

DEATH IS SLOWLY STEALING MY MEMORIES.

WHAT I MEAN IS THOSE IN MY MEMORIES, THOSE I'VE COUNTED ON THESE YEARS, WANDERING: "WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?" ARE SLOWLY DYING OFF.

SO, WHEN MY MIND REACHES OUT TO THEM, AND ALL I GET BACK IS A GRAVE; WHEN IT REACHES OUT AND ALL IT GETS BACK IS THOSE MOURNING.

ITS LIKE I'VE NOWHERE TO TURN TO ANYMORE. EVERYTHING IS JUST ONE BIG FUNERAL.

MY MEMORIES ARE BEING STOLEN. IM CONSUMED WITH DEATH. I BEAT OFF THE GRAVE DIET WITH EXERCISE. BUT MY HEART IS NOT UP TO THE STRENUOUSNESS. ITS KILLING ME.

I RUN FROM DEATH AND HAVE A HEART ATTACK. EVERYONE THATS EVER KNOWN ME IVE WRONGED. MAYBE STUPIDLY OR SLIGHTLY OR IMAGINATIVELY. BUT IVE WRONGED THEM.

I REMEMBER AS A BOY. ME AND MY TWO BEST FRIENDS WERE RUNNING AWAY. AT JUSTINS HOUSE HIS PARENTS CONFRONTED US AS WE WAS PACKING HIS STUFF. THEY, PARENTS, TURNED ON ME. BLAMING ME. SAYING I WAS A STUCK UP, HAUGHTY KID AND ITS ALL MY FAULT. I REMEMBER THINKING: "HAUGHTY!? ME!? IM LIKE THAT BECAUSE I HURT INSIDE. SHYNESS, FEAR, ETC.."

LIKE A PERSON WALKING WITH A FAKE LEG BEING MISTAKEN FOR A PIMP WALKING A GANGSTER STEP.

BUT, I REMEMBER, I COULD READ EVERYONES MINDS. THE FATHER WAS TRYING TO HELP HIS SON. HE COULD FEEL MY PAIN BUT WAS ATTEMPTING TO DIVIDE AND CONQUER REBELIOUSNESS. HE WAS SCARED, BOREY...

THE MOM REALLY SAW ME AS TO BLAME. IN HER EYES I DRAGGED JUSTIN DOWN. BUT SHE HURTS JUST LIKE ME. I COULD FEEL IT. SHE WAS SAD.

ITS BEEN LIKE THAT MY WHOLE LIFE. I CAN COMPASSIONATE WITH DOZENS OF PEOPLE AT ONCE. ALL THESE PRISONERS, ALL THESE GUARDS. EVERY SOCIAL CONTACT THAT OCCURS, I ACTUALLY FEEL WHAT THEY FEEL. EACH WORD, EACH COMMENT OR RESPECT, ETC.

ITS KILLING ME THIS. THIS FEELING OF EVERYONES FEELINGS. — SO, DEATH IS STEALING MEMORIES AND FEELINGS. DEATH IS EATING THE CONSTANT DIALOGUE, COMPASSION... IS DEATH MY ONLY FRIEND?