

It's my birthday. Yay. I'm not even happy that it is. But, it is one year closer to my déath! So that's something to look forward too. My mom found out my suīcidal thoughts have been getting worse and she tried gaslighting me. "You're making me look bad because of how you think" "you're lying to me. Quit lying." This is why. This is why I hate it here. I hate myself. I feel like I'm never going to accomplish anything in life. And when I tried talking to her about how I felt, she got even MORE upset. So fine. We'll see if I'm "lying" when I'm **dead**.