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- Two things

- 1) dying in a horrible, torturous, and bloody way
- 2) not finding my lane in life

I am not necessarily seeking the ~~the~~ white picket fence, kids, and first name basis with the postman. That is a fabricated dream of my parents' generation. However, I do want to find a sensible routine though. A steady job, a stable home, maybe a hobby or two. I don't need to know my postman. I don't want to wind down my life and know that I never figured some of it out. Not all, just some.

I'm not sure McCloudless would even have settled for a secure and stable position in life. It's obvious at the end of his life that he didn't want to continue it alone. However, that doesn't mean he wanted to go back to the same kind of mundane existence his parents had imagined for him.