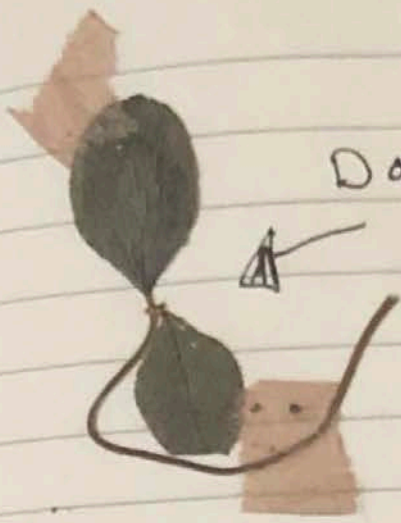
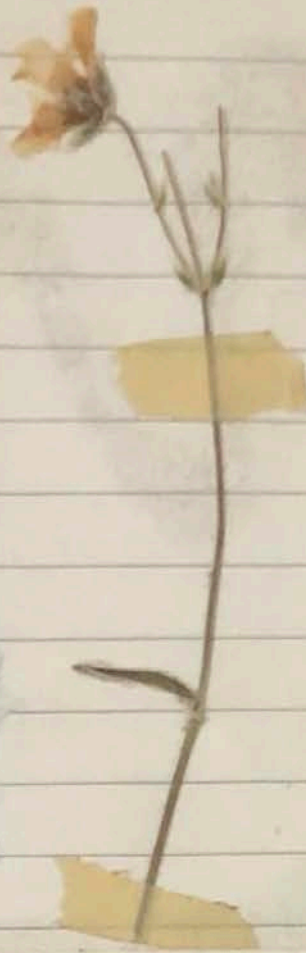


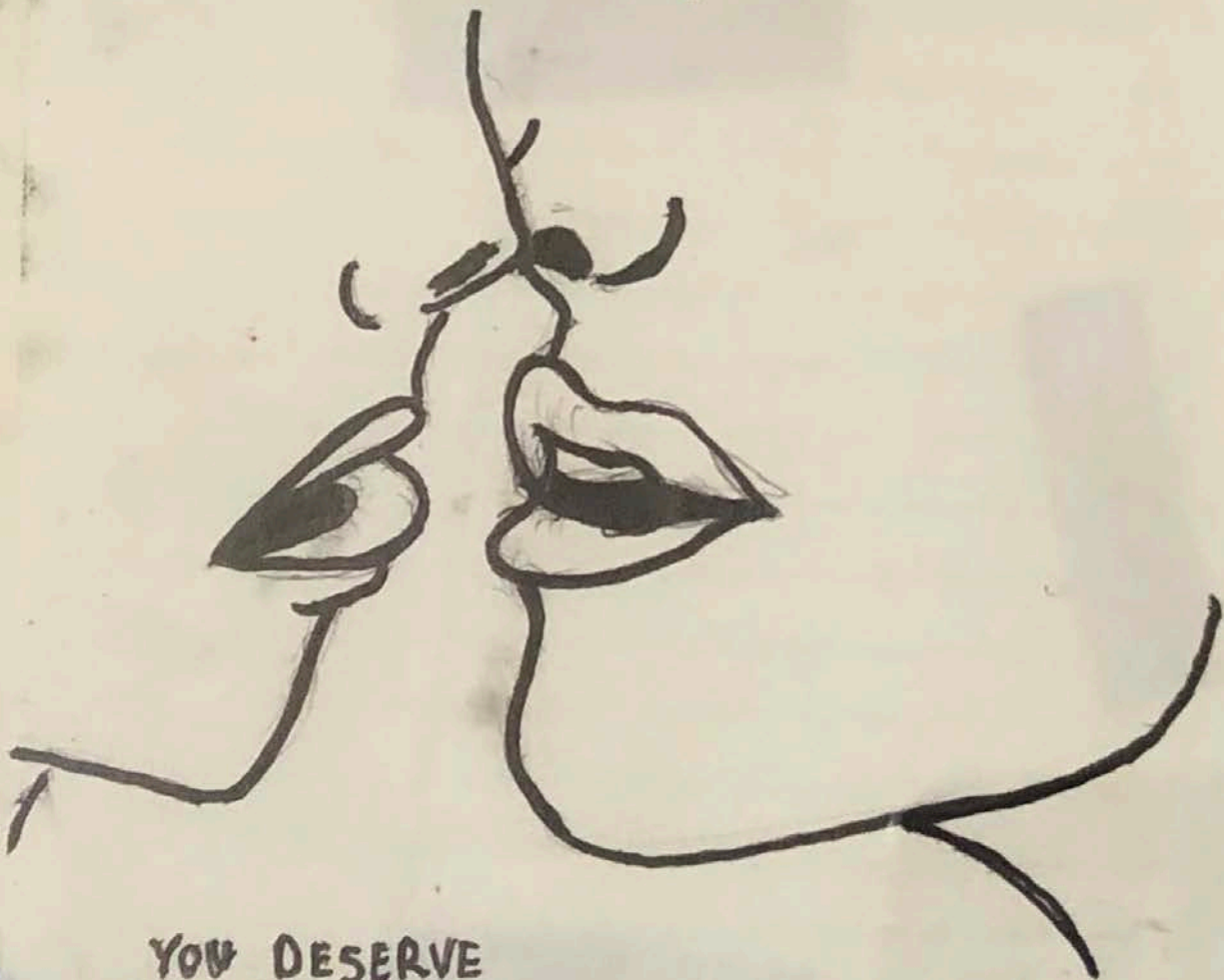
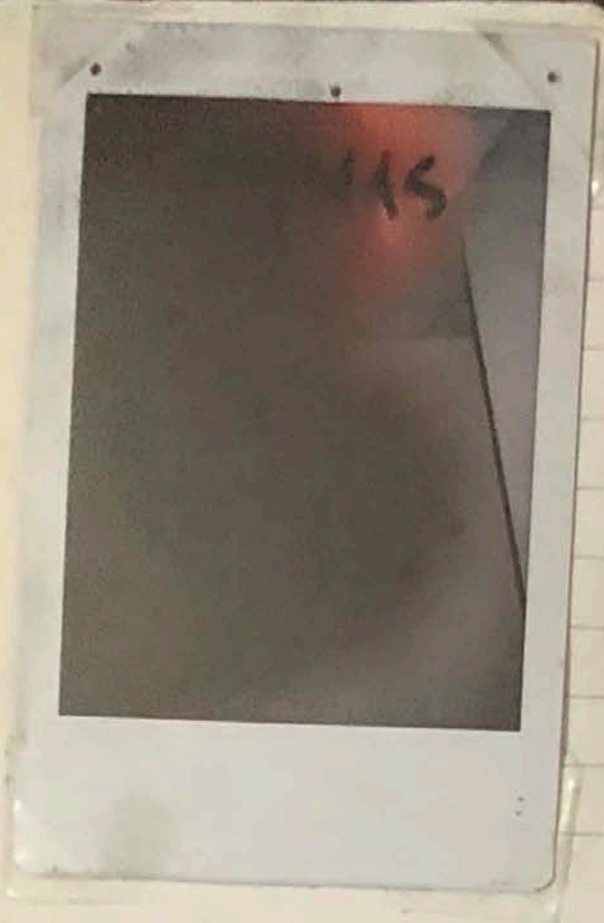


DOWN ON
MY LUCK



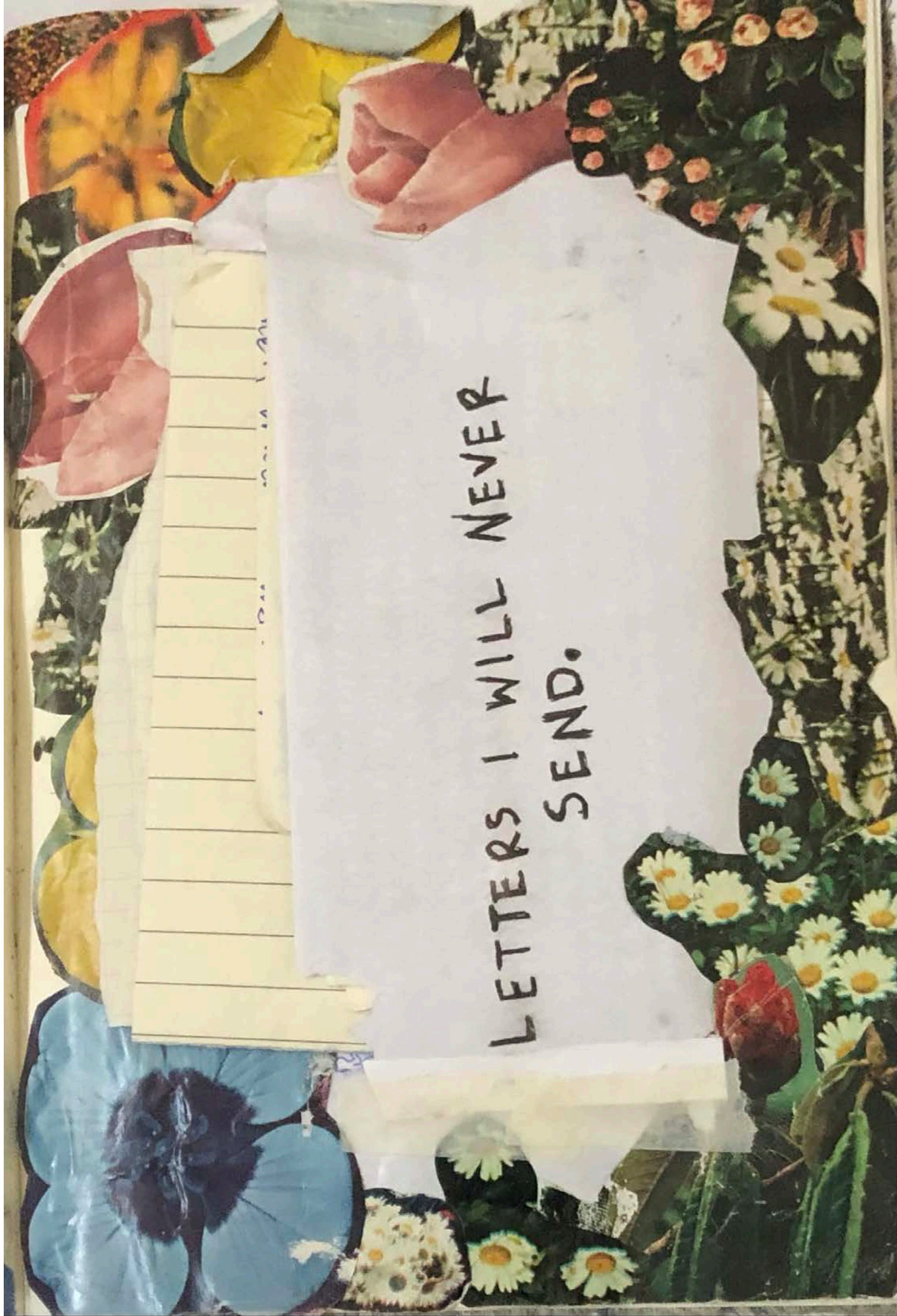
Page one.

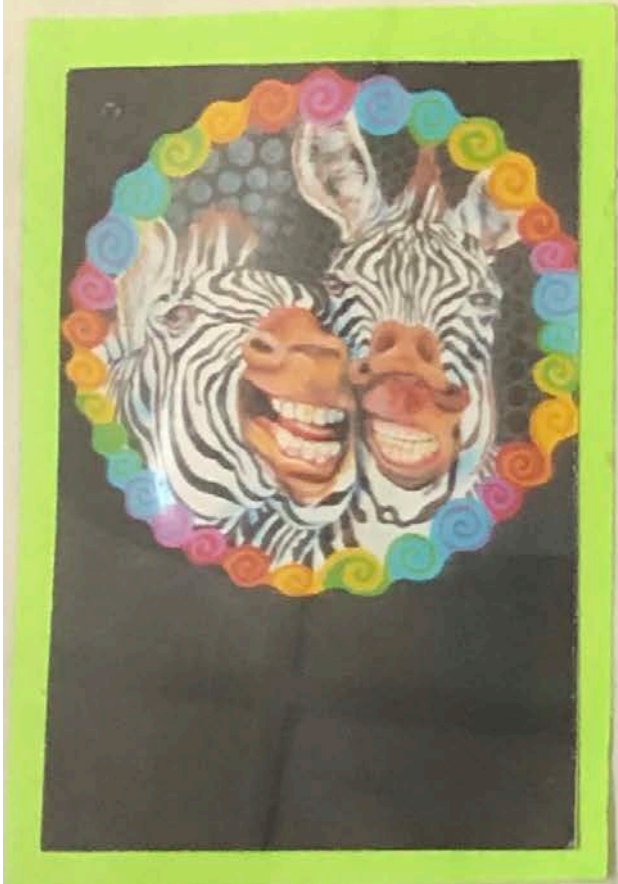
This one
is for
you.



YOU DESERVE
ALL THE LOVE
IN THE WORLD

LETTERS I WILL NEVER
SEND.





LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL





Be
HAPPY

i am .



WILD to

**THINK THAT
YOU & I**

USED To

BE sTrANGeRs,

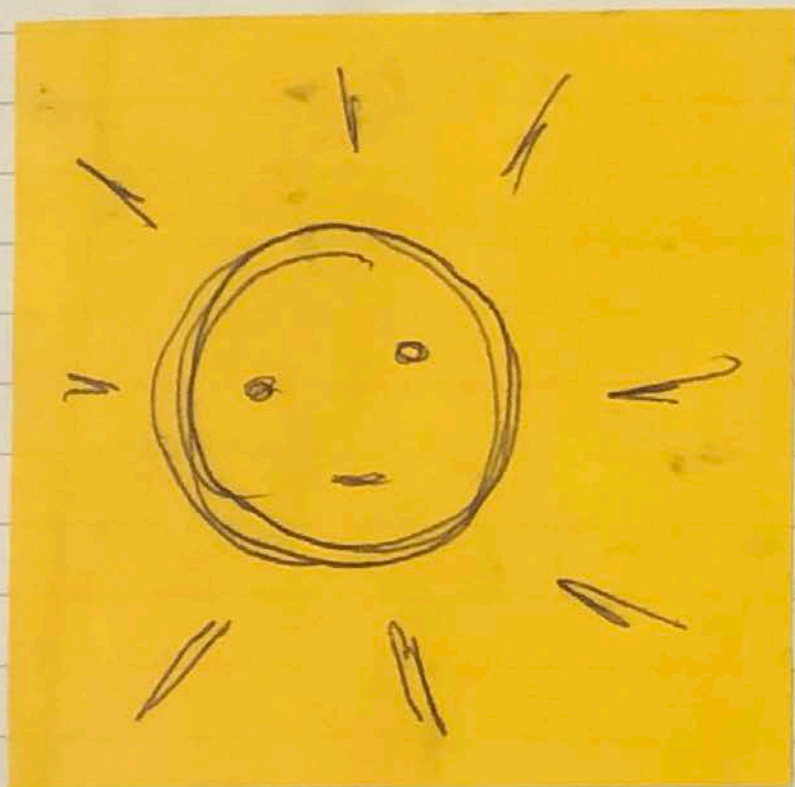
And nOW

tHErE is NO

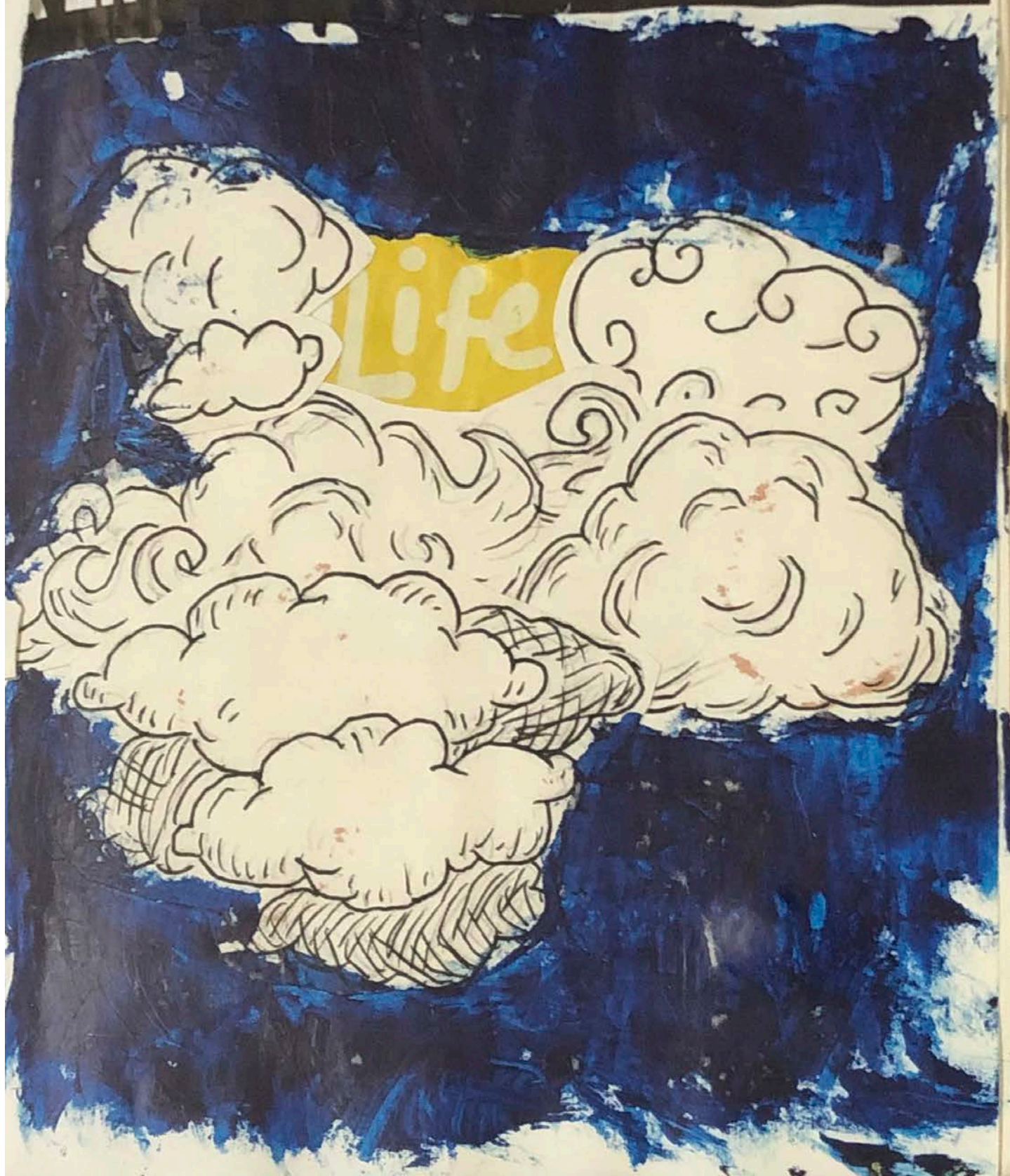
onE I

LoVE moRE

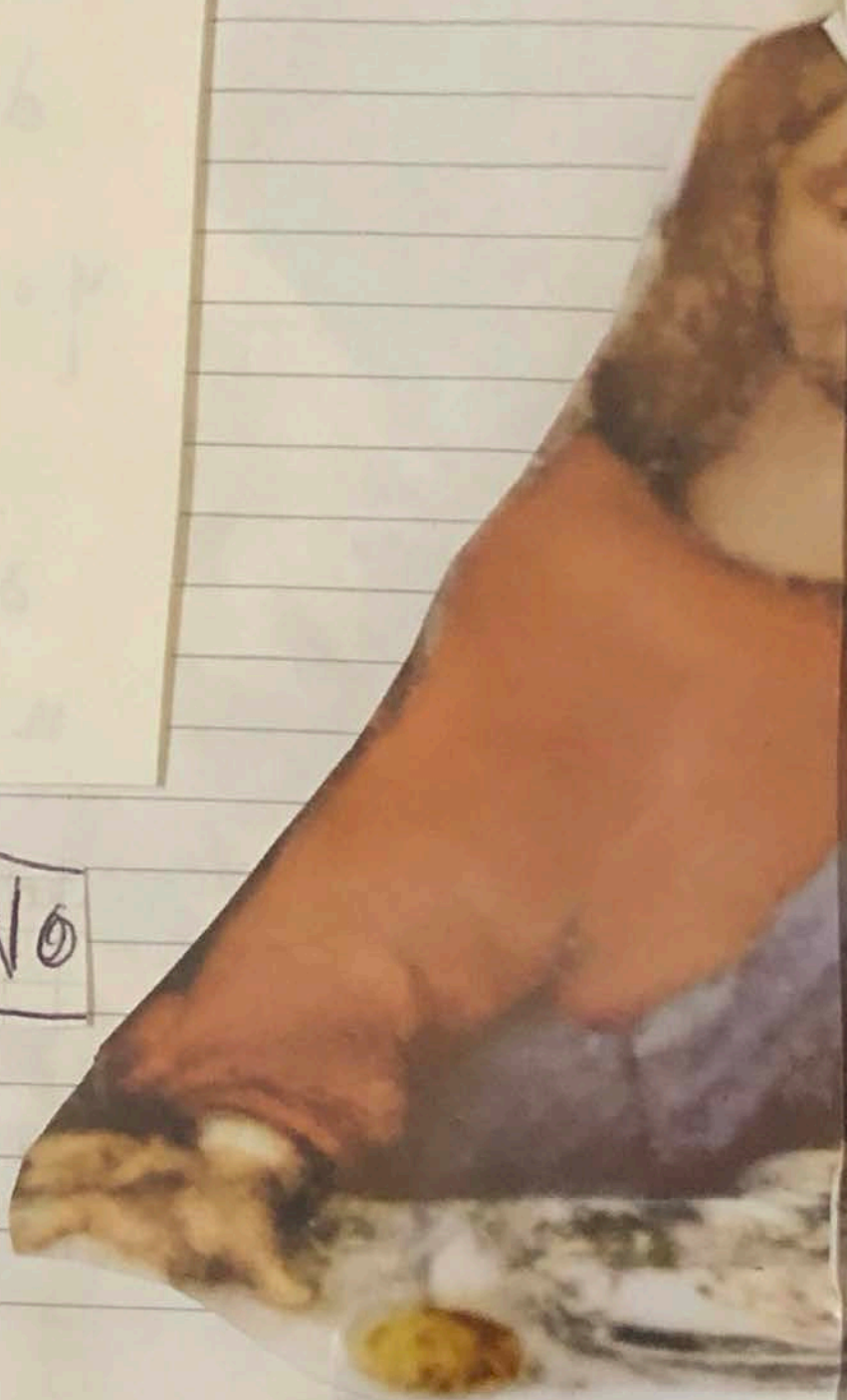


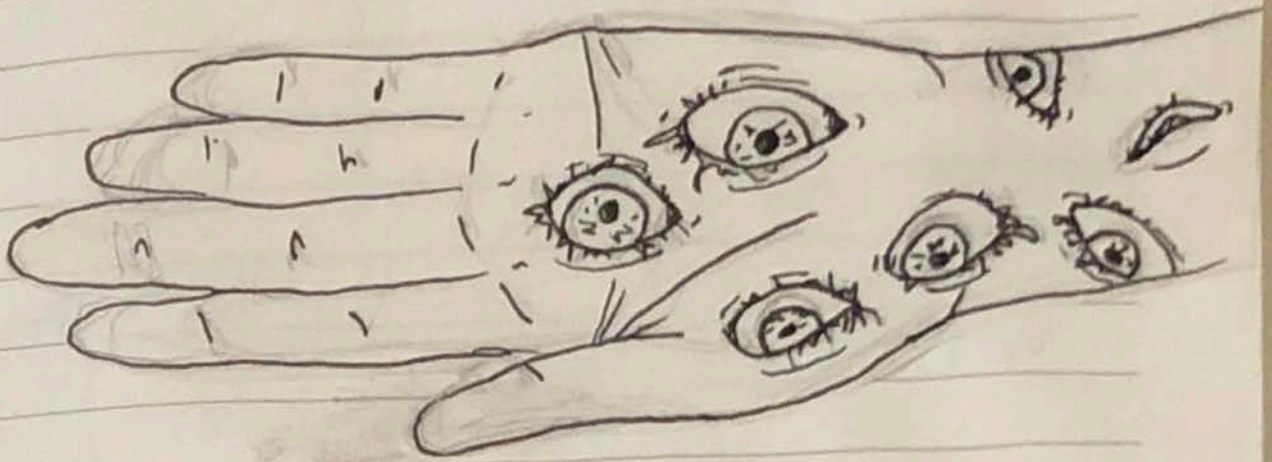


THE DECISION
THE YEAR
LIFETIME OF REWARDS



CHAPTER TWO

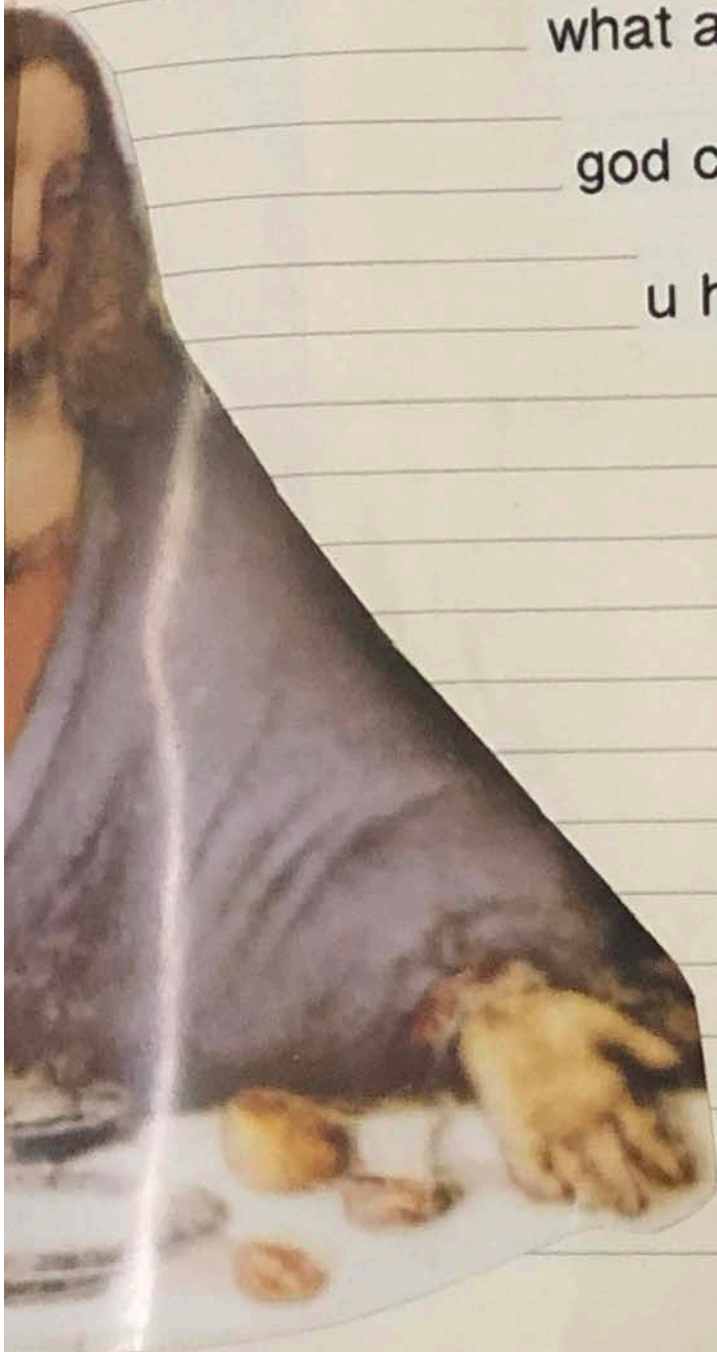




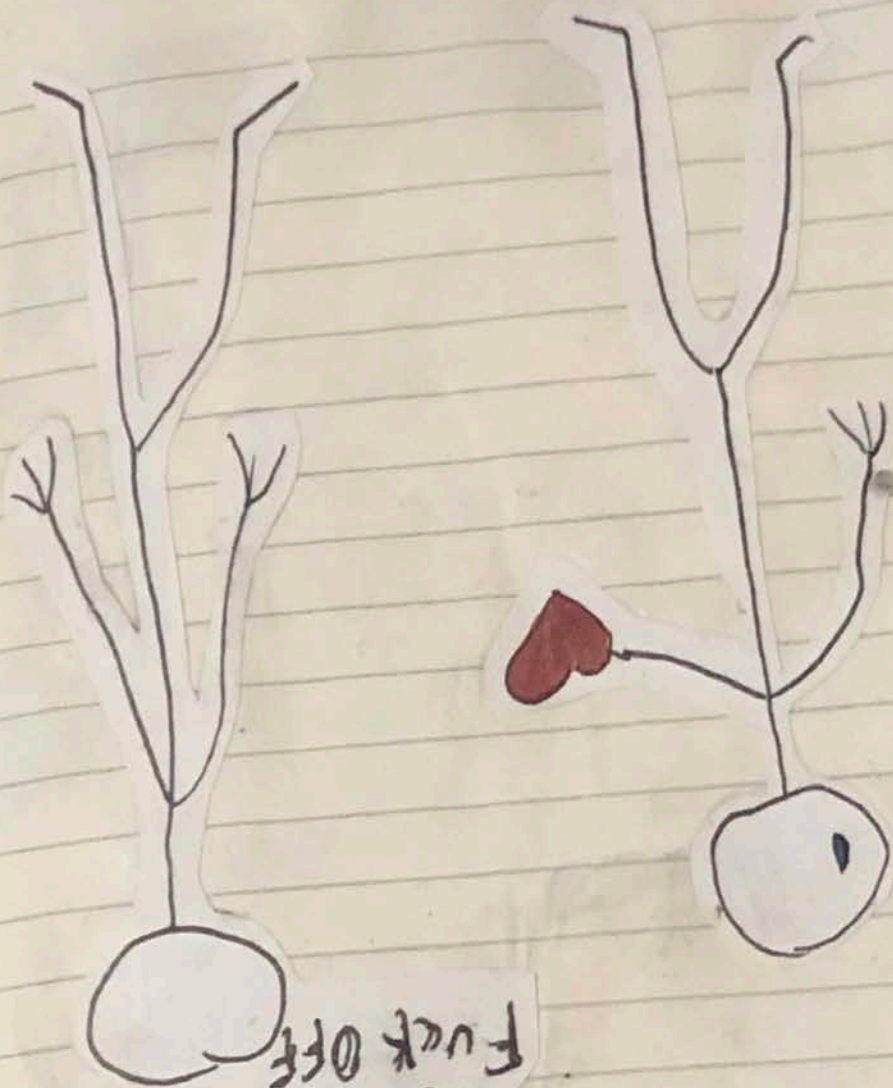
what a strange

god complex

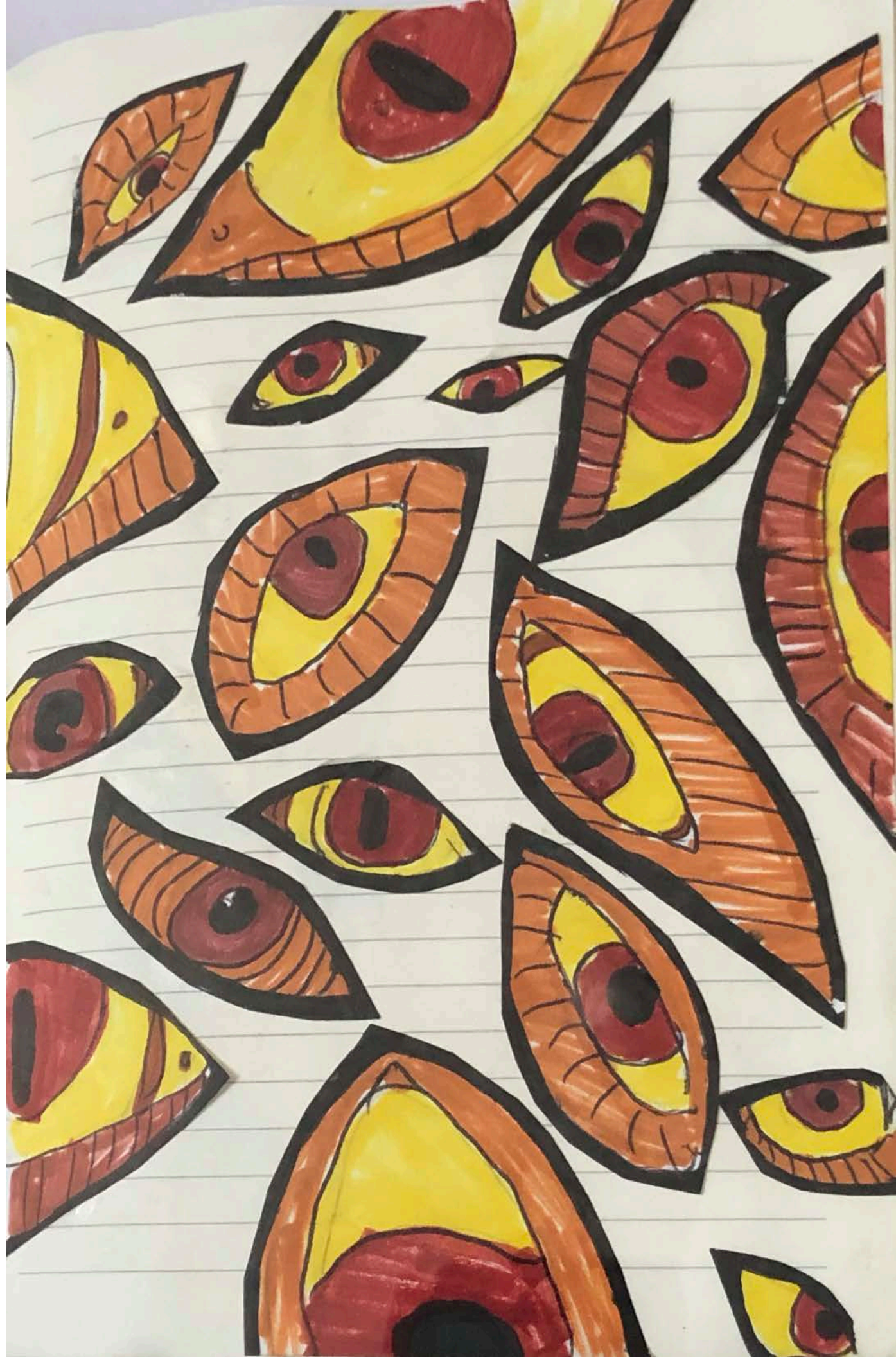
u have



Last night I had a
Conversation with God.
I asked too Many Questions,
do you hate me? are
you real? are you
good? am I good?
as always, I get
no answers.



May be in another
universe, things are
upside down and
we are still in love.

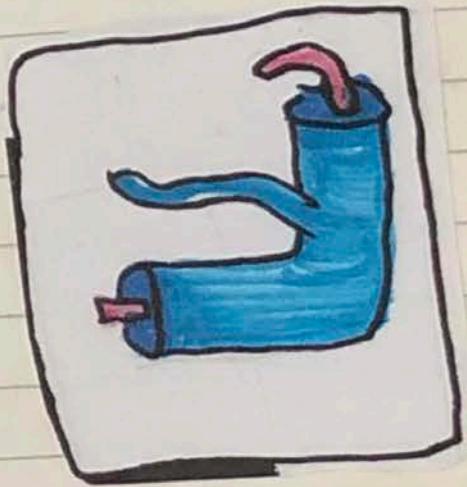
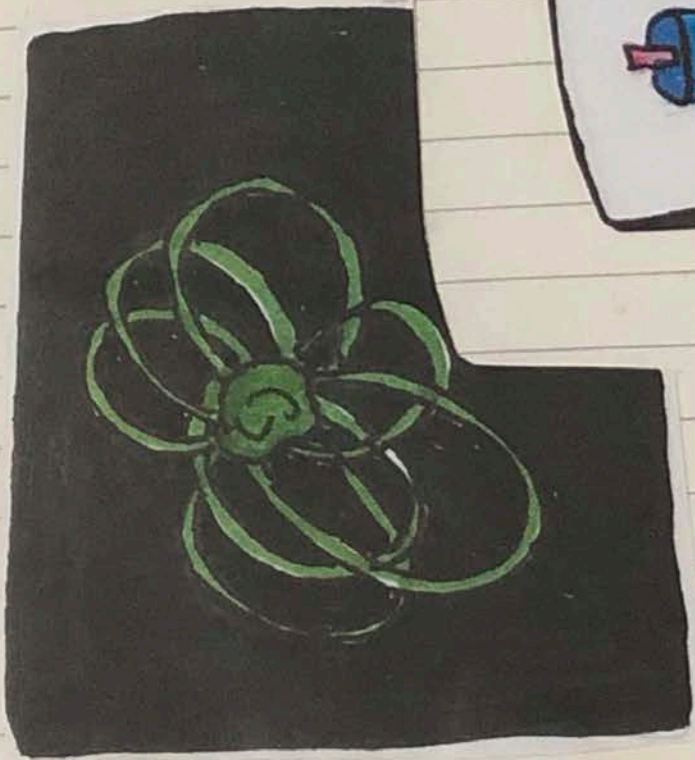


Whoever you were
in love with
does not exist
you can't miss

Someone who wasn't
who they said
they were. You
can't miss

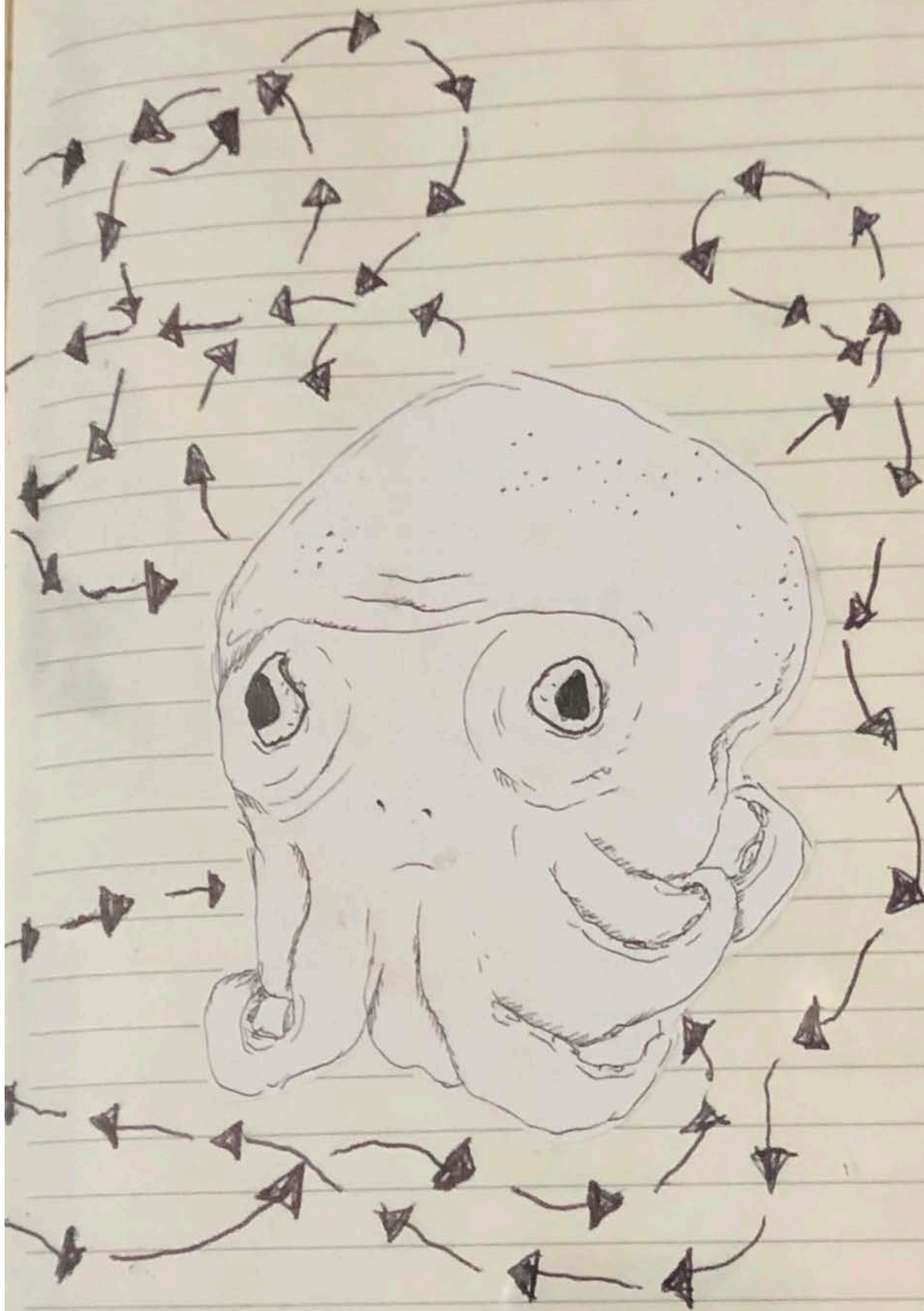
Someone who
was never
real.

How will the snow
still fall if you're
not around to
see it?



Surprise,
it's Weed





A large, abstract watercolor splash in shades of blue and green covers the left side of a lined notebook page. The paint is applied in broad, expressive strokes, creating a textured, layered effect. The colors range from deep navy blue to light sky blue, with some greenish-blue accents. The splash extends across the page, partially obscuring the horizontal lines. A small, white rectangular label is placed over the lower part of the splash.

nostalgia is so unfair



WHAT

IF

ITS

NOT

THE

MOTHS

THAT

ARE

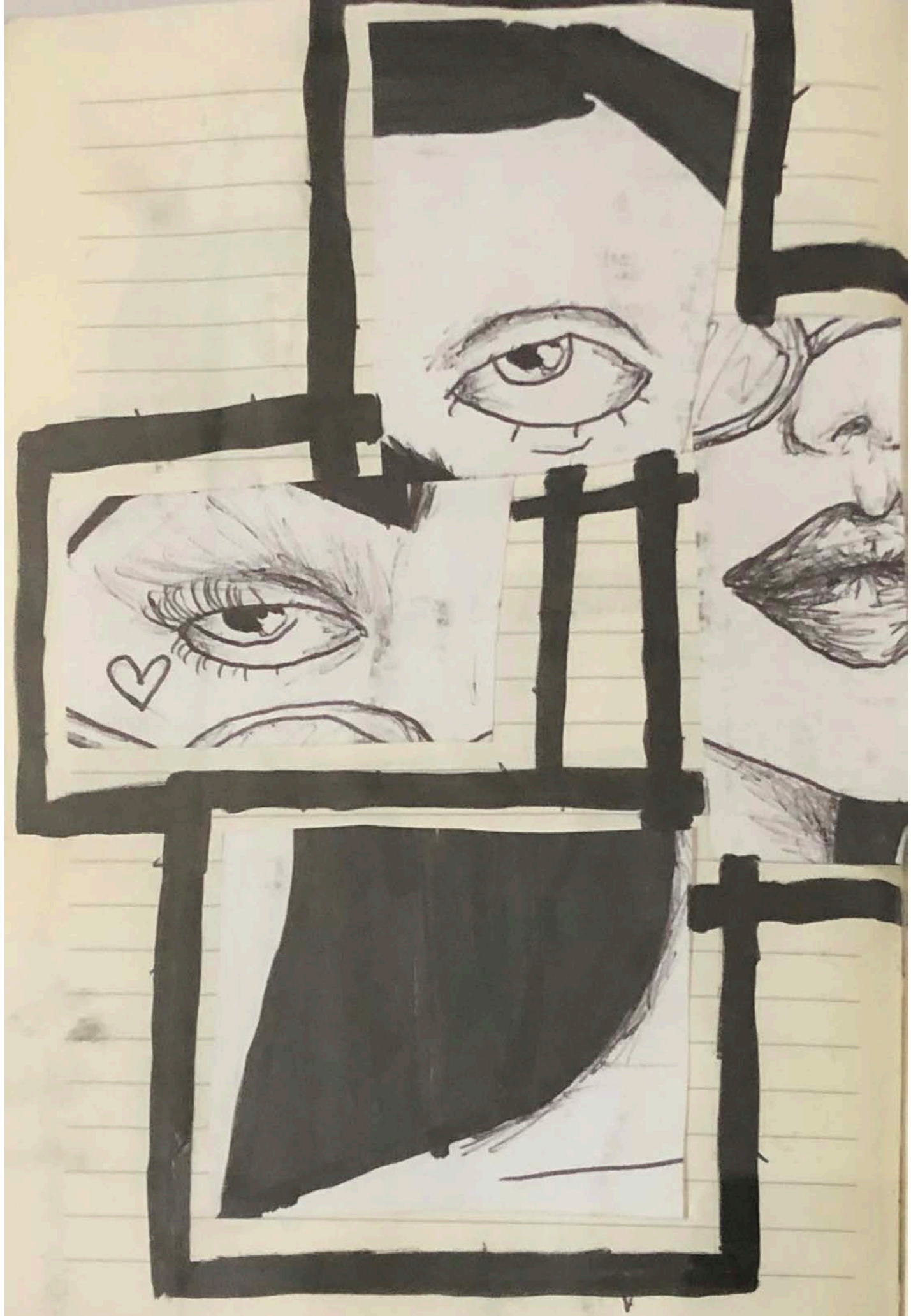
IN

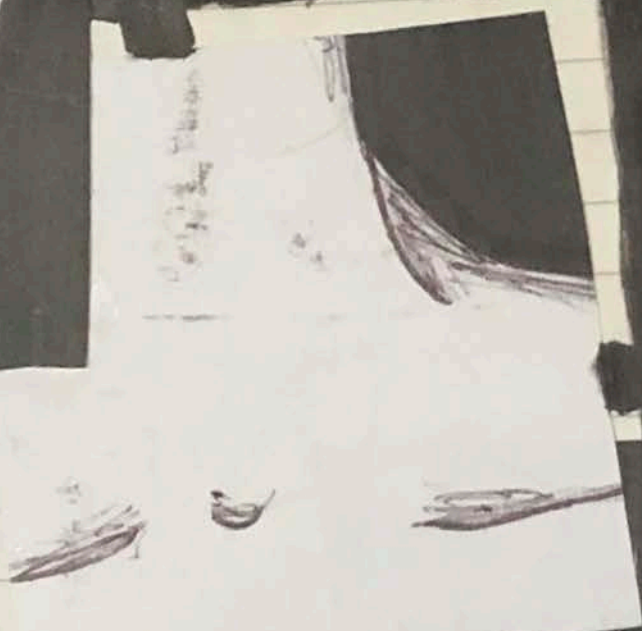
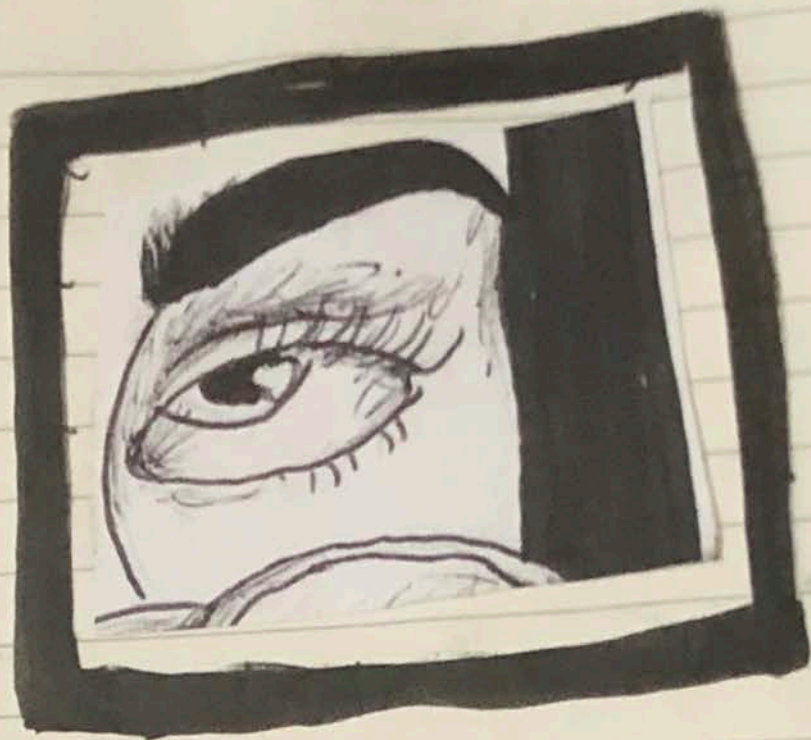
HELL

BUT

ITS

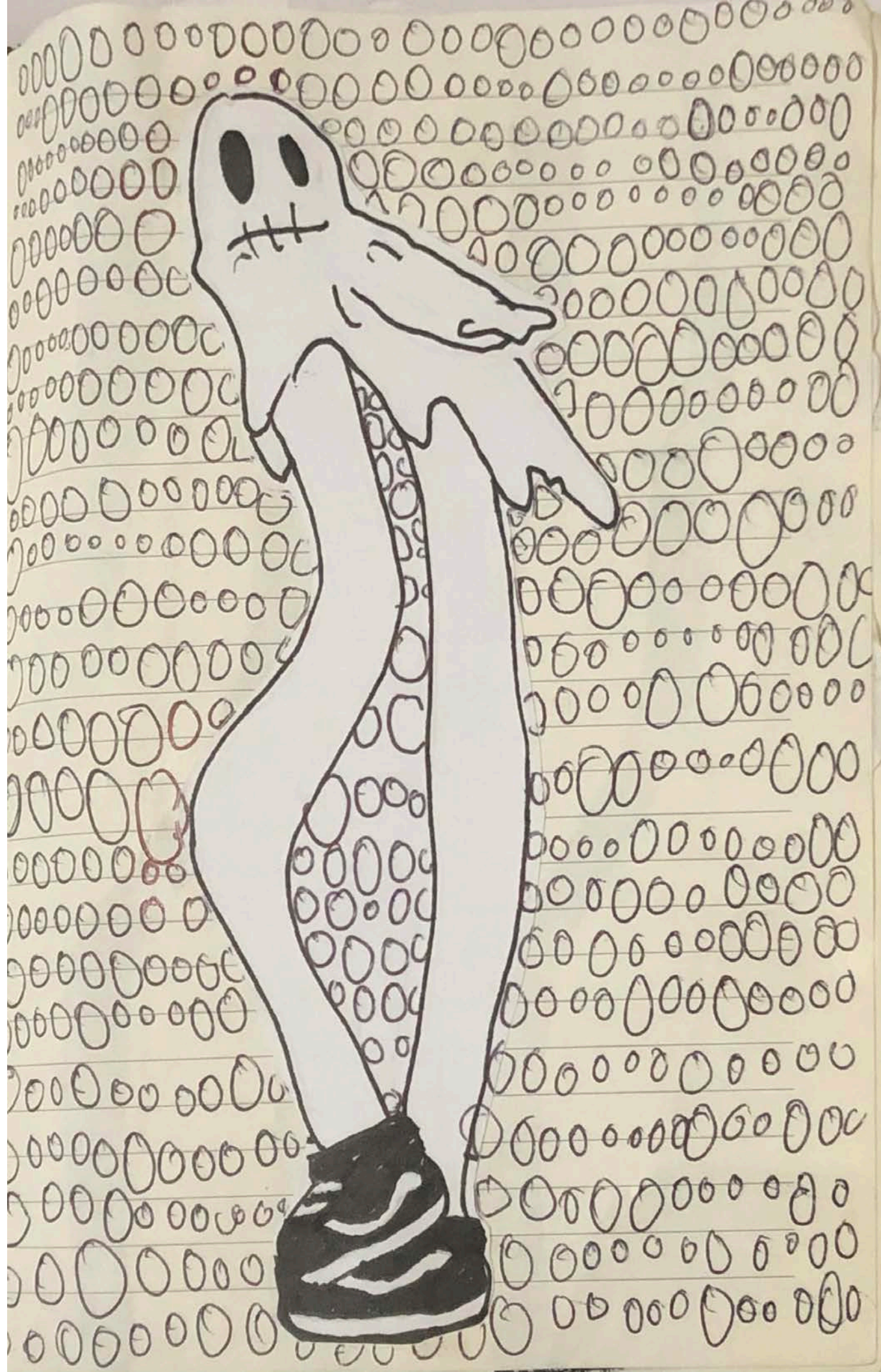
ME.

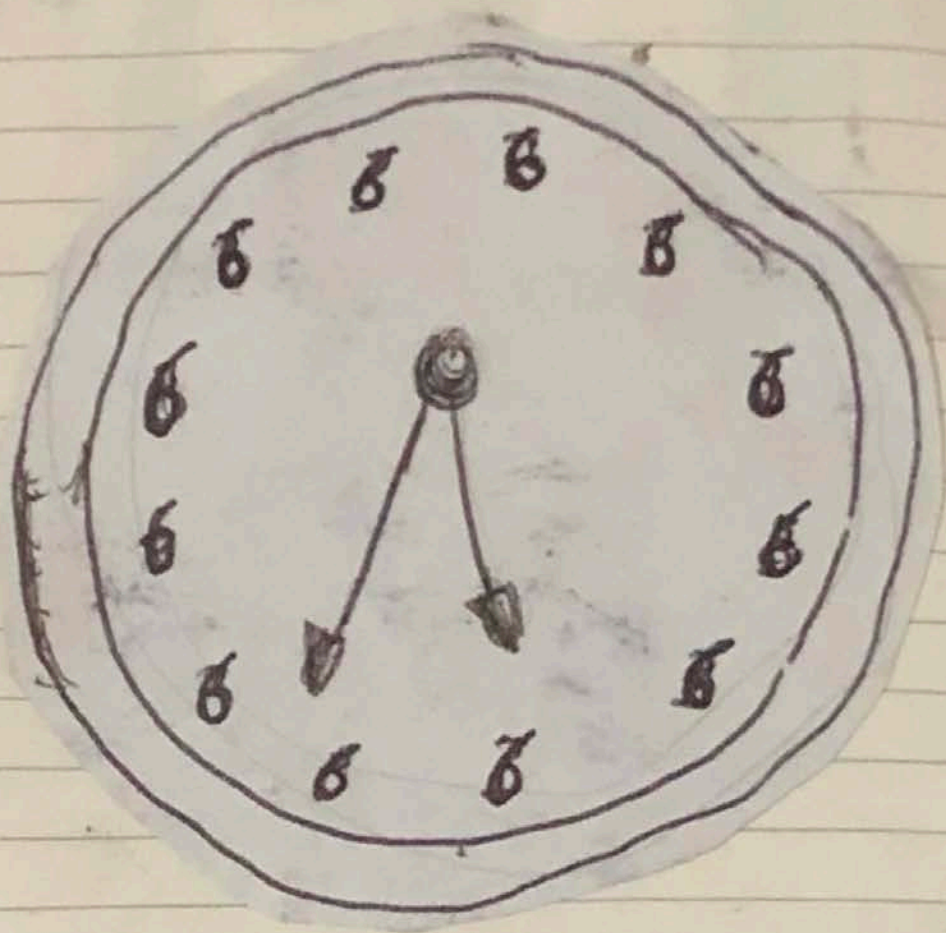




love letter

you Fall in love with everyone who pays attention to you and it's because you are insecure about everything you are. Everyone you care about just keeps beating you down over and over until there is nothing left and you are only an empty shell. You can't keep expecting to be filled by someone else because then you will never find what you are looking for. You need to jump into life, with both feet. Find a way to fill the empty shell of yourself on your own. Stop looking for yourself in others. Stop trying to go back to who you used to be. They don't exist anymore. Become who you want to be, on your own, and the rest will follow.



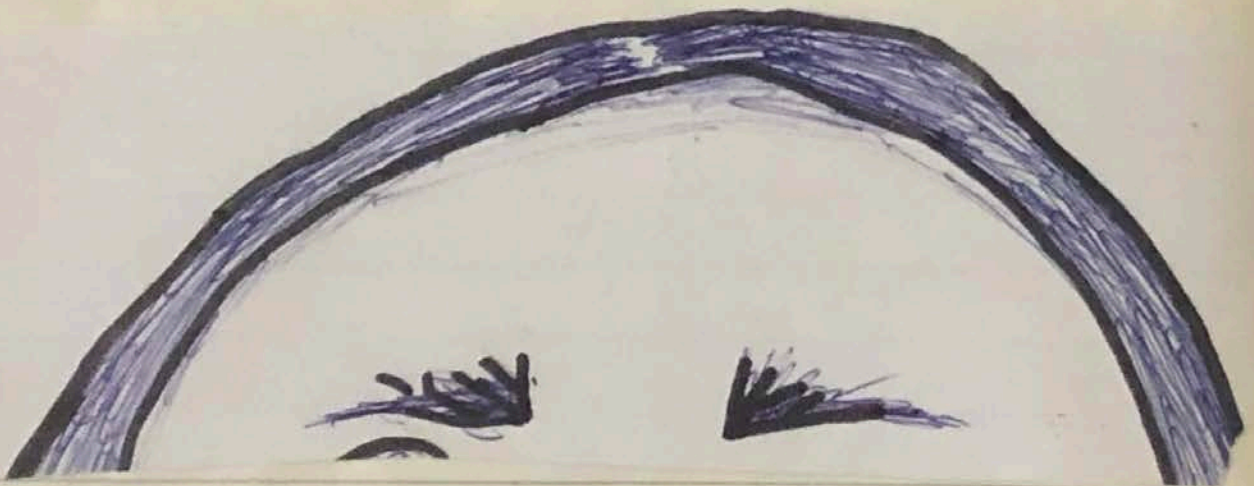
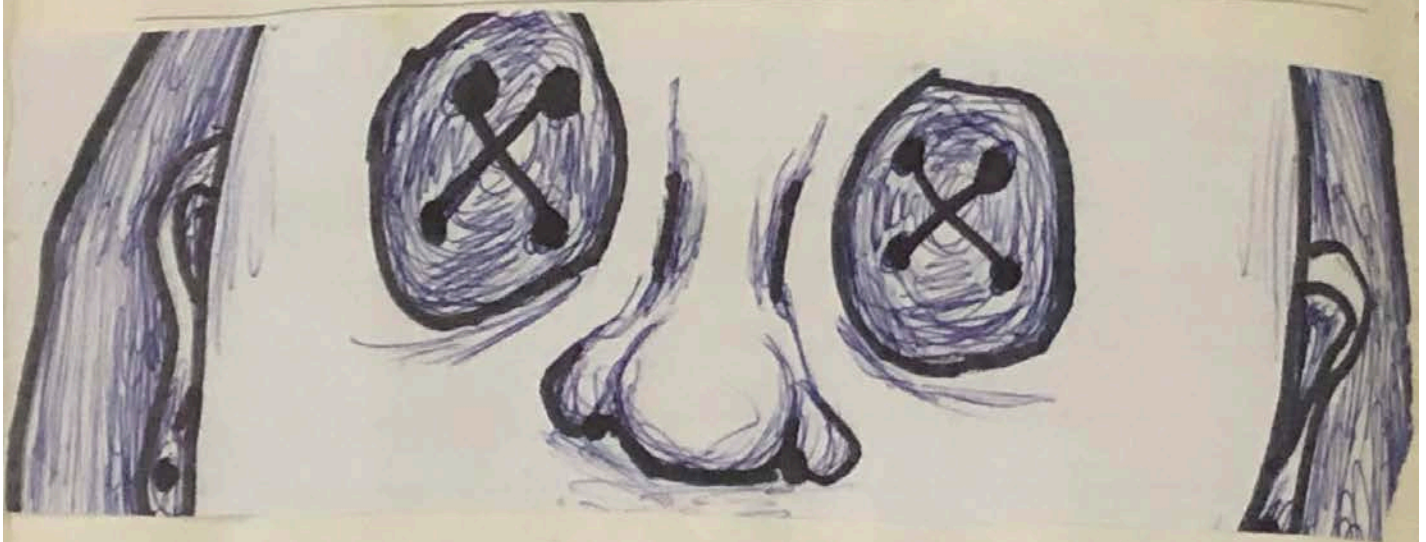


it's that time again

CHAPTER FIVE



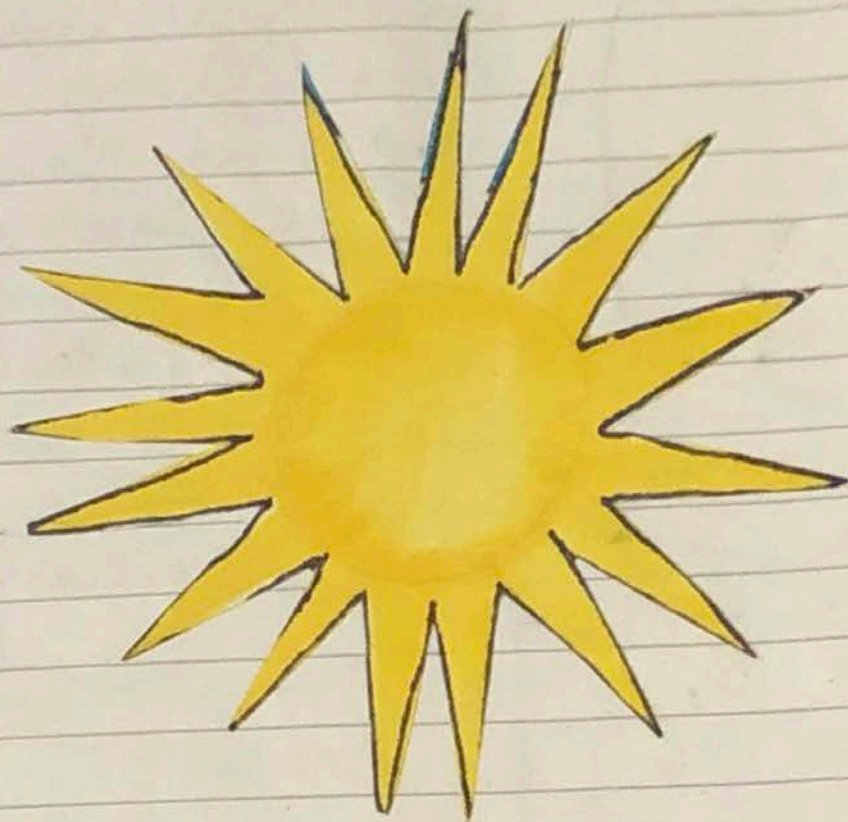
ON A CERTAIN BLINDNESS IN HUMAN BEINGS



"we accept the reality with which we are presented"

keep going when I am gone

→ is everything here



happening around me?

→ or will everything just

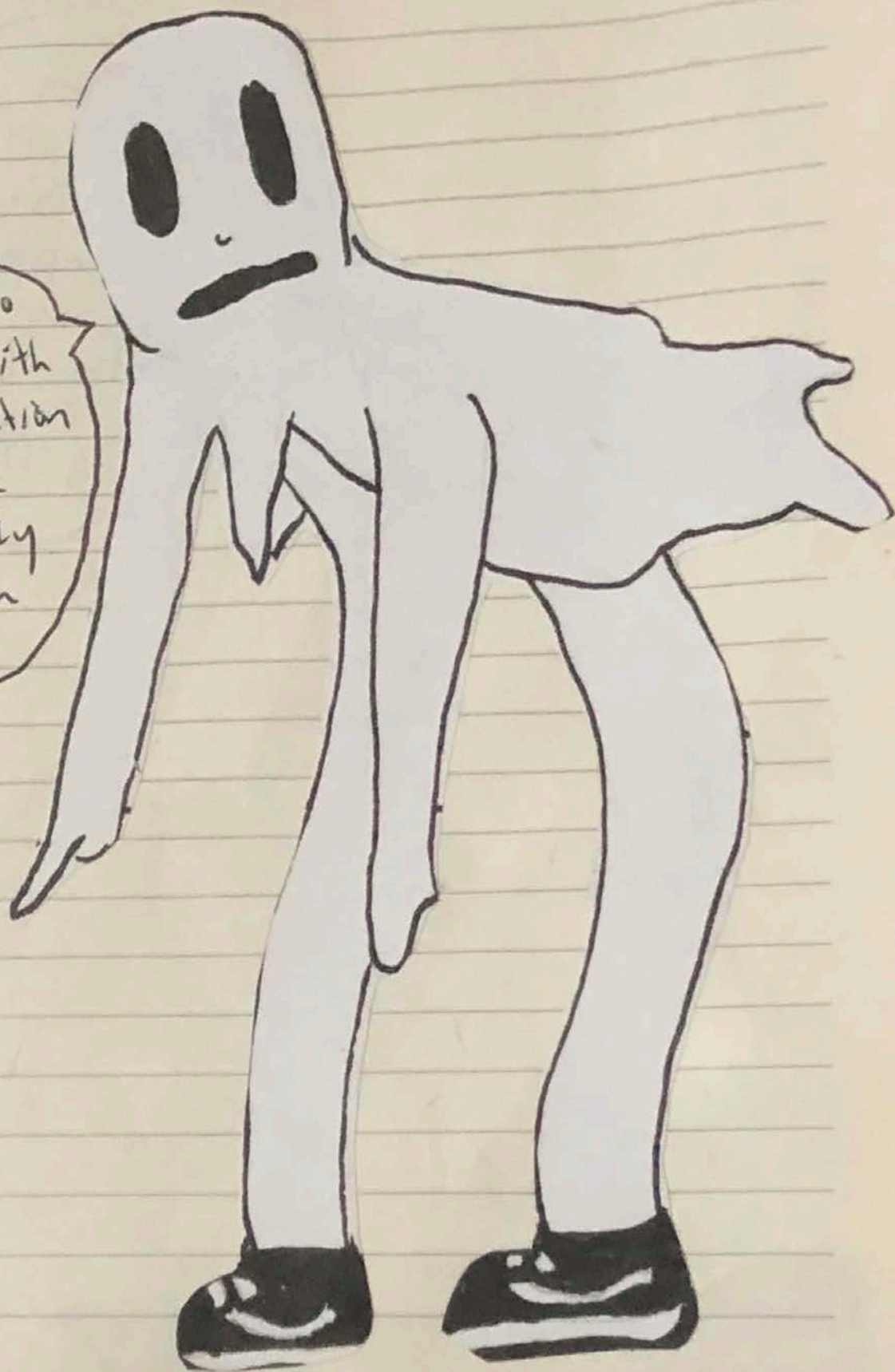


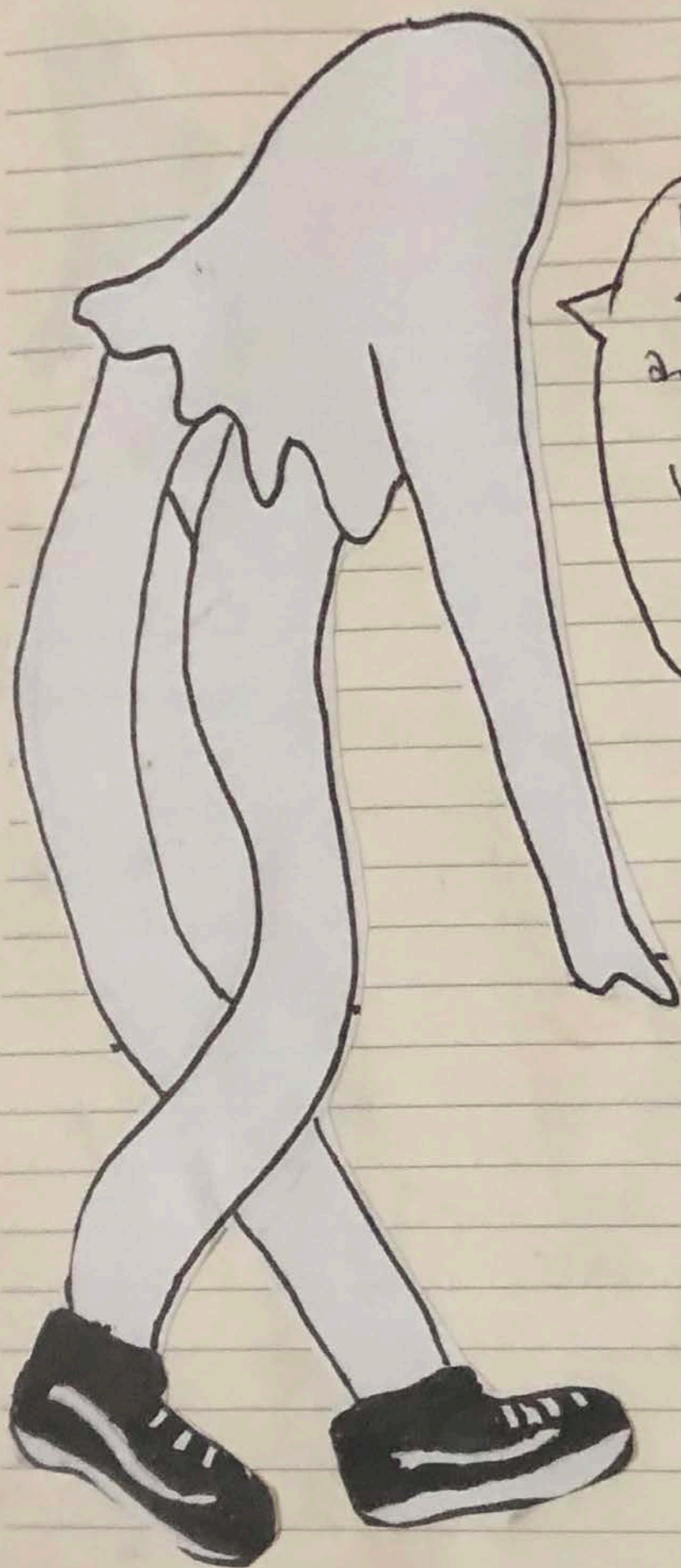
What is the point in following rules and pursuing anything if no one is doing anything to combat climate change? Is it fair that the people before me stole my future without care because they don't have to be alive to see everything fall to pieces?



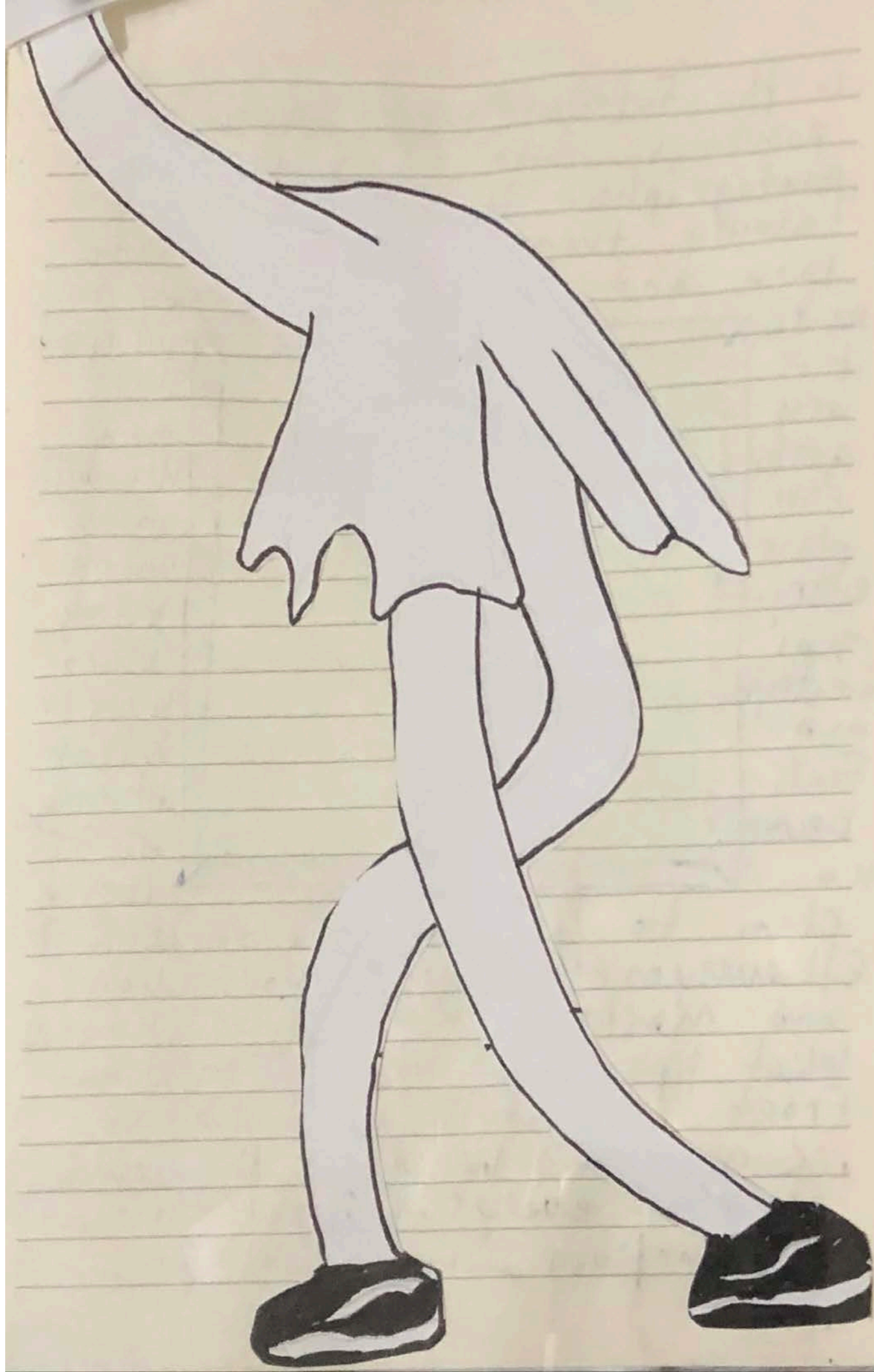
No one is helping me.

i see no
future with
the direction
we are
currently
going in





I am one
small person
and feel
trapped that
I am unable
to make
a real
difference



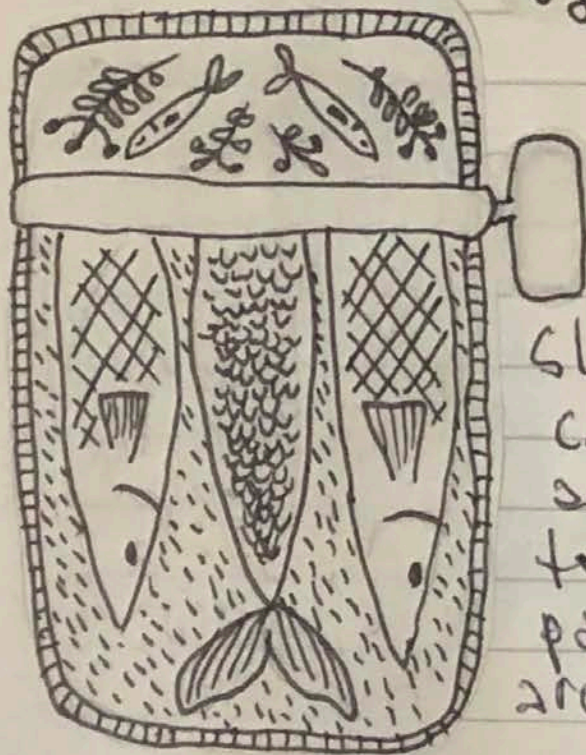
EXPLANATION

Sometimes trying to remember who you used to be can set you back to that point in your life. It is hard to remember that no man can ever step in the same river twice. The river is in motion so the water will not be what it was. But after man has stepped into the river, he will never be the same man. He will never be able to

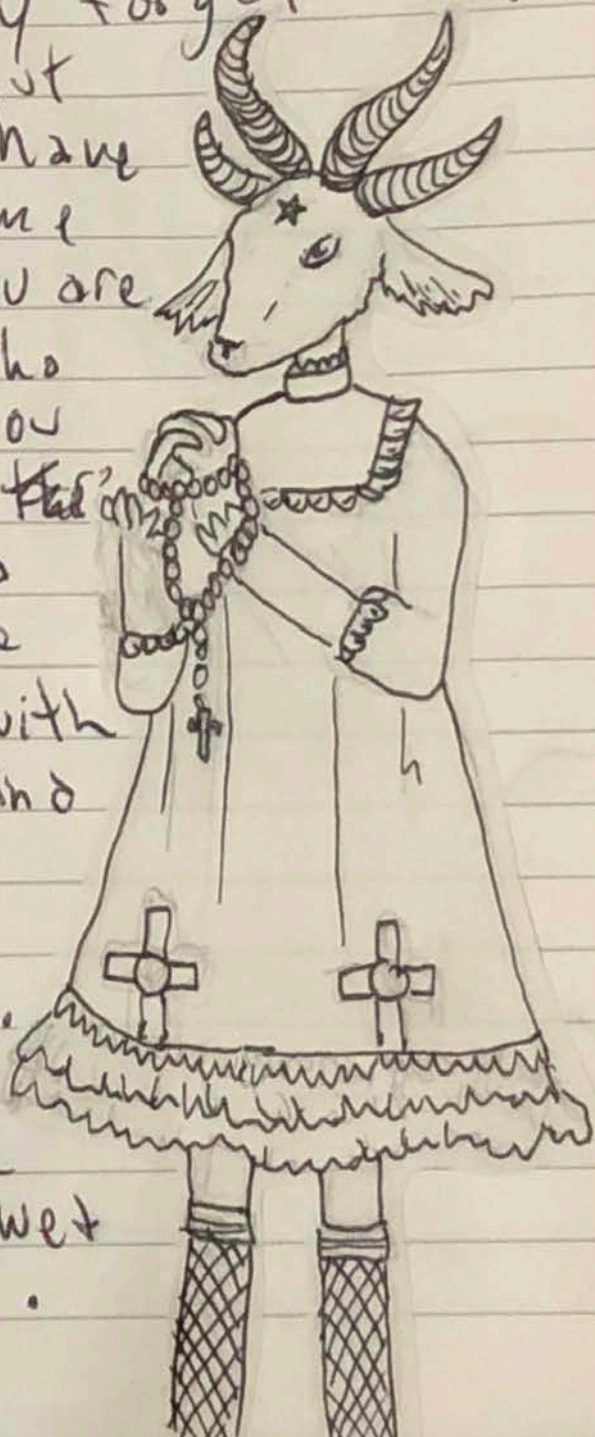


become that man again.

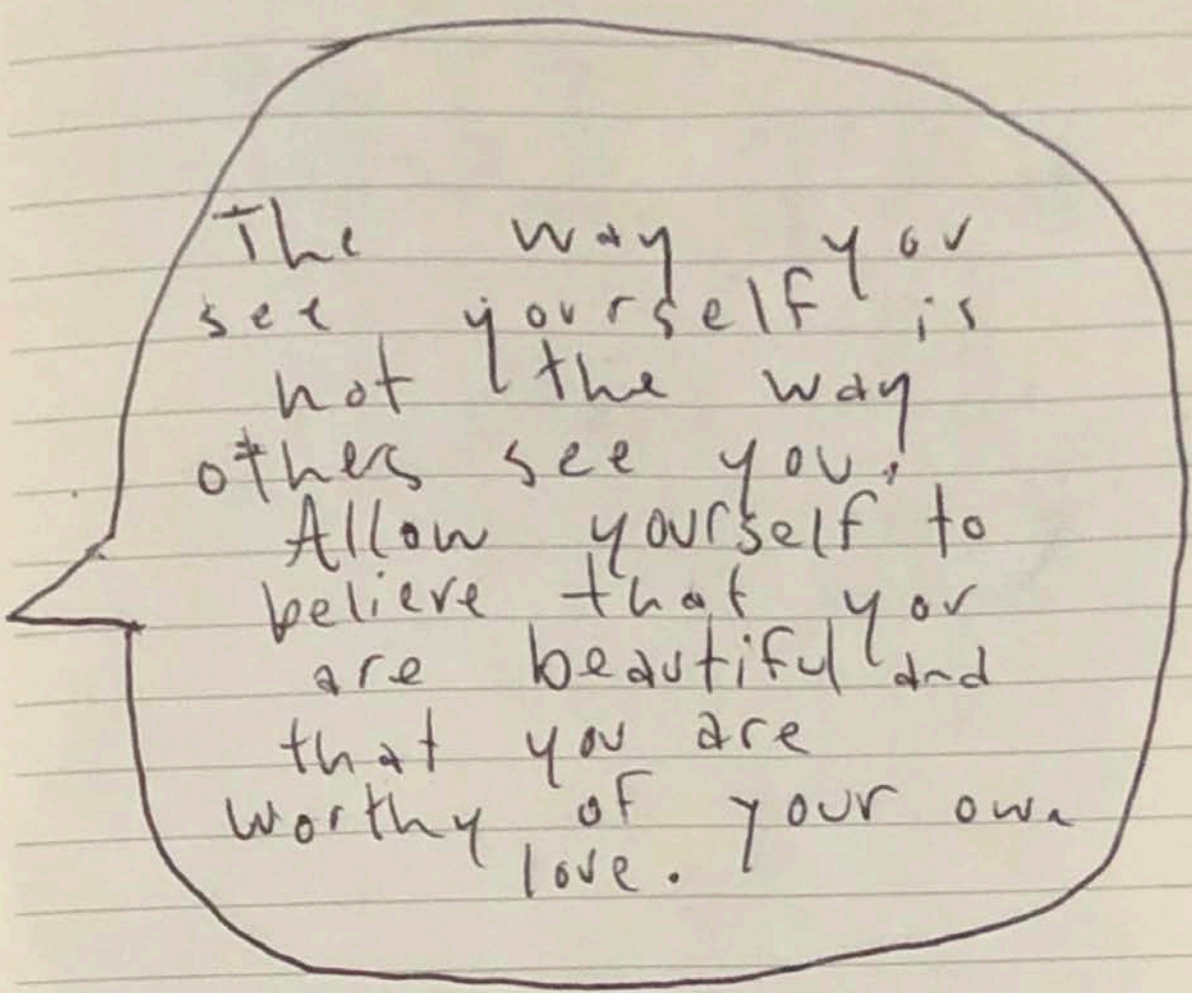
His feet got wet and changed him even in the slightest way. You can never become again who you used to be. With every passing second you are touched by



something and it changes you.
And even though who you
were is still somewhere inside of
you, everything you encounter
clings to the base of who you
are and grows and grows
until what you were is buried
so deep you may forget what
it was like. But
with that, you have
grown and become
more of who you are
supposed to be. Who
you were before you
got hurt is still there.
Pain is like a
virus, but resilience
is the vaccine and with
every moment you find
out how to heal
yourself and get
back on your feet.
Then as a new
man step into the
moving river and wet
your feet again.







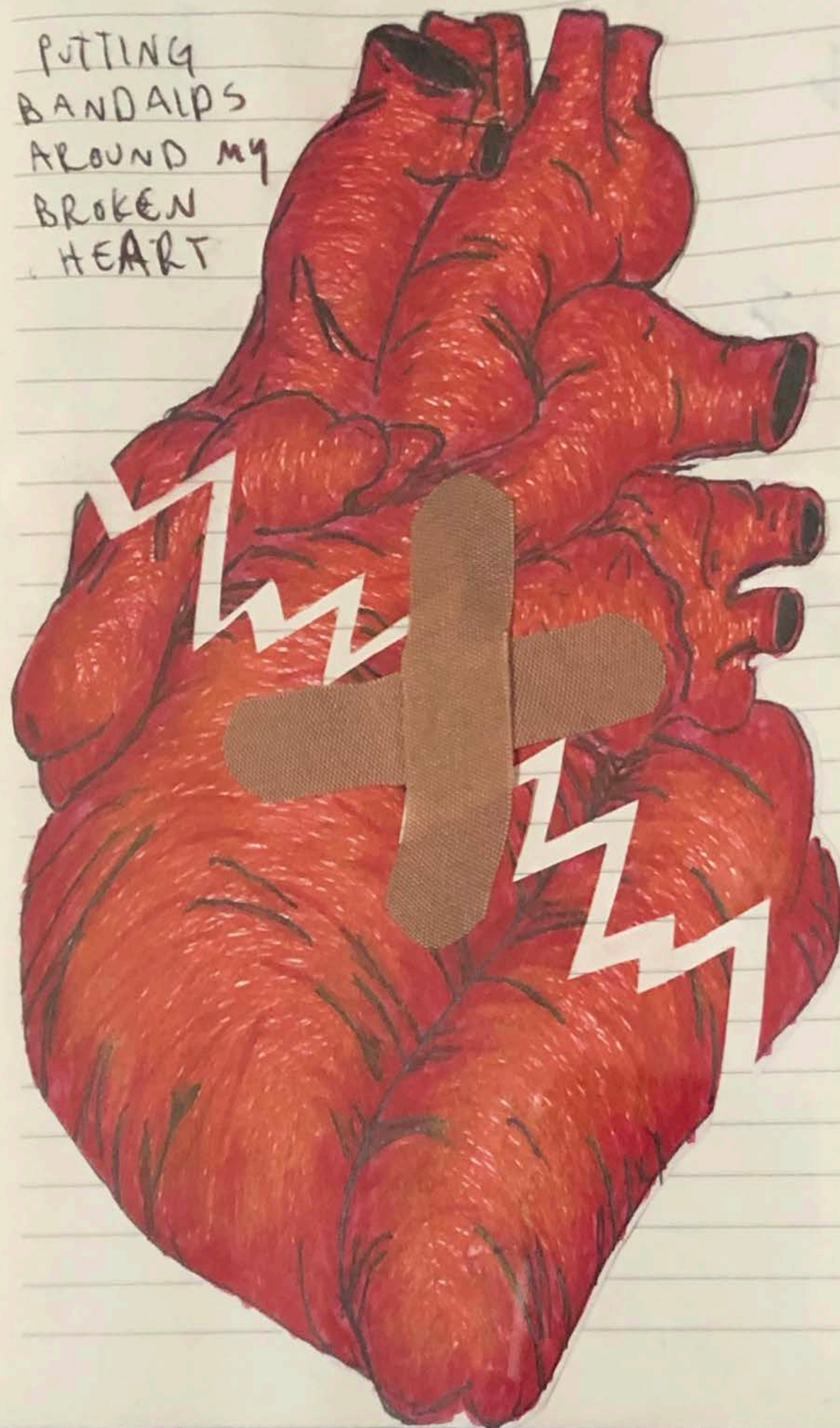
The way you
see yourself is
not the way
others see you.
Allow yourself to
believe that you
are beautiful and
that you are
worthy of your own
love.

DON'T LET
IT GO
OUT.



CHAPTER SEVEN

PUTTING
BANDAIDS
AROUND MY
BROKEN
HEART





P.

SONGS THAT
WILL ALWAYS
MEAN SOMETHING
TO ME.

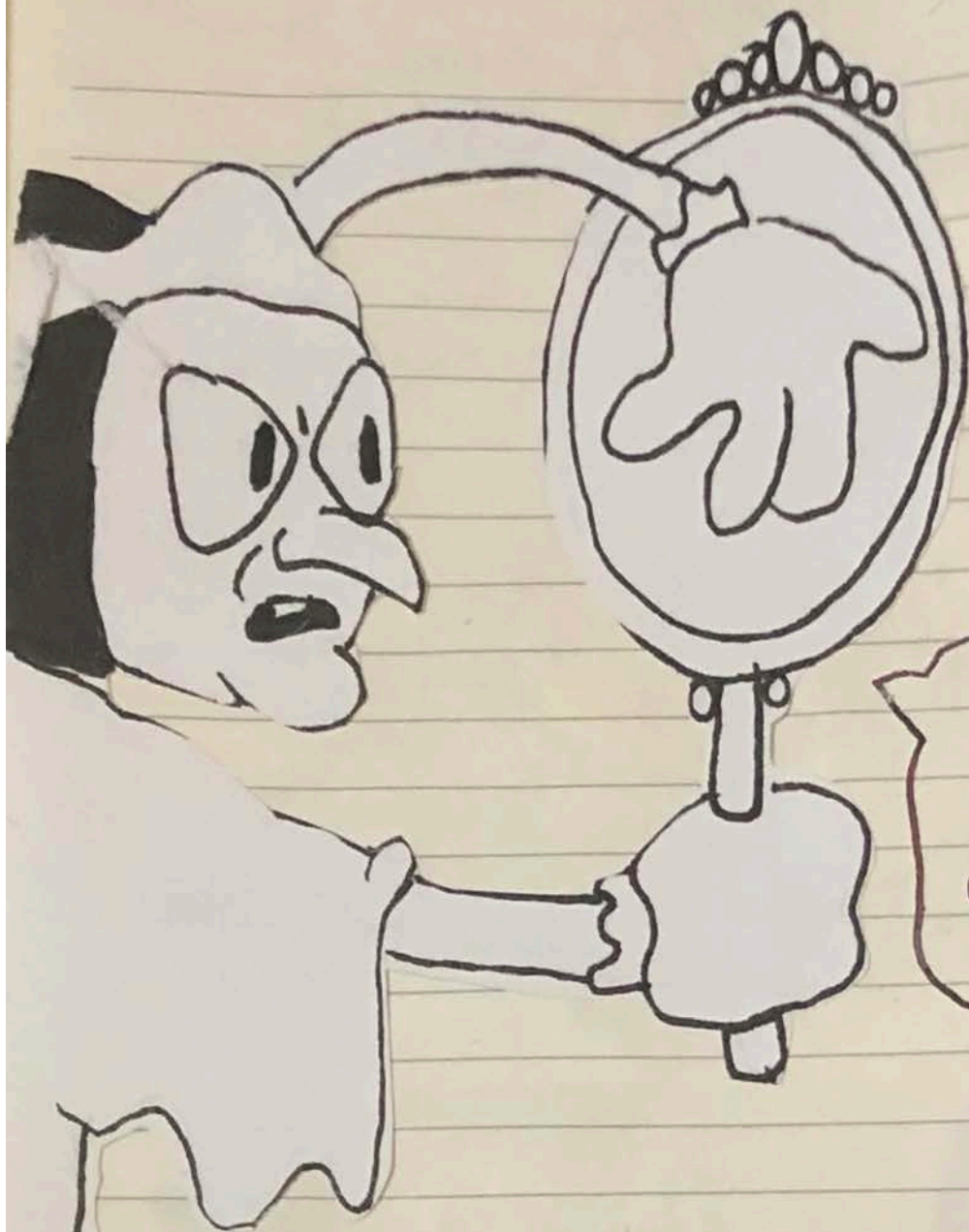
ARGUMENTS FOR GODS EXISTENCE

If God is real why do innocent people die? why do children get sick? why do guilty people get away with their crimes? why do animals suffer? why do kids get abused? why does evil exist? If we are created in your image, why are we not good? why is there so much hate in the world? why do we hurt each other? why are good things sinful? why are bad things okay? why are some people so unhappy? why do you allow us to live with no hope? why are ~~the~~ ^{our} world crumbling around us? why is life unjust? why do you allow us to suffer? why do you allow us to suffer?



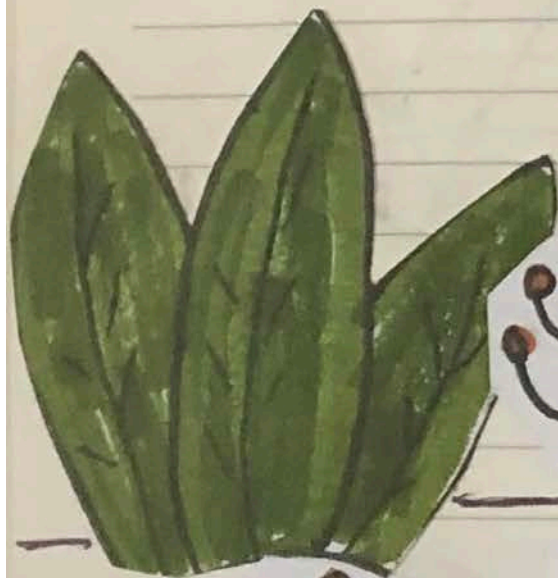
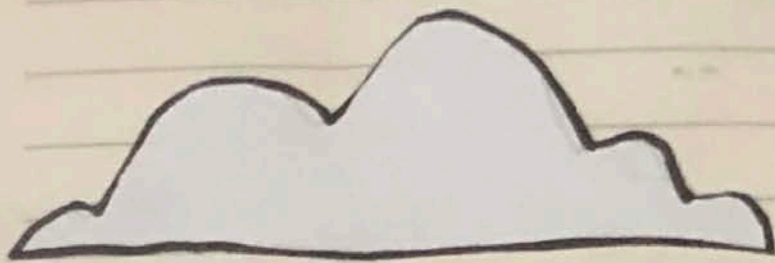
CRITIQUING THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

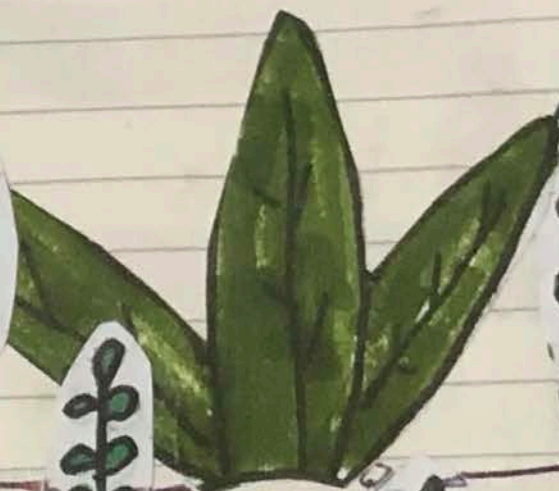
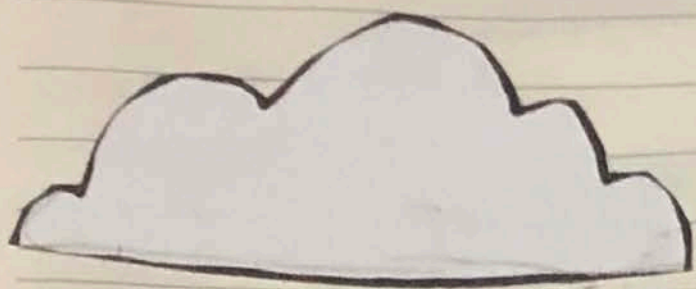




WE KNOW
THIS IS
NOT WHAT
YOU WANT
TO SEE

CHAPTER EIGHT





YOU DON'T

HAVE TO HIDE

YOUR GOOD DAYS



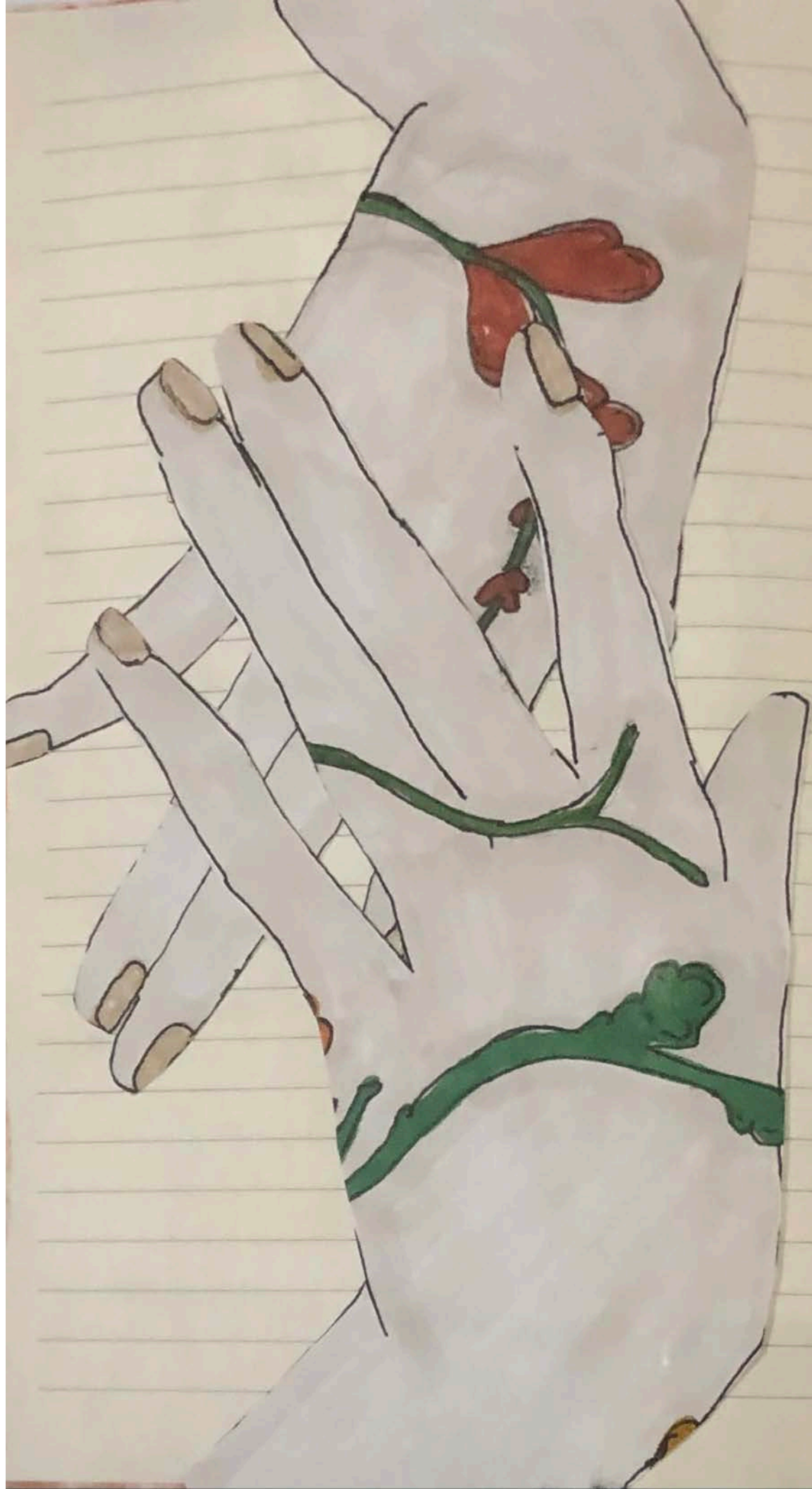
JUST BECAUSE

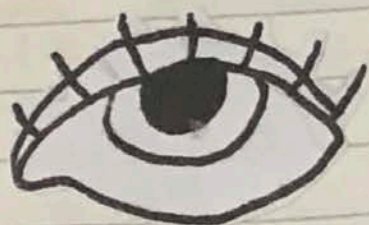
EVERYONE

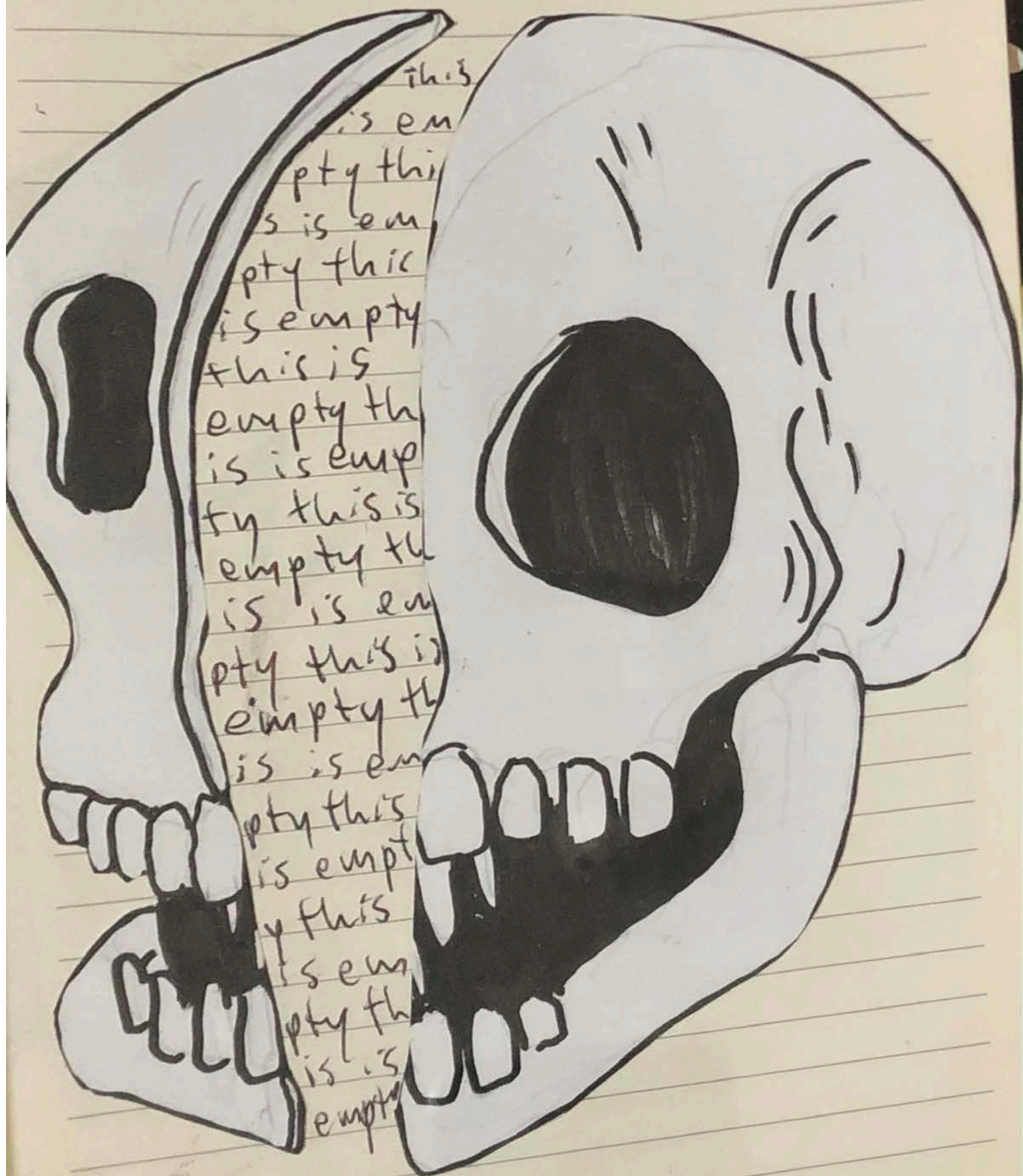
EXPECTS YOU

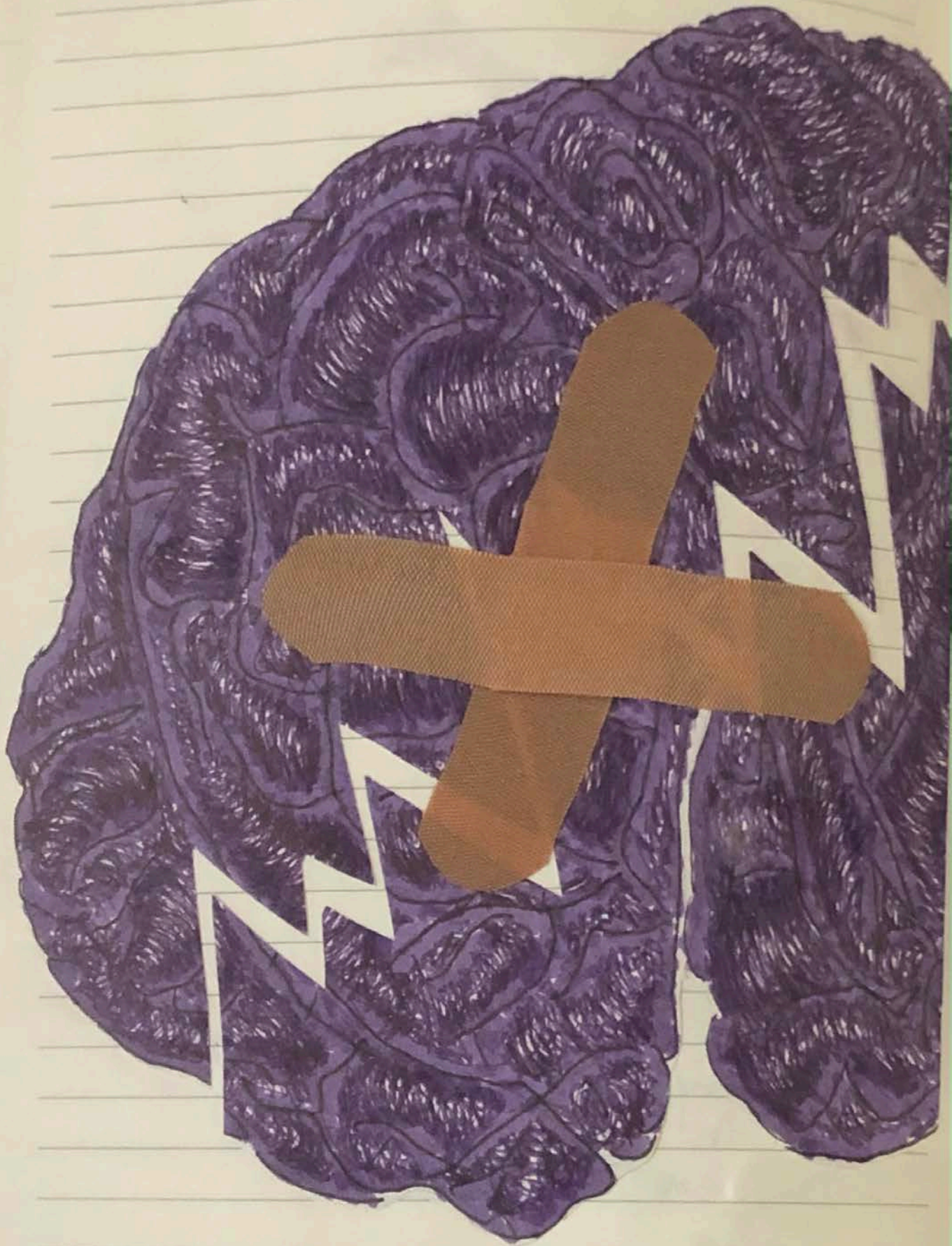
TO BE SAD.







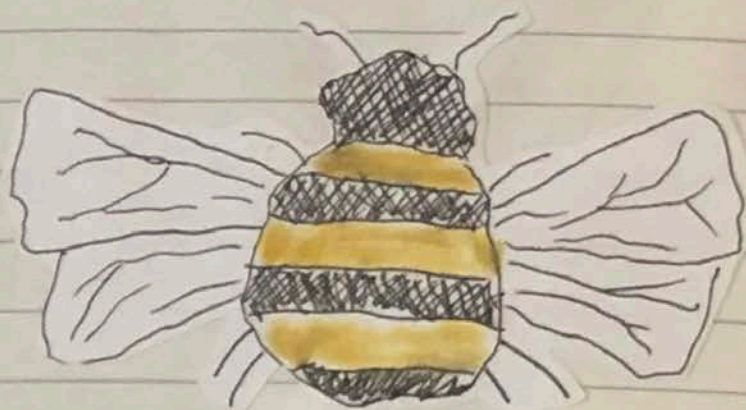






Which hurts
more?

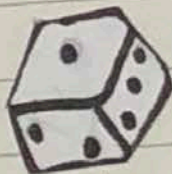
SAVE THE
MOTHERFUCKING
BEEs.



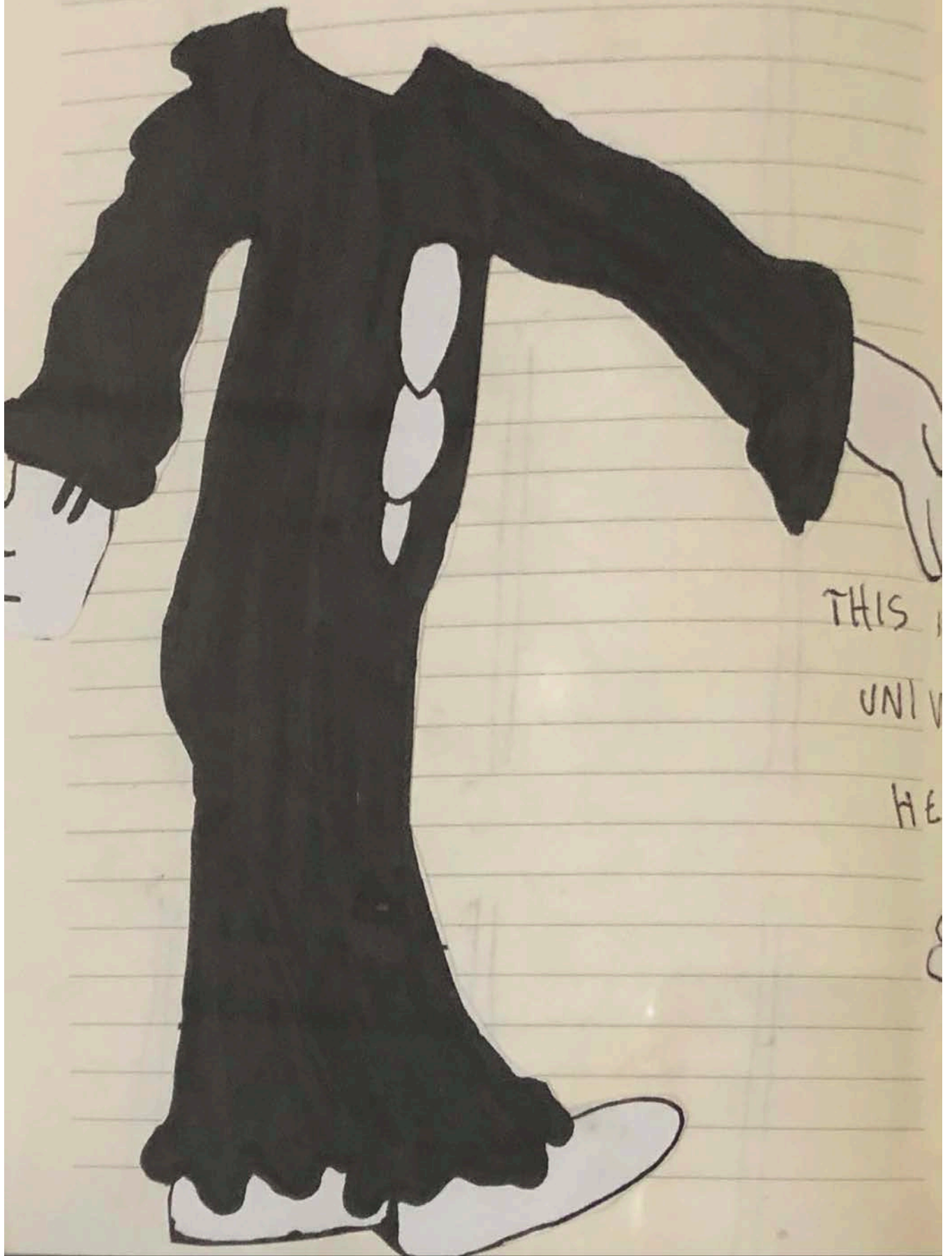
BRO.

CHAPTER NINE

EVERYTHING
WILL BE
TAKEN
AWAY



Good.

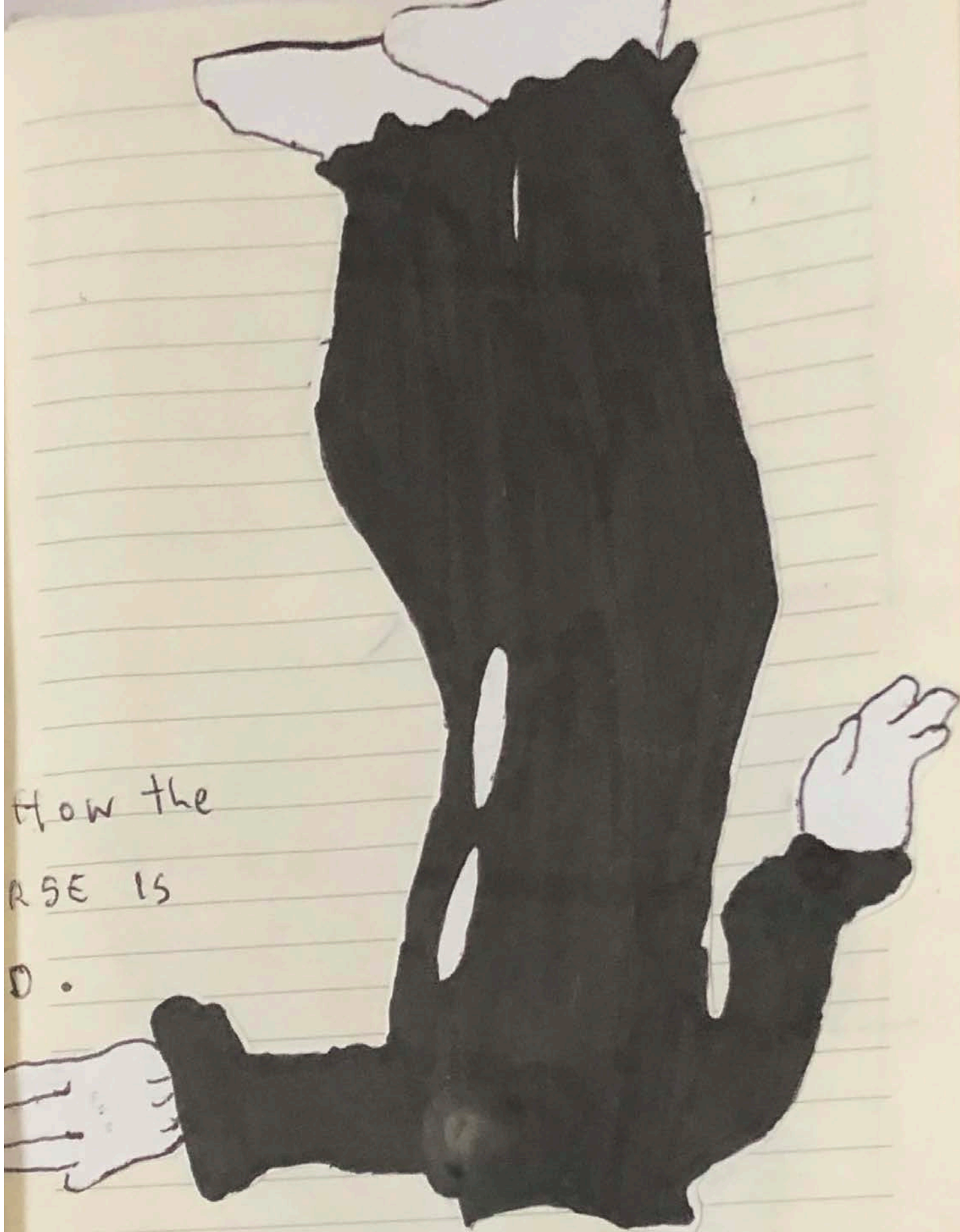


THIS

UNI V

HE

How the
RSE IS
D.



EVIL.

WITCH CRAFT.



I WONDER WHAT
IT FEELS LIKE TO
BE YOUR TONGUE
INSIDE YOUR MOUTH

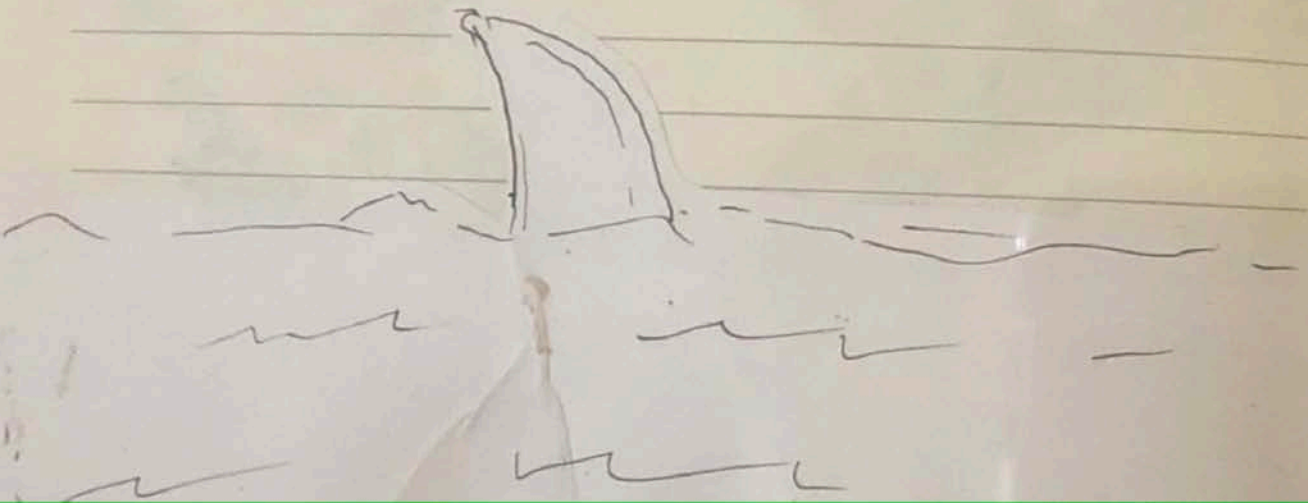
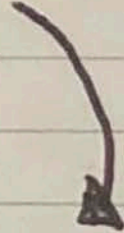


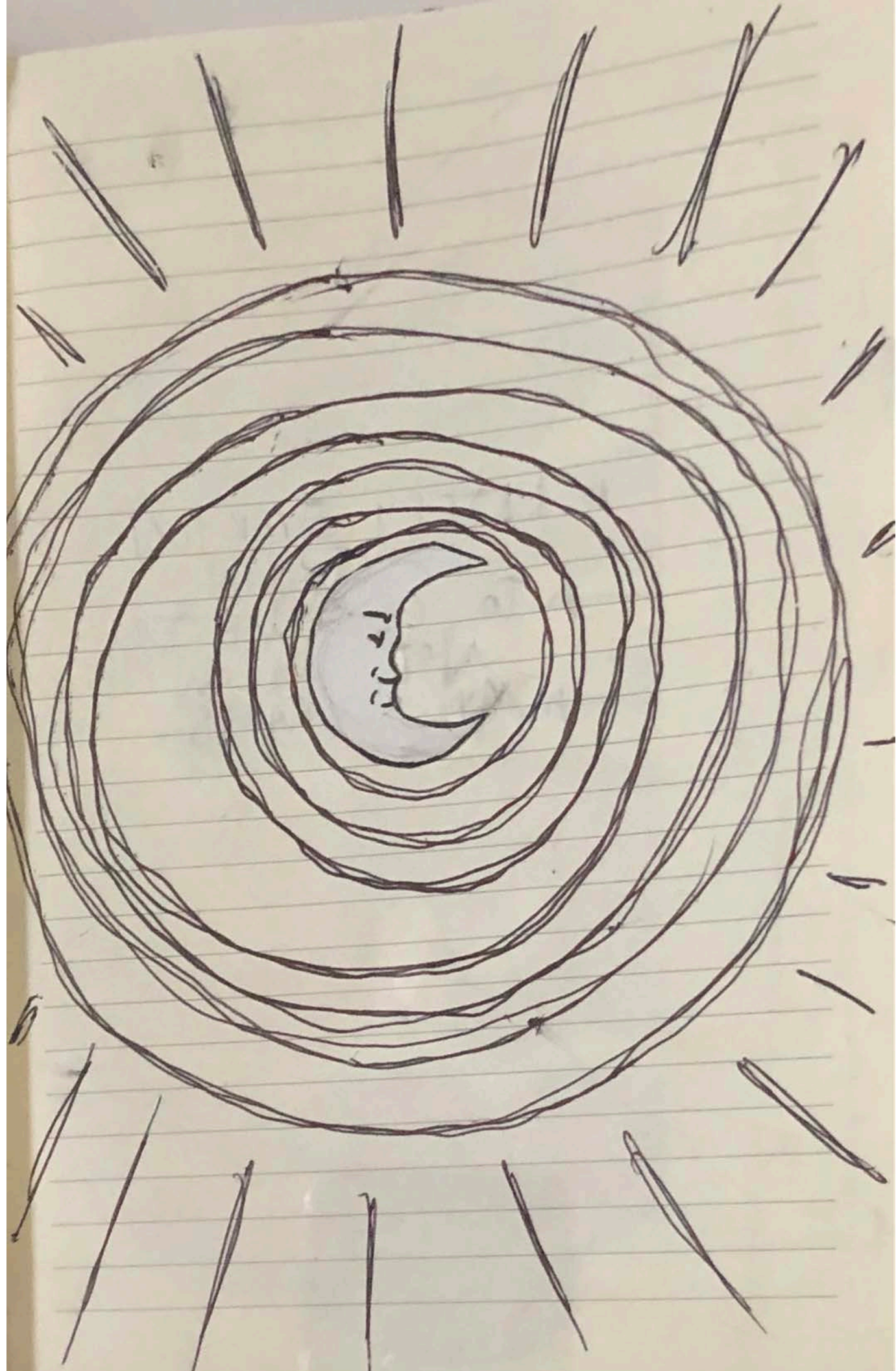


ME



CAPITALISM

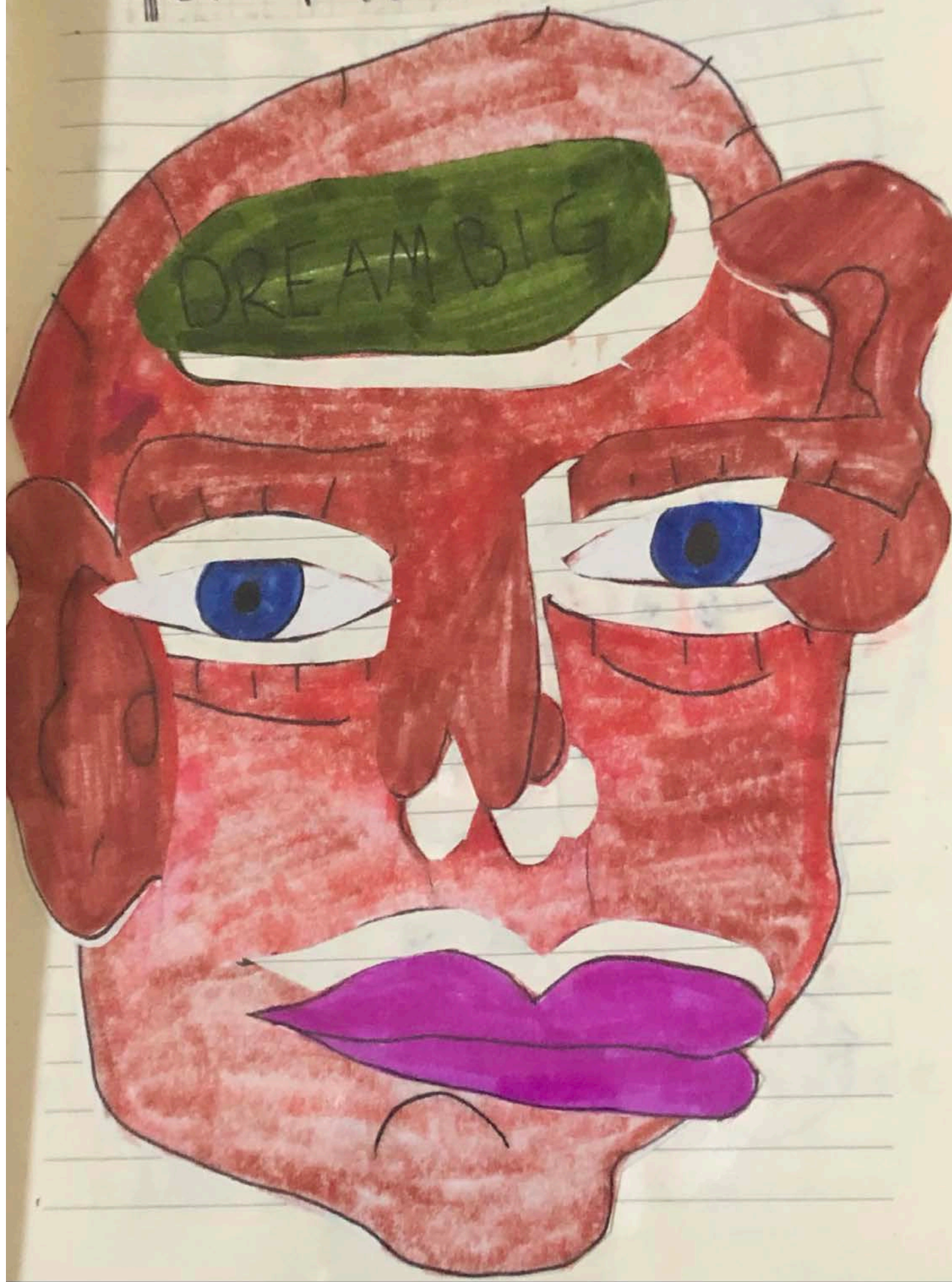


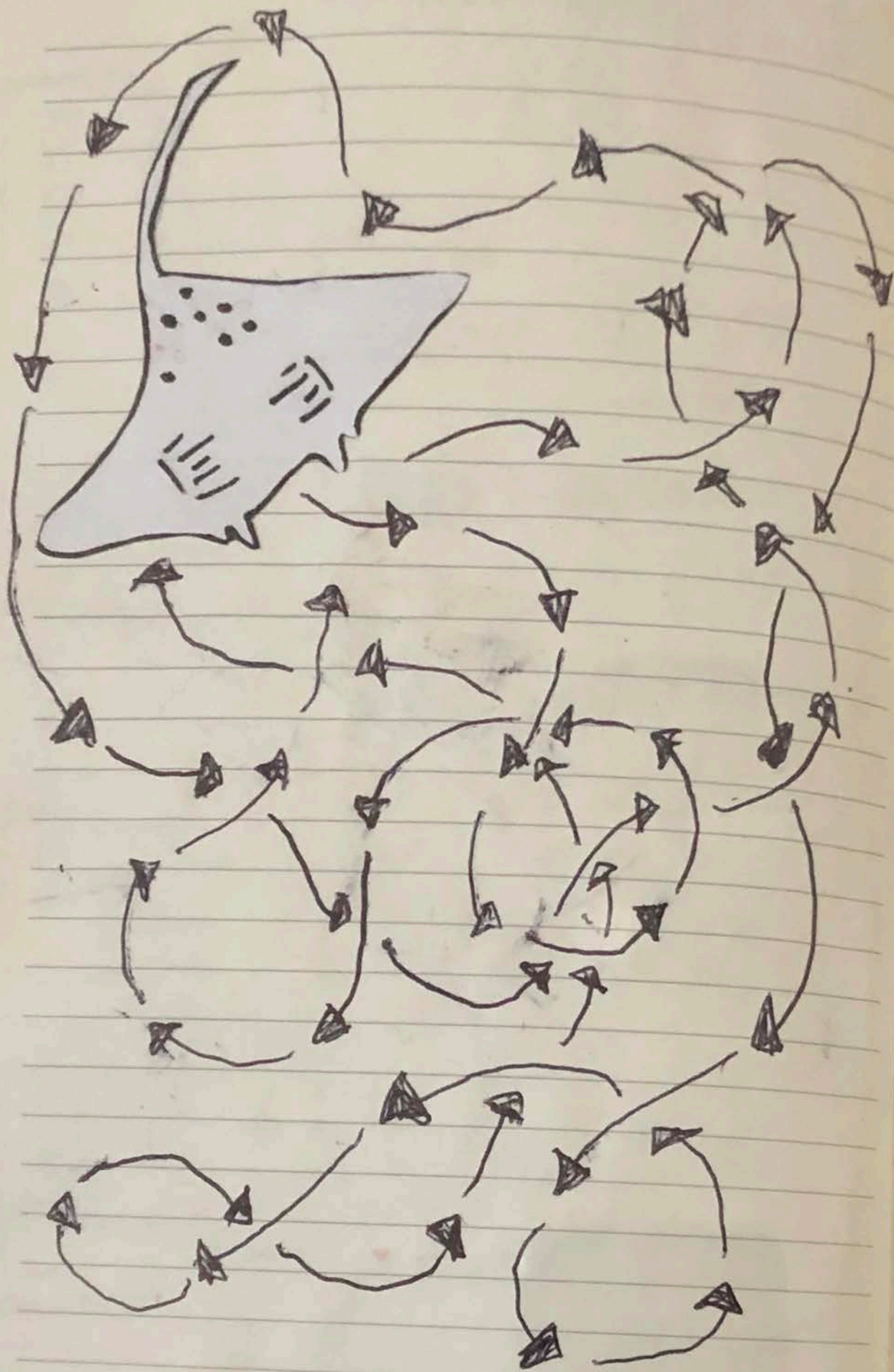


I THINK I WANT TO BE A PHILOSOPHY
PROF, EVENTUALLY.

→ LATELY EVERYONE
IS TRYING
→ TO GET ME TO
NOT FOLLOW
→ MY DREAMS.

CHAPTER TEN





"I believe in order that I may understand"

THE UNIVERSE

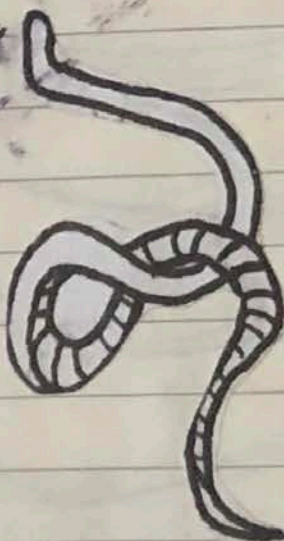
①



②



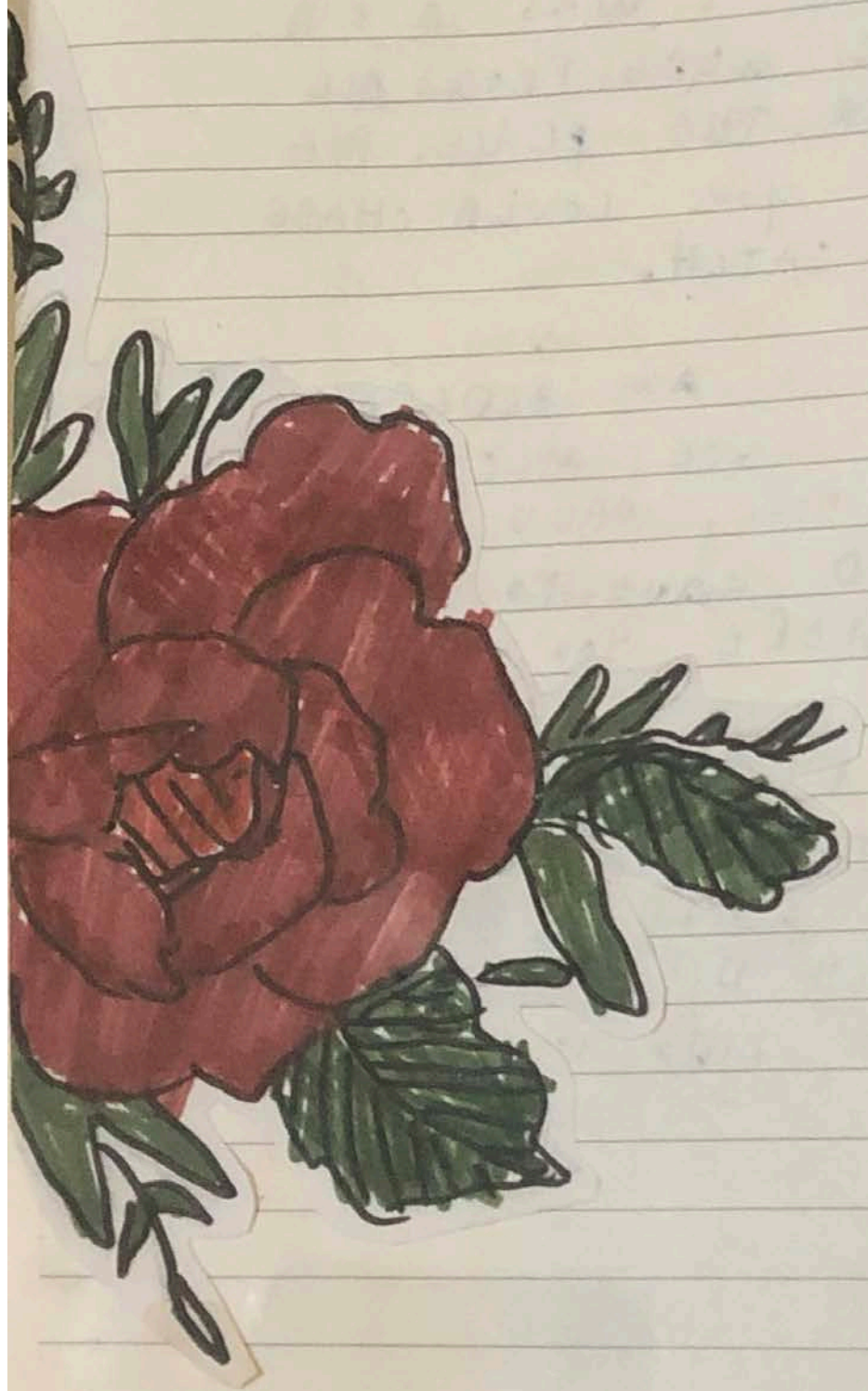
③



THE COMPONENTS OF

I sure wish
people cared
about me
more.





THE FUTURE IS NOW(HERE)

WHEN I WAS A KID
THERE WERE FROGS ALL
OVER THE PLACE. BIG
ONES YOU COULD CHASE
AND CATCH.

NOW I AM OLDER I
DON'T SEE MUCH
ANYMORE, WHEN BEFORE
YOU'D HAVE TO WATCH
WHERE YOU STEPPED.

AS I GET OLDER I
COME TO UNDERSTAND
THE WORLD WILL BE
MUCH DIFFERENT FOR
MY KIDS THAN ME.

THEY WON'T CHASE
FROGS, AND THE
AIR WILL BE SMOG
BECAUSE I GREW
UP IN A WORLD
WHILE THEY WILL GROW
UP IN A WASTELAND.

BUT WHY DO I CARE
I WON'T BE ALIVE
TO SEE IT ALL END.
AT LEAST THAT'S
WHAT EVERYONE
BEFORE ME SAID.

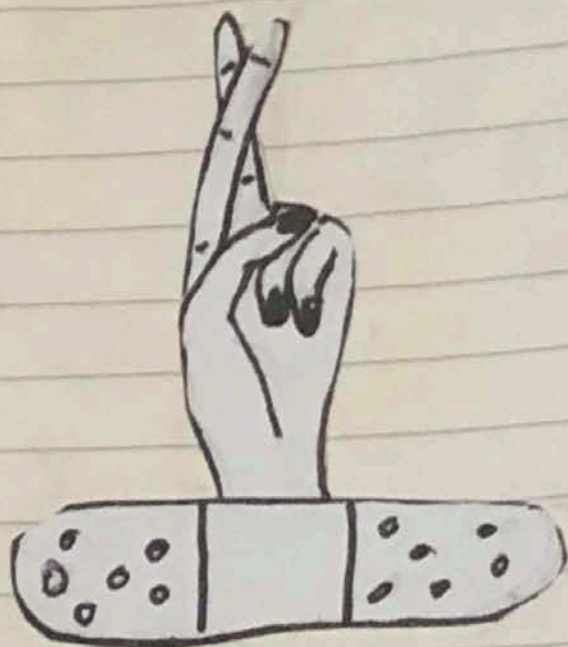
AND NOW WE ARE HERE.



CHAPTER TWELVE

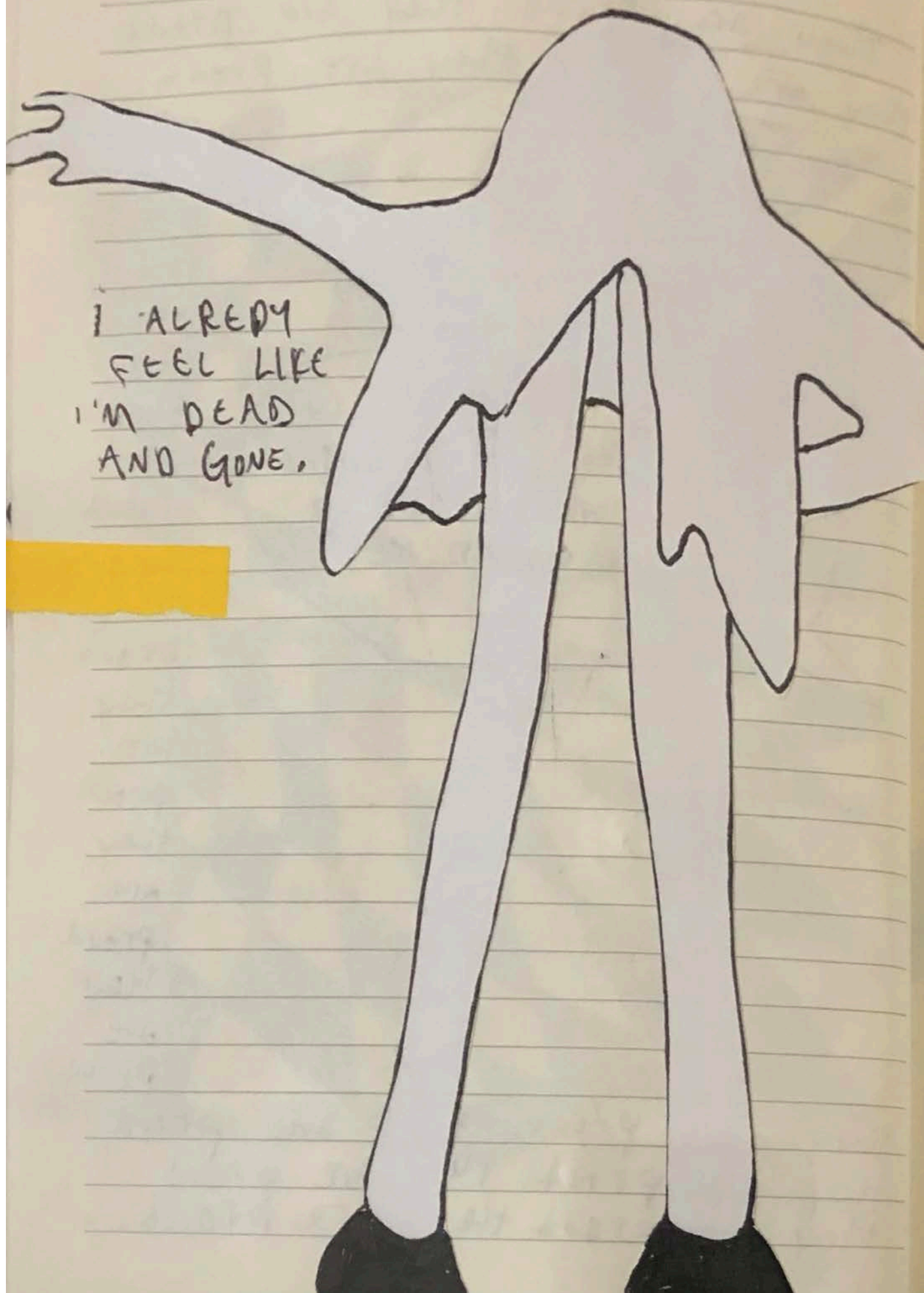
WHY DO PEOPLE
FEEL SYMPATHY
FOR ME BUT
NOT FOR ALL
LIVING
THINGS





ENOUGH BAND-AIDS WILL EVENTUALLY
FIX EVERYTHING.

I ALREADY
FEEL LIKE
I'M DEAD
AND GONE.



↑ THINGS I LOVE: ↑

* - MAKING ART AFTER A
* LONG HIATUS

* - SLEEPING WITH THE
* WINDOW OPEN

* - THE STARS IN AUGUST *

↑ - FEELING THE SUN THROUGH
* THE WINDOW OF A CAR

* - WAKING UP TO SEE THE
* SUN RISE

* - DRINKING COFFEE *

↑ - RAIN FROM THE WSIDE
* OF A TENT

* - BEING ABLE TO SLEEP
* OUTSIDE

* - BONFIRES.

I THOUGHT I WOULD FIND
HAPPINESS WHEN I FELL
IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE,
BUT I DIDN'T REALIZE
IT WAS ME I NEEDED
TO FALL IN LOVE WITH.



SOMEONE ELSE IS
NOT THE KEY TO
FALLING IN
LOVE WITH
BEING ALIVE.

EVERYTHING
IS STUPID!
EVEN ME.





THE FIRST SIP OF COFFEE IN
THE MORNING THAT TOUCHES YOUR
SOUL.

I

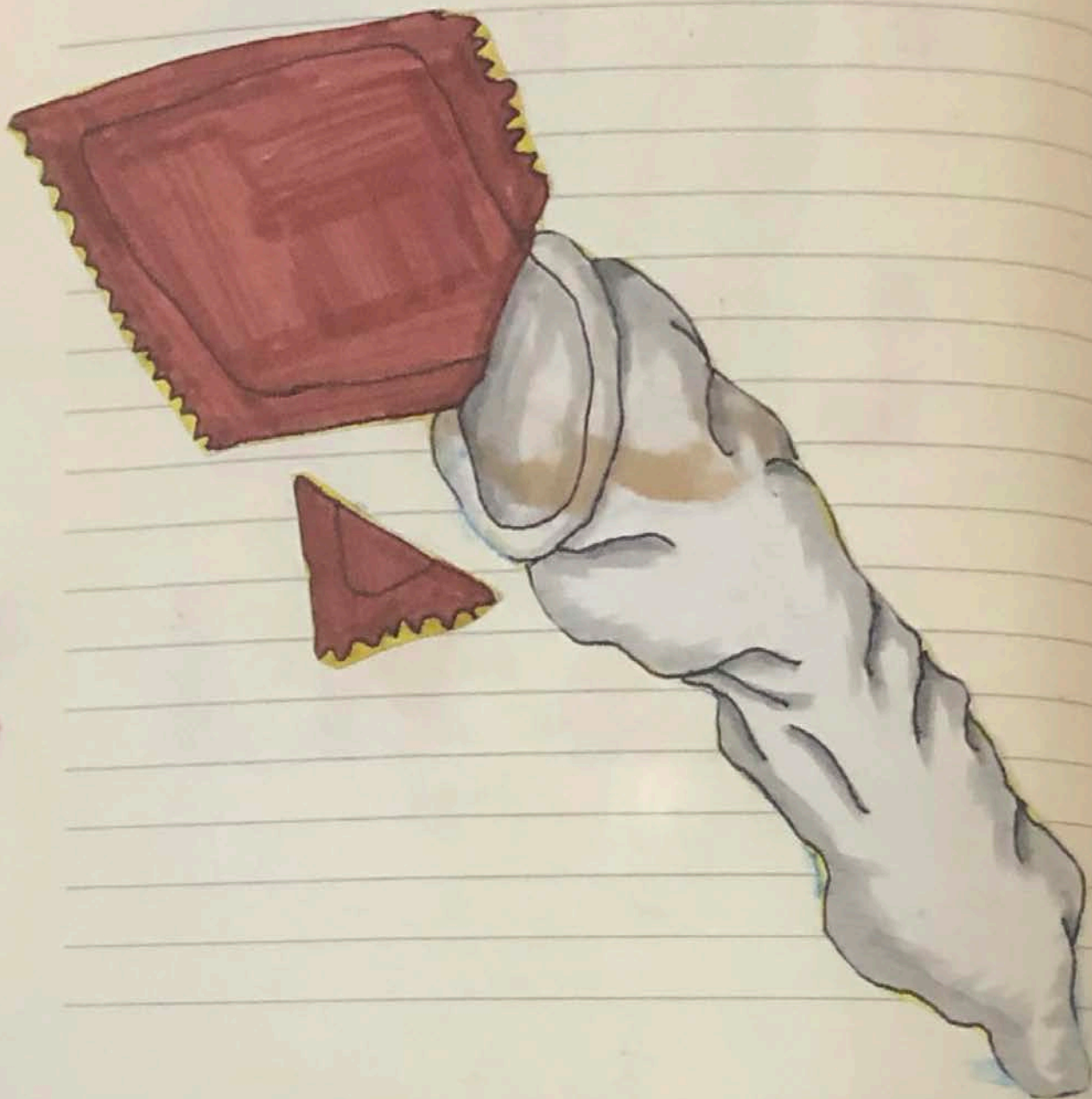
F E E L

L I K E

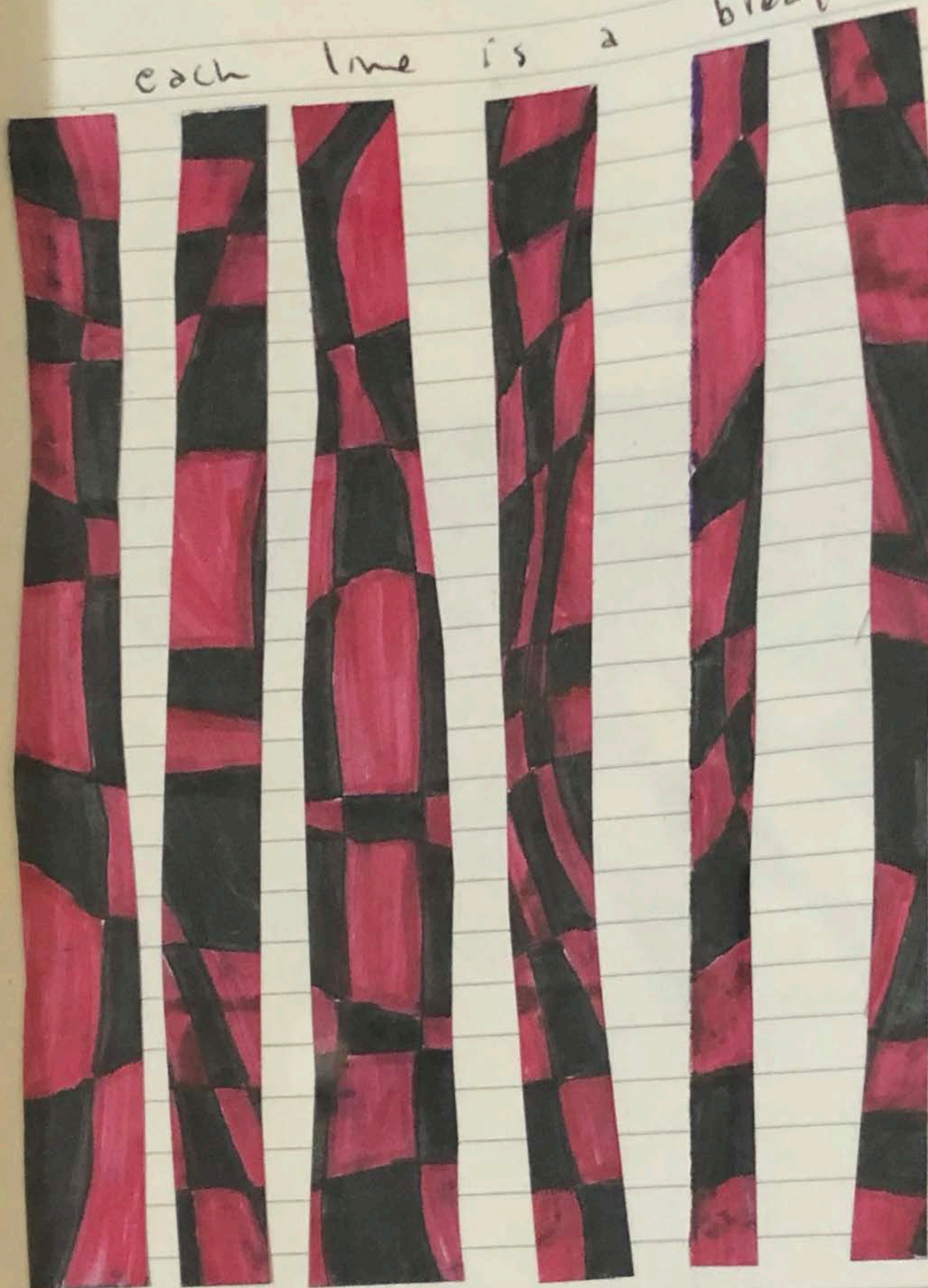
S H I

T

until I growl in the
faces of all the
men who ever believed
they owned me,



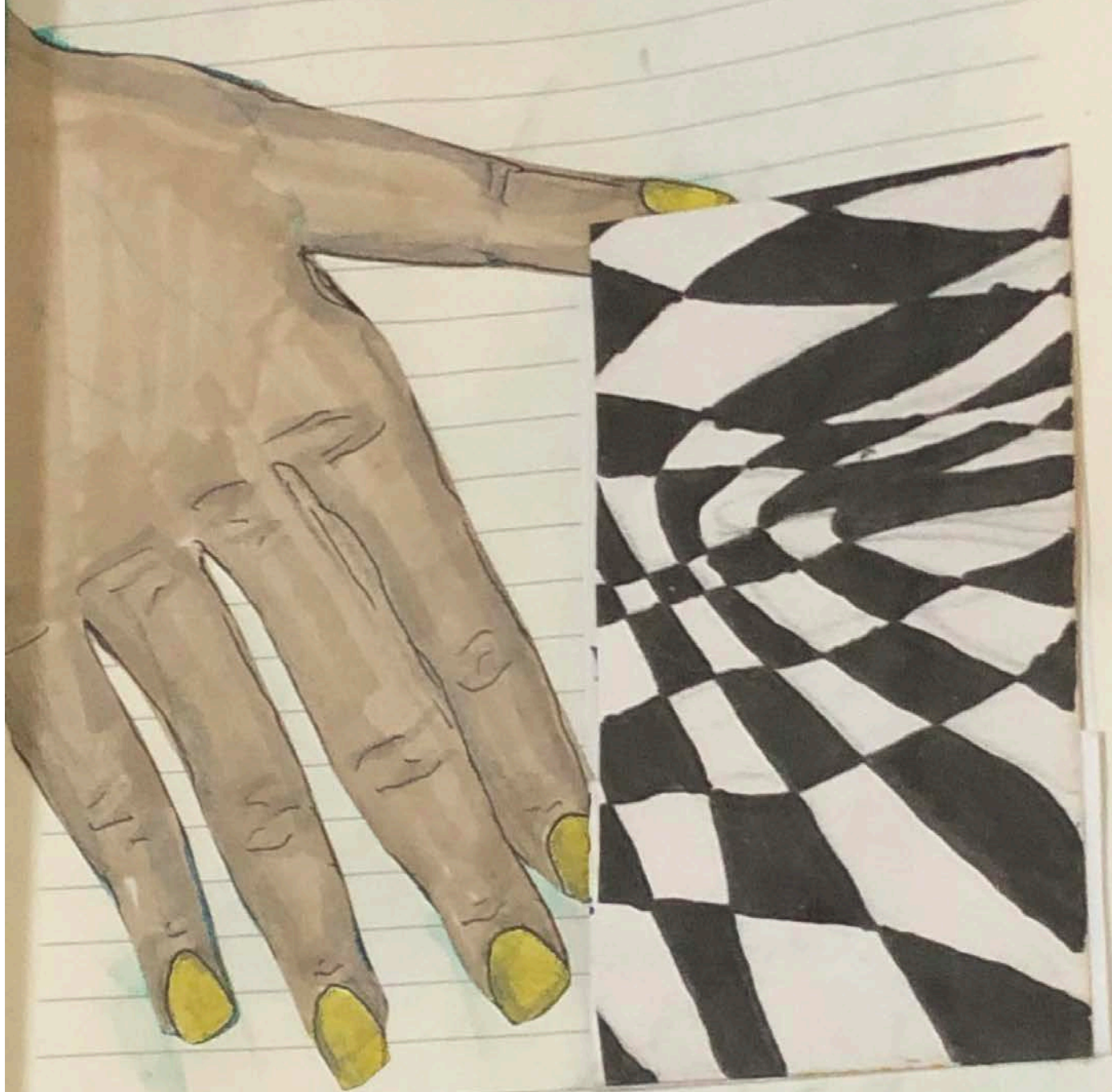
each line is a break



In the fabric of the
universe.

i loved you.

read 1:35 am



How SAD IS
IT THAT YOU
WERE MY FIRST
EXPERIENCE AT
FALLING IN
LOVE? SINCE
YOU. MY BODY
HASN'T FELT
LIKE MY OWN.



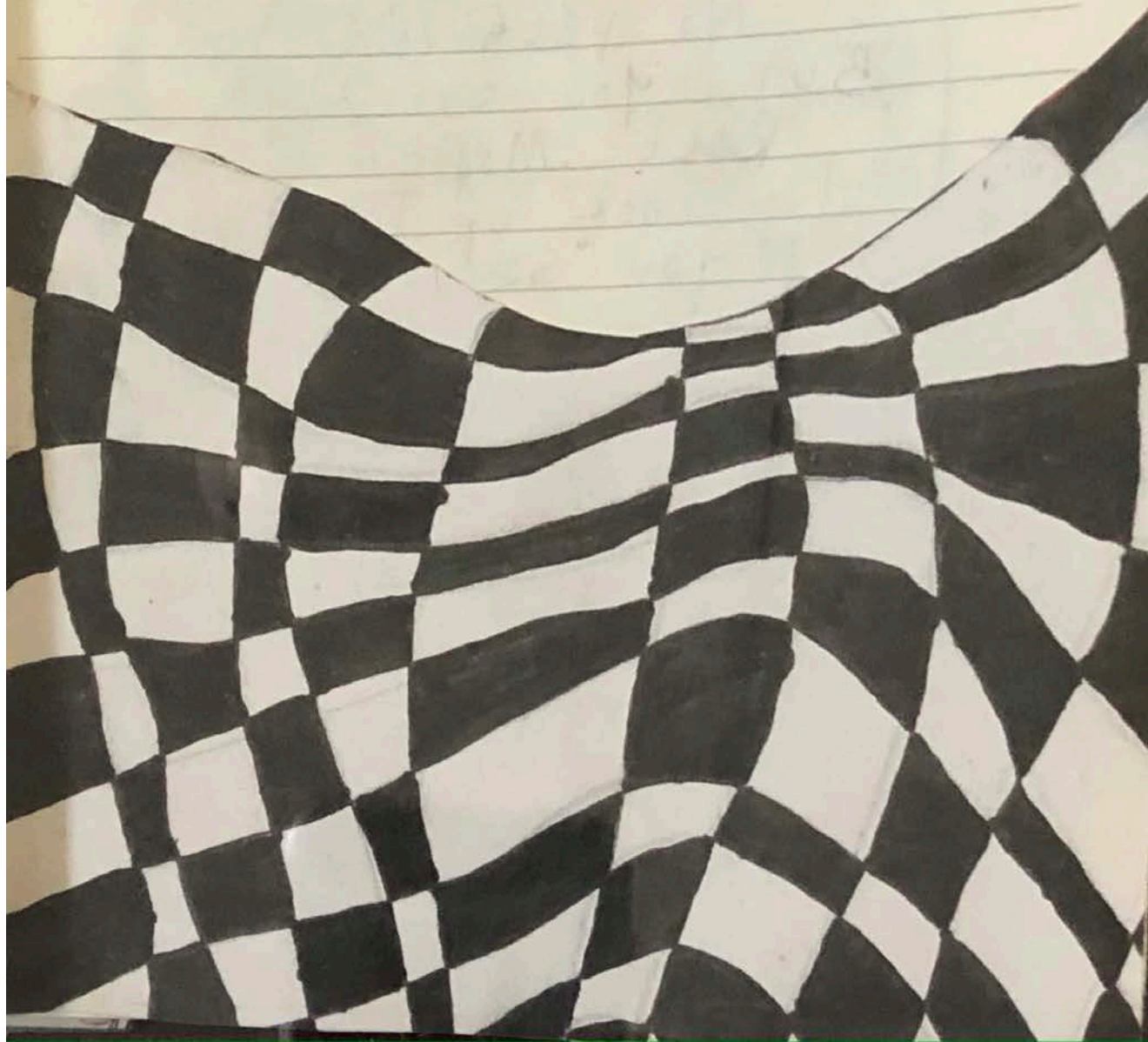
AUDITORIUM B
ROWS A-X
SEATS 1-15
NO FOOD OR DRINK
IN THE AUDITORIUM
THANK YOU

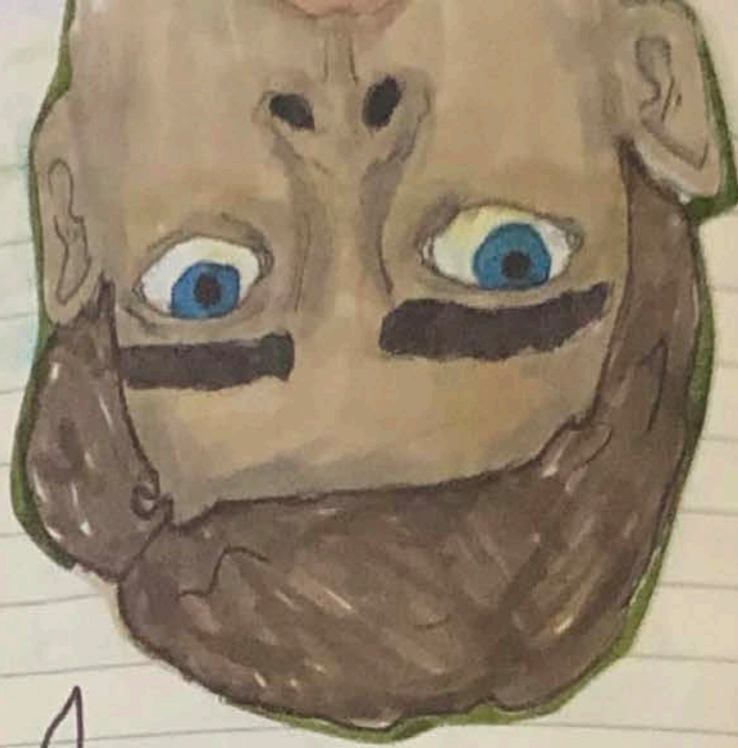
a safe place.

ALL MY
SHIRTS HAVE
COFFEE
STAINS



I have no idea
what this means

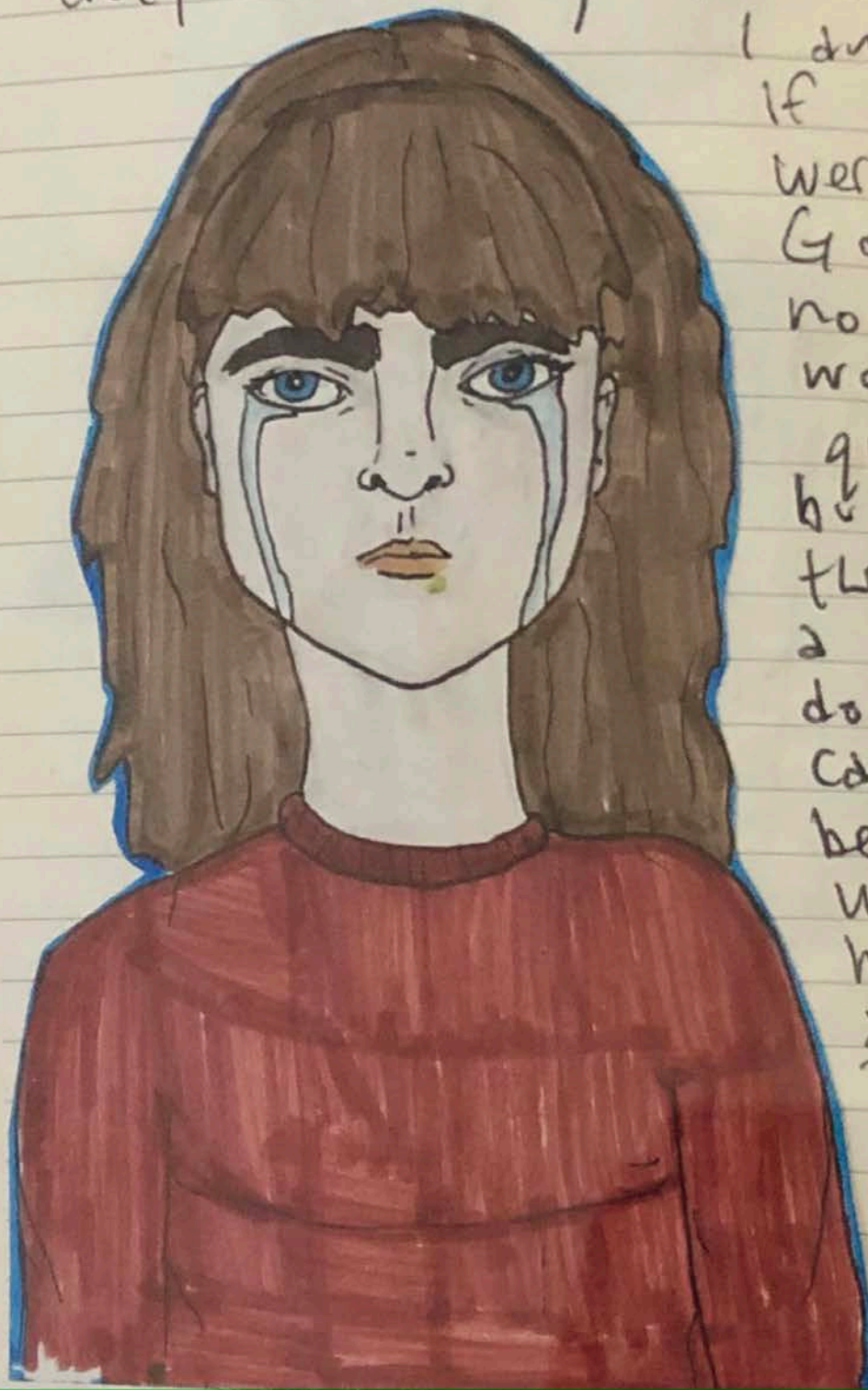




No PRESSURE
But you are My
ROLE MODEL
I LOOK UP TO
you SO MUCH.

I AM NO ONE
TO TRY TO
BE LIKE.

I Have a God Complex.
It is truly all I think
about. I believe it is
because I don't want to
have to live without a
deeper meaning to everything
I am doing.



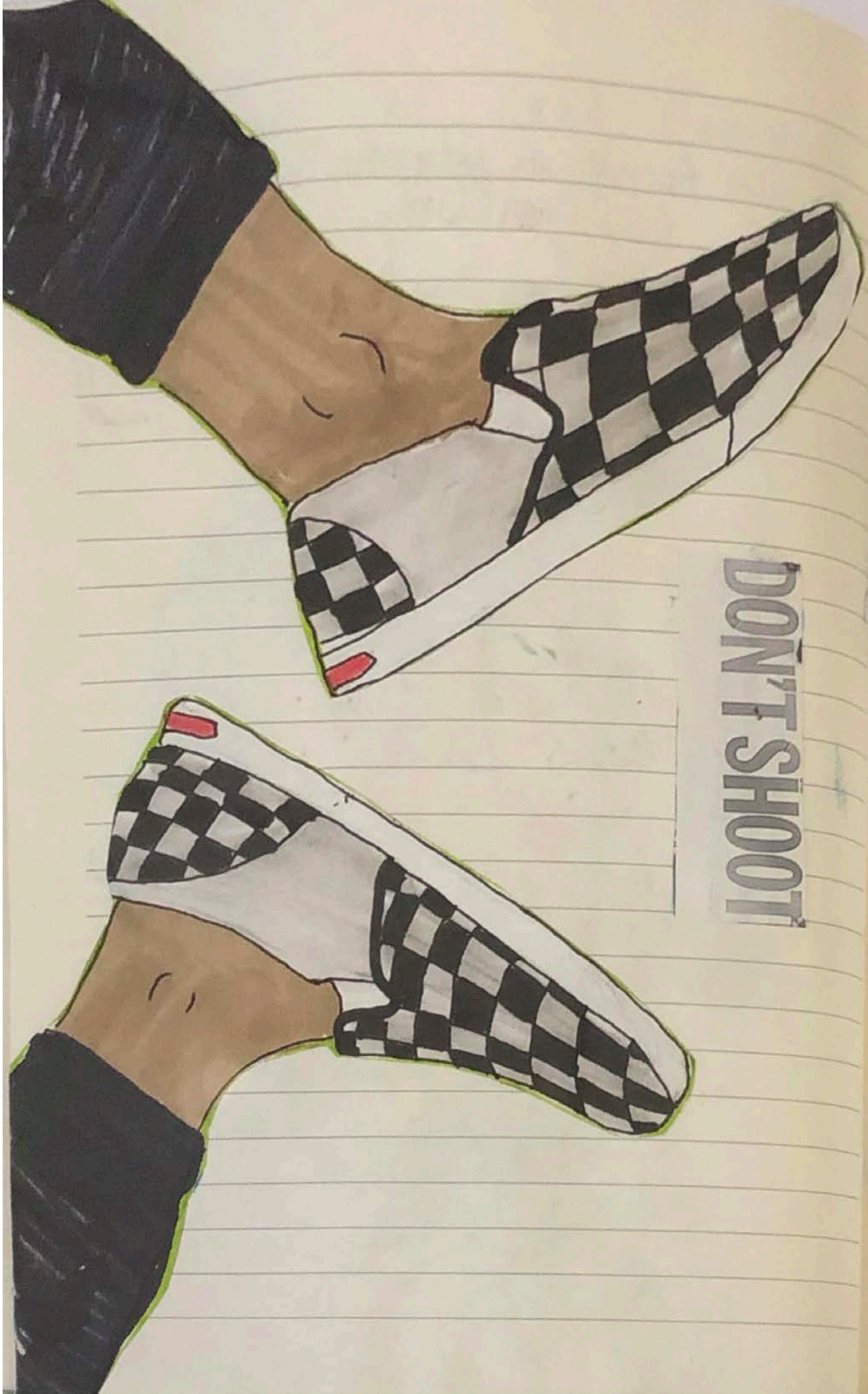
if there
were no
God then
no one
would
question it.
but if
there is
a God he
does not
care. I
believe we
were put
here for
a purpose.
There truly
was to
be a
purpose.

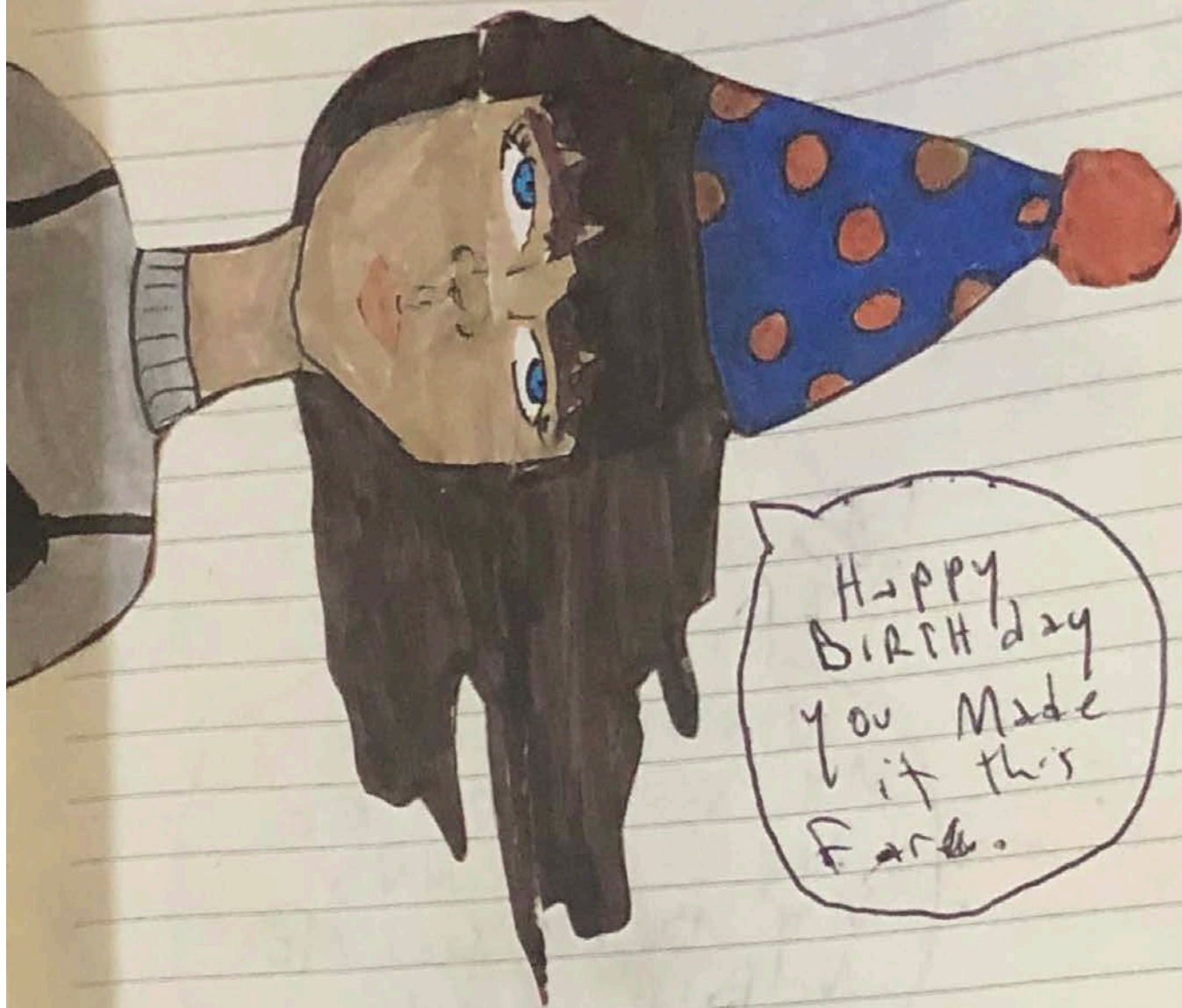
ferns are my favourite
plant.

WANTED

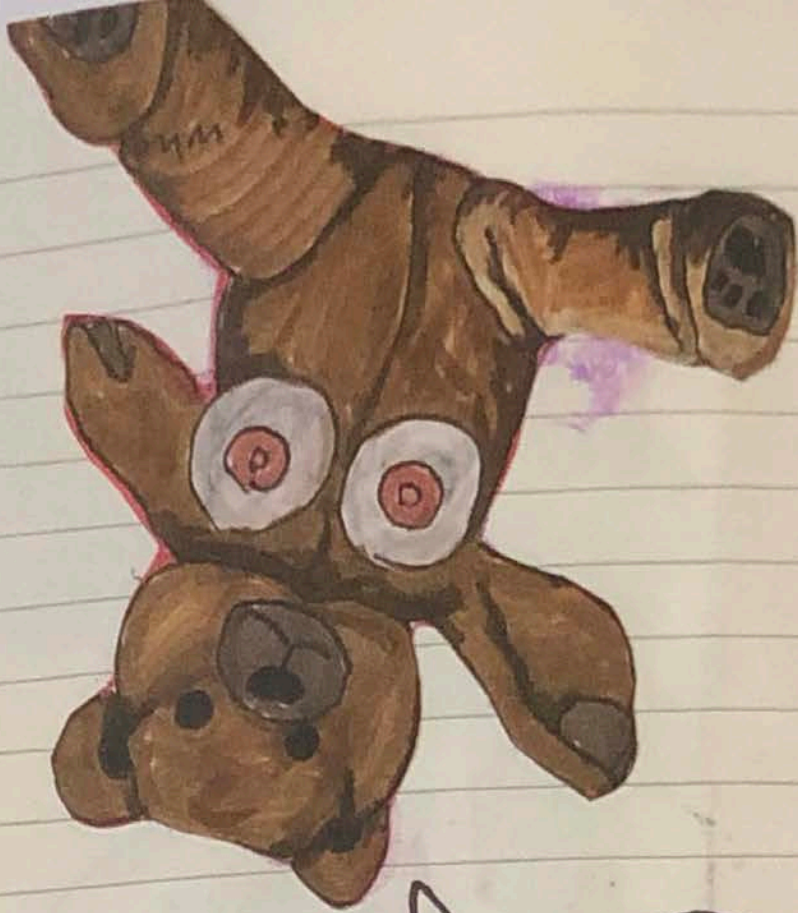


DON'T SHOOT





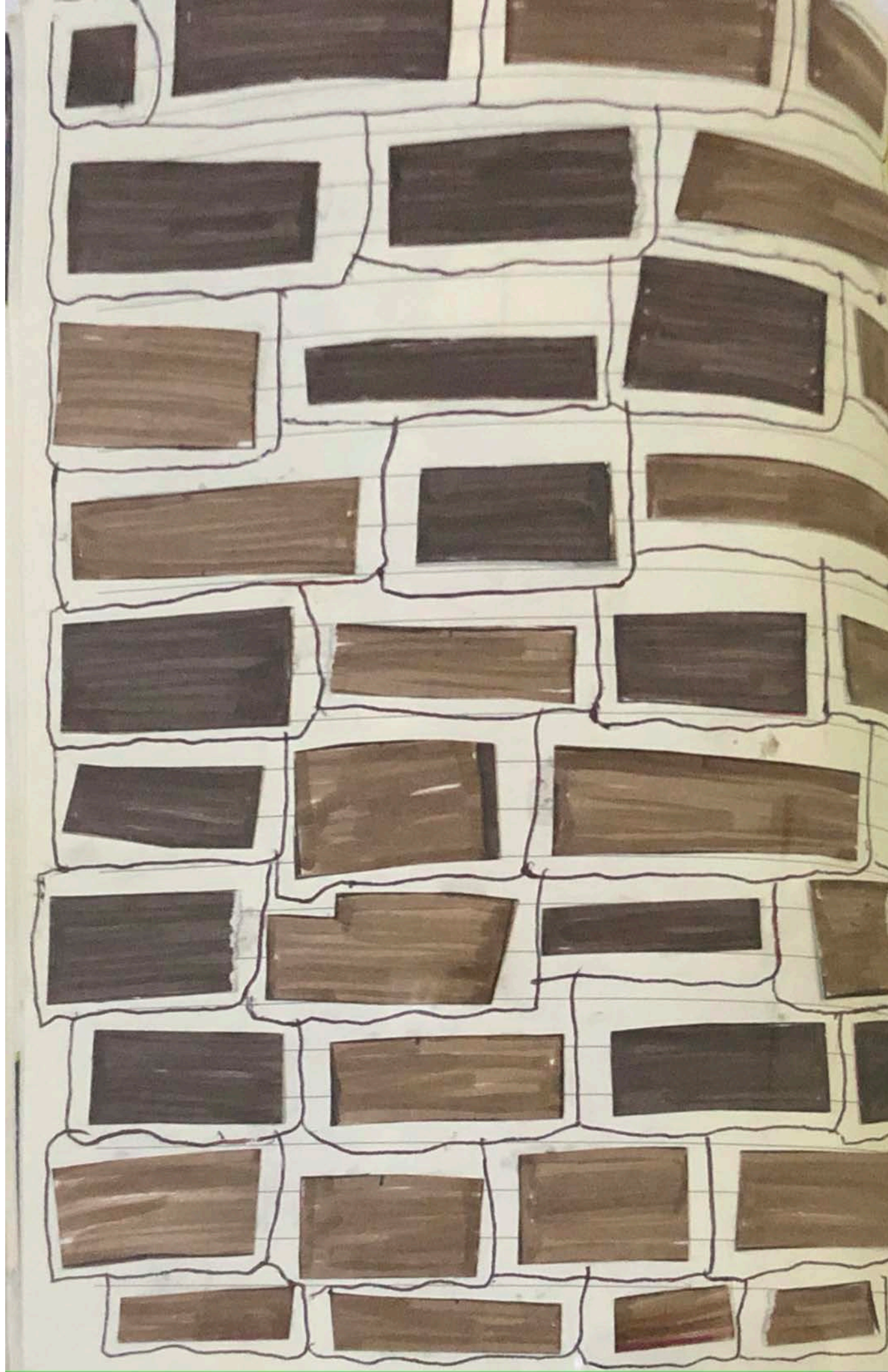
Happy
BIRTH day
you Made
it this
Far.

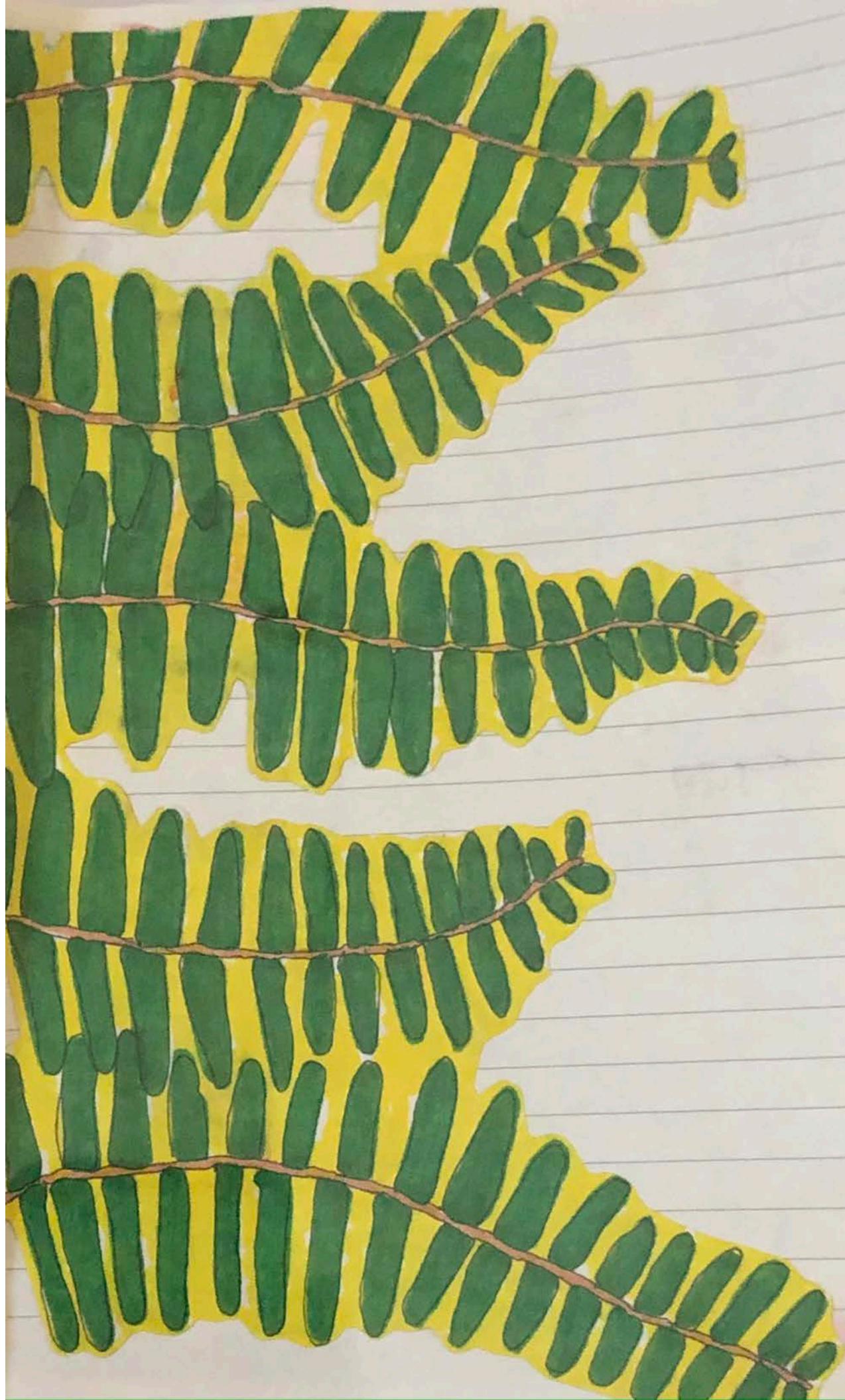


NOBODY OWNS
MY BODY BUT ME
NOBODY OWNS
MY BODY BUT ME
NOBODY OWNS
MY BODY BUT ME

I say you
succeed and
it made me
feel like I
could too







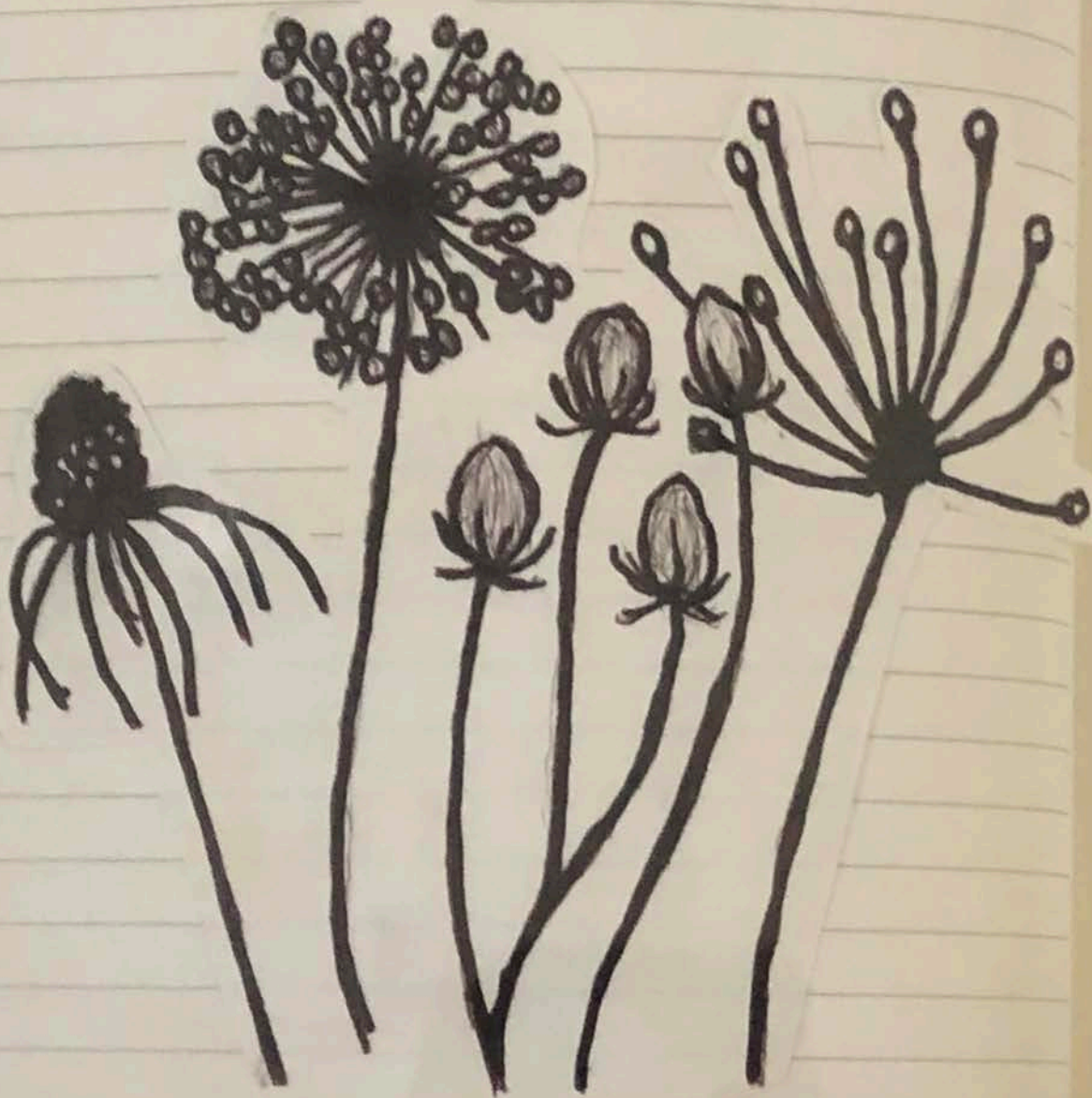


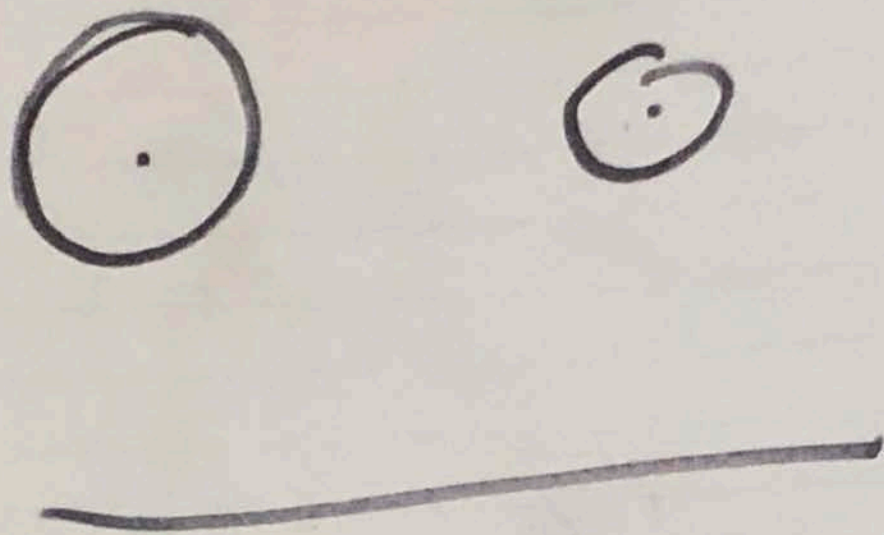
Kidnappers from Space



THIS BOOK IS
NOT FULL, BUT IT
IS FINISHED.

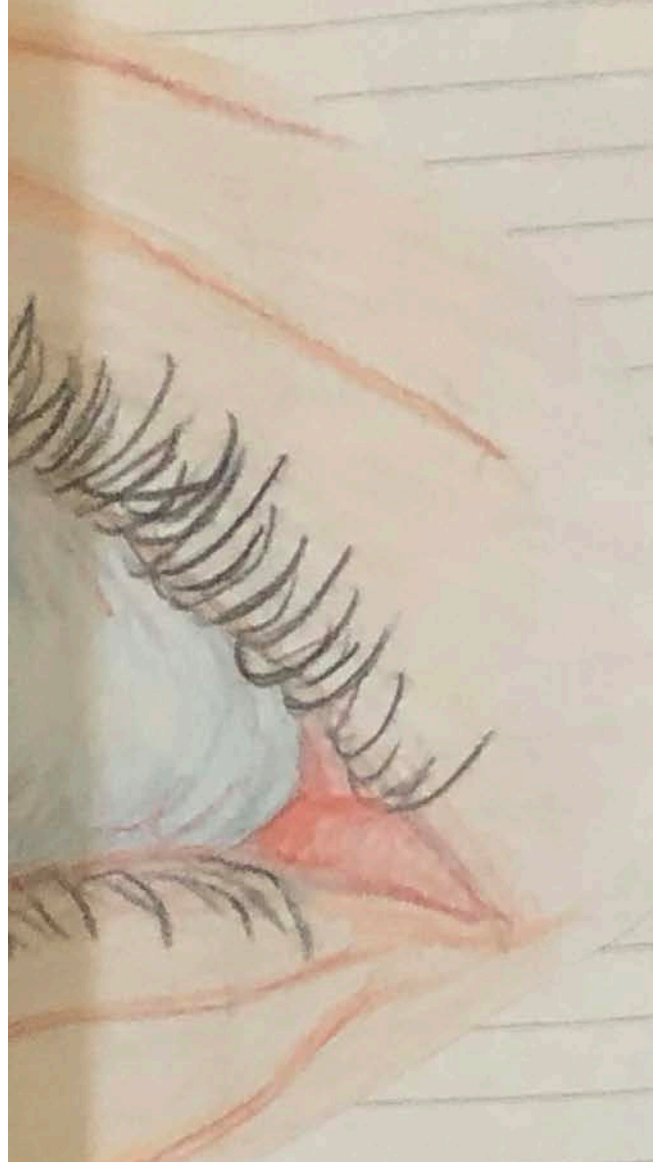
I CLEANED my Room &
FOUND MORE OF my PAST
I NEED TO TURN INTO
SOMETHING NEW.



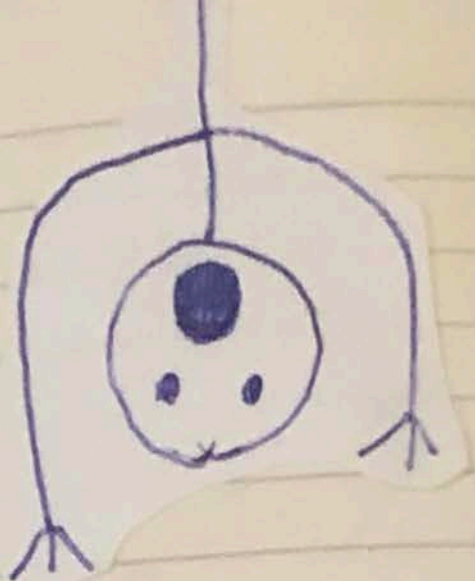


I DON'T WANT TO GO
BACK TO SCHOOL.





AND I HAVEN'T
TOUCHED MY COLOURED
PENCILS SINCE

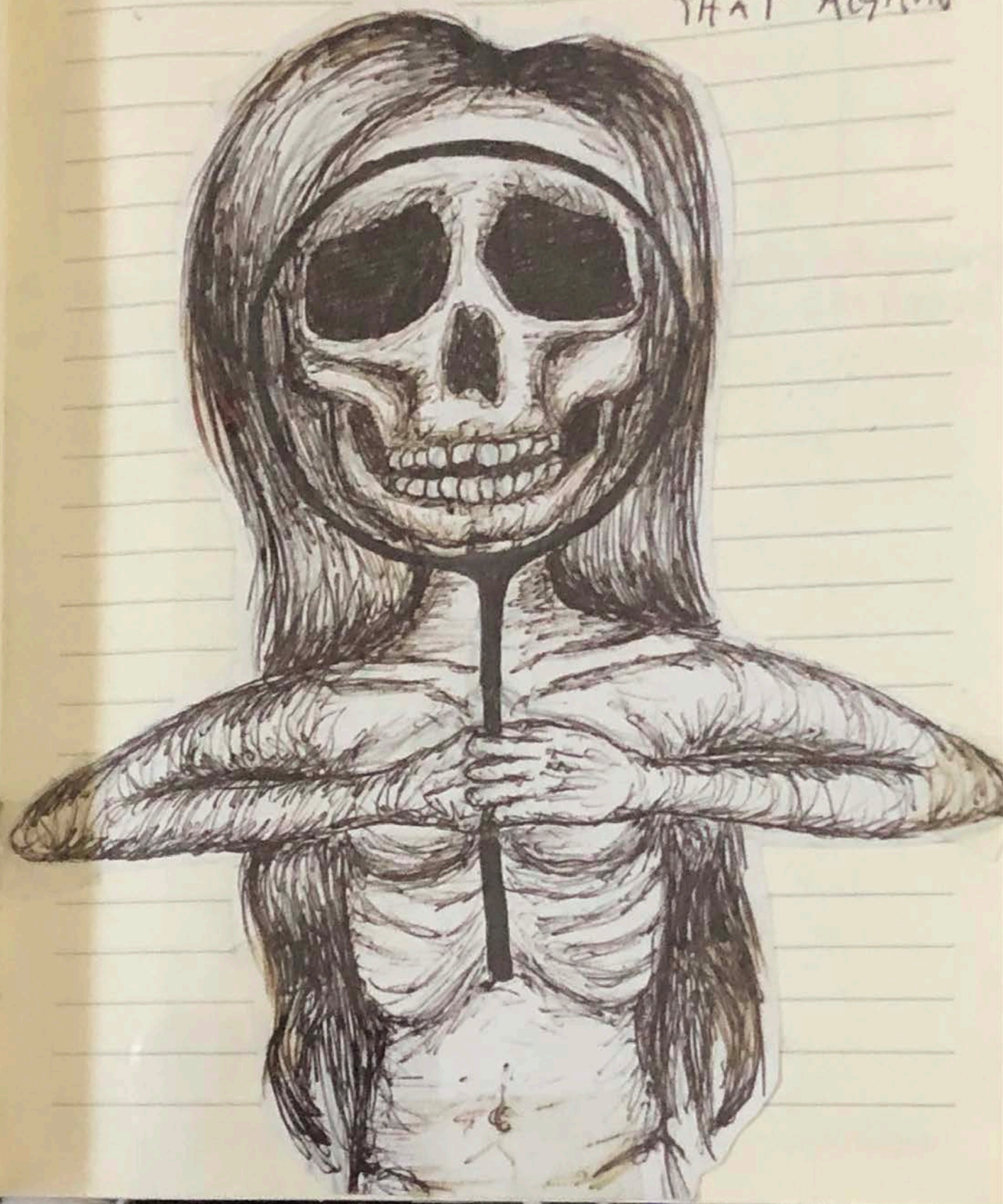


IS THE SKY
FALLING.



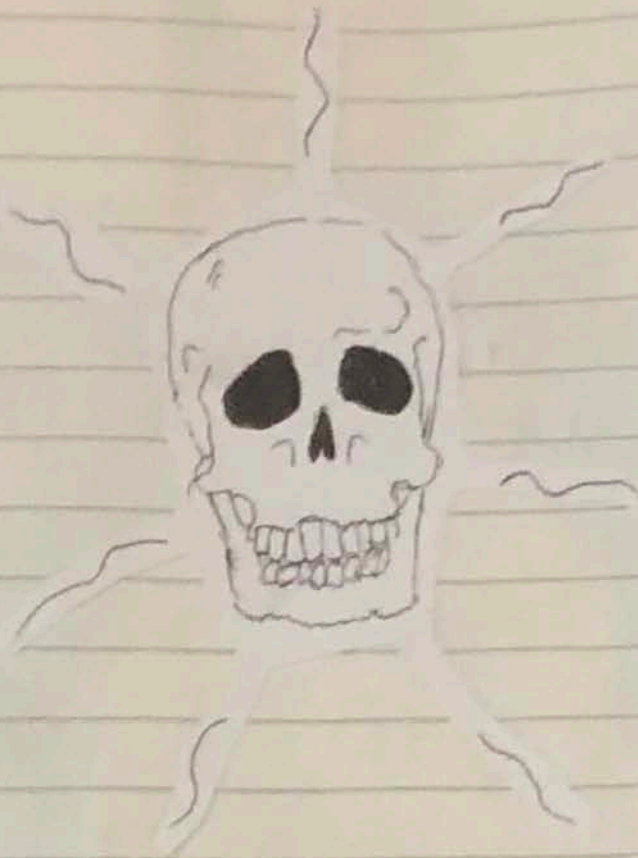
OR AM I FALLING
FROM THE SKY?

I'm NOT WHO I USED TO BE,
BUT I DON'T THINK I
WILL EVER WANT
THAT AGAIN

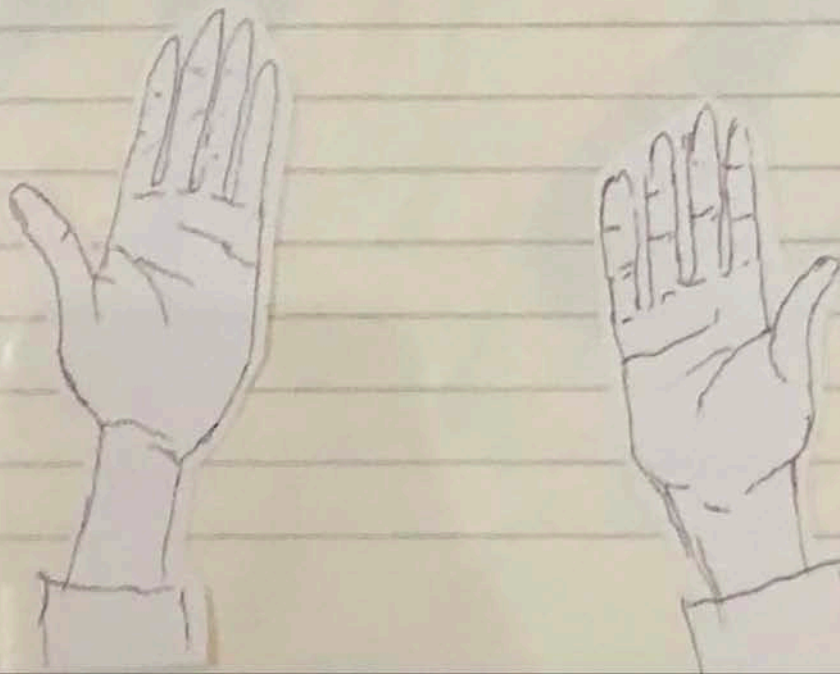


WHAT THE
FUCK DO U
MEAN MY
BALLOON WON'T
WORK IN
SPACE?



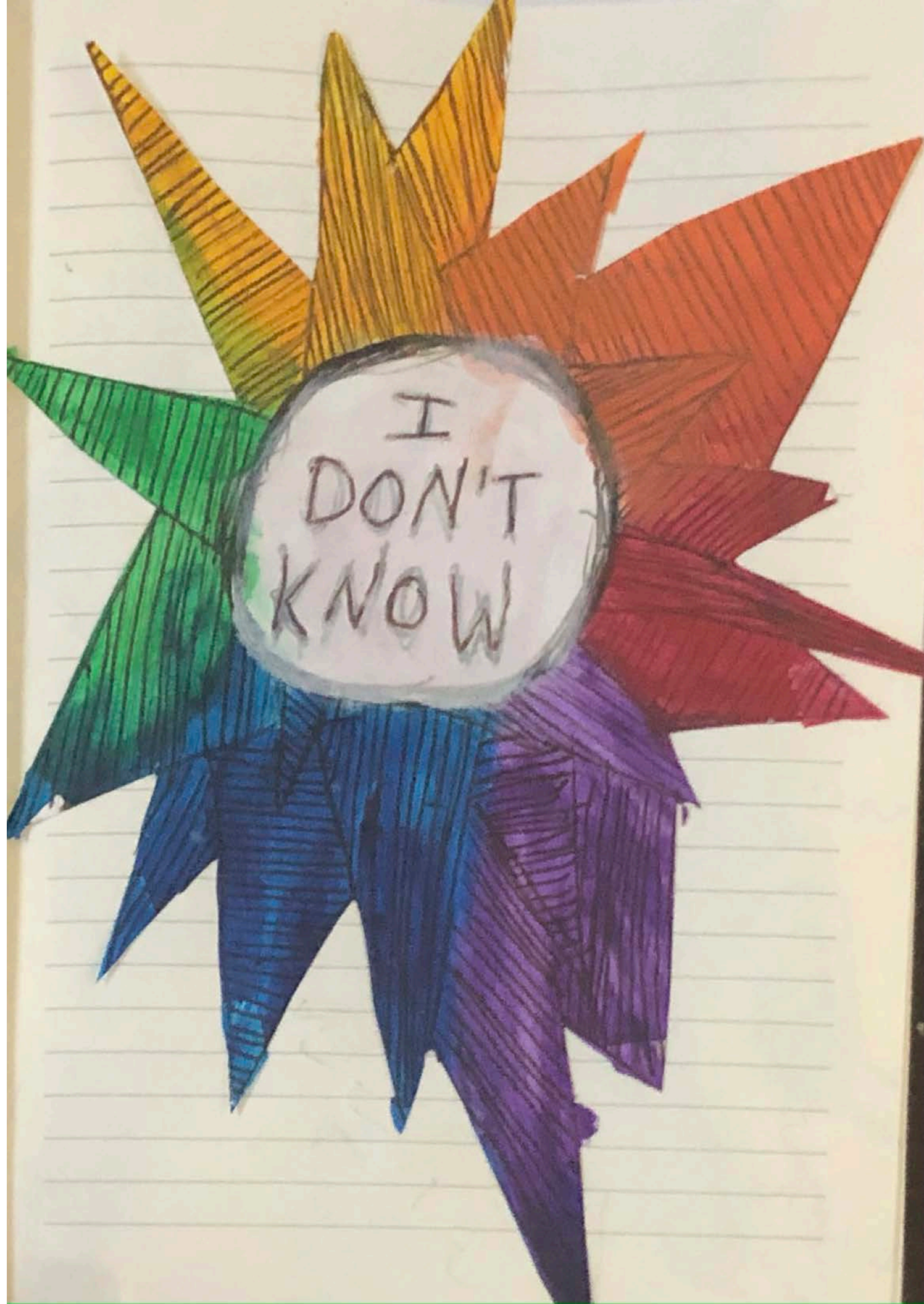


asymmetric man hands pray to something they
do not believe in.



THERE IS SO MUCH
MORE TO LIFE THAN I
PREVIOUSLY WOULD'VE
EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE.

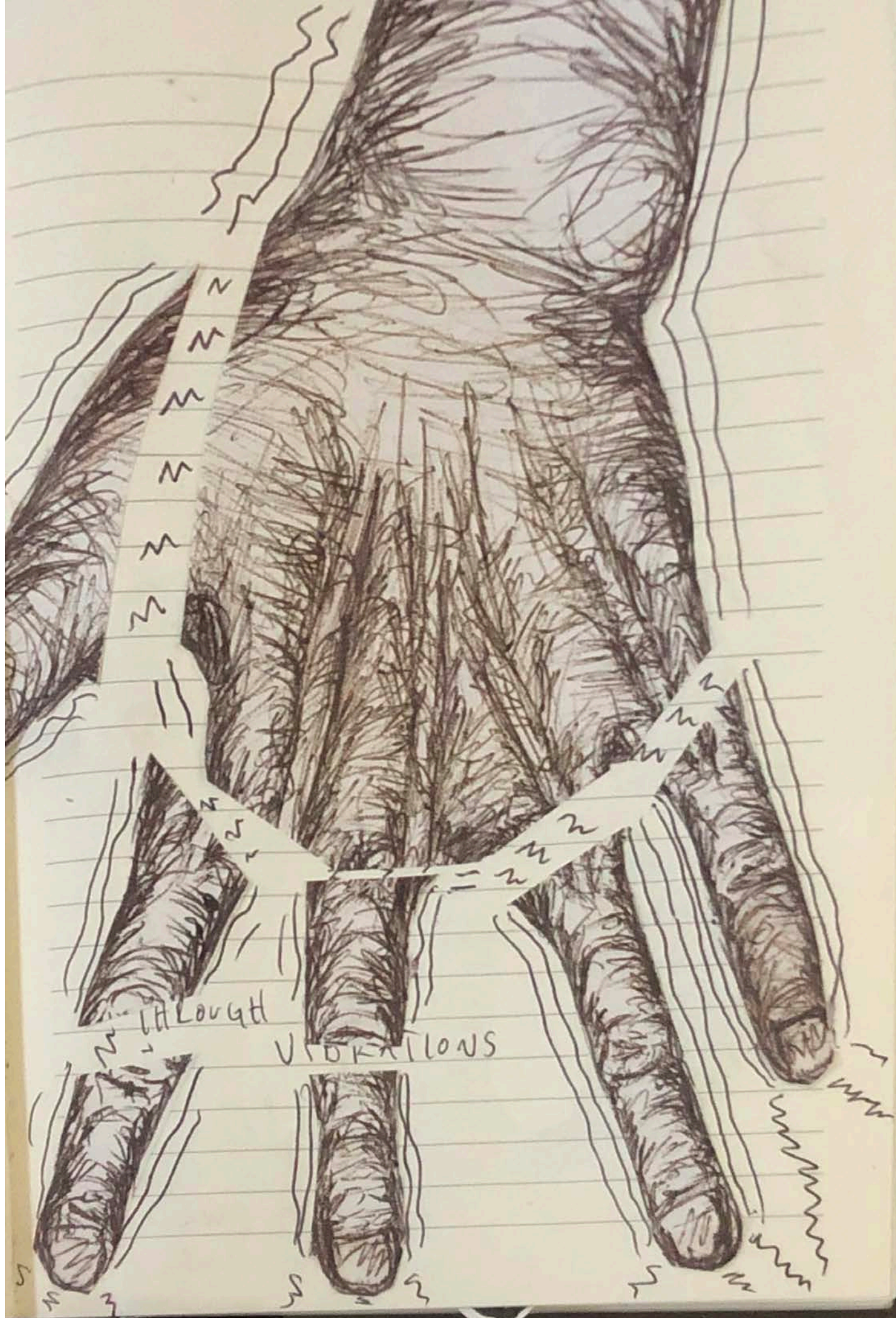


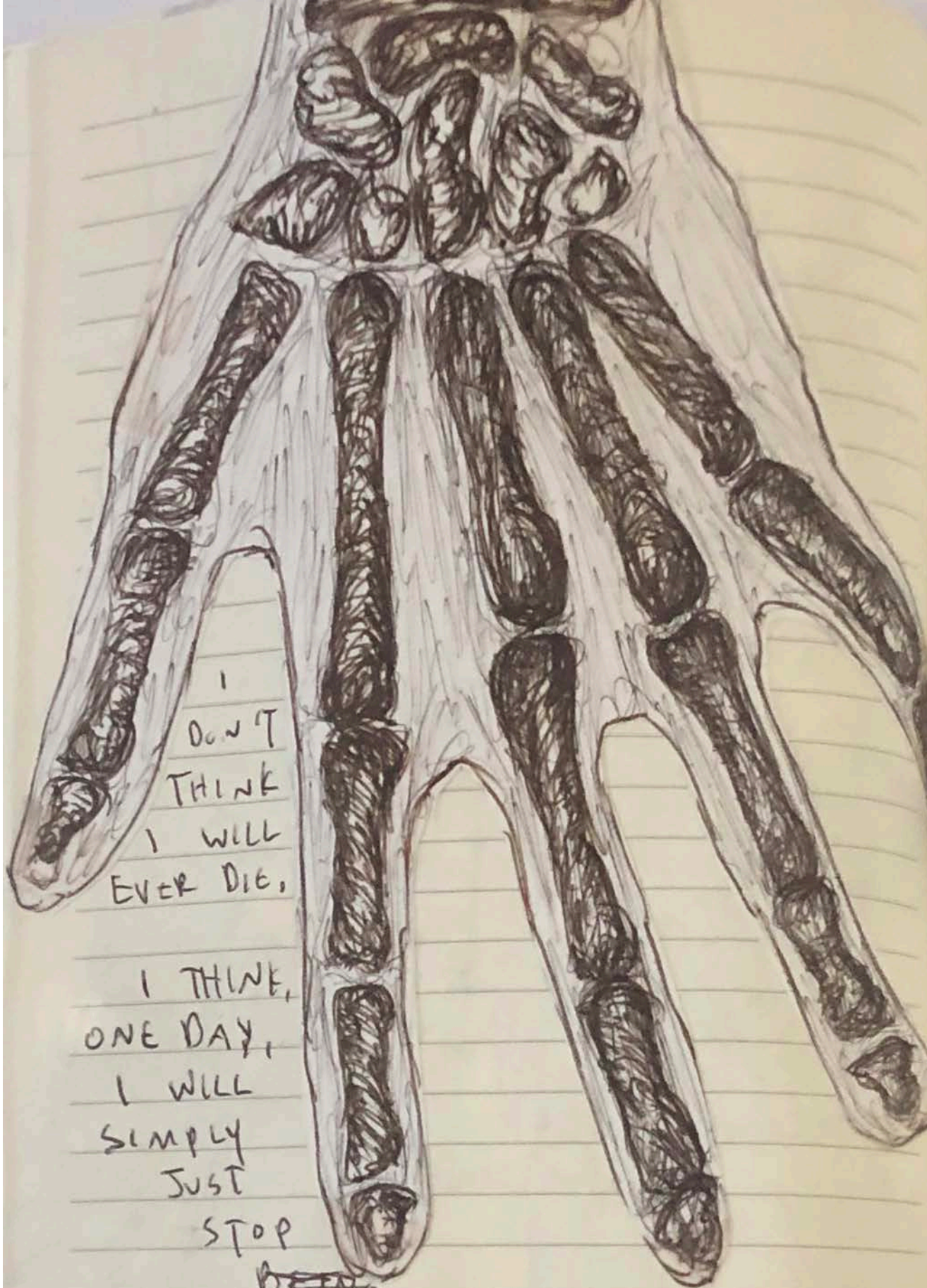


PER HAPS WHEN WE HEAR A
SONG WE LOVE THE FIRST TIME
WE HEAR IT, IT IS BECAUSE
OUR FUTURE SELF IS REACHING
OUT TO TOUCH YOU, REMEMBERING
HOW THEY FELT WHEN THEY
FIRST HEARD THAT SONG

AND TOUCHES YOU

AND YOU ARE
CONNECTED





I
DON'T
THINK
I WILL
EVER DIE.

I THINK,
ONE DAY,
I WILL
SIMPLY
JUST

STOP
~~BEING~~
BEING.

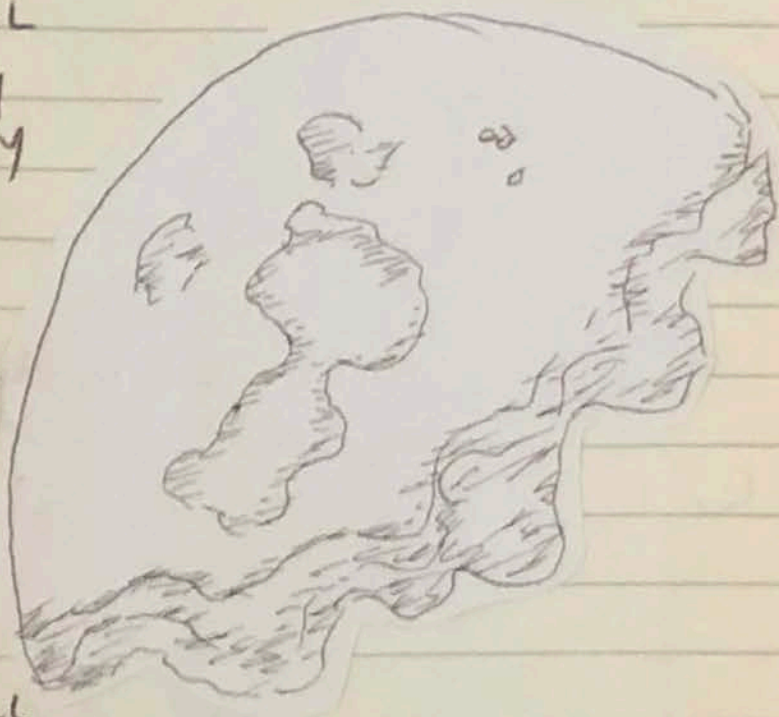
AND THAT WILL BE
THE END

I'VE SEEN MY FUTURE
SELF, ON A BEACH, IN THE
WIND, SMILING AT SOMEONE
WHO WALKS TO ME. MY HAIR
IS BLOWING, TICKLING MY FACE,
DANCING IN THE WIND, AND
I FEEL PEACE, AND QUIET,
AND NO WORRY. I FEEL MYSELF
EXISTING IN ONLY THAT MOMENT,
WITH EXACTLY WHAT I NEED.

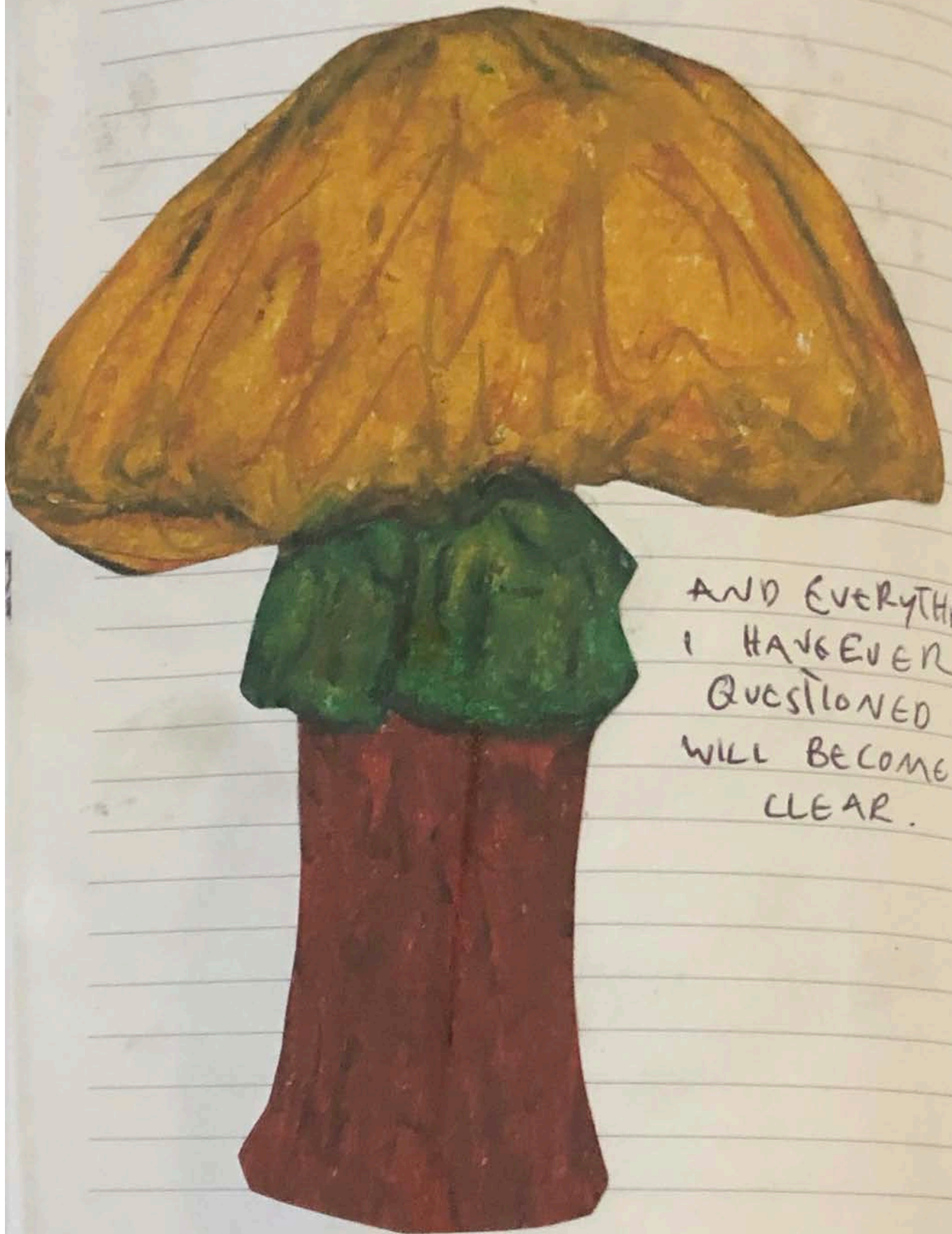
AND I KNOW THAT EVERYTHING
WILL BE OKAY. EVERYTHING
WILL WORK OUT EXACTLY THE
WAY IT IS SUPPOSED TO.

AND I WILL
BE HAPPY
WITH EXACTLY
WHAT I AM
GIVEN.

AND I AM
BROUGHT SO
MUCH CALM
FROM THIS
VERSION OF
MYSELF I WILL
SOON BECOME



ONE DAY MY BRAIN WILL
HEAL,



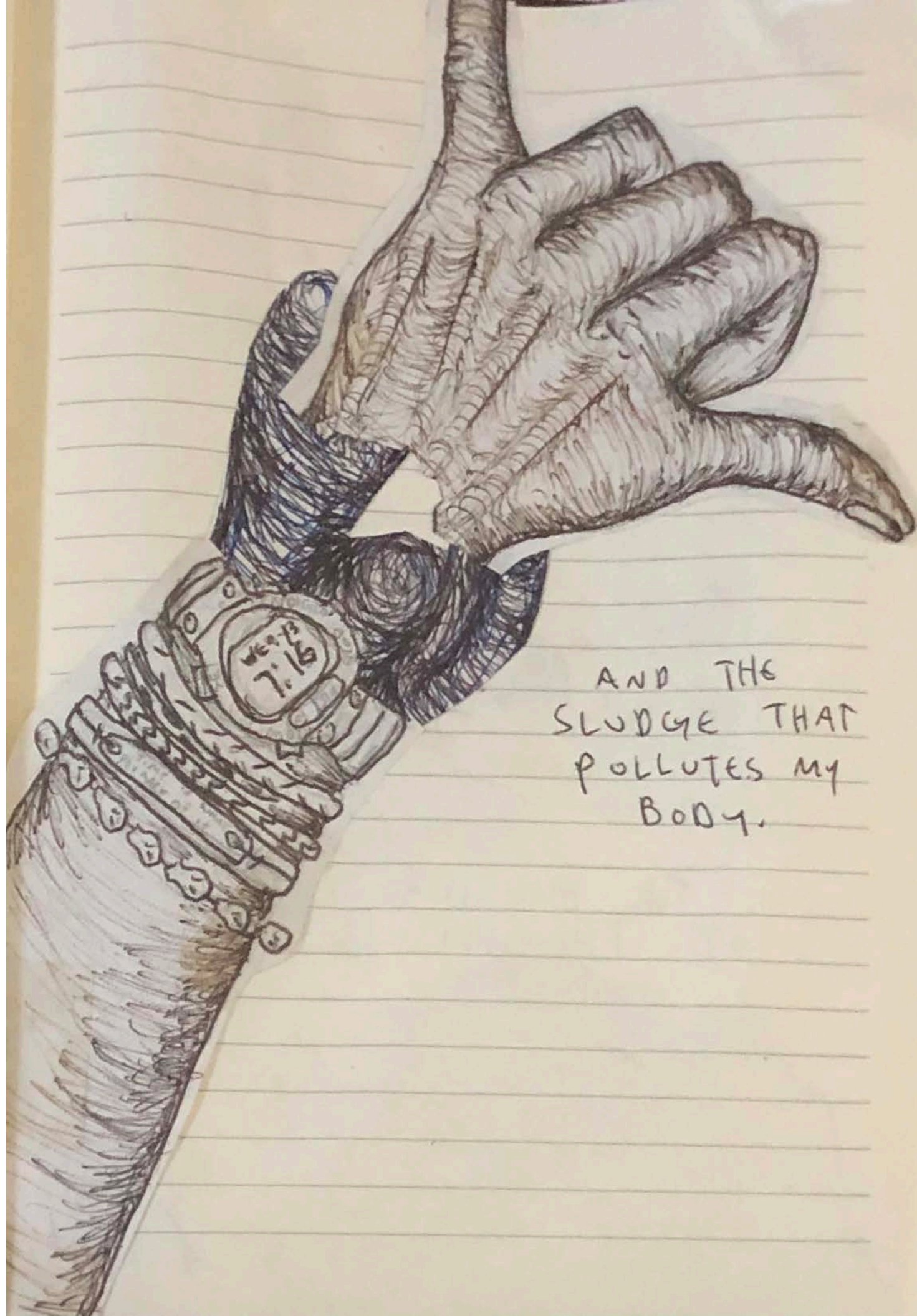
AND EVERYTHING
I HAVE EVER
QUESTIONED
WILL BECOME
CLEAR.

ONE DAY
I WILL
CELEBRATE
MYSELF, AND
FOR THE
EYES OF
EVERYONE
WHO EVER
DOUBTED
WHAT I
CAN DO.





CLEANING THE
CREVICES OF
MY BRAIN.



AND THE
SLUDGE THAT
POLLUTES MY
BODY.

AND NONE OF
IT REALLY MATTERS
ANY WAY.

THE END.