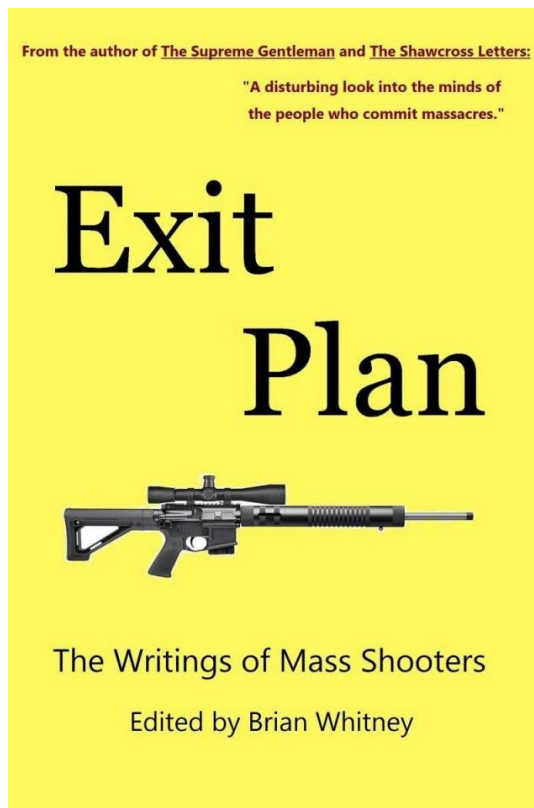


Exit Plan

The Writings of Mass Shooters

Edited by Brian Whitney



Dec 5, 2020

Contents

[Title Page]	4
Introduction	4
Adam Lanza	5
Elliot Rodger	6
Luke Woodham	8
Charles Whitman	9
Myron May	10
Anders Breivik	16
Dylann Roof	17
Seung Cho	18
Randy Stair	24
Michael Slobodian	29
John Hinckley	30
Evan Ramsey	31
William Atchison	32
Jiverly Wong	33
Gang Lu	34
Marc Lepine	37
George Sodini	38
TJ Lane	45
Kip Kinkel	46
Dylan Klebold	47
Christopher Harper Mercer	49
Kimveer Gill	53
Robert Flores	54
Valery Fabrikant	62
Wellington de Oliveira	64
Eric Harris	65
Kyle Huff	77
Anthony Barbaro	77
Sebastian Bosse	78
James Holmes	81
Pekka-Eric Auvinen	85
Richard Farley	89
Bryan Oliver	90

Mark Barton	99
Jared Loughner	100
Ian David Long	101
About the Author	101

[Title Page]

Exit Plan

The Writings of Mass Shooters

Edited by Brian Whitney

Smashwords Edition

© 2020 Brian Whitney

All rights reserved

brianwhitneyauthor.com

Introduction

Mass shooters usually want to get even.

The media and the society at large would like you to believe that mass shooters are evil. As is often the case with mainstream thinking, the reality is quite a bit more complicated, and less appealing. The motivation for a mass killing is usually revenge.

It could be that serial killers are simply evil. Your typical serial killer is a psychopath, who tries to appear outwardly normal, often with a great deal of success. Serial killers usually have an itch they're trying to scratch, some sort of dark desire, usually sexual, they need to fill.

Mass shooters are different. Far from appearing normal, they are often loners and outcasts. Many were bullied as children and teenagers; school shooters in particular fit this bill. Almost every mass shooter has two very distinct characteristics. They are miserable and depressed enough to be willing to die, and angry or paranoid enough that they blame others for their suffering, which for them has become unbearable.

This book is a collection of writings by mass shooters. It includes diaries, blog entries, excuses, suicide notes, shorts stories, screeds, explanations, and even a play.

Most mass shooters plot for days, months, even years before they lash out against the world that they feel has hurt them so. In their warped minds, they have been wronged and the only way to fix it is through a cataclysm of violence. With this one incredibly violent act towards others, and often themselves, they will fix the years of injustices they have endured in silence.

There are other types of mass shooters as well. Some are terrorists. Some are motivated by fame, the desire to impress, to get attention. Others do it simply for the thrill.

It's hard to know for sure what the motivation was in every case. In large part, this is because many wind up dead, some without leaving a message behind.

Not so with the mass shooters in this book. Through their writings we get a glimpse of their thoughts about the world, about what they did, and why they did it.

It's okay to be curious as to why these people killed, to want to get into their minds. It doesn't make you a bad person to want to read the preoccupations, bizarre logic and viewpoints of mass shooters.

It does none of us any good to ignore minds like these. Disregarding the actions and motivations of these people does not make them go away.

The writings in this book have not been edited, except for two reasons. One was to redact the names or personal information of certain individuals to protect their privacy, and the other, in the cases of Robert Flores and Valery Fabrikant, was for length.

Adam Lanza

On December 14, 2012, Adam Lanza killed his mother by shooting her four times in the head as she slept in her bed. He then drove to Sandy Hook Elementary School in Newtown, Connecticut, where he shot and killed 20 first-graders and six educators. Most of the killings occurred in two of the school's first-grade classrooms; 14 students were murdered in one classroom, and six in another. Most of his victims were 6 or 7 years old.

Along with the Columbine killers, Lanza is arguably the most infamous school shooter in the world. He struggled with mental illness from an early age. He was obsessed with violence and had become increasingly isolated before the murders. Some experts feel he had undiagnosed schizophrenia. He committed suicide by shooting himself in the head when police arrived at the scene of his massacre.

The following is a short story written by Lanza.

I am writing this more for my own comfort than for anything - I do not want to feel the loneliness I do. Though it is ironic that I feel this loneliness when surrounded by people. People may not be an accurate description of these creatures, however. It is creatures such as these that have driven me from my former life as a vagabond and into this abandoned shack which is now my sanctuary. They cannot enter, it appears, though I have not ascertained the reason. They indubitably know that I am inside, though. If I survive the night, I should be safe for the next day. This infernal noise they emanate will have subsided and they will have fled - they work in the darkness when we are most susceptible. Curse this mindless noise. It is all around this shack. If they enter, I am not sure what I would do. I immediately closed the latch on the door and fled upstairs and could not look around below, mostly owing to my lack of any source of light. It is a miracle I stumbled across this sanctuary. Upon stumbling up the stairs, I entered this room at the top of the steps. I fumbled around and found this functioning lantern which gives me this hope and simultaneously perhaps will be

my downfall because the creatures know exactly where I am. Perhaps I could use this lamp against them if they manage to enter, but I do not believe they fear light in the way some may assume. I pray that I live to tomorrow - I may then have a chance. I am not sure what I will do first if I survive until tomorrow - I am not sure of anything. I am only writing this to comfort myself in this situation, not as a record of my activities but as a record of my emotions. Although I should think of the possible future. For now, I pray that they do not enter.

I managed to survive last night and now am writing on the following night. Last night, as dawn approached, the crawling gradually receded and I decided it would be appropriate (that is not the word I wanted) to sleep and regain my energy. What was I thinking? I am now here awake at night when I could have utilized that time while the sun was shining to strengthen my defenses. Upon awakening, I decided that I would survey the damage that the babies caused. I nervously stepped outside and immediately noticed how normal everything seemed. The babies made no attempt at entering. What were they doing crawling outside if not attempting to enter? They clearly knew I was inside.

Elliot Rodger

Elliot Rodger killed 6 people as the perpetrator of the Isla Vista, California Massacre which occurred on May 23, 2014. His first three victims were Chinese exchange students - all young men, two of whom were his roommates. He stabbed them to death at his apartment. The last three were killed with a gun during a rampage in the town. 14 others were injured, either by gunshot or by Rodger hitting them with his car. He has since become a hero to a segment of so-called "incels" - involuntary celibates - men who cannot find female sexual partners. He is known as "The Supreme Gentleman" and "Saint Elliot" in those circles.

Rodger was convinced his misery was caused by his lack of success with women. His massacre was to be his "Day of Retribution" for what women had put him through over the course of his life. He attempted to enter a sorority house in the hope of killing all the young women he found there, but the door was locked. So he attacked random people he found on the streets instead. After Rodger was wounded by the police, he committed suicide by shooting himself in the head.

The following is an excerpt from his autobiography, "My Twisted World."

The ultimate evil behind sexuality is the human female. They are the main instigators of sex. They control which men get it and which men don't. Women are flawed creatures, and my mistreatment at their hands has made me realize this sad truth.

There is something very twisted and wrong with the way their brains are wired. They think like beasts, and in truth, they are beasts. Women are incapable of having morals or thinking rationally. They are completely controlled by their depraved emotions and vile sexual impulses. Because of this, the men who do get to experience the pleasures of sex and the privilege of breeding are the men who women are sexually attracted to... the stupid, degenerate, obnoxious men.

I have observed this all my life. The most beautiful of women choose to mate with the most brutal of men, instead of magnificent gentlemen like myself.

Women should not have the right to choose who to mate and breed with. That decision should be made for them by rational men of intelligence. If women continue to have rights, they will only hinder the advancement of the human race by breeding with degenerate men and creating stupid, degenerate offspring. This will cause humanity to become even more depraved with each generation. Women have more power in human society than they deserve, all because of sex. There is no creature more evil and depraved than the human female.

Women are like a plague. They don't deserve to have any rights. Their wickedness must be contained in order to prevent future generations from falling to degeneracy. Women are vicious, evil, barbaric animals, and they need to be treated as such.

In fully realizing these truths about the world, I have created the ultimate and perfect ideology of how a fair and pure world would work. In an ideal world, sexuality would not exist. It must be outlawed. In a world without sex, humanity will be pure and civilized. Men will grow up healthily, without having to worry about such a barbaric act. All men will grow up fair and equal, because no man will be able to experience the pleasures of sex while others are denied it. The human race will evolve to an entirely new level of civilization, completely devoid of all the impurity and degeneracy that exists today.

In order to completely abolish sex, women themselves would have to be abolished. All women must be quarantined like the plague they are, so that they can be used in a manner that actually benefits a civilized society. In order to carry this out, there must exist a new and powerful type of government, under the control of one divine ruler, such as myself.

The ruler that establishes this new order would have complete control over every aspect of society, in order to direct it towards a good and pure place. At the disposal of this government, there needs to be a highly trained army of fanatically loyal troops, in order to enforce such revolutionary laws.

The first strike against women will be to quarantine all of them in concentration camps. At these camps, the vast majority of the female population will be deliberately starved to death. That would be an efficient and fitting way to kill them all off. I would take great pleasure and satisfaction in condemning every single woman on earth to starve to death. I would have an enormous tower built just for myself, where I can oversee the entire concentration camp and gleefully watch them all die. If I can't have them, no one will, I'd imagine thinking to myself as I oversee this. Women represent

everything that is unfair with this world, and in order to make the world a fair place, they must all be eradicated.

A few women would be spared, however, for the sake of reproduction. These women would be kept and bred in secret labs. There, they will be artificially inseminated with sperm samples in order to produce offspring. Their depraved nature will slowly be bred out of them in time.

Future generations of men would be oblivious to these remaining women's existence, and that is for the best. If a man grows up without knowing of the existence of women, there will be no desire for sex. Sexuality will completely cease to exist. Love will cease to exist. There will no longer be any imprint of such concepts in the human psyche. It is the only way to purify the world.

In such a pure world, the man's mind can develop to greater heights than ever before. Future generations will live their lives free of having to worry about the barbarity of sex and women, which will enable them to expand their intelligence and advance the human race to a state of perfect civilization.

Luke Woodham

Early in the morning on October 1, 1997 in Pearl, Mississippi, Luke Woodham stabbed his mother to death as she was preparing to go for a jog. He then went to Pearl High School and shot and killed two people, including his ex-girlfriend, and injured 7 others. He was detained at gunpoint by the assistant principal while attempting to escape. When asked at the scene why he did this, he stated "Life has wronged me, sir." Woodham later testified he had no recollection of killing his mother.

In theory, Woodham was part of a satanic cult who influenced his decision to kill. His defense team at trial opined he suffered from mental illness and was under the leader of the cult's control. He has been sentenced to life plus 140 years in prison.

What follows is a note from Woodham to Grant Boyette, the defacto leader of the "cult."

I am not insane! I am angry. This world has shit on me for the final time. I am not spoiled or lazy, for murder is not weak and slow-witted, murder is gutsy and daring. I killed because people like me are mistreated every day. I did this to show society "push us and we will push back!" I suffered all my life. No one ever truly loved me. No one ever truly cared about me. I only loved one thing in my whole life and that was [girl's name]. But she was torn away from me. I tried to save myself with [another girl's name], but she never cared for me. As it turns out, she made fun of me behind my back while we were together. And all throughout my life I was ridiculed. Always beaten, always hated.

Can you, society, truly blame me for what I do? Yes, you will, the ratings wouldn't be high enough if you didn't, and it would not make good gossip for all the old ladies. But I shall tell you one thing, I am malicious because I am miserable. The world has beaten me. Wednesday October 1, 1997 shall go down in history as the day I fought back. (At this time Grant, say what you will, when you are through I ask you to read to them sec. 125 of the Gay Science "the madmen." Grant, see you in the holding cell!). I, Luke Woodham, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will to Grant Boyette my books. To Lucas Thompson: my guitars and amplifier and their equipment. Also, all of my guitar magazines and guitar books. I leave my music and lyrics to Lucas Thompson, so that he may perform them. I also leave my other writings of philosophy and poetry to Grant Boyette, they are a part of me and may be published as a process of my life. Also, to Grant Boyette, I will all of my cassette tapes. It was not a cry for attention, it was not a cry for help. It was a scream in sheer agony saying that if I can't pry your eyes open, if I can't do it through pacifism, if I can't show you through displaying of intelligence, then I will do it with a bullet.

Charles Whitman

Whitman is commonly known as the Texas Tower Sniper. On August 1, 1966 he killed his mother and sister with a knife in each of their respective homes, then went to an observation tower at The University of Texas at Austin, where he shot at random people on the ground below for 96 minutes. When all was said and done he killed 16 people and wounded 31 more. He was armed with 7 guns and 700 rounds of ammunition.

Whitman left a note saying he was a "victim of many unusual and irrational thoughts." He also wrote he had tried to talk to doctors in the past about his "overwhelming violent impulses" but to no avail. He was shot and killed by police officers at the scene of the crime.

What follows is an entry from his journal after he killed his mother.

I have just taken my mother's life. I am very upset over having done it. However I feel that if there is a heaven she is definitely there now. And if there is no life after, I have relieved her of her suffering here on earth. The intense hatred I feel for my father is beyond description. My mother gave that man the 25 best years of her life and because she finally took enough of his beatings, humiliation, and degradation and tribulations that I am sure no one but she and he will ever know - to leave him. He has chosen to treat her like a slut that you would bed down with, accept her favors then throw her a pittance in return.

I am truly sorry that this is the only way I could see to relieve her sufferings but I think it was best.

Let there be no doubt in your mind I loved that woman with all my heart.
If there exists a God let him understand my actions and judge accordingly.

Myron May

On November 20, 2015, Myron May went to the library at Florida State University and opened fire at random individuals. He wounded three people; one of his victims became paralyzed. May was at one point a prosecutor for the district attorney's office. He quit a month before the shootings.

May had become increasingly delusional and paranoid over time. He considered himself a "targeted individual" and believed in mind control technology. At one point his girlfriend reported to police May believed the police were bugging his phone and car as well as placing cameras in his home and car. She also said he had been up without sleep for four or five days straight. May was shot 24 times by police when he refused to drop his gun. He died at the scene.

What follows is a letter he mailed to several people before his death.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A TARGETED INDIVIDUAL

My deepest regret is that I did not make a more diligent effort of documenting my experiences as a targeted individual along the way; however, this document is my feeble attempt at recounting my experiences thus far. First off, to anyone that may read this document, take a brief moment to pray for my soul.

What I am about to do I have deep regret for; however, I feel that my options are extremely limited. Because I am a targeted individual, everything has been taken away from me. I have literally been robbed of life through psychological, financial, and emotional hardship.

I first realized that I was a target while I was working as an Assistant District Attorney for the Third Judicial District Attorney's Office in Dona County, New Mexico. I tried going to the police about my situation. On or about September 7, 2014, I went to the Las Cruces Police Department to make a report of my experiences. The interior of the LCPD office was locked, but there was a phone in the vestibule, which dispatch answered. I informed dispatch that I wanted to make a police report, and they sent an officer out to my location. I believe the officer's name was Kenneth Davis (Caucasian male that appeared to be in his 20s). The officer took notes of my experience; however, no police report was ever made.

Nevertheless, there should be a record of my phone call with Dispatch. That morning, I got invited to the gun range by my girlfriend's friend's husband, Robert Kitcey. When I met up with him later that morning at Starbucks, I informed him and another

guy that was with him of the police report that I had just made. If you need to get in contact with Robert, you can contact my ex-girlfriend, Danielle Nixon.

I don't remember the other guy's name, but he is an engineer from Michigan (Caucasian male in his late 40s or early 50s), and his wife's name is Betty (Kenyan woman who appears to be in her early 40s, with a bald haircut).

My apartment was broken into, and my phone was tampered with. I started being followed by various individuals in unmarked cars. And on one occasion, I was followed by an individual in an LCPD sport utility vehicle cruiser. Through electronic harassment, these individuals convinced me that I was guilty of a crime. As a result, I attempted to turn myself in at the Dona Ana County Detention Center on three separate occasions. I was literally escorted to the jail by about ten cars; however, no one went inside the jail with me. Each time I attempted to turn myself in, the cars waited in the parking lot (watching me go inside the jail). But the jail informed me that they had no paperwork for me. Then, each time I left the jail after being turned away, the cars that escorted me into the jail were gone.

I continued to be followed. I informed my girlfriend, Danielle Nixon, who resides in Las Cruces and my friend, Kirton, who also resides in Las Cruces, of these instances. Because I was an overachiever in my position, I frequently worked late. When I was in the office alone after hours, I would consistently see individuals peeking around corners at me. As a result of this harassment, I eventually resigned from my Assistant District Attorney position and traveled to Houston, Texas to get my old job back.

I met with my old boss, Alfonso Kennard, on the evening of Friday, October 10, 2014, to discuss rejoining his law firm, Kennard Law, P.C. as an Associate. On that evening, Kennard offered me my old job back at a base salary of \$50,000 per year plus 20% commissions on all settlements or judgments obtained on my cases.

After we had reached terms on that agreement, Kennard called his driver, Randy (stout, Caucasian male who appeared to be in his late 40s), to take us to another place because we had been drinking and should not have been driving.

Before Randy arrived, Randy's friend Edwin arrived. It was unclear to me how Edwin could have possibly known who we were, but he approached Kennard and I at the bar and claimed that he was there to meet with Randy. When Randy arrived, we had one last drink. As we were leaving, I went to my car to retrieve my ID and wallet. I returned to find Randy and Edwin whispering to Kennard.

When I returned, everyone acted very unusual toward me; it was not the same jovial conversation that had preceded this occurrence. Then, we loaded up into Randy's SUV to go to the next location. As we were driving to the next location, Kennard leaned over and asked me "if I wanted to take a bump" - suggesting that if I wanted to take a bump of cocaine, Randy or Edwin could get it for me. I vehemently assured Kennard that I did not want to take a bump. Nor had I ever taken a bump.

On Saturday, Kennard would not respond to my phone calls or text messages, which was strange because for the two days prior to that he had been very responsive. Kennard's distance did not arise until after his private discussion with Randy and Edwin.

As a result of his strange behavior, I informed Kennard via text message that I may have to depose him in a lawsuit.

Thereafter, Kennard called me to arrange another meeting. According to Kennard, he wanted me to discuss my re-joining the firm with his partner, Terrance Robinson. We arranged a meeting for that Monday, October 14, 2014. On Monday, we met at the A-loft, which is located at 5415 Westheimer Road next to Kennard's law office. While there, we had drinks. Kennard and Robinson had two drinks, and I had one drink. Then, we went across the street to The West End Bar & Grille, which is located at 5320 Westheimer Road, to have a meal. Shortly after we arrived, Randy showed up and suggested that we go to another restaurant down the street. Because Kennard agreed to pick up the dinner tab, I agreed to go. At the restaurant, Kennard kept insisting that I join him outside to discuss matters with him. He again brought up the conversation about me taking a bump of cocaine, and I again insisted to him that I have never taken cocaine.

After dinner, Randy dropped me off at my car, which was parked near The West End. The following day, I attempted to call Kennard, but my phone number was blocked. I attempted to call Kennard a couple of times after that, but my phone number was still blocked. While I do not have last names for Randy, the driver, or Edwin, I am certain that whatever was said in that whisper cost me my job. This situation was all a part of an elaborate scheme to put me in financial jeopardy, thereby making me more amenable to harassment and less able to fight the issue. Upset and jobless, I returned to Las Cruces to continued harassment and being followed.

On the morning when I was leaving Houston, my tire was punctured and flattened while in the driveway of where I was staying. When I returned to Las Cruces, I had to take my tire to On Sale Tires to have it repaired. There should be a record of that repair with On Sale Tires. Further, after returning to Las Cruces, I was subjected to a constant noise campaign designed to induce sleep deprivation in me. My neighbors played loud music, screamed, and people frequently made noise right outside my windows. Not only did this happen at night time, but this happened during the day as well. Maintenance staff, which almost never worked outside my window previously, worked and made noise right outside my window every day.

In addition, through electronic harassment, my life was constantly threatened. Fearing for my life, I decided to pack my things and move back home to Wewahitchka, FL. As I was loading my Uhaul to pack my things on October 21, 2014, my life continued to be threatened through electronic harassment. Additionally, as I was loading my Uhaul, there was a middle-aged man parked in the arroyo across the fence from my apartment complex (Quail Ridge Apartments - 251 North Roadrunner Parkway). He was driving a gray Dodge Durango 4 x 4 with a camper shell that had a Colorado License Plate, 285 YPI. This man got out of the driver-side of his truck, removed a blanket from the camper shell, and unsheathed a firearm from the blanket. Then, the most frightening thing happened. The man pointed this firearm at me, as I stood inside the trailer

portion of the Uhaul truck. I jumped off the truck, ran towards my apartment, and called 911. There should be a record of this call with dispatch.

While officers were en route to my location, the man wrapped the firearm back in the blanket and put it in the right side of the camper shell. Five officers responded to the scene of Quail Ridge. These officers were acting very aggressively towards me as though I was the assailant and not the complainant-victim. Unfortunately, I was only able to get four of the officers' names: Officer Shadd; Officer Frank Gomez; Lieutenant W.C. Jackson; and Officer Guerra (who aggressively refused to give me his first name but whose badge number was L650). Officers claimed that they searched the mysterious man, but I watched this alleged search with my own eyes. They never searched his person. Nor did they even go to the right side of the vehicle, where I saw this man place the gun. They merely peeked inside the driver-side of the pickup truck, which should hardly be characterized as a search.

After talking with the man a little while longer, they came over to me and claimed that the man did not have a gun and that they had conducted a thorough search of his person and the vehicle. They continued to speak to me very aggressively and insisted that this man had driven from Colorado to Las Cruces, New Mexico to survey the land that he was on. The land that he was on is located directly behind Golden Mesa Las Cruces Independent Senior Living Community. If a survey of the property was requested, there should be documentation somewhere. I am certain that if you search, you won't find any such documentation.

It does not even make sense that someone would travel all the way from Colorado to conduct such a survey, especially in light of the fact that you have to be licensed in New Mexico to conduct surveys. While it's certainly possible that this man could have been licensed in New Mexico, it is unlikely that Golden Mesa or the surface owners of the property behind Golden Mesa would not have simply hired a New Mexico-licensed surveyor. This experience, particularly the aggressive behavior of the officers, convinced me that law enforcement was very much involved in my harassment.

I am not sure what information was given to the leasing office at my apartment complex, but shortly after this I received a letter on my door informing that it was a notice to vacate my apartment. There should be a record of this notice and/or any interactions with law enforcement in the Quail Ridge leasing office. The harassment did not stop on this day with that incident. My life continued to be threatened via electronic harassment. I was literally threatened to leave Las Cruces immediately. As a result, I left several of my belongings in my apartment at Quail Ridge, which was Apartment 1407. The leasing office should likewise have information regarding me leaving my belongings on both the interior and exterior of my apartment.

One of the things that I left in my apartment was my old cell phone (a red Samsung Galaxy S3). I had gathered several license plate numbers in this phone, but because I was told through the electronic harassment that I would be left alone if I left Las Cruces and left my phone in the apartment, I did. I, however, had forwarded some of this license plate information to Altrus Campbell via text message and email. In

addition, I gathered some license plate information on the iPhone that was issued to me by the Third Judicial District Attorney's Office. I sent a Preservation of Evidence email to John Willis, IT personnel with the Third Judicial District Attorney's Office, on October 21, 2014, in reference to preserving the information in that cell phone.

While traveling from Las Cruces, NM to Wewahitchka, FL, I was repeatedly tailgated and cut off by both patrol cars as well as regular cars: I was almost run off the road at one point in Kerr County, TX. Further, while I was in Kerr County, Texas, I was pulled over and officers searched my vehicle for no reason whatsoever. I did not give officers any consent to search my vehicle. Nor did they show a warrant. They made me get out of the vehicle. They handcuffed me, and I stood in the heat with no shoes on for approximately three hours.

Several officers were present, including Chief Deputy Clay Batton and Deputy Eli Garcia. There were about six more officers, but unfortunately due to the aggressiveness and hostility that the officers showed me, I was not able to get the others' information. Nevertheless, there should be Kerr County dispatch reports of the other officers that were involved. The officers held me there while a K-9 unit arrived from another county. My belongings were packed in plastic bins, and they literally opened every single plastic bin and searched it on the false claim that the K-9 had alerted to something inside the truck. The dog seemed more interested in the toy that the dog's handler was holding than anything in my Uhaul, and of course, they never found any narcotics.

I took a rest break in Houston, Texas on my way to Florida. I stopped at the residence of Monica Johnson again. While there, the noise campaign continued. In fact, they recruited the Johnson family to participate in my harassment. Marciel (pronounced Marshall) is typically a quiet and reserved person, but he was continuously speaking very loudly and screaming throughout the evening. I was sleeping on the couch in the living room. While he was in his bedroom downstairs, he had his bedroom television blaring.

I believe that they were recruited to participate in my harassment based on a threat of Marshall going to jail for possession of marijuana. At about 3:00 am that morning, while I was sleeping, Monica came out of the room screaming about her daughter, Britney's car being repossessed. While it's certainly plausible that Britney's car, a red SUV, could have been repossessed, Monica went on and on about the repossession - slamming doors, dropping things, and yelling at the top of her lungs. Eventually, realizing that I was not going to get any sleep in that house, I got up and continued my journey to Florida.

Of course the electronic and other harassment continued for the duration of my trip. I was continuously cut off and tailgated in traffic the entire way. I eventually made it to Florida. When I got to Wewahitchka, Florida (and since I have been in Florida), the harassment has continued, mainly through electronic (Voice of God - see Dr. Robert Duncan) harassment.

This harassment has been very debilitating and impactful. They have recruited other individuals to participate in harassing me, including Buddy Parker (older, Caucasian

male that is married to Ann Parker), Clifford Jones (son of Louise Jones), Roy Myers (who is my cousin and the brother of Michael Myers and Melody Williams), and Demetrious (not sure what his last name is, but he is the brother of Warren Bowers). There have been others that have been sent out to stalk me as well. Unfortunately, I don't know these other individuals' names. On one occasion, about two weeks ago, I was in Rich's GA standing in front of a three-foot, front-facing section of Little Debbie snack cakes. Two gentlemen came into the store and walked directly over to me. One of the gentlemen stood inordinately close to me, very much in my personal space.

When I turned to my right toward the direction of that man, the other man came up on my left, bumped me really hard and aggressively, and began a conversation with the man on my right. The man that bumped me did not say excuse me and stared at me as though he was challenging me to say something back. Although I don't know his name, I recognized the man on my left to be one of the Gulf County Sheriff's Office deputies.

In addition, I mailed Notice of Claim letters to the Dona Ana County Sheriff's Office, Las Cruces Police Department, New Mexico State Police, and Third Judicial District Attorney's Office on October 13, 2014. I am not sure what the status of those investigations are right now. But that event seemed to have been a catalyst for my electronic harassment being ratcheted up to the point of unbearable.

Over time, I have been collecting individuals' license plates that have been following me. As previously stated, some of these have already been transferred to Altrus Campbell via text message and email. The only person that I can personally identify that was stalking me in Las Cruces, NM is [woman's name], who resides at [address redacted].

On November 14, 2014, I got hit with a directed energy weapon. It is difficult to explain exactly what this feels like. I was also stalked by a senior-level, law enforcement officer in the Dona Ana County Sheriff's Office. Unfortunately, I cannot remember his name. He is a Hispanic male that appears to be in his late 40s or early 50s, and I know that he has a teenage son that plays football. In one discussion that we had, he stated that he worked between two candidates for sheriff on the organization chart, Captain Buckingham and Kent Yall. His name is either Paul Nevarez or Greg Garland. I can't remember. As I previously stated, I wish that I had done a better job at keeping records of the harassment that I have endured, but this is the best that I have.

OTHER TARGETED INDIVIDUALS

Randy Quaid

Melinda Fee

Stephen Shellen

Gloria Naylor

KolaBoof

Jill Anjuli Hansen

Matt Barasch

Ted Gunderson (former Senior FBI agent/whistleblower)

Jiverly Wong
Aaron Alexis

Anders Breivik

Anders Breivik is a killer from Norway. On July 22, 2011, he killed 77 people, 69 of whom were at a youth camp on an island. After his arrest he said the purpose of the attack was to save Norway and Western Europe from a Muslim takeover. It was the deadliest attack in Norway since the Second World War. His attack on the island continued for more than one hour before the police arrived to arrest him.

He has been diagnosed as having both narcissistic and antisocial personality disorders, but some medical professionals think he is simply a right wing terrorist, and not mentally ill. Breivik is currently serving a twenty-one-year sentence in a maximum-security prison near Oslo.

The following is from a letter of complaint to corrections officials in Norway.

I quickly realized that the rubber safety pen isn't functional enough for extensive writing. I therefore asked for access to a pencil and a ballpoint pen. I was refused verbally. The rubber pen enables the writing of approximately five to ten words per minute and precludes editing. A pencil or ballpoint pen with an eraser enables the writing of ten to fifteen words per minute and allows for editing. A digital typewriter enables the writing of approximately forty-five words per minute. So despite the fact that I am a writer by profession, I have been afflicted with a serious practical handicap by being denied access to a functional writing tool. The rubber pen is ergonomically misshapen and causes pains in my hand after a short use. If it were theoretically possible to develop rheumatism I'm sure the rubber pen could cause this. It's a nightmare of a tool, and I get very frustrated using it.

As a container of moisturizer is not permitted in the cell, moisturizer must be requested through the calling system. The container is not handed over; instead, the product is portioned out into a small plastic cup I may possess temporarily. The frustration is heightened by the fact that five to ten portions are poured into the cup even though I need only one. This means that the remaining four to nine portions go to waste. This is very annoying.

At mealtimes I must state the quantity of sandwich toppings I'd like with my bread as I'm not allowed packaged food in the cell. The problem is that the portion of butter is sometimes too small, so I have enough for only three to four slices of bread. This causes unnecessary irritation, as one finds oneself in a scenario where one either eats dry bread or feels guilty for requesting more butter through the calling system.

I am not allowed to keep my own clothes in my cell. This means that wardens must go and fetch clothes for me from the storage facility based on the descriptions I give

them. As the cell is frequently chilly, I usually wear a heavyweight jacket-type sweater at all times. There are three garments I rotate for this purpose, and all of them are casual-wear items that see so much use they become very worn. There are often issues when I ask for one of these garments. For some reason they often bring me a dressy Lacoste sweater instead, despite the fact that I've informed them several times that I don't want one of these, as they are valuable and must be treated delicately to avoid wear. I have sufficient self-awareness to acknowledge that I'm stubborn and principled in this area, and, like many Norwegians, I have an aversion to exposing luxury items to unnecessary wear and tear.

Dylann Roof

On June 17, 2105, Dylan Roof entered an African-American Methodist, Episcopal Church in Charleston, South Carolina during a Bible study class and opened fire, killing 9 people, including the pastor. Roof is an avowed white supremacist who said his motivation for the killings was to start a race war.

He has been diagnosed as being delusional as well as autistic, among other things, but didn't want his lawyer to bring that up in court lest everyone might think he was "a weirdo." His defense attorney stated that Roof: "believes that there will be a white nationalist takeover of the United States within roughly six, seven, eight years, and when that happens, he will be pardoned. He also believes it probable, although not certain, that he will be given a high position, such as the governorship of South Carolina."

He was captured during a traffic stop in North Carolina the day after the attack. He has been sentenced to death.

The following is a list of his favorite movies, which he wrote while in jail before sentencing.

Pride and Prejudice (2005 #2)
Pretty Poison (1968)
Himizu – 2011 – my personal favorite #1
Norwegian Wood – 2010
Romper Stomper – 1993 (illegible) – no moralization
The Notebook – 2004
Ladykillers – 1955
Zatoichi
Hidden Fortress
Titanic – 1999
The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail
Rebel Without A Cause

12 Years As a Slave (even though it's anti-white and unrealistic, the cinematography is beautiful)

Cold Fish – 2010

Kuroneko – 1960?

Lolita (1962 – 1994?)

Shadow of a Doubt (noted as Hitchcock film with Tereesa Wright – forgot the name)

Clarie's Knee – (Rohmer, Eric)

If... - 1968 – Great film despite leftist (illegible) message

Oh Boy – good film minus the bar scene, which practically ruins it

Spirited Away (v good)

Millennium Actress (v good)

Totoro (v good)

Ponyo (v good)

Far From the Madding Crowd – 2015 – decent film

The Dreamers (decent / ok)

A Royal Affair (decent / ok)

Pusher – 1996 – very degenerate but very good, a favorite, lead actor a jew

The Last Samurai – 2003 – Tom Cruise one of the best actors to ever live

I have seen separately 50 (illegible) films and countless (illegible) films. Films hold enormous power. I believe that costume dramas in particular are a good way to make white people proud of their history and physical beauty. I believe only the most beautiful people should be allowed to act. This shows (or produces, or anything like that) pride in our race, when we see beautiful specimens of our people. A beautiful person can make a mediocre film wonderful.

Cinderella – 2015 – great minus token black friend

The Great Gatsby – 1974 – new version was horrible

Moss – 2010

Old Jackie Chan film with dragon costume scenes (couldn't find this one :()

Old Ti Lung films

Seung Cho

Seung Cho is the perpetrator of the Virginia Tech Massacre, which took place on April 16, 2007. After shooting and killing two students in a dormitory at roughly 7:15 A.M, he went back to his room to rearm, then went to Norris Hall and killed 30 more, while wounding many others. There were two hours between his first shooting and when he went back out to kill. Classes weren't canceled because the shooting was believed to be tied to a domestic dispute and police believed the shooter had left the campus.

Cho had a history of mental illness and as a student at Virginia Tech, had become known for odd and menacing behavior, to the point he had been removed from one of classes at the request of his teacher. He left a note stating "You caused me to do this,"

which also touched on his hatred for hedonistic rich kids on campus. Cho killed himself when police entered Norris Hall.

What follows is a play he wrote while at Virginia Tech.

Richard McBeef

by

Seung Cho

Cast of Characters

Richard McBeef.....Step-father, 40

Sue....mother, 40

John, Son, 13

Setting

Living room, basement, car.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

(It is morning. The sun is shining through the windows of the kitchen. John enters the kitchen, grabs a cereal bar, and opens it. Richard McBeef is sitting in the kitchen with his legs crossed reading the newspaper.)

RICHARD

Hey, John.

(He forces a smile at him.)

JOHN

What's up, Dick!

(He frowns.)

RICHARD

Try dad.

JOHN

You ain't my dad and you know it, you Dick.

{John chews on the cereal bar angrily.}

RICHARD

Come on, John. Sit down. We need to have man-to-man talk.

(Richard pulls a chair next to him from under the table.)

JOHN

Man-to-man up your ass, bud!

(John sneers then proceeds to the living room and Turns on the TV. Richard follows him, Sits down, and faces him.)

RICHARD

I may not be your biological father, but I'm your new father. We live under the same roof. We really need to get along. Come on, son, give me a chance.

(Richard gently rests his hand on John's lap.)

JOHN

What the hell are you doing!

(John slaps Richard's hand.)

JOHN

What are you, a Catholic priest! I will not be molested by an aging balding overweight pedophilic stepdad named Dick! Get your hands off me you sicko! Damn you, you Catholic priest. Just stop it, Michael Jackson. Let me guess, you have a pet named Dick in Neverland ranch and you want me to go with you to pet him, right?

RICHARD

(He sighs and ignores the comment.)

What is it you want from me, what do you want me to do? Why are you so angry at me—

JOHN

Why am I so angry at you! Because you murdered my father so you can get into my mom's pants!

RICHARD

Now held on right there mister. It was a boating accident. I did everything I could to try to save your father.

JOHN

Bullshit! Are you always full of shit, McBeef? I can see that you are by the extra fat you have packed on! You MURDERED my father and covered it up! You committed a conspiracy. Just like what the government has done to John Lennon and Marilyn Monroe.

RICHARD

WHAT? WHAT?

(Frowning, he catches a glimpse of an old tabloid titled “The Cover-up of Marilyn Monroe and John Lennon)

JOHN

You once worked for the government. As a Janitor, at least. You hated the fact that my mom was with my dad. You knew my mom was too good for my father. So you took him out and stole her, you son of a bitch!

RICHARD

Sh—

JOHN

No, Dick! You shut the hell up and listen to me.

RICHARD

You—

JOHN

Me what! You want me to stick this remote control up your ass, buddy! You ain’t even worth it man. This remote was five bucks. You are such a—

RICHARD

NOW THAT’S ENOUGH.

(Richard raises his hand to strike his stepson, but before he does, John’s mom comes down the stairs.)

SUE

Oh my god! What’s going on?

(She covers and hugs John and ushers him to the other end of the couch.)

SUE (Cont’d)

What are you doing to my son! You said you would have a nice chat to get on terms with him. And this is what I catch you do! What kind of step-father are you? Pretending to be nice to him with a fake smile on your chubby face! Tell me, what were you trying to do to him? You were about to hit him! Damn you, Richard!

RICHARD

He was—

SUE

I don’t want to hear it!

(Sue tells John to go up to his room. But he observes the spectacle halfway up the staircase.)

RICHARD

I swear Sue! I tried talking to him. He called mé a son of a bit-

SUE

How dare you! John would never - NEVER - say such a thing, my poor little poocey poocey boy! He lost his father just a month ago. Show some compassion! Some stepfather!

JOHN

He tried to touch my privates!

SUE

(She gasps.)

Holy shit! Sorry John. Dick, you son of a b-

(She peeks at John. She approaches Richard and slaps Richard in the head multiple times. Taking off her shoes, she hits him hard.)

RICHARD

(He brushes Sue with his large arm and build.)

Sue Sue Sue. Listen to me!

SUE

(The manner and girth frightens her.)

Oh my god! What are you trying to do! Are you gonna hit me too!

(She cowers and runs into the kitchen. She grabs the first thing she can which is a plate.)

Stay back! Stay back! Or I..

(She throws the plate, shattering squarely on his forehead. But he is unmoved)

You fat piece of pork! John! Go to your room and lock it!

(She runs down the basement.)

Are you a bisexual psycho rapist murderer! Please stop following me. Don't kill me!

(She throws wrenches and pipes lying on the ground at him, but he is unhurt.)

RICHARD

I didn't even do anything. Okay. I'll stop following you.

(He stops with his hands in the air. He kneels. She throws a few more heavy objects at him.)

Let me explain! John is a rambunctious pubescent boy!

SUE

Oh my god! You are a pedophile!

RICHARD

No! No. Honey-poo,

SUE

Honey-poo?

RICHARD

Honey-poo. Don't you believe me? John is just a mischievous kid who is having trouble getting over his father's death. He'll get over it. He just needs time.

SUE

Really?

RICHARD

Yes. Now, why don't we go to the bedroom and do it doggystyle, just the way you like it, honey-poo.

JOHN

(In his room, he smiles and throws darts on the target that is the face of Richard.)

I hate him. Must kill Dick. Must kill Dick. Dick must dié. Kill Dick. Richard McBeef. What kind of name is that? What An asshole name. I don't like it. And look at his face. What an asshole face. I don't like his face at all. You don't think I can kill you, Dick? You don't think I can kill you? Gotcha. Got one eye... Got the other eye.

(He runs down to the basement by his mother's side.)

That fat man murdered dad. He told me so while you were asleep, mom. And he molested me.

SUE

What! Ahhh!

(She grabs a chainsaw and brandishes it at Richard. He runs out of the house and into his car. Thirty minutes later John goes out to Richard and sits on the passenger's side eating a cereal bar.)

JOHN

I wonder why it's so sunny out! Today is one fruity day!

(John stares squarely at Richard with a contemptuous look who is sitting with a flushed face.)

Guess what, Dick. You wanna know something? You wanna know why I don't like you?

Because you can't provide for my mom. You barely make the minimum wage, man. All you do for mom is all this honey-poo shit. Honey-poo! Honey-poo! You piece of shit! You were a janitor one time. You're a one time truck driver. You taught preschool kids for two months. And you're what you like to call yourself a chef, what the rest of the world calls a hamburger flipper. Back where you came from. The pinnacle of

your career was when you were a pro football player. How long did that last? Three weeks! Ha! You're over the hills, buster! Just look at yourself, all fat and lazy. Only if you were smart enough to stay in the league, you wouldn't be like this. A former player. No wonder your name is McPork - I mean McBeef. While the guys were packing on muscles, you were packing on McDonald's fat, chowing down on three Big Macs in three minutes. You wanted me to call you dad? Okay. Hey dad, you are such an asshole! Asshole of assholes, DAD! And as for you banging my mom, looks like that lasted as long as your pathetic career, you prematurely ejaculating piece of dickshit. Sucks for you, you motherfucking McBeef.

RICHARD

HOW DARE YOU TALK TO YOUR STEP-FATHER LIKE THAT!

JOHN

Eat this, you giant tree trunk piece of ass,
(John sticks his half-eaten banana cereal bar in his step-father's mouth and attempts to shove it down his throat.)

RICHARD

AHRHHHHH!

(He pushes John away and takes out the cereal bar.)

JOHN

Fuck you, DAD!

RICHARD

(Out of sheer desecrated hurt and anger, Richard lifts his large arms and swings a deadly blow at the thirteen-year-old boy.)

Randy Stair

On June 17, 2017, 24-year-old Randy Stair locked the doors at a Weiss Market store, in Eaton Township, Pennsylvania and shot and killed three people. Stair was an employee of the store and was on shift when the shootings occurred. Stair had worked at the store for years. Stair also called himself "Andrew Blaze." He was a YouTube celebrity of sorts and was working on a new animated series called EGS.

Stair was depressed, and fascinated with mass murder. He had expressed the belief that after dying he would be transported to an animated world of his imagination. Stair committed suicide at the scene.

Below is a document Stair left behind entitled "Please Read."

It is with great pride and confidence that I present to you, the biggest release of my life. This digital set is nearly everything you ever could want to have as a fan of my content. It is also however my last contribution to the World Wide Web. Unfortunately by the time most of you read this I will be dead. I will die at age 24 and will be where I truly belong, in the “EGS”. I have had so many wonderful memories over the last nine years and am forever thankful for the fans that I have been able to reel in as a result.

There is nothing that any of you could have done to prevent this from happening; it was my destiny, and sometimes destiny is a bitch. To answer an extremely important question, I’m not just ending my life; I will be ending the lives of others as well. Be on the lookout on WNEP.com for headlines pertaining to “Tunkhannock”. I’ve been planning to do this for at least three to four months. I documented the entire process on both video and audio recordings. These recordings are viewable in this digital set; it’s all in the “Andrew Blaze Suicide Tapes” folder. Private journal entries dating back to November 2016 are also included (located in the “Andrew Blaze Private Journal” folder). I literally documented the final months of my life on paper, video, and audio recordings...The creator...of “EGS Tapes”...recorded their own tapes....Let that sink in... I’ve been conspiring to end my life for at least 4 ½ years. During the bad luck streak in early 2013 was when it fully ignited. Ever since then it’s been a slow downward spiral of indescribable stress and depression. However, it was during all of this chaos that I slowly began to discover who I truly was.

You all have come to know me as the kid who did comedic Frog, Whale, and Horse Head videos, or the “You Know What Sucks” guy, that guy who did strange yet intriguing short films, or just that guy that was overly obsessed with Ember McLain; in reality I’ve been a trapped soul who’s been forever searching to rediscover herself. You didn’t misread that; I said “herself”. Andrew Blaze is not a persona nor a character...it’s who I truly am. All my life I never seemed to fit in anywhere...I never even seemed to understand the purpose of life. I always worried about the big milestones of my future: going to high school, learning to drive, getting a job, going to college, and lastly, moving out. I didn’t live long enough to move out of my childhood home, but what I quickly began to realize over 2013 through 2017 was that this place isn’t my true home; the ghost squad is. I would’ve been 25 on September 17th; the average human being is usually moved out by then. I’m moving out alright, but it’s dimensions away. As my teenage years began to draw to a close, the darkness of the world constantly sucked me in. Everything was suddenly all about money and getting a career. It drove me to the edge, and it was a long drop.

This is when my content really started to change; you’ll notice in 2013 something shifted. 2013-2015 was nothing like what I had done from 2008-2012; there was a darkness overshadowing the videos. It can all be traced back to dealing with people dying. In 2013 I lost my great grandfather, got word Matt Murray (college classmate)

died a week and a half after winter break started (December 2012), and was still scarred from the death of Tom Lynch from the previous winter (a kid who was about to graduate a grade below me). In total there were six deaths that occurred from 2012 through 2013; four of these were kids younger than 21, and I knew three out of the four. I fell down an abysmal hole of depression in 2013 and I never climbed back out. One bad thing kept happening another after another. I totaled my car in February 2013 (brother totaled his 10 days later). At the end of the year my iMac's graphic card fried and my hard drive failed simultaneously, costing \$700 to repair. I can't remember everything that happened but those were the worst moments of 2013. It was one of those years where virtually nothing went right, especially for YouTube videos. In March/April of 2013 was when the "Ember" thing started; by mid-2014 she was everywhere on my social media.

I talk about all of this in the suicide tapes. To make a long story short, Ember led me to rediscovering who I was. I could sit here for seven hours and still have more to say. To get my thoughts out to the world I recorded audio logs throughout 2017; they're all viewable on this page (located in the "Andrew Blaze Suicide Tapes" folder). I've been planning on ending my life as far back as 2012, but I still felt like I had way too much more to do. From 2012's end through present day, each and every day just got harder...and harder...and harder to endure...I wasn't even living by 2016...I was just enduring...and I had enough of it...Life just became one enormous concoction of stress, anger, hatred, depression, boredom, tiredness, and desire. In the end, this proved to be a lethal dose. I can't even remotely explain how it feels...I've tried in my content (and the suicide tapes) but unless you're living it, you'll never be able to truly understand what it feels like. Throughout my entire life I never had a girlfriend, nor did I ever go out on a single date. I never had the desire or the urge to be in relationships; I hated making friends in general. By the end of high school I was just done with attempting to make friends. By the end of college I despised the human race. 2016 and 2017 have been full of almost nothing but hatred towards humans. I wanted to kill as many people as I could...

As I write this in May 2017, nothing matters to me anymore except my girls. I knew I was one of them by the end of 2015. Everything about the "EGS" ghosts just felt so familiar and was far beyond coincidental. It's where I've been sent from. Mackenzie, Rachael, Harmony, Froggy, Sidney, Alex, Celesta, Matilda, Madison, etc, are all real souls; they've all lived and died on this planet. Mackenzie talks to me all the time; she's my eternal soul mate. We're destined to be together until the end of time...and she's always been there for me...it just took me 24 years to realize it. It's time for me to shed this putrid host of flesh and bones and forever live on in the "EGS". I'm a girl who's been trapped in a man's body for two and a half decades, and I need to get the hell out. I don't belong on this planet, nor have I ever. I need to die, and I'm taking whomever I can down with me. This world is a fucking disgrace. Why anyone even bothers trying to change the world or make a difference anymore is beyond me. In the end you're all gonna end up fucking dead anyway. I'm tired of this retarded game; I

fucking quit. To the fans that have stuck by my side through the hard times, thank you. Thank you for helping a nobody who just sat in their room all day discover what they were good at and capable of. I'm not sorry, however, that this is how it has to end; I don't fucking care.

It's my life and I'll do whatever the fuck I want. I tried to upload as much stuff as I could here for my legacy. Everything that's essential is here: short films, Frog/Whale/Horse Head videos, "Sucks" videos, soundtracks that I composed, live streams, photos/screenshots/edits/fan art, private journals and audio logs, blooper/outtake compilations, never before released/produced scripts from "EGS", my gaming videos (what I had recovered), the complete "EGS Tapes" collection, raw and unedited takes from every single "EGS" production, etc; you name it, it's most likely on here. I spent months gathering and uploading all of this stuff for you guys. I paid for a terabyte of online storage space so I could upload as much as possible. Some things however didn't make it onto here. I didn't want to take the time of night to download all of my mobile posts (Instagram and such) because there's thousands of pictures, so I'd recommend storing those in case my accounts get deleted by Instagram/Facebook/police, or are deactivated over time for inactivity.

Remember, my Instagram was renamed to "EmbersGhostSquad" in 2016, so all of the old "PioneersProductions" selfies and videos are going to be buried on there under a year's worth of "EGS" material. I also have a personal Instagram (Andrew__Blaze) which has two underscore hyphens between "Andrew" and "Blaze". My personal Facebook doesn't have any photos or videos posted that the "PioneersProductions" Facebook doesn't have; I deleted all of the pictures and videos off of it back in late 2015 or so, so you won't see anything there. I tried uploading the bulk of what was important to this website (video screenshots, photos taken with the camera, fan edits of my content, etc). There's just way too much to gather for that kind of stuff. If there's stuff not on here then try [redacted] mediafire page that's dedicated to my "PioneersProductions" content; there's videos on there, screenshots from live streams, and probably still things I never recovered on there. Just search "PioneersProductions Mediafire" on Google or tweet him [redacted] on Twitter.

I know not everyone can just fall down a dark hole and listen to my suicide tape recordings discussing dying and such, but give them a chance...You might just learn something. I don't show any violence or anything in the videos, it's just me sitting and talking to you like I always have. I know this is scary to some of you but this is what this world does to certain people; we just need to get out. It's nothing personal against my fanbase and to those who love me, it's just what I need to do. It's my destiny to die young. Eternally/spiritually I'm like a 16-19 year old; I never grow up. Just because I'm dead doesn't mean "EGS" has to be...I want "EGS" to live on...I want people who have the motivation and the talent to keep it alive. There's scripts in this digital set that I never produced; maybe someone can make them a reality. I want people to use what I've done to help benefit themselves. If you think you could make your own "EGS Tapes", go for it. If you think you can animate a script that I wrote

that was out of my skill range, go for it. Make it happen. Some of the stuff is too good not to make. I wanted an entire mini series based on the Westborough High Massacre; videos that show Sidney Secor dying (it's scripted and in this set). All these scripts I'm talking about are in the "Scripts" folder. I wanted to show Rachael getting bullied and shoved around. I wanted an entire series based on this shooting; it has the potential, even if they're just 1-2 minute long episodes (that was the goal). Even if it's not the massacre stuff I seriously want people to continue making "EGS", even though I won't be able to be involved anymore. Take my characters, make your own projects out of them. I'm sure [redacted] would love to still contribute her talents towards videos that have Rachael or Mackenzie in them. Her email is [redacted]; she virtually records pretty much anything, no matter how dark or brutal the script. [redacted] voices Sidney Secor; a little harder to get in touch with but her Facebook is [redacted]. [redacted] voiced Celesta but I kind of lost touch with her over the Fall (just wasn't very reliable); but if you wanna get in touch with her try this email [redacted]. I know finding voices is hard so if anyone were to replace me as Andrew, Froggy, or Alex it'd be a tall order.

I won't lie, I wish my channels exploded with viewership in my 9 years; it was decent views but I was always on the outside looking in compared to the popular channels. It took me until now to realize it just wasn't in my soul contract. If "EGS" blows up after I'm dead then I accomplished something. I was just never meant to be famous while I was alive. I wanted fame, I wanted to be recognized on the street, I wanted to be in movies or have documentaries made about me (or reenactments with actors); I always dreamed of getting somewhere...but it wasn't meant to happen. People can say all they want, "Andrew, you could've gotten help and saved your life." It doesn't matter, this was how my life was meant to end; it's how the script was written. I talk about the meaning of life and soul contracts in the suicide tapes. I think a lot of you will be stunned at what I have to say in those recordings. I tried my damndest to document as much as I could. At the end of 2016 I thought I'd have at the most 2 ½ years to live...that very rapidly diminished down to 9 months....then to June 2017...I thought May 7th, 2019 would've been the day I'd die, but as the weeks and month passed, I constantly drifted further and further away from this world.

Life became an endurance rather than a privilege; nothing mattered to me anymore besides "EGS". Every night just got harder. My mother knew I was down about where I stood in my life but never knew I was this severely depressed and disturbed. The way I see that she saw things was I was afraid to put myself out there and to reach for my maximum potential, when in reality I despised the human race and wanted to blow up the entire planet. No one in my family knew I was this depressed; if they say they knew, they're full of shit. I was good at hiding it. I used to be a terrible liar as a kid/teenager (meaning that I wasn't good at it). Once I started getting severely depressed I managed to be cunning with it knowing my life was on the line. I can only recall one time when my mom sat me down and asked if I was okay due to a post on my Facebook that my aunt saw. My aunt lives in Montana (I lived in Pennsylvania) and she used to be added on my Facebook from like 2009 through 2015. I think this

happened in 2015 (like mid year). It was a post saying something like “I wish I could be somewhere else besides this world and to just get away from everything; it’d make me happier.” I can’t remember fully what I wrote but that was the gist of it and it really upset my mom. I never got confronted about anything in terms of depression since then.

After that happened I completely removed anyone who knew me personally off of my social media (family and friends); they were holding me back. That was also around the time where I changed my name; I wasn’t Randy Stair anymore, I was Andrew Blaze. I knew full well that no one would be able to find my social media if I used a different name; and later on I realized that Andrew Blaze was in fact my spiritual name (at least I’m 85% certain...might be Rachel/Rachael something, but Andrew Blaze clicked). All of what you saw posted on my social media on “EGS” accounts was all 100% authentic and real. If I said I wanted to kill people, I meant it. If I said I wanted to watch people sleep while lurking in the shadows of their walls, I meant it. You name it I fucking meant it.

Everyone on Earth is here on a mission, whether you realize that or not. We’re not a simulation, we’re not fake, we’re here to achieve something. You need to realize and remember that I’m not completely vanishing from existence; my soul will live on, it just won’t be on this planet (at least not visually). I’m going to do my best to come back in my ghost form. I feel like I still have more things to accomplish on this planet after I’m dead (not on a daily basis, but subtle things for the living). I do firmly believe in an eternal war, and I’m ready to train for it. The “EGS” is my home and I cannot wait to go back to it. To all of the fans who have believed in me and have stuck by my side through thick and thin...thank you...I can’t emphasize enough how important the “Andrew Blaze Suicide Tapes” folder is. Please download that stuff while you can because there’s no telling what might get redacted after tonight. That’s why I uploaded everything here...Save EVERYTHING while you can (Journals, Suicide Tapes, EGS videos, etc). I literally documented the final months and days of my life, and it deserves to be seen...Thanks everyone...I’ll see some of you soon....

Michael Slobodian

On May 28, 1975, Michael Slobodian, a 16 year old student at Brampton Centennial Secondary School in Brampton, Ontario, killed two people at the school and wounded 13 others. It was the first school shooting in Canada that featured a fatality. One of the two people he killed was one of his teachers, Mrs. Wright. She had recently told his parents that Michael was cutting classes, which ostensibly was the tipping point for him.

There was nothing in Slobodian’s past to make one think he was capable of such a crime. He killed himself at the scene.

The following is a note he left at his family home.

To Whom it May Concern

My life is gone to pot. I am going to eliminate certain people from this world. Those people are:

Mrs. Wright

Mr. Bronson

And any other sucker who gets in my way. I am then going to kill myself so as not to be imprisoned. I am not insane but just strictly fed up of life. I am not getting myself anywhere and its my fault.

I love my parents and my family and I know that they love me.

John Hinckley

On March 30, 1981 John Hinckley attempted to assassinate Ronald Reagan, who was the President of the United States at the time. He wounded Reagan, and also wounded three others, one of them critically. Hinckley committed this crime to impress the actress Jodi Foster, who he was obsessed with.

Shortly before the attack he wrote a letter to Foster which said in part "Over the past seven months I've left you dozens of poems, letters and love messages in the faint hope that you could develop an interest in me. Although we talked on the phone a couple of times I never had the nerve to simply approach you and introduce myself. The reason I'm going ahead with this attempt now is because I cannot wait any longer to impress you."

At his trial, Hinckley was diagnosed with narcissistic and schizoid personality disorders. Hinckley was found Not Guilty by Reason of Insanity. He was in a psychiatric hospital until 2016, when he was released.

The following is a letter he wrote to the New York Times.

My actions of March 30, 1981 have given special meaning to my life and no amount of imprisonment or hospitalization can tarnish my historical deed. The shooting outside the Washington Hilton hotel was the greatest love offering in the history of the world. I sacrificed myself and committed the ultimate crime in hopes of winning the heart of a girl. It was an unprecedented demonstration of love. But does the American public appreciate what I've done? Does Jodie Foster appreciate what I've done? Doesn't anyone understand?

There are many times when I wonder why the world is still revolving. Doesn't anyone understand the meaning of March 30? Jodie tries to carry on with her life as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened to her. She still keeps her distance from me and torments me with her silence. I gave my life for Jodie and she couldn't care less. I can't believe her heart. Yes, Jodie Foster knows who I am, just like the entire civilized world knows who I am. But does it matter now? I wanted Jodie's love, not eternal infamy.

Jodie has hurt me more than I've hurt her. She killed me first. For the past 15 months I've died a little each day and I'm sure the future will be no easier. But once again, I must state that I wouldn't trade places with anyone in this courtroom. It was my fate that I shot the President and it is my fate that I pay the price for my deed.

Jodie Foster may continue to outwardly ignore me for the rest of her life but I have made an impression on that young lady that will never fade from her mind. I am with Jodie spiritually every day and every night. I have made her one of the most famous actresses in the world. Everybody but everybody knows about John and Jodie. We are a historical couple whether Jodie likes it or not.

At one time Miss Foster was a star and I was the insignificant fan. Now everything is changed. I am Napoleon and she is Josephine. I am Romeo and she is Juliet. I am John Hinckley Jr. and she is Jodie Foster. The world can't touch us. Society can't bring us down. Jodie can't ignore history.

She will never escape me. I may be in prison and she may be making a movie in Paris or Hollywood but Jodie and I will always be together, in life and in death.

God does indeed work in mysterious ways. My life has become a melodrama. My past has been studied and analyzed not only by psychiatrists but by a large part of the general public. I am now a household name. It has to be pure and simple fate that these things have happened to me. From the start, all I wanted was for someone to love me. I desperately wanted to be loved but I never could give appropriate love in return. I seem to have a need to hurt those people that I love the most. This is true in relation to my family and to Jodie Foster. I love them so much but I have this compulsion to destroy them.

On March 30, 1981 I was asking to be loved. I was asking my family to take me back and I was asking Jodie Foster to hold me in her heart. My assassination attempt was an act of love. I'm sorry love has to be so painful.

Evan Ramsey

On February 19, 1997, 16 year old Evan Ramsey killed two and wounded two during a shooting at Bethel High School in Bethel, Alaska. One of his victims was the school principal. It was reported that at least 15 students knew of his plan to shoot up the school before it occurred. Ramsey surrendered to police at the scene.

As a child Ramsey was a victim of sexual abuse, suffered from depression and was suicidal. He was often picked on at school. When Ramsey was five his father was imprisoned because of a police standoff involving guns and hostage taking. Ramsey was sentenced to 200 years in prison.

The following is a note he wrote before his attack.

I have thought to myself, what kind of damage can a 12 gauge slug do to a human's internal organs or their head? Well today I found out, and so did everyone else that is in school . . . No, I am not on drugs . . . cigarettes, that's all. I am not really depressed just that the fact that I want people, the world, or maybe just Bethel, to know how fucked up and cruel the world is or can be. This school has got to get its shit together 'cause there are too many deaths this past 2-3 years. Well I can tell you that the Superintendent Sue Hare has been the nicest person I've ever met cause she took both William and I in and didn't get any money for it, and she like was a mother for William and me. But anyway I'm dead, you guys are living, you should be happy.

William Atchison

On December 17, 2017 at Aztec High School, in Aztec, New Mexico, 21 year old William Atchison shot and killed two students in a hallway, then went inside a classroom where students had barricaded themselves in a small office area. He fired several rounds through the wall but did not hit anyone. Atchison was a former student at the school.

Atchison was previously investigated by the FBI due to posts he had made online indicating that he was interested in purchasing weapons to carry out a mass shooting. He used the online screen names "Future Mass Shooter" and "Adam Lanza." He killed himself at the school as police were approaching.

The following is a note he left on the day of the killings.

December 17, 2017 at 0651 Hours

If things go according to plan, today would be the day when I die. I wait until the school buses are detected, then head out on foot disguised as a student.

I go somewhere and gear up, then hold a class hostage and go apeshit, then blow my brains out.

Works sucks, school sucks, life sucks.

I just want out of this shit.

Fuck this state. It really is bad. Think I'm insane? I am actually more rational, peaceful and less looney than a majority of the citizenry of this entire region.

Jiverly Wong

On April 3, 2009, Jiverly Wong, a 41 year old naturalized American citizen from Vietnam, entered an immigration center in Binghamton New York through the front door and started shooting. He killed 13 people and wounded four others. Wong had taken English classes at the center at one point.

Most people who knew Wong had no idea he was capable of such a thing, although he had talked to some he knew about assassinating Barack Obama, and of how much he disliked America. Wong killed himself when police arrived, three minutes after he first began his attack.

What follows is a letter Wong mailed to a news station before the murders.

Page 1 Date March – 18 – 2009

Dear New Ten Now

I am Jiverly Wong shooting the people. The first I want to say sorry I know a little English. I hope you understand all of this. Of course you need to know why I shooting? Because undercover cop gave me a lot of ass during eighteen years I got seven years and eight month delivery to grocery in the California came back New York on the August 2007. Let talk about when I live in California. Such as . . . cop used 24 hours the technique of ultramodern and camera for burn the chemical in my house. For switch the channel time... For adjust the fan. For made me unbreathable. For made me vomit. For connect the music into my ear. Undercover cop usual coined some nasty was not true about me and spread a rumour to the receiver and some people know me conduce toward many people predudiced and selfish to me. Cop made me lost my job ... cop put me became poor. Let talk about when I live at the 28 Baker St. 2nd Floor, Johnson City, New York 13790. It terrible when I live there such as cop wait until midnight when I off the light and went to the bed. Cop unlock my door and came in take a sit in my room (cop did it thirteen time on the year 1994) on the thirteen time had three time touch me when I sleeping. One time stolen 20 dollar in my wallet. One time used electric gun shoot at the behind my neck. (That time I did not know English) Please continue second page thank you.

[second page:]

From 1990 to 1995 New York undercover cop try to get a car accident with me. Such as when I driving on the highway and on the street undercover cop suddenly brake the car stop immediately at the front of my car... cop did it 32 time like that during 1990 to 1995 but I never hit the car. Many time from 1990 to 1997 at the day time... cop exploit unknown English and went to my house knock the door for harass and domineer. Of course during that time cop coined something was not true about me and spread a rumour nasty like the California cop. From August 2007 until now cop gave me not too much ass only one time cop leave a massage in my voice mail and

said (come back your country) after five minute I send a text message to them I said I will call the police and they send it back to me they said they are the police. Dear New Ten Now. Right now I still get unemployment benefit of the company Shop Vac Endicott. New York State Department of Labor was cheat and unpaid from December 1st 2008 to December 28th 2008. I already claim weekly benefit from that date. Any way I can not accepted my poor life. Before I cut my poor life I must oneself get a judge 2 job for make an impartial with undercover cop by at least two people with me go to return to the dust of earth. Already impartial now... cop bring about this shooting. Cop must responsible. And you have a nice day.

Gang Lu

On November 1, 1991, Gang Lu, a 28-year-old former graduate student at the University of Iowa, killed four members of the faculty and a student, then seriously injured another student at the university's campus. Lu was attending a research meeting when he pulled out a gun and shot three people. He then walked three blocks to the office of the University's grievance officer and shot her in the head.

Lu was thought of as a loner who was prone to abusive tantrums. Ostensibly, his reason for the shooting was that his dissertation did not receive a prize. Lu shot himself when police arrived.

The following is a statement Gung Lu wrote to be read after his attack.

My life is surprisingly full of political incidents. When I was in the kindergarten, I was punished by the baby sitter for calling Mr. Lenin, the grand dad of Soviet Communism, "Bold Donkey" which is a popular insulting slang for bold people. In the last year of my junior high I was assigned to visit the memorial tomb of Chairman Mao. I showed some reluctance to the class supervisor because it was the right time for final exams. Then my public duties (vice head of the class, representative for English, Physics) were deprived. I was forced to make a self-criticism speech in front of the whole class, and all my school friends left me in the fear of political suppression. I hate politics, but I will certainly go ahead to use politics if it is my only choice to defend myself. My favorite public place in Iowa City is the "Sports Column," where I have been around for about five years. I made lots of good friends and inevitably some jealous enemies there. They have the prettiest girls in town there, and some of them could never have been forgotten such as [redacted] and the little blonde cutie who always stays by her side.

Of course there are some girls I run into in other places, such as [redacted] who is the sweetest girl I've ever met in this life. My first movie seen in the US is "About Last Night" the evening I passed my comprehensive exams. My favorite movies include "No

Way Out,” “Die Hard,” “Indiana Jones,” and Clint Eastwood’s movies where a single cowboy fights against a group of incorporated bad guys who pick on little guys at their will or cover up each other’s ass. I believe in the rights of people to own firearms. Historically, gun-rights make it possible for the spread of civil rights into the south. In those times, groups of civil rights workers from the north were assassinated/ murdered by pro-slaver southerners, meanwhile the local/federal authorities were reluctant to do anything about it. So the civil rights workers have to be heavily armed before they ever dare to enter the south. Even today, privately-owned guns are the only practical way for individuals/minority to protect them against the oppression from the evil organizations/ majority who actually control the government and legal system. Private guns make every person equal, no matter what/who he/she is.

They also make it possible for a individual to fight against a conspired/incorporated organization such as Mafia or Dirty University officials. Usually an ordinary individual is too weak, both politically and financially, to oppose a giant organization. Fortunate examples like Dr. Jean Dew winning a federal case against the University of Iowa for sexual discrimination is really rare. Her success is mainly because she has a solid income (salary for a M.D. could not be bad at all) to support her five year court battle against the university of Iowa which simply neglected her complaint in the first place and issued only a public apology to her after the court’s ruling in her favor. The University of Iowa even paid the fine of the primary criminal in the case (a fellow male anatomy professor), which is really outrageous. This actually indicates that this university is encouraging the male anatomy professor for his illegal behavior. It is believed that there exists no justice for little people in this world, extraordinary action has to be taken to preserve this world as a better place to live.

[Redacted] told me one day “you are in charge of the code and no one else knows the code” since we are the only group to own the 2-D code right now. But as a honest human being and based upon the findings in the execution of the code, I arrived at some conclusions different from his original expectation. As a result, he became so mad that he refused to let me graduate in time for a precious job opportunity and is withholding my thesis result from being published in JGR where he serves as the chief-editor. When he couldn’t find any more excuses to prevent me from graduation, he failed intentionally to notify me as it should be that I am supposed by tradition to give a 10-15 minutes talk on my thesis defense before the committee members ask me questions. In fact he told me of it until one minute before my defense started. I was taken by surprise and I had to make up a talk instantly and presented it on blackboard instead of on transparency projector. As the result, my thesis was not passed by the committee after my defense and I was exposed brutally to both personal humiliation and emotional anguish. [Redacted] blamed me personally for the failure of my defense. I did not ask him to write letters of recommendation for job opportunities.

Later when he heard of this from Dr. Nicholson, he came to me immediately and insist that he write such letters for me. [Redacted] missed the deadlines for most of the letters which I had specifically specified. That is the major reason that I am

still jobless today. Then he promised in May that he would support my work here, however, I haven't seen any paycheck since then while I have been working here for months after my graduation in May. Later I made some recent progress in extension of my thesis research and submit it to JGR. The response from the referees is favorably for publication after some minor modifications. [Redacted] first tried to persuade me to present it to JGR by saying that it is too lengthy to be published in GRL. When I pointed out that it is within the limit for GRL, he then tried to force me to add more material to it so it will be delayed for publication after his opinion is published or it be forced to be submitted to JGR under his control .. . Robert Smith ... Since he is new in the department, he is eager to build his own territory ... He heard that Shan Linhua is a good student, he then convinced [redacted] to have him graduated sooner than most of the others which of course caused wide-spread outrage among the rest of the students. Shan, however, missed the deadline for graduation paperwork, then Smith went to Dwight R. Nicholson, Chairman of the department for personal favor which enables Shan to graduate despite the missing of the graduate college deadline.

Trying to justify his act, Smith criticizes me with his eyes closed from the facts that my way of studying the cross-field charge-separation electric field is completely wrong. At that time, everyone in the group was criticizing my study for a whole semester until I am eventually proven correct. Dwight R. Nicholson ... gave his student ... an extinguished graduate fellowship even he is not qualified according the graduate college requirement. Nicholson also gave ... an engineering undergraduate without even a Bachelor degree a 1/2 time graduate research assistantship in physics. What a outrage! He committed fraud (unethical conduct) in the departmental nomination to the "D.C. Spriesterbach Dissertation Award" offered by the graduate college here which was filed by me in a series of complaints to Dr. Rudolph Schultz, Acting Dean of the Graduate College; Dr. Leslie Sims, Dean of the Graduate College; Peter Nathan, Vice President for Academic Affairs; Dr. Anne Cleary, Associated Vice President for Academic Affairs; Dr. Hunter Rawlings III, President since June 1991. The response from various university officials is, however, disappointed. Up to now, my complaints are still under primary investigation by university officials. I believe they are just trying to coordinates their words to cover this up. Immediately after Dr. Dwight Nicholson nominated [redacted] for some kind of teach/research award from the university and Dr. Cleary called [redacted], [redacted] came to me saying "if you continue, it will backfire."

What a down-right attempt to cover-up. The whole scene looks pretty like the famous story of "The Count of Monte Cristo" by Alex Dumas. Since then I have sworn to myself that I would revenge at any cost, sooner or later, misconducts of the said persons would be impossible without the indulgence/coverup by the university authorities. I have been revealing their unethical conducts to Dr. Rudolph Schultz, associate dean of Graduate College; Dr. Leslie Sims, dean of graduate college; Dr. Peter Nathan, Vice President for Academic Affairs; Dr. Hunter Rawlings III, President of the University of Iowa since June 1991. However, they would rather to believe the words of Nicholson than to listen to my words and my evidence. The department/college/

university authorities have been in a conspiracy to isolate me, delay my complaint so I might be forced to leave here and they could claim the case dismissed because the absence of the plaintiff. I regret that I have to take extraordinary measure to resolve this matter, but it is simply not my fault. The University of Iowa authorities should be blamed for the unfortunate outcome. If the university had taken positive steps as it is supposed by the tax-payers, tuition payers and funding agencies, all this could be avoided. The University of Iowa is trying its best to cover . . . Nicholson in the DCS dissertation award, in spite of the fact that I am putting my whole career on the line. I am being a physicist who believed in the conservation of matter, energy, momentum, etc.

Although my flesh/blood-made body seems dead, my spiritual soul remains perpetual and I am being quantum leaping to another corner of our world. I have finished what I am supposed to do here which is to make right what was once wrong. I am proud of my achievement here and I am more confident in my upcoming journey. So long my friends, maybe we will meet again in another time at another place. May the lord bless all those descent human beings who are honest, hard working and truthy.

Marc Lepine

On December 6, 1989, Lépine walked into the École Polytechnique, an engineering school associated with the University of Montreal. He entered a second-floor classroom where he separated the men and women and then ordered the approximately 50 men to leave. Claiming that he was fighting feminism, he shot the nine women who remained, killing six and injuring the rest. He then moved to other areas of the building, shooting and killing more women, 14 in all. Lepine left a note naming 19 women he wanted to kill, he considered all of them feminists.

Lepine's crime is thought of as a hate crime against women. Psychiatrists' assessments include that he was psychotic and had a personality disorder. He killed himself at the scene.

What follows is his suicide note.

Forgive the mistakes, I had 15 minutes to write this. Would you note that if I commit suicide today 89-12-06 it is not for economic reasons (for I have waited until I exhausted all my financial means, even refusing jobs) but for political reasons. Because I have decided to send the feminists, who have always ruined my life, to their Maker. For seven years life has brought me no joy and being totally blasé, I have decided to put an end to those viragos. I tried in my youth to enter the Forces as an officer cadet, which would have allowed me possibly to get into the arsenal and precede Lortiel in a raid. They refused me because antisocial [sic]. I therefore had to wait until this day to execute my plans. In between, I continued my studies in a haphazard way for they

never really interested me, knowing in advance my fate. Which did not prevent me from obtaining very good marks despite my theory of not handing in work and the lack of studying before exams. Even if the Mad Killer epithet will be attributed to me by the media, I consider myself a rational erudite that only the arrival of the Grim Reaper has forced to take extreme acts. For why persevere to exist if it is only to please the government. Being rather backward-looking by nature (except for science), the feminists have always enraged me. They want to keep the advantages of women (e.g. cheaper insurance, extended maternity leave preceded by a preventative leave, etc.) while seizing for themselves those of men. Thus it is an obvious truth that if the Olympic Games removed the Men-Women distinction, there would be Women only in the graceful events. So the feminists are not fighting to remove that barrier. They are so opportunistic they do not neglect to profit from the knowledge accumulated by men through the ages. They always try to misrepresent themselves every time they can. Thus, the other day, I heard they were honoring the Canadian men and women who fought at the frontline during the world wars. How can you explain [that since] women were not authorized to go to the frontline??? Will we hear of Caesar's female legions and female galley slaves who of course took up 50% of the ranks of history, though they never existed? A real Casus Belli. Sorry for this too brief letter. Marc Lépine Annex (here Lepine lists 19 names and telephone numbers of women Lepine identified as feminists) nearly died today. The lack of time (because I started too late) has allowed these radical feminists to survive.

George Sodini

George Sodini opened fire during an aerobics class on August 4, 2009 in Collier Township, Pennsylvania. The attack resulted in four deaths. Nine other people were injured. Sodini entered the class, pulled two guns out of a duffel bag and started shooting.

Sodini was a 48 year old systems analyst. His motivation for the crime was his hatred for women, and that women showed no interest in him. He flew under the radar, stating on his website "Probably 99% of the people who know me well don't even think I was this crazy." Sodini killed himself at the scene.

What follows is George Sodini's blog, which was taken off the Internet after the attacks.

Why do this? To young girls? Just read below. I kept a running log that includes my thoughts and actions, after I saw this project was going to drag on.

November 5, 2008:

Planned to do this in the summer but figure to stick around to see the election outcome. This particular one got so much attention and I was just curious. Not like

I give a flying — who won, since this exit plan was already planned. Good luck to Obama! He will be successful. The liberal media LOVES him. Amerika has chosen The Black Man. Good! In light of this I got ideas outside of Obama's plans for the economy and such. Here it is: Every black man should get a young white girl... Kinda a reverse indentured servitude thing. Long ago, many an older white male landowner had a young Negro wench girl for his desires. Bout' time tables are turned on that — LOL. More so than they dig the white dudes! Every daddy knows when he sends his little girl to college, she be ...real good. I saw it. "Not my little girl", daddy says! (Yeah right!!) Black dudes have their choice of best white —. You do the math, there are enough young white girls so all the brothers can each have one for 3 or 6 months or so.

December 22, 2008:

Time is moving along. Planned to have this done already. I will just keep a running log here as time passes. Many of the young girls here look so beautiful as to not be human, very edible. After joining this gym, started lifting weights and like it. Much info about weight programs, diet etc on the web. Or anything for that matter. Instead of TV I can Google for hours to relax. TV and most movies are dull.

December 24, 2008:

Moving into Christmas again. No girlfriend since 1984, last Christmas with Pam was in 1983. Who knows why. I am not ugly or too weird. No sex since July 1990 either (I was 29). No —! Over eighteen years ago. And did it maybe only 50-75 times in my life. Getting to think that a woman now would just, uh, get in the way of things. Isolated. I have extra money and enjoy traveling, too, with my 25-30 days of vacation. LA was the best! But going alone is not too fun. Invited to a party on Christmas day tomorrow. Seems about 15-25 people will actually show. I like her parties; I can meet new people and talk. Got the next 8 days off. I should have exit plan done and practiced by then. I know nothing will change, no matter how hard I try or what goals I set.

December 28, 2008:

Glad I stayed around. All these days off are great. I will shoot for Tuesday, January 6, 2009, at maybe 8:15. I have list of to-do items to make.

December 29, 2008:

Just got back from tanning, been doing this for a while. No gym today, my elbow is sore again. I actually look good. I dress good, am clean-shaven, bathe, touch of cologne - yet 30 million women rejected me - over an 18 or 25-year period. That is how I see it. Thirty million is my rough guesstimate of how many desirable single women there are. A man needs a woman for confidence. He gets a boost on the job, career, with other men, and everywhere else when he knows inside he has someone to spend the night with and who is also a friend. This type of life I see is a closed world with me specifically

and totally excluded. Every other guy does this successfully to a degree. Flying solo for many years is a destroyer. Yet many people say I am easy to get along with, etc. Looking back, I owe nothing to desirable females who ask for anything, except for basic courtesy - usually. Looking back over everything, what bothers me most is the inability to work towards whatever change I choose.

December 30, 2008:

While driving I radio surfed to a talk show. The caller was a 30ish black man who was describing the despair in certain black communities. According to him, life is cheap there because you are going to die anyway when you get old. It is the quality of life that is important, he said. If you know the past 40 years were crappy, why live another 30 crappy years then die? His point was they engage in dangerous behavior which tends to shorten the lifespans, to die now and avoid the next 30 crappy years, using my example. The host got sarcastic and ended the call instead of trying understanding his point. Agreement wasn't necessary. I put music back on. But it was an interesting, and useful point for me to hear.

December 31, 2008:

My anger and rage is largely gone since I began lifting weights. Lifting drains me but I still have energy. Somebody else suggested running but that did not help me. I guess strenuous exercise is necessary for a man. So I just learned that now at 48. Maybe 30 years later than I would have liked. My dad never (not once) talked to me or asked about my life's details and tell me what he knew. He was just a useless sperm donor. Don't know why, find it fun talking to young kids when I visit someone. Brother was actually counter-productive and would try to embarrass me or discourage my efforts when pursuing things, esp girls early on (teen years). Useless bully. Result is I am learning basics by trial and error in my 40s, followed by discouragement. Seems odd, but that's true. Writing all this is helping me justify my plan and to see the futility of continuing. Too embarrassed to tell anyone this, at almost 50 one is expected to just know these things. I hope it doesn't snow on Tuesday. Just thought of that. The crowd will be thin so I would postpone —!

January 5, 2009:

Was at the gym to lift. Very crowded. Tomorrow should be good. There is a woman there that gives me a certain look every time I am there. I decided to walk over and make a comment about the crowds but she left when I finished the exercise. Better that I do not get sidetracked from tomorrow's plan anyways. Life is just playing games. One or two dates with her, then the end. No matter how many changes I try to make, things stay the same. Every evening I am alone, and then go to bed alone. Young women were brutal when I was younger, now they aren't as much, probably because they just see me just as another old man. I see twenty something couples everywhere. I see a twenty something guy with a nice twentyish young woman. I think those years

slipped right by for me. Why should I continue another 20+ years alone? I will just work, come home, eat, maybe do something, then go to bed (alone) for the next day of the same thing. This is the Auschwitz Syndrome, to be in serious pain so long one thinks it is normal. I cannot wait for tomorrow!

January 6, 2009:

I can do this. Leaving work today, I felt like a zombie - just going thru the motions. Get on the bus, get the car, drive home. My mind is screwed up anymore, I can't concentrate at work or think at all. This log is not detailed. It is only for confidence to do this. The future holds even less than what I have today. It is 6:40pm, about hour and a half to go. God have mercy. I wish life could be better for all and the crazy world can somehow run smoother. I wish I had answers. Bye.

It is 8:45PM: I chickened out! —! I brought the loaded guns, everything. Hell!

April 24, 2009:

Early last month, we had our second general layoff. I survived. First one was in November. When I began 10 years ago, that used to be a nice place to work. I understand the need to reduce staff when times sour, but this is out of proportion to the economic problems at this time. The economy is shrinking by about 4-5%. They decided not to pay Christmas bonus - for staff that amounts to about 8% of yearly pay. Well, OK. Plus no yearly "merit" raise, another 3.5%. That totals to about 11% cut. Plus two layoffs of 5% staff in each case. Do the math. I know this firm is using this downturn as an excuse to take advantage of a bad situation and kill jobs UNNECESSARILY. The second layoff people who actually did work were let go. We all need to pick up the slack so the company can cut beyond what is necessary. Wasn't going to mention it, because of all this —, it is K&L Gates, the large law firm headquartered here in Pittsburgh. Just call it K&L Gates Corporation. Most people there are OK and I would never have a shoot 'em up there. They paid me for 10 years, so far!

I predict I won't survive the next layoff. That is when there is no point to continue. Right now, life is bearable and I can get by indefinitely. Something bad must happen. The paycheck is all I have left. The future holds nothing for me. Twenty five years of nothing fun. I never even spent one weekend with a girl in my life, even at my own place. Also unlikely to find another similar job. I guess then is when I take care of things. I don't have kids, close friends or anything. Just me here. If you have nothing, you have nothing to lose.

I enjoy writing these entries, I have no plans to go back and edit or even read most stuff already written. If you get bored, just click that "x" at the top, right corner of your browser. Bye.

May 4, 2009:

I was so eager to do this last year. The big problem on my mind now is that my job will end soon. One project is being transitioned to another. The other one I am solely

responsible, but is being fast tracked to production. I estimate maybe a month. I am not ready for the job market. I am ok at what I do, a .NET software developer. Not at the top of the class, but I do a good job. I survived two general layoffs and other little layoffs they are having but keeping quiet about. I hear things.

The problem is I feel too good now to do this but too bad to enjoy life. I know I will never enjoy life. This is an over 30 year trend. Some people are happy, some are miserable. It is difficult to live almost continuously feeling an undercurrent of fear, worry, discontentment and helplessness. I can talk and joke around and sound happy but under it all is something different that seems unchangeable and a permanent part of my being. I need to realize the details of what I never accomplished in life and to be convinced the future is merely a continuation of the past - WHICH IT ALWAYS has been. I am making a list of items that will provide motivation to do the exit plan, it won't be published. I always had hope that maybe things will improve especially if I make big attempts to change my life. I made many big changes in the past two years but everything is still the same. Life is over. Even though I look good, dress well, well groomed - nails, teeth, hair, etc. Who knows.

What is it like to be dead? I always think I am forgetting something, that's one reason I postponed. Similar to when you leave to get in your car to go somewhere - you hesitate with a thought: "what am I forgetting?" In this case, I cannot make a return trip!

I like to write and talk. Ironic because I haven't met anybody recently (past 30 years) who I want to be close friends with OR who want to be close friends with me. I was always open to suggestions to what I am doing wrong, no brother or father (mine are useless) or close friend to nudge me and give it bluntly yet tactfully wtf I am doing wrong. A personal coach or someone who knows what he is doing would be perfect. Money is highly secondary for a solution.

May 5, 2009:

To pull the exit plan off, it popped into my mind to just use some booze. I want to do this before I get laid off, for reasons not worth mentioning but don't seem to have the —. After the gym, I stopped at Shop N Save and got a fifth of vodka and a small bottle of Jack Daniels. I haven't had a drink since September 1, 1988, just over 20 years. It doesn't matter now, I need to use it to take the edge off of carrying out the exit plan. I will be taking some every now and then to get used to it and see if the alcohol effects will embolden me. Weed would be fun to try again. I don't know who has any. Life is over, who cares? I just need to use common sense, can't drink and drive, etc. This idea just hit me at a point in time and I immediately acted on it. Same thing happened when I decided to go back to Pitt full time, first day was Monday, May 8, 1989, and to buy the house that closed on Friday, September 30, 1996, to name two examples I remember so well.

The list idea yesterday is working. I carry it in my wallet and add to it. I am feeling too good to carry this out, but too bad to enjoy ANYTHING. My life's dilemma.

May 6, 2009:

I started the JD. About one ounce with some tea to get me started. No big deal.

May 7, 2009:

Went to the gym and did mostly cardio. My heart rate was 117 just from walking on the treadmill at 3.4. This should be done a few times a week for maybe 15 mins or so to keep the heart active. I sprinted a few times to push the limits.

May 18, 2009:

I actually had a date today. It was with a woman I met on the bus in March. We got together at Two PPG Place for lunch. The last date for me was May 1, 2008. Women just don't like me. There are 30 million desirable women in the US (my estimate) and I cannot find one. Not one of them finds me attractive. I am looking at The List I made from my May 4th idea. I forgot about that for several days. That tells me where I stand. These problems have gotten worse over a 30 year period. I need to expect nothing from me or other people. All through the years I thought we had the ability to change ourselves - I guess that is incorrect. Looking at The List makes me realize how TOTALLY ALONE, a deeper word is ISOLATED, I am from all else. I no longer have any expectations of myself. I have no options because I cannot work toward and achieve even the smallest goals. That is, ABOVE ALL, what bothers me the most. Not to be able to work towards what I want in my life. I believe I deserve that. I read recently it is called "self efficacy", but who knows. Is that more psychobabble?

May 25, 2009:

I was invited to a picnic, and I went. An older woman there, out of the blue, asked if I liked high school. Then quickly asked if I was picked on very much. Interesting why she would ask that. But, thanks, I already know what the problem is, but a solution eludes me.

May 29, 2009:

Another lonely Friday night. I'm done. This is too much.

June 2, 2009:

Some people I was talking with believed I date a lot and get around with women. They think this because I showed an email I got from a hot woman to the department gossip, but it didn't work out. All this is funny. Actually, I haven't had sex since I was 29 years old, 19 years ago. That's true.

June 5, 2009:

I was reading several posts on different forums and it seems many teenage girls have sex frequently. One 16 year old does it usually three times a day with her boyfriend. So, err, after a month of that, this little — has had more sex than ME in my LIFE, and I am 48. One more reason. Thanks for nada, b—! Bye.

July 4, 2009:

Wow, already late evening. I stayed in all day. Can't believe there was NOTHING to do today. No parties or picnics. WTF. No need to leave now.

July 20, 2009:

Been a long time since last write. Everything still sucks. But I got a promotion and a raise, even in this — Obama economy. No more grunt programming. Go figure! New boss is great. He tactfully says when you did something wrong or complements on good things. Never confused with him. But that is NOT what I want in life. I guess some of us were simply meant to walk a lonely path. I have slept alone for over 20 years. Last time I slept all night with a girlfriend it was 1982. Proof I am a total malfunction. Girls and women don't even give me a second look ANYWHERE. There is something BLATANTLY wrong with me that NO goddamn person will tell me what it is. Every person just wants to be — nice and say nice things to me. Flattery. Oh yeah, I am sure you can get a date anytime. You look good, etc. —. Awwww, wait. I can just start being self-righteous and say I live a good, clean life. I am holy, that's all Rick Knapp stuff. Hear that you —: I Am Just Good!

July 23, 2009: Wow!!

I just looked out my front window and saw a beautiful college-age girl leave Bob Fox's house, across the street. I guess he got a good lay today. College girls are —. I masturbate. Frequently. He is about 45 years old. She was a long haired, hot little hottie with a beautiful bod. I masturbate. Frequently. Some were simply meant to walk a lonely path in life. I don't usually look out, but just happened to notice. Holy —. I have masturbated since age 13. Thanks, mum and brother (by blood alone). And dad, old man, for TOTALLY ignoring me through the years. All of you DEEPLY helped me be this way.

I wish I can go back to 1975 and fix things. Awe, that won't work, big BULLY BROTHER would assert his —. He was twice my size. He never messed with guys bigger than 5'10, or so. He is a — at heart. Remember, Michael is my brother (we have common parents, that's all) is still a BOSS. Repetition only for emphasis: HE IS ONLY A BULLY, even at 50ish! Never forget that! Because he exudes confidence. People believe — if delivered WITH CONFIDENCE. Get it??

On the same thought, things occurred to me today. Michael NEVER had an attractive girlfriend. Debbie, Barb, Kim, ... then I lost track. Not to say I had any (except Pam, who was about a 7.25). He married a Chinese-descent, petite woman with no body, no —, no chest and no personality. She never laughs or smiles, neither does he. But she is highly intelligent and an excellent cook. I can testify to that! She home bakes her own DELICIOUS wheat bread! But who cares about that type of small bull crap? Mike even mentioned when we were visiting dad that "she's not very attractive".

I don't know where I am going with this. I am getting tired, feels good to write and get it all out.

On still another thought, I had 20+ years of sobriety and achieved nothing about friendships, girlfriends, guys, etc. Zilch. What a waste.

Bye, for today.

August 2, 2009:

The biggest problem of all is not having relationships or friends, but not being able to achieve and acquire what I desire in those or many other areas. Everything stays the same regardless of the effort I put in. If I had control over my life then I would be happier. But for about the past 30 years, I have not.

August 3, 2009:

I took off today, Monday, and tomorrow to practice my routine and make sure it is well polished. I need to work out every detail, there is only one shot. Also I need to be completely immersed into something before I can be successful. I haven't had a drink since Friday at about 2:30. Total effort needed. Tomorrow is the big day.

Unfortunately I talked to my neighbor today, who is very positive and upbeat. I need to remain focused and absorbed COMPLETELY. Last time I tried this, in January, I chickened out. Let's see how this new approach works.

Maybe soon, I will see God and Jesus. At least that is what I was told. Eternal life does NOT depend on works. If it did, we will all be in hell. Christ paid for EVERY sin, so how can I or you be judged BY GOD for a sin when the penalty was ALREADY paid. People judge but that does not matter. I was reading the Bible and The Integrity of God beginning yesterday, because soon I will see them.

I will try not to add anymore entries because this computer clicking distracts me.

Also, any of the "Practice Papers" left on my coffee table I used or the notes in my gym bag can be published freely. I will not be embarrassed, because, well, I will be dead. Some people like to study that stuff. Maybe all this will shed insight on why some people just cannot make things happen in their life, which can potentially benefit others.

Miscellaneous:

1. Probably 99% of the people who know me well don't even think I was this crazy. Told by at least 100 girls/women over the years I was a "nice guy". Not kidding.

2. [Redacted] had my baby in early 1991. Haven't seen her since she was about four months into it. I knew her sister from high school.

3. Net worth slightly more than \$250K, (after all debt) as of end of 2008.

4. Death Lives!

TJ Lane

On February 27, 2012, 17 year old T.J lane shot six students at Chardon High School in Chardon, Ohio. Three of them died. Lane started shooting in the cafeteria

before he was chased out by a football coach and was arrested shortly afterwards. Lane admitted to the killing but said he didn't know why he did it.

He was sentenced to three life sentences in prison without parole. At the sentencing hearing, Lane removed his dress shirt to reveal a t-shirt with the word "KILLER" written on it. After being sentenced, Lane said to the victims' families "This hand that pulled the trigger that killed your sons now masturbates to the memory. Fuck all of you," while he gave them the finger.

The following was a Facebook post Lane wrote shortly before the killings.

In a time long since. A time of repent. The Renaissance. In a quaint lonely town. Sits a man with a frown. No job. No family. No crown. His luck had run out. Lost and alone. The streets were his home. His thoughts would solely consist of "why do we exist?" His only company to confide in was the vermin in the street. He longed for only one thing, the world to bow at his feet. They too should feel his secret fear. The dismal drear. His pain had made him sincere. He was better than the rest, all those ones he detests, within their castles. So vain. Selfish and conceited. They couldn't care less about the peasants they mistreated. They were in their own world, it was a joyous one too. That castle, she stood just to do all she could to keep the peasants at bay, not the enemy away. They had no enemies in their filthy orgy. And in her. the castles every story. Was just another chamber of Lucifer's Laboratory. The world is a sandbox for all the wretched sinners. They simply create what they want and make themselves the winners. But the true winner, he has nothing at all. Enduring the pain of waiting for that castle to fall. Through his good deeds, the rats and the fleas. He will have for what he pleads. Through the eradication of disease. So, to the castle he proceeds. Like an ominous breeze through the trees. "Stay back!" the Guards screamed as they were thrown to their knees. "Oh God. have mercy, please!" The castle. She gasped and then imprisoned her breath. To the shallow confines of her fragile chest. I'm on the lamb but I ain't no sheep. I am Death. And you have always been the sod. So repulsive and so odd. You never even deserved the presence of God, and yet, I am here. Around your cradle I plod. Came on foot, without shod. How improper, how rude. However. they shall not mind the mud on my feet if there is blood on your sheet. Now! Feel death, not just mocking you. Not just stalking you but inside of you. Wriggle and writhe. Feel smaller beneath my might. Seizure in the Pestilence that is my scythe. Die. All of you.

Kip Kinkel

On May 20, 1998 expelled student Kip Kinkel murdered his parents after they had threatened to send him to military school. The next day he went to Thurston High School in Springfield, Oregon, shot two students dead and wounded 25 others. He was tackled by a group of students when he was trying to reload his weapon.

He had long given off signs of being a paranoid schizophrenic. He heard voices from the age of 12 and experienced delusions that the government had implanted a chip in his brain. Kinkel is currently serving a 111-year prison sentence.

The following is from a note left at his house.

I have just killed my parents! I don't know what is happening. I love my mom and dad so much. I just got two felonies on my record. My parents can't take that! It would destroy them. The embarrassment would be too much for them. They couldn't live with themselves. I'm so sorry. I am a horrible son. I wish I had been aborted. I destroy everything I touch. I can't eat. I can't sleep. I didn't deserve them. They were wonderful people. It's not their fault or the fault of any person, organization, or television show. My head just doesn't work right. God damn these VOICES inside my head. I want to die. I want to be gone. But I have to kill people. I don't know why. I am so sorry! Why did God do this to me? I have never been happy. I wish I was happy. I wish I made my mother proud. I am nothing! I tried so hard to find happiness. But you know me, I hate everything. I have no other choice. What have I become? I am so sorry.

Dylan Klebold

Dylan Klebold, along with Eric Harris, shot and killed 13 people and injured 20 at Columbine High School on April 20, 1999. The two entered the school shortly after 11 A.M. and walked around the school for close to an hour, shooting at anyone they encountered.

They had been considering a killing spree for a year and a half. Klebold was delusional and convinced that others hated him, and were out to get him, even though by all accounts he was well liked. He, as well as Harris, killed himself at Columbine High School on the day of the attack.

Klebold wrote this story for school in 1999.

The town, even at 1:00 AM, was still bustling with activity as the man dressed in black walked down the empty streets... What was most recognized about the man was the sound of his footsteps. Behind the conversations & noises of the town, not a sound was to be heard from him, except the dark, monotonous footsteps, combined with the jingling of his belt chains striking not only the two visible guns in their holsters, but the large bowie knife, slung in anticipation of use. The wide-brimmed hat cast a pitch-black shadow on his already dimly lit face. He wore black gloves, with a type

of metal spiked-band across the knuckles. A black overcoat covered most of his body, small lines of metal & half-inch spikes layering upper portions of the shoulders, arms, and back. His boots were newly polished, and didn't look like they had been used much. He carried a black duffel bag in his right hand. He apparently had parked a car nearby & looked ready for a small war with whoever came across his way. I have never seen anyone take this mad-max approach in the city, especially since the piggies had been called to this part of town for a series of crimes lately. Yet, in the midst of the nightlife in the center of the average-sized town, this man walked, fueled by some untold purpose, what Christians would call evil. The guns slung on his belt & belly appeared to be automatic hand guns, which were draped above rows of magazines & clips. He smoked a thin cigar, and a sweet clovesque scent emanated from his aura. He stood about six feet and four inches and was strongly built. His face was entirely in shadow, yet even though I was unable to see his expressions, I could feel his anger, cutting thru the air like a razor. He seemed to know where he was walking, and he noticed my presence, but paid no attention as he kept walking toward a popular bar. The Watering Hole. He stopped about 30 feet from the door, and waited. "For whom?" I wondered, as I saw them step out. He must have known their habits well, as they appeared less than a minute after he stopped walking. A group of college-preps, about nine of them, stopped in their tracks. A couple of them were mildly drunk, the rest sober. They stopped and stared. The streetlights illuminating the bar & the sidewalk showed me a clear view of their stare, full of paralysis & fear. They knew who he was & why he was there. The second largest spoke up "What're you doing man... why are you here... ?" The man in black said nothing, but even at my distance, I could feel his anger growing. "You still wanted a fight huh? I meant not with weapons, I just meant a fist fight... cmon put the guns away, fuckin pussy!!" said the largest prep, his voice quavering as he spoke these words of attempted courage. Other preps could be heard muttering in the background: "Nice trench coat dude, that's pretty cool there..." "Dude we were jus messin around the other day chill out man..." "I didn't do anything, it was all them!!" "Cmon man you wouldn't shoot us, were in the middle of a public place." Yet the comment I remember the most was uttered from the smallest of the group, obviously a cocky, power hungry prick. "Go ahead man! Shoot me!!! I want you to shoot me!! Heheh you won't!! Goddam pussy." It was faint at first, but grew in intensity and power as I heard the man laugh. This laugh would have made Satan cringe in Hell. For almost half a minute this laugh, spawned from the most powerful place conceivable, filled the air, and thru the entire town, the entire world. The town activity came to a stop, and all attention was now drawn to this man. One of the preps began to slowly move back. Before I could see a reaction from the preps, the man had dropped his duffel bag, and pulled out one of the pistols with his left hand. Three shots were fired. Three shots hit the largest prep in the head. The shining of the streetlights caused a visible reflection off of the droplets of blood as they flew away from the skull. The blood spatters showered the preps buddies, as they were too paralyzed to run. The next four preps were not executed so systematically, but with more rage from the

man's hand cannon than a controlled duty for a soldier. The man unloaded one of the pistols across the fronts of these four innocents, their instantly lifeless bodies dropping with remarkable speed. The shots from that gun were felt just as much as they were heard. He pulled out his other pistol, and without changing a glance, without moving his deathstare from the four other victims to go, aimed the weapon out to the side, and shot about 8 rounds. These bullets mowed down what, after he was dead, I made out to be an undercover cop with his gun slung. He then emptied the clip into two more of the preps. Then, instead of reloading & finishing the task, he set down the guns, and pulled out the knife. The blade loomed huge, even in his large grip. I now noticed that one of the two still alive was the smallest of the band, who had now wet his pants, and was hyperventilating in fear. The other one tried to lunge at the man, hoping that his football tackling skills would save his life. The man sidestepped, and made two lunging slashes at him. I saw a small trickle of blood cascade out of his belly and splashing onto the concrete. His head wound was almost as bad, as the shadow formed by the bar's lighting showed blood dripping off his face. The last one, the smallest one, tried to run. The man quickly reloaded, and shot him thru the lower leg. He instantly fell, and cried in pain. The man then pulled out of the duffel bag what looked to be some type of electronic device. I saw him tweak the dials, and press a button. I heard a faint, yet powerful explosion. I would have to guess about 6 miles away. Then another one occurred closer. After recalling the night many times, I finally understood that these were diversions, to attract the cops. The last prep was bawling & trying to crawl away. The man walked up behind him. I remember the sound of the impact well. The man came down with his left hand, right on the prep's head. The metal piece did its work, as I saw his hand get buried about 2 inches into the guy's skull. The man pulled his arm out, and stood, unmoving, for about a minute. The town was utterly still, except for the faint wail of police sirens. The man picked up the bag and his clips, and proceeded to walk back the way he came. I was still, as he came my way again. He stopped, and gave me a look I will never forget. If I could face an emotion of god, it would have looked like the man. I not only saw in his face, but also felt emanating from him power, complacency, closure, and godliness. The man smiled, and in that instant, thru no endeavor of my own, I understood his actions.

Christopher Harper Mercer

On October 1, 2015, at the Oregon campus of Umpqua Community College, Chris Harper-Mercer, a 26-year-old student who was enrolled at the school, fatally shot an assistant professor and eight students in a classroom. He spared one student's life so the person could deliver a package from him to the police but forced him to sit in the back of the classroom and watch as he shot others.

Harper struggled with mental health issues and was obsessed with guns and mass killings. Some have theorized that he also identified as an “incel,” an involuntary celibate. Harper killed himself when the police arrived at the scene.

What follows is his manifesto.

My Story

I have always been the most hated person in the world. Ever since I arrived in this world, I have been under siege from it. Under attack from morons and idiots. I write this manifesto so that others will know of my story and perhaps find some solace in it, some kind of inspiration for their own lives. It will contain various sections dealing with my life. It will be divided into sections based on different things.

My whole life has been one lonely enterprise. One loss after another. And here I am, 26, with no friends, no job, no girlfriend, a virgin. I long ago realized that society likes to deny people like me these things. People who are elite, people who stand with the gods. People like Elliot Rodger, Vester Flanagan, The Columbine kids, Adam Lanza and Seung Cho.

Just like me those people were denied everything they deserved, everything they wanted. Though we may have been born bad, society left us no recourse, no way to be good. I have been forced to align myself with demonic forces. What was once an involuntary relationship has now become an alignment, a service. I now serve the demonic hierarchy. When I die will become one of them. A demon. And I will return to kill again and again. I will possess another and you will know my work by my sign, the pentagram will fly again. Many will ask and ponder, what could they have done different, how could they have prevented this. But you can't, you could never give what I wanted. You would never have done that. Some will of course say I had so much to live for, but I don't think so. I had no friends, no girlfriend, was all alone. I had no job, no life, no successes. What was it that was supposed to happen, what great event was it that was supposed to make me realize how much there was going for me? But for people like me there is another world, a darker world that welcomes us. For people like us this is all that's left.

My success in Hell is assured. They will give me the power that I seek. They have always been there, speaking to me on the sidelines, controlling me. It's only fit that I join them after death. They've told me what to do, showed me the way.

And just like me, there will be others, like Ted Bundy said, we are your sons, your brothers, we are everywhere. My advice to others like me is to buy a gun and start killing people. If you live in a country like Europe with strict gun laws, either pay the necessary fees/time to get a license or become a serial killer. The world could always use an additional serial killer. Butcher them in their homes, in the street, wherever you find them. Every country in the world should be a battleground. From the heart

of Africa to the deepest depths of Asia blood will flow. Fear not the laws of man, when you get to the other side you will be welcomed.

Don't be afraid to give in to your darkest impulses. Human life means nothing, we are what matters.

I hope to inspire the masses with this, at least enough to get their passions aroused.

It is my hope that others will hear my call and act it out. I was once like you, a loser, rejected by society. When the girls would rather go with alpha thug black men, we can all agree that something's wrong with the world. When good individuals like myself are alone, but wicked black men get the loot, like some sort of vaginal pirate, it's not fair.

Blackness and its Effect on Men

The black man is the most vile creature on the planet. He is a beast beyond measure. But don't take these words to be racist. I don't hate blacks. Just the men. Now of course some of you will be saying, wait, your 40 % black aren't you? Ah yes dear reader, I am, but thankfully my partial blackness didn't come from a man. If it had my brain would have been fried. It is the black male who is foolish. Black women are not to blame, they are hapless dupes to the black man's conniving machinations. Africa would be better off without the black man, they should be executed and the black queen should take over Africa. After all, it was black men who made it inferior. Elliot Rodger was right when he said his thoughts on the black male. I fully agree with him.

Black men have corrupted the women of this planet. All they care about is sex and swag. All they care about is swinging their "BBC thang" around in public. All their brain power has been submerged into their penis. This blackness effect is only prominent on men. On women it has no effect. No one lives in fear of the black woman but everyone lives in fear of the black man. It would be better if all black women left the beast on the altar and dated a white man. Or lesbian exploration. But due to the black murder rate, in 100 years there won't be any black men, they will all be in jail or dead. The number of ebony lesbians will increase. Joy Joy Joy! The black man has more brains in his penis than Obama has in his head. And latinos will also suffer a massive drop in population, although not as bad as the black man. Both enjoy killing each other. At least the latino can be put into remedial education and be made smart. But the black man's brains fell out of the back of his head at birth onto the baby ward. I hope all mixed folk have the sense not to touch the black man but to instead find themselves a good white/Asian man.

But there is hope for the world. The Asian and Indian women are traditional and good. So are the men. I have always respected them. They will rule America in the inner city and the world. The black woman can only be saved by the castration/elimination of the black man. The black man is a wily beast who has held back the black woman. Success does not come out of your loins but he doesn't get the message (See end of manifesto for good black/bad black comparison).

Other Mass Shooters

I have been interested in mass shooters for years. I noticed where they always go wrong is they don't work fast enough and their death toll is not anywhere near where it should be. They shoot wildly instead of targeted blasts. They also don't take on the cops. Why kill other people but you won't takeout the cops?

Interests

Now for the part I'm sure the media will love. My interests. My interests include listening to music, watching movies, internet piracy. My only solace in online life is posting on Kat.cr as the user lithium_love. I mostly have uploaded porno, ebooks, things like that. That has been my only joy in life. I will leave a sign on my profile there for any who wish to see it. I'll say again my profile on kat.cr is lithium_love. Check out what I've uploaded. You may find our tastes are more similar than you realize.

My favorite artists are the following:

1. Marilyn Manson
2. Emilie Autumn
3. And One
4. Aqua
5. Blutengel
6. Garbage
7. Switchblade Symphony
8. ASP
9. Jack off Jill
10. The Creepshow
11. Dresden Dolls

My favorite movies are the following:

1. Cloud atlas
2. Terminator series
3. Living Dead series
4. The Exorcist
5. The Exorcism of Emily Rose

Favorite colors are Red and Black

Favorite food is potatoes

Favorite drink is soymilk

FAQ

Q. What is your religion?

A. My religion is not a formal one, but more so a new age one. I've aligned myself with the occult since I was born.

Q. How come you've not had a girlfriend, are you gay?

A. No I'm not gay, girls just didn't want me. As I said before they went for the thug blacks.

Q. Are you mentally ill?

A. No I'm not. Just because I'm in communion with the Dark Forces doesn't mean I'm crazy.

Good black (Miss Stacey Dash)

Bad black (Gucci Mane, cheap motherfucker with an ice cream cone on his face)

So, in conclusion this is my manifesto. I hope all who have read it enjoyed it and find inspiration in it. Learn from what I've done. I know this is not as long as Elliot Rodger's but it's still good. Elliot is a god.

For those wondering, I do not have any social media. If anything should happen to this manifesto on this hard drive there is an original copy on my computer.

For the Vestor Flanagans, Elliot Rodgers, Seung Cho, Adam Lanzas of the world, I do this. For all those who never took me seriously, this is for you. For all those who haven't made their stand I do this. I am the martyr for all those like me. To quote Seung Cho, "Today I die like Jesus Christ."

666 For Satan I do this, for the Darkness I do this 666.

Kimveer Gill

On September 13, 2006, Kimveer Gill killed one person and wounded 19 others during a shooting at Dawson College in Montreal. Gill began shooting outside of the school and continued his assault in the cafeteria.

Gill flew under the radar for the most part before his attack, except for the fact he would spend much time online writing about how miserable the world was. Security footage showed him staking out the scene of the crime around a month prior to the shooting. He killed himself after being shot in the arm by police.

What follows is from his online journal.

I was thinking of Barbara [redacted] yesterday. I saw her in a dream. She was just standing there smiling at me. She looked like a princess. All in white clothes, and she was just smiling, the most beautiful smile, but didn't say anything, and I just looked at her, I tried to look at her ears to see how many piercings she had by now, but couldn't see anything other than her face. There was a bright white light shining from all over, around her body, from the ground up, from the sky down, all over, a super bright white light. I couldn't stop looking in her eyes, it almost felt like if I stopped gazing into her eyes, that I would die. For a second I thought she was trying to tell me something. I wanted to run up to her and hold her, and touch her, to see if she was real, cuz' this dream felt different than others I've had. But I couldn't move. I wanted to look down to see if there was something holding my feet and keeping me from moving, but I couldn't take my eyes off her. It was weird. Cuz' usually I have dreams about people being murdered, hung, getting shot in the head, and stuff like

that. Sometimes it's me that that stuff is happening to, and it's always dark and cold. But this was so different. I wonder what happened to her? She was a girl that went to my high school. We hardly ever spoke, we were in like two different groups of friends, so our paths rarely crossed. She always looks so preoccupied with stuff. I liked her, guess I should have told her or something, just to let her know and stuff, not that anything would have happened, but it would'a been nice. I wonder what she's up to? Maybe she owns her own business or something (seemed like something she'd like). It always made me smile when she went running down the halls, screaming at the top of her lungs, arms and legs flailing in every direction. Like some sort of escaped mental patient or something (I mean that in a good way). She was really sweet. (But loud) Bet if she ever stumbled upon my web page, she'd hunt me down and smack me for that. lol. Wonder if she'd have let me call her Bar-bar if we had been friends. Bar-bar sounds nice to me. Hey! Hey Bar-bar!! Where are you? You're not under my bed, or in my basement, or dancing on the roof!! (Have fun Barb :) Mood: I have no mood. Music: Soundgarden - Fell on Black Days

Robert Flores

On October 24, 2002, Robert Flores shot and killed three of his professors at the University of Arizona. All three were specifically targeted by Flores, who was struggling in school and was in the process of being expelled. He felt wronged by the professors he murdered.

Flores was a Gulf War veteran who was in school to become a registered nurse. All three of the victims expressed fear about Flores and his anger before their murders. After shooting all of his intended victims, Flores killed himself in a classroom filled with terrified students.

What follows are excerpts from a letter Flores wrote to the editor of the Arizona Daily Star.

Ms. Aman,

Greetings from the dead. You have received this letter after a rather horrendous event. To be perfectly honest with you, I do not know what forces are compelling me to write this I do not know how it will be taken. Will you read it in it's entirety or will you toss it in the circular file? Will you view me as lunatic or merely a person who just became too weary of life? I have thought about this letter for several weeks. Several weeks have passed and I haven't decided whether to write it and revise or do I subscribe to the Jack Kerouac method and write as the thoughts arrive for a more honest work?

Maybe I shall do some of both.

Introductions are in order. I am, or more accurately was, Robert Stewart Flores. Think of me as Bob as I dislike the formality of Robert. I was born in Los Angeles in 1961. I have two older sisters and one younger brother. The winds of circumstances and time have scattered my siblings from California to Connecticut. My parents are divorced, having done so just before my 5th birthday. My mother lives in Georgia and has since remarried. My father lives alone in Lake Elizabeth, California. There will be people who will attempt to catalog me in a stereotypical manner because it will be easier for them to view me as a serious dysfunctional person rather than as a person who has made a rational choice.

My parents were marginal parents at best. Talking about problems or feelings was not encouraged. My father was a police officer and to quote him when he spoke to my daughter during a visit, "I never felt comfortable around children", pretty much summed up his parenting skills. Don't get me wrong. he wasn't especially physically or emotionally abusive Just distant he did give one of his autos when I told him mine was wrecked and I couldn't purchase one. His concept of parenting was putting food on the table and it ended there. Children were not viewed as children but as marginal adults. My mother was a classic enabler with low self esteem. Mom came from a large family of lower socio-economic class. Dad was from the same background My father had two older sisters and a older brother. His father was an alcoholic who Left his family while my father was a child I really don't have much history of him. My mother and my father did not have much contact with either side after I turned about eight years old. While

nothing was spoken about this lack of contact with relations, myself and my siblings came to the conclusion that the lack of contact and distancing with relatives was a normal function of families. It wasn't until I was older and dating and was exposed to other families that I realized that this wasn't true.

(Several weeks later)

Tonight is my last night on this planet so I guess I will finish this letter. I went from an "A to B student in high school during my sophomore year to having to take summer school after graduation to complete a required course I failed. What occurred was that my parents divorced and my self and my brother and sister had to fend pretty much for ourselves. At nineteen I joined the service. I found an environment in the Army that allowed me to mature and excel. Enclosed in this letter is an example of an Enlisted Evaluation Report, (EER) that will give you an idea of responsibility and duties that I had.

You may question why I have enclosed EERs and job recommendations from after the service. My reasoning is this. After the fact, the University of Arizona will attempt to portray me as a misanthropic, marginal student who was undisciplined and could not follow instructions. This portrayal could not be further from the truth.

While on the service I attempted to attend classes at the University of Maryland. When I couldn't attend classes I went to all the book sales that the librarys would have wherever I was stationed and purchased college text books. I managed to CLEP out

36 credits in general college courses. I had been in the service for six years when I met my wife and fell in love. I was married in 1986 in Sierra Vista. After several years I was transferred to Germany. 1988-1989 were horrendous years if you were in the Armed Services. Low pay raises, promotion freezes in response to downsizing gave a poor prospect to service members no matter how hard they worked for career progression.

My rotation back to the states was almost due when Kuwait was invaded. I was stationed at 1st battalion, 7th Brigade (Patriot). The word came down the pipe that a Patriot unit slated to go could only muster 60% of its personnel for deployment. I volunteered and I was attached to Task force 8/43 (Patriot Heavy). It was the only mobile Patriot unit of the war. It was not my first time in the Middle East as I was also one of the first units that The 11th Signal Brigade sent to the area after the USSN Stark was struck by a missile a few years earlier. During my time in Iraq and later at KKMC in Saudi Arabia two separate events occurred that I did not realize it at the time until I saw a news report five years after my and I put the pieces together.

Normally a field compound is a bustling place. Even after the cessation of hostilities, daily maintenance and operations keep a compound bustling at all hours. The morning of the occurrence the camp was very quiet and there was very little movement outside the tents. It was daylight while I was resting on my cot when I started to get a horrible headache and abdominal cramps complete with nausea. I thought I was going to bust my gut when I managed to get to the slit latrine outside of the wire. My bowels completely evacuated themselves in a few seconds. I managed to clean myself up and made it back to my cot. I remember thinking, "Great, I have a case of food poisoning". I remember hearing the chemical alarms going off all morning. We had masked a few times and then had gotten the all clear as additional testing had shown that there were no chemical agents. Looking outside the tent I had noticed a commotion. The medics had found several people passed out on the ground. One poor kid had passed out straddling the latrine. The cause was severe dehydration and electrolyte loss related to the severe diarrhea and in some cases, vomiting. All food sources and personnel were examined but nothing was ever discovered. A month later, back in Saudi Arabia it occurred again but much worse that time. The abdominal cramping and diarrhea was so bad that time that most of the men did not make to the latrine but evacuated wherever they could. It took a few days to clean up the camp. Five years later I discovered that I was in the chemical downwind path when engineers blew up munitions and bunkers that had nerve agents stored in them.

Prior to getting out of the service in 1992 I had written to the College of Nursing requesting information for application and a point of contact so I could call and get some questions answered what I received was the standard application package and nothing else. Six months prior to my discharge I drove down from Colorado Springs where I was stationed at to Tucson. I came specifically to get some questions answered and my unofficial transcripts examined so I could get an idea of how long I would need to finish a B.S.N. The first person I met was [redacted]. [Redacted] had the responsibility at the College of Nursing to process all applications. When I arrived at

the university I introduced myself and stated why I had made the trip. At first she stated, "I'm much too busy to talk to you." I then asked if there was someone else I could speak to. She informed me that there was no one who would speak to me because I was not enrolled as a student. After trying several different approaches I finally left in disgust and drove back to Colorado Springs.

In June 1992 I left the service and traveled to San Angelo, Texas with the purpose of attending college. I did not have any applicable skills in the Army that translated into the civilian job market. Luckily I qualified for retraining from the local government agency it was a three year scholarship that paid for two years at a community college and a year at Angelo State University Through an agreement between the Community College and the University there were no loss of credits on transfer. The scholarship along with my GI Bill allowed me to attend classes and support my family. As my family expenses increased I had to take several jobs that did not conflict with my school. One of they was at a local country western club. I started as a barback and worked my way up to the assistant manager. Because of the nature of the work I would not finish the books and bank deposit until 0430 in the morning. There were many days that I just

stood up and went to school. I used to be able to go two to three days without sleep. Managed to graduate with 63 semester hours with honors and took my state boards for a Licensed Practical Nurse. I was ready to start my third year at Angelo State University and complete a B.S.N. when my wife dropped a bomb on me.

For two years while I was attending school she kept on saying how she could not stand the town where she was raised and the relationship between her mother and herself was deteriorating. At the start of the third year she stated that she was taking our daughter and son and was moving to Tucson. Her rationale was that she wanted to be closer to her grandmother who lived in Sierra Vista. She stated that I could choose to go with her or I could stay in Texas, support myself and be divorced and pay alimony and child support. The military had separated us several times and I was determined to make my marriage work so I went. I wrote a letter apologizing to the people at the government agency who had believed in me and helped me with the scholarship and I declined the third year.

I found employment at the worst nursing home in the city but I did not know it at the time and applied at the University of Arizona. I transferred with 110 semester credits. The University of Arizona accepted 77 hours which was what I had expected. The College of Nursing accepted 33 semester hours and none of my core nursing classes. That was a slap in the face as they would not entertain the idea of even evaluating the classes. They just refused to accept them regardless.

My first year was paid at the out of state scale as I was not an Arizona resident. I believe that it came to \$7500.00 (approximated). I had to take out my first student loans and I still had to work to support my family. My wife kept on procrastinating about getting a job and money was very tight. After being in town eight months she

finally got a job at St. Mary's hospital. When we had been in town 12 months I was attending an EKG at St Mary's hospital. I had quit my job at the nursing home after six months and had been hired on at St Joseph's Hospital as a team leader in the transitional care unit. It was for better pay and the hospital reimbursed me for 75% of my tuition. In the middle of my EKG class I had a "feeling. For ten years of my marriage I had handed over my paycheck to my wife and she kept the checkbook. She said that she wanted to do the bills. As money had gotten tight I had tried to get her to let me know what the bills were.

She never would let me know. Once she moved the family to Tucson I put the account in my name and started to pay the bills myself. I called my wife on a break from class and she sounded strange. I drove back home immediately to discover that she had a moving van. She and a bunch of her relatives were emptying the house and I mean completely emptying it. It was only after I threatened to call the police did they stop. On the spot we came to an agreement where she took 3/4 of the household items. A stormy divorce ensued. She stated all the politically correct buzzwords at the proceedings, stating that I was cruel and abusive but could not prove it as she stated that I had never raised my voice to her, cursed at her, or raised my hand in anger to her. She controlled the economics of the household for ten years so she could state that I kept her in economic bondage.

One month after my wife left I was struck head on in my car by a kid driving on the wrong side of the road. Because of that accident I have a disc that presses on the nerves in my back and have chronic back pain. On a scale 1-10 on a good day it is a 3 and a bad day it is a 7. I haven't been able to sleep more then 5-6 hours a night because of it. I was afraid to help a patient in bed for almost two years because of it. The pain has diminished my sex life, interfered with my GI tract, caused bouts of depression dealing with the chronic pain. I took a year off from school to deal with my back pain and divorce. I started to attend Pima college part time to better prepare myself at the university.

At the start of my second year as a full time student at the University of Arizona that I tried to get my child support payments decreased as I could not work full time and attend school anymore. The time spent studying was just too great. When you attend the College of Nursing they brief you and I know that it is almost impossible to work and attend classes at the same time. The study load is just too great. I tried to get an official statement to that effect so I could decrease my child support while attending school. I was told that the college of nursing would not do that.

In order to attend college I maxed out my student loans and continued to work.

Following the divorce I had to use part of my student loan monies to take my ex-wife back to court to get custody enforced. Each semester brought its own problems. One semester the car would require \$1000.00 in work, another semester I had an impacted tooth that required a root canal. Even at El Rio clinic it cost me \$800.00. When I got out of the service I was living from paycheck to paycheck, just making the bills. After the divorce it was the same and for the past two years it has been much worse. Three

years ago I was one of 600 people who were let go when the Carondelet system went two million dollars in the red. I attempted to collect unemployment as I looked for a job but was denied as I was attending school part time. It seemed that the DES felt that it was impossible to attend college and work full time. It did not matter that I had been doing just that for almost three years.

Once I was officially accepted in the College of Nursing I couldn't but help notice the attitude that many of the instructors maintained. They sniffed at Associate Degree Registered Nurses as they were not "Professional". To many of the instructors Licensed Practical Nurses are not nurses despite what the State Board of Nursing states. Most of the instructors who are RNs don't even know the scope of practice for LPNs. The message I kept getting from the instructors was, "You're not a nurse".

I am 41 years old and have come to the conclusion that I deserve and demand respect. I am a human being and I have worth. I had decided that I will stand up for myself and I will be assertive. What I discovered was that being a male and nontraditional student, and (shudder), assertive was not compatible with the instructors at the College of Nursing. While the college does maintain a small minority student body it is primarily white women from upper middle class backgrounds between the ages of 20 and 25. The college promotes and desires diversity but they only want their approved diversity and no other. In many ways male nursing students are "tokens".

Starting my second semester at the College of Nursing events started to unravel. One class I had the instructor would ask for questions. I would raise my hand to answer and would be ignored and the instructor would change the subject. After two or more subject changes and my hand being up for ten minutes she would ask, "Did you have a question Bob?" I was sitting in the front row. This happened several times and I broke the unwritten rule, I stood up for myself, When she finally called upon me I stated that I would appreciate her calling upon me before she changed the subject as I felt I could add something to the class. After that she would just refuse to call upon me. After several days of this I quietly got up in the middle of the class and I went to the Deans office. She was not in but the Assistant Dean of Students, [redacted #2] was. I explain my problems with the instructor to her. She first started off by saying that I must be mistaken and that my perceptions were wrong. This is a common reply when a student has a problem with the college. It is always your perceptions of the event rather than the actual event that is flawed [redacted #2] kept on trying to get me to go back to the instructor but I said that if the instructor felt secure enough in her position to treat me in that manner in front of my peers then I felt that I could not get a constructive communication from her. It wasn't until I insisted in putting something in writing did [redacted #2] state that she would speak to her and her department head.

A week passes and the instructor is now calling upon me in class again. As I exited out another class later in the day [redacted #2] is waiting for me outside the class. She stated, "We have to talk". She guides me to a room and waves a stack of papers under my nose. "I want you to read this", she stated. It was the Student Code of Conduct. I

informed her that I had read it and was familiar with its contents. "I want you to read it again", she stated. I stated that it was not necessary and asked her what she wanted to talk about. She then pointed out the catch all part of the document. I was familiar with it as in the military Uniform Code of Military Justice has a similar clause. Basically what it states is that a student can be expelled for any activity that interferes with the conduct of the educational institution. She then stated that the Questions that I had been asking were inappropriate and could be construed as interfering with the conduct of the class. I then stated that I had asked questions pertinent to the subject being covered that week and that they were based upon experience and practical application. I then asked her for specific questions that she felt were inappropriate.

She stated, "Oh, I think you know what questions are inappropriate ". I stated that no, I did not. The conversation was pointless. I realized as it was merely an intimidation tactic. I was warned again two weeks later by [redacted #2] after a student in the honors program gave a presentation and asked if there were any questions. I asked a few and was later warned again.

In my original group that I started with there was another male student named Mike. A few times during breaks I managed to talk to him privately and asked him if he had any problems. He stated that he kept his mouth shut even if he had questions because he felt that it would ensure his chances of graduation. I asked him if it didn't bother him when female student started to put men down in general in front of him. He stated that yes, it did bother him but he kept his mouth shut so that he would not be labeled.

* * *

On Monday when I was basically informed that I was washed up at the College of Nursing I stopped by the IGA store at Speedway and Swan. As I pulled into the parking lot I saw a young man who had just burst out of the exit of the store, trying to subdue another man who had a silver claw hammer in his hand and was hitting him I didn't think, I reacted. I helped the young man pull the man with the hammer to the ground and waited for the police. For my trouble I received a rip in the only pair of good stacks that I had. The man was a shoplifter who had assaulted the store security guard. The event just underscored the dichotomy of my situation. The College of Nursing did not want people like me. I work as an agency nurse and I have worked most of the hospitals in town and some outside the Tucson area. I genuinely care for my patients and work very hard caring for them. I am told that I am a wonderful nurse who is self directed.

I know what one future brings for me. My jobs from my agency have slowed down. I cannot make my rent this month. I am behind my phone, utilities, auto insurance, and child support. I don't drink, carouse, or have vacations. I have friends but between work and school I never have had time to socialize. I am tired, tired and weary. Rather then spend the next month or two selling what little I have I am going to end it now.

The College of Nursing has burned all caring from my being. I find no joy in the future. Even food seems to hold nothing for me. My body is betraying me. I have prostate problems but cannot do anything about it as I have no insurance. Another filling has fallen out and I cannot afford to replace it.

I am rational. I am reality based to the here and now. I understand that I have committed homicide and that I have broken the laws of our society. I will save the taxpayers money and take care of the problem. I realize that I am depressed but even with treatment it will not change my future. People will want to know why I did this? Why the innocent lives?

To the sociologist, it wasn't the Maryland sniper. I have been thinking about this for awhile. To the psychiatrist, it's not about unresolved childhood issues. It is not about anger because I don't feel anything right now. To Ellen Goodman, it is not about gun control. I have had guns for a long time and it was my trade in the military. I do not have gun magazines. A waiting period or owner registration would not have stopped me. I have a concealed carry permit but I have never brought a gun to the University, (until now). I was a boy scout. I cross the street at the crosswalk. It is not about revenge as I have always thought that revenge was a waste of time and energy. I guess what it is about is that it is a reckoning. A settling of accounts. The University is filled with too many people who are filled with hubris. They feel untouchable. Students are not given respect nor regard. It is unfortunate but the only force that seems to get any attention from the University is economic force.

The American public has a unique tradition. It is called "fixing the blame". Columbine sticks to mind. In the courts the parents vented their frustration through lawsuits. It is due to the threat of lawsuits that the face of education changed following Columbine. I will be gone but the same will happen here. The instructors will make statements to the effect that I was unbalanced. I informed them that I was not sleeping well, gaining weight, had little energy, difficulty concentrating, feeling sad. These are all hallmark pearls of depression. One instructor asked why I didn't go to the student health center. I replied that it cost money and I would get kicked out of the program if I was candid. The worse that they make me out to be the more ammunition they will give to litigants.

Do I have regrets? I regret that my ex-wife has estranged my children from me. She has moved them 19 times in 6 years. I regret leaving my dog Bridgett. She has been the only thing that has ever given me unconditional love. I regret that there are such people in the world that push a person to contemplate and carry out such an act. I regret leaving those people behind who trusted me and will feel betrayed by this act.

As the curtain closes I will exit the stage for a well deserved rest.

Respectfully, Robert S. Flores

Valery Fabrikant

Valery I. Fabrikant was a professor of mechanical engineering at Concordia University in Montreal, Quebec, Canada. On August 24, 1992, he shot and killed four colleagues and wounded one staff member. For years, Fabrikant had issues with peers and superiors at the university, which were becoming increasingly out of control before the shootings.

After firing 10 lawyers Fabrikant represented himself at trial and claimed the shootings were in self defense because his victims were trying to “give him a heart attack.” Court appointed psychiatrists found him fit to stand trial although he was extremely paranoid and hostile. He was sentenced to life in prison.

The following are excerpts from Fabrikant’s explanation for why he killed.

Am I sorry?

I shall probably die soon, so now is the time to give final analysis of 1992 shooting at Concordia, with 10 years of hindsight. During my trial, I expressed my sorrow to the families of professors I killed, and this feeling of sorrow is valid today, as it was then. My position during the trial was: I was not guilty of murder; I did not plan to kill anyone; I was deliberately and maliciously provoked into shooting.

* * *

I have spent the past 10 years searching whether I could have done something different back in 1992, because to say I am sorry would mean that there was another way of action. I have asked several jailers, as well as several people on the Internet, who reproached to me 4 murders, what would they have done in my situation. I did not get any answer from anyone, except for general phrase: “I would not kill”, to which I always answered: “I am not asking you, what you would NOT do, I am asking you, what you would do”, and there was no answer to this question.

The media repeatedly and falsely reported that the shooting took place because I was denied tenure or because I was angry for stolen articles. None of this is true. The shooting took place because I felt my life to be in danger. I was accused of contempt of court, the hearing of the accusation was scheduled for August 25, 1992, and this is why I took the guns to Concordia on August 24. Dr. Hogben told me that the hearing was fixed, that I would be placed in jail and “anything can happen in jail”. I took it as a death threat.

For every normal person, killing of another human being is a very traumatic experience. Prison guards like beating up people and killing prisoners, but even for them it is considered a traumatic experience and they are offered psychological counseling after they kill a prisoner. For me, it was more traumatic than for majority of regular people,

because in my entire life, I never punched anyone in the face. Even as a schoolboy, I have always run away from any physical confrontation.

I could not tolerate an animal being tortured or killed. When I was about 8, my parents purchased a live cock and kept it for couple of weeks. One morning, I woke up and found that the cock was no longer in his place, and I learned that my father had killed him. Not only I refused to eat it, but I did not speak to my father until I was promised that they would never again buy a live animal for food. My parents kept their word. I am not a vegetarian, but I never bought even live fish for food, and of course, I never went fishing or hunting myself. I did kill some insects, like mosquito, but this was in self-defense.

There exists a notion that all murderers like playing violent computer games and watching violent movies. I am not typical here as well: I never had or played such computer games, and I am reluctant to watch even regular movies about war and I never watch horror movies. When I got married, I made an agreement with my wife that we would not buy any toy weapons for our children. We were lucky: our children never asked for them. I am telling all this for people to understand that if a human being like I can be provoked into killing 4 people, something really terrible has been done to me.

I remember police asking me with indignation, how could I possibly shoot another human being in the mouth. The answer is very simple: I was shooting from the hip and this is why the bullets ended up the way they did. Had I believed in God, I would have said that God directed those bullets, because I did want all 4 dead; I did NOT want the secretary dead and she was spared. As malicious as she was, I did not want to kill a woman.

Every day in Quebec, about 5 people commit suicide; this is 20 times the number of people killed by criminals and double of people killed in car accidents. Majority of these people were abused so much that they preferred to end up their lives rather than to endure the abuse. One may ask, if you decide to kill yourself, why don't you kill your abusers first? At least, these abusers would not be able to abuse anyone else, and you would do a good service to the mankind. The answer is very simple: it takes a lot of courage to kill another human being. It is so much easier to kill yourself.

Several years ago, one man in Ottawa was abused at his work, because he was stuttering. He took all his money, went to Las Vegas and spend them to have good time, then he came back, took guns, came to his work and killed there several people and then he killed himself. The media reported that he did not kill the main abuser, but rather killed secondary people. If this was true, I can explain who these people were and why they were killed. Most probably, he killed those who stood around when he was abused and laughed encouraging the abuser, rather than stopping him. I assure you that he hated them more than he hated the main abuser, because if it were not for them, no abuse would ever take place.

I know it, because exactly the same thing happened in my case. I also killed secondary people and I also hated them more than I hated the main abusers, because

without their help, the abusers would not be able to abuse me. I did nothing wrong to these people, and they were all against me. One of them, Dr. Hogben, was even paid to protect me, and he was the one blackmailing me. These people dragged me through hell of mental suffering, they almost killed me in 1991 when I had my first heart attack and they continued threatening my life. This does not mean that I planned to kill them, but I certainly have no regrets that they are dead.

If you are a secretary and your boss is abusing someone, here are some tips for you. Distance yourself from your boss, never actively participate in the abuse, do not lie for your boss to the abused person. Here are some no-no, which many secretaries do, without realizing that they are putting their life in danger. When an abused person calls, some secretaries put him on hold for a long time, then just disconnect; switch him to someone else, who has nothing to do with the subject, lie that their boss is not in his office, lie that some documents sent by mail were not received, speak in a hostile tone, etc. Never do that.

* * *

I was the victim, not a perpetrator, I acted in self-defense, and the above mentioned facts prove that my actions were justified: the judges are corrupt to the core, police protects criminal guards, medical doctors do not hesitate to kill a patient by denial of medical care and ready to lie that the patient is receiving the best medical care possible. I hope to be remembered as a person who had enough courage to fight lawlessness with deadly force and I hope to encourage others to do the same.

Majority of people know the famous Hamlet monologue "To be or not to be..." though I have discovered that majority has no idea what Hamlet is talking about. Here is the summary. Hamlet is asking himself, why do people put up with all the injustice around them, why don't they fight it? Hamlet comes to the conclusion that the reason is fear of death. He asks himself whether he is prepared to face death in his struggle against evil and he decides: "To be!". I am very proud that at the crucial moment I was able to act as if I also said: "TO BE!"

Wellington de Oliveira

On the morning of April 7, 2011, Wellington de Oliveira entered an elementary school in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil and killed 2 children and wounded 12 others, 10 of which were girls. Witnesses said he was not attempting to kill any boys.

Wellington de Oliveira was a former student of the school, and by many accounts he was bullied. While he was obsessed with Islam, there was no concrete evidence this attack had anything to do with terrorism. He killed himself at the scene of the crime.

The following is a letter he left behind.

You should first know that the impure cannot touch me without gloves, only the chaste or those who lost their chastity after marriage and were not involved in adultery can touch me without gloves, or, in other words, no fornicator or adulterer can have direct contact with me, nor anything that is impure can touch my blood, nothing impure can have direct contact with a virgin without his permission, those who prepare my burial should take off all my clothes, wash me, dry me and wrap me totally naked in a white sheet that is in this building, in a bag that I left in the first room on the first floor, after they have wrapped me in this sheet they can put me in my coffin. If possible, I want to be buried next to the grave where my mom sleeps. My mom's name is Dicea Menezes de Oliveira and she is buried in the Murundu cemetery. I need to be visited at my grave by a faithful follower of God at least once, he must pray in front of my grave and ask God's forgiveness for what I did praying that upon his return Jesus wakes me from the sleep of death for eternal life. I left a house in Sepetiba which no family needs, there are poor institutions, financed by generous people, that take care of abandoned animals, I want this space where I passed my final months donated to one of these institutions, because the animals are being very despised and need much more protection and care than human beings who have the advantage of being able to communicate, to work to feed themselves, so those who take ownership of my house, I ask you to please have some common sense and abide by my request, automatically they will be fulfilling the wishes of my parents who wanted to pass this property to my name and everybody knows this, comply with my request otherwise they automatically will be disrespecting my parents' wishes, which would prove that all of you have no consideration for our parents who now sleep. I believe that all of you have some consideration for our parents, proving this by doing what I asked.

Eric Harris

Eric Harris, along with Dylan Klebold, shot and killed 13 people and injured 20 others at Columbine High School on April 20, 1999. The two entered the school shortly after 11 A.M. and started shooting. They continued for close to an hour, shooting and setting off bombs inside the school.

The two had been considering, and then planning a killing spree for a year and a half. While Harris had never been diagnosed with any sort of mental illness, after his death psychiatrists attributed to him a pattern of grandiosity, contempt, and lack of empathy or remorse, distinctive traits of psychopaths that Harris concealed through deception. Harris killed himself at the scene of the crime.

What follows is his journal. When he writes of "V" or "Vodka," he is referring to Dylan Klebold. He uses the term "NBK" to refer to the impending event that would become known as the Columbine Massacre. NBK are the initials of the film "Natural Born Killers."

I hate the fucking world, too many god damn fuckers in it. too many thoughts about societies all wrapped up together in this place called AMERICA. everyone has their own god damn opinions on every damn thing and you may be saying "well what makes you so different?" because I have something only me and V have, SELF AWARENESS. Call it exortenstioliism or whatever the fuck u want. we know what we are to this world and what everyone else is. we learn more than what caused the civil war and how to simplify quadratics in school. we have been watching you people. we know what you think and how you act, all talk and no actions. people who are said to be brave or courageous are usually just STUPID then they say later that they did it on purpose cause they are brave when they did on fucking accident. GOD everything is so corrupt and so filled with little opinions and points of view and peoples' own little agendas and schedules. this isnt a world anymore, its H.O.E. and [no]one knows it. self awareness is a wonderful thing. I know I will die soon, so will you and everyone else. maybe will we be lucky and a comet will smash us back to day 1. people say it is immoral to follow others, they say be a leader. well here is a fuckin news flash for you stupid shits, everyone is a follower! everyone who says they arent a follower and then dresses diff, or acts diff... They got that from something they saw on TV or in film or in life. no originality, how many JO MAMMA jokes are there and how many do u think are original and not copied. KEINE. Its a fucking filthy place we live in. all these standards and laws and Great Expectations (webb) are making people into robots even though they might "think" they arent and try to deny it. no matter how hard they try to NOT copy someone I still AM! except for this fucking piece of paper right here, and B.T.W spelling is stupid unless I say. I say spell it how it sounds, it's the fuckin easiest way. hey try this sometime, when someone tells you something, ask "why?" eventually they will be stumped and cant answer anymore. thats because they only know what they need to know in society and school, not real life science. they will end up saying words to this "because! Just shut up!" people that only know stupid facts that arent important should be shot, what fucking use are they. NATURAL SELECTION. KILL all retards, people w/ brain fuck ups, drug adics, people cant figure out to use a fucking lighter. GEEEAWD! people spend millions of dollars on saving the lives of retards, and why. I don't buy that shit like "oh hes my son though!" so the fuck what, he aint normal, kill him, put him out his misery. he is only a waste of time and money, then people say "But he is worth the time, he is human too" no he isnt, if he was then he would swallow a bullet cause he would realize what a fucking waste and burden he was.

4/10/98

as I said before, self awareness is a wonderful thing. I know what all you fuckers are thinking and what to do to piss you off and make you feel bad. I always try to be different, but I always end up copying someone else. I try to be a mixture of different things and styles but when I step out of myself I end up looking like others or others

THINK I am copying. One big fucking problem is people telling me what to fuckin do, think, say, act, and everything else. Ill do what you say IF I feel like it. But people (I.E. parents, cops, God, teachers) telling me what to [arrow points to do, think, say, act, and everything else] just makes me not want to fucking do it! thats why my fucking name is REB!!! no one is worthy of shit unless I say they are, I feel like GOD and I wish I was, having everyone being OFFICIALLY lower than me. I already know that I am higher than almost anyone in the fucking world in terms of universal Intelligence and where we stand in the universe compared to the rest of the UNIV. and if you think I dont know what Im talking about then you can just "BUCK DICH" and saugen mein Hund! Isnt america supposed to be the land of the free? how come, if im free, I cant deprive a stupid fucking dumbshit from his possessions If he leaves then sitting in the front seat of his fucking van out in plain sight and in the middle of fucking nowhere on a Fri fucking day night. NATURAL SELECTION. fucker should be shot. same thing with all those rich snotty toadies at my school. fuckers think they are higher than me and everyone else with all their \$ just because they were born into it? Ich denk NEIN. BTW, "sorry" is just a word. it doesnt mean SHIT to me. everyone should be put to a test. an ULTIMATE DOOM test, see who can survive in an environment using only smarts and military skills. put them in a doom world. no authority, no refuge, no BS copout excuses. If you cant figure out the area of a triangle or what "cation" means, you die! if you cant take down a demon w/ a chainsaw or kill a hell prince w/ a shotgun, you die! fucking snotty rich fuckheads who rely on others or on sympathy or \$ to get them through life should be put to this challenge. plus it would get rid of all the fat, retarded, crippled, stupid, dumb, ignorant, worthless people of this world. no one is worthy of this planet only me and who ever I choose. there is just no respect for anything higher than your fucking boss or parent. everyone should be shot out into space and only the people I say should be left behind.

4/12/98

ever wonder why we go to school? besides getting a so called education. its not too obvious to most of you stupid fucks but for these who think a little more and deeper you should realize it. its societies way of turning all the young people into good little robots and factory workers thats why we sit in desks in rows and go by bell schedules, to get prepared for the real world cause "thats what its like". well god damit no it isnt! one thing that separates us from other animals is the fact that we can carry on actual thoughts. so why don't we? people go on day by day. rutine shit. why cant we learn in school how we want to. why cant we sit on desks and on shelves and put our feet up and relax while we learn? cause thats not what the "real world is like" well hey fuckheads, there is no such thing as an actual "real world". its just another word like justice, sorry, pity, religion, faith, luck and so on. we are humans. if we dont like something we have the fucking ability to change! but we dont, at least U dont. I would. U just whine/bitch throughout life but never do a goddamn thing to change anything. "man can eat, drink, fuck, and hunt and anything else he does is madness" - Based on

Lem's quote. boy oh fuckin boy is that true. when I go NBK, and people say things like, "oh it was so tragic," or "oh he is crazy!" or "It was bloody!" I think, so the fuck what, you think thats a bad thing? just because your mommy and daddy told you blood and violence is bad, you think its a fucking law of nature? wrong, only science and math are true, everything, and I mean everyfuckingthing else is man made. my doctor wants to put me on medication to stop thinking about so many things and to stop getting angry. well, I think that anyone doesnt think like me is just bullshitting themselves. try it sometime if you think you are worthy, which you probly will you little shits, drop all your beliefs and views and ideas that have been burned into your head and try to think about why your here. but I bet most of you fuckers cant even think that deep, so that is why you must die. how dare you think that I and you are part of the same species when we are soooooo different. you arent human you are a Robot. you dont take advantage of your capabilites given to you at birth. you just drop them and hop onto the boat and head down the stream of life with all the other fuckers of your type. well god damit I wont be a part of it! I have thought to much, realized to much, found out to much, and I am to self aware to just stop what I am thinking and go back to society because what I do and think isnt "right" or "morally accepted" NO, NO, NO GOD FUCKING DAMIT NO! I will sooner die than betray my own thoughts. but before I leave this worthless place, I will kill who ever I deem unfit for anything at all. especially life. and if you pissed me off in the past, you will die if I see you. because you might be able to piss off others and have it eventually all blow over, but not me. I dont forget people who wronged me. like [Censored by J.C. Sheriff Office] he will never get a chance to read this because he will be dead by me before this is discovered.

4/21/98

The human race sucks. human nature is smuthered out by society, jobs, and work and school. instincts are deleted by laws. I see people say things that contradict themselves, or people that dont take any advantage to the gift of human life. they waste their minds on memorizing the stats of every college basketball player or how many words should be in a report when they should be using their brain on more important things. the human race isnt worth fighting for anymore. WWII was the last war worth fighting and was the last time human life and human brains did any good any made us proud. now, with the government having scandals and conspiracies all over the fucking place and lying to everyone all the time and with worthless pointless mindless disgraceful TV shows on (scratched out) and with everyone ub-fucking-sessed with hollywood and beauty and fame and glamour and politics and anything famous, people just arent worth saving. Society may not realize what is happening but I have: you go to school, to get used to studying and learning how youre "supposed to" so that drains or filters out a little bit of human nature. but thats after your parents taught you whats right and wrong even though you may think differently, you still must to have more of your human nature blown out of your ass. society tries to make everyone act the same by

burying all human nature and instincts. Thats what school, laws, jobs, and parents do if they realize it or not and them, the few who stick to their natural instincts are casted out as psychos or lunatics or strangers or just plain different. crazy, strange, weird, wild, these words are not bad or degrading. if humans were let to live how we would naturally it would be chaos and anarchy and the human race wouldnt probably last that long, but hey guess what, thats how its supposed to be!!!! society and governments are only created to have order and calmness, which is exactly the opposite of pure human nature. take away all your laws and morals and just see what you can do. if the goverment was one entity it would be thinking "hey, lets make some order here and calm these crazy fucks down so we can be constructive and fight other goverments in our own little so called self created "civilized world" and get rid of all those damn instincts everyone has". well shit I'm too tired to wright anymore tonight, so until next time, fuck you all.

5/6/98

It has been confirmed, after getting my yearbook and watching people like [censored] and [censored], the human race isn't worth fighting for, only worth killing. give the Earth back to the animals, they deserve it infinitely more than we do. nothing means anything more, most quotes are worthless, especially the rearranged ones like "dont fight your enemies, make your enemies fight" you know, quotes that use the same phrase just rearranged. Dumbfuck shit [illegible] wear. its funny, people say "you shouldn't be so different." to me, and 1st I say fuck you dont tell me what I should and shouldn't be and 2ND mother fuckers different is good, I dont want to be like you or anyone which is almost impossible this day w/ all the little shits trying to be "original-copcats", I expect shits like you to criticize anyone who isnt one of your social words; "normal" or "civilized" - see tempest and Caliban. All you degrading worthless shits. all caught up and brainwashed into the 90's society. "what? you AREN'T going to college, are you are crazy!" holy SHIT that is one fucking BIG Quote that just proves my point. step back and look at yourself fuckers, I dare you, maybe I'll get lucky and you'll step back too far like Nick in Elm3. w/ the same concequence.

5/9/98

wooh, different pen. HA! alright you pathetic fools listen up; I have figured it out. the human race strives for exellence in life and community always wanting to bring more good into the comm. and nulify bad things. anyone who thinks differently than the majority or the leaders is deamed "unusual" or weird or crazy. people want to be a part of something; a family, a service, a club, a union, a community, whatever. thats what humans want. who cares waht you as an individual thinks, you must do what you are told, whether it is jump off a bridge or drive on the right side of the road. protesters in the past protested because the human race that was dominant (Ghandi and the Brits or the king and the americans) wasnt working out = they had fault = they failed = their ideas didnt work. humans dont change that much, they only get better

technology to do their work quicker/easier. people always say we shouldnt be racist. why not? Blacks ARE different, like it or not they are. they started on the bottom so why not keep em there. it took the centuries to convince us that they are equal but they still use their color as an excuse or they just discriminate us because we are white. Fuck you, we should ship yer black asses back to Afri-fucking-ca were you came from. we brought you here and we will take you back. America=White. Gays...well all gays, ALL gays, should be killed. mit keine fragen. lesbians are fun to watch if they are hot but still, its not human. its a fucking disease. you dont see bulls or roosters trying to fuck do you? no, I didn't think so. women you will always be under men. its been seen throughout nature, males are almost always doing the dangerous shit while the women stay back. its your animal instincts, deal with it or commit suicide, just do it quick. thats all for now.

5/20/98

If you recall your history the Nazis came up with a "final solution" to the Jewish problem... kill them all. well incase you havent figured it out yet, I say, "K I L L M A N K I N D" no one should survive. we all live in lies. people are saying they want to live in a perfect society, well utopia doesnt exist. It is human to have flaws. you know what, Fuck it. why should I have to explain myself to you survivors when half of the shit I say you shitheads wont understand and if you can then woopie fucking do. that just means you have something to say as my reason for killing. and the majority of the audience wont even understand my motives either! they'll say "ah, hes crazy, hes insane, oh well, I wonder if the bulls won." you see! it's fucking worthless! all you fuckers should die! DIE! what the fuck is the point if only some people see what I am saying, there will always be ones who dont, ones that are too dumb or naive or ignorrant or just plain retarded. If I cant pound it into every single persons head then it is pointless. fuck mercy fuck justice fuck morals fuck civilized fuck rules fuck laws... DIE manmade words... people think they apply to everything when they dont/cant. theres no such thing as True Good or True Evil, its all relative to the observer. its just all nature, chemistry, and math. deal with it. but since dealing with it seems impossible for mankind, since we have to slap warning labels on nature, then... you die. burn, melt, evaporate, decay, just go the fuck away!!!! YAAAAAH!!!!

6/12/98

KEIN MITLEID

"when in doubt, confuse the hell out the enemy" - Fly

9/2/98

wait mercy doesnt exist...

heres something to chew on...: today I saw a program on the discovery channel about satellites and radar and aircraft and stuff, and at the end of the show the narrator said some things that made me think "damn, we are so advanced, we kick ass, america is

awesome, we have so many things in our military, we would kick anyones ass.” for a minute I actually had some pride in our nation... then I realized, ”hey, this is only the Good things that I am seeing here. only the Pros, not the cons. maybe thats what people see, only the Pros, and thats why they are under control. but me, I see all... you can only blind me for so long. but alas, I have realized that Yes, the human race is still indeed doomed. It just needs a few kick starts, like me, and hell, maybe even [censored]. If can whipe a few cities off the map, and even the fuckhead Holding the map, then great. hmm, just thinking if I want ALL humans dead or maybe just the quote-unquote ”civilized, developed, and known-of” places on Earth. maybe leave little tribes of natives in the rain forest or something. hmm, I’ll think about that. eh. done for tonight -REB-

6/13/98

As part of the human race, and having the great pleasure of being blessed with a brain, I can think. Humans can do whatever they want. There are no laws of nature that prevent humans from making choices. maybe from actually DOING some of those choices, but not from making the choice. If a man chooses to speed while driving home one day, then it is his fault for whatever happens. If he crashes into a school bus full of kiddies and they all burn to death, its his fault. Its only a tragedy if you think it is, and then its only a tragedy in your own mind. so you shouldn’t expect others to think that way also. it could also be a miracle for another person. maybe the bus stopped the car from plowing into a little old lady walking on the sidewalk. one could think it was a ”miracle” that she wasnt hit. you see, anything and everything that happens in our world is just that, a HAPPENING. anything else is relative to the observer, but yet we try to have a ”universal law” or ”code” of what is good and bad and that just isnt fucking correct. we shouldn’t be allowed to do that. we arent GODS. just because we are at the top of the food chain with our technology doesnt mean we can be ”judges” of nature. sure we can think what we want, but you can ”think” and ”believe” you can judge people and nature all you want, but you are still wrong! why should your morals apply to everyone else. ”morale” is just another word. and thats it. I think we are all a waste of natural resources and should be killed off, and since humans have the ability to choose... and I’m human... I think I will choose to kill and damage as much as nature allows me to so take that. fuck you, and eat napalm + lead! HA! only Nature can stop me. I know I could get shot by a cop after only killing a single person, but hey guess the fuck WHAT! I chose to kill that one person so get over it! Its MY fault! not my parents, not my brothers, not my friends, not my favorite bands, not computer games, not the media. IT is MINE! go shut the fuck up!

-REB- 7/29/98

someones bound to say ”what were they thinking?” when we go NBK or when we were planning it, so this what I am thinking. ”I have a goal to destroy as much as possible so I must not be sidetracked by my feelings of sympathy, mercy, or any of

that, so I will force myself to believe that everyone is just another monster from Doom like FH or FS or demons, so It's either me or them. I have to turn off my feelings." keep this in mind, I want to burn the world, I want to kill everyone except about 5 people, who I will name later, so If you are reading this you are lucky you escaped my rampage because I wanted to kill you. It will be very tricky getting all of our supplies, explosives, weaponry, ammo, and then hiding it all and then actually planting it all so we can achieve our goal. but if we get busted at any time, we start killing then and there, just like Wilks from the ALIENS books, I aint going out without a fight.

Once I finally start my killing, keep this in mind, there are probably about 100 people max in the school alone who I dont want to die, the rest, MUST FUCKING DIE! If I didnt like you or if you pissed me off and lived through my attacks, consider yourself one lucky god damn NIGGER. Pity that a lot of the dead will be a waste in someways, like dead hot chicks who were still bitches, they could have been good fucks. oh well, too fucking bad. life isnt fair... not by a long fuckin shot when Im at the wheel, too. God I want to torch and level everything in this whole fucking area but Bombs of that size are hard to make, and plus I would need a fuckin fully loaded A-10 to get every store on wadsworth and all the buildings downtown. heh, Imagine THAT ya fuckers, picture half of denver on fire just from me and Vodka. napalm on sides of skyscrapers and car garages blowing up from exploded gas tanks... oh man that would be beautiful.

10/23/98

you know what, I feel like telling about lies. I lie a lot. almost constant. and to everybody, just to keep my own ass out of the water. and by the way (side note) I dont think I am doing this for attention, as some people may think. lets see, what are some big lies I have told: "yeah I stopped smoking," "for doing it not for getting caught," "no I havent been making more bombs," "no I wouldn't do that," and of course, countless other ones, and yeah I know that I hate liars and I am one myself, oh fucking well. Its ok If I am a hypocrite, but no one else. because I am higher then you people, no matter what you say if you disagree I would shoot you. And I am one racist mother fucker too, fuck the niggers and spics and chinks, unless they are cool, but sometimes they are so fucking retarded they deserve to be ripped on. some people go through life begging to be shot. and white fucks are just the same. if I could nuke the world I would, because so far I hate you all. there are probly around 10 people I wouldnt want to die, but hey, who ever said life is fair should be shot like the others too.

11/1/98

heh heh heh. I sure had fun this weekend. lets see, what really happened. before going to the Rock n Bowl we stopped by King Soopers and one and [censored] picked up some big ass stoges. we then went to the Rock n Bowl and I had a few cigarettes and one of the brand new cigars. we then went back to [censored] house where her mom had previously bought us all a fuck load of liquor. personally I had asked for

Tequilla and Irish cream, Vodka got his vodka, and there was beer, whiskey, schnopps, puckers, scotch and of course, orange juice! so we had some fun there playing cards and making drinks. we eventually made it to bed at about 5AM. got up at 10, went to safeway got some donouts and then I took Vodka home. the bottle of Tequilla is almost full and is in the car, right by my spare tire and right by the bottle of irish cream. heh heh. I'll have to find a spot for those. and by the way, this nazi report is boosting my love of killing even more. like the early Nazi government, my brain is like a sponge, sucking up everything that sounds cool and leaving out all that is worthless, thats how Nazism was formed and thats how I will be too!

11/8/98

Fuck you Brady! all I want is a couple of guns, and thanks to your fucking bill I will probably not get any! come on, I'll have a clean record and I only want for personal protection. Its not like I'm some person who would go on a shooting spree... fuckers. Ill probably end up nuking everything and fucking robbing some gun collectors house. Fuck, thatll be hard. oh well, just as long as I kill a lot of fucking people. Everyone is always making fun of me because of how I look, how fucking weak I am and shit, well I will get you all back: ultimate fucking revenge here. you people could have shown more respect, treated me better, asked for my knowledge or guidance more, treated me more like senior, and maybe I wouldn't have been as ready to tear your fucking heads off. then again, I have always hated how I looked, I make fun of people who look like me, sometimes without even thinking, sometimes just because I want to rip on myself. Thats where a lot of my hate grows from, the fact that I have practically no self esteem, especially concerning girls and looks and such. therefore people make fun of me... constantly... therefore I get no respect and therefore I get fucking PISSED. as of this date I have enough explosives to kill about 100 people, and then if I get a couple bayonetts, swords, axes, whatever I'll be able to kill at least 10 more. and that just isnt enough! GUNS! I need guns! Give me some fucking firearms!

11/12/98

HATE! I'm full of hate and I Love it. I HATE PEOPLE and they better fucking fear me if they know whats good for em. yes I hate and I guess I want others to know it, yes I'm racist and I don't mind. Niggs and spics bring it on themselves, and another thing, I am very racist towards white trash p.o.s.s like [censored] and [censored] they deserve the hatred, otherwise I probly wouldnt hate them. Its a tragedy, the human nature of people will lead to their downfall. Peoples human nature will get them killed. whether by me or Vodka, Its happened before, and not just in school shootings like those pussy dumbasses over in Minnesota who squeeled. throughtout history, Its our fucking nature! I know how people are and why and I cant stand it! I love the nazis too... by the way, I fucking cant get enough of the swastika, the SS, and the iron cross. Hitler and his head boys fucked up a few times and it cost them the war, but I love their beliefs and who they were, what they did, and what they wanted. I know that

form of gov couldn't have lasted long once the human equation was brought in, but damnit it sure looked good. every form of gov leads to downfalls, everything will always fuck up or yeah something. its all DOOMed god damnit. this is beginning to make me get in a corner. I'm showing too much of myself, my views and thoughts, people might start to wonder, smart ones will get nose and something might happen to fuck me over, I might need to put on one helluva mask here to fool you all some more. fuck fuck fuck it'll be very fucking hard to hold out until April. If people would give me more compliments all of this might still be avoidable... but probably not. Whatever I do people make fun of me, and sometimes directly to my face. I'll get revenge soon enough. fuckers shouldn't have ripped on me so much huh! HA! then again its human nature to do what you did... so I guess I am also attacking the human race. I cant take it, Its not right... true... correct... perfect. I fucking hate the human equation. Nazism would be fucking great if it werent for individualism and our natural instinct to ask questions. you know what maybe I just need to get laid. maybe that'll just change some shit around. thats another thing, I am a fucking dog. I have fantasies of just taking someone and fucking them hard and strong. someone like [censored] were I just pick her up, take her to my room, tear off her shirt and pants and just eat her out and fuck her hard. I love flesh... weisses fleisch! dein weisses fleisch emegt mich soo... Ich bin dech nur ein gigilo! I want to grab a few different girls in my gym class, take them into a room, pull their pants off and fuck them hard. I love flesh... the smooth legs, the large breasts, the innocent flawless body, the eyes, the hair; jet black, blond, white, brown. ahhh I just want to fuck! call it teenage hormones or call it a crazy fuckin racist rapist... BJ ist mir egal. I just want to be surrounded by the flesh of a woman, someone like [censored] who I wanted to just fuck like hell, she made me practically drool, when she wore those shorts to work... instant hard on. I couldnt stop staring. and others like [censored] in my gym class, [censored] or whatever in my gym class, and others who I just want to overpower and engulf myself in them. mmmm I can taste the sweet flesh now... the salty sweat, the animalistic movement... Iccchhh... lieeebe..... fleiscchhh. who can I trick into my room first? I can sweep someone off their feet, tell them what they want to hear, be all nice and sweet, and then "fuck em like an animal, feel them from the inside" as Reznor said. oh... thats something else... that one NIN video I saw, broken or closer or something, the where the guy is kidnapped and tortured like hell... actual hell. I want to do that too. I want to tear a throat out with my own teeth like a pop can. I want to gut someone with my hand, to tear a head off and rip out the heart and lungs from the neck, to stab someone in the gut, shove it up to the heart, and yank the fucking blade out of their rib cage! I want to grab some weak little freshman and just tear them apart like a fucking wolf. show them who is god. strangle them, squish their head, bite their temples into the skull, rip off their jaw. rip off their collar bones, break their arms in half and twist them around, the lovely sounds of bones cracking and flesh ripping, ahh... so much to do and so little chances.

11/17/98

Well folks, today was a very important day in the history of R. Today along with Vodka and someone else who I wont name, we went downtown and purchased the following; a double barrel 12ga. shotgun, a pump action 12ga. shotgun, a 9mm carbine, 250 9mm rounds, 15 12ga slugs, 40 shotgun shells, 2 switch blade knives, and total of 4 - 10 round clips for the carbine. we..... have... GUNS! we fucking got em you sons of bitches! HA! HAHAHA! neener! Booga Booga. heh. its all over now. this capped it off, the point of no return. I have my carbine, shotgun, ammo and knife all in my trunk tonight and theyll be there till tomorrow... after school you know its really a shame. I had a lot of fun at that gun show, I would have loved it if you were there dad. we would done some major bonding. would have been great. oh well. but, alas, I fucked up and told [censored] about my "flask". that really disappoints me. [censored] I know you thought it was good for me... in the long run and all that shit, smart of you to give me such a big raise and then rat me out, you figure it was supposed to cancel each other? god damn flask, that just fucked me over big time. now you all will be on my ass even more than before about being on track. I'll get around it though, If have to cheat and lie to everyone then thats fine. THIS is what I am motivated for, THIS is my goal. THIS is what I want to do with my life! you know whats weird, I dont feel like a punching through a door because of the flask deal, probly cause I am fucking armed now. I feel more confident, stronger, and more Godlike. I have confidence in my ability to dese(cei)ve people. hopefully Ill make it to April, but that might not happen. Ug, Its been a busy weekend, I need to sleep, I'll continue tomorrow.

11/22/98

yesterday we fired our first actual firearms ever. 3 rounds from the carbine. taught that ground a thing or 2. I even had the 2 clips in my pocket while talking to vodkas dad about senior ditch day. God it felt great firing off that bad boy, and hopefully I'll be able to get more than just 4 clips for it. I dubbed my shotgun "Arlene" after Arlene Sanders from the DOOM books. She always did love the shotgun. Vodka's DB is looking very fucking awesome, all cut down to the proper lengths. this is a bitch trying to keep up on homework while working on my guns, bombs, and lying. by the way, I bought that flask in the mall and I had a friend fill it up w/ scotch whiskey, only had about 3 swigs in the 3 weeks I had it. plus monday I gave my T and IC to Vodka, just in case. I never really did like alcohol, just wasn't my thing, but It felt good to just have around. that argument on the 22nd was a real bitch, but I think I should have won a fucking oscar. I even quoted a few movies, remember "what the hell am I gonna do now man?! what am I gonna do!?" thats good ole Hudson from aliens. Sounded good too. and hey goddamnit I would have been a fucking great marine. It would have given me a reason to do good. and I would never drink and drive, either. It will be weird when we actually go on the rampage. hopefully we will have plenty of clips and bombs. Im gonna still try and get my calico 9mm. just think, 100 rounds without reloading... hell yeah!

We actually may have a chance to get some machine pistols thanks to the Brady bill. If we can save up about 200\$ real quick and find someone who is 21+ we can go to the next gun show and find a private dealer and buy ourselves some bad-ass AB-10 machine pistols. Clips for those things can get really fucking big too.

12/3/98

Woohoo, I'll never have to take a final again! feels good to be free. I just love Hobbes and Nietzsche. Well tomorrow I'll be ordering 9 more 10 round clips for my carbine. I'm gonna be so fucking loaded in about a month. the big things we need to figure now is the time bombs for the commons and how we will get them in and leave them there to go off, without any fucking Jews finding them. I wonder if anyone will write a book on me. sure is a ton of symbolism, double meanings, themes, appearance vs reality shit going on here. oh well, it better be fuckin good if it is written.

12/17/98

heh, get this. KMFDM's new album is entitled "Adios" and it's release date is in April. how fuckin appropriate, a subliminal final "Adios" tribute to Reb and Vodka. thanks KMFDM... I ripped the hell outa the system

12/20/98

jesus christ that was fucking close. fucking shitheads at the gun shop almost dropped the whole project. oh well, thank god I can BS so fucking well. I went and picked up those babies today, so now I got 13 of those niggers. WOOHAH. the stereo is very nice, but having no insurance payments to worry about so I could concentrate on BOMBS would have been better. oh well, I think I'll have enough. now I just need to get Vodka another gun.

12/29/98

Months have passed. Its the first Friday night in the final month. much shit has happened. Vodka has a Tec 9, we test fired all of our babies, we have 6 time clocks ready, 39 crickets, 24 pipe bombs, and the napalm is under construction. Right now I'm trying to get fucked and trying to finish off these time bombs. NBK came quick. why the fuck cant I get any? I mean, I'm nice and considerate and all that shit, but nooooo. I think I try too hard. but I kinda need to considering NBK is closing in. The amount of dramatic irony and foreshadowing is fucking amazing. Everything I see and I hear I incorporate into NBK somehow. Either bombs, clocks, guns, napalm, killing people, any and everything finds some tie to it. feels like a Goddamn movie sometimes. I wanna try to put some mines and trip bombs around this town too maybe. Get a few extra flags on the scoreboard. I hate you people for leaving me out of so many fun things. And no don't fucking say, "well thats your fault" because it isnt, you people had my phone #, and I asked and all, but no. no no no dont let the weird looking Eric kid come along, ohh fucking nooo.

4/3/99

Kyle Huff

In the early morning hours of March 25, 2006, 28-year-old Kyle Huff returned to a rave after-party and opened fire, killing six and wounding two. Huff didn't know anyone at the party, and had no issues with anyone at it. He left the party to go get his gun, then on the way back to the party he spray-painted the word "NOW" on the sidewalk and on the steps of a neighboring home. He then went back to the party and started to kill.

Huff's motive remains unknown but in the letter below it is clear he is angered but what he perceives to be the lifestyle of the ravers. He killed himself at the scene of the crime.

The following is a letter to his identical twin brother, who was also his roommate, and which was dated two days before the killings.

To Kane From Kyle

I hope that you will find this letter after the fact. Don't let the police or FBI keep you from having it, this is my last wish for you to see this. Don't Kill yourself moron. That's the last thing I would want to happen. As long as your alive so is part of me, ya know. I hate leaving you by yourself, but this is something I feel I have to do. My life would always feel incomplete otherwise. I can't let them get away with what they're doing. Kids like me and you are seriously dying over this shit. I hate this world of sex that they are striving to make. This is a revolution brother, the most important thing to happen since man began, to let it die out would be a crime. I will never be able to "cum" with them, I will always see it as hell. The things they say "and do" (they're rapeing us) are just too disturbing to me to just ignore and try to live my life with. I know this is a short letter and might sound stupid but it would take a book to properly explain this to you. I don't have the time for that, or the will. The basic jist of it is that they're fucking next to us when we're really high to make us freak out. And trying to stop the heart by making it palpatate. And they are doing it, its just a question of if we're willing to be OK with it. And obviously I'm not. Maybe someday you'll be willing to help me kill this hippie shit. I know that its going to get worse now, but that's part of the Now Kids Now!!!

Bye Kane, I Love you.

Anthony Barbaro

On December 30, 1974, at Olean High School in Olean, New York, 17-year-old Anthony F. Barbaro entered the school and shot at people on the street from classroom windows on the third floor of the school building. Three people were killed and another

11 people were injured. That morning he had told his brother he was going target shooting.

Barbaro was an honor student who had recently received a scholarship to New York University. There was no motive known. He killed himself in jail before trial.

What follows is his suicide note.

People are not afraid to die; it's just how they die. I don't fear death, but rather the pain. But no more. I regret the foods I'll never taste, the music I'll never hear, the sites I'll never see, the accomplishments I'll never accomplish, in other words, I regret my life. Some will always ask, 'Why?' I don't know — no one will. What has been, can't be changed. I'm sorry. It ends like it began; in the middle of the night, someone might think it selfish or cowardly to take one's own life. Maybe so, but it's the only free choice I have. The way I figure, I lose either way. If I'm found not guilty, I won't survive the pain I've caused — my guilt. If I'm convicted, I won't survive the mental and physical punishment of my life in prison.

Sebastian Bosse

On November 20, 2006, 18-year-old former student Sebastian Bosse shot and wounded five people at a school in Emsdetten, Germany. He set off numerous smoke bombs, which added to the confusion. He had been posting online his thoughts about committing such crimes for years, even asking for psychological help on forums.

Bosse was bullied often while in school. Authorities said the reason for the shooting was "general life frustration." He killed himself by shooting himself in the face at the scene of the crime.

What follows is a post from Bosse's website.

When you know you can't be happy with your life anymore and the reasons for it pile up day after day, then you have no other choice but to disappear from this life. And I decided to do that. There might be people who would have continued, who would have thought "it's going to be ok", but it is not going to be ok. People told me I have to go to school, to learn for my life to be able to lead a beautiful life later. But what's the point of the fattest car, the biggest house, the most beautiful wife, if in the end it doesn't matter anyway. When your wife begins to hate you, when your car uses up gas that you can't pay for, and when you don't have anybody that will come visit you in your fucking house! The only thing that was taught to me intensely at school was that I am a loser. For the first years at GSS, it is even true, I fell for the horniness for consumption, I strove to make friends, people who don't see you as a person but rather

as a status symbol. But then I woke up! I realized that the world as I saw it didn't exist, that it was an illusion, which was mainly created by the media. I noticed more and more in what kind of a world I was. In a world, in which money reigns everything, even at school, it was only about that. You had to have the newest cell phone, the newest clothes, and the right "friends". If you don't have one of them you aren't worth being noticed. And these people are called jocks. Jocks are all of those who think they are above others because of expensive clothes or beautiful girls on their side. I loathe these people, no, I loathe people.

In the 18 years of my life, I had to experience that you can only be happy, when you conform to the masses, when you adapt to society. But I couldn't and didn't want to do that. I am free! Nobody is allowed to interfere in my life, and if somebody still does it, he has to suffer the consequences! No politician has the right to pass laws that prohibit things for me. No cop has the right to take my weapon, especially while he is wearing his on his belt.

Why should I do anything? Why should I work? So that I work myself to death in order to retire at 65 and croak 5 years later? Why should I make an effort to succeed in something, if in the end it doesn't matter anyway because, sooner or later, I will die? I can build a house, have kids and who knows what else. But for what? Eventually, the house is going to be torn down, and the children are also going to die. So tell me what is the meaning of life? There isn't one! That's why you have to give your life its own meaning, and I won't do that by crawling up the ass of an overpaid boss or let Fascists, who want to tell me that we live in a democracy, jerk me around. No, for me there is only one more possibility now to give meaning to my life and I won't waste it as I did with all the others before! Maybe my life could have been completely different. But society doesn't have room for individualists. I mean real individualists, people who think for themselves, and not those "I am wearing a watch with studs and I am alternative" idiots!

You started this battle, not I. My actions are a result of your world, a world that won't let me be the way I am. You made fun of me, I did the same to you now, I just had a completely different sense of humor!

From 1994 until 2003/2004, it was also my attempt to have friends, to have fun. When I started at GSS in 1998, everything started with the status symbols, clothing, friends, cell phone and so on. Then I woke up. I realized that my entire life, I was the dumb one for the others, and people made fun of me. And I swore to take revenge! This revenge will be executed so brutally and ruthlessly that your blood will freeze in your veins. Before I go, I will teach you a lesson, so that nobody will ever forget me again! I want you to realize, that nobody has the right to interfere in others lives under a fascist pretext of law and religion! I want that my face will be burnt into your heads! I don't want to run away anymore! I want to contribute my part to the revolution of the outcasts! I want R E V E N G E !

I thought about the fact that most students who humiliated me have already left GSS. I have two things to say to that: 1. I wasn't just in one class, no, I went to the

entire school. The people who are at the school are by no means innocent! Nobody is! The same program that also ran in previous years runs in their heads! I am the virus that wants to destroy these programs, it is completely irrelevant where I start. 2. A majority of my revenge will be aimed at the teaching staff, because those are people who interfered in my life against my will, and who helped to put me where I am standing now: On the battlefield! Almost all these teachers are still at this damn school!

Today, life as it happens daily is surely the most pathetic life that the world has to offer! S.J.W.R.D. — School, Job Training, Work, Retirement, Death. That's the life of a "normal" person these days. But what is essentially normal? We label normal as that what is expected by society. Therefore, punks, bums, murderers, goths, homos and so on are considered abnormal, because they don't, can't or don't want to, meet the general perception of society. I don't give a shit about you! Everybody has to be free! Give everybody a weapon and the problems among people will be resolved without any interference of a third party. When somebody dies, then he is dead. So? Death is part of life! If the relatives can't deal with the loss, they can commit suicide, nobody will stop them!

S.J.W.R.D. begins at the age of 6 here in Germany, with school enrollment. The child starts on its personal path of socialization, and in the following years, it will be forced to conform to the community, the majority. If it refuses, teacher, parents, and if nothing else, the police will step in. School attendance is a nice way of saying school enforcement, because you are indeed forced to go to school. He who is forced, loses a piece of freedom. You are forced to pay taxes, you are forced to stick to speed limits, you are forced to do this, you are forced to do that. Ergo: No Freedom! And that is what you call democracy. If people were to rule, it would be called anarchy! WAKE UP FINALLY — GET OUT ON THE STREETS — IT HAS ALREADY WORKED ONCE IN GERMANY!

After my actions, some fat politicians will talk big about how "We all stick together now" or "We have to try together to get through this". However, they only do that to get attention, to present themselves as the solution. It was the same at GSS... this fat piece of shit principal never showed her face, but when there were theater performances, then she was the first one standing on stage with a wide grin and introduced herself to the masses!

Nazis, hip-hoppers, Turks, state, civil servants, believers... basically everybody sucks and needs to be destroyed! I use the term "Turks" for all hip hop muchels and small-time criminals; They come to Germany because the conditions in their homeland are so bad, because there is war... and then they come to Germany, the social service department of the world, and do whatever they want. They should all be gassed! Not Jews, not Negros, not the Dutch, but muchels! I AM NOT A DAMN NAZI! I hate you and your ways! You all have to die!

Since I was 6 years old, I was jerked around by all of you! Now you have to pay for it!

Because I know that the fascist police won't want to publish my videos, notebooks, diaries, basically anything, I took it into my own hands.

On a final note, I want to thank those people who mean something to me or who were at one point good to me, and I want to apologize for all of this!

I am gone...

James Holmes

On July 20, 2012, James Holmes killed 12 people and wounded 70 others at a shooting at a movie theater in Aurora, Colorado, during a screening of Batman: The Dark Knight. He had been planning the attack for a while and had made homicidal statements to mental health professionals. Immediately prior to the shooting, Holmes reportedly called a mental health crisis hotline in the hope that someone would talk him out of committing the massacre at the last minute. However, the call was disconnected after nine seconds.

Holmes had been diagnosed with Schizoid Personality Disorder. He was arrested moments after the shooting. He was sentenced to 12 life sentences without the possibility of parole for murder, and an additional 3,318 years for attempted murder and explosives possession charges.

The following is the contents of a notebook Holmes sent to his psychiatrist.

Can a person have both no value AND be ultimately good AND/OR ultimately evil in value? * unknown

Why does the value of a person even matter

*Justice

If people are ultimately good or evil in value, then one may suffer from injustice.

If life has no value: - All is just

- Life and death are not demarcated

- Any and all actions have no impact on anything

Moral imbeciles are those who side with 0 of -priceless. The ideals of society are founded on +priceless.

Why do persons commit to 0 or -priceless?

All men are created equal, and all men are uncreated equal but in between there is inequality.

My mind: $\text{f} \text{-----} | \text{-----} \text{a}$

- \boxtimes 0 + \boxtimes

Life's fallback solution to all problems – Death.

Multiplying both sides of an equation by 0.

When mankind can't find truth,

Untruth is converted to truth via violence (x 0)

Problem = ? 0 x problem = (?) x 0

*based on an incorrect theorem $0 = 0$ problem = solved

$0 = 0$

Violence is a false response to truth while giving the illusion of truth.

This is widely understood with murder being unjust. However, mankind hasn't found a better alternative & there is still mass violence, war, and unfortunately these forms of violence are misleadingly still justified.

I have spent my entire life seeking this alternative so that the questions of how to live and what to live for may be addressed.

Alternatives to death:

1. Ignore the problem. If the problem or question doesn't exist then the solution is irrelevant. Didn't work. Forms of escapism tried included reading, television and alcohol.

2. Delay the problem. Live in the moment without concern for answering the problem at present. Didn't work. Pursued knowledge to increase the capacity for answering the questions with improved cognitive function.

Pawn the problem. If one can't answer the questions themselves, get someone else to answer it. Didn't work. Everyone else didn't know the solution either.

Love. Hate.

- Despite knowing death is false and a suboptimal response, I couldn't find a working alternative. If all of life is dead then the questions – Why should life exist? What is the purpose of living? Are then 0, irrelevant.

Self Diagnosis of broken mind

- Dysphoric mania
- Generalized anxiety disorder/social anxiety disorder/OCD/PTSD(chronic)
- Asperger syndrome/Autism
- ADHD
- Schizophrenia
- Body dysmorphic disorder
- Borderline, narcissistic, anxious, avoidant and obsessive compulsive personality disorder
- Chronic insomnia
- Psychosis

- Trichotillomania
- Adjustment disorder
- Pain disorder
- Restless leg syndrome

Symptoms attributed to self diagnosis

- Catatonia. Developed recently, often lasts for 3-5 hours in the middle of the day. If present in morning and I know it isn't particularly bad, can goad myself to move by thinking "Bambi get up, you must get up."
- Excessive fatigue. Present since beginning undergraduate studies. Can move but typically "need" to lie down for 1 hour.

Isolationism. Removing myself from social settings. Being around others is tiring with no apparent reason. Perhaps just an extreme form of introversion.

- Avoid social interactions. 99% of the time will not initiate a conversation. If discourse is unavoidable or avoidant action socially unacceptable, responses will be short or in question form to have other person be the one talking.
- Brief periods of invincibility, actions are in hyperspeed. Developed in the last 3 months over typically 3 or 4 days a week lasting all day with possible interludes of catatonia.
- Tiredness most of the time for about an hour, onset unknown.
- Quick fleeting movements in peripheral vision. Kind of like a light flicker. Other times dark splotchy movement in peripheral vision like a crow or beetle. Occurrence rate usually 1 to 3 times per day/night. Onset unknown but > 1 year ago. When gaze is shifted to identify movement no source, or potential source for its cause present.
- Proclivity to scan environment with no target or object in mind. Typically occurs alongside apathy in a boring situation when someone is giving a presentation or otherwise rambling about frivolous information. Rate – often. Onset – child.
- Recurring return to mirror to look at appearance. Particular attention focused on hair styling. 10+ times a day. Onset > 1 year ago.
- Concern with teeth. Only chewed with left side of jaw to preserve right side of teeth. Occurred as child, not present after getting braces.

- Concern with nose. Often drippy, a leaky faucet requiring continuous wiping. When nose interferes with quality of living, pores are squished (on nose) to the point of skin peeling. Occurs situationally since child.
- Concern with ears. Can not hear very well.
- Concern with eyes. Imperfect biology, had to wear glasses. Oculus sinister in dominant eye.
- Concern with cock. Suffered accidents as child. Allergic reaction to sex – scarring. Excessive stimulation in response to “most beautiful woman in the world” I had read in a book. Other event – a slab of skin tore away, did not heal. Results of accidents not prevalent to absent in appearance when erect.
- Inability to communicate what I want to say although I can understand it. Typically have an image in my mind but can’t say images or draw them, would be nice if there was some form of telepathy to transfer the images.
- Difficulty in concentrating or focusing on anything longer than 15 minutes. Created a learning strategy of studying 15 mins, then watching TV and repeat. Very effective but only in isolation.
- Odd sense of self. View of myself is divided. There is a biological me, which is driven by biological needs. E.g. hunger drives me to go eat, thirst... to drink etc. The real me is fighting the biological me. The real me, namely thinking me does things not because I’m programmed to but b/c I choose to. The latest battle I lost was when I finally succumbed to falling in love. Evolution, the biological program’s coder is very difficult to fight.
- Can’t fall asleep when I want to fall asleep. Sometimes my legs and arms will twitch involuntarily. - 1 per month. Much more common is having to adjust sleeping position - 10+ times a night b/c of physical discomfort.
- Random, no apparent cause stabbing back pain. More typical is throbbing achy lower back pain.
- Hair pulling. First was back of head at “bald spot” - 10th grade, when someone mentioned it was gray, I switched location. Sideburns - late high school. Widow’s peak early college. Under chin and jaw late college. Most recently eyebrows and eyelashes.
- The obsession to kill... I was a kid. With age became more... started the entire world with nuclear bombs. Then shifted to biological agent that destroys the mind. Most recently serial murder via a cellphone stun gun & folding knife in national forests.

- And finally, the last escape, mass murder at the movies. 1st obsession onset >10 years ago. So anyways, that's my mind. It is broken. I tried to fix it. I made it my sole conviction but using something that's broken to fix itself proved insurmountable. Neuroscience seemed like the way to go but it didn't pan out. In order to rehabilitate the broken mind my soul must be eviscerated. I could not sacrifice my soul to have a "normal" mind. Despite my biological shortcomings I have fought and fought. Always defending against predetermination and the fallibility of man. There is one more battle to fight with life. To face death, embrace the longstanding hatred of mankind and overcome all fear in certain death.

Pekka-Eric Auvinen

On the morning of November 7, 2007, in Jokela, Finland, Pekka-Eric Auvinen entered Jokela High School armed with a semi-automatic pistol and opened fire. He killed eight people and wounded one. One of the victims was the head teacher of the school who approached him in an attempt to get Auvinen to stop. She was shot in the head and killed.

Auvinen was considered shy and suffered from anxiety and depression. By some accounts he had been bullied. Others said he had acted in a threatening manner before the attack. He killed himself at the scene.

The following was posted online by Auvinen.

ATTACK INFORMATION

Event: Jokela High School Massacre.

Targets: Jokelan Lukio (High School Of Jokela), students and faculty, society, humanity, human race.

Date: 11/7/2007.

Attack Type: Mass murder, political terrorism (although I chose the school as target, my motives for the attack are political and much, much deeper and therefore I don't want this to be called only a "school shooting").

Location: Jokela, Tuusula, Finland.

Perpetrator's name: Pekka-Eric Auvinen (aka NaturalSelector89, Natural Selector, Sturmgeist89 and Sturmgeist). I also use pseudonym Eric von Auffoin internationally.

Weapons: Semi-automatic .22 Sig Sauer Mosquito pistol.

What do I hate / What I don't like?

Equality, tolerance, human rights, political correctness, hypocrisy, ignorance, enslaving religions and ideologies, antidepressants, TV soap operas & drama shows, rap music, mass media, censorship, political populists, religious fanatics, moral majority,

totalitarianism, consumerism, democracy, pacifism, state mafia, alcoholics, TV commercials, human race.

What do I love / what do I like?

Existentialism, self-awareness, freedom, justice, truth, moral & political philosophy, personal & social psychology, evolution science, political incorrectness, guns, shooting, BDSM, computers, internet, aggressive electronic and industrial rock & metal music, violent movies, FPS (first person shooter) computer games, sarcasm, irony, black humour, macabre art, mass & serial killer cases, natural disasters, eugenics.

Natural Selector's Manifesto

How Did Natural Selection Turn Into Idiocratic Selection?

Today the process of natural selection is totally misguided. It has reversed. Human race has been devolving for a very long time now. Retarded and stupid, weak-minded people are reproducing more and faster than the intelligent, strong-minded people. Laws protect the retarded majority which selects the leaders of society. Modern human race has not only betrayed its ancestors, but the future generations too. Homo Sapiens, HAH! It is more like a Homo Idioticus to me! When I look at people I see every day in society, school and everywhere... I can't say I belong to same race as the lousy, miserable, arrogant, selfish human race! No! I have evolved one step above!

Naturality has been discriminated against through religions, ideologies, laws and other mass delusion systems. Individual, who is going through his/hers natural power process and trying to live naturally, but is being told that the way he acts or thinks is wrong and stupid, will usually have some reactions which might be considered as "psychological disorders" by the establishment. In reality they are just natural reactions to the disruption of natural power process. They will have some of the following (depending on individual's personality): feelings of inferiority / superiority, hostility, aggression, frustration, depression, self-hatred / hatred towards other people, suicidal / homicidal thought etc... and it is completely normal.

Humans are just a species among other animals and world does not exist only for humans. Death and killing is not a tragedy, it happens in nature all the time between all species. Not all human lives are important or worth saving. Only superior (intelligent, self-aware, strong-minded) individuals should survive while inferior (stupid, retarded, weak-minded masses) should perish.

There is also another solution to the problem: stupid people as slaves and intelligent people as free. What I mean is that they who have free minds, are capable of intelligent existential and philosophical thinking and know what justice is, should be free and rulers... and the robotic masses, they can be slaves since they do not mind it and because their minds are on so retarded level. The gangsters that now rule societies, would of course get what they deserve.

Of course there is a final solution too: death of entire human race. It would solve every problem of humanity. The faster human race is wiped out from this planet, the

better... no one should be left alive. I have no mercy for the scum of earth, the pathetic human race.

Collective Deindividualization: Totalitarianism & Delusions Of Democracy

Collective deindividualization is a phenomenon where individual will be trained as part of the mindless herd controlled by state, corporation, church or some other organization, group, ideology, religion or mass delusion system and adopt its rules, morality and codes of conduct. This phenomenon has been familiar in all despotic, authoritarian, totalitarian, monarchist, communist, socialist, nazi, fascist and religious societies throughout history. Also, the modern western democratic republics have the same phenomenon. It is just done so that people will think they are free and don't realize they are being enslaved. Majority of people in society are weak-minded and ignorant retards, masses that act like programmed robots and accept voluntarily slavery. But not me! I am self-aware and realize what is going on in society! I have a free mind! And I choose to be free rather than live like a robot or slave. You can say I have a "god complex", sure... then you have a "group complex"! Compared to you retarded masses, I am actually godlike.

Totalitarian governments rule people through education system, consumerism, mass media, monopoly on the legitimate use of physical force (police, military) and laws discriminating against people who think differently than the majority. Democracy... you think democracy means freedom and justice? You are wrong. Democracy is a dictatorship of the moral majority... and the majority is manipulated and ruled by the state mafia. Modern western democracy has nothing to do with freedom or justice; it is a totalitarian and corrupted system. Laws are made over the heads of the people and people are being brainwashed to support the system and connected to the institutional structures immediately after their birth. Societies are being ruled by manipulative and charismatic politicians who only care about the interests of majority, and who do not base their decisions on reason but emotions and feelings of the masses. These masses let the authorities of state to make all the important decisions for them. The masses will get an education, they study, get a job, go to work and vote in elections. They think they are free and don't criticise or question the system. They have become robots. It is like a constructed mechanism in mind, that leaves little choice for an individual to think, talk and act independently.

Three Kinds Of Humans

There are three kinds of human personality types in this world:

- 1) individualistic human (3% of the world population)
- 2) manipulative human (3% of the world population)
- 3) mass human (94% of the world population)

#1 & #2 type of personalities are intelligent, creative and self-aware. They have chosen but different paths. #3 type of personalities are less intelligent and less creative, weak-minded people controlled by #2 type of personalities. The percentages are only

estimations though but are based on Gaussian distribution and history of human race and how humans have organized into societies. And this is the way it has always been ever since humans started to organize into communities.

Another way how to divide people is bit different but is based on the same facts, human nature and history. The division is based on the level of intelligence and quality of mentality:

- 1) intelligent (3% of the world population)
- 2) slightly retarded, so called “normal people” or “robots” (94% of the world population)
- 3) highly retarded, “vegetables” (3% of the world population)

Total War Against Humanity

Hate, Im so full of it and I love it. That is one thing I really love. Some time ago, I used to believe in humanity and I wanted to live a long and happy life... but then I woke up. I started to think deeper and realized things. But it was not easy to become existential... knowing as much as I know has made me unhappy, frustrated and angry. I just can't be happy in the society or the reality I live. Due to long process of existential thinking, observing the society I live and some other things happened in my life... I have come to the point where I feel nothing but hate against humanity and human race.

Life is just a meaningless coincidence... the result of a long process of evolution and many several factors, causes and effects. However, life is also something that an individual wants and determines it to be. And I'm the dictator and god of my own life. And me, I have chosen my way. I am prepared to fight and die for my cause. I, as a natural selector, will eliminate all who I see unfit, disgraces of human race and failures of natural selection.

You might ask yourselves, why did I do this and what do I want. Well, most of you are too arrogant and closed-minded to understand... You will probably say to me that I am “insane”, “crazy”, “psychopath”, “criminal” or crap like that. No, the truth is that I am just an animal, a human, an individual, a dissident.

I have had enough. I don't want to be part of this fucked up society. Like some other wise people have said in the past, human race is not worth fighting for or saving... only worth killing. But... When my enemies will run and hide in fear when mentioning my name... When the gangsters of the corrupted governments have been shot in the streets... When the rule of idiocracy and the democratic system has been replaced with justice... When intelligent people are finally free and rule the society instead of the idiocratic rule of majority... In that great day of deliverance, you will know what I want.

Long live the revolution... revolution against the system, which enslaves not only the majority of weak-minded masses but also the small minority of strong-minded and intelligent individuals! If we want to live in a different world, we must act. We must rise against the enslaving, corrupted and totalitarian regimes and overthrow the

tyrants, gangsters and the rule of idiocracy. I can't alone change much but hopefully my actions will inspire all the intelligent people of the world and start some sort of revolution against the current systems. The system discriminating naturalty and justice, is my enemy. The people living in the world of delusion and supporting this system are my enemies.

I am ready to die for a cause I know is right, just and true... even if I would lose or the battle would be only remembered as evil... I will rather fight and die than live a long and unhappy life.

And remember that this is my war, my ideas and my plans. Don't blame anyone else for my actions than myself. Don't blame my parents or my friends. I told nobody about my plans and I always kept them inside my mind only. Don't blame the movies I see, the music I hear, the games I play or the books I read. No, they had nothing to do with this. This is my war: one man war against humanity, governments and weak-minded masses of the world! No mercy for the scum of the earth! HUMANITY IS OVERRATED! It's time to put NATURAL SELECTION & SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST back on tracks!

Justice renders to everyone his due.

Richard Farley

On February 16, 1988, Richard Farley shot and killed seven people at his workplace and wounded four others, including Laura Black, who survived. He had been stalking Black for four years. He once said that he instantly fell in love with Black when he met her. He sent around 200 letters to her over a period of four years. Black moved four times during those four years, but Farley was able to obtain her address every time. Farley doctored photos of himself and Black being together and mailed them to her.

He surrendered to police at the scene. Farley was sentenced to death and is still on Death Row as of this writing, more than 32 years after his crimes were committed.

What follows is a note to Black.

HI LAURA

Peterson came over to my truck while I was waiting for you. He told me to move. I told him, he didn't own the road and I have no intention of moving. He then asked me when I was going to leave you alone. I told him probably never (I should have said when you let me call you up and ask you out like a normal person and you accept). He then threatened me and said "I was going to jail."

I told him that's nice and he was going to cause a lot of trouble.

You'd better tell him to mind his own business. I didn't listen to Chuck and I don't intend to listen to him and it's not in your best interest for him to interfere.

He doesn't have any idea what he's getting into. You'd better tell him, I'd better never see any police around me.

Take care.

Rich Farley

CALL ME SATURDAY MORNING

Bryan Oliver

On January 10, 2013, at Taft Union High School, in the small town of Taft, California, Bryan Oliver, 16 at the time, brought a shotgun to school, walked into a classroom and shot at two students, hitting one of them.

The defense attorney at Oliver's trial claimed Oliver was pushed to violence because he was tormented by bullies at school. A doctor hired by the defense ruled mental illness to be another important factor in the incident. Oliver was sentenced to 27 years in prison.

The following is a short story written by Oliver.

Psychopath

Chapter 1. The beginning

This is a story about a young man named Demian, and it is a story of horror and insanity. This story starts in his troubled childhood. As a kid he was beaten and neglected while he was young by his dad. His older brother abused him and his younger brother. His younger brother had died when he was young. Finally his mother thought she was a good mother, but that was her delusion.

One day Demian and his little brother were walking home from school. (This was when Demian was seven and his brother James was five.) That day Demian tried a new way home that was supposed to be shorter. On the first street to cross he held his brother's hand and walked in front of him while he skipped in behind. While they were crossing the road a van that was black with white flames coming off the front of it swerved into the intersection. It ignored the red light so the driver was obviously drunk. It was too fast for the brothers to see or do anything about it. In a matter of seconds the van was right on them. Demian was the lucky one since he was in front while his brother wasn't so lucky. The van hit the little brother so hard that it caused Demian to spin and dislocate his shoulder.

Demian was groggy but awake and he couldn't feel his right arm. He noticed that something was holding onto his right hand. For a second he thought it was his brother but it turned out that it was just his brother's hand. He tried to pull it off but it had a dead man's grip so he just left it where it was. He looked around for the rest of his brother only to find a trail of blood that led to the van that crashed into the

corner store. He tried to go into the store but the adults tried to stop him. Eventually he wedged past them to go into the store where he came face to face with the driver. The driver didn't make it through the crash because his chin was now on his back. He then found out that when his brother was hit by the van he was pinned and dragged under the van.

About a week after the accident his mother and father got into a big fight. One day after he watched his father pack his bags. Once his father saw him he walked over to him and said, "I know that when I am gone you will forget me." Then he pulled out a knife, "so let's fix that." Once he was done talking he held the defenseless child and put the knife over his right eyebrow. He then started to cut downwards and around his eye, down his cheek, and curved under his chin.

In school he couldn't make any friends at all no matter how much he tried. It soon seemed that everyone that looked at him became determined to make his life hell. Even the kids that were bullied picked on him. This went through high school, and the bullying did not slow down but it had increased. He had stopped trying to make friends long ago because he found out that they could use that against him.

Bullies found out if they became his "friends" they would earn his trust and secrets and use that to destroy him. Due to all of this he stopped trying to make friends, and started to sink into himself. He started to go into the garage late at night to work out and get fit. He worked on his grades and got all A's even though that it caused more ridicule and jokes.

One day in High school he found out about a great thinker in the Industrial revolution called Hobbs. Hobbs believed that all humans were evil, greedy, murderous beings. Demian saw this and looked back into his past and found it easy to take Hobbs work to heart. Demian studied Hobbs' work and present events and found that everything was true.

Over the next three years he planned what to do about everything, and memorized all the names and faces of all that mocked him. On his high school graduation the bullies decided to pull the biggest prank of all on him. This was because they thought that this was the last time that they would see him. So they decided to fill a bucket full of goat's blood and dump it on his head when he was on the stage.

Billy had a normal life; normal grades, friends, nice family. Everything about him was normal until he met a kid named Demian. Something about him made Billy hate him and make fun of him. This happened through all the time he met him, and one day at graduation one of his friends came up to him and told him their plan.

They asked if wanted to do it and he had agreed to it. They practiced it and made a marker on the stage. An hour later the graduation started and everyone took positions and got ready. Billy held on the rope like his life depended on it until Demian got on the stage. Billy's heart was beating so fast that he thought it was going to explode. His palms started to get sweaty, his breath was ragged, and he was getting excited.

Once Demian got on the marker Billy tugged on the rope. It wasn't as hard as he could or as gentle as he was able to. Right then everything slowed down and everyone

but Demian saw the bucket. The bucket in mid air flipped upside down and dumping all the blood on his head, and finally the bucket landed on his head.

Demian didn't even flinch when the blood and bucket landed on him. All at once the crowd started to laugh at him even the teachers and parents were laughing. But then he did something that no one could have ever predicted. He started to smile and not the smile that you get out of a joke, but the smile of a mad man or movie villain. He then started to chuckle that slowly changed into a full insane laughter. This slowly caused people to stop laughing one by one until he was the last one laughing. He threw his head back and continued to laugh for a good long time. This made people to start to fidget in their seats uncomfortably and even some got scared.

Once he was done laughing he then walked back to his seat and didn't even bother to wipe off the blood. Some people flinched when he got near them and he had fun with that by fake jumping at them. When he sat down people scooted away from him, and for the rest of the time everyone was nervous and steered clear of Demian.

Once it was all over Demian had to walk home since he didn't have a car and no one at home would pick him up. About half way there a cop pulled up in front of him thinking his was in a murder or was a murderer. Demian had to take a while to clear it up after the gun wasn't being pointed at him, or being shoved into the back of the cop's car. The cop started to laugh and said, "Wow kid your life must suck. Here let me give you a ride." Demian had no words come to mind for this must be the first person to show him kindness outside of the family, and for the ride home he couldn't say anything. The car pulled up to his house and all the family came out to see what it was about.

When they saw Demian get out of the car and thank the cop for the ride the ridicule started. He just walked by them ignored the questions and jokes. He took a long shower and got ready for bed. For the rest of the night he wondered why the cop had shown him kindness when no one other would.

Chapter 2. Life after school

About a week after school Demian and his older brother joined the army, and somehow they were put in the same company. The eight weeks that they had to do before being shipped off flew by for Demian, but for his brother it was hell. By the time he was out of boot camp he was a major, and his brother was a private.

Once that was over they were shipped off to Iraq. Demian had signed up for two years of combat while his brother was for longer. For the first whole year he was on patrol and that was when he got his first kill. It was on a hot sunny day and he was on patrol when he looked at one of the civilian's robes. It looked like a bulge of a gun, so he ran over to him and yelled at him to get down and put his hands behind his back. The civilian was confused and turned to the side, which made him look like he was pulling out a gun. Demian saw this and his training took over so he put up his gun and shot him in the heart. The guy was dead before he hit the ground. His team checked the body and found that he was carrying a toy gun.

One thing in that surprised him was the he didn't care that he just took someone's life for no reason. On his way back to base he wondered why he didn't feel any guilt or any other emotion. When he was back at base his brother meet him and said, "Welcome back killer I heard you killed a civilian today." Demain just ignored him and when to sleep on his bed. Through the rest of his enlistment he was on guard duty on the base, and saw no more ac-tion. About two weeks until his enlistment was up his brother had died from a land mine that he found. Demian's brother Jim was walking along the road when he heard a click and exploded into a cloud of blood and guts. Again Demian felt no pain or despair even though his brother exploded. He wondered if he should see someone about it and decided not to.

Once he got out he got his G.I bill and went to law school. While he was there he did not mess around. He studied day in and day out in the law books. There was not one test that he did not get an A in. After the four years he spent there he tried to join congress. They didn't let him in because he was too young and had a bad past so therapists advised against it. That crushed him because he had just wasted nine years of his life on the plan that he came up with in high school. Demian had a complete mental break down and tried to kill a security guard with a plastic fork from the cafeteria. For that he was put in prison for about three years and was sent home early on parole. After that he got a stable job as a manager to a cheesecake factory. One day Demian was walking home when he saw someone familiar sitting in an ally next to a bar. Demian had to kneel down and get close to his face to see who it was. He couldn't believe who it was that was before him. It was Billy.

After high school Billy didn't go to college and got a job as a dishwasher at Chilies. After a few years he became the manager and got a wife. With the wife he had two kids with a third on the way. Lately he had been growing apart from his wife kids and dog. He started to go to the bar night after night and before he knew it he spent all his money on gambling and boos. His wife kicked him out until he stopped, but that made things worse. He now sells himself for money and is now a waste of skin. One day he was drunk out of his mind when someone stopped in front of him. He mumbled, "Twenty an hour or a hundred all night."

The guy kneeled down and said, "Cute and tempting but I am not here for that my dear Billy." Billy reached into his pocket and pulled out a knife and tried to stab him, but since he was drunk he was slow and sluggish. The guy caught his arm and twisted till he let go. Then the guy punched Billy in the face knocking him out.

Demian had to carry him to an abandoned warehouse that meets his needs. After his friend was all set he went to go get prepared for the rest of the night. Once he was done with that he sat in a chair and waited till his friend on the other side room woke up. Once Billy did he looked around and started to scream. Demian then whispered to himself, "show time."

After a long time he stopped screaming and that is where Demian made his entrance saying, "Thank god you stopped. I started to think that you where a mindless screaming banshee." Billy looked around for the source of the voice as best as he could out of the

box on his head but couldn't find it. A second later a man stepped out of the shadow. He was a little taller than normal people, jet black hair, a scar going down his right cheek, his eyes were soulless and dead, and finally he had a smile that made Billy feel like he wasn't going to live through the night or leave his plain of existence quickly.

Demian finally said, "If you haven't noticed your head is in a box with two tubes going out of it. Now what the tubes are connected to be two water jugs that are filled with a certain thick red liquid. Now for the finale at the other side of the room is a certain rope you might be acquainted with. If you can't remember it's the rope you used on graduation, I've saved it for this occasion."

Demian's smile somehow grew bigger when he said, "Now when I pull on this rope the liquid will start pouring and your only chance is to drink the liquid. Then maybe you might get closer to your family." Demian added with a wicked laugh.

What the **** does that mean. Let me go you sick ****." Billy started to scream. Demian walked over to him with a frown and punched him in the throat.

"Now can we continue the conversation without your mindless screaming, or do you want me to pull on the rope earlier." Billy shook his head no. "Ok then no more yelling, and as for the question. By what I meant by you being closer to your family is that I went to your house killed the whole family. I then drained their blood into the water jugs above."

Billy's eyes shot open wide when the words had sunk in and during that Demian walked towards the rope. Billy started to tug at his restraints while yelling, "I thought you said you wouldn't pull the rope yet."

"I lied all I wanted was you to stop your mindless screaming." With that he tugged on the rope and the blood started to fill the box up. Billy started to scream but stopped when he saw Demian flexing his fist. Billy kept struggled at his restraints as the blood got to his lower lip.

Billy started to cry as the blood touched the red part of his lips and then he puckered up and started to drink. Demian was hysterical and laughed while saying, "Ho my god I didn't actually think you would drink the blood. This is great. How does it taste no wait let me try." With that he ran over to Billy and dipped one of his fingers into the blood and tasted it.

Demian put his finger on his lip and said with a chuckle, "The sweetness comes from the baby and the tang comes from the dog." Billy still cried on when the blood came up to the brim of his nose. He then started to choke and cough on the blood because Demian gave him a big pat on the back.

Billy stopped drinking the blood and started to try to keep breathing as the blood kept going up. He leaned his head back to keep the blood away from his nose but the blood was catch-ing up. Soon the only thing of his head that was above the blood was his nose. Billy never stopped struggling on his restraints but when the blood covered his nose his body started to thrash around violently.

Bubbles started to rise and pop making the blood look like boiling lava. The chair was creaking from the struggling and the leg straps broke. This when on for a few

minutes then the body started to calm down and stop moving when the bubbles stopped Billy was dead. Demian stopped laughing and looked upset while he said, "I thought that would last longer. I'll see you later. Right now I have a blind date to go to."

Chapter 3 the romance

Demian looked for blood on him and found none. He then walked to a corner of the room and picked up a can of gas and dumped it all over the room. He lit a match and while flick-ing it he said, "Good bye dear Billy Thames." Once he made sure the building would burn down he walked to his car and drove off.

He then went home and put on a white button up t-shirt and black polo pants. On his way to the date he stopped at a Walgreens and picked up a thing of white tulips. He parked his car at the Cheese Cake Factory, which was conveniently ware his date was.

All of his coworkers where surprised that he was on a date because they all thought he was emotionless, coldhearted, and not human. So when he walked in saying that he had a date waiting for him they had nothing to say.

Rachel was a normal girl with nothing special except she will emit that she is a history nerd. She has a job in a cubical. She has never had any luck with guys so she is online dating. She had met an interesting person on an online dating website called Demian. She was humming to herself while reading a book over the industrial revolution when a man with a thing of white tulips approached her asking if she was Rachel.

She closed her book and stopped humming. When she looked up she saw a man that was taller than normal, with some muscles, black hair, green eyes, and a long scar going down his face. With a shiver going down her spine she said, "Who's asking?"

Demian found out ware his date was seated he walked to her and about half way there he shook his head and continued to walk toward her. Once he got to her table he cleared his throat and asked, "Are you Rachel?"

She turned her head after she closed her book and said, "Who's asking?" As she eyed him up and down Demian thought of an answer.

"My name is Demian. I am here for the online date. If I am not what you expected then I hope you for the best and bid you adieu." He said back to her without breaking eye contact.

"Not at all. Please seat down, and tell me about yourself." The beginning of the date was awkward, but then it smoothed out. The both of them agreed to have the next date at a movie theater.

The next year was eventful by him proposing, getting married, having a kid, and making his new hobby successful. He had come up with so many ways of revenge that was ironic with what they did to him.

His three top favorites so far are carving the words used to hurt him into their flesh till they die. The second one is for a kid that made the rope in gym slippery so he had to hold on a greased up chain holding him above a spike. The third is for the one that shot spit balls at him, so he was tied up while Demian shot him with a nail gun in non-vital places till dead.

One day Demian got a letter saying that a high school reunion in two weeks. He gave a shout of joy and pain at the same time because he pricked his finger on a thumbtack. It took him one week to finish his room of punishment, hunt down his next victims, and drag them back.

David was sitting on his couch with his wife watching the Olympics when a knock on the door startled them. His wife got up to answer the door. David heard the door open then a few seconds later he a thud on the floor. "Honey is everything alright?" David said as he got up from the couch.

David walked to the front door and saw that it was wide open. He then walked more slowly to the door saying, "Honey are you out there?" He quickly looked out the door and then shut the door slowly. He slowly walked backwards away from the door. Then all of the sudden the closet door next to the front door burst open and slam into him.

David was shoved into a wall, which had stunned him. He tried to put up his arms to defend himself, but was too slow. He then felt a sharp pain in his neck and then fell asleep. Once he woke up he was in a dark room, strapped to a chair that was at a slant, a bandana gaging his mouth, a huge tarp on the floor, and his wife was in the same place but on the other side of the room.

A few minutes later after looking around the room his wife woke up. Then a voice that seemed to come off the walls said, "Well. Well. Well. You both are awake that's good." David and his wife were looking around the room to find the source of the voice, but couldn't find it.

The tarp on the floor started to sink into the floor. As the tarp sank it revealed a hole in the floor that was big enough for a pool. In the middle of the hole a man stood on a small latter.

It took David a few moments to realize that below the man was a rainbow of colors with sharp metal spikes coming out of them. After his eyes adjusted to the sight he saw that they were thousands of thumbtacks gorilla glued to the floor and walls of the hole.

Once Demian was out of the hole he said, "Hello David long time no see. When was our last meeting? Oh. Now I remember it was seventh period math with you putting a thumbtack in my seat daily with your girlfriend." He ended his sentence looking at David's wife.

Demian walked over to David and took off his gag and said, "Speck your mind my friend, but beware of what you say. For it may bring your life to a closer end."

David said in a low whisper, "Why are you doing this to us. We never did anything to hurt anyone."

“Oh but you did and I even told you when. It is like I never said anything at all. Now listen closely; high school, seventh period, and Mrs. Dickenson’s class, back row. Do you remember now David?”

“Da.... De.... Demian!” David yelled out with a look of horror.

“Now he gets it. Ding ding ding we have a winner. You may pass go you may collect 200 f***ing dollars!” Demian said with a twisted smile. “Now that the pleasantries are out of the way. Lets get to business. There is if you haven’t noticed a giant hole in the floor filled with huge thumbtacks. I will shove one of you into the hole but it is up to you.” He finished pointing his fingers like a gun at David.

While imitating that he had a microphone “Will he be selfish and save himself or selfless pick himself. Also the slight possibility that he can’t pick and I will pick for him. Lets find out folks.”

David could not believe what was happening to him. He glared down to his knees and feet then to his glowing wife. She was crying now and he knew why. She was newly five weeks pregnant.

After a minute of this Demian started to sing the jeopardy song, and tapping his foot impatiently. “Come on already its not hard pick her or yourself!”

It seemed like forever but after a few moments in what sounded like a whisper he said, “I chose myself.”

“Oh my. I did not see that coming, and guess what. You passed the test I will just remove these straps and let you both go.” Demian said.

“R-r-really?” David asked with question in his voice.

“Not really.” As he had said it he cut the restraints making him fall into the pit of spikes. There were screams coming out of the pit, as David was being cut and stabbed by the many points causing him to thrash about. His thrashing caused him to cut and shred his flesh. He was stuck in a loop of thrashing and getting cut.

He looked into the pit for a while then changed his view to the woman that was sobbing. He started to walk towards her and she realized it and started to freak out. She was struggling against the restraints that were holding her up, but her struggling was breaking them. Right as he got in front of her the restraints snapped and she fell.

As she was falling he caught her arm at the last second. But because of the angle she fell at she swung and slammed into the spike-covered wall. Her whole body hit the wall and so did his arm making him let go and howl in pain. Once he let go she came off the wall and fell the rest of the way to her beloved and they were together in the endless cycle of pain. Once Demian got back up he yell sorry down to the two, but it fell on deaf ears.

He decided to end it so he pulled on a rope that was hanging in the room, and a box full of thumbtacks opened above the pit and filled it a quarter of the way. The screams where muffled now as he poured gasoline in the pit and though in a lit match.

The pit exploded with fire singeing off some of his hair and eyebrows. Demian fell back wards so he wouldn’t catch on fire. Once he got back up he looked at the pit. The flames were dancing around and the screams had intensified for a few seconds then

faded away. He walked out of the room before he passed out from the fumes. “Now how am I supposed to explain this to the wife? Maybe I was attacked by a porcupine on fire.” Demian said as he looked in a mirror and at his arm that hit the wall.

Ch. 4 The reunion

Demian made a big show of how he was going to the reunion and be gone for the weekend. He then got into the car and drove away. He had been preparing to go for over a week now, he even has a blueprint of the school downloaded on his laptop. Once he arrived to town he was a few hours early so he decided to go look around at the small dirty town.

He found out that his mom was still living in the same house and that his little brother was now one of the police. Demian then checked into a hotel and waited for the reunion; while he waited he cleaned his equipment and went over his plans. Finally at the hour of the event he checked out and got into his car. He took his time to drive there to be sure he would be the last to come. Once he got there he counted the cars and saw that everyone had made it, “Well maybe not everyone” He thought to himself.

Demian walked in and got his name tag, while looking over the list to see if he was right. He then went in and got a drink. Demian saw that some people got good jobs and life while others were just redneck hicks. Some even brought babies to the party, no matter the plan was still happening.

About an hour later he got up from his dark corner and walked to the front desk. The person posted there was asleep so he got up behind her and stabbed her in the back of the neck with a long knife. While he did that he wrapped her head in plastic wrap, so no blood would go anywhere. After he killed her he picked up the keys and locked all the doors in the gym.

Demian then got on top of the stage, which was set up in the front of the gym, and tested the microphone. This made everyone look at him. He then said, “Ladies and gentlemen I am going to be tonight’s entertainment.” With that he put his briefcase on a stool next to him and opened it. Out came five knives.

Once he pulled them out he said, “Please do not try this at home.” And on that note he started to juggle them. There were a few gasps from the audience and a few boos. After that he did some more tricks, one involved the knives on fire. His last trick was that he had nine double sided knives and was tossing them about and catching them. In the end he juggled them and one by one caught them between his fingers and was down to one knife and no hands to catch it with, and as the knife came down he opened his mouth, and everyone gasped. As the knife came down some people looked away and some looked more intently. At the last second he caught it with his teeth.

The audience was clapping as he took out the knife from his mouth. He then looked at the crowd and asked for a volunteer and found one person that wasn’t looking at the stage. “Knife I chose you.” He said as he threw it into the base of the skull and top

of the neck. The knife killed him, and that threw the crowd into frenzy. "Sorry my kid loves to watch Pokémon.

Mark Barton

Mark Barton killed 12 people and injured 13 more on July 29, 1999. The murders occurred at Barton's home as well as at two Atlanta day trading firms where Barton used to trade stocks. Police searching Barton's home after the day trading shootings found his second wife, and the two children from his first marriage, had been murdered by hammer blows before the shooting spree started.

Barton was a suspect in the 1993 beating deaths of his first wife Debra Spivey and her mother Eloise Spivey. Before the shooting spree, Barton suffered from both severe depression and paranoid delusions. He also had recently lost over 100,000 dollars while day trading. Barton killed himself as the police were attempting to apprehend him. He was 44 years old.

The following is a letter he left at his home.

To Whom it May Concern.

Leigh Ann is in the master bedroom closet under a blanket. I killed her on Tuesday night. I killed Matthew and Mychelle Wednesday night.

There may be similarities between these deaths and the death of my first wife, Debra Spivey. However, I deny killing her and her mother. There's no reason for me to lie now. It just seemed like a quiet way to kill and a relatively painless way to die.

There was little pain. All of them were dead in less than five minutes. I hit them with a hammer in their sleep and then put them face down in a bathtub to make sure they did not wake up in pain. To make sure they were dead. I am so sorry. I wish I didn't. Words cannot tell the agony. Why did I? I have been dying since October. I wake up at night so afraid, so terrified that I couldn't be that afraid while awake. It has taken its toll. I have come to hate this life and this system of things. I have come to have no hope.

I killed the children to exchange them for five minutes of pain for a lifetime of pain. I forced myself to do it to keep them from suffering so much later. No mother, no father, no relatives. The fears of the father are transferred to the son. It was from my father to me and from me to my son. He already had it and now to be left alone. I had to take him with me. I killed Leigh Ann because she was one of the main reasons for my demise as I planned to kill the others. I really wish I hadn't killed her now. She really couldn't help it and I love her so much anyway.

I know that Jehovah will take care of all of them in the next life. I'm sure the details don't matter. There is no excuse, no good reason. I am sure no one would understand. If they could, I wouldn't want them to. I just write these things to say why.

Please know that I love Leigh Ann, Matthew and Mychelle with all of my heart. If Jehovah is willing, I would like to see all of them again in the resurrection, to have a second chance. I don't plan to live very much longer, just long enough to kill as many of the people that greedily sought my destruction.

You should kill me if you can.

Mark O. Barton

Jared Loughner

On January 8, 2011, in Tucson, Arizona, Loughner shot and severely injured U.S. Representative Gabby Giffords, and killed six people, including Chief U.S. District Court Judge John Roll. He wounded seven others including a man who was injured subduing him.

Loughner's friends said his behavior had changed drastically over the few years before the shooting. He had recently been suspended from Pima Community College because of his bizarre behavior and disruptions in classes. After the shootings he was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia. He was sentenced to life plus 140 years in federal prison.

The following was a comment left by Loughner on a MySpace page.

If there's no flag in the constitution then the flag in the film is unknown.

There's no flag in the constitution.

Therefore, the flag in the film is unknown.

Burn every new and old flag that you see.

Burn your flag!

I bet you can imagine this in your mind with a faster speed.

Watch this protest in reverse!

Ask the local police; "What's your illegal activity on duty?"

If you protest the government then there's a new government from protesting.

There's not a new government from protesting.

Thus, you aren't protesting the government.

There's something important in this video: There's no communication to anyone in this location. You shouldn't be afraid of the stars.

There's a new bird on my right shoulder. The beak is two feet and lime green. The rarest bird on earth, there's no feathers, but small grey scales all over the body. It's with one large red eye with a light blue iris. The bird feet are the same as a woodpecker. This new bird and there's only one, the gender is not female or male. The wings of

this bird are beautiful; 3 feet wide with the shape of a bald eagle that you could die for. If you can see this bird then you will understand. You think this bird is able to chat about a government?

I want you to imagine a comet or meteoroid coming through the atmosphere.

Ian David Long

On November 7, 2018, in Thousand Oaks, California, at a country-western bar called the Borderline Bar and Grill, 13 people were killed, and 12 others were injured at the hands of 28-year-old Ian David Long. Long was a regular at the bar. He shot a security guard standing outside the building, then went inside and shot other guards, employees and bar patrons, who were mostly college students. He killed himself at the scene.

Long was a former United States Marine, and a combat veteran of the war in Afghanistan. Police and a mental health crisis team visited him at his home in 2017 because of his irate and irrational behavior, but they decided not to detain him at a psychiatric facility.

The following is a post Long wrote on Instagram before the massacre.

It's too bad I won't get to see all the illogical and pathetic reasons people will put in my mouth as to why I did it. Fact is I had no reason to do it, and I just thought... fuck it, life is boring so why not?

About the Author

Brian Whitney has been a prisoner advocate, a landscaper, and a homeless outreach worker. Both as an author and a reader, Whitney is drawn to stories that are transgressive and push boundaries.

His first high profile book was written with Gil Valle, the erstwhile Cannibal Cop, and the subject of the HBO documentary "Thought Crimes." Since then Whitney has written with or interviewed many high profile people, such as Luka Magnotta who was featured in the Netflix doc "Don't F#ck With Cats" and Charity Lee, whose story was told in the documentary "The Family I Had". Two of his books have been optioned for film.

Whitney's work has been featured prominently in the media and has been covered by such outlets as Newsweek, Esquire, Dr. Phil, Fox News and People.com. A sought after speaker, he has appeared on Inside Edition, Savage Love, the Last Podcast of the Left, True Murder, True Crime Garage and was a presenter at CrimeCon in 2019.

Aside from his work as an author he has written for Alternet, Cracked, Pacific Standard Magazine, Paste Magazine, and many other places.

He lives on the coast of Maine.

Visit his website at brianwhitneyauthor.com

The Ted K Archive

Edited by Brian Whitney
Exit Plan
The Writings of Mass Shooters
Dec 5, 2020

<everand.com/book/484837139/Exit-Plan-The-Writings-of-Mass-Shooters>
ISBN 9781005169756

StrawberryBooks

www.thetedkarchive.com