



A
Confession
from a
Disappointment



*I was never
the best kid*



*I never did any
schoolwork*



*I never helped
anyone else*



*My parents
(deservedly) called
me lazy and a failure*

*The only thing
I was fine with
was idiosyncrat-
ic at best, and
it was taking
whatever I could
from my school
and house and
making my own
figurines out of
them.*



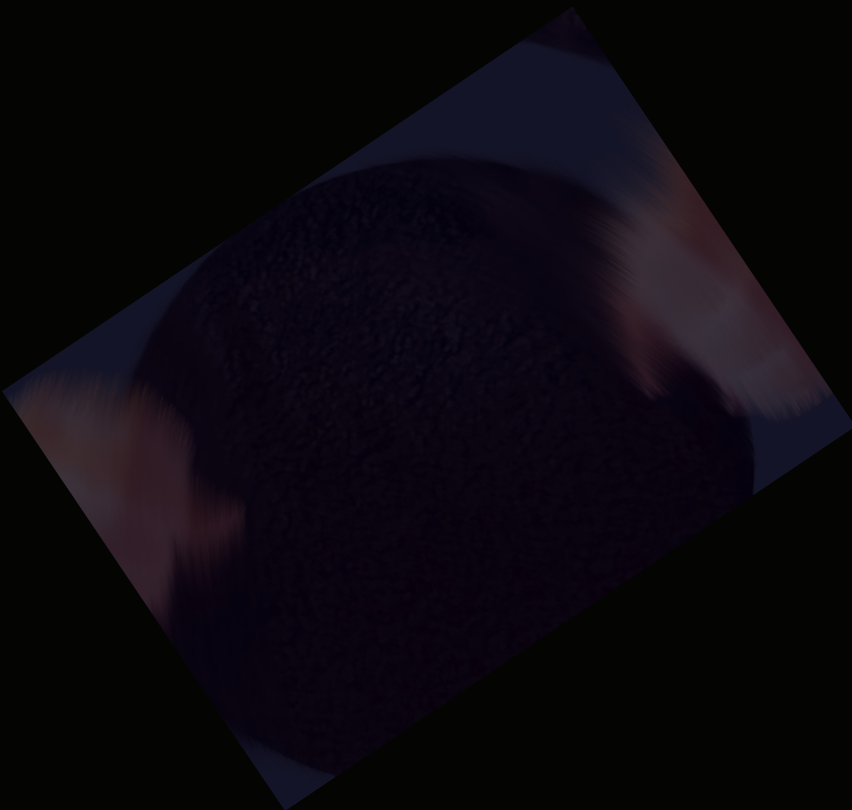
*I made whatever
I wanted.
Angels, demons,
eldritch horrors,
clowns.
It was one of the
few things that
made me happy.*

I hated life, so I had to find ways to escape it.



One day I drank AND drove







And it was the day I
went too far



I was horrified with what I did, so I walked to school instead of taking the car.
I had hidden it somewhere since it was horribly dented, so it's probably for the best.

Which meant I had to walk by
IT.
Everyday.

I grew to
HATE
that stop sign



STOP


It talked to me everyday

It BERATED me everyday

It PESTERED me with the SAME FOUR WORDS EVERYDAY



WHY
DIDN'T
YOU
STOP



And why did THEY stand on the sidelines

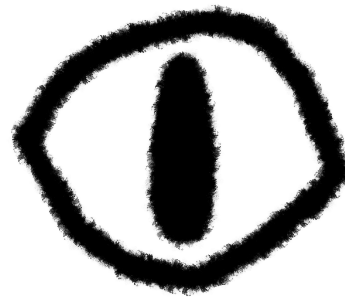
I wanted them to DO something



To SAY something. ANYTHING



But they didn't



And I already knew why

In THEIR eyes

It was only a matter of time



They were just disappointed
it took so long