

Prologue

Let me just start off by saying that no kid is ever born thinking, *one day I'm going to kill myself*. If you would have told me six months ago that I was going to kill myself, I would have called you crazy. Only kids dealing with deep mental imbalances do stuff like that - right. Only crazy kids? But here we are.

But why? You've got your whole life ahead of you. Sure, I could go on and live another sixty years here, but you'll just hurt me more. I know I'm worthless, so why should I drag this out any longer? I'm tired of feeling the shame of not being good enough. I'm tired of being everyone's punching bag - their pin cushion. I'm tired of loving people as deep as humans can love only to be spat on. Was I only born for you to laugh at me? Why do we hurt each other? Why do you hurt me? I don't know, but no one will hurt me ever again. No one will hurt me ever again. Never will I give my heart to a girl to have her rip it out for some cheap fun. Never will I walk down the halls while everyone points and stares at me.

Who's to blame for this? All of you played a part. None of you did enough. Some of you didn't even try. Most of you wouldn't have cared anyway. Instead of asking me if I was okay or if I wanted to talk, you laughed at me. You pointed your fingers at me and laughed. Like I don't feel pain. Like I don't hurt like anyone else. Like I don't have feelings. You tore me to pieces one by one, laugh by laugh, day by day. Until finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I feel nothing. I feel nothing for you or myself. That means that I can hurt you like you hurt me and I will feel nothing. I don't care about you - honestly why should that sound weird? You didn't think about me either. Ever. You used me to make yourselves feel better, to make yourselves feel superior. Good job you win. You finally got me to break.

You've made me ashamed to be in my own skin.

Am I the only kid to ever get picked on? Ever have parents get divorced? Ever get cheated on? Ever find out that he was a bastard? No. But I guess I'm not put together like other people because I can't take it anymore. I don't have anything to look forward to. It feels like I'm here for no reason other than the joy of others. Am I weak because I don't want to be kicked again? Maybe. Or maybe we should just treat each other better.

Have you ever walked by a mirror and felt disgusted at the image you saw? I have. Then finally one day you just decide you're no longer going to look in the mirror at all.

I want some of you, as many as I can, to hurt with me. I want your families to hurt because they did nothing either. They knew you laughed at me but no one told you to stop. You thought kicking me, hurting me was fun? For those of you that survive, maybe this changes you. I hope you are kinder to people. I hope you realize that other people besides yourself matter.

Couldn't any of you see the pain in my eyes when you looked at me? You couldn't take one second to ask me if I needed help? Not until it was too late.

I'm not perfect. I failed in so many ways - I know. I don't want to get it wrong anymore. I don't want to look in the mirror and see myself - see a loser. No one wants to see that.

You've made me ashamed to be in my own skin.

Mom, I love you. I was too hard on you these last few months and for that I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that. Take care of Kevin for me. I wish you would have told me about my dad before it was too late. I won't talk about it here, but have a sit down with Uncle Tommy.

Kev, I'm sorry that I couldn't be the big brother that you needed. Add it to the list of things that I failed at. I do love you though.

Dad, I loved you once. I wish you could have loved me back half as much. I wish you could have been the man that you wanted me to be. The man that you pretended you were.

Nikki, we had some good times. I was going to make you my wife but I guess it wasn't in the cards. Find somebody good. Find someone that will make you smile.

Doc, it might have worked between us? I think it was worth a shot. Thanks for trying to save me. The mountain was just too tall to climb. Don't give up on people.

Mark, you were my brother from day one. You know more about me than any other human. Thank you for always letting me be me. I love you.

Richard, maybe if you would have called six months ago I'd be in a different place.

There is nothing left for me here. Every time I open my eyes, I see darkness and I'm tired of being alone in the dark. I can't take any more pain. Why do we hurt each other? Why do we make each other feel smaller than nothing?

I've reached the end of my line - you guys win. Congratulations. No one will hurt me ever again.

Why am I doing this in one short sentence? You've made me ashamed to be in my own skin.

Cell phone password 454588

Computer password youfailedme

Its okay, that's enough now. My AR-15 will judge you all today. It will cast a sentence that is undeniable. It will spread the same message to you that you've shown me: HATE. Like I said, no one will hurt me ever again. Today, I get to hurt you.