

Suicide Note

~~Andrew~~

To many, this will be a shock. To those who know me better, perhaps this letter is not needed. Regardless, I feel obligated to write this. Call it melodramatic, a rant, or just plain childish. Sometimes, you just gotta vent.

I came to Curtin ready to change; not just be better, but somebody wholly different. For years, I thought if I just worked hard enough, achieved enough, I could be someone exceptional. Someone worth knowing, someone worth a damn. If I didn't feel like I was making progress, I just had to work harder, do more!

I used to think I was stuck in a tunnel. That maybe, just maybe, if I kept going, kept pushing, I would escape. Now I know better; now I understand there never was a tunnel. Now I understand I'm wandering an endless desert, full of scorching days & freezing nights. Only sometimes, I hallucinate an oasis, it kept me going, seeing that release, that reprieve from anger & exhaustion. But now, the illusion is broken.

It doesn't matter what I do, what I achieve, what money I earn, what property I own, what awards I win, or what fame I acquire. Not even friends & family satisfies me. Nothing makes me feel alive, in the here and now. I don't have hobbies; I have distractions, I don't have passions; I have time killers. I can't remember the last I felt good about myself. I feel only contempt & anger at the man in the mirror. I ~~love~~ despise being celebrated; it feels unnatural.

What am I even doing all this work for!? So I can be some cog in someone else's money making machine!? How many years from now until people forget the things I've done, the person I was? Weeks from now, everyone will move on. A year from now, nobody will remember me. In just decades, everybody who ever knew me will be dead. None of this matters, because no one cares; and nobody cares, because none of this matters.

I'm done... I give up. Nothing is worth this.