

Fuck you. Fuck you all. I don't want to be here. I don't want to see you. I hate you. Fuck you all. It's raining and you're wet. It didn't rain out there. I was accepted, it didn't rain and I liked them. Fuck you all. You're all trying to get me to do shit. I don't want to. I want to leave and no I don't need help. Drink a beer, get two or three or drunk. I won't. Won't help. So you love me: fine. I don't, neither you nor I nor... Fuck you all. Yes it was nice out there. Yes everybody was new and clean and I didn't know their names. I was nothing but a prospective friend. I had no nickname, no rep, no dialogue filled with inside-moronic-running-forever-jokes. They liked me. I liked me and you're all gone. Leave. No. I'll leave.

-- Randall Hufbauer --