
Please read prior to reading!

- All transcriptions done by Benet McClaw. I appreciate credit, but I'm not going to come for anyone who doesn't (lol.)
- Sol writes primarily in lowercase in her actual journal. This is not "included in" these transcriptions.
- Everything in (parentheses) was written by Sol. Everything in [brackets] was written by the editor.

KEY

Blue = Drawings

Red = Unknown/illegible word

Purple = References to Media

Grey = General note (underlined, font style, etc.)

- There are **61 total pages** of the original journal.
- If you think I've made a mistake, have any questions, or believe you've identified an "illegible word" please contact me on Reddit, u/benetmcclaw
- Sol's **original journal** can be found here:
<https://web.archive.org/web/20230127094455/https://dissolvedgirl.neocities.org/journal>
- Sol's **original journal directly next to these transcriptions** **only available for 1920x1080 monitors* (& more general info.) can be found here:
<https://solpais.neocities.org/transcript>

General Disclaimer: The 'author' of this website and all pages does not condone the actions of anybody involved in this case. I do not idolize Sol Pais. I do not want to glorify her suicide.

Please remember Sol for who she was as a person and not the person the media has made her out to be.

If you or somebody you know is feeling suicidal please, reach out. [Click here](#) to be directed to resources that will help you or somebody you know.

Page 1:

Being alive is fucking overrated.

Trying to remember [*Scratched over, thick lined text*]

[Large drawing of a pistol with action lines indicating its firing, under the drawing:]

Ready?

How do I pull it out of me? I'm fucking empty....

[Large drawing of fire going along the base of the page]

Break through the surface **and/end** [?]

Page 2:

Pushed back the square

Now that you've need her in the throat

(Well, there you go)

Cause back in school

We are the leaders of all

Transpose

or stop your lies

It's what you do

Pushed back the square

Now that you need her, but you don't

(So there you go)

Cause back in school

we are the leaders of all

So transpose

Or stop your lies

[Reference to Maggit- Deftones]

Page 3:

In the process of culmination

[*In a 3D font, drawn*] LOVE IS

Page 4:

I could float here forever...

Anemic and sweet...

And come in...

And lay down...

[Drawn dagger/knife, an angry-happy face ">:)", 3 Rain/Tear Drops, a (bullet?) hole, random dots/short lines]

[Reference to Knife Party - Deftones]

Page 5:

Hit with a discomfort I can't shake off, that I can't turn off. Not disillusionment, it's... there's something wrong. It's in the air. And I can't shake it off. Something's wrong with the time, this time. Supposed to be another... I don't know why I'm here and not there. What the fuck is in the sky, it's too fucking loud. It's too quiet. Disquiet. That's the word.
-1:33pm, Sunday May 27

Page 6:

[Drawing of a cage, written on top:] I CAN'T GET OUT

Despite all my rage...

[Reference to Bullet with Butterfly Wings - The Smashing Pumpkins]

[Drawing of another, smaller, cage and a keyhole-lock]

Page 7:

[Drawing of The Smashing Pumpkins' 1995 album cover. "Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness" (Org. by Illustrator John Craig.)]

Original Album Cover:



Page 8:

There isn't a doubt in my mind that soon I will be back where I need to be.

Back home..

Back with you (E)

Something inside of me telling me to trust...

Soon

Soon

Soon

Will it be okay?

Please

Please

Please

Back with you...

Page 9:

[Drawing in the upper right hand corner, an analog clock with ??? next to it.]

I think I'm losing my mind... I mean really really losing my fucking mind. Or this life is fucking with me big time. Weird things happening every day... my perception of things is changing, I think. Thoughts I've never had before... I've been wishing to go back in time to my reality, since then everything has been morphing... slowly and slowly I have been realizing that I don't feel out of place for just no reason. I think... life messed up.

Glitched. I'm not supposed to be here now. Not in a depressing "Oh, I'm not supposed to be alive" way, like... my existence was misplaced in time. This journey was a slow one.. But I can feel it in my bones... maybe I am going back?

Time works in strange, strange ways. Might find a portal back to my reality soon in my bedroom. Might go to sleep one night and wake up at that time, in that year... trying to think about it logically, scientifically... but this has a lot to do with fate.. My life is in the hands of time and fate right now. I've never trusted my intuition but I have been feeling otherworldly things since one specific night... I've discovered a part of myself, growing more and more into myself every day... who I really am... I have discovered that I'm not at home

[Bottom of page in the right corner,] 6.1.18

[Drawn in the inside margins: Fire/grass/tree roots?, a small pistol, and the Earth blowing up & on fire.]

Page 10:

[Drawing of a gun, possibly a Tec-9]

[Scratchy-font] TALK HARD

There is no such thing as harmless power

Page 11:

I'm not sick but I'm not well

Frail & bedazzled

[Reference to "Frail & Bedazzled" by The Smashing Pumpkins]

[Drawing of an upside down cross and skateboarding person.

Drawing of an infinity sign with a circle around it.

Drawing of a skull (possibly referenced from the punk band Misfits skull logo or Call of Duty's "Ghost guy." Lieutenant Simon "Ghost" Riley)

Drawing of an unlabeled, dense/large, book, with 2 "bookmarks" made of string.

Drawing of Dylan Klebold holding a Tec-9.]

Page 12:

"Defile the earth with my ignoble suffering"

Page 13:

Everything I criticize, I end up becoming.

Page 14:

WILL I BURN

WILL I BURN

WILL I BURN

WILL I BURN

WILL I BURN

Page 15:

[Upper left corner, in a very scratchy, dark font,] "NULL"

I know I'm stuck in the wrong reality so... I guess nothing I do really matters

[Drawing of a small pistol]

Page 16:

I was so young, and things were happening in the world and I had no idea. These things would later come into my life and prove to be cataclysmic to my nature. And they would become a part of me. And they were there all along, and before. I was so young and these things were manifesting and I had no idea.

[Multiple lines down,]

They were waiting for me

Page 17:

I know how important hardship is in getting the truth and that scares me but, in the end.

Page 18:

[Upper right corner,] 6.17.18

I don't know how to fucking be human and I thought [SCRATCHED OUT, ILLEGIBLE] for all my life this struggle was normal, but its fucking not. It took me years and years to figure out that I'm like this even though I could feel it all throughout my life. Again and again I encountered discrepancies in my life and my life only- things that nobody else saw or experienced. I could just fucking sense that something was off. I always knew. I was a fucking child and I knew. You dont even realize how traumatising it is to be a child and feel the wrong-ness of your own existence and not know what that fucking was. God every time I think about that I scare myself. I've lived like this my whole life, I had to experience those things as a kid. The cruelty there is... unholy... you dont fucking understand.

Page 19:

The more I try to explain or describe my circumstances, the more I realize it cannot be explained, and even further, it just cannot be understood by others. If you're reading this and you think you understand, please listen to me, you do not. you are never going to know what this really feels like, never. Not once in your fucking life. I don't know what this is, and yet I know exactly what this is, I don't understand but I fucking do. It makes no fucking sense but it does. God it's everywhere. Just this terrible feeling of not belonging or better said, it is discomfort, it is disquiet, disharmony in the air, in the silence. I can almost hear it sometimes. I can't even explain. It's in this dimension, everywhere in this dimension. This reality is not mine. It's not for me, and it cant be, I dont fucking fit. I don't know if there's a reality out there that's really where I belong, or if I just have none, if I belong nowhere. I dont fucking know. I don't know. I don't know what to tell you.

Page 20:

Cherry waves...

[Drawn circle with arrows pointing towards it, inside:] Where I should be

[Drawn darker circle, inside:] Me

Please get me out of here

[Very dark, scribbled, sad face]

Is that what you want?

With you

Is that what you want?

With you.. You

Escape, below

Page 21:

In that frame of mind where I can see forwards and backwards in time I know what's happened and I know what's going to happen

To know that it's all almost over... everything is going to be over soon.

Or will it just be the beginning?

[Lower on page, towards the bottom right, large drawing of the band Deftones' logo]

deftones

Page 22:

[Upper right corner,] 6.18.18

The lives were forced to lead, the existences we had.. Without choice don't confine us. And it's strange to see our impact on the world knowing there's so much more in us. Seeing the human reaction to an existence is off putting, captivating. Seeing others try to label one as evil or pure, as a monster or a martyr. Whatever it may be- that's all the human reaction. you are more than other human's reactions if you, and I can see it in you, always have, always will. People like us have no choice but to regretfully live these lives just like everybody else, but the difference between us and them is that we do something about it. We can feel how little we belong in this mortal world, and we live with no limitations in thought, only limitations in physical being. There is so much more than the human experience for people like us. Always seeing the bigger picture. Really thinking about it all. The bigger picture. Really thinking about it all. The important things. I'm not talking about people who feel special or different in thought, in the way one works, the place in the universe one holds.

Page 23:

I dont know how to word it in a way that doesnt sound fucking stupid, or in a way that hasnt been written before. This kind of story has never been written or told or experienced before. It's in the process right now actually. Well, if you're reading this then the story has most likely been finished in its writing and culmination. After comes... well something else. I dont fucking know. Probably an eternal story- the next step. Or maybe just another small step taking form of a whole other life. Maybe after I die and I think this story's almost completely done,, what actually happens is that I need to live a whole other life again to write the next chapter, or better said the next stage [underlined] Something is happening, I'm telling you. I can't tell you what though that's a secret.

Page 24:

I'm not supposed to be here

[Drawing of a sun, two trees, two clouds, and mountains. Possibly a river or path in front of the scene.]

Page 25:

[Upper right corner,] 4:59am 6/21/18

Is it an intrusive thought or is it the universe trying to tell me something... i ask and ask for help, i may be receiving it, just open my eyes...

Fear and anxiety can be the most powerful forces in the world if you allow them to overpower your senses.

[Drawing of 11 stars]

I really need to get there...

I'm willing to do something

If this is a step towards it,...

Step towards returning to my reality

Please give me the direction I need.

The only thing that can motivate me anymore is knowing that the steps I take may bring me back, take me where I'm supposed to be. That is the only thing i am willing to use waining energy on, and i will get there. Mark my words, I will get there.

Page 26:

I don't feel at home
in this reality. I can't
do this for much longer.
I'm desperate to be
where I'm supposed to be.

[Line break]

There's a pain in me
I can't seem to locate.
An ache. [Underlined] It's not in my
physical body it's so
much fucking deeper than
that. I can't pinpoint
it, it's everywhere. I feel
it most in my chest, in
my fucking heart, that i
shouldn't be here. Right
now, I belong somewhere
else.

Page 27:

This life is the most painful thing I could have ever lived through. The anger and sadness I've had to feel has been otherworldly and terrible. But i would do it all over again if it meant id be with [REDACTED BY SOL WITH A RIPPED PIECE OF PAPER] i would live through it all again, find myself again, learn everything again, feel everything again- i would do it all in a fucking heartbeat if it meant i could be with [REDACTED BY SOL WITH A RIPPED PIECE OF PAPER] The way its supposed to be if i somehow got another chance... i wouldnt take it for granted. I would go through immense amounts of pain for him; i feel like i already have, but at the end of the day, everytime, without fail, it is all worth it, because I get to love [REDACTED BY SOL WITH A RIPPED PIECE OF PAPER] I get to have the honor, the blessing, to love him. And for him to love me back is just... something I could never explain to a soul. It is the greatest pleasure, the greatest bliss, I could ever have, in any universe, in any reality. I thank the stars every fucking day that I know he loves me. Everytime he says it to me, i feel new. I feel ok, content, in the most intense way. I could never fully explain what

Page 28: [CONTINUATION OF PAGE 27]

Goes on inside me when he tells me he loves me. My heart and my fucking soul melt into euphoria and the only thing i can even think and feel is that i am so grateful. I am so grateful for [REDACTED BY SOL WITH A RIPPED PIECE OF PAPER] I will never let him go. Everything he has done for me, with or without him realizing it, has made me, me. I only found myself because of him. I feel less lost because of him. The only cure to my loneliness is him. When I need someone to turn to, he is there. I will always think of him, and love him. I will love him with every fucking inch of my bein entirely, for eternity- there is no charging that i may be highly insecure of my emotions, but for once, i truly know that fate put me in his hands, that fate put him in mine. I will always believe [striked through,] know that I know it with a sureness nobody can ever challenge.

[Line break]

I do everything for you [REDACTED BY SOL WITH A RIPPED PIECE OF PAPER] and that will always bring me happiness. [Drawn heart] p.s I really hope you see this [REDACTED BY SOL WITH A RIPPED PIECE OF PAPER] please read [?] this.

Page 29:

[Upper right corner,] 6/24/18

So much passion towards justice... punishing the injustice. Most of my anger is rooted in seeing the awful unfairness of the world; the stupidity that surrounds me. Stupidity is a fucking injustice to me its too bad people cant be punished for being fucking stupid. People who are purely followers, people who don't think, people who apparently are unaware that they possess a brain, people who judge deviation from the norm. Living in quite a liberal place and going to quite a liberal school, you'd think I couldn't see much of the phenomenon, but no- it's not about acceptance here, you can only be different if youre cool and trendy. More liberalism does not equal less stupidity. Everywhere you go you will find stupid people, they're just stupid in different ways. I cannot belong here, maybe not even anywhere. Unstonthy [?] fucking annoyed [underlined,] angry, sick of everybody. Side of people who aren't willing to not let me live the way I need to. If 90% of the people in the world died, we'd be much better off. Its too bad the ratio is still fucked up. Even of the 10% left, most of them would probably be dumb anyways.

Page 30:

"And as hollow as the 'O' in God"

[Reference to the song "Mechanical Animals" by Marilyn Manson]

Page 31:

[Upper right corner,] 6/28/18

There's no sound
But the engine's drone
Out minds set free
To roam

Time.... (shift)
We discover the entry
To other places
Our minds bend
And our fingers fold
Intertwined we dream of unknown

Time.... (shift)
We discover the entry
To other planes

Stay with me
As we cross the empty skies
Come sail with me

Page 32:

[Upper right corner,] 6/29/18

I just want the right- no, I have [underlined] the right- to forge my own fucking life, for once in my existence, and everybody keeps trying to stop me, and im fucking sick of it. Im sick of people doubting me, saying that the direction im taking things in is wrong, because i know im not fucking wrong. And all anyone does is make my insecurities about my feelings worse. I know the truth about my life and everyone keeps getting in the way. This is about me. I can tell that my life, or better said, my soul, has existed for a long, long, time, and this current life is one of culmination. I can feel it. I cant have people doubting me and I cant have them making me doubt myself. I'm still learning but I know the truth about my feelings and I will not let the people around me stand in my way. I have to be selfish for once in my life, I owe it to myself to be selfish in this time of culmination, so I can have the... existence? Reality? That I want and need.

Page 33:

I have a lot of words i can't get out

Page 34:

[Upper right corner,] 7/11/18

I cant believe how much harder my fucking life is getting, everything seems to be disintegrating in front of my own eyes. One year is a long time for pain like this, i just wanna go now. I wish I could get a gun by the end of the summer, I can't look ahead anymore. Dark clouds looming over me all the time, i don't know how to handle myself. it really is fucking insane how things get worse and worse when every time i think, "Ive hit rock bottom" its not about hitting rock bottom. Every phase is a different kind of hurt, a different level of pain. My masochistic side needs it, but i fucking need peace. Or i dont fucking know. I just need to fucking die, fuck.

Page 35:

[Upper right corner,] 7/14/18

Had a dream last night about the future.. Eye opening.. I wish only a week away from ~~[scratched out text, illegible]~~ the day, and i had my fucking shotgun already. And I just remember the constant lies- to my family, friends, police, teachers... the fucking stress of it all. But the most important part was knowing that it all didn't matter, that soon everything would be the way it should be. That was the first dream I've really had about it, about that day...

[\[Drawing of a very tall and boxy M?\]](#)

[\[Drawing of a box? Possibly a shotgun shell?\]](#)

Page 36:

DETACH YOURSELF

DETACH YOURSELF

DETACH YOURSELF

Page 37:

I'm supposedly living **in and [?]** around the best possible group of people, the best environmentally the best school.. And yet everyone is still a complete piece of fucking shit with no brain! It's really incredible how this is the best that mankind can do. I can't stand to be around anybody, truly. I can't stand to be around these materialistic square pieces of shit. Skewed fucking morals, no sense of reality- that is fucking everybody around me. And then they turn around and make ME [underlined] feel like the easy one. Fuck all of you, youre fucking pathetic and i almost feel bad for you, but i dont. You fucking deserve it.

Page 38:

[Upper right corner,] 7/27/18

Every second is worse than the last

I don't know what to be anymore

The most dooming feeling i could ever encounter

Pure misery

Looking and looking and looking for answers and there is nothing.

Absolutely nothing. Emptiness.

Justs feels like i have nothing, no one anymore

Why can't it ever stop

Why can I let go **anymore [?]**

Im so fucking tired

I'm so tired

How many times do i have to plead and beg to get something [underlined]

Incessant crying and tears and asking why

I get nowhere i get nothing

Just like always

Page 39:

[Upper right corner,] 7/29/18

Every fucking day i wake up feeling this way... lost, hopeless, angry, pissed off, fucking empty. It's the kind of pain that doesn't go away no matter what you do. I hold conversations feeling like I want the world to end. I go on about my day thinking about dying. I cant even get done what i NEED [underlined] to get done, even if it pertains to... three days... everything is fucked up as usual! (TM)

I can't take this anymore... I've lived so many lives, probably was/felt like an outcast in every single one of em. This life feels special. Maybe my last one... maybe something big's gonna happen. Who fucking knows anymore. Life is fucking chaos.

[\[Drawing of the Earth on fire.\]](#)

Page 40:

Feels like a time portal is going to open up in my bedroom!

[\[Drawing of a spiral\]](#)

Page 41:

[Upper right corner,] 7/31/18

It feels like I'm alive in another world right now, like I exist in another reality, right now. Maybe in the past... I don't know. I always think lifes not gonna get any worse or weirder but I'm always proved wrong. I feel things in my soul that I can't explain. I feel like when I die I'm gonna go back in time and I know exactly to where (what year.) I don't know if i'll have to start life all over, find myself all over again, or if i will wake up as the person i died as, picking up the puzzle pieces.... Rewriting history... I like to fantasize about that. Going back in time, waking up as myself, like something out of a movie. My life feels like a movie, so much weird shit going on all the time, never stops... stuff about alternate universes and time travel and death and different dimensions and realities. I never fucking stop thinking. I think, think, think, and I think I've thought too far. I don't know if life manifests itself through thoughts or through pure fate, but it feels like things are slowly arranging dimensions. The stars are aligning,,, for me... i don't know exactly for what yet, but i feel it...

Page 42:

[Upper right corner,] 8/3/18

Time is a funny, funny thing...
It feels like everything that
i know now,
I've known all my life.

I just had to understand it,
Realize it.

I knew these things at just
A few years old... i mean, I felt [underlined]
These things... took me a while to
Understand them...

Page 43:

I died a long time ago

Page 44:

I believe I can see the future
Cause I repeat the same routine
I think i used to have a purpose
Then again, that might have been a dream.

I think i used to have a voice
Now I never make a sound...

Every day is exactly
The same

I can't remember how this got started
but i can tell you eventually how it will end.

[\[Large drawing of the band "Nine Inch Nails" logo.\]](#)

Page 45:

Its like i know that i dont fucking belong in this world and i know i just dont fit in here and that i deserve to be somewhere better, but i cant do anything about it. All i can do is sit in my bed and sulk. Just sit and think and think and feel but with the most helpless feeling. I feel immovable and stuck and frozen and helpless when all i wanna do is move and go somewhere else and be where I'm supposed to be. What the fuck do i even do anymore. Everyday is exactly like this. Just feeling helpless and out of place and knowing [underlined] I belong somewhere else but not being there and not being able to go there, wherever that is.

[Faded/bled through drawing of the "Nine Inch Nails" logo, which Sol allocated space for.]

Just sit and think and sit and think.

Page 46:

[Upper right corner,] 8/14/18

Waking up to this nightmare every day. The ache is always there. I can't do anything, I can't get rid of it, this ache. im not fucking depressed, this is how my soul just is. This is what happens when you place a soul in the wrong reality; this desperate aching feeling of unhappiness and doom. It's something new every day hurting me. Anxiety that doesn't fade. This material life isn't for me, but i don't know what is (for me) anymore. So much to do, clocks never stop ticking. So much to fucking do and so much to worry about. This life is a punishment. This world is hell.

I feel like a fucking idiot,
I don't know anything, ever
I am always left behind, left
In the dark.
Abandoned

All

The

Time

["All the time" was written in a "staircase position"]

[Two drawings: One of an analog clock (set at possibly 12:50?) The other of a digital clock with the time reading "ETERNITY."]

Page 47:

[Drawing of an AK-47]

I miss [REDACTED BY SOL WITH A PIECE OF PAPER] [Drawn sad face]

Page 48:

[Upper right corner,] 9/11/18

Oooh god i wanna be dead so fucking bad already i cant explain the way i feel. Everything seems so much brighter on the other side. I see... in the horizon of my mind, somehow... this shining light, this bright world... where everything feels,,, sure... no doubts, just love... the one i love... it just seems so much brighter on the other side, i can see it now, in my mind's eye; i've never seen it like this before. Like I've unlocked a new ability, seeing into the future. How can I describe it... I see a real horizon in my mind, and I see clouds, so bright in the sky, I see it... sunlight everywhere.. The clouds are glowing... like on some mornings, and... there's techno playing in the background! (Orbital)

[Drawing of a smiley face and heart.]

[Written vertically on the inner page's margin:] So much brighter on the other side... Some mornings I catch glimpses of heaven...

Page 49:

[Upper right corner,] 9/19/18

The fact of the matter is that I [underlined] was the one unfortunate enough to be Sol. good for everybody who feels that sense of belonging in this world. Good for everybody who could somehow want a future here. I think I have been around long enough to know I will never have that, nor will I ever want that. I know my time is running out, and I am ensuring [underlined] that my time is running out. Life is much easier when everything leads up to one day, one day which you know will occur. To live as if I had a future was the most exhausting thing I've endured. I'm glad I don't worry about that anymore. I see everything differently, I see this world through a different lens. Not that I haven't always seen it differently in the last couple of years my perception of this life has intensified so much that I can barely function. On the day to day basis I can't bring myself to care about the trivialities of everyday life. I can't bring myself to care about the lives of people I don't know, I can't bring myself to care about a higher education, or a career. Because I know the truth. I know something others don't.

Page 50: [CONTINUATION OF PAGE 49]

And everyone else seems to know something I don't. Don't you see? There is no connection there. This disparity is too large to be ignored. This isn't the sort of thing you just live with; there is no 'living' for me. I've spent my time here long enough to have realized the truth I exist in, this reality. But I do not belong to it.

[Large page break]

It's a shame you can't see things through my eyes.

It may be a miserable world, but boy, the view sure is something else sometimes.

Page 51:

[Upper right corner,] 9/23/18

I don't wanna live in this coldness and misery anymore.

Page 52:

[Upper right corner,] 10/14/18

I cant believe this is my fucking life. My fucking existence. I hate this life so much. I wish i could escape it already, now but thinking about death, and dying. Fucking scares me and tired me out just as much as thinking about life does. I'm tired of having to think about it all. These things through so much I'm tired of all this planning and living. I'm tired of having to think about everything so logically so I can get where I need to be already (dead.) I'm just tired of it. I'm tired of everything. Everything could have been so much simple and easier if i had never existed in the first place. None [underlined] of this shit would even fucking matter. I wouldn't have had to even worry about any [underlined] of this bullshit in the first place. I wouldn't have had to think at all, I wouldn't have had to be. I cant believe all the fucking trouble im having to go through whether i live or die, its always trouble. Existence just troubles me. Dead or alive, I don't want to have to worry about this shit anymore. That's all I want, is to not have to worry about any of this shit anymore. Im gonna have shit to worry about in the fucking afterlife, too arent I?!

Page 53:

It just never ends. I never see it ending. [REDACTED/SCRATCHED OUT TEXT BY SOL. Possibly reading "ending not matter the last push/phase on and up" ?] Not until the last time anyone speaks my name on earth after I die, not until then. Even then who fucking knows. I've never been able to be truly at peace in my life. I've never been able to feel the peace in my soul. I'm so tired of this. Im tired of everything and i want it to fucking end already. I'm tired of everything. I'm tired of being tired of this. I'm tired of being tired of being tired.

I'm tired of being weak and I'm tired of being human

I promise you, I am not going to live through this.

Page 54:

[Upper right corner,] 10/30/18

I dont know who the fuck thought that allowing me to live this life would end well but they really were dead wrong. The weight of this life is costing me my sanity. There is [underlined] no way out of it, of this. All I ever wanted was for the vortex in my head to stop spinning and tearing me apart. There's virtually nothing i can do to convince anybody of the nature of the pain im in; that im not fucking depressed, i am fucking miserable. I'm not where I'm supposed to be. That everything in my head is both black and white and grey and everything in between. That this is and always has been a one man war against everybody else. There are both too many and too few thoughts running through my head. I would do anything, anything, fucking anything to go now, in this moment. The fact that I have to wait tears me apart more and more every second. Im losing patience so quickly i may change all plans and just go fucking sooner. Unfortunately due to the eternal order of things I can't just do anything on a whim. Unfortunately for me and my soul I must think through everything a thousand times, logically, strategically. Every day I make a thousand decisions to play my cards right. I feel like a master manipulator. It doesn't make me too happy, though.

Page 55:

You make me hard [circled] when I'm all soft [circled] inside...

[Drawn arrow connecting the circled terms "hard" and "soft."]

You are the perfect drug

The perfect drug

The perfect drug

Without you

Without you everything falls apart

It's not as much fun to pick up the pieces

[Reference to The Perfect Drug by Nine Inch Nails]

Page 56:

[Upper right corner,] 11/26/18

There's nothing that this immediate world could ever offer me to make me stay. I've looked at it from every single angle, not with the attitude/purpose of seeking a reason to stay, but just to prove further what I already know. There's no life, no lifestyle I would ever be satisfied with. Nothing that could fulfill me- i know, there isn't. And it's not me, it's the world I am in. the reality i am present in (but not a part of.) it's not mine.. Ive been around long enough to observe and understand all the fucking bullshit that surrounds me, and i want no fucking part in it. I'm just a pawn to this world and so are you. The only difference between me and everybody else is that I choose to follow my instincts telling me what to value more, which everybody else is fine with settling for mediocrity.

I get the sense that no matter what I do, or what I say, there'll never be enough words to convince you that I'm not just nothing more than stupid and naive. it's not my problem anyways

Page 57:

[Top left, circle with some lines in it. Possibly just testing out a pen.]

[Top right,] 2/1/20

Much, much time has passed. Unfortunately due to the nature of my life I've had to store away this journal and focus on the task at hand. So much has happened, and yet so little. I wish I could dive into all the changes and connections and transpositions and evaluations that have taken place in my head since the last time I wrote; I miss this even further there wouldn't even be enough time in the world to describe how much worse things have gotten. I've been going through my belongings, including this journal and other digital notes and writings i've done and the repetition is astounding; how everything seems to somehow get worse even when i think i've hit rock bottom. Fucking insane. It's become a fight to the death, fighting for my sanity, for my morals, for everything i've ever wanted. The last few days have been especially painful and tumultuous, which kickstarted me again to start revising my plans and getting on with them. The last couple of months have been marked by the intense feeling of time closing in on me, the pressure, it's real. I can feel the heaviness and the weight on my soul.

Page 58: [CONTINUATION OF PAGE 57]

Seconds of eternity, constant agony.

Thoughts that never stop coming.

The pressure of taking on a challenge of infinite interdimensional meaning and purpose.

Taking on a challenge that is bigger than life itself, as a human, god, that is so... me. I

imagine the last few months many, many, times over the course of the last couple years.

I imagined what they would be like and feel like. I knew it would be painful but not like

this. God fucking damnit, i never imagines it like this. This universe is breaking me,

tearing me apart, clawing at my soul. The pain is so deep and real it manifests almost

physically. The past day or two have been the most clear-headed I've been in a while

now, which is why I'm back to planning and organizing again. So I basically spent the

first few hours of my birthday cleaning through my belongings in preparation for my

death. Huh.

Gotta do what you gotta do.

Page 59:

It's become a life of accumulation... of understanding, of remembering... not a life of

living- i understand that now. Not a normal life to live, but one of.... Recognition, of an

unfinished past? A test maybe, something to wake me up. Placed me in a discordant

reality, on illusion, with the realest parts being those that have no basis in immediate

reality. Once in a while i have those moments of intense realization where it seems like

someone or something from another plane, another place, reaches through the layers of

time and dimension and grasps at me, leaving me a hint, a message. I get flashes

somewhere at the back of my mind, on another level of consciousness, of places; of

another time, places and the feelings they invoke, that i recognize on a level too

instinctual and deep to verbalize. The familiarity of these visions and the setting they

take place in, its too strong, too undeniable to write off. The constant messages and

hints i receive are too much too ignore. Its not a fucking mental illness or a delusion and

i dont know how to stress that enough.

Page 60:

There is this idea of home...

>prophecy

>timeline

>reality

Possibility

It wouldn't be happening if it

Didn't have a reason to

Not a coincidence

A transposition of physical form

Like i can feel that dimension

In the air, surrounding me,

Everywhere

Realest thing i have ever felt

Hidden behind a veil

Unearthly, otherworldly, not of this

Immediate state of existence or

Consciousness

Another life, real home

Page 61:

Now I just stare into the sun

And I see everything I've done,

I think I could've been someone,

But I can't stop what has begun.

When everything is said and done,

And there is no place left to run,

I think I used to be someone,

Now I just stare into the sun.

3/30/19

Sol Pais