

Gia-

Everything. And I own it all. It's all mine. My choices. I learned that long ago. I'm responsible for everything. The joy and the pain. "Responsible." My agent once said I didn't know the meaning of the word... But they're the kind of motherfuckers who wake up the morning after a one night stand and just 'cause they didn't cum, they accuse the other guy of rape. Or they do a photo shoot, and when they look at the pictures, they see there's no soul in their eyes. So they blame the photographer. Did you know that after a person dies, their body weighs a little bit less? Just a few grams. But the point is that something was there when the body was alive. Now, after death, it's gone away. Not to Heaven or Hell, 'cause we've got them on Earth. But to some other place. And that makes me glad. Not only because it kind of proves we've got a soul, and that's nice, 'cause I'm dying. But because that kind of stuff makes the idiots worry. It ticks them off. They don't understand shit.