Thu, 16 Feb 2012

12:57 AM

(no subject)

I'm so tired of crying all the time. I'm so tired of
feeling like shit. I hate myself. I hate my appearance, I hate my
past, I hate what I've become. I always thought when I was little
that I'd have it all as I got older. I'd have happy parents, loving
brothers, good grades, a great boyfriend..I'd have a dream. But my
mom's drug addiction cancelled those plans. I grew up quick, and I
grew up mean. I made alot of good friends but blew them all off for
the people who could get me what I wanted. I was matured at age 9.
I hated my mom for being an addict and cheating on my dad. I vowed
I would never talk to her again at age 11. But she's clean and
sober now and she's happy with the guy she loves. My dad is with a
monster and he's miserable. I love him to death but he put the
girlfriend before my brothers and I so I knew I couldn't stay. I've
became my own worst enemy. I smoke pot with my brother, he's my
ride or die. I trip on shrooms with my stoner friends. I swallow 15
benadryl to feel a thrill. I get so drunk that I puke and blackout.
I scar my wrists with bloody lines of hatred. I just want out of
this world. I want to be the girl that nobody remembers. I just
want to forget. Death is knocking. The key is under the mat.

Security: Public
Location: Not Specified
Mood: Depressed
Music:

1:09 AM

(no subject)

To an average guy, losing his virginity to ANYBODY is a
very proud moment. They got laid, they have something to brag about
to their buddies, they don't have that lame "virgin" title anymore.
But to an average girl, losing her virgintity is supposed to be
special. They don't want everybody and their brother to know the
day after. It adds a major emotional attachment to the guy they
lost it to and its a physcological fact that even if they fall in
love with another guy 30 years after losing their virginity they'll
never lose complete feelings for the guy who took it. Personally,
losing my virginty was NOT candle lights and jazz music. It was a
drunk blurr. I was taken advantage of by someone much older. I was
a hit and run, and I know that. But the hardest part is accepting
that the person you love will never love you back. They say "love
is blind" and it must be, because after everything that happened
the night i lost my virginity, after the huge age gap... I still

love this guy. And I find it hard even now to date. Even though he's not, I feel like maybe [the guy I love] would be heart broken to know I'm with someone else. It just feels wrong. But you know what, love him or not, I know I deserve better. I know I can DO better. But the fact is, I don't want to.

Security: Public
Location: Not Specified
Mood: Alone
Music:

1:20 AM

(no subject)

<p> Whenever I feel sad, I write. I feel like it's my own little therapy session. But I don't get judged. I don't feel scrutinized under the eyes of a therapist who probably has more problems than me. I get the fact that some people do get help from therapy but I personally feel like it's one more person to look down on you. Me, being the paranoid fuck that I am, feel as if the therapist thinks bad thoughts about you in their head. And in my opinion, everybody has their own issues. It makes me feel guilty just having someone listen to me rant for hours and they can't rant back, even though they get paid to do so. Going to a therapist makes me think of being in a nail salon. All those little chinese people talk a different language and I feel like they sit there and say to each other "this one has dirty nails" or "ohh look at her oddly shaped feet". I guess that's an insecurity of mine, but either way I don't like knowing people can talk or think thoughts about me without me knowing what their saying. Thank god for writing. </p>

Security: Public
Location: Not Specified
Mood: Content
Music:

Fri, 17 Feb 2012
7:18 AM

(no subject)

 It's 2 in the morning, I have class in the morning, and however much I try, I CANNOT GO TO SLEEP. I want to but I can't. I tried calling people and nobody anwsered. I tried going to some stupid chatting sites but it's all dick, dick, dick. God, I just want a decent conversation at 2 in the morning, but I don't get that so I'll have to settle on talking to myself basically. I had a good day for the first time in awhile. Have you ever felt that

after you leave a really fun time, you just want to go back? I wish
I was still riding around town just being fucked up. I can't go
back though which sucks. I'll have myself a ciggarette and a nice
glass of pepsi and listen to depressing music and try my hardest to
sleep.

Tue, 21 Feb 2012
3:57 AM

(no subject)

 It's 4 am. I have class at 6. Why the fuck am I awake? I
can never sleep anymore. EVER. I think I might have insomnia. I
don't really mind not sleeping, as I have much more time to tear
shit up. But, I get so tired. It's like taking 15 benadryl to trip,
you want to sleep but you can't. You'd like to think clearly, but
it's impossible. I'm heading to the beach. That's exactly what I'm
going to do. The beach is only 5 minutes away, so I'll have time to
chill. I'll bring a blanket, I'll call a friend [or two] and I am
going to not sleep because.. SLEEP IS FOR THE WEAK. hello jacob and
kayla (;