

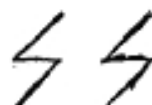
test, an ULTIMATE DOOM test: see who can survive in an environment using only smarts and military skills. But then in a doom world, no authority, no refuge, no BS copout excuses. If you can't figure out the area of a triangle or what "cation" means, you die! If you can't take down a demon w/ a chainsaw or kill a hell prince w/ a shotgun, you die! Fucking snotty rich fuckheads who ~~rely~~ rely on others or on sympathy or ~~to~~ 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 it's not so obvious to most of you stupid fuckers but for those who think a little more and deeper you should realize it's the societies way of training all the young people into good little robots and factory workers, that's why we sit in desks in rows and go by well scheduled, to get prepared for the real world cause "that's what it's like" well god damn it isn't! 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 days by day. not a shit. why can't we learn in school how we want to, why can't we sit on desks and on shelves and put our feet up and relax while we learn? cause that's not what the "real world is like" well hey fuckheads, there is no such thing as an actual "real world". it's just another word like justice, sorry, pity, religion, faith, love and so on. we are humans, if we don't like something we have the fucking ability to change! but we don't, at least I don't, I would. I just whine/fret throughout life but never do a goddam 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 fucker boy it's that true, when I go NPK, and people say things like, "oh it was so tragic," or "oh he is crazy!" or "so was so bloody." I think so the fuck what you,

Once I finally start my killing, keep this in mind, there are probably about 100 people max in the school alone who I don't want to die, the rest, MUST FUCKING DIE! If I didn't 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 wasters in some way, like dead hot chicks who were still bitches, they could have been good fucks. Oh well, two fucking bad. Life isn't fair... not by a long fuckin shot when I'm 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, I imagine THAT ya fuckers, picture half of denver on fire just from me and vodka. ~~napalm~~ 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 talking 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 I don't think I am doing this for attention, as some people may think. Let's see, what are some big lies I have told; "yeah I stopped smoking," "for doing it not for getting caught," "no I'm haven't been making more bombs," "no I wouldn't do that," and of course, countless of other ones, and yeah I know that I hate liars and I am one myself, oh fucking well. Also ok if I am a hypocrite, but no one else, because I am higher than 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 chicks, unless they are cool, but sometimes they are so fucking retarded they deserve to be ripped up. some people go through life begging to be shot, and white fucks are just the same. if I could make the world I would, because so far I hate you all. there are probably around 10 people I wouldn't want to die, but hey, who ever said life is fair should be shot like the others too. - 11/1/98

KKK



JC-001-026013

not want to be surrounded by the flesh of a woman, someone like [redacted] who I wanted to just fuck like hell, she made me practically drool, when she wore those shorts - instant hard on. - I couldn't stop staring. and others like [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

[redacted] and others who just want to ~~over~~power and engulf myself in them. ~~mini~~ I can taste the sweet flesh now... the salty sweet, the animalistic movement. Ecchhh... liebe... fleisccchhh... 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 Pezner said. Oh - that's something else - that one. MM video I saw; broken or closer or something, the one 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 heart 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

"weisses
Fleisch"
- perfect
- song
- for
- me.

Well folks, today was a very important day in the history of R. Today, along with Vodka and someone else who I won't 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~~ 40 shotgun shells, 2 switch blade knives, and a total of 4-10 round clips for the carbine. we have ~~guns~~ GUNS! we fucking got em you sons of bitches! HA!! HAHAHA! neener!  Booga Booga sket. 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 they'll stay 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 have done some major ~~banding~~ bonding. would have been great. oh well. but alas, I fucked up and told Bob about my flask. that really disappointed me Bob. 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 get 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, I'll have to cheat and lie to everyone than that's fine. THIS is what I am motivated for, THIS is my goal, THIS is what I want "to do with my life". you know what's weird, I don't feel like punching through a door because of the flask deal, probably cause

I am fucking armed ~~now~~. I feel more confident, stronger, more God-like.
I have confidence in my ability to deserve people, hopefully I'll make it to April, but
it might not happen, ugh, it's 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 vodka's 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. ~~and~~ 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!?" that good old Hudson
from Aliens. Sounded good too. and hey god damnit 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. I'm 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 2000 real
quick ~~and~~ 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 out now is the time bombs for the canyons and how we
will get them in ~~the~~ and leave them there to go off, without any fuckin Jews
finding them. I wonder if anyone will write a book on me. sure is a ton of symbolism,
deeper meanings, themes, appearance vs reality shit going on here. oh well, it better be fuckin
good if it is written.

12/17/98

holy shit this KMFDM's new album is entitled "Adios" and its release date is April.
how fuckin appropriate, a subliminal final Adios tribute to Deb and Vodka, thanks KMFDM...
I ripped the hell outta the system.

12/20/98

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