

Personally, I think you should die. It's a simple equation, really -- don't you love those? That maths of yours? You + death = a happy world! If you were dead, everyone could be happy. You deserve it, anyway.

Why? I'll tell you why -- remember last week, when you promised Anne you'd go out for crepes and you told her that your sister was sick? You're a filthy liar, I *know* you just laid in bed and slept! What, don't you care about your friends? You too good for some cheap crepes with the bestie?

We've been through so much together. I've been with you your whole life, practically. I want to see you succeed, of course -- but you can't. You're a failure with big dreams but not enough drive, and you spend your nights crying instead of studying. I mean, that's pretty pathetic. Anne doesn't bawl into her toast. Why can't you do that? It's easy -- it's because you're not meant to be alive.

I love you. That's why I'm telling you this. You deserve to hear it from me, and not Anne. She's gonna wise up someday and realise that you're faking, y'know. She deserves so much better than you. You just lie to her all the time, what's wrong with you? She'd be happier without you. I bet she smiled when you cancelled. Alex cancelled on you, I know that. At least they know when to run from someone like you.

I'm being *mean*? This is how the world works, honey. You're gonna lose your job and your friends and your apartment to someone better, because you don't deserve any of this. All you deserve is death. So, I think you should die.

Wise the fuck up already. Nobody cares about you. They're just playing pretend -- they're gonna leave when they realise how much of a piece of shit you are. Better go before that perfect little persona you've built crumbles. Don't you get it? It's better this way. You're unreliable, boring, ugly and stupid. You eat half your weight in junk food every day and you hate it but you keep on going. Where's your self control, huh? You're pathetic! Absolutely pathetic!

I bet those people on the subway saw that you'd messed up your tie. I bet they were laughing at you. Want the pain to go away? Want to stop thinking about your parents screaming? Just fucking die already. You're the scum of the Earth. You shouldn't have been born.

You look into the reflection of yourself in your spoon, surface gleaming from being fleshly licked. The ice cream settles into your stomach like a cast iron ball, and you think to yourself, *personally, I think you should die.*