

It is said the siblings grow from each other whether we like it or not. Now I have really found good reason to dislike my sister and my brothers. I do not even know where to begin with my sister. For years because of my mistakes and mishaps it gives people supposed authority to tell me what's best for me. Well finally I have proper excuse to do what I always have wanted to do is to end my life. There really is no one to blame for tragedies, but you can have a hell of a party trying. You could spend your whole thinking what you should have done right or wrong when the whole time it really does not matter what you say to the person because they are fucked up and that's just the way it is. You can blame foods or mental illness whatever excuse you want. But it won't change how someone truly feels. Why have I not done myself in? That's a good question. Perhaps I am scared of the consequence of making people upset. It is so permanent for everyone else who remains alive. Whatever the case may be it really does not matter. I think I am fool for thinking that I could actually get advice from someone that is younger than me and of my blood. My siblings are so oblivious to whom I really am and they have convinced themselves they know who I am and what is best for me. She does not agree with my morals which automatically separate me from her. I never thought the day would come when I feel glad that they are out of my life. She is away and there is a reason why. As we get older we find ourselves and our own sense of understanding. When we are young we look for those who already have this and cling off of it. Families are tight, then they get older and separate and then they die. So it is no new thing I feel this way. I should not even have to explain myself anymore. I will just do whatever it I want and everyone else has to live with it, or ignore it which would be my personal choice. It feels good to finally be who I really am. I don't care about anyone else but myself. At times maybe I care a little bit, but it is some strange and twisted explanation of how it somehow benefits my own well being. So given that what I do with my life does not matter. Fuck this letter does not matter, the only reason I am doing anything anymore is to try to please something for myself.. Selfishness. I think what is best is I need to learn to keep things to myself and stop trying to get people to understand me.