

I'm okay with the fact that I always give up.
I have a hard time believing I will ever have a good life.
I leave my family for people who don't care about me.
I don't have any real friends.
I'm attracted to the ugliest of people.
I've learned to like the violent fucked-up life style.
Shooting speed always comes first. It's not up to me anymore.
I share needles.
I'm a cutter.
I'd rather be in pain.
I'm okay knowing I will die. It won't take long.
I feel like I'm alive to show people what happens to those
who never stop.
In some sick way I enjoy not knowing if I'll make it through
this shot.
I have decided that when I get caught doing something by
the police I will kill myself right away.
I've destroyed my family.
I have become everything I never wanted to be.

Carly
sixteen years old