

really I don't. Soon as my mom and my dad leave, pursue to the third floor, open up the window and just start firing. Not at nobody, just objects. I want to die and I'm not going to stop shooting until somebody kills me. I figure my life ain't worth nothing to nobody, it ain't worth nothing to me either. Some people think of me as stupid. Others just don't like me. Well, I just want them to know of all the friends I've known, which ain't many, just tell them goodbye for me. Goodbye.