But at any rate, you have nothing to worry about anymore. You can keep your petty friendships with the fags who get their jollies dressing up and the douchebags who take MySpace pictures in the bathroom mirror, and you can keep your all-important, ever-constructive relationship with . Continue dissipating what's left of your youth fucking everything with a cock and a pretty face without any need to hide it, acting like a fucking child at drinking at the bars, watching television, dicking around on Tumblr. That's the life you wanted, and you can have it. No need to be stressed about what you say in front of me or otherwise acting like a real girlfriend.

That, I suppose, is what hurts the most, that I believed in you like no other, that I saw a promise and a greatness in you that you absolutely refused to embrace for fear of losing what you had always known, what was familiar. I tried so hard to meet you halfway, to live some semblance of a "normal" life with you. I waited five months even to tell you my real name, and even then I didn't tell you how I came to have it. I never insisted on teaching you occultism because I was trying to be understanding of all the "stress" you were under. And I can't count the hours of television I watched. I changed my life for you, regardless of you having to ask me to do so. And you refused even to grow up, let alone become what you could be.

So keep your life, keep your friends, keep every superfluity & triviality. I have not read your Tumblr since that morning I responded, and I never will again. If you want to say something to me, you can write me like an adult and stop posting passive-aggressive bullshit on the internet like you're in fucking high school. [She has blocked me on Facebook, so I can't tag her here.] You didn't even have the courtesy to give me a real apology, instead trying to put the blame on me for having gone through your phone and discovered your disloyalty. So whenever you get around to admitting to yourself what you've done to me, I would appreciate a real apology, as opposed to a self-justifying, blame-shifting rant for all your blog followers to fawn over.

Speaking of which, I apologize for threatening to have someone delete our messages and retrieve my things. I would never hurt you, even after all you've done. And I will still spend years beating myself up over all this. And I will still be up all night wishing you were sleeping next to me. I know you changed when you told me you wanted to work things out, and I know you were trying your hardest to make things work. I could see the way you treated me and the way you looked at me, and I know things had changed. And I know we were supposed to be starting over, and that's why I feel so goddamn guilty and feel that I owe you an explanation. I really don't expect a response, and if you're going to try to lie to me or blame me for what you've done, I don't want one. In any event, I wish you the best of luck, too.

Fuck you, Kill yourself, you worthless piece of shit.