

I want to go on. I want to live. But I see that's not going to happen. I have the urge to declare my sanity. To make whoever's reading this believe that this was the right course of action. The only course of action.

I look out the window and I see the End. Not my End. Just The End. And I can't face that. I can't see that. Maybe my friends can face that, but I can't.

For the past year I've sat on a plane and I've drank everything I could get my hands on and I've pretended that I couldn't see what was happening three feet in front of my face. What was happening all around me.

And now I think: If I'd gotten off that plane maybe all of this would be different. Maybe things would have turned out better. Maybe The End wouldn't be here now. My End. The World's End.

And then I think: maybe I should never have gotten on the plane in the first place. Maybe all the people on that plane are to blame for what's happening out there. What's happening in here. And to think that I might be a part of that. That I helped make all of this happen. That's a horrible thought. And I shouldn't be thinking it. But it's there. It's there.

I just can't any more.

I'm sorry. I'm so very, very sorry. For everything.

Frankie.