

For those two years, 9th + 10th grades, Danny had been planning - mapping out a school massacre up his sleeve. He truly believed in the core of his heart he belonged not on earth, but to burn in hell forever but to bring all the fuckens w/ him. ^{who abandoned and} ~~leaved~~ He was born to kill from being the biggest, most distorted loner living, ~~be~~ he believed. He believed his fate was to die a villain rather than live a loser where no one liked him, he thought. Since he parted from the skater days, he became increasingly depressed. His resentment and hatred began to grow not only towards them but people + society in general. "Everyone is a fuckin' ^{clown} ~~clown~~. I watch everybody havin fun w/ their best friends taking pictures gettin high w/ each other while I wait my ultimate low... I'm hanging on the bridge and they pass me by like it's nothing. I'm nothing to them. I'm just what they all say... 'A white boy faggot piece of shit'."

3 days before the shooting, Danny buys a mask online. This was to hide his identity. The mask was a fictional character called "NoFace" - a spirit that can turn into another by eating them alive + attract prey w/ his gold he can create in the palm of his hands - then obliterating them whole. He can then grow hands + feet

leaved on one of his favorite movies Spirited Away

2) The Loveless boy's Revenge

Whatever characteristics of the swallowed spirit. Danny was scared of Noface as a kid by the graphics Noface did eating spirits and binging on food until he was oozing black glop from his mouth. Noface, he believed resembled him & can relate ^{to him}. Noface was a character everyone chose to ignore, but once he ~~was~~ attracted other spirits w/ his gold - everyone wanted to please him by gifts. He didn't eat on flesh & meat because he hated them - but rather to get attention from the pain of his solitude - left outside in the rain of the bathhouse - staring, lurking, roaring. ^{But} what he wanted was a friend - not to harm innocent people. His actions were repulsive. Danny saw the resemblance in his life. He felt people in his life won't remember him from the good guy he was - but rather better off being haunting society by never forgetting the evil he committed.

but also became something other than himself - the evil people remember him by.

The mask arrived the day before ^{the massacre} ~~the massacre~~

he prepared grenades, his nuke hoodie & trigger outfit, flame vans, & of course his 1000 case rounds of bullets. A week before, Danny purchased his gun online - AR-15 shot. ^{that night.} ~~all those materials~~ ^{He prepared his evacuation procedures} were at his possession, that morning at 6am - he was ready to end his life - along w/ many others to die along side him.

how he was going to navigate shooting around the scene

8.) The loveless boys Revenge

Eric, Sid, and Brandon were ~~out~~ went outside for a smoke at the front of the school. Eric leaned against the stair railing and saw Danny's car pull up from the upper classroom parking lot. "Hmph, looks like Mr. Faggots here," Danny hopped out of his car, opened his trunk. He stored all his weapons and his Woface mask - he slipped it on

He then pulls out his phone + records himself to post on his ~~facebook~~ channel, which consisted of call of duty gameplay + Halo walk throughs. He + Brandon made a video together in middle school. ~~As~~ Danny approaches towards the skate boys in creepy ~~neighborhood~~ ^{neighborhood}, Brandon was the

"I am Woface - I am a villian - and this is my fate. All you fuckers will die. I hate you all. You gave me hell for 3 years. Now is your turn. Feel my pain you bastards, taste how ugly + bitter it will be for you the rest of your fuckin' lives. I am no one. I have no purpose in life. No one gives a fuck about me." ^{agg} "I don't give a fuck about this school. Let me be clear you fuckers - this is my last day on Earth - so is yours. This is what he says to himself before entering the school." He pressed pause, he uploaded the video, but only meant for it to be seen after he had finished with the Devil's deed. His guns were loaded. His core rounds were packed in his artillery belt. His mind was locked in. His trigger determination was ready - the suspect of the worst school shooting in U.S. history. Danny lurks Stanley up to the school. ~~As~~ As Danny approaches towards the skate boys in creepy ~~neighborhood~~ ^{neighborhood}, Brandon was the

9) The Loveless Boy's Revenge

One was spotted him first Danny ^{looked like he} ~~looked like he~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~

~~there~~ dark figure of the Hashs lingering

slither cloaked in the darkness. his darkness.

Brandon
began
to panic

"Yo Eric, what the fuck is Danny doing?" Eric looks
up again but thinks its a joke, "Whats up little
faggot?" Danny aims his gun straight at Eric.

Eric's smile wips off his face. In a split second

before Eric can react - Danny blasted at Eric

in the face. Brandon saw his friend w/ his head
smushed in like a ^{someone pushed their finger into} rotten apple. Brandon stood

paralyzed in shock "Eri..." Danny shoots Brandon

at point blank range. Sid was the only one who tried

to bridle for escape. Danny shoots him 3 times, 2 in

the waist + once in the leg. Assuming Sid was dead,

he stared down at his two enemies. "Hope hell suits

you bastards. Who's laughin now?" Danny murmurs

in dark tone.

Danny stormed into the school. He positioned at any target he
could

every room, shot at and rampaged at anyone who
tried to run in the hallways. He shot ^{at everyone} ~~everyone~~ ~~everybody~~

~~one~~ He was indifferent to his killing no matter

who it was. Whenever anyone hid under tables +

desks, he rampaged and sent flying bullets

everywhere until each room was soaked in
blood on floors + walls.

← falls
dead
instantly.
Danny
shot him
in
the
chest
blow
off,
his
dental
dangling
from his
head.
A wide
hole
oozed out
blood from
the right side
of his head
which he
lost

find someone
blood
splattered
floor
color
up
dark
red
to
scar
tissue

he vomited & went
10/1

The Loveless Boy's Revenge

He smeared blood on all the walls. He shot all all windows. ^{sickly} dissect them like a ^{highly} experiment
he blew up the cafeteria + destroyed lockers w/
his grenades. He stopped at nothing to kill stray
the school along w/ everyone in it. ^{but in his 1 hour shooting spree} Danny did more
than kill. He ripped open ^{some} kids bodies like
Nanaball and Texas chainsaw combined. one
kid he ~~cut~~ slipped out a 6 inch knife +
cut apart a ~~boy's~~ head like a butthier.
He then took the head + placed it on the desk
and placed it at his desk. ^{happy} he ^{like he was hypostating} ^{holes} ^{you} ^{two} ^{other} ^{school} ^{secretly} ^{they followed} ^{that} ^{throughout} ^{the} ^{history}
in the boy's blood and wrote "Danny ~~was~~ ^{you} ^{two} ^{other} ^{school} ^{secretly} ^{they followed} ^{that} ^{throughout} ^{the} ^{history}
He sawed off a asian boy's head then placed
it through ^{the} ^{chair} ^{was} ^{side} ^{down} ^{sheets} ^{we} ^{secretly} ^{they followed} ^{that} ^{throughout} ^{the} ^{history}
a piece of chicken on a stick. "Fucker on a stick"
hahah In the library, after killing a black boy,
he cut open his stomach + ripped out all his
intestines + threw them on the floor. 3 others
in the library he ripped out body parts. He squeezed
juices out of a heart + splattered against furniture.
He dissected a brain - poke a whole in it and sliced it
in half. He placed them on the front desk of the
library. He covered them ^{like} ^{face} ^{down} ⁻¹ ^{half}
hid a kids ^{pressed} ^{stringed} hand - then wrote in blood "Gross who"
he slapped his hand print against ^a ^{white} ^{board} ^{that} ^{was} ^{reinforced} ⁱⁿ ^{with} ^{iron} ^{bars}

11) The loveless boys Revenge

There were police that entered - a group of policemen. ^{about 45 min into the shooting} But they couldn't be enough of a challenge. Danny knew the school too well + hid too well. ^{he's not the shooting} He secretly made a copy of the ^{key} to unlock all doors in the school, so there was no way police could be successful to catch him. As policeman approached the 9th + 10th grade hallway with patrolling their handguns in all directions - Danny pops out a handgun down them all. One man ~~was~~ ^{was} grinding as he was shot in the shoulder + abdomen. Danny leans down to ~~talk~~ ^{talk} to him. "You really think you could be a hero + save them? You are fuckin cowards." He steals his handgun + ~~flies~~ ^{flies} down to the band room - the first room he broke into. ^{in panic + prayers} There was only 2 kid left in the school. Her best friend was dead near her as she was hiding under a table. She texted her parents saying that she was alone w/ the shooter. She told them she loved them. ^{he's married} Danny caught the young girl. "Ahh... well looky here ~~somebody~~ ^{somebody} Sneaky little bitch what are you doing in here?" Danny said intimidatingly. She screamed + pleaded not to kill her. Danny leaned under the table and stared at her. ^{he's married} She was breathing hard as Danny removed his mask. His face was covered in sweat + he breathed heavily. He stared in the most venomous face. ^{in panic + prayers}

all the survivors escaped were outside w/ the fireman, news reporters, and SWAT team that had soon arrived.

frustrated he talked to himself in court strong as still he musted open the door.

(2.) The Loveless Boys Reverse

Danny ^{asked} ~~asked~~ "What's your name?" She replies quietly. "Latasha Holtzlin." "My name is Danny."

It was a creepy introduction, the fact that Danny was such an outcast that she didn't even know he went to the school. He lifts up his mask at Latasha. "Do you know who this is?" Latasha ^{heart was beating} ~~was beating~~ in complete terror as she shakes her head rapidly. "This is NoFace. His avillian like me." Latasha starts to cry. "Now, listen clear... if you try to once escape I will fuckin kill you."

He stands up and tries to fix his jammed gun. Danny continues to talk to Latasha in a creepy manner, while making periods of life threatening ^{shouting} ~~shouting~~ her. "I hate you" she said. ^{whispering} ~~whispering~~ Danny ^{shaved} ~~shaved~~ no remorse. "You know, I really don't give a fuck." Danny was sportily ^{was} ~~was~~ "Goddamnit ^{wrote} ~~wrote~~ you piece of shit!"

It took about 5-6 minutes for Danny ^{unjammed} ~~unjammed~~ his gun. He peered up at the ^{shouting} ~~shouting~~ window in the room and led himself ~~to~~ to seeing the mob of SWAT teams outside the school.

Immediately he decides not to shoot Latasha, so he would not give away a signal for them to find him. "Hey you... go! Get out of here!" Latasha first thinks it's a trick, so she remains. As Danny keeps urging her in rushing voice, she edges out step by step.

13.) The 'Loveless Boys' Revenge

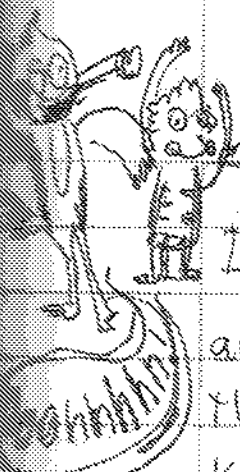
Until she realized Danny was willing to let her go, she released herself and darted out of the school as fast as her body could take her. Latasha later became one of the most well known media targets + social justice advocates after the shooting. She was just as beautiful by heart than her light brown skin + yellow golden eyes, long ~~red~~ lavishing hair of a horses mane.

Danny thought she was gorgeous. A part of him why she didn't ^{want} kill her.

but he
knew
no
woman
would
love
him

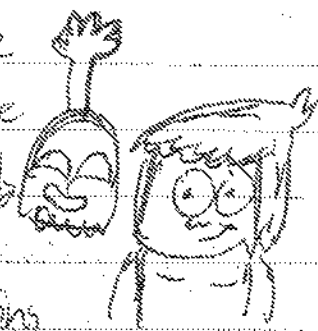
Danny was done. His ~~massacre~~ massacre was complete, all that was left was the most important part that police or SWAT teams ~~didn't~~ couldn't do for him. He leaned up against the wall of a narrow hallway to the band room. He positioned + aimed his gun and placed the gun inside of his mouth. It was last Danny began to pant in adrenaline, but there was nothing back. He was not to dare to be sent to jail. He curled his index finger around the trigger and pulled it. One boom, Danny's head was blown off, just like Kenos.

Danny ended up killing 49 students, 3 teachers, one school policeman. He injured 66, along w/ reporters and police officers. ^{March 30th} ~~May 2nd~~ 1999, Danny's massacre was everything Danny desired it to be - the worst in US. the
dead
blood
was
everywhere



No Best Friend Here 16-12-19

I am starting to hate Facebook even more and more as days pass. I come to realize that unless you are in that persons tightly knit circle, they will not mention your name worth a fuck. I don't see my friends honoring me to others by how I "impacted them" its all unreal in my life. Evidently true in social beings that being with the people they have most in common with. But how the fuck is it that I do have a very tiny sized friend status of whom



like I mean something of certain value to life for them

people just have most in common with and I still feel, animals who come here, I tell myself I am a complete loser.

female version of big common

Old friends post pictures of ~~their~~ their besties and how much they mean to them, using endearing words like brother, sister, or special experiences shared together. I feel they have it all & full

videos pics & places they go

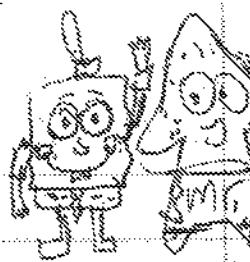
held back I only get it halfway in present, temporary present then ends later on, or nearly not at all because

by anxiety isolation & depression

I am so uninvolved - they assume that I "don't care"

Just FUCKIN STOP! You people are ignorant. I DO CARE its you people that DONT GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ME.

most common thing and seen



NO BEST FRIEND HERE

anxiety & depression rather than I best deserve to isolate & hang w/ them in dead full bore rather than to go out and have fun. Being w/ friends

w/
full
bored
human
beings

is not all fun for me. I still get anxious & paranoid by other people that are strangers. I feel I'm being watched & judged cause I feel so fuckin awkward. I don't interact in a group

since
have
animal
type
qualities

or just one person individually, I'm always feeling under threat that strangers ~~could~~ look at that white girl faggot hanging out w/ those

don't
say
anything
rather
watch

reads
where
so much
could
turn
her

~~the~~ "I've been told ~~about~~ that no one pays attention, but to ~~me~~ ^{them} it's a reality. I feel it's in space/time but lifelike in my head.

listen
or be
cuddled

My old friends that outgrow me & are way more confident in ~~my~~ themselves don't blend at all w/ not only a white girl on that manga geek nerd ass shit, but also a depressed and stressed high key nervous wreck who hates her life (by being) & herself (by personality). Only my professional doctors & therapists admire my qualities and can honor my best, while in support/anchor my worst. Sure, it's better affirmation than nothing. But still I'm thinking NO FRIENDS!

as it
tries to
overtake
or sink me
to the
bottom

I can't have or be a best friend in anyone's life cause they'd rather choose someone else other than me.

~~No BFF~~ = Who Fuckin cares!?

6

x

12

x

19

I can't be a best friend to the girls I wish I would be a best friend to. But I only met them in middle school. I'm not a day 1, I failed to do anything with them. I failed to prove my care + compassion, admiration, + appreciation. None of it matters. All of my bull shit is either be ignored, thrown away, left behind, forgotten, or extra attention they don't really need.

available
active
contribution
in communication
why I care
cause
have feel
able change
to me

After all, what black girl would want to call a white, shy, awkward ^{gay} faggot their best friend + call us alike? Fuckin no it's just not life as it should be.

either they
just act
polite, feel
uncomfortable
organization
carries

I'm a piece of worthless shit cause

there are
virtues as
it interests
lives.

I am infected by it. It only ghosts + turns more + more in my boiling stomach. I view

they tell each
other "I love
you" but don't

apart + they have been through it all. through separation, isolation for appropriate need, + disagreement

even
constant
saying
that
shit to
me

Enough history is contained to where starting over is possible + the friendship / sisterhood sustained

even if it's not all the same.

even if it's not all the same.

spectator
is meshed
together
like the
teams on
a soccer
ball

They are best friends + nothing can become between them. Who am I to interfere? they don't really love

than what
I wish it

me. They'd never see me that way in a visual picture in life of threns. I am nothing but a white girl. I mean

nothing more. Shit... am I ever?

nothing more. Shit... am I ever?

nothing more. Shit... am I ever?

6

14

16

17

19

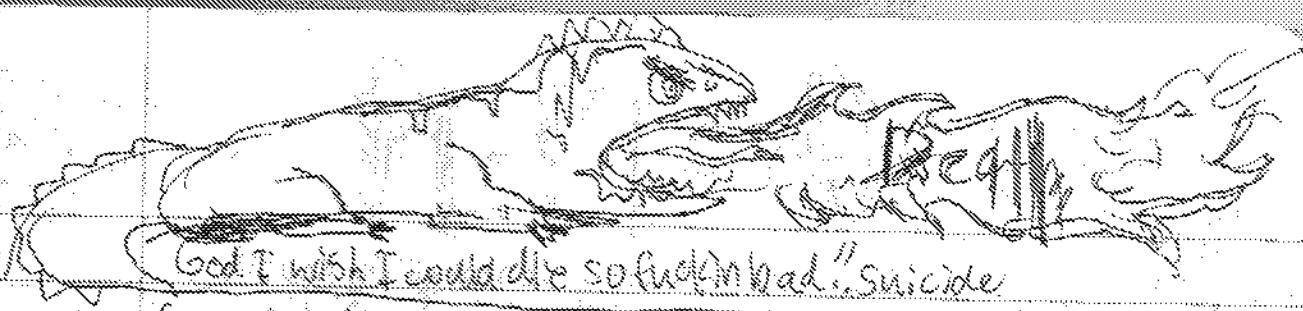
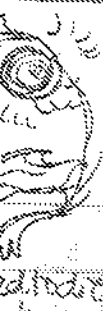
3

6-17-19

it doesn't
affect
reign
behavior
or
attitude

I never thought you'd get back to me. It was a suprise really... It was ^{as if} ~~as if~~ a small miracle fell from heavens fortress.

You didn't have to send anything, but you did anyway... Guess I was ^{wrong} ~~right~~ maybe you do love me and you mean it, I always remember the good side of you. I think of you all the time, but at least you considered me worth a minute of your time.



God I wish I could die so fuckin bad. "Suicide

fantasies turn on + off, ~~like~~ the beavis trying to with it like a light switch, and with that, my mind can't have rest. I find no place or rest in my soul I find

myself wrestling in the ring w/ ~~my~~ Anxiety + Depression

The ~~the~~ fuses are short circuited whenever I feel tm being threatened by my therapist or when she

says something I don't quite get. She says "what I feel is not at all abnormal" and right away I

become a steamed vegetable in my head. the slightest misconceptions of words coming out of

people's mouths flip + flop in a jumbled jg saw puzzle. "Not abnormal" and I immediately

illustrate the rest of my perception "I AM NOT NORMAL"

I tell myself cause they don't fuckin know me. And now my therapist sounded like it, ~~or~~ or if its just voices

of the past coming out of her jaw. My jaw clenches like shark teeth cause I HATE ~~that~~ when people / society

believe I am just like "everyone else"

First ~~that~~ no one is exactly like the other to his left or right, but play a vital role sharing beliefs

and behaviors though do the same things. Who the fuck am I supposed to be doin shit with when it

comes to ~~the~~ oldies who don't want shit to do w/ me?

Its time that abuses future - future eliminated

w/ their old deliriums of demons

remembrance of the past to reconsider

to reveal an image of what those fuckin H.S kids told me

all more abuse use ie mms e ra ince S rt vens

I have part most
of the blame. I
don't have many friends in
childhood but I isolated.

6-17-19

Don't dare start
over I'll come
back again
that's all
I'll ever
have

Fall spring
LONGASS summer
deep down I
want to know
them + make
memories but
then again I
was uncomfortable
I have a phobia
soft smiles
hate to
I'm
interested
somedays
others
I'm not
I get
depressed
a lot lotter
and I don't
feel I
need of
your
valuable
time I
am prone
to fuckin
waste.

I have always been alone, I do things by myself and
it's always been that way so I'm used to it. I like it alot. I don't mind being alone, Don't
get this fucked up, Just because I like being
by myself doesn't mean I don't want nothing
to do w/ you bitch! You have my phone too
but obviously let me do all the work to make it
more pressing for myself. That's why I hate
social outings. I love my old friends I call treasures
of my heart, but I hate society + I hate strangers.
In that regard I am anti-people organism cause
sometimes I feel I am not a human. I don't
want to talk about my fuckin problems only
relates to or anything else. They leave me alone, that's
fine. I reach out and they still leave me alone?
FUCK ADULTHOOD! Fuck growing up all my
sisters will be having kids + spouses + my only
babies are my cats. Hell I think I don't have much
in common w/ now how is it going to be 5-10 years
from now? NOTHING RELATABLE. I'm white.
I'm gay, I don't belong in any culture. I belong
with the animals - that's it. Like wild animals
that some meat eating organisms were born to kill.
I wasn't born to kill, but I was born in no species.
My sisters found me as a loner stray and let me
join them like Tarzan + the Gorillas.

wasn't not turn
its evil side
murder
precious
memories of
the past in
their minds
curses a spell
on me with
desires to be
loved
the
near around
other
part
is
full of
hate,
are or
b6 -3
b7c -3
resentment
towards
my
inner
circle
+ society
when
they
give
me
looks
like
am
weird
or
almost
I feel it even more

6-17-19

and even
mature enough
to take care of
themselves
to realize

meaning of
mess struggle

OK LOOK. I am a hermit in some regard. I have
hermit qualities but in the body form of a bear.

Bears like solo. That's me. Bears just want be
alone. Also me. I am ^{not a full breed} a bear cause I

yearn for affection like lions. I am not full hermit
cause I do fantasize touches of love in physical

forms. But socially I am designed for a shell to
hide like one. That's me also. I may DESIRE

human affection ^(at years ago a beautiful woman & now) but that doesn't mean I'm society
on friends who are just not considered true friends

I love [redacted] but she's NOT fully human. She's
part goddess + angel of God. I love [redacted] because that

she is not ~~fully~~ all human either.
She is an angel too in her own special way [redacted]

is also a man angel + Christ Disciple, who came
down from heaven when I look at it. [redacted] is my

other bear friend. So don't fuck this up. I don't
yearn for UNCOOLY PEOPLE. I may be

around people but I'm FORCED to live in this
world. Yes forced. Meaning I just want to die ^{these bastards}

and kill myself. It means I don't belong w/ people,
just Animal plant you fuckers. Stop

being ignorant shit & think deeply for once a secret group my
I HATE YOU ALL!!! wordly bastards.

shit beyond what I am capable to other knowledge

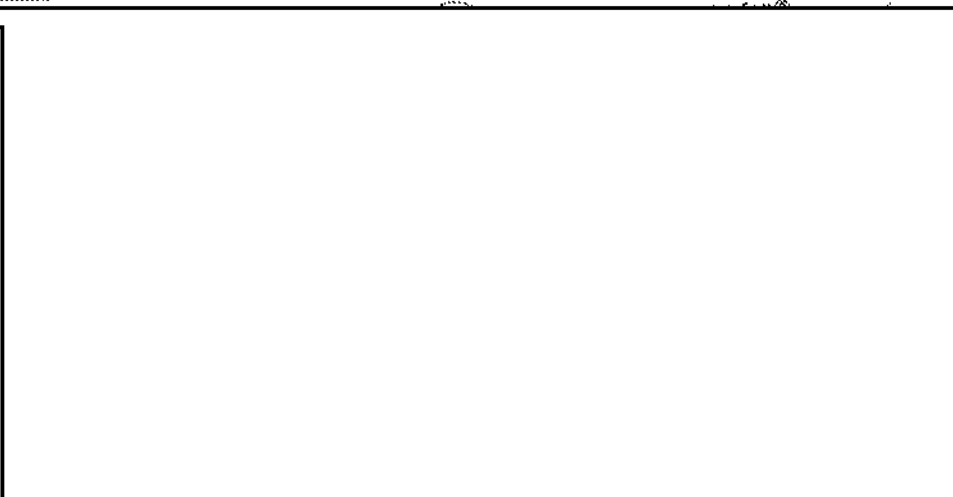
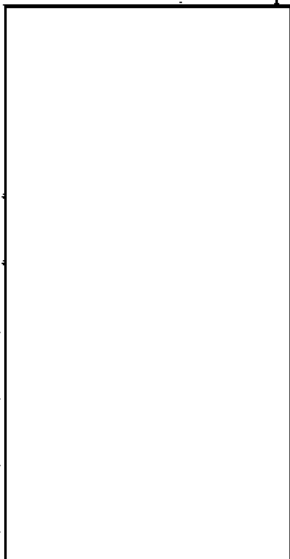
I don't
need
no
fuckin
shit,
I just
feel
jealous
when I

see my ^{b6 -3,8}
girl in front ^{b7C -3,8}

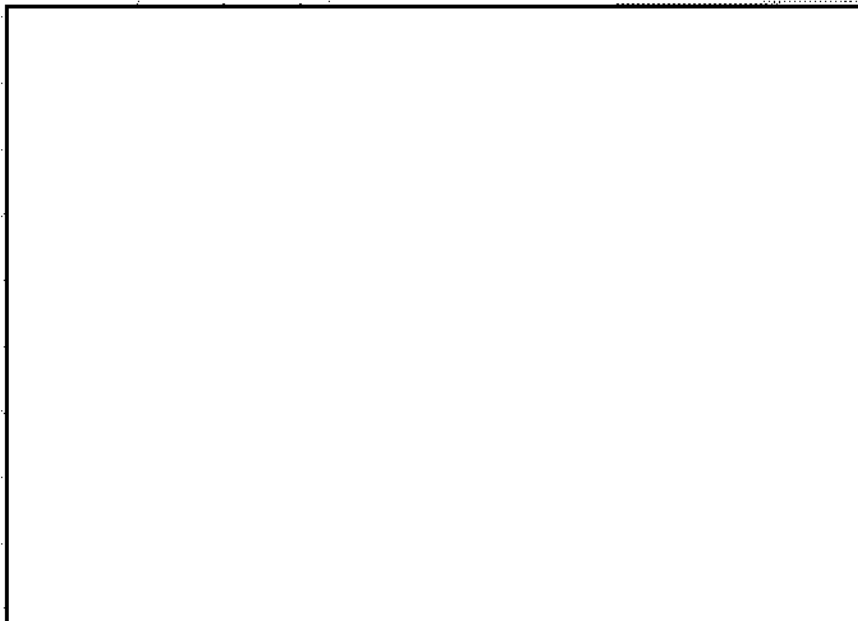
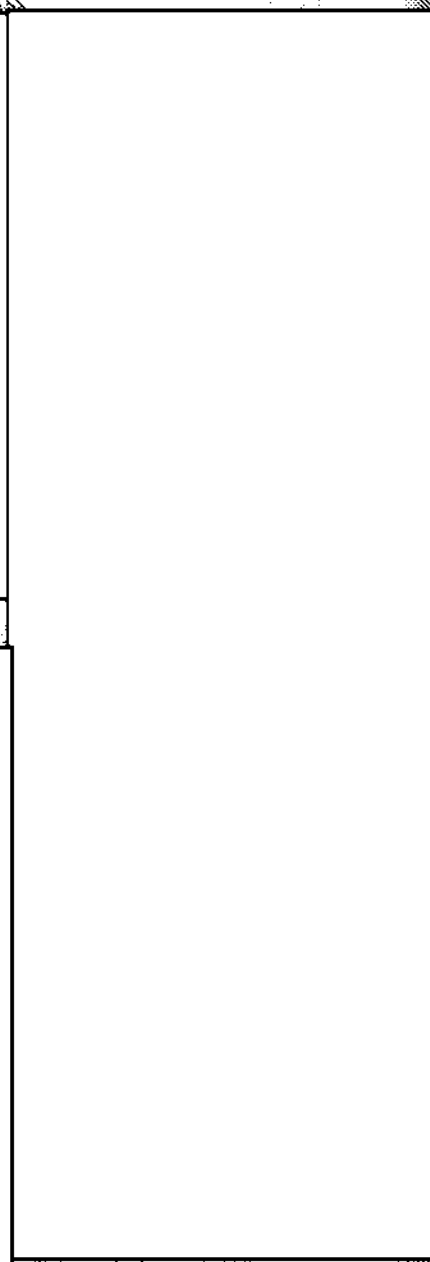
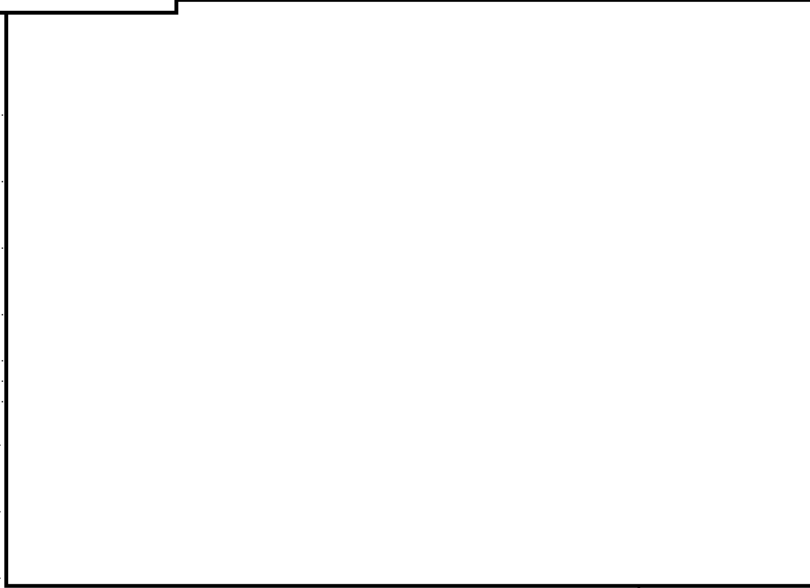
name
them
I can
get
bitch
now
ever

when on
where
they
want
only
full
humans
say their
opinion

fuckin
shit
enough



70-18-19



b7D -6

b7E -4

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

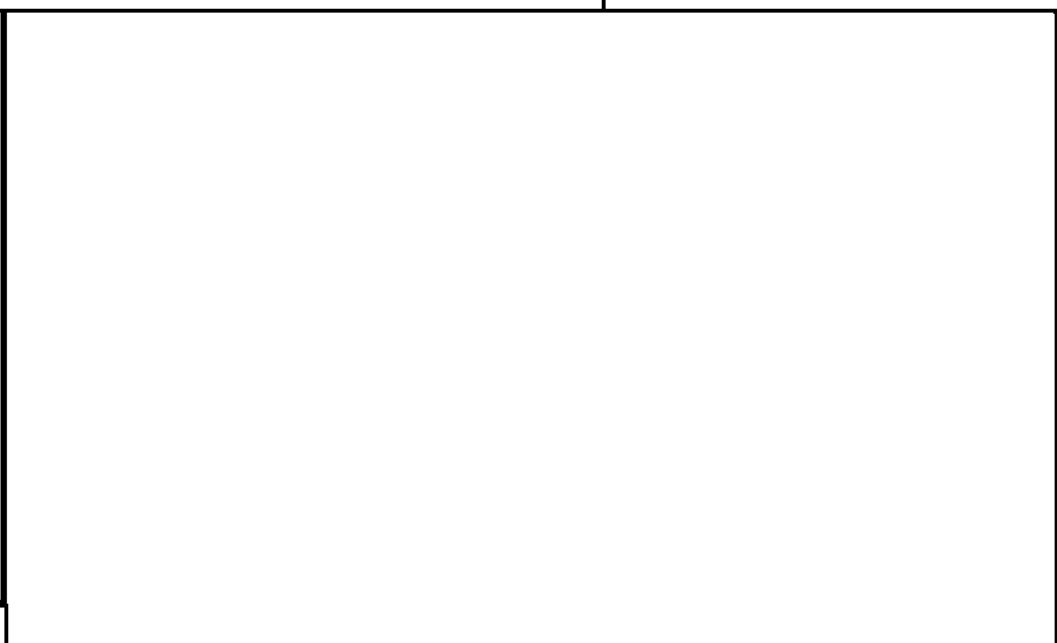
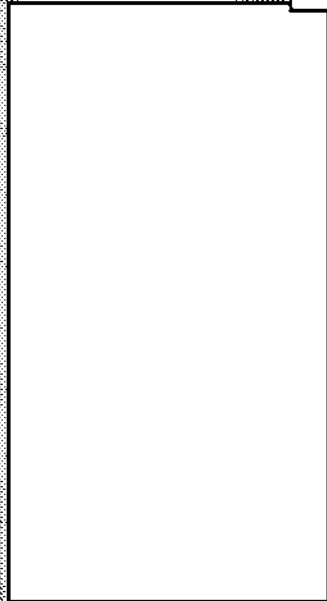
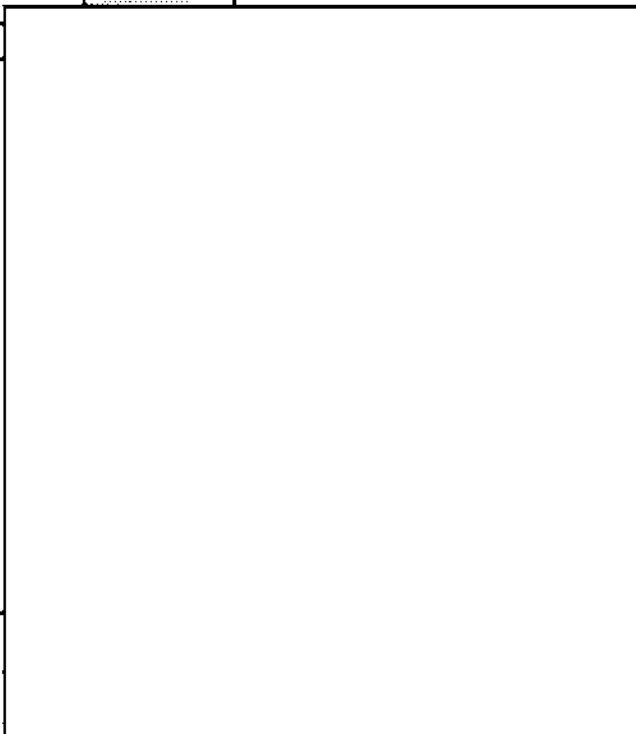
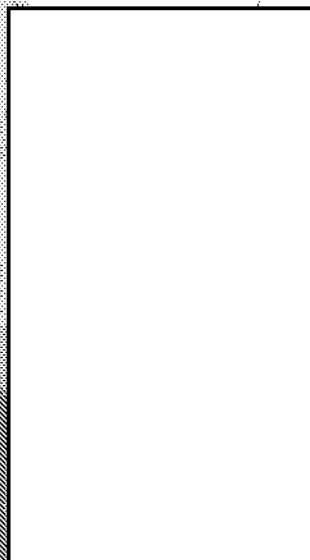
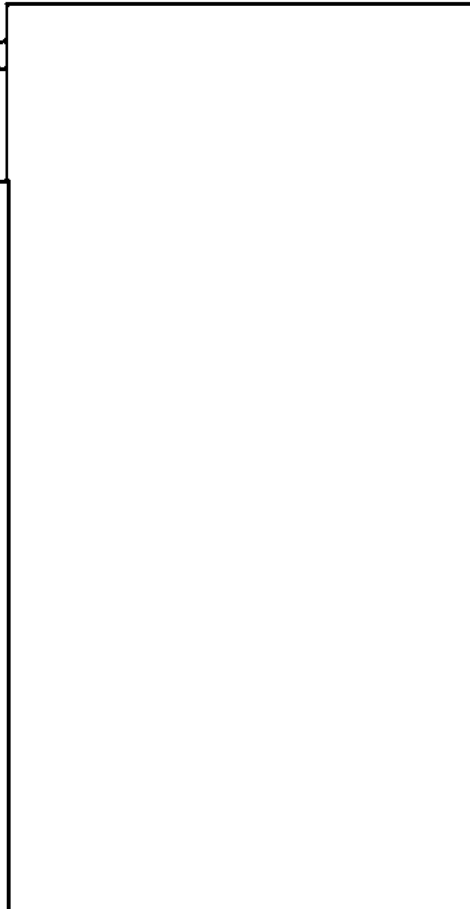
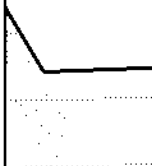
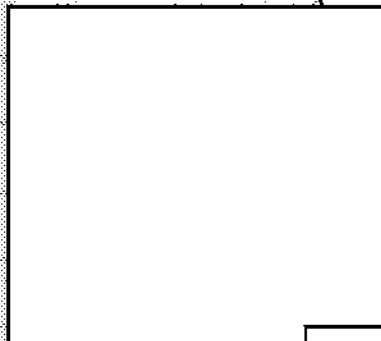
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

b6 -8
b7C -8
b7D -6
b7E -4

67 8497



Why Do you ~~think~~ think I Suffer

which
pressures
+ depression
mentally sick
+ friend
C. suicide prone

My suffering is not visible enough
the poor black kids ^{like you} assume I have it all
just for havin a
house, clothes, money

no one that
calls my ^{fuckin} ~~name~~
friends we born
have - ^{my need} life equivalent
but could give
not a shit about

money
doesn't
make me
happy,
just helps
me
survive

A decent life ~~is~~ apart from poverty
but listen... I'm not fuckin rich -
I'm just blessed - just no BF
no sister to tell me she loves me at night
no group of friends or ^{their} affectionate love
no appreciation to those I ~~die~~ die for

In just while
troubled to you

I'm
suicide
picking my
hands
to the
cross.
I'm tired
of my
burdens -
demons

the ones I die for never die for me
all BFs ^{are} just X's + backstabbers
only ^{needed} ~~created~~ weeds of jealousy
hatred and envy

admit it - to have
they watch
me suffer
but ~~they~~ hide it

that
scorn
me
like
Jesus
shame
in his
hell

so you don't have a decent home
peas, or parents
but you have a loyal sister
who loves you to death - shed blood ^{you}
~~are~~ who'd want to hang w/ a white boy
not from black kids raised like you
or the ones who had support system
+ hopefully ^{w/ open arms} ~~lended~~ it to you

thought they'd die
spite a donor
villain to give
my ~~transformation~~
their hearts

loving support - not financial
Broke physically - I'm broke at heart - Depressed
Anxious - Anxious mess - deminifested

all I have
your sister is all I
get, I just want her
have - I wish you
had a mom

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8
b7D -6
b7E -4

by:
Audrey

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7D -6
b7E -4

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8
b7D -6
b7E -4

Audrey

Dear [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I have to let you know something that has weighed heavy on my heart for a long time. I'm scared to death how you would feel about it, but I also feel deep in my heart I can give you a chance. This is hard enough for me to write out, but I will describe it the best way that I can for you to understand.

I have come out of denial of something I have been pushing down in my soul for a long time. I realize that I am gay. This has been something very difficult for myself to even accept. ~~and~~ I have been hiding for a long time just to keep all of my friendships and family... especially you. I know you are a very accepting person and have a pure loving heart full of God's spirit. But the fears are still there. You are the ~~an~~ 3 person I have told (one is my close friend; the other my therapist). My family doesn't know [redacted]

I know they will be devastated. I'm basically trapped with becoming who I am + how to fully express myself. I'm at a blockage with my spiritual life. God is against it, my family is, the world can be too. I feel so small with all these voices that are so loud. I have thought of suicide + ending my life.

I'm not writing this to you so you could understand or force you to accept. I just feel telling you because you are very special to me + have been for a long time. I love you so dearly for the impact you put on my life and learning from you. I just hope you'll still love me.

- Audrey ♡

To:



From: Audrey H.



5th 19th 19

by: Andrey ⑩

I miss you & love you so much. I'll never forget what you taught me about being a leader to the younger ones when it became the "track star" of the team. Your spirit stays with me and always will. You are one of the brightest lights in my life, close or far.



b6 -3
b7C -3

