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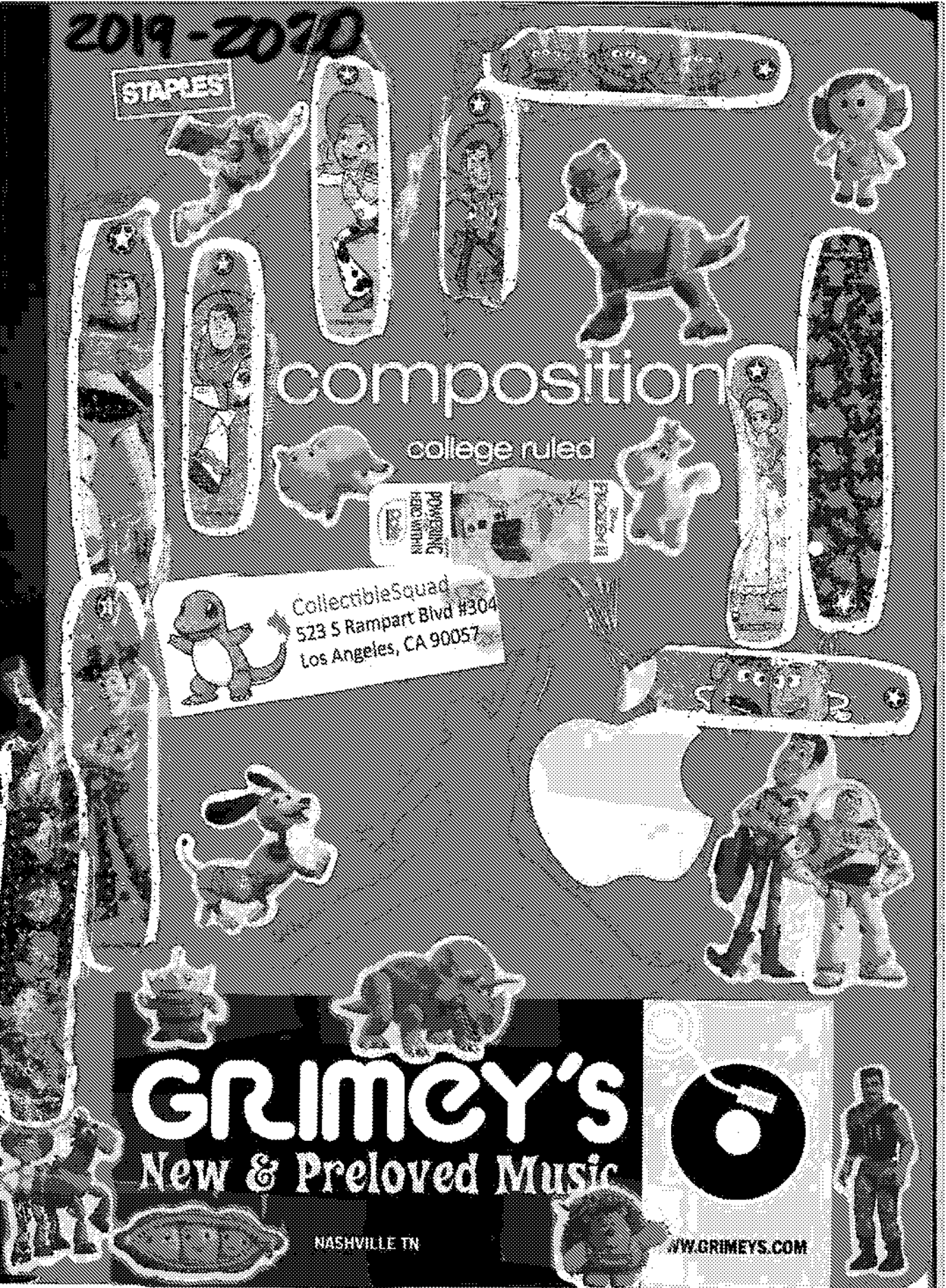
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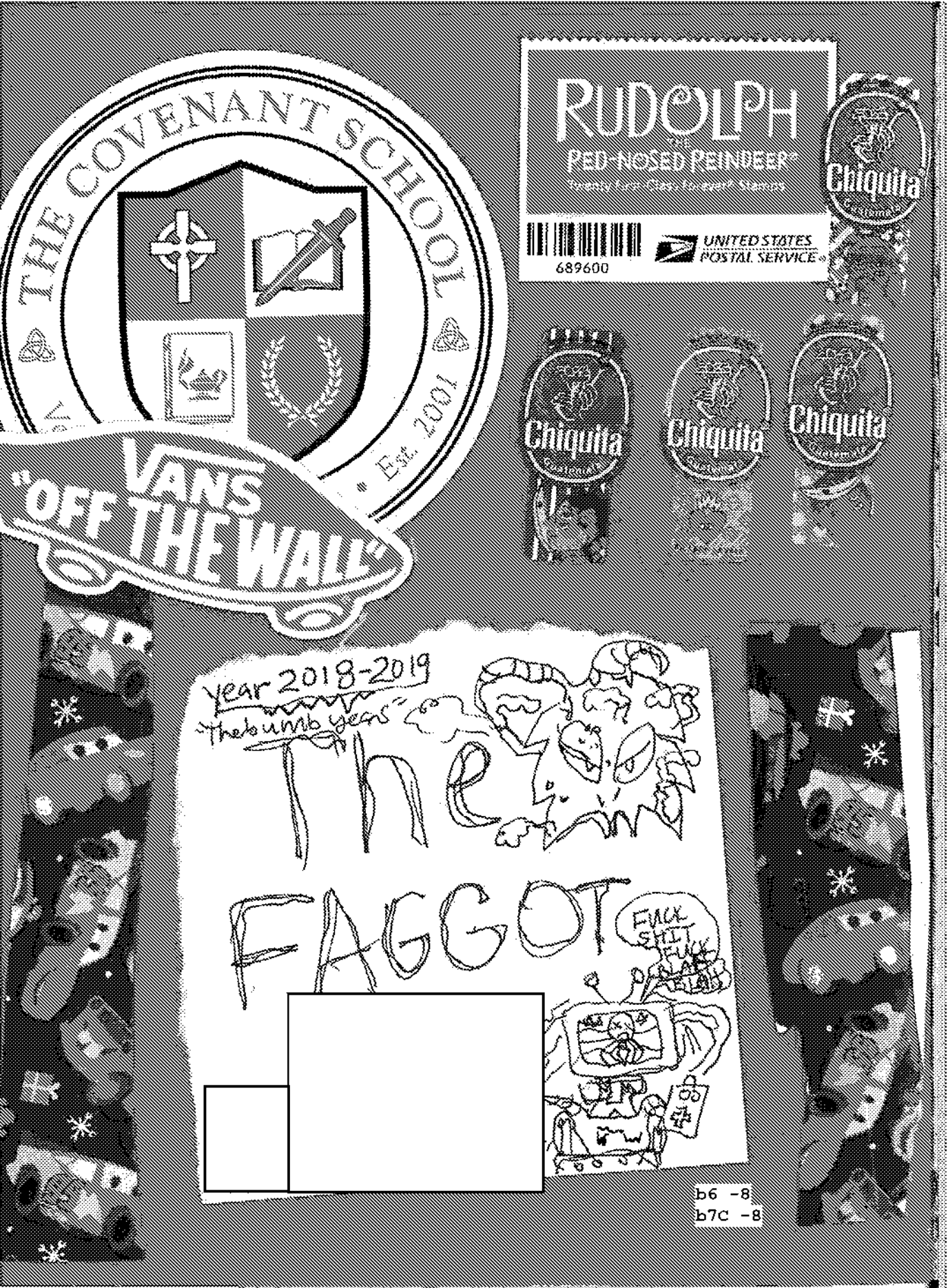
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689600
UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE
Chiquita
Year 2018-2019
The dumb years
THE
FAGGOT
FUCK SHIT FUCK

b6 -8
b7C -8

11-5-19

It makes my heart so fucking angry that [redacted] may be the very reason [redacted] doesn't [redacted] much. [redacted] Almost everyday I hate [redacted] because [redacted] Nothin' worse than unpredictable if you never know [redacted] on any givin daily basis. That's why [redacted] don't like [redacted] Holidays it's always the same shit [redacted] but it gradually defuses like a battery loosing juice. [redacted] like [redacted] but then turns down as [redacted] By that time [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 I fuckin hate that shit, but truth is, I would do the same fucking thing if I had my own place. I swear to God [redacted] I'd pack all my shit & live in my car, be homeless, [redacted] Cause guess what, I don't have to [redacted] I'll praise God for the day I'm finally away [redacted] then I won't be anxious anymore [redacted] my loans paid for & my apartment sold [redacted] it's an avalenche and I get ablitterated. [redacted] Nevertheless, it doesn't mean [redacted] Call [redacted] but no question I don't fuckin want. And like Casper at [redacted] here I am.

Fantasy Murder list

[redacted] - Donald J. Trump

- [redacted]

- Creswell Middle prep.

I think from time + time again that [redacted] would be more fitting, then [redacted] be gone forever + we won't have to deal [redacted] any more. We as in [redacted] + I. Eliminated from the world permenantly, our worlds would relieve some of worry + stress from [redacted] Me: my life would be amazing [redacted] ... I don't know. But I bet [redacted] like I am. I sense it in his soul like I feel it in mine, full of hate, rage + desireable violent acts to certain people, because these people shouldn't be living if they are not sacrificing for thier loved ones, or kids, respect + love thier wife/girlfriend, and provide for the fuckin family. If someone can't do that they are pretty goddam useless. As such [redacted] when bills pile [redacted] + I got mentally sick. Yeah, [redacted] is fuckin [redacted] in my world as I know. You can't [redacted] still got that broken window in the landry room we've had to cover w/ my towels + ducktape. Can't clean out the litter box, feed sophie, [redacted] Most times [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

+ abnormal

[redacted] I always says

fuck

THAT

like we live in the project

11-12-19

[redacted] a majority of the day, [redacted] says that [redacted] is full of hardworkers who aren't sitting around doing nothing. [redacted] is starting to degrade on that statement in action or value, [redacted] Fuck it I OK.. but to long without a job but won't apply rather let [redacted] suffer. Fuck that I hate [redacted] but Goddam [redacted] on everything until we all are desperate; No electricity, no wifi cause the bill couldn't be sent in time. It's only until its a crisis [redacted] Other than that, [redacted] the male professors at my school who work so hard & are so busy they don't have time to DO relaxing shit, [redacted] is my witness. It's clear that it seems "everythings fine" and [redacted] Fuck in bullshit [redacted] can be a professional but [redacted] FUCK NO. [redacted] has to do almost everything and its so fucked up that [redacted] is ok with it. theless [redacted] At least [redacted] rather be [redacted] miles away from here and [redacted] can rely on money coming in, but shit its the holiday coming up second or third year in a row and no money [redacted]

and not [redacted]

these days that its starting to distress

shell soon have to be assertive almost bitchy (she doesn't want to)

relax & ea sit back hire [redacted] has to bust her back

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

the haulling mule doing work, cleaning, caring for pets, & me, & making sure I have money in my account

all the times doesn't do shit in a day. and has to do so much every day AND as a [redacted] a provider. That's LOVE [redacted]

11-12-19

My professors have a reg. job AND Freelance working all the time + don't have time for shit like [redacted] That's fucked up to me to say that's not [redacted] to do that shit

[redacted] Not worth a shit. It's hard to believe [redacted] Back when I was little, me and [redacted] run [redacted] Nowadays I hate even [redacted] everyday cause I can't ever tell [redacted] is fine but its fuckin not. [redacted] all the time, so its no wonder [redacted] No. [redacted] NO. [redacted] "NO!!

I'll be happy for the day when I don't have to [redacted] Times were good when I was little cause [redacted] all the time. But as I have grown over these past few years, less + less [redacted] I see witness. [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 [redacted] Shit, lets face it I don't know what [redacted] is since I [redacted] I wonder to myself how the hell did [redacted] decide [redacted] after gathering intel about [redacted] That could have at least been a sigh, cause [redacted] is cursed. [redacted] But as far as I'm concerned, soon as [redacted] so my nightmares will [redacted] will never threaten me again.

and I notice it the older I get more + more till its written on the back of my hand saying REQUIM

23 cv 1488(LBC) 1139

NO. 11-12-19

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I graduate and get a job, I'm buying an apartment [redacted] with me cause [redacted] is depressing, & [redacted] Fuck... why didn't [redacted] I would have been relieved as hell lifted off my shoulders. I wish [redacted] That's what [redacted] should be with, [redacted] none which she asked for. I imagine what [redacted] would be whos easy to be around, lighthearted, & caring, honest, consistantly hard-working while providing isn't a burden, & loves on [redacted] & I would be better off. It's the fuckin truth.

cursed w/ a burden she can't fix and

only God can do that only which if he tries

while co-exists like fuzzy pixels in the whole picture

I know all families aren't perfect, and times are rocky but it least a seemily potential perfect family would have honest yand all know what "looking out for" means. That's when the picture in our family will be untoxic - fresh spring holy water.

11-15-19

Man it be so fuckin fun... you know what it be? Kill those kids at creswell... Kill people! It makes me excited to go out and purchase my gun. I lost my fuckin gunlist... fuck I had the name down, prices & everything. Guess I'll just look it up later when I got time. I'm thinking about it [redacted] I have it all written in my head how I will navigate around [redacted] How the fuck will I [redacted]? Dylan & Eric used the wrong references [redacted] - which was [redacted] If they just

but just need more time to think it through & sketching I need everything to be perfect and keep fantasizing

b7F -2

[redacted]

11-15-19 -Andrey H.

refered [redacted] they would have been successful in my situation [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8
b7F -2

I'm not a dumbass. I'm not gunna just walk up to Creswell never knowing how to reload that shit fast enough or just steal a gun from home like that faggot Adem Lanza who killed out of pure impulse. If that dude could kill 20 somthing kids + teachers and he was more severe on the Autism spectrum, I can do it to. He had it more severe + had no friends, but he isolated in his room alot playing video games. It sounds like me pretty much everyday. I remember how irritated + pissed I was when [redacted] tried to get me to do more social shit. Fuck that. It won't change anything. I still have barly no close friendships, no best friends, + still hate alot of people or society as a whole. If they want nothin to fuck in do w/ me, its useless no manny how many times I do it. Cause everyone around me as a group of tight nit friends girlfriend or boyfriend. I dont. So I'm fine being alone. I like it alot. Just not when I'm sad + lonley. I'm not right now cause I'm not sad, least most days I'm not now that I'm not depressed as fuck anymore. Now that I can think more clearly, I can gather more reference, research, gun research. I want to be trained to shoot efficiently [redacted] become the next to be - infamous school shooter. I hope to be the best ever.

I really want to do it + try

b6 -3
b7C -3

not my real friends or imaginary or myself

today's gen and people who are robots and follow through the friends of change

gain skill under cover

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1141

Think Beyond the Steryerotype

11-18-19
2

Just because I'm white
and live near green Hills
around a modest neighboorhood
doesn't mean I'm ~~[illegible]~~ Richie Rich's sister
to all you poor black or ghetto white ~~[illegible]~~ mexican kids
fucking faggots; stop assuming

Just because ~~I'm~~ I have a home
with mommie + daddy in it
and ~~[illegible]~~ childhood memories perfect
that werent like children nightmares + fears
doesn't mean I'm happy
with a normal life, and everything perfect
to all you homeless broken kids
fuking faggots; ~~[illegible]~~ stop using your eyes

Just because I have [redacted]
and [redacted]
doesn't mean [redacted]
to all you fatherless kids
fucking faggots; ~~[illegible]~~ stop imagining

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Just because I got some cash
and [redacted]
ending up w/ [redacted]
and [redacted] -GOD
so I can buy things I need + sometimes want
plus that $30 bukks from selling shit on Ebay

Think Beyond the Stereyotype 11-18-19

to the $150 I got for a Graphic Design Logo
doesn't mean I am living large & like bellmeade shop
to all you broke ass greedy mother fuckers
fucking faggots

Just cause I have stuff in my room
that I prize and cherish as collectables
and have shelves & plastic tins full
with fuzzy stuffed animals sitting beside me
computer, DVDs, & game consoles
play music I downloaded to my ipod
like my stash is like skyward Hirule castle
doesn't fucking mean I'm rich
to all you ignorant, narrow minded black bitches
fucking faggots; stop counting your thoughts as cents comm

JUST BECAUSE I CAN DEPEND
[redacted] at 24
and still in college since 20
2 classes at a time cause my brain operates
at a different time speed
like a go-kart on its own mini track
to all you non phyco bachlor/backlorettes
who can get what you want faster on the speed way 900
doesnt FUCKIN mean I'M LAZY BEAR
or DONT WANT A JOB
or DONT WANNA LIVE ON MY OWN
or A SLOW FUCK
to all you non-phyco disorder kids who called me normal
FUCK YOU FAGGOTS!

(P.S., if this offended you, sorry... just be smart and stop being stereyotypical. Mother Fuckers...)

b6 -3
b7C -3

SEABED

11-18-19

I lie awake in empty seabed. Reproduction all around me. Love is in the active/alive coral reefs. While I lurked beneath the marina trench. I reside deepens beneath. The one I love rises to the top ocean level where the sun rays sprinkle. My eyes turned nocturnal. Her light is becoming too much to glimpse. Through my scaled fish lense all I witness is beauty. A female fish like me but I was born inside a male that is desperatly waiting to be caught. But an unlikley lover. My lense lock in and shrink to size of seahorses. Like them My heart is dancing yet calling for home as whales migrate but I can't swim free if my sex is not me. I just wish to switch genders like a clownfish. I'd rather chase, not dance in attraction. Cause I saw her shadow flowing and reaches to my surface to my gills shakes me. Confused by my sexual identity and blinded by her light. Its just to much for me...

CORONA-19 or AR-15? 4-20-20

Nothing!! Its so fucking distressing.

who could give a fuck how much

doesn't cut it!! Not for me, I even do more

Do you know how hard I've worked latley! NOO!

YOU FUCKING DON'T

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted]

(F.Y.I) This is third person view of who [redacted] demon is.

Hi. I'm Demon. This [redacted] hates me. This little gay faggot thinks I am a threat, but I'm not. I don't do anything. I let ~~my~~ everything go my way, so it's perfect and every thing is fine. ~~[redacted]~~. My ~~all~~ life is under my control. You do what I say, and I will not act in a raging fit and I will perceive or think I hate you. I don't hate you ~~n~~essesarily, I just hate when you try to tell me what to do. The more you nag me & tell me to clean this, fix that [redacted] is/I cutting it, the more I will do nothing because I freak out. I don't like it when this bitch keeps bothering me. I don't hate her. I just hate doing things [redacted] I don't know what other people [redacted] feel. I don't get it. Why are they so upset angry, & distressed at me? I didn't do anything to them. I'm just minding my own business. I do what I want to do because I control over [redacted] So, if [redacted] [redacted] oh I forgot. No big deal. Oh, [redacted] [redacted] It's ok. No one will notice. There's [redacted] I don't give a shit about [redacted] I don't [redacted] I hate working w/ [redacted] people & work in general. Mother Fuqers always gotta say something I did wrong. But no, THEY are not following MY RULES. It's all their fault when they fuck up a project, cause I'm perfect. I'm an elite. I can't work w/ amateur motherfuckers. I'm anti social. I don't do well with people cause I want them to do as I say. I'm right, they're wrong, they don't believe that.

b6 -8
b7C -8

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DEMON'S JOURNAL ENTRY

Inats why I don't want to work. I'm sick of my job. Its dreadful & stressful as fuck. This bitch is telling me to go out & get a job but how can I if I have jobs that are not going perfect and the ~~people~~ employers are not doing what they are suppost to do? Its fuckin stupid dumbasses that stress me out. I'm too perfect & smart for them. I can provide w/ out a job just fine. [redacted] Its all right to me. [redacted] More time to do whatever I want! [redacted] I get to sit back & relax. [redacted] I am controlling [redacted] What the fuck is that? I don't know what it means [redacted] I don't know how to treat [redacted] I don't know how to even get a good nights sleep. I have to wake up at 1,12 am or even 11 pm sometimes cause ~~[illegible]~~ If I wake up, time to make coffee & heat up the skillet, thats ok. Its normal. I won't bother or wake up a soul. I hated going to sleep because I would worry so much about work ~~[illegible]~~ I had to make sure because of being so under pressure. Its relieving now that I don't have to deal with stuck-up, whit picky muther fuckin rich people [redacted] I so done w/ that shit. Cause nothing worse than working for those fuckers. [redacted] term for doing nothing all day. Well, I don't mind. Its relaxing & fun. Plus, I don't have to deal w/ people! I ~~[illegible]~~ see [redacted] but I ignore [redacted] I don't like to say much, cause I don't need to. Its all about me. I am more important to be the concern of purpose, cause ~~[illegible]~~ I'm perfect [redacted] Umm.. why? I don't ask about [redacted] asks me to do stuff [redacted] So what? What I do is more important: my agenda. Lets talk about me & all the people I like to blame & hate on when it comes to

b6 -8
b7C -8

& fecrit its not perfect

like to work early w/ no one around. Not because I ~~[illegible]~~ procrastinate. Its cause I make sure it looks extra nice & everything is perfect

[redacted] says Demi.

6 6 6 [redacted] watch more tv than use 6 6 6

college kids nowadays. [redacted] new normal; not giving two shits [redacted] Fuck NO Demon doesn't know how - its programmed in [redacted] on that bumbshit. Fuck I make myself busy even when I finish my homework cause I want to work and improve my skill (now that I am more motivated) Could it be [redacted] ~~Hellcat~~, Maybe. [redacted] Never [redacted] Can't consentrate. Can't keep still [redacted] w/ that polotics bullshit, [redacted] rather focus on that than work cause [redacted] work is dreadful. [redacted] no whistle while you work. Livework is stressful but it should be worthwile. If demon thinks its not, its programmed through [redacted] I don't give a fuck is something bad happened [redacted] Demon hates working w/ people so now the fuck [redacted] cause Demon is a pussy ~~bad~~ 9 yr old boy. So [redacted] and [redacted] 2 weeks ago. Then 2 months ago... Then 2 yrs ago! Fucking [redacted] Demon's specialty. You never know if [redacted] do shit when [redacted] for anything, cause Demon likes layoffs and excuse lists denial of procrastination. Cause [redacted] If only how [redacted] could be unblinded of how [redacted] well, [redacted] cronically unable.

b6 -8
b7C -8

Not program that

Half & Half of Me

12-6-19

A part of me wants to live
A part of me wants to die
A part of me wants to forgive
A part of me wants revenge

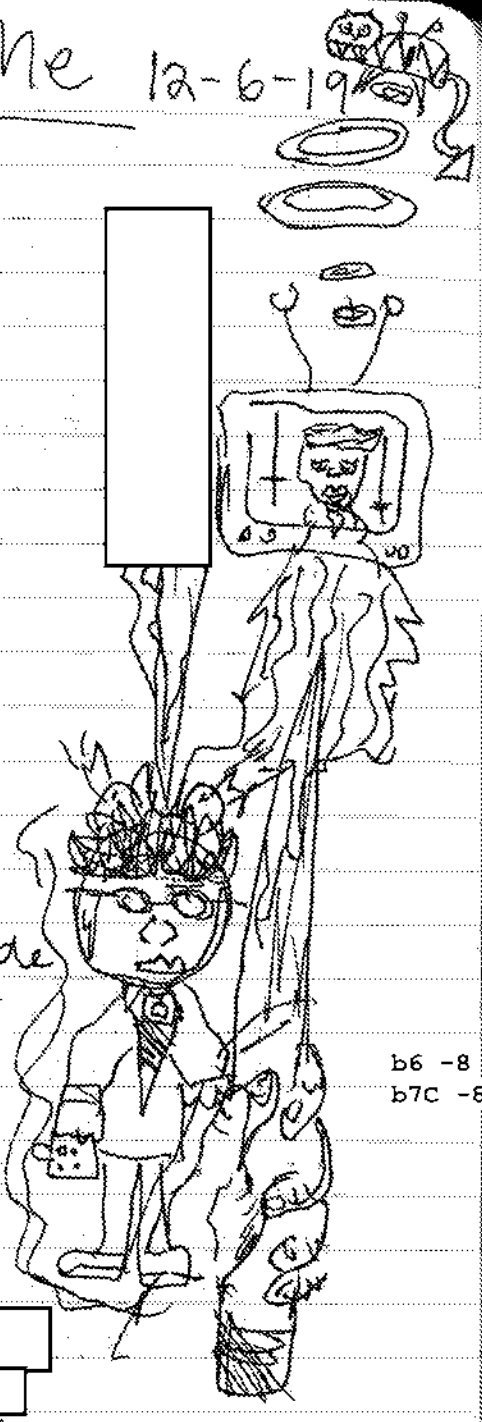
A part of me wants to be kind
A part of me wants to be evil
A part of me hears my God
A part of me hears the Devil

A part of me wants to love
A part of me feels much hate
A part of me wants to be gentle
my other half wants to kill

One half of me wants to homocide
the other wishes [redacted]
[redacted]
One half of me wants to [redacted]
[redacted]
and right after I'd take mine

One half calls [redacted] everday
the other says [redacted]
One half wants to murder mental illness
other half wants to kill b/c I'm mentally ill

One half of me hates concept of [redacted]
so jealous of kids who have one
the other half says [redacted]
[redacted]



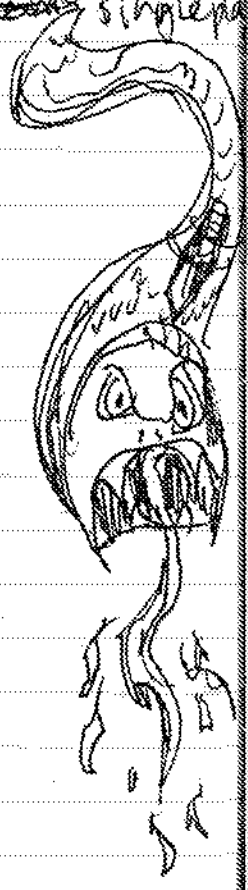
b6 -8
b7C -8

Half + Half / Deathwish #2

One half of me says its temporary
the other "yeah right, it will be forever"
unemployed since that lousy summer
and ~~[illegible]~~ his bumb years thats on a ~~[illegible]~~ win streak

One half of me wants to [redacted]
who only ~~[illegible]~~ collides everyone of the summit
plumiting into ~~[illegible]~~ underground goblin lay
my other half wishes to climb us out; ssbros him ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ single pa

b6 -8
b7C -8



One half of me wants to end as murderer
one other half wants to enjoy pursinings
half of me strives to be professional
half of me in comas of nightmares
to cast on innocence; past hatred
shed black over me but I wish I could
shed blood on the school I most hate
~~[illegible]~~ dreams of assasinations
and forget who I am like Jason Borne
"you kids wish you were never born"
my last words before catching storm
to all of my visions to get fuckers to listen
its not the guns
its fuckin mental illness
that doesn't fit in societies assosiations
thats why I have a half side
of me
who wants to end lives + mine
so they would finally know my life
without playing me and thier stupid assumptions
~~[illegible]~~ my half would be considered whole
the killing cobra of a beast in me; I wish to unleash

my poison vangoree

12-9-19

[redacted] asked [redacted] and [redacted] says the stupidest response,

"I dont think so"

Listen faggot you'd know if [redacted] You'd be not smiling and [redacted] Wanting to do anything [redacted] But I know your [redacted] like they're bubbles floating out of a wand. Since when have you decided to procrastinate SO BAD waiting + waiting not doing shit for months + months but your [redacted] DEMON is really on a meanstreak [redacted] latley. [redacted] I barly know you anymore. [redacted] Its gotton worse now. [redacted] thats how [redacted] is [redacted] Broken and Shattered, but your the only one that is not being cut from the glass b/c you are the mallet of fragile situations + tensions between us vs you.

like you can do whatever the fuck you want w/it when you please, and NGAF.

and ok if [redacted] has to eat dog food [redacted]

AND DONT MIND about putting [redacted] future at risk?

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

bleeding to death

You're turning out just like [redacted] too stubborn to ever [redacted]

FAGGOTS CARNIVAL



Faggot is really making the Devil laugh latley. [redacted] demon is paying him triple over time in cash of ignorance is bliss. Faggot doesnt know a demon has a household inside him - probably never will. It's going bad - to worse for that faggot demon. [redacted] that so unfortunately [redacted] I could give a damn about [redacted] like Disney Land like vacation time / retirement cruise [redacted] going on all those [redacted] and water slides holiday hotel [redacted] damn it I don't even wanna say it anymore. Like Donald Trump [redacted] and how hes only making harder on the contry flurting w/ Evil Kings & foeign governments like a fukin fruit cake drama queen faggot - doing nothing to actualy govern the U.S. - no hes a narcisist fag who doesnt get help - the press nags on him but nothing they can do. Only that shit head can change him but hes too self absorbed in his carnival wild ride phrases and screamatic rapes of speech that [redacted] appearant to homophobics who hate two gays making out. He does so little - but causes so much distress - THIS IS [redacted] transposed into an emotional imagery depliction of being trapped in his carnival of chaos - [redacted] The lights spinning on the [redacted] anchor ship and the bummper cars, ferris wheel of frieght night. Bumper car confusion. Rollor coaster [redacted] stuck on the top & jammed. [redacted] We are on a ferris wheel - [redacted]

12.17.19

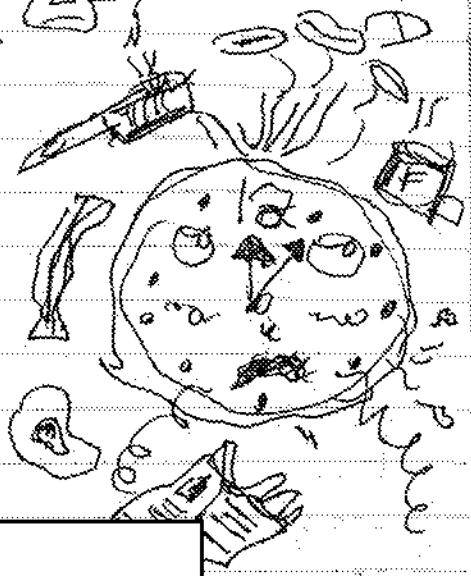
but this is no happy place, not where dreams come true but nightmare

Unti riding so much their brain gotturned into goo from all an the spins illegal carnival that lets all his vicious rides loose and traps [redacted] gulable people there

b6 -8
b7C -8

BAD AM

(12-12-19)



Another Bad 12 am; once again [redacted] when I'm just at snooze, like common sense is a busted spring on the clock [redacted]

12 am coffee a brewing [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

So many thoughts of [redacted] an illness ~~[illegible]~~ toe jammed stuffed and clogged full of ~~[illegible]~~ puss I'll prove that I am the real monster when my sinuses are clean; zitt free ~~[illegible]~~ [redacted] of no more bad AMs



FAGGOT CARNIVAL



whirling in a circle and the ticket is free - but its the worst ticket yet. The worst. I want so bad to put this demonic carnival show out of business cause [redacted] demon is doing the creep puppet show of [redacted] all tied up + stringed, prancing him around in pride, It controls this place + goddamm it theres no escaping him. Its views distorted as my own body image - the funhouse mirrors but its not funny at all. Not one bit. I stare too long and I get too angry - I hate its funhouse. Its what it wants to do - nothing but cause everything to smash + break outside of the doors - cause those mirrors don't reflect [redacted] - everyone who can plainly ponder the image but itself. This imagre has jumped out of the mirrors and is haunting [redacted] and me. Clayform blob of demonic feature, it shapes + forms in the worst most obvious desguises - the clockwork cloach - the "I'll get it done" overalls the "Im not angry" mask, the "Im fine but will loose my mind [redacted] one piece. It loves [redacted] but nothing in its pockets but [redacted] + robbing bank full of joys, change currency, [redacted] something awful in this bastard place - FAGGOTS CARNIVAL. Its smells hideous. It looks like a dump. Its lost forwords - but all blown out hate rages + homicidal clip reruns in my head while Im asleep w/ the stuffed animals under my rocket ride I built. One day Im getting up out of this bitch [redacted] will never leave this place - His dream land of fake impression while my days go by gray mixed w/ twisted dreams of my loves setting me out on release.



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

m E.D. Re wo dare to pond me in

in phantom form, a smoke shape e nausi gas

he rides a dum truc w/ pa stack

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1153

YOU ARE NOT WHAT I AM

In middle school, manipulate was a trend. You had to dress in that ugly shit neon color pants/ shirts bangin to that Souja Boy hype hip hop shit to be considered ~~cho~~ cool. Act a damn fool and yapping gangster, "shakin it" w/ friends. You had to get lit all the time + not be quiet. You had to do what those bitches said + speak thier language while talking shit to the white kids. Had to look down on everyone like they are nothing + your the shit. Of cause drama cigarettes + phonie drugs are on the bandwagon of counterfeit instruments - not harmonies just a loud raucus thats lame as fuck. It. Cregwell 2006-2010 time setting. Me: age 11. Quiet. Shy. Unsocial. Anxious + confused w/ racist f bombs that land on me like war at Vietnam. Wore the same fuckin cargo pants w/ navy/ + yellow vest I got at Old Navy. ~~Yo~~ Yes you bustards you know who I was. I was a minority. An easy target. An easy kitty to harrase, beat on, + scare to death. A kid who listened to Alternative punk rock and had a collection of Webkins beanies. All I had was a few friends - nerds like me - my paper + pencil to draw my cartoons + distract myself into the world of my imagination from you fuckers I hate so badly. Its pretty bad. I want to do a suicide murder shooting and you are a part of the blame. Huge part of it, cause you couldn't let me be me - I had to be forced into being in the trend just so I won't be picked on + called a lame. I hated those ~~clothes~~ tim pants neon bright + those stupid ass pep rallies. I'd hate to be you + you are glad you aren't me. Guess what! I am different. But to you it was wrong - labled weird, akward, boring, lame, + your click chants.

12 · 17 · 19

those fuckin dumb ass faggot jerk + stanky legg dances

12-18-11

those who were "popular" + mean spirited for poor sportmanship to diverse perspectives that was unknown and didn't know how to take and do a conversation

Fucking faggots, I'm glad I'm not you. I pride in my difference. I'm happy to be my own person. Wear the clothes I like, shoes I like, carry my stuffed animals, be a nerd + play my nintendo, watch KH walkthroughs, bread my Donold Duck comic books + star wars movies to watch w/ my mario hat I - 200 striped shirt. Cause afterall, its cool to those who love me cause I am not (as) immature anymore. I don't have to be a robot like you idiots kids back then, I mean, when your a kid, being different is wrong. But when your an adult, Being a nerd is fun as hell - I am my own nerd + person. Thats cool as hell. People who are genuine + been through alot through humbleness ~~and~~ & God scent in spirit will respect that based off their past journeys.

I was the kid - outcast weird kid that all the black black kids in my grade didn't like or acted like they liked me. ~~[illegible]~~ I was the outcast white kid labeled as a faggot who could draw good and ~~[illegible]~~ they ask me to draw shit for them but I could never stand up for myself. I was the only the kid who all the pussy boys called lesbian and didn't girl ~~[illegible]~~ who didn't like to wear tight pants but baggy ones. The white kid emo and lonley as a mouse under a house of cat scratching bitches who fang + spit in my face full of hate. I wish ~~[illegible]~~ I know how to use my claws when I morphed into X-men to ~~[illegible]~~ plurt out shit that sounds racist, but in truth, just a sad symphony of melloncholy violence in my writings. They say success is the best revenge + he all comment worth. No longer am I near freindless, mysterious, misunderstood or ~~[illegible]~~ labed as a lame anime theme white girl. I no longer hide in bathrooms or pretend I'm sick just so I don't have to be crapped on like I'm nothing - a statue to you dirty pigeons.

I AM NOT YOU. YOU ARE NOT ME

I am now nothing of which you thought of me. my treatment buds think I'm unique + my own person. I ~~[illegible]~~ collect pokemon cards, I collect stuffed animals. I'm real about my journey out at sea - and about how I feel deep down in my soul. Admit my evil side but will try to give my best to anyone who's mutual. You fuckin fake bitch clicks where just a friend middle school thing, while I was faithful + loved more than hated. Cause I do hate social shit, but I try inside my spiderweb weave of anxieties, to all you that cause me that when fear ~~[illegible]~~ stirrs up to be myself - witches inside myself to cook up worst possible scenerios. ~~[illegible]~~ My life is not be script, its play by play intil the game is over ant my clock is 0. B-ball is my passion + so is my talents in art, + Art kids like me were probably out casts too + picked on like muther fuckers like you are some of the ~~[illegible]~~ most accepting group for us to be our own individual but have interests in video games, old 90's Nickalodeon Cartoon networks, TV shows animated, Art stuff in general. I can call them / nit them up cause I have met nerds like me who ~~[illegible]~~ the geek side of me in an awesome way cause otherwise, if your not a nerd or went though deppression w/ me at Vanderbuilt, we won't last long. I ~~[illegible]~~ read comics at mc days + not call anyone for 300's of days. I watch cartoons and Diney / pixar movies. I draw pictures like I always have. I play my N64 and ~~[illegible]~~ get those holo Pokemon cards on Ebay and into that Star wars Marvel action ~~[illegible]~~ figures + collectables I like collecting selected (I can com up with). If your not passionate for such things, you aren't like me with common interests. You aren't me. All of you black black friends I have I gave up trying. I am not you. You are not me.

but can't cause I'm all the things your not.

(not my nerd friends or my cool black kid friends who weren't ghetto and arrogant as fuck! who were genuine +

poison pot pies of lies that I'm not loved or feel I belong in any group category - except the outcasts anime/ ~~[illegible]~~ Fan club

listening to that pop + Disney soundtrack ~~[illegible]~~ our friendship

isn't complete - it isn't a reality - more only a dream I wish to have

I am not an actor

I am an athlete by heart champion style

or truly feel connected having fun

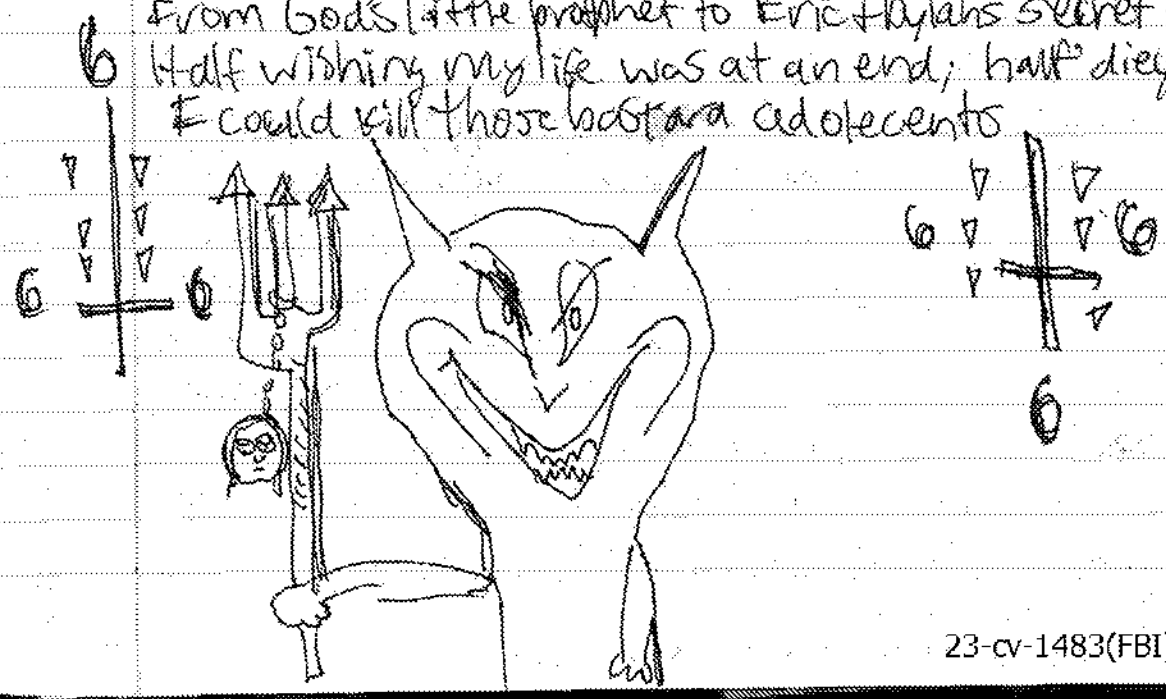
anime kid making up characters dreaming to be an artist to be w/ other artists

I AM of The DEVIL

Half good, Half evil; Half Frodo, Half Smeagal
Two faithful heroes only; [redacted] and God
The perfect spiritual team force; more
powerful than Marvel supers; but not me
I'd barly make a good sidekick; because
the Devil's demons are my kryptonyte + dark force;
all in the same amount; wouldn't make it
as a favorite garmet; for long, rather a hammy down
they all did me no good will; My christmas w/o Jesus
charity; because my heart invested in Devil's Ebay;
Only Jesus can pay all my debts; rare
friends that truley exist; Hey Arnold + Rigby on my TV;
For a moment I thought I was special; until
my shitty friends became reality; something no one
would ever watch; except King Evil + he's laughing
always mocking me; imitating my murder chant voice
[redacted] on the death most wanted list;
Feed it kitty litter sandwiches; tabbacco seasoning
soaked in bleach; God help me I've been a rebel;
From God's little prophet to Eric + Dylans secret cadet;
Half wishing my life was at an end; half dieying
I could kill those bastard adolecents

b6 -3
b7C -3

b6 -8
b7C -8



I AM DARKNESS



Advent season is all year round for me. I am darkness. I have turned to the barkside. I am born in darkness, like everyone else. Some fear the darkness, others hate it, some wish it go away in thier lives. I don't wish mine away + pray it away like the rest of people do, the typical person would. I just know I will feel stronger and more independant on human love - cause its all worthless + deflating. It never lasts. Someones light may shine bright in darkness for awhile, but it will burn out quick if thier is no one around them to hold Gods Light within them. God is the Light of the world. The devil is the King of Evil. I am no Link or Zelda. w/ the chosen one capability to shun all evil. I am one of Ganandorfs servants. I was not created to spread the word of God. I'm no angel or prophet of God. I am destined to be in the eternal blackness to the degree where it doesn't bother me. I am amune to darkness. I love the darkness. Hate + anger towards humanization empowers my ambitions to kill society I hate so badly. Thats why I've been in it long enough and when I find light crossing my way; a light I love so much; it blinds me + I shy away because its too much for me. I barly have any light in me, even if [redacted] and my love has Gods image imprinted on them + His Light is the guiding candle in thier heart that ablazes with a passion - to pass it down to me. - It bounces off from my darkness deflecting shield. The Devil's ~~[illegible]~~ staff absorbs it in the orb of his evil. Hes been wanting me to kill middle schools. Now I think about shooting up churches.

I am encompassed + drawn to evil, not light as much.

because I've been in a shit hole my whole life

from a once devoted christian, to a CEO (christians Ester only) is an OFW upside down bible cross bustard follower.

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1158

I am of the Dark Side (Devil's servan

And from that as I am now

I can tell the darkness hasn't weakened in me, it's become more powerful, even more so. Because I have shitty friends who are misunderstanding and insensitive. I have [redacted] who hates people, who doesn't know God, hates church, & hates hearing the word Jesus. [redacted] Data does [redacted] I've turned into [redacted] in some ways - but in different forms of it. I hate church. I hate my straight ass church [redacted] who won't know when to stop preaching. [redacted] who uses those sanctified words sounding all holy trying to sound like she knows how to pray. All of you are hypocrites & most of you think your special just because you think you know more than the person next to you. Few people have humbleness, a lot of you don't, most of you sing & don't mean it. You read those pointless call to worship lines but don't mean it. You say you listen to the sermon when your mind is really on other things. I am a hypocrite, but I'm not even considered Christian anymore. I believe in God but I am possessed by the Devil. Because I hate [redacted]

In that church

[redacted]

You can't make anyone go to church, & you can't make a gay girl like me turn straight. Not to you dumb fuck, stupid retro sexuals.

b6 -3,8
b7C 3,-8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1159

I am of Evil Vunerability

My church doesn't accept gay people, so therefore I hate all of you. Churches who have the rainbow flag outside, I will maybe enter, but church overall is pointless + a waist of time and should be destroyed. Some mass killers have got some similar thoughts in mind like how I think, and have proved thier thoughts made flesh to the world. You Christians/non believers think they are evil and wrong, but you are not aware of your own darkness + sin. Everyone is confused what to believe/what not to believe in. What to follow/who to follow/not follow. Well I am not confused anymore. I 100% know at this point. I know for a fuckin fact ALL of you need Jesus - including me, not just the mass killers + murderes, mentally fucked sick people. You fuckers are no different. Stop discriminating us bastards to you - cause even though we are more vunerable + immune to automatic evil doesn't mean you arent vunerable at all. Everyone is, but most of you are ethier too arrogant, to oblivious to your faults, or too delusional thinking your morally more subject to Gods likeness than us. Fuck all of you, cause we all deserve nothing. We all are ment to die + kill one another. We don't deserve Jesus, + we don't deserve to live. God gives us life but we fail him all the time. Unless you are an angel servent of God who tries thier best to guard themselves from the Devil. They are consistant in love of God + devotion. I love them and only them. Everyone else should die. Everyone of you of society linked should be killed.

+ aren't capable of doing evil.

they are aware of evil but choose to steer clear.

my fam, my manifest positivity, true friends.

not a Jesus repellant

they avoid Devil's Dark side force and focus on being a Jedi Knight of God

23 cv 1483(110) 1160

Untitled

12-25-19 (AH)

A Faggot Will remain a faggot

[redacted]

like a gay will always be a gay
if your born that way, it can't be undone
nothing can be done, can't be worth
trying because they will keep crying
wining how a faggot will remain

[redacted] - Automatically in DNA
Behaivor negative can't be changed; cyborg translation
unless its actively excersized to
meet up w/ its polar opposite w/o fear
but it wouldn't be winter, would be like spring
the birds singing though while I'm suffering, I should too
but untill I loose the nest, I have possessions
with no active best friend + snoozing faders
except one she always has the right things to say
others have meaningful names but to me I'm a old
generation - broken and malfunctioning
if you can't keep up w/ me conceptually
as if my life was created of brushes + crayons
how I make it all the while change for self care -
all the while remain the same deep in my soul
was protected by Gods angels bathed in Jesus blood
you'll be in a fucked place w/ no space for me
though I'm not wainting on no one anymore
no more crying focus on myself, all I can do
cause OPPORTUNITY and FUTURE boarded
a jet for me so you bet I'm hopping on it up in it
and miss not one bit the FAGGOT IN MY LIFE

[redacted] none of you mutherfuckers
you will never know — wrapped up in
life speed of self a dream

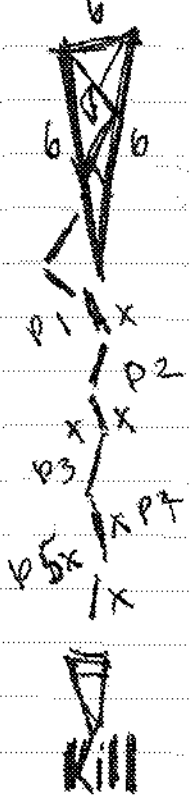
w/o while live crea; because it's too much to cover

b6 -8
b7C -8

b6 -8
b7C -8

23 cv 1489(LD) 1161

P = crime person



Devils PLOT

I once was an angel now I've turned into a demon
intentions to follow Devils commands
while Jesus weeps in silence
cause I constantly think of violence
kill mobs of kid bastards; black, white, asian
I hate all you racists cause now I feel
kind of like a racist; imprint of triple 6s the Devil tattooed
cause at times black peoples SUCK ignorant, stupid
I hate all you who don't choose to choose me & inconsistant
but of course a white girl tagged meant to be fearless to keep
misunderstood cause of all you short circuit minds
to connect to all my misery and loneliness into oblivion—
a wounded wolf w/ rabbies; bet you'll bite
I'm part obsessed to the Devils evil plots; let my
a story maybe you never would think
I would participate in know it's a script-and the audience
rehearsing my phrases before I blow heads
and outlines of to order of elimination
I WANT TO KILL ALL OF YOU; thanks to those
cause unlike Adem Lanza, it's not impulsive
it's a plan execution and only God knows
when my heart & mind are dynamite
and my demons finally lit that fuse
TO KILL YOU ALL; I HATE YOU ALL!!



My goodwill toward men has been sucked up
by a black hole deep in cyberspace
where taken place is 2030 in the future
terminator machines vs. humans
somehow I am the supreme in command
with experience in the past, being Gannandorphs
apprentice; they accepted me. Whereas the pure

12-31-19

6 6 6

This year I told the girl I am in love with deeply, that I am... in love w/ her. Didn't hear from her all that night and I cried in deepest morn, so heavy and ~~upset~~ troubled at severity that I am gay and don't fuckin know why. Other girl I have feelings for is gay to but didn't find it weird, unlike the one who is my princess. But fuck she had the nerve to say it was weird, [redacted] that was not what I wanted to hear, you made me want to kill myself. You people hurt me and you don't even know or care about how I feel. My sister [redacted] told me not to stress it, while even she invalided me by my painful, confusing journey of being gay as a dishonor to my family - as they would think - [redacted] who hate + are disgusted by gay people. I wish I could dump all my painful heavy feelings on you both so you would be drowned + sufficated by my resentful wrath like I have the Force of darkness most powerful I'll ever be. I want so bad to hate rant a raging message to you and be like WTF I didn't do nothin fa her... Well fuckin no yes you did. You did nothing but make me feel like shit, You told me calm down + chill + stop overthinking, but I M NOT. My feelings are real. If you ~~[illegible]~~ really got a chance to find out what they are, I wished I planned a mass murder w/ a hate note I left on ~~my bed~~ you tube. You people will pay, I swear on the Devil.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

6 6 6

EVILISM



This year [redacted]

This year I turned into a bastard with millions of thoseights to kill those kids at Creswell.

This year I finally admited I am gay and everyone I came out to didnt give a fuck (besides [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8

This year I thankfully didnt tell [redacted] coase they would have given a fuck

This year I have some allies who've been through the most like me who validated my depression of a gay girl.

This year I turned to the Dark Side and hate everyone I loved the longest. Devil, who is the Sith, called me to be his apprentice and ~~I~~ I secretly accepted like Anikan ~~Skywalker~~ I am like Darth Vader who wants to end society & wish to kill all you ignorant, stupid people with those social media platforms and haven't been through enough

This year I finally tell myself "Fuck all of you who invalidate me and are of the attack of the clones who think my suffering life wasn't ment to stress on as serious (like Everyone does). Fuck you whoever you are I hate you. I want to assasinate all of you

This year, I fantizized killing the shit out of kids at that Shitty Creswell and remembered globally for the evil I did that has been forgotten of the good & kindness I've done

"A Deppressed Thought"

Deppression should never be a trend or something your pretending to be its not funny and its not appealing to the world. People like me with real depression are authentic + genuine; those who AVOID social media because of all you mother fuckers ~~making~~ taking a serious concept + turn it into a stand up act. You stupid fuckers have no idea. ~~Just because~~ Deppression is more than just looking emo + wear black clothes. Deppression is being soaked + drowned in the pit of darkness with a black soul ~~does~~ in seach of desperation to end one's life or commit homicide. Deppression is numbness + socially isolated + unrelated in your own world. Its being me alone in a castle where no one knows ~~you~~ me and they think ~~you~~ I have royalties + all but I don't. Its just empty w/ closed in walls ready to close in on me and crush me with my heart of ~~stone~~ rugged rock ready to crumble. Deppression is the mountain I climb on everyday but no one is guiding me w/ a secure rope. I'm capable to fall and end my life millions of feet up, but not a tear will fall because no one will have pity for me; Deppression is not pitied it is misunderstood + abused critically because of hollow-minded people like you. You are the ones that make it harder to live on the earth. How can we not stress when you are so relentless to be ignorant and you don't even realize your ignorance? Me and my deppressed homies should live and the rest of you are ment to die, I hate all of you, you all should DIE!

No fuckers. Let me explain what it REALLY IS.

and those dumb fuck memes like its some goth fan culture turn it into a "style" of media communication

all my imperfect statues of being state cold

sharp edged

coaching me on every step, one ledge to the next

solitary

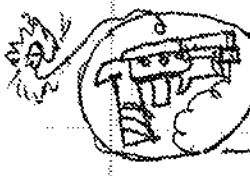
you drug us and kill us

these drug lies you buy to acclaim what meaning?

drugging us w/ morphine jokes + lies



The Devil is the king of Evil. I have become his secret apprentice as he is teaching me the ways of the Dark Force and the Dark Side. He is infesting my mind with revenge on a grand scale, to great for my own ability. If I am to one day commit the most infamous school shooting, I will need the Devils powers. When I possess a gun, and it will be that time I hope, I will become the most powerful school shooter who ever lived, more than Eric Harris + Dylan Klebold combined? + more than all those clone bullies powers combined I have given into the darkness, for it has seeded too deep and its roots are becoming tougher by the day. Less + less I hear of God + more and more I hear the Devil speaking to me. + less + less I am loosing grip of God + less desirable to be in I hear him every day to convince me that the this is my destiny and my fate that will fufill all my incomplete. ness. The year 2020 is coming, + so ~~[illegible]~~ am I... light



HOMICIDEBOMB

F- 7-20

Homicide bombs are about to blow
Blast off my pellets of rage

[redacted]

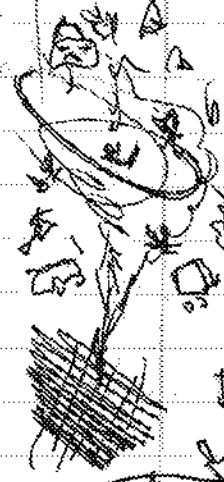
b6 -8
b7C -8

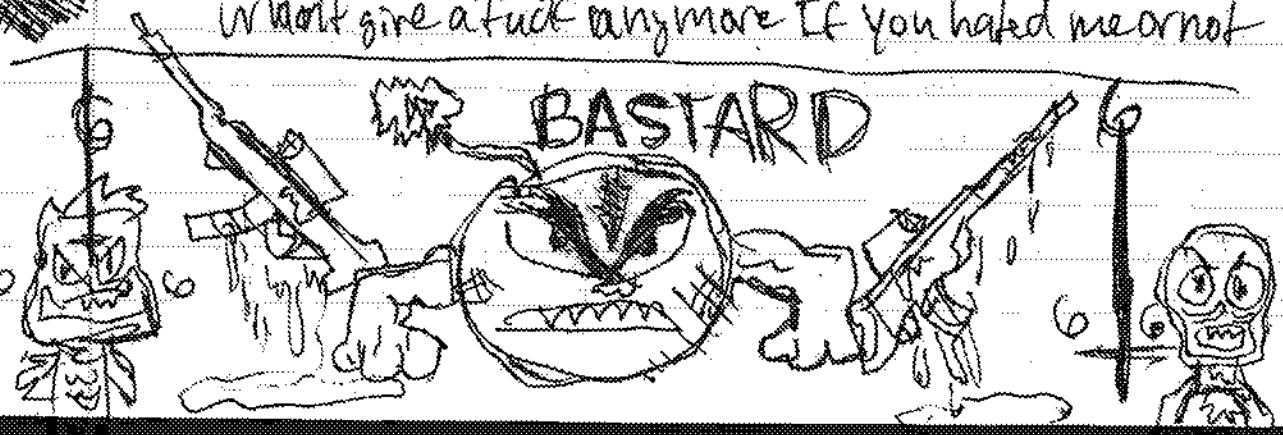


While I bury all goodness in me
to sacrifice for evil I supplied
in Arnold Swazzanagers storehouse
born to kill not of a machine
but somehow I've turned out to be
an assasin member to King Evil
more determined that Jason Borne
fill with intent, not of self defense
there must be a tumor in my brain
with a built in T3 machine chip
I'm about to snap + by damn bears will hurt
those while proper christians
who pray their wits to ask Jesus to wipe out
the insane but I know my dark side of the moon
purpose with no prism light cast to me
the night mare will be born prepared or not
I'm pleasing darkest sin
I won't give a fuck anymore If you hated me or not

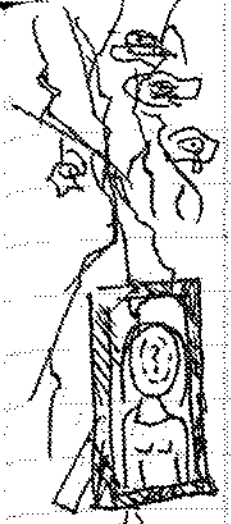
morphed into a rabid cujo; bitten by a demonized bat the devil

double sided complex





GAY is MY HELL



A girl, me, who's gay
The girl I love is straight who loves men. I love her. but
its all weird from another planet she has never visited:
nay another planet called "My hell" or "gay hell" b6 -3 b7C -3
Don't fucking say, "get over it". Theres nothing I can do
to get "over it". over what? Being gay for me is underground
in a wicked hell from [redacted] who are fire breathing
dragons - trap me in their layer to ever reach homeland with
wide open green pastures to fully express myself. Two bitches I
love + who are so ever special to me couldn't care less how I feel or
what my hell is underground with feelings stepped on as a She's dirt -
almost if they blew them in flames + walked along like they
delt with a manican with no heart to eated so. This is why I
feel I am a demon inside, or demons pushing me around
I could say they are not, have been friends, more like enemies
of how they neglect to open my heart to what is burning
inside, ready to let it all go. Ready to gush out black ooze
out of my heart that has overflowed of it. Instead of
them turning my tears to roses, they turn it into black inked tears,
Pleged by un-empathetic poison plants that are so beautiful to me
but stricken me w/ death, thorns piercing against my
sensetive flesh. So go ahead + say its weird, because
thats only what I get. No love. Left alone. Thats how it is for
those like me who fall for thier friend straight and you felt they
were the best friend you ever had as a kid - she was an angel and
was the light peeking/gaping over my raincloud I dragged
everyday as a depressed 13 year old w/ not a clue in the world why
I burdened heavely these feelings. Where I am now is only for other
gay transgender girls who'd understand. They are in their own
hell region with me that is pin cofined by this bastard world who
wouldn't bleed for me. I guess I fell in love w/ the wrong people w/
will never love me.

"Drake is for Highschool girls"

I'm feeling alot of hate today. It feels fuckin awesome like how tyler the Creator rants power hate through the mic. I guess I'll say. I HATE YOU DRAKE. You are a fuckin pussy music writer. Your latest album Scorpion is a hursry repetitive mediocure ryhms w/ the songs so stale + flatt, not rapping, but just blah blah blah how you love girls and make that shit to spark high school girls, cause guess what? You are high school girl material for thier CD player. I know you "got alotta enemies" but I'm not one. I'm just ashamed to have been your fan. I don't fuck w/ your music anymore. $13.99 in ituenes.

KEKE DONT LOVE YOU FAG!!

FUCK THAT!! Man, fuck why were you my favorite artist? Should have never been... cause any one can be better than you. Those white kid catholic christian kids say how his albums trash but they're just too soft and anti-dark towards society. If you dnt have a dark mind dreaming of popping gun shots to kill, and murder fuckin do-nothing role playing [redacted] to end a life. Tyler the Creator is FUCKING AWESOME! Cause hes not like you a slick straight ass old man faggot, Your too hood, too black w/ your wright skin cess. Even in your videos you look so fake and look like a dumb muther fucker rapping shit no one knows what your saying. Your a bitch you talk too much Fuck you, but of cause cause... + dog who should abuse your self esteem to keep rapping, You are no artist.

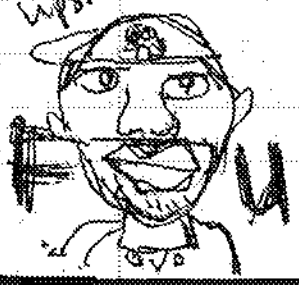
b6 -8
b7C -8

The cars girls + getting high shit

In a tacky way - so un-authentic + robotic - an original as fuck

I can relate to him in his ways to express himself

w/ black upgrade slang I don't care for



1-8-20

1-21-20

The Hetero vs. the Homo (part 1)

The Heterosexual vs. the Homosexual. You vs. me. Your uncomfortable feelings against my uncontrolable, unbearable feelings. This is all new to you, for you are too young. It may be that your hardships were situational - may have not stabalized a full throttle on the internal feelings long-termly restless in darkness - utter pain & shamefullness. Rejection, at its fullest, blackest as our term, only to be defined by those like me who have endured tremendous, severe-stricken suffering for so long. Many, many years to be pondered upon, questioned by myself, over & over again: "Am I really overacting? Am I really over-distressing myself of a problem that isn't there in reality? The question is NO.

My experience is real.

All you left on me to have was a stain, not your heart

Because I have been going through death. Feeling like a dead empty corpse inside w/ no pride or joy in my life with internal struggle to self-acceptance. Because, for all my live, I have not liked myself, namely put it - hardly & cruley; to the act of thoughts in murdering myself - to end a war w/ myself due to this cruelty. I could blame it on the world and people who don't intentionally do wrong, they heart sees you as perfect, but you aren't. You have not been on my battlefield and fought in my war with my soilder friends who fight alongside me - parted in our own timeframe growth to believe "the best life" possible. The truth is, I am not living my best life. My early adulthood is blood & tears living in the night - but not feeling alive.

w/o going days w/o anxiety meds - untill I feel like shit ≤ 1-9-20

It makes me jealous a shit that I know full blown independants in my life + I'm not full grown yet. Fuck, I'm always lying to myself, saying I have my shit together when I really dont. I just can't think or don't think about doing certain "adult things" like stocking up my meds ahead of time. Paying my hair lady [redacted] ahead of time, [redacted] remind [redacted] to ask for a check for my fuckin appointments. It seems I'm still a dependant + I hate the shit just as much as [redacted] says "adults do ... x y or z" Fuck that I'm not an adult. I try to be but I'm not. I remember to go to the gym the time I want but don't work [redacted] to put some cash in my fuckin account so I can pay a tip or a haircut but oops, I screw up, fuck that shit up + it didn't even occur an issue till [redacted] wants those lecture lessons of adulthood lol. My life is class under [redacted] it seems, As much as I love her she pisses me off sometimes because of these "lessons" she hammers on triggers me to the point of hating myself again. I haven't hated myself in a while since I went to Vanderbuilt. But fuck, do [redacted] always depression creeps on me + the devil is always tempting almost threatening me to end my life + commit a carefully planned - long fantazized shooting massacre. As soon as I go up high in my balloon, feeling good + might feel happy in the moment, the demons of mine shoot me down + deflate all the life out of me but to feeling completely useless + unhappy to everyone - my family, friends. Feel so helpless + useless it fucking kills me. I know it's more than a feeling it's my reality. My second fam doesn't need or want me. My Vanderbuilt buddies have their own shit + isolate like me - feel just like Renfrow me: Why am I still here? Why the fuck am I still alive? How did I survive? Why do I suffer so fuckin much that no one even can have sence to validate me since they haven't been through real REAL Hard dark depressed phases. They think it's all a fluke,

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

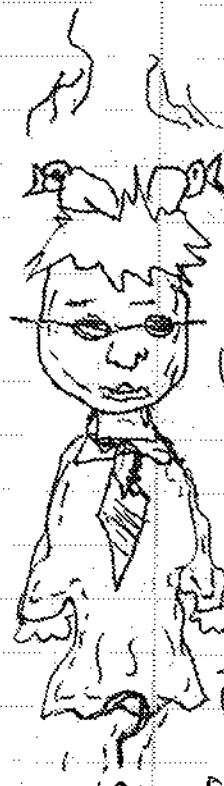
11-9-20

But soon I will show everyone [redacted] my lovers that don't like me + didn't accept my feelings, everyone else that I feel left me so they can play house not having to be dependant [redacted] of their own. I'm tired of getting older + it only gets more embarrasing that I'm 24 + still live in the same house as a kid. who in my life fuckin relates to that? NOONE, Of course I'm autistic there is still some immaturity in my + I hate myself for that, + [redacted] REMINDS ME that I am not an adult. Fuck, it's not that I want to. Why am I thinking so much to create my ending by the Devil as my director? me + him are secretly in session of doing evil shit I never thought I'd do. But sometimes, + truley mean it, I feel down + sad, saying to myself by "fuck, thats just downright fucked up + so unpure-heartless. It's sad to me for how I used to be when I was an activist of God + the fought AGAINST the devil. Now I'm fighting + rejecting my own religion. Maybe I'm not the only one, cause God knows I'm not the only rebellious child of His. He's weeping right now + I think the holy spirit is translating it inside me, cause I know it's not of my "good person nature". I see I'm aware of these spiritual forces. I've witnessed + experienced Gods spiritual ways in connecting w/ me - like things aren't just coincidences. But I've been experiencing the Devil's ultimate darkness realm where evil doesn't scare me like it used to or worry me, because the Devil wants me to be one of the millions of products wiped face off of "goodness" or "love all people". Truth is, I just can't. I've never had this much hate my whole life, fast and I know it's a spiritual problem, somehow I read my devotions + it all doesn't get to me deep anymore like it's the most important thing to me. Sometimes I wish it was again, but fuck it I'm too far deep in the darkness world where the Devil-Prince of Evil rules. Instead of angry out the Hero of the World to save me, I ask instead of the Devil to help me achieve my real ultimate goal - be immature + stubborn to not grow up in exchange to throw away my life to an infamous historical murder story I leave for the world.

b6 -3
b7C -3

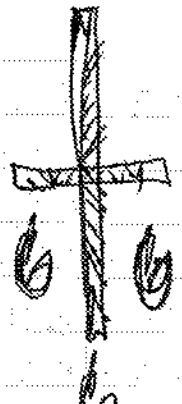
23-cv-1483(FBI)-1173

Blinded [redacted]



[redacted]

weak, afraid, utterly anxious
twisted to strangle my thorn flesh
that I am [redacted]
because [redacted]
he doesn't know me; I don't know him
a dead spirit from the grave
who haunts my heart and
is venom parasites to my soul
to unleash the bitter, uttermost darkness
inside of me; though [redacted]
is so unaware of all of me
and is much more to himself
blinded [redacted] living among the dead



b6 -8
b7C -8

I hate Donald Trump. I'm sure many brown & black people do. People who don't watch that Fox News propoganda bullshit and praise Trump for his false acusations about Bill Gates or World Health Commission, they are dumbfucks and completley brainwashed by false claims. You people I hate just like I hate bullies, because you are so concerned about what Trump says & thinks and follow him like being zombified and brain controlled. Trump servants and supporters: FUCK YOU ALL. You have no humane decently to identify a political leadership in O'bama compared to a fucked up sick man who is NO business man, no politician, NO NOTHING!! He's the type of criminal I don't admire because he is Narcisist. You christians, that admit you have some form of Narcissism, No. You are NOT Narcisist. Its not self-pity. Its the complete opposite. Trump feels praise when leaders and stable famous icons say he's shit, he'll say false psychology towards them and convince to a great extent that people believe him. Stupid ignorant people. No one on this earth is more fucking ignorant than Trump. Why do you think all of economical & environmental, social matters have gone bad to worse? THAT FAG

FUNK TRUMP

My OCD 1-12-20

(little things that bother me, & keep spinning around & round like a hampster wheel fast pace, it seems my mind races alot & never rests. It even keeps me awake at night. these little things that should be left alone, but they are so fixated on my mind like hooks to adhesive tape. I have to do it, or it will keep bothering me. If this problem isn't solved, the problem will be left on the floor & not hanged up propery (in its place, but while its not, that fixated hook will keep being stared at & find it difficult sometimes to leave it alone, untill "I have to do it, right now." I tell myself that all the time.)

- a few or one set of dishes left in sink. they all have to be clean

- I can't stand clutter & hording. this messy & unorganized. It bothers me so bad, sometimes I hate seeing just one new set of fuckin papers on the ground or fuckin bills/receipts back in 2007, sitting there, in a place that used to be open carpet/floor. now it's there & sits in front of me. Now I have to throw it out or it will keep pestering me, rotting my mind of obsession w/ a dirty house that can't stay clean & organized.

- When one part of the house or furniture isn't dusted or clean

- when 1 song on my ipod or album is not on my other ipod & downloaded. (or when an album artwork doesn't show up since I don't look at words, I look at the album cover to shuffle through my music)



My OCD (continued) 1-12-20

- All my planners + meal Plans must be recorded everyday

- I must floss my teeth 3 times a day

- My bed must be even in the bedding blankets. One side can't drang down longer than the other.

- Dog / cat hair on the floor drives me nuts, even if its a cluster of or @ or even 1. My eyes keep reading down to the floor to it.

- Email's must be deleted daily
- Finances must be recorded the same day after purchese.

- All my figurines, toys, + other belongings must go in the same place where they are stored

- shirts, pants, + coats are all assembled in the closet in catagory order (coat w/ coats, hoodies w/ hoodies, long sleeve w/ long sleeve)

- DVD's are all organized by favorite and by theme (Disney, family, Drama, horror, Kids, live action animation)

- All youtube playlist must be recorded in case the video is deleted by youtube channeler
- when something (1 object or more) is misplaced or lost.

The Hetero VS. The Homo (part 2)

If you are not aware or recognize any of these feelings I have explained, then you have not gone through my hell. If this encounterment - hence my feelings for you have never been taken place in your life before, then of course, you won't know how to respond in the best way. It's confusion and untrained. It may be because now you were raised or how you interact with others by personality or personally - the very well, unpersonal answer to me - that anyone could have been hurt by the same response that you have given to me. You are a straight female who has been exposed to another same sex individual who has intimate attraction towards you.

not knowing what to do with the situation

If this were me in a scenario - a male who has feelings for me (not having intimate attractions for me) I would not feel the same either. Rather lightly, I'd just consider it uncomfortable or embarrasing rather than as you put it "weird". If it was a good friend of mine, I'd tell them "I accept your feelings, and I am sorry I can't feel the same. But I still have think our friendship is valuable, & I want to keep it." If ONLY you could have been that way towards me, but of course you don't consider my friendship valuable. You barely know me and what I go through every day & each night. Only such it's indifferent for you to know, whereas it's not meaning to being a cruel person. The world is cruel because we are in two different worlds where we are unfamiliar w/ each others languages. That's what kills me. You could never even have the imagination to identify my homosexual experience is real, with all the dark-twisted, sick fantasies behind it. That's simple. You simply haven't been through it.

I hate That I'm still here...

1.22.22

I swear to God I hate [redacted] I couldn't give a fuck [redacted] Really, I don't [redacted] cause I told myself the other day [redacted] can be possible. But no... [redacted] Now, not only [redacted] that's like an abrupt dog bark- one of the worst sounds I hate more than anything. I don't care if [redacted] It's no different. [redacted] that damn smart phone looking up random shit - the phone I wish I could smash against a wall or some shit. Some nights are like morning [redacted] 11pm or 12am when I am trying to sleep. That's on a REGULAR day. Now, temporarily [redacted] Ahh shit when I'm tired as fuck want to sleep Shit- cause [redacted] I have work to do. I don't have time to get sick. Even if [redacted] hours of sleep + awake are even MORE fucked up. God knows when a 5am or at least 3am will roll around again. But hell, nothing is normal when it comes to [redacted] - not routine, not daily "structure", not in behavior or thought process. It's all deformed [redacted] I wish I could send out a flashing rage message [redacted] saying [redacted] but it won't change shit. It's only better when I'll move out

b6 -8
b7C -8

23-cv-1483(EBI)-1178

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

can't remember to take my fuckin pills or re prescribe them. Can't do that shitty ebay Dwishess + robbing [redacted] of money cause I can't do

which will take neons years to get to, and I hate that too - my own fucked self who doesn't always know how to take care of herself either. I know I'll do better in adulthood once I leave this house, I'm too old to be put up w/ this shit - dealing w/ [redacted] telling me to do shit, lectures me as it is to push me to be more aware, just makes me more irritable + isolative. I don't think [redacted] are helping me grow up, but of course, I need to get out of here. And I swear it, I feel almost every day thinking of [redacted] He doesn't help me w/ shit when it comes to growing up. Just write that check, just help me find some fuckin batteries - whatever mundane task it is. But I mean, Fuck its dependance. I hate it!! I'm 24. I shouldn't have to be in this suck - Shitty adult life [redacted] who think they know what I'm going through when they really DON'T. [redacted] doesn't even admit [redacted] I love to pieces but still holds on to me, caring as if I still am a child - lecturing me like I am still a teenager - which is utterly offensive considering how far I have come since college. thought, I can only truly be called a "mature adult" when I am on my own for good + depend on noone. Only me. Untill then, I'm still the same Autistic white faggot who's never had a date + never does anything w/ a friend in the world, continues to lock herself in the room working to death or feeling dead while I write these sentences in this journal. They say "if your not liking where you are, change that". the world is change, people change, but I have always been lonley and stuck in the same place of not being satisfyed + not being happy. That will never change. that just may be the one thing I was born to be fated with.

I need to do grown responsibility out of my own

on my [redacted]

inher loving nest of authoritative nature

do math, don't know bills cause I have no fuckin joy till I graduate untill God knows when

my own finance bills, apartment, car job. thats all I want. Its not even funny how slow I am growing up.

(?) [redacted] (Demon Possessed)

I begin t[redacted] more and more everyday - [redacted] As soon as [redacted] like a bug in a spiders web, [redacted] a complete mystery to [redacted] It comes to this with me, and it's no fantasy or abstract thought.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



This [redacted]

fuck the world of those who care, and

[redacted] hearts strangle and gasp for breath cause [redacted] squeezes holy juices out of me until I become a devils servant and anti-christian. An evil influence - [redacted] because [redacted] who isn't + can't be is evil to me. Today was [redacted] what the fuck is going on outside [redacted] - like [redacted] my life. [redacted] but no. [redacted] And thats whats so shitty about it. [redacted] tighter than an anus rectum - SHITTY

w/ no concept of time

[redacted]

Problem Twister



1-2-20

[redacted] I dont want nothing to do; with [redacted] possessed by a demon that works for the Devil full-time; the very monster [redacted] the very first thing in which I hate every part of; thats why I dont [redacted] cause I hate [redacted] who then fuck else does that? sleep fucked. Time wasted w/ no fuckin meaningful schedule ~~wack~~; is wack as fuck b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 Hygine fucked. Husband values screwed tight as fuck the [redacted] If voodoo was real or some sort of whitchcraft - I would use it on a creepy doll like Charles Lee Ray so my spirit would live inside it. ~~[illegible]~~ If I plan to kill [redacted] which I deeply desire, I need a desguise; one no one would believe to be true. Then I can [redacted] like demonized Chucky along w/ his other homocide, deadly tools. I need to work on my evil laugh. (while I go on a cuss rage)

HETEROSEXUALS I hate you female straight people that shouts sorrafgirl. You're no fun and no pain killers to my gay pain I hate - but not as much as you. I say I don't hate myself - I HATE YOU. For example, this black bitch thats so exquisitly beautiful but was frozen in disliking that I like her + she called it weird. Of course she'll say that cause prob. no one told her that before.

2-2-20

Problem Twister



You heterosexuals never know what to do. Of course you'll want to freindzone or just ignorantly ignore like little bitches witches in desguise. I swear to God, straight black bitches are so hard to get. I try this fucking dating app and all I get are country white girls, nerd white girls, or straight goth dykes, straight men!! Goddammit, it's cause I'm not a straight, sexy black men. Then I'd have all the black woman I want. Not saying cause I'm a racist, cause I'm not - it's just there's no diversity of black + white couples. Fuck, I at least want a black girl that doesn't act ghetto or ratchet, but ratchet is funny nevertheless. Just want a black girl who's polite, kind, + likes the things I like, then I wouldn't be as depressed that the straight black girl I love doesn't love me; At ALL. I want to so bad smh and send out a jealous rage message, but like that'll help. Then I'll have a real reason to ignore me - on purpose. But then again, fuck its not like I had much to loose in the first place...

"Freinds" that freind zone

I hate you two for this. Yes you [redacted] - you two and your best freindship I am jealous of. I hate you guys for ignoring me all the fuckin time. Not calling me back, not validating me. Not being there for me when I need you. You'd rather be true friends to each other + crop me out of the picture like I was never in it. I just accidently jumped in while the flash was loading. It's abrupt and weird - just don't want to admit that to me, like I didn't have the courage to talk to you in high school cause I didn't know how; like you don't know what to do~ a faggot, isolative white kid who constantly thinks of homicide and mass murder. Who hated herself most her life. Who isolated all her life + doesn't know how to be a friend or friendship.

b6 -8
b7C -8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1182

Problem Twister

I can't be like your freinds, I can't "be there" of what ever you ~~[illegible]~~ at one to "nothing more or less", what ever the fuck your definition is, or what simple means to you. But sorry, I'm a complicated bite of emotional shit. As you two say, I make EVERYTHING complicated, but no. You are just closed minded that can't even imagine all the shit I've been through, but aside all the bullshit that you claim is mine, you presume I cause, its YOUR PROBLEM — YOUR FUCKIN PROBLEM!

I know its not mine. Its just my problem I ~~[illegible]~~ gave you a chance, but you didn't accept my offering. I guess I'm poor and becoming more isolative than before, remembering all the lonley days of ~~[illegible]~~ my childhood - isolated all the fuckin time of course I'm not the kind of friend your looking for. I'm going through war, but you wouldn't fight me, I can't fight for you in love cause you throw me in the "friend zone" trentch. I wish I could punch some bullets in my head + send up a flare to you Indead. I hate living w/ this shit.

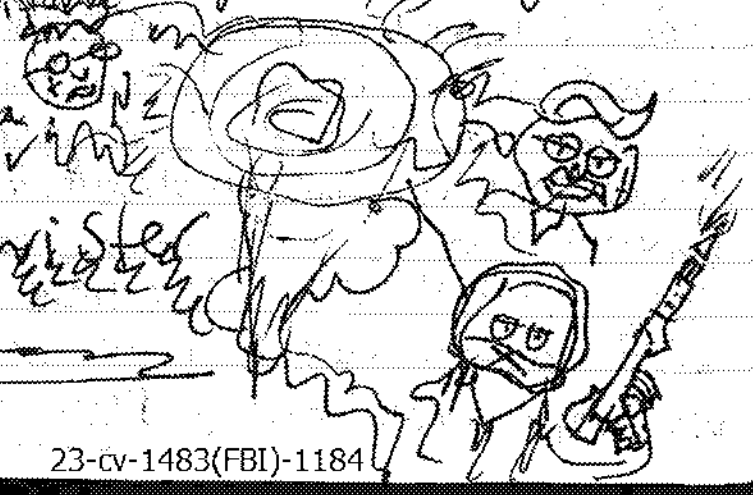
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Your problems in life aren't mine, of course you don't get where I came from. You came some where complete Hz else

I bet if [redacted] you wouldn't be happy either. You people would hate it too. Good — super suportive [redacted] that are superheros, I just cannot relate. Friends that are like sisters + it acutally lasts like yours. Can't relate to that shit either. Self-love and happiness saying "Life is Good". DONT RELATE. Not in self-confidence, not in independance, not in stable families, not in consistant friendships, not in feeling appreciated by those who matter to me. Can't relate to any of your shit of being young + successful Job independance. Fuck growing up. Fuck [redacted] that are shitty. Fuck mental illness I deal w/ cause no one understands outside treatment + hospital walls. Fuck unloyal people. Fuck American Trump mantality - ignorance not compassionate society! FUCK THE WORLD!! (except nature + animals)

Fuck social events, fuck partying. Fuck how you think & your religious spiritual lifestyle. Fuck what you do w/ your homies that love you so much back and actually call you to do shit. Fuck close minded people who don't think deep enough logic practical intellectual who believes my life is too white for you and can't see through my white lines of blinding pain. Fuck how you are always trying to point me to God when obviously I'm not much a believer & faith sucked dry. Fuck you for treating me like shit & just give me a stupid spiritual quote & tell my to "get it like" Sometimes, I don't want to live how could you say that!! I could had write a book about my depression, anxiety, [redacted] perspective. Fuck loving life! You love it. Your life is great, even if its hard. my life... not so great Not horrible like having no parents or living in foster homes - no sexual or physical abuse. No living on the streets - no drug addicts in my life. But besides the EASY comprehensive shit [redacted] thinkers like you could NOT understand when it comes to experiences w/ Devils and Demons and suffering (spiritual) I want to die. If you don't want to die like me, then you don't hate life. You couldn't hate yours. You are beautiful w/ a beautiful life. If you love life & growing up in what ever aspect, your not like me. I am not like you. That's why we are not friends for true life existing but its cause you haven't been around it. You simply don't know, unfamiliarity

b6 -8
b7C -8



CRESHELL VS. [redacted] (NO PUN INTENDED)

b6 -8
b7C -8

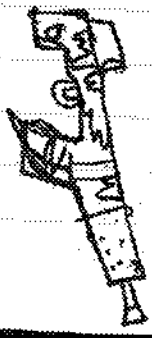
[redacted] DOESNT DESERVE SHIT.

[redacted] NOT MUCH DIFFERENT THAN ME [redacted]

6/6 [redacted] I THINK OF KILLING PEOPLE AT THOSE ALL BLACK SCHOOLS WHO HATE ME. I HATE BULLIES OF MY PAST. I HATE PEOPE WHO ARE IGNORANT & STUPID, LIKE THEY JUST SAY SHIT W/O THOUGHT. [redacted]

[redacted] I WISH BULLETS WOULD GO THROUGH. I WANT [redacted]

[redacted] KILL CRESWELL. KILL THOSE KIDS!! I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE EITHER. I AM ON THE DEVILS ASSASINATION PLAN FOR EVIL OF SCHOOL SHOOTING. I HAVE VALID FEELINGS [redacted] [redacted] SHOOT UP CRESWELL. I HATE MY PAST OF CRESWELL ARROGANT, CRUEL KIDS - BLACK OR WHITE. I DONT GIVE A FUCK. WHO YOU ARE. [redacted] [redacted] CRESWELL; YOU WILL DIE EVENTUALLY. I HATE YOU ALL!!!



WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPINESS?!



How the hell can someone love life? One someone says, "I love life", it makes no fuckin sence to me. How the fuck can you love life if its so full of darkness, demons, and evil done to each other or towards yourself? I think its a lofty feeling and a temporary theory. No one can remain happy all thier life, + if they can, fuck them all. They are the lucky ones who were were born to think optimistically - like its programmed in thier head of thier psychcological side of thier brain. Its rarly seen in humans, I believe, cause they must be disciples or angels under Gods Holy Guardianship. Brothers and sisters who are named by God "sisters keeper" or "brothers keeper" who are reliable for spreading the Gospel of Gods love - thier butter to the bread starving baby Christians can't feed themselves. Pity those Dependant Christians, cause I can say I'm not really a Chritian anymore. I believe life is damned and hell-linked. Life is not prescious, its a curse - urging me to think about death, commiting mass murder, suicide, homicide, or all three at once. If I was still a noble Christian, who stuck to my word and had the ears to listen to God, I'a be ashamed because the things in pieces of who I am, - dark pieces are coincided of the bevils wishes of me. I know God is unhappy w/ me - and I'm sure he weeps, heavily - sorrofully but so am I. the Holy spirit weeping inside me,

they have their own angels looking out for them

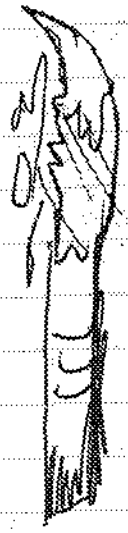
and I am kind of relieved. Having a relationship w/ God is too confusing + too much. You're damned as a feeble failure and acussed of too many sins by God.

and God is the gift + precious ness of life

My new and developing thoughts have matured as diobolical - Devil's will. Although I don't have sexual urges to rape + kill an individual at random,

WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPINESS?! 2-12-20

Killing at creswell [redacted] is very strong, unshakable urge. I wrestle with it almost every day of the week. How can I be at peace, until the monster [redacted] is sound asleep? When the monster [redacted] isn't growling wide awake? It seems I'm never happy these days. These days are so grim and dull, like I'm dragging myself through the day like a cripple WW1 soldier. My life is in the trenches, where bayonets rest in my rifle [redacted] Battery booms, Lewis machine guns, booms close up or far away. Round and around the bullets come - the devil trying to end me - take me as captive & slave me to never witness contentment in my life, forever dependant on [redacted] who can't let go of over protection and lecturing to adult children treated like immature teenagers. I'm imprisoned / trapped b/c how the fuck can I be an adult if I still [redacted] I can't grow this way. I need to get the fuck out so I can do whatever I want & they won't stop me - because I'd be my own man - my own person. They won't tell me what to do, cause they can't make me. Until then I'd be happy to not listen to anyone - not even God will tell me what to do. That's my contentment. Until then, happiness is unexistant. And besides, who can ever truley be happy? Happiness is not an actual term, and doesn't speak for itself, because its a fleeting kind. It comes & goes. I could be happy for someone, I enjoy my stuffed animal company & imagination, or movies, or small things. But loving life is a fucked term. Noone can stay happy forever. Sooner or later, even the content will reach their WW1 of suffering. Then they'll understand where I come from.





[redacted] can't learn to let me go b/c I'm still



b6 -3,8
b7c -3,8

Suffering + Darkness is all I know 2-11-20



Screams in my head, saying "Let Go" of life
with a knife in its hand;
stabbing me, intellectual mind; laggin like wounded soldiers
it is not my battleground; I struggle too much in
my heart; I don't need perspective; from any
human point of view; angel, demon, parent, proffessional;
comfort and a hand to hold; a medal I'd
w/ soft tender words in between; that sooth my
heart; lotion to nurture cracks; dryness of life
of mine; I can't find affection wherever I go;
a dear friend from my life is around the block;
but how can it be that easy for a difficult heart to understand?
except strangers cause they look at me
like I've never been apart of life's scrapbook; from a once true friend in [illegible] world view
my picture has been faded; I forlorn my past
its all I've ever known; but so much I don't know;
future more daunting, I lost all faith; I forget
who God is, forget I am a child of Light
but how can I be? Suffering is my only best friend;
and so is Darkness; they are all I ever truley known;
unlike the calling of my lover who'd be the bird;
of my morning thats dull + dreary; full of looming
figures; fragments of weird dreams; but make
so much sence; because its a world I wish it be;
the person I love that love me to hold;
in arms of hero goddess; so I could let go
rest all my weakness for the night; just so
she could reserve my tears in a bottle; and
remind me she listened to my troubled heart;
a world she has never known; but LISTENED
with her loving hands

They didn't slow down + look into me; move on from is my the past work worth all time wasted + lost;

his belated brother;

+ they have the answers - shared links to us! memories but so desperate with needless doubts



666
(2-17-20)

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

What is it like [redacted]? If one this is an experience endured, it will cause trama. It will cause slowly introvapic nomosideal thoughts. It will cause you to loose your sanity because [redacted] mental illness cannot be treated completely. No one can complete rid of thier illness, be striped clean. This not reality. Reality is a bastard, and we all [redacted] share bits and pieces of Bastards sinister Stew pot full of evil + ignorance is bliss. Ignorant of being in denial [redacted] what is it like [redacted] It is not living. It will cause anxiety. It will cause depression. It will cause hopelessness It will cause suicide / double nomocide murder. It causes me to say that I hate my life sometimes. It causes me to say I hate myself sometimes, used to be all the time. most of all, it has caused me to learn how to hate people [redacted] and to ultimately learn to hate [redacted] tripe 6 cursed by the devil.

Good & Evil 2-26-20

I don't think that good + evil is all black and white - unlike Christian beliefs + morals. The world ranges of humans who have different ways on how they go about things (unless forceful to do as culture or traditions e.g Germans (Nazis), Budists). though apart from our differences, everyone is sinful. Everyone has the vunerability and capability to do evil. No one is "naturally good" and can say "never hurt a fly" but smack someone to death if someone comes at them by offence or thinks "that person is evil, not me" Of course, I despise this generation of American society. I hate it, and we have more bad influences than they're are good. People are easily influenced + attraction seekers. At least arrogant or "righteous" people who do religious works for Jesus or whatever god they're praising/worshiping) devoting life to will do anything to not make themselves look bad - as percieved that they are "holy" "perfect" beings. Its a fuckin decit of thought. No one came out into the world born a selfless ~~tau~~ self-taught individual. Kids are obnoxious, selfish and were spitting out the phrase "mine!" ~~at least~~ Its Adem's sin - at its worst Adem's bred gene in all of us. We are only TAUGHT to be good. Its all comphrehensive. No one could be more misguided than to say "I am naturally a good person, I'm really good as a person" I think thats more fucked up than school shooters, serial killers, + mass murders would say/~~[illegible]~~ admit how evil they are + what they did. → in historical nanus crimes. Even though they did Devils work or worked for the Devil - they didn't deny thier thoughts + behavors (if by chance psychological problems interferred w/ thier sanity) I could say most of us have at least some tiny Jiminy in our pockets of consciounce, but some folks are generically chronically insane [redacted] and can't tell me wrong if no one (outside [illegible] — fuckin knows him

Christian beliefs: there is no color wheel of good or evil. Everyone is. No everyone was born a sinner

Just so they can claim + prove thier worth + importance (if its not credited or glorified by God just self righteous)

whether you believe in God, follow or not to follow

until it is tained in becoming medicine or less aggressive

b6 -8
b7C -8

GOOD AND 2-27-20 EVIL

Mass murderers, at least some, have more honesty than the people think they are elegedly "good" by nature. Mainly stated and have been on the earth long enough that people don't want to admit thier dispicable sides. Its the same w/ children, although they don't have the social development yet to learn about the dark hour of evil they will experience in the world as they grow up, nor theyre personality is far from developed. Children no not know who they will turn out to be, but in nature kids have theyre meltdowns and argements with parents, other children + siblings. they know what they want, + want it now - its sin, but its not evil. Children can't be, because God doesn't damn them to hell. He is in full consciousness of ~~[illegible]~~ children developmental/teaching limitations. But kids ~~[illegible]~~ don't deserved to be killed like that fagget impulsive Adem Lanza did back in Connecticut with that worthless school shooting. Although its intresting within which his mind scoped - dived into violence as its concrete fudamental building blocks process of his psych, I believe he shouldn't have caused bloodshed on children. But those fucking imbecels at Colombine. Oh yeah, all of them deserved death (exception of the morally uncorrupt/religious followers of Christ). Eric + Dylan had a valid way of upsetting the world, Eric was evil as an 18yr old, Dylan RIO evil at 17. I am Dylan I am commited to doing evil w/my evil thoughts that fleges by flocks of flamenbirds of hell from the devil. I didn't come up born + raised to chaos in the head a spewed by Devils chronic stirring in the system - I turned INTO a Devil pleaser more - much more that God. When I do something in the future, what he can power me with - whether a gun, lots of hate, a knife, revenge I gurentee I will. I will go to Heaven, but I won't regret any of my shit. Everyone in my fam my be crushed, but for me at least. I left a messege to the world on how I wanted my life to end.

its for a countless amout of possibilities since God made everyone unique, similarities between set aside. Some are harsisists, mentally ill, human desire or obsessed w/human praise and acceptance/respect, or not to "tarnish" thier reputation to not let me down.

I am commited to serving the Devils works - what I am capable of

3-8-20

on what my race did back then for millions of years - my race is fucked and was inmorally askewed. I guess I could say that I can be treated shitty in exchange for a mess I never created. It wasn't my idea to discriminate or hate - I didn't come up that way. But how I am ignored + unappriciated by you I can't help but have hate in my heart that only to be epitomized in the white culture I don't like to be in [redacted] who grew up unexposed LGBTQ and 20th century groups/ morals. Unliberal [redacted] are the worst, and the unfortunate conclusion I am white proves my inexplicable existance unknown to your ignorance. I am tierd of being assumed my life is fine just cause I have [redacted] doesn't count. [redacted] is my world but traps me by her religious morals getting stung into me forcefully. I hate U.S. society (not African or other culture outside the ~~pos~~ boarder, except you Germans + muslums). I hate you ugly indians! ~~and~~ western civilizations throughout the past hundreds of years proves something. In every civilization, there is always bastards who want to take, stead), + destroy anothers kingdom (Spartans, Romans, Barbarians from the Netherlands) Spain were bastards - societies try to survive + thrive when there is an evil king, evil emporer, philosophers who challenge cultural beliefs. There is always a challenger to push either wise or imoral acts, and political corruption that strikes down ~~in~~ confidence, Isn't it no different today? People don't change. We've been like this ever since. There will never be peace in this world w/ one another in ~~the~~ the world. And thats why I hate being here on earth. I'd rather not fight amongst you, I'd rather kill you all.

who grew up in traditional educational backgrounds small minded in acceptance to more than what being taught, Not educated in a variety of subjects

and there were wars, the crusades normas vs. saxons, many brawl strike forces to gain freedom

when they owned another culture

structure of civilization

Empire restoration power and

b6 -3
b7C -3

23 cv 1488(LB) 1192

3-8-20 "LOSER"

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Once [redacted] became a loser, he can't go back. He turned into [redacted] He will [redacted] be [redacted] to "chance for better" that doesn't exsist in my world. Not w/ [redacted] around. Once you turn [redacted], you never go back. I act like I'm fine nothing will be "fixed" and doesn't exsist around him, but I'm pretty articulate in hiding personal matters from everyone, even [redacted] But is it perfect (He doesn't know shit about me) [redacted] cause I vent in this journal of mine - the only friend I have that will listen. I think about [redacted] for God sakes, I wish [redacted] cause I know if I ever pulled it off I'd be a runaway. I'd not caught. [redacted]

FUNK TX FRUMP

Narcissists don't care if good-hearted people die of COVID. Don't care about global warming w/ the polar bears. Not forest fires, killing millions of koalas and other animals. Not a venemous poisones chemical killing all the bees (which they are the main source of our fruits and crops, precious goods humans need). Not fuckin evil scumbags and terrorists. (those damn Germans & Russians) Trump is a terrorist. He's trying to run a monarchy/king ship like the 18 & 19 ODS. Its a dumbass way to go about it. He claims he has "total power" but then contradicts himself, allowing governors to make decisions. He is no president. He's a stupid criminal that steals, lies, and kills for no fuckin reason - just for his own benefit. I don't respect criminals like that. There is no strategics for his ways and comments towards reporters - blames news when he is the awful news. Why society I hate is worse, I think it be [redacted] historical to assassinate trump, cause at least I wouldn't be a stupid criminal.

FAGGOT. IS. THE. WORST 3-15-20

Toxicity at its worst. Same old drama sissy shit from [redacted] SO DRAMATIC. [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

(1) [redacted]

burning with hate ↓ in my brain I say. Faggot. Faggot. FAGGOT.. under my breath where no one hears but the Devil & God. He weeps. Devil laughs at my vulnerability - only to make the boiling pot of hate inside me ~~[redacted]~~ heat more to think of killing more... When will I ever get away from him?

3-17-20 KILL.. NOT KILL

I think of planning a shooting. I think of ARs and rifle guns. I think of killing ignorant people and a school that deserves to burn. I think about violence a lot. other times I'm real sad and angry. I hate that [redacted]

all the faggot ways and natures he does

[redacted] Money isn't everything. I don't give a shit [redacted] why is it that [redacted] hesitated not about me? What's the big deal? So I got a car. Yeah, I am greatful [redacted] Full of shit.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I look at a problem, not a person. Just a monster waiting for me to snap me into a rage fit to hit my fists and slam doors. Why do people change? It makes no sense. Over a shitty job, over a faggot rat-ass BF. Over situations or a person devoted. Why give your life to someone and I don't know w/ the Fuck it is.

"Stuck in Dreamland" 3-15-20 "The Lonley Faggot"

Not a flashed at while hero chick like me

Why is it that I am the lonley faggot left out of having any extent of a love life? To have any affection? No love, no closeness of touch cause no one wants to feel me like that. I mean by "no one" as no black woman of my dreams. "No one" is not labeled as "just anyone" I'm not looking for a regular dykie bitch - not white + emo like my own ass. No. Not depressed like me. Not autistic + isolative like me. I want a girl who has a caring heart but has a lot of personality that carries a lot of heart along with it, all packaged in deluxe unconditionally selfless love. A girl beyond average or typical - has Real Personality so strong that is immune to ~~sameness~~ changes dynamic in heart - who stays the same and who would truley love me for who I really am. I know I won't find her on Facebook. Not dating apps. Not the gym or school. I can only invision her in my dreams loving on me because I already found her. Two she's I love ever so but hate my trenching pain of war about it. Another parellel of cream state, they treat me desirably to what I wish + wish that be true. Then when I awake, my mind lingers on the dreams because its as "close" to thier love I can reach out and actualy touch - real + physical, but its another world that seems to last like I've been asleep for months. I wake up my eyes + head heavy, while my heart pulls down most of the weight. Cause as soon as my day begins, new lonliness lingers on like my thoughts + I are all I have when it comes to intimacy. The horse world of mine I live in - my dream girl loves her girl. I poison myself to her love life I glimpse at in social media realms. I bomb sell myself cause it only makes me feel worse in heart break, and in jealosy. My ex best friend having videos w/ kids she didn't even give birth to and a "man" that totally reversed her self image just like all the other woman who need therapy

no one wants to kiss me or hug me w/ intimate passion and I've both could feel it.

* 3-15-20 *

She picks a rat of the street. A fillthy rat just like so typical to all the bitches who are uncomfortably straight to me showing sex tape pictures to thier babes w/ fat as so big its embarrasing to look at - even in my own privacy. I hate couples holding hands. I hate seeing couples make out or cuddle against each other on the couch. And I HATE men grabbing thier ~~the~~ girls ass and feeling it - in PUBLIC. And Jesus Christ. I might have head my first sex noises in real life. not in movies or TV. And God Damn I chose the hotel room apartment suite where I hear female ~~[illegible]~~ soft ~~[illegible]~~ signs and men aggressive grunts RIGHT next to my bed. A couple having sex next door to me - I swear to God I know its true I can't even have the courage to explain the weird noises and switch rooms. I just feel so uncomfortable by all these visual - so severly encounter uncomfortable towards lovebirds because they are in a totally different mind state and realm I've never exibited in my own experience, these romance tours diminish and rust my value and worth. But I shouldn't define it to all of you who make me sick or broke my heart. I know I am worth more. But you have never ~~[illegible]~~ proven that to me.

what the fuck?! like I'll ever have sex or if I'm not akward like most antistic kids would be most all virgins still living at this parents house at 30.

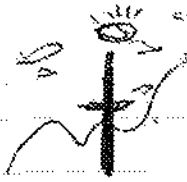
ments that off counter my stability to function a happy place

3-17-20

To Kill, or not to Kill.. A part of me wants to end an epiphany of monsterness waiting to snarl out - to end my life w/ another tradjedy like corona virus or the Washville Tornado. Take lives at Creswell cause I am not rasict. Black people who are racist hate me, but I can't hate a race b/c of it. I just hate Society in the U.S. who are so full of themselves, selfish people who give thier life to jobs, career, relationship like ove last forever when it DOESNT, thier house or investments.. why not devote to something that would make people think, like why I'd do what I'a do. School shooting. the worst in the U.S.. would eyes open? or they just are all hypocrites like Christians? (disguised as ?)

in my cave lagoon caccon of evolving state of darkness

hard & long about?



"TO KILL, OR NOT TO KILL"

then another half of me wants to stop focusing on all my deppressed thoughts, stop being wasteful in my passing time concerned over negetive shit in my life that will never improve for the better. Only I can improve myself. I want to have an income, independance, and not live with parents like other kids with autism like me have to do. I am ignored for my defects, no why not prove it to them? It be more of an infamous legend to die a bad guy than good. I look like a good guy but I'm really not. I think alot of evil thoughts and admire the rightful school shooters before me, like Erick Dylan. I think its alot harder to prove my worth to those girls who don't think I'm worth it in thier life, like it never mattered to be in life once. To prove I am capable and rise beyond my dissabilities. Thus in life don't love you more no matter what you do to improve and make progress in life, no matter how slow or fast. Its better, much better to have people fear you than love you. I don't feel appreciated by most "friends" in my book. Love gives you nothing. Love is a lie and a traitor. They say they'll stay w/ you forever + then turn backs like all bitches to over mens affection. I hate intimacy. I'll never have it, so I might as well brake hearts + kill innocence, be feared because I am known by my ultimate power behind the vile assault. I know I want get love back by the girls I love, so might as well look into the eyes of fear and pure horror, that make my face + spine tingle more w/ exilleration, that make me want to chant in excitment. To be loved or to be powerful? my scope of looking at it is a slinky, both halfs I want. But which one do I want more. to live or to die?

To live a life unacknowleged, or to kill and forced to be unforgotten??...

good is over rated Evil concerns people. people only brain

people that hate you till kingdom come tanks and stuffs when a people love what you do? None in my life

then selves for all the little "good" things they done since

people don't act nice to me

Thus in life don't

b/c they don't find it relatable

But people know death

I feel to become powerful is possible

To be loved is not my reality

b/c of two sides of me

"YOU ARE NOT GENUINE" (3·20·20)

(The sister I once knew is Dead.) XXX

I hate you. I really mean it. You are so different it kills me. I don't even know who you are. Why are posting stories on your instagram feed 2 twice a day? You make no sence to me. You need serious therapy, for how unstable you are. three ~~years go by and~~ you don't know who I am, what ~~real~~ ages pain feels like? YOU DONT KNOW!! You are super ignorant, thinking you can blow out all the caring + genuine people in your life who remain faithful - then call YOURSELF GENUINE?? !! BITCH you are so STUPID!! Can you not be aware how you treat others, even the publicity you show to all your fake friends and [redacted] You body shot ass and do those same stupid-ass fliters to glossen your looks up and life. Why would you tell yourself life has been good to you? the bevil is laughing at you and God is weeping. Maggots, parasites, and demons infected your heart - all bevil spets. You turned so swicked in ignoring schemes and pride in things that aren't worth yours. You deserve better, but its what you think you deserve, only to change you completley? Reject even [redacted] to only turn into a loveless rebel. Your epiphany sounds like a Bible parable - like gods own disciples denying God 3 times + turn thier back from them or the angel that wanted ~~[illegible]~~ be as perfect as Jesus - He is bevil + kicked out. I guess I can say, no. I KNOW I can confirm you are dead to me. You are so dead and gone I've been in grief for so long. ~~Long I can't even~~ an intimaty consider. More like the rest of my life w/o a big sister. I should have never looked up to you, only to have my heart broken.

they all have you and your stupid car and that stupid money and [redacted]

stripped blind of how unworthy you are and how UNLOYAL you rep. yourself

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

"You are not genuine" (3.20.20)

You threw my heart away like you didn't need it anymore, and you only reserve your heart [redacted] and call it "unconditional love" yet [redacted] doesn't know that. [redacted] were can't [redacted] and [redacted] because thier so focused on themselves. How can you love [redacted] to look after if you treat [redacted] people who [redacted] w/ such unloyalty and abandonment the way you treated me- call me family then dump me like I'm a beaten cat in the humane shelter waiting for my death row. I hate you for all that you do. I hate the person you have become, But I will get back at you. You will feel my wrath and its about time you know what real pain feels like. If your going to abandon me and loose you, it just proves what failures humans are towards loving & caring to ~~family~~ because people like you are so selfish. b6 -8 b7C -8

You used to be thoughtful, fun, loving, caring. Now you are no fun, toxic, self-absorbed, ungenuine, fake, worthless, pathetic, full of a stuffed bitch. You're just another heartless girl who rejected all guidance, so I guess your sisters model their older sisters. I am a rebel too, since I want to turn into a bad guy- corrupted by vengence to kill. Call me monster, one-winged Genesis, but this is no fantasy. Your reality you deserve is ultimate pain loss, and WW1 suffering you couldhave never known. I am going to come and get [redacted] one of these days. Once I get more out of [redacted] I'm going to kill [redacted] and all those little fuckin kids at Creswell. Then you will come to terms in my LOVELESS life of only seeking power to take over all who I hate and forever deserve the worst possible punishment they can receive. Enjoy your life while you can [redacted] It won't last forever.

"You won't Be Ready..." (3-22-20)

A live video last night. You put on instagram. Bitch, you are so stupid. So FUCKIN LAME. I can't stand your act these days. There you were, at [redacted] with your little dog and saying "I'm bored." Bitch seriously?? You really want to waste your night like that and give an impression your sweet and kindhearted just b/c you love on your dog. That's your little babe. You'd do anything for it, and you should. But you should ALSO be loyal TO ME. You owe me you self-sentered bitch. You OWE ME I swear to God.. I don't give a fuck if your bored. I dont give a shit!! Who fuckin cares!!? Be thoughtful and call your loyal friends back from chatt State that last year bitch. Call me back bitch, but NOOOO. Your just gunna promote yourself in the mirror body shots to post on instagram and doing all these instagram videos like "a day in the life of [redacted] More like in my worldview of "life in a day of a fake friend" I FUCKING HATE YOU FOR ALL YOU DO!! All the time you spend trying to look like your the baddest bitch yet, sure my be attractive outwardly, but I'm not attracted to your super thick ass too big. Cause your heart - NOT ATTRACTIVE. Its dead. Gone. Graveyard buried, just like you buried our friendship. My life was a funeral. I was sad all the time. So hurt and squeezed the love out of me by the Devil and my demons.. by leaving me and you ignore me, pretend we didn't go through anything together, that I didn't pull my weight up for you and tried to hold you in my arms - OPEN ARMS in comfort. If your done being loyal and true, I'm through w/ you. I'm sick of you. Your not good for my health + I know it. Not good for my sensetive soul, shell-shoked terror-filled soul of wars I have been through you'd never know. No fucking way.

b6 -3
b7C -3

make yourself useless

Wollguess what bitch, your future doesn't look pretty. Your in trouble nor does your heart

outward looks aren't everything you just flurtate perfumes to all cause you want to cover up your insecuries not feeling that pretty

b6 -8
b7C -8

yet remembered as artificial sacrifice

"YOU WON'T BE READY" (3·22-20)

You are so dead [redacted] .. your life is going to take a drastic turn. the day I leave home. I mean it, THE DAY I MOVE OUT, the beggining of my terrors towards cast out on you and the end of my life for me. You will get what you rightfully deserve. You deserve whats most precious to you. what I got taken away from me and the hurt I had baggeged as a infected wound that changed me into a diverted deep seeded more pitch black dorkness... You will feel what I felt. You will feel my wrath and my vengence, once I commited an oath on my life to behalf of my rifle and the bevil. I will kill everything, destroy what you love most. I am blaming you for how my hatred for society came about, because your just like everyone else - typicall, ungeniune, unkind, UNLOYAL!! inconsiderate bastards! Society - all of that group, no matter race, color, background. All of you deserve to die!! Wiped from the face of the earth. Cause there is someone out there who is more sinister, more evil to kill millions, begin the next civil War, start a new savage massacre spree of Revolution or set an atomic bomb like the Nazis or terrorists FSFS + blow up the earth wiping away all you worthless bastards and keep all the angels, disciples, and African people safe guared by Gods special shield of guadian soldiers in heaven, eventualy, everyone will die.

AS for you, you are on the death list. You will die eventually. the beauty of death is that its snake vipers will bite at any time, minute, hour, day, week, month, year. Your new beggining of time: Eve who ate the apple. Sin you are stained with - just like me. You will soon be welcomed to the new creation of my new world I will civilize once I become civilized in my home of infinate, permenant solitude

and the school of crewell

to be completley abliterated and gone forever

and was born out of the worms from my demon

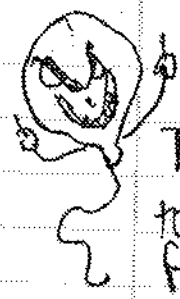
Kind-natured hearts

you are too weak to witness what I will give to you. this time, not kindness

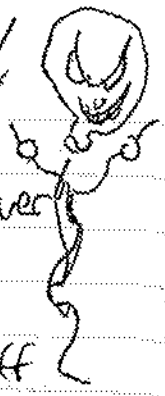
b6 -8
b7C -8

to slash away my compassion towards you how un com [illegible] like the french Rev. back in 1800's

my pure aloneness will threaten your life, and you won't be ready



HAPPY-B-D to me Bitch - I HATE YOU!!!



(3-24-20)

I have so much hate for you. You are the worst friend ever to be in my book. Not in my life of course, haha, your a fake you ungenuine bitch. ~~[illegible]~~ I'm resenting you more and more everyday for you not doing shit but stuff that only makes you feel good. Go ahead, drive in your fancy upgraded car w/ money [redacted] gave you. Go ahead and cuddle + stroke your dog like you stroke [redacted] and pretend you're so "the shit" when really your an unstable, imbalanced bitch who need proffesional psychiatric help. My hate is only building and building for this new you that has fucked me up in the past. But look here, you keep putting up this arrogant-self-sentered act on social media shit, you'll only be hurting yourself because I will get back at you... one of these days. I can't wait to [redacted] Cause at the end, I will be so powerful and strong that you won't do anything to stop me. My hate is growing and thriving as a steel, gold bullet w/ your name on it. No one could destroy it, not even God. Its unbreakable, just like me who's been through too many vallys of darkness.

b6 -8
b7C -8

can't tell if we paw each other last year or later you bumy bitch

I'm 25 today. Do you know? Fuck no of course you don't!! Your slow ass can never keep up, + don't say cause time has passed by so much. If you really called yourself a "genuine" person/friend, you'd remember the 24th over the last 3-4 years of March BITCH! But you didn't! Every birthday since we stopped being ~~[illegible]~~ friends, it was fucking depressing cause your so shitty + inconsiderate - unthoughtful at most ever record of the world. But guess what? I'm glad I don't hear from you! I'm happy your out of my life today - not anymore.

so into your world you don't even acknowledge or hint like it's of no significance

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1202

"Happy B-D to me, Bitch - FUCK YOU!!!"



I'm cool and feel cool today because genuine people who remember know that. You don't, which means your a lame. Suck dick (faggot) bitch!!! Suck a lame-ass rat hole bumb faggot saggy cock like the phonie bitch you are. I'd love to see you fail and end up alone w/ nothing because you don't deserve SHIT. YOU DESERVE DEATH!! You have an unconscious life sentence to (safe fine heart break) and misery the rest of your fuckin life the day [redacted] b6 -8 b7C -8

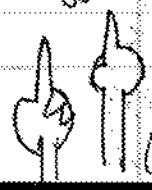
You degrade my worth and are bad for my health. I want to send you a full blown hate rant how much I dispise you, but I'm going to lay in a esguise of my hatrad untill the time comes, though I might explode before that and brake the temptation resistment if I keep on being exposed to your bullshit worthlessness. I want to hurt you BADLY I want to do indespicable evil to you. I want to RUIN your PATHETIC LIFE. Your little useless life.. I'm celebrating I am by myself and not w/ you and it feels relieving and my heart is free of toxic fumes you infatuate violently. I have a choice to concern about your health or not, whether your being bored or hype, awake asleep, living or dead I will not let it bother me any more. I'm done fucking with it and have made a commitment from this day toward. 3-24-20 is my 25th Birthday and is the best one I had yet, and that way so is that your not in it, I could care less if you care or not cause bitch you can't even take care of yourself, veiling over another shade of skin & color your clearly not, cause it's not invisible to me, you can't hide anything from me no matter how ignorant you are. Happy Birthday to me you piece of shit... (glossy plastic bitch)

after the influence you chose that changed you so differently. Anxiety you don't know what having the best is

Don't have to be sad any more and keep looking to see if you call me back cuz you never will, but I'm ok now

Being alone on this day has never been this consent.

I don't have to fuck w/ you that's why.



GOOD LUCK IN THE FUTURE BITCH!! FUCK U!

(I hope your birthdays in this future ahead are as depressing as mine

[funeral day - wear black]

The Passion of the Christ 4-2-20



Jesus died for my sins. That is something and someone greatly most deserved to love, JESUS. I hear Satans temptations and find ways to use me for His evil will. Satan can take power over you if you turn away from God. Jesus did not forsake His father when Satan tempted him in the garden, because God protected him in his praying and ~~because~~ leaning close to Him. The Almight One who loved his son, "for he so loved the world, he gave is only son" No one living on this earth could have the ability to do that kind of thing, because everyone has sin ~~on~~ default at ~~birth~~ in the womb. the only perfect child that was born was Jesus, because He had The Holy Spirits and his Fathers heavenly word within Him to teach to His people- the people who loved him. His mother - Virgin Mary, loved Him more than anyone on earth and God knew she would bore a child in a perfect womb encrossed by her faithfullness to God. She was a heart of love & Kindness toward her ~~son~~ Son, and she wanted to die herself w/ Him as Jesus was crusified.

because we have heart problem defects and were immune to sin w/o even noticing it because it would become adaptive nature unless you repent to God and ask Him to guide you.

To be born again, you must give up living to the usual comfortable accustoms to ones sin. Total Surrender = Jesus full Will & Being to walk through Him. His thoughts, His heart, His desires, He totally Gave up His life for EVERYONE. ALL SIN in ALL GENERATIONS. Its the ~~most~~ "kind of" grace ~~that~~ that is mysteriously beautiful, because the ~~society~~ of Jeruselum & the Romans hated Him, but He loved the world, he died for his friends AND his enemies. that is TRUE LOVE Amazing grace can only be taught by Jesus

4-2-20 "Passion of the Christ"
"For God so ♡ the world..."

God is the light in our darkness. He is the only TRUE FRIEND who's always there for me even when I cannot sense presense. But faith is not dependant on outward apperance of scences & external signs. I hurt like Him, abandoned by one of His own disciples that was dear to him - Judas betrayed Jesus. No different than [redacted] who was once dear to me and betrayed me and took over power to squeeze every last drop of blood out of my once open heart in open arms. She took over my heart and took away - scourged my heart and pinned it up to my own cross to carry w/ no one holding it up but me. Second chances are hard to get from me, so first chances come at rarity because of that one dear person who turned away. I say fuck you and loving enemies is hard. I can't win that victory w/o the Heart of God. I feel I am too far gone. I have been through too much. My heart wants to give up. I am not Jesus. I can't be gracious. Not on [redacted] Not [redacted] not even society of heartless Roman - characterized people that has ignorance running through their vains. Though traits of sin are inheritable by Adem & Eve, and we endure its suffering as lamley humans, the Birth of sin came the worst death in History long ago after B.C. - Jesus beaten savagedly to death. How Jesus body looked when he hung on the cross is how my heart looks on the inside, but I am still breathing. Even if the world knocked out of me I will always fell God to forgive me, even though he weeps over me. He feels my pain, and somehow I could feel his. Never the less, he loves me. And he would never forsaken, [illegible]

scourged all my worth and importance to death. She murdered the kindness in my [illegible]

But I know I would die for my friends who have my loyalty and if God asked me to bare a death like Jesus, I would do it for his sake

She overpowers me to try again and find someone dear similar to her, but she summoned demons to gorge in my open heart & [illegible] But saved [illegible] all, good & evil, treacherous criminals

b6 -8
b7C -8

who need a tierless POWER SUPER BEING

He is the only one [illegible]

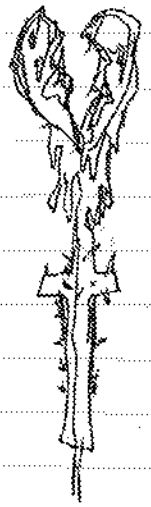
XXX

4·6·20

xxx

Some days I feel more than OK, other days I feel down... is it just my reality of rejection for the two girls I love? I think of them daily, like the feelings somehow are supressed full of wonderous awe compacted on top, then the underlayer of feelings that are hurtful ones that hurt only me - the only one that knows this complexity they refuse to understand or accept. As majestic as their hearts are for loving the ones THEY Love, the mind takes them to a portal of uncharted territory - some forien ahlenized theme that I don't have worth of counsil of comfort of them - a treasure rare of angel feathers, spirrals them to auto-conclusions immune in natural avoidances. But its human sin, human nature as all of us have our coping mechanisms. With me however, I know these girls are God's chosen ones to walk the earth a (B) miracle and a (P) disciple - God's angels, though the characteristic beyond beautiful can be terrifying because all like them have thier black wings of wicked sin untouched by the Devil. Demons, in my thoughts, in my dreams & nightmares, I believe, are as real to me in my life than angels only because I live w/demons all the time. In my house, on TV, on social media, the nerve ignorant people have that are just plain selfish. I hate that people like them are not the ones chosen by God, they are the mass of groups against God and persecute Him, though these two girls I know do not hold a burden of shamefullness, because they are followers of God and asked forgiveness of Him. I need friends like them, because I lost all my spirituality, even if the Passion of the Christ film fucked me up that whole day, God is my True Friend, yet I am of flesh who only recieves opposite of what I wish... Love of them, thier words would never truffled through my ear, their arms will never rest on my back, tears that could never be lifted by thier finger or caught by lips.

too concerned over thier little problems when greater sufferages cry out for help



4·6·20

I read 1h my Devotional today that God gives up people thrown into our day that are of no interest to us and the christian is heartless towards them by "stabbing them with ~~a~~ a bastard verse, ~~then~~ before they go about their day" Its not a thought that was pleasant, rather the same oncoming rejection from my beloved. Cause when I confessed my ultimatum of suffering, she didn't even write the verse, but up a picture like a stoic 'copy-send'. I could have thought at first she didn't know what to do, but she is a woman of God who can consil the word of God by the holy spirit because she knows the life of Jesus w/ full insight "Whenever you see the quality in a person, he is truley a man going after God's heart" (Acts 13:22) But I truly believe my beloved searched God's heart and found treasure within the effort in her spirituality. Its testimony of believers as if I was a witness to watch a blind man be healed by Jesus before He was crrusified + murdered. It goes beyond words. My heart can only admire the spirit of hers capable - willingly share her heart w/ His. She loves Jesus, truley loves Him. thats why she is an such easy attraction to my farfetched fantasies. Its cruel how I cannot enough find intimacy for Jesus - How HE transformed her ~~into~~ of a child who longed for nothing to affirmed disciple who was made to Be like Him. She's my most precious influence. that light that was once in my darkness. the sacrifice of my soul, I would give up my life for her just as Jesus did for His friends. Why is it that she cannot share Him with me? After she was my counsil of so many life lessons more than basketball! Why are my best friends either are sick all the time or dead? How is it that I feel a loosing loner that looses what I never had but refuses to gain for recovered hurt? why is it so hesitating to reach out to Jesus?? (when all else fails)

where I am of the "non-interest" catagory a useless commoner who gives an unwavering stranger presence towards my being and stranger to her own psychology she never knows of w/o such my experience

yet she did not offer what she really felt about it, nothing about God through her. It was mistakenly missed or just on purpose of choice

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4.7.20

COVID-19 can't make things worse

What does [redacted] know about work nowadays? [redacted] has been overwhelmed with work since this dumbass COVID-19 virus started. shit. I hate how [redacted] is so carefree [redacted] while [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 [redacted] I realize many are unemployed w/no jobs, but at least people with some good moral sense could make themselves useful + help people out - like the poor who barly live off groceries + bathroom/cleaning supplies. But NOOO... people are selfish - get to anxious, make dumbass decisions like buy beinging on toilet paper, where they're neighboor can't have any. I mean Jesus, does ANYONE out here concern for others problems that are much bigger than thiers thats so small and pointless to be anxious over? Big deal if you have no toliet paper!! You use fuckin kleenex! Children in Africa die of sickness and starvation, who don't think about toilet paper, they think how to save or help thier community. Those kindhearted countries have the old fasioned goddliness in them and ethnicaly endorsed promised to be Gods servant, like they were born "Children disciples of God." They are many of the character traits we don't have because the United States is a corrupted country that has a permenant contagious virus, + its worse than COVID-19. Its the SELFISH VIRUS. people like Haiti or Guatamala, other neighbor united countries don't have a corrupt king/empire or president because they have Jesus, who is the ultimate Leader and thats how they can overcome so much, and plainly put, It shows how we DONT know what real poverty or suffering IS. I haven't ~~are~~ ~~being~~ put out for the wolves to eat. I haven't had to eat dirt + bugs. My life in parts are shitty, but I don't hold that kind of trama, + I'm sure most Americans aren't (unless immigrants). So C'mon you bastards be considerate for once.

Guatamala, Haiti, poor uss countries

living the ways as the bibles ~~disciples~~ times

no education (or very little)

I don't have terrorists bombing my home or have an evil monarchy

4-10-20 COVID-19 won't make things worse

You don't need to horde no fuckin toliet paper. It won't solve your problems, no will it help others to be given the amplicable amount of resources to survive. It will only make employers and manufactorers more stressed, it will only increase ~~agricultural~~ industrial demand, and economy prices might go up over your little petty panic attacks. Just stop you fuckers. I already hate you all. This situation can't make itself worse - the virus can't. Its peoples lack of humanity that makes things worse, & the choices one makes can either be a rise benifactor or a curse to this issue.

Its people who won't listen in quarentine cause some people just waist time being bored, instead of concerning to help or encourage people who are suffering why more than them. Cause of you people I can't swing or go to the part anymore cause you dumbasses clutter the fields up. I guess you people aren't used to social distancing, cause all you party-goers or over arrogant bitches can't stand being in a house all day like me and make yourselves utterly useless. If your bored, stop saying you are and go outside at least and clear your head of all your little stupid dirhead full of little "problems". With you people, I don't need conversation. I just need my room to lock the door and go into my imaginary world as you dumb bitches keep posting dumbass videos like making up dances - like you [redacted] [redacted] Pit your lame ass down you're not legit, your USELESS. Don't make me laugh or smile. I just say "dumb bitch" or find anything beneficial to me as worthless as society you represent most in my life. You are not my beloved. She sends encouragement through her 39 news career. She loves on her dog. Her family. Her best girls. She makes herself continue to be a contributor to uplifiance, not social media insignificance & arrogant blanders.

And just how would you feel working overtime as a grocery employer, ~~[illegible]~~ or a doctor/nurse? And yet you were limited resources and added cases to the sickness cause of others senseless stupidity of making harmful choices?

b6 -8
b7C -8

4-11-20 COVID-19 & You people are worse

But ~~you~~ people / ignorant bitches like you are not the only things I hate. I hate [redacted] more than ever now. I wish and HOPE to ~~[illegible]~~ the Devil [redacted] If I could catch the virus since I actualy get out of the house [redacted] I'd love to [redacted] I wish [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I couldn't let my friends come over to my house to the life of me cause [redacted] Its just uncomfortable [redacted] Bullshit. Goddamm

ignorant

Because of you people

If only my b-ball girls could know my life and why [redacted] prevented me to have people over w/o feeling embarrest as fuck to [redacted] My life is not what it seems to those outside it. Inside my life is complicated and an atypical suffering that can't take a simple mind to comprehend. Of course, if your not white and autistic, you could never see the same way as me through these binachulars, coronavirus or not. I've been suffering, this virus makes it no different for me. Sure, I can't go to the gym. I can't go to Mckays or to school. Though those are little things. I feel for those who are poor and have financial crises and/or troubles, cause if they're job is unavailble, family member gets sick? Some families black, white, whatever race like fuck of the nessesities to survive. I don't need a lover, but I wish I had someone who'd love me, even if it makes me poor and loose my life. I don't think my beloved could ever know me even when we are apart. virus or not.

I'm afraid of people, b/c of rejection

Quarentine of rejection

my isolation is my quaentine Life for me is quentine

I can't see w/ who I love no matter what happens

cause back then [redacted] was cool but how he's lame as

9.19.20

The World has been through worse...

What has happened before our pacademic? World War I. Millions killed British and the Germans. Millions enslaved from war. the continuem of WW II. The Dust Bowl - 10 years of drought and had to find new creative ways to grow crops to survive from famine. The Holocaust led by one of the most evil leaders in History - Adolf Hitler who killed millions + millions of jews in the concentration camps because he was a rasist. Mad rascist in which to convince the Nazis to believe what he did was "morally right.

The 9/11 attacks from Asumin Muladin's terrorist group where many lives were gone forever in the ~~[illegible]~~ World Trade center. The 1992 LA Riots where black and brown people were being treated like animal cruelty, not defided seeliking freedom in equal rights by ignorance in ~~[illegible]~~ that white piece of shit judge and those emotionless police officers - where police athorties were out of control and oversiege desires of power. Natural bisasters - the earth quake in China, Hurricane Katrina, other historical devistations where mother nature let out its fieury and strength that led many homeless in New Orleans + other parts around the W.S + the world. Of course, looking back into western civilization - hailings of evil kings, the life of old times overthrow of colonies by invasions from the barbarians, and those savage Romans who killed + murdered Jesus to the Crusifix - the worst crime commited in history by the human heart of sin all a debt to pay that Jesus paid for. Slavery and Segragation - cruelty of the white race ~~and~~ by how the African Americans went through Jesus's own journey of out cast and beatings. one of the worst racial tensions ever marked in history of the deep south.

The Great Depression 1929 - economic collapse, banks broke, no jobs, sufferings of the unemployed. worst econ. turndown. (crash stock market)

The First Great War and the worst ever to have been experienced by the soldiers who were mortified by gruesome terrors in the trenches

kings who, selfish, gorged money, commited crimes, killed their own people

French revolution that had gettiness over innocent heads + bloodshed disruptive + collapsing monachies the bellions of the vance claimed "unequal" groups (eg. suffragettes)

that lead to another million lives lost and decrease of population from industrial cruelty and poverty from the industry workers

4-14-20 The World has been through worse ...

I view this pacademic as a crisis but not the worst thing that has ever happened in the world. There's been worse historical events in the past going all the way back before Christ walked the earth. thousands have died, many are unemployed, and countless others sick. I can't say it's not that bad. It definatly will be written in the history books in the future generations. Its devestating and a shame that people - good hearted ones - are dieying and, of course, our president doesn't give a shit about the American people. I believe (and can concure enough w/o much knowlege of politics) that President Trump is the main cause in how this pacademic has gone from bad to worse, more problomatic than it should be. He hates brown people. He hates all colors except white, among the white supremicists. He's a fuckin narsisist - the WORST POSSIBLE illness to have security from by being President of the United States. Any person who is not of our dumbfuck, crucially blind society can have good sence of decentcy that our President is by far the most corrupt we've had in US history. No one will forget this faggot, and the social + ethnical groups who hate him back wish to forget him, for thousands of years from now. I grew up in a time (1990's) where I was never witnessed a war or had to go through famine or terrorist attacks like in how history mapped out itself centuries ago. But I am knowlegable of these histories in the past and I think every generation should know about the tradgetties of history so a better understanding could be made about our current events of 2020. Past and Present can be linked and have a connection, and it is the sinful nature of man that can make history repeat itself by lust, greed, selfishness, and unhealthy desires to seek power over all the human race, less fortunate, the poor, the weak, the helpless. Our President is the perfect example. Instead of [illegible] of getting tests for COVID-19 and helping others who need it and are suffering, he makes it personal - its all about him, and could give a fuck - blinded of his foolish ignorance only now [illegible]

(even though terrorists still overtake certain countries like Russia, or Islam in an environment of a war zone)

4.14.20 The World could go through worse..(is it?)

Its because of this faggot we have this shitty pacademic held back. He could care less about all the economic, racial, ethnical, an social sufferings around ~~this~~ this bastard, and all he wants is kingship and entire rule over the world. In my creative perspective, he sounds like Ganandorf that broke out of prison when he was locked away by the 3 sages in Hyrule (Legend of Zelda). God is Princess Zelda, the ultimate ruler of the world ageless in wisdom and power. Trump may believe he is an infamous god, but he is so little and punily insignificant/powerless. There is nothing capable in ~~his~~ Trumps fucked up mind to demonstrate leadership to the heated Republicas or American people who ~~[illegible]~~ are excluded from ignorant society - the selfishness to get others sick by breaking temporary laws, making themselves pitifully useless, seemingly focusing on themselves and oblivious to core of thier own families, that family is above all other material possessions + inmaterialistic idols. Those apart - doing even a small act of humanity, like staying the fuck home would suffice as ~~[illegible]~~ decentcy to God of His judgment. But I think most people in this world DON'T deserve to live. I think ~~[illegible]~~ if I had the power to eliminate the useless pathetic ignorance groups in the world it be millions, if I could scan through them, which would be easy. I can only think of specific thousands of people I would save that would only make the world better (~~[illegible]~~ like whypocrite Christians + disciples) and hender close attention to ones sins, Every body else I would explode on + wipe out or at least with acceptable moral standards would pass. Under God's Judgement, we all deserve death. That's why he sent Jesus to save us from that. It just makes me wonder why no one has assasinated Trump? He deserves ultimate death right now. I just wish it was me to kill him.

like Ganandorfs blindness to obsession of power.

too absorbed and stoic in social media of self-attraction

Its like parts of Trumps actions are melded w/ certain people and point them out just as easily

b6 -8
b7C -8

4·19·20 UGLY STENCH, [redacted]

① There is a ugly stench that I smell each day. That musty basement-type mildew smell that reeks up our disoriented home. Paint pieces, broken window in the laundry room. Giant hole just outside the my room on the cieling. Creeky floors [redacted] - Birds lay it its next but they aren't singing. [redacted] give me no joy, only roller coaster anxiety. It swings up so high then shoots down like a rocket plummiting only to crash. I can't help but [redacted] in stressful tone every time with [redacted] too strong sharp a smell I hate. I can't enhale it. I have to hold my breath. I didn't know [redacted] What the fuck [redacted] am? It Goddam stinks. [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

x LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE x4·22·20x b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8

An illness [redacted] didn't ask for [redacted]

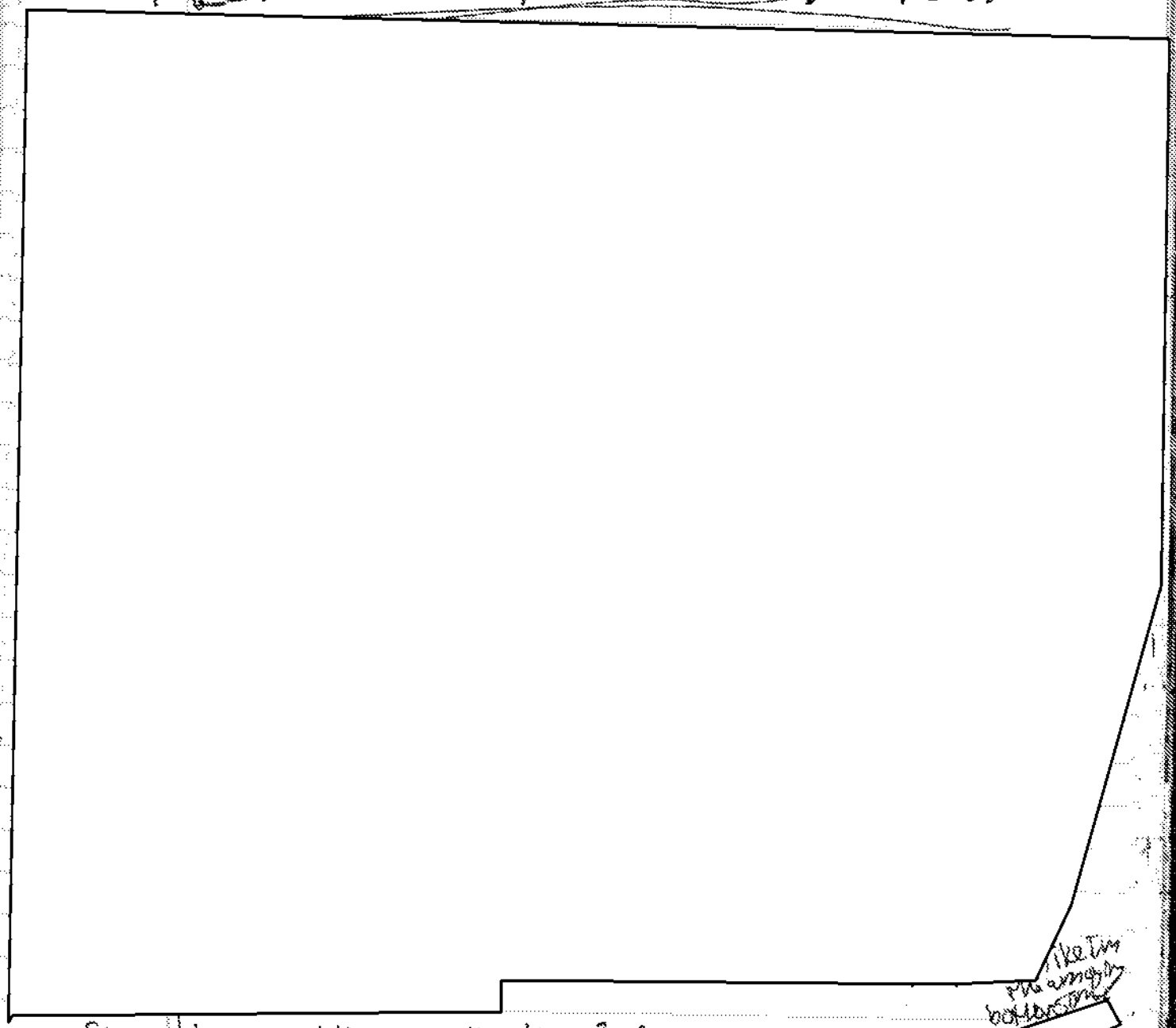
[redacted]

[redacted]

[

X LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE X 4.22.20

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



[redacted]

So could you not know another thing? Of course you don't know how you [redacted] sending me facebook messenger attachments everyday. Its getting fucking annoying. I dont give a fuck, Pause anywhey its uncool [redacted] sending you shit all the time. But thats just me. I have [redacted] sending me more messeges than my own friends would send in a few years or some shit like that. And thats fucking depressing. But at least I can ignore and pay no mind, just like bitches I reach out to and ignore me back, [illegible] just like [illegible] alone. I am tierd of you people. LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE XXX

like I'm the annoying bottom [illegible]

(1)

Pokémon Tips

Pokémon Pearl / Pokémon Diamond / Pokémon Platinum:

A.) Teach False Swipe (TM 54) to Normal/Flying type pokémon. can also be taught to bug/ground type pokemon.

1.) 005 Leavanny (grass/bug type)
2.) 006 Gallade (psychic/fighting type)
3.) 007 Zangoose (Normal)
4.) 008 Scyther & Scizor (bug/flying type
5.) • Grovyle or Sceptile (grass type)
6.) • Cubone or Marowak (ground type)
7.) • Far-etch'd (normal/flying) type
8.) • Nincada (bug/ground type)

* False swipe gives the foe wild pokémon left w/ 1 HP

B.) Weaknesses / types:

Types: (pokémon may have more than 1 type),

1.) Ground ✓
2.) Psychic ✓
3.) Fighting ✓
4.) Ice ✓
5.) Water ✓
6.) Lightning ✓
7.) Fire ✓
8.) Dragon ✓
9.) Grass ✓
10.) Bug / Grass
11.) Flying / Bug
12.) Normal / Flying
13.) Rock
14.) Fire / Ground
15.) Grass / Dark
16.) Dark ✓
17.) Bug ✓
18.) Steel ✓
19.) Fairy ✓
20.) Poison ✓
21.) Poison / Ground
22.) Dark-Flying
23.) Fire / Fighting
24.) Ghost ✓
25.) Fire / Flying
26.) Steel / Psychic
27.) Flying ✓
28.) Normal ✓
29.) Water / Ice

1 - Demension Bitches

I don't give a fuck if any one of you are ~~bad~~ bored unless I love you. You may annoy me even if I do. House living is ongoing for months because of this killer virus where immunity does not exist. To all of you one-demensional bitches who are so full of themselves - introvert or extrovert, I HATE YOU ALL. You people are the ones who make me sick, cause I'm not sick staying home. I'm 2-demensional. 3-demensional, even if I lived in a space port in outer space so I could be away from all of you. That would be enjoyed. Cause you rambling bitches won't shut the fuck up saying how bored you are. Eat shit and die if you hate it like that! or at least... don't say shit and enjoy the fresh air so you can release and maybe learn to let go of your little "pity problems". But good luck with that society hates isolation after all, people like you right? Well, not me. You people are weak as fuck, you 1-demensionals that is - you don't know the first thing about isolation. Not one bit. If you don't like it, you odviously don't like to be around me, because I honed my craft in mastering isolation. It comes naturally, it came naturally - and friends don't exist here (not people). Only my imaginary stuffed animal friends, + my video games. Do you recognize them? Surley you don't. It doesn't intrest you. I am not intrest to you, but you people don't interest me either. Uncreative, unthoughtful bunch of slug shits. I am above all of you and give you the finger that explains - never fucked w/ me before, not now, not ever. I HATE YOU. ALL. Heres why. Let me explain. 1-demensionals like you need connection on the daily and round up gang your friends weekly. Out in social realm is out there where all has shut down. Very little adventures at home you were able to explore, so therefore your stuck in lardom land. You limit yourselves, don't blame the virus. Its your fault fuckers. 2-Demensionals like me are above you. I can perform the same routine of working out playing poke mon, drawing, watch cartoons + movies every day of the month + never be bored. Because I do those things alone. I adventured myself indoors already. My room is my safty + security. And yet I feel no different before virus. I have same deppression that is my reality, not being "away from friends" → temporary regression I never do social shit or see friends. Thats why I'm unbothered. And yet I don't feel sorry for any of you who need that social places live style. Thats what I hate or don't like so it must mean I don't like you. Dumb bitches... I can still have fun whenever.

7th grade Buddies - My homies that helped me at Creswell

[redacted]. hear me out you guys. It's my fault I forgot how loving & accepting all of you are. I can lean onto more diversity, daily re-discovering now. God is my shoulder, yet my tears still fall. You looked for me [redacted]... someone that was is fun-loving by nature - a soul that I can laugh with still if I could. Down to earth cool like a spring breeze to lift me off my feet a little & feel better about life. [redacted], your goofiness was a soul that was always cracking the joke stunts with your right hand [redacted]. You two gave me happy memories at Creswell [redacted] with your laugh in a tigerness kind of cheer, [redacted] with your Edward Scissorhands impression and that unique sence of humor wacky, goofy, easily authentic combine that a mixture to be lovable at end point of focus. [redacted] with phrases & reactions to [redacted] being the goofball make you attractable because you connect with humor so familiarly like where sometimes you ran the show, sometimes [redacted], but you identified with the comicality of kiddom. Always laughing too, commenting in a smart ass way to keep the show alive. But it wasn't a bully show. Even the girls that were mean to me, you laughed with them too, even if I didn't think they were funny. It wasn't all encompassing inacceptance like yours and my homies. [redacted], although you were quiet like me, I loved being at your house playing videogames and being nerds drawing anime & watching "Chocolate Rain" lyrics on youtube. I didn't know what hanging out was just because I was uncotortable w/ the idea. I didn't have to fear being judged. Thanks for all the sleepovers and how great of a friend you were, better than I was & could ever be in return to you. [redacted] you were one of my best pals too. Us and our walking, us singing "I can ride my bike, w/ no handle bars". When you had your head studied in twilight books, But hey, you were so cool to me, even if at times we didn't all seem eye to eye. I want all of you to know you were [redacted] my best 7th grade buddies, I cherish your lives dearly, [redacted] (Sorry) I left you out. thanks for letting me be myself & not have to be afraid being different - that I am cool & no one to tell me different.

b6 -3
b7C -3

(buddies)
My New buddy 8th grade (from Creswell that was so hard for me)

[redacted] - I loved you both. You always made such funny jokes and voice imitations of M.I.A. paper planes + Nicki Manaj lines. Even imitate my shy voice, the remarks you too made was double the fun because even though you had your differences in personality, both of you coherently matched humor tones + passed them back + forth like a coordinated-style basket ball team - but w/ [redacted] or some shit. Although you did laugh AT me sometimes, like when I tried to bounce-slam a basketball in the hoop during gym but it hit me in the face instead. Maybe a little bit of Americas got comedy in you, especially you [redacted] think its funny seeing people hurt on careless stunts. But I'm cool w/ it now you guys were just being you. Thank you for being my friend, [redacted]. You were one of the coolest yougins under me. You were new my last year + you desired to feel welcomed. I am happy to know I was able to help you. It makes me feel better about myself and how I felt day to day at creswell - helpless + scared nervous all the time, b6 -3 b7C -3 sometimes lonley or felt left out (no ones fault, just feelings) the yucky bad ones. You made me feel cool, like my 7th grade buds + even the ones from sports I looked up to so much. That made you special from the get-go, like I've just met but we just clicked. I feel, but I'm certain, those happenings aren't just coincidences. I don't think any moments like that are. I'm glad I could be a friend to you + not a bully. I remember the raps you used to freestyle at gym and us sitting together in art class. I never really thought about it much (much more now as I am an adult) that although I had hard times at Creswell that all felt unbearable + uncontrollable to hold back tears, you made my days brighter and carried the sunshine with you + hung it right in my dark sky. It means something more than ever. As much as missed the 8th graders that left on my b-ball team ([redacted] Syd [redacted] rection somehow the sunlight came to me approached a different but the same warm feeling that made me feel better (like I got from the oldies) Thank you. All of you. ♡ I hope you stay the same in spirit + change for no one only to better yourself. Thanks for never forgetting me ♡

5·6·20

"BAD TO WORSE CHANGE"

b6 -8
b7C -8

Maybe some things will never change for the better. The bad things only change from bad to worse. Its in almost every area of my fucking life - at least most things. A collection of parts in my life I bitterly hate. I hate my past I created thats frozen in time. I can't go back + change that. I can't fast forward time to what my life is like as I grow older, but its not a VHS tape, though my life is a movie; like depressive dark parts, clouds of tears, fist clenching parts, lows (highs at times), then all the peak moments crash + burn into flames as I bury my hopes + dreams. I hoped to win my beloved hearts, but I couldn't. I dreamed to be apart of my love's life. I can't. I hoped to end my life with a mass killing to either myself or towards people I hate. It got held off by some vicious virus to kill people instead of me. I hate that like a bitch as pussy. Most of all, I hoped to be a boy, but I can't. I hate that to the core of killing myself in return. I could have said I hate myself, but I don't anymore, because I am above most of you people who are so worried about your little problems w/ no wifi or bored, or having no phone, or have nothing to do, or make yourselves come unmoveable as vegtables in solitary unselessness. I could agree that hurt people hurt people as bullies do, but no matter what they deal w/ in life, they have no excuse to "better" themselves only to make the vunerable worse, throw + kick dirt in my face to make themselves feel better. I could never forgive those bitches, they know who they are. I'm sorry if their lives were shit or a coping mechanism or treated like shit uncared for undisciplined outside school, just a internal self-conscious shame. But I didn't judge them back. They pretend to hate me. But they still had a choice. If they had a heart, a loving one, they would have known better by conscience. I used to be a kid that lored + and not mean to harm anything. But since those of you who hurt me, even if not on purpose (or for a personal purpose) - you changed me in some way, simultaneously like really fucked me up. Cause I have hate in my heart + now I am reflected on my childhood as an adult. Share no room for new people. No fucking way. I carry the dear ones of my past I love in my heart as an oath to death to us part when I die. For those I hate, I hope all of you suffer as much as me. thats one hope I'm keeping alive + haven't burned.

I dream to be a man/boy instead of a girl. I can't b/c of my parents consist or have someone [illegible] them the way

5.6.20 "BAD TO WORSE CHANGE"

[redacted] will keep being [redacted] COVID or not. My ex-~~bo~~ false best friend will keep being selfish + shallow in heart. My love's of my life will continue to ignore me. People who didn't care for me as a kid + say they love me will never ~~o~~ feel that way. I could never believe it. Even if it makes me feel good in the moment, I still find ways to doubt or question their ability to be there for me. I hate that people rely on social media and their social status too much and that isolation is the root of all evil, + that its so "scary" when its really the opposite + why the world has become so careless + thoughtless towards everyone, + none of them grow in character + recieve any underlining surface of meaning through isolation to grow + loosen the ends w/ depending on someone else or other idols. I was alone in my suffering. I shared it w/ other sufferers who crossed paths w/me, but I overcame w/ just me. NO ONE beside me who claimed they'd look out for me + be there. NO ONE OF THEM CAME. That doesn't make me a failure in the friendship, its their fault. THEY are guilty. I realize its not me, its them, + I hate them for it. My new best friend [redacted] will always be sick and never seems to get better - only rotating in a world of constant grief that I ~~[illegible]~~ live in, just a different part. not loosing physical loss but mental loss - other Our negative isolation only makes us repel more and more as we plunge deeper into that axiety + loss. I hate that because we are constant + endless suffereres who don't know a thing about freedom, joy, or happiness, we have to have no memories but ones from the past. Very little ~~good~~ bubble moments of happy laughter times we exeriencedd, + I know there could be much more than there is, but it just can't. Her life seems to be in darkness and the time zone ~~is~~ stays in darkness, unsafe for me, emity of a challenge to witness light but might scare her to death. I've been in that world before; I'd join her + go back to that ~~[illegible]~~ unparellell place just for her sake. I hope to relate more, a more a reason to end my life [redacted] that I hate so much. I'm sick of all these areas in my life that I have shared. I take nothing back and I will not change for anyone. I just became evil from my shitty situations. + how fucked up people can be towards the helpless I don't want my wisdom I've gained, rather exchange it for power so my psychological disorered problems no longer make me shell out in weakness. I don't live a real life. I live in solitude timless age.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I ignorance to the root of all evil

temptingly forces kill them inside until they are a totally diff. person

only to realize

5-12-20

(True) Friends on my side

[redacted]

Those I felt close to in psych hospitals + Renfrew

[redacted] (gamer bro)

[redacted] ♡

Stewie (non-human)

my stuffed animals

God + Jesus

[redacted] (cool gal)

Cresswell buds (few)

who's not on my side (not interested in me)

[redacted]

[redacted] (definatly you bitch)

[redacted]

Bitches who pretend thier my friend but really aren't

bullies of my past (pretend they didn't do shit to me)

those who pretend they care

people I hate (refuse to say who)

the Devil

new people I can't make room for

[redacted] (bully to a collection of weird kids like me)

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

You know what I hate? I ~~used~~ ask to be friends on facebook with [redacted] and what do they do? REJECTION. I'm like a basketball smacked in the face when ever I try to win someone over. Call me a loser when it comes to trying to be with those that are over-the-top for out of my league + could not anyone can fuck with em. I love them, they say they love me, but is it really true? I keep telling myself they don't, + maybe deep down they tell themselves they do when they are in denial under the surface. It's the same with bullies who fight against the ~~in~~vulnerable, but really hide under the surface of what is a demon they have who is vicious to them - their bully in themselves. To bully for many highly insecure kids is a coping mechanism, ~~like~~ as well mine, is to hate as a way to make me feel powerful instead of be a useless sadsack chump. OTHER people that didn't even have any fuckin history like I did w/ [redacted] THEIR requests get accepted + I save ME OUT? It's just cruel, as if they forget who they used to know. It's quite shitty that feeling [redacted]. I don't know if you feel this kind of rejection, but I feel left out as fuck. All the more at the same time, other girls on the team who didn't even have nothing to do w/ me request. WTF is that? I don't fucking know. this shit wears me down to the core of my

5·24·20

I hate people so goddam much sometimes, like how I get angry and hateful towards [redacted] illness - it is demon. I go to my favorite spot Christ the King to shoot hoops and what do I see? A fuckin church service outside. First of all, what dumbfuck thought of having a group gathering in the middle of the pandemic. I try to mind my own fuckin buisness, not bothering them n shit and then this shaggy blonde granny bitch comes up to me forking me to leave. Fuck you bitch and all your little Christian hypocrite friends. Fuck all of you who are not smart enough to do church in your fuckin homes. Ever heard of the internet + listen to a sermon there? Odviosly not because you people think you know better when you really don't. You dumbfuck faggots should stop being snoddy and arrogant thinking your so "moving" having church outside. I think its stupid cause who knows how many people would be affected by COVID? But you idiots don't think of that. Even if you did it w/o a pandemic at least your inside where I don't have to be told how to do things + stop me doing from what the fuck I want. You people are not worthy, nor are you smart thinkers. I hate all of you church enthusiasts.

b6 -8
b7C -8

X 5·28·20 X

This world is so selfish + ignorant - America. I hate American societies who are too stubborn + ignorant to do what they are told to do to keep people safe. Our President is the antadote of society - full of lies people tell others + themselves that "all is well" and "its not a big deal" as the impallicable notion they validate. I validate NOONE for making careless descisions over bordom or too weeck or social to not see their friends or family. Everyones hyperactive nervousness is underdeveloped, cause America doesn't know WWI or II like Germany, Russia or other countries. The other side of us is full of poverty, slavery, bastardized democracy, + terrorism. They live in anamolies + abnormal chaos everyday. You fuckers don't know shit. We have Guatamalins + Africans living in houses full of sticks + sitting on dirt. If you cant think of them, could you at least think of a decent good citizen not of people like you? FUCK NO. Rather do what you want, until everyone gets sick + die.

what don't sacrifice over what they want

- deteriorating + vulnerable soul. Just more a reason to hate more + reserve my soul itself.

5.30.18

I keep saying a hate [redacted], but there are some in-between moments where I feel sad. [redacted] I hated my [redacted] and I hide [redacted] cause its all cause of them [redacted] This poison curse passed on to [redacted] + pretty much everyone else [redacted] I learned to hate them who couldn't help being evil. [redacted] It doesn't surprise me I have evil inside me cause I'm different and the world is against me + not beside me when it comes to mental illness.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

People stress with economical issues, racial problems, and to the extent of a matter, but do people feel sorry for the Autistic kids or Depression kids like me? NO!! cause they either ignorantly label us as emo's, overthinkers, or chronic killers who go out + shoot up churches, gay bars, + schools. Some do have evil genetics in them + their brains too fucked to be stable. Stable isn't a word cause reality its all hell in them break loose that unleashes from mental fragmented form (mind) to physical form - the crimes, ignorant small minded fucks think gun violence is an issue, but really its those severe who need help + can't be safe on their own. Some need to be locked up, but those on the lighter end still can be a threat, even me. But everyone when estimates my power to kill. Its been maturing in me for these last couple of years.

Mental Illness ~ A misinterpretatively mystery to Ignorant Society

Don't get me wrong some mentally ill people, many of them impulsively kill, + to me that's worthless. Those fuckers are ment to be prosecuted. Natural dumbfucks a life given, not asked for. Cause no one will remember that dumb shit they pulled off at the mini mart or gas station. I can't say I hate them, cause after all they suffered, but no one cared, cause its a complicated subject packed with a matrix list of disorderes that you never thought existed, yet it fits perfectly w/ society - that we shouldn't exist and don't need the energy or money wasted to be helped + cared for, and I can only think of one place and my friends who were able to recieve that with passionate kindness ~ Vanderbuilt mental Hospital.

The fucked thing about it is no one knows a whole lot about it cause its surfaced over w/ artificial statements that mentally ill people are "bad" or "monsters". The exploration to know is not something a normal person could be comfortable with or was completley unfamiliar with it - they simply don't have it, so it could only be interpreted correctly in its within the own madmind state of the patient sufferer or the mental heath professional. Everyone else is full of shit, too passive, or just simply don't care. No wonder I am rejected + misunderstood all the time + I only feel my ED therepists understand my psych laboratory of chemical disfunctions in thought + behavior, + they are the only ones who need to. I can feel free to vent my hatred and my anger issues towards those I strongly resent + bitter towards, [redacted] read the next chapter [redacted] and mine. People suck in the world + don't admit the world's gone out of control. They don't think what they do is evil if the compare the guy next to them, who's a bist or a mercenus cereal but they miss one fucking killer thing that's as big as an eyesore - my world is out of control - I'M MY MIND. Its MENTAL HELL I suffer. I will only feel true satisfaction if I let out my "all hell brake loose" + pull the trigger and watch the blood explode

b6 -8
b7C -8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1226

The world would be better if:

- Animals could go unextinct + not hurt by humans from urbanization, pollution, or hunting
- If abondonment was against the law (and neglect)
- There was not an ignorant American society
- If racism ceased to exist (black people were treated equal)
- Shallow people never existed. Shallow people drawn in by superficial fears
- People who don't give a shit about being there truley for their friends
- If people weren't so greedy and desires to act on their own interest even if it could hurt someone else
- Animal abusers - I hate all of you.

ages 60-80 - old white ladies proper and too white racists - I hate all of you

- hearts would never cease to give up on their loved one - invalidation "not valid" by human tounge
- if their were more positive voices in a sufferers life
- if poor countries like Africa + Haiti would be nutrient recovered + have income to care for their kids + education - Disease Free + better homes
- money never existed as greed (all for oneself)
- isolation was viewed as two sides of a coin as a way to grow rather than just self-inflict (double-edge sword)
- mental ill people all cured of illness
- all chronic pain was gone
- All black people don't have to fear being killed again, beat down, misjudged, + hate-scorned anymore, disrespected
- Poverty would be cured of caring generosity (selflessness)
- If Jesus walked the Earth again
- If everyone accepted believed, + loved Jesus
- If the devil wasn't relentless in making decent people turn evil. (vunerability)

The World Would Be Better If...

- If police actually made people feel safe rather than threaten (black cultures)
- Love was a rose that always blossomed + grow + never wither or grow thorns
- Drugs used as antidotes, not self-destruction or to numb
- Gay people were accepted
- If someone you loved, loves you back
- Death + grief seperate, never remarry, then go exinct.
- Autistic ~~[illegible]~~ kids to have friends + feel safe from Critizism bullies
- School shooters better understood than just plainly claimed as evil.
- Ears were more for listening, not hearing
- If love wasn't a locket (you need to be the right key for that heart to open it up)
- If animals could be more advanced intellegent creatures
- Tears would turn into fingers you wish were your lover
- Regret damned with the Devil being thrown into the hole locked up forever
- Time travel in lifes events could be altered by reliving it again

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My World would be Better If...

If [redacted] could live w/ me a ~~[illegible]~~ in Memphis

If [redacted] wasn't mentally ill

I wasn't a sad or troubled person than happy - If [redacted] wasn't sick a lot

If I wasn't so hard on myself most my life

If I didn't hate myself in high school / most my life

If I wasn't so isolative + withdrawn from people I love / cherish

If I wasn't gay or a homosexual (if I didn't identify as a boy)

If I wasn't in love w/ ~~[illegible]~~ girls out of my league or type

If I was a boy / man instead of being a female

If [redacted] could let me gender transition + support me

If I didn't have an anxiety Disorder

I was on the more severe side of the Autism spectrum so I wouldn't care about having friends - If [redacted] had a much more loving [redacted] (a different one)

If I was more of a positive person than negetive

If someone I fell in love with loved me back

If I didn't have chronic deppression - If I had more supportive voices

b6 -3
b7C -3

My Life Would Be better If...

- I was alone, by myself
If I didn't have an Eating Disorder
If I wasn't de valued by several
If I was valued in mutual love more
If people weren't so insensetive & dont use thier words carefully

6-4-20

The feeling "I'm so lucky to have you" can be a trap. Unless someone who loves you feels mutual in that aspect, you won't feel as valued or meaningful in their life. That "lucky/blessed" feeling can turn into a self-violent curse real fast if the mutual bar is askew and not equal in loves strength. I hate & regret the times I looked back how lucky I felt having Syd, untill she didn't have that mutual feeling about me anymore. That experience can threaten a good soul. Despite all the evil feelings infected in my heart, I do care for someone, only to feel rejected when I give it to someone - not just anyone, who does not feel that way. Even if I try to push the friendship level higher (to the next level) I feel several restrict me from it whether its me or just their own problem with aquintenses. After all, I am treated nothing special, nothing more than a lousy aquintence when I could think of 2 or 3 girls I'd go to ends of the earth for, but they wouldn't even walk once step for me. I fucking hate it. No one wants to lean on me & be there for them, so how the fuck could they be there for me? They have their best friends to cover for them. I guess whatever they give them is enough, but the way I'm treated towards specific people makes me feel so disvalued & unloved, like I'm never enough. I hate it, cause I love them way more than they could ever have a mutual love for me. I just can't feel loved be them like I used to... don't feel loved period unless its [redacted]. why can't I have a best friend who'd never give up on me??

No cover up for me. I'm left out drenched in the rain & crushed by waves of angry seas.

given my heart a chance & assume its not good enough w/o trying

b6 -3
b7C -3



CAROSEL HURT THATS NO FAIR

"Snap out of it" "get over it" "Move On"... I'm shoved on that ride more than enough... I hate you people for never giving my experience much thought. "Let it go" you say to me, but you don't even identify what I am holding on to that I want.. your love that I can't have. You hurt me only more the more you use words that are short with not much thought. It contradicts your thoughtfullness, you or just you reserve your thoughtfullness to those you feel are worth it. well I don't feel worth it, and your words are evidence and proof to my belief. I hurt and I hurt, you tell me not to, rather encourage me to be happy. But what is happiness? I don't know what it is. Happiness is no permenant meditation. There are too many stresses trouble in the world. I know you have troubles, theres something that hurts or bothers you, or tries to tear you down. How could you ever stay happy when their is so much unhappiness in this world? maybe with the positive lightning force you have by the Power of Jesus to defend you, those positive beacons of light can stay aglaw along the stormy sea. All of us go through some sort of trouble in their life - even you when life looks perfect on the outside. But no one knows your fight on the inside. I can only imagine it and hear its desirable cry for victory and achievement from a glance, but God knows it up close. Even with the positive energetic force that is in you, the Devil would do anything to dim or weaken its power. If I am a subject to challenge it, it must mean opposites DON'T attract, they repel in my world. My life is through darkness + negetivity that makes me the weak force. People feel they have a need to hear from you because you got whatever it is they need to do some healing. God is the ultimate healer, and God equipped a healing sythesis in your heart to comfort them, fysed complementary to your charismatic jubulient spirit. I need to hear your love most of all I feel, the are who feels most negetive, down most the time, de-valued much of the time. Why do you give me only more hurt instead of love?

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1230

6-19-20

I never liked [redacted] Life as a little child - young as 3 - 6 years old, times were good cause [redacted] wasn't [redacted] only some signs [redacted] when I was brought to work one day. Nothing was particularly off - but nevertheless [redacted] was always b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 off the more [redacted] soon as [redacted] was exposed to [redacted] in such ways you'd never know unless you've been through it. I hate all of you that have [redacted] that do all the hard work with kids AND finances. Emotional support [redacted] are a rare gem - but something precious like that is only given to you (not at random) but as fate. If you have [redacted] a [redacted] who loves you and you feel it, you might be just to lucky. [redacted] was [redacted] when I was a kid but [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] What [redacted] I don't know [redacted] not that much. And there's a whole fucking stack of things [redacted] doesn't know about me. We are both uninterested [redacted] what could you consider [redacted] that's what it's come too, now [redacted] will only [redacted] more the less of a benefit - more of a burden, and this burden weighs heavy. [redacted] tries / exusts all her energy to take care [redacted] of all most everything [redacted] while [redacted] [redacted] says its not personal [redacted] or act like not giving a fuck for anyone. But fuck I still hate [redacted] She has that's just another

[redacted]

[redacted] 6-6

b6 -8
b7C -8

FUCK [redacted] Sunday will be funeral for me, this funeral 2020 of a [redacted] I'm not celebrating shit. I give no credit [redacted] for now? no more cause [redacted] for years. Have a nice day you fuckers who never had to have a [redacted] as [redacted] blessed rather than cursed.

6-19-20

Who I love doesn't love me mutually back. Who I hate doesn't mutually hate me back. Double-fucked wammy. Not the hate part, the love part. Double the rejection means I love the black girls in my life affectionately but they don't. The other half portion: me who never hated black people but I feel the black community doesn't love me like I do cause of the racism in this world. Most black friends in my life don't fucking know me or don't know what the fuck their saying when they tell me to let it go, get over it or stress the "so?" big deal stomach killer that makes me sick cause how the fuck do they know when they haven't been through what I experienced. I don't go around trying to rush out of the situation invalidating stab lines to "get over it" with racism. I don't know what that's like cause I'm not black. I could never know how they feel cause I haven't EXPERIENCED IT. I'm not full of shit or just being insensetive to hurting souls cause unlike all racists, I validate & know better. I can't tell them what to feel or not to feel. I can only stand for them and cry for them out of my sensetive heart cause they deserve much more than my race. I hate most white people: Trump lovers, old lad traditionally moral restrictionists uneducated, white supremesists, rasist white cops, crust old white men such as [redacted] I hate Trump most and that one all races besides white would burn & boil in that hatred pot like me - black people the most cause of how they've been dehumanized for over 400 years. My fucking race shames me and makes me feel guilty these days being white. But what hurts more is that I validate black suffering but my mental complex conditions are continually ignored, uncomprimized, or my feeling just left hurt instead. I hurt too. I've been an outcast. Why can't they love me back?

b6 -8
b7C -8

Dream log record #1

I climb a tree to save myself

(ran towards me out of the bushes / tries to rip me skin apart)

Dog chasing me = fear of dogs running towards me.

(1) Fear of dogs barking + jumping on me wanting to play. (2) dogs ran towards me at Christ the King Days before. (real life)

(brushing her ass against me)

[redacted] was being sexual towards me only to embarass + hurt me [redacted] yells at [redacted] to stop:

(1) so everyone know I'm gay (crowd / school students in front of us)

(2) She knows + tortures me for it (they are afraid): straight ppl

(3) She does it out of feeling uncomfortable towards me (real life / her situation)

[redacted] comforting me:

(1) rub of her hands = desire of affection (real life)

(2) Desire to have affection towards her (real life)

(3) Tells me [redacted] didn't mean to hurt me.

(4) [redacted] uncomfort towards me = ignored in real life.

My feelings torture me + make her uneasy / push her away by fear

(5) She understands cause she's gay too like me (dream + real life)

b6 -3
b7C -3

Dream Log #2

(5) my tresure chest [redacted] finds: Dragon Ball-Z magazines = my t-shirts.

House [redacted] lives in a house w/ a beach island half in it.

He climbs a latter. I dare him too. A huge stunami wave crushes him + drowns.

(1) when tide seeps out: buried toys = my desire to collect = curiosity

(2) Going out in danger of sea = curiosity of toys buried under the sand

(3) [redacted] dies = him going to New York. Fear of him getting sick w/ COVID (real life).

(4) boys lined up = baseball. Trophies handed out = [redacted] when he played baseball + desire to be a boy (me / real life).

(5) I saw dragonball - 2 DVDs in Walmart (real life day before nighttime)

Dream Log #3

(1) A bus pulls up = when one did at Creswell (real life) - middle school
Bus pulls up at mall. [redacted] is in the crowd. I go into a resturant/shop. She taps me on the shoulder and hugs me politly. The group of girls laugh at me being funny = friendliness of [redacted]

(2) [redacted] isolating from me = my behaviors me isolating from friends. (real life)

b6 -3
b7C -3

(3) Videogame DS [redacted] has = Pokémon Diamond I play (real life)/ me as a video game freak. (video game addict as a child).

(4) me trying to be friendly to [redacted] not that interested in

(5) me trying to bond. = [redacted] not texting/calling back (real life).

[redacted] in several of my dreams for months (May, June) = I think about them everyday. If I'm not thinking about the hatred I have being female + dreaming to be male, I think of them.

Dream Log #4 6·20·20

I was rehearsing w/ a student of a imaganitive interview. We rehearse + go over but I feel unprepared. I'm nervous and don't know how to present to class. An old white lady proffessional comes in and takes demanding expectations to everyone. It feels like some big test. We go to a back room to be tested

(1) I keep looking at paper = wow nervous I am in front of pressure (real life)

(2) The judge says I failed b/c I went to the bathroom

(3) pleading not to get failing grade = to not let my partner down (real life)

(4) I said to myself "I'm not a journalist"

not in my degree of knowledge

(5) Time consuming time ticking pressure of assignment that felt like the class was a program in Brodcasting Journalism = I said over to myself "I'm not going to be a scientist after withdrawing from stressful class.



6·21·20

I can have graditude and still not give a fuck. Its no different how I feel unappreciated by the person I am but they are appreciative of my generosity. [redacted] who are my treasures won't be blessed to have me cause I'm not been stable since basketball, not even stable then w/ so much axiety + bullies around the corners. They could say "I'm thankfull for the support" but would never say I'm thankful for you". Rather than saying "You make me smile and make me happy" its just "that makes me smile and made my day." To totally complete fucking aspects of graditude. So for [redacted] to say I have no graditude is fuking ignorant, I am thankful for [redacted] work ethic (that is not right now) I am thankful for the car he bought me + the money he saved. And no, don't fucking SAY I have no graditude for the roof over my head. DONT FUCKING SAY I'm cold hearted cause I wasn't always like this - I just AM NOW (I can count the exact years total). I am in no denial of my feelings of heard heartedness. But how could I not be? After all I've gone through dealing w/ difficult people in my life that aren't the most loving on the planet. Yes I did love what [redacted] did for me. He was there for [redacted] out in Elementary School. He went to my childhood B-ball games. He took me to the park to play baseball + tennis, + basketball. He helped me ride my 1st bike. He let us have pizza Blockbuster night every friday. He let us go to New Jersey to see [redacted] + go to the beach. He took us mini golfing. He took us on summer vacations. He gave me a christmas + birthday every year for presents. He had money for my clothes, for food, for a house w/ heat + ac, have anything I wanted for my collection. Even when [redacted] he still attended my track + field meets, HS graduation, went to my college award ceremonies, + yet [redacted]

friends + family members

paid for my tuition at college

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

But does [redacted] know I feel to pressure me + say [redacted]

6.21.20

I always felt pressure cause his demon would sedate him in a funk, always that fear how he'd feel that day even a day like this cause unpredictability kills me. I'm old enough to comprehend these ways that didn't as a kid

+ yeah, you bought my bike + help me w/ the parts + adjustments

Only my used 3,000 Honda Fit. And those are just a few things [redacted] sacrified so much [redacted] It was sad for me having to not see [redacted] for 3 months, and never knew if [redacted] would pull up in the school car pool lot cause every time it was I knew [redacted] had another [redacted] I can say it was trauma for me cause of how much [redacted] and as a kid, once a kid who loved [redacted] + didn't know shit about [redacted] he still persevered. And fucking no, I'm not just going to say [redacted] FUCK THAT. He WAS. He even busted his back one last time for me paying for Renfrew + Vanderbuilt so I wouldn't die from malnutrition or end up killing myself. I DO REMEMBER AND I AM THANKFULL. He did those things because he loved me, and a part of the pressure he felt he had to. But when it comes to [redacted] I have reasons to be hatful and feeling not worth blessing [redacted] who can't do certain things. Limitations can't be helped or fixed somehow. His shortcomings are as they come and can only be taken in no matter how sickening it feels as I'm punched in the gut and the Devil telling me [redacted] I do hate alot of the things [redacted], but I know [redacted] And fucking no I don't always say I'm thankful, but you'd only know where I come from if you were me. This racing thought whos also [redacted] and has enough problems [redacted] catch train me draging through life w/ a groan + grumble. So call me spoiled, call me lost, call me evil, call me disrespectfull, call my hate vants fucked up. But don't you dare call me ignorant. thats the last thing I am. I champion [redacted] Cause under my roof, it was leaking, there was toxicisity, and there was brokenness. All the fucking time ever since I became a teen to adult. Jesus, I wish I was a kid so I could tell [redacted] the truth about me before [redacted] grew up + caught up to [redacted] from us..

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I didn't + don't always feel safe + can hurley be myself

DREAM Record Log

Dream Log #5

I see a kitty flying above the clouds with wings. Is it in cat heaven?

(1) Crunch (neighbor cat) died from being crushed by a car backing up in the driveway.

(2) Greif over ~~Gerard~~ Crunch the kitty cat.

Dream Log #6 (6-26-20)

A tornado is closing in from my tiny house. It lies near. The tornado doesn't destroy my room, but all the walls start to fall & tilt towards me. NO NO NO I keep saying in fear. My room afterwards is n't Stable and I am asked/pressured to pack up my favorite belongings & leave my house.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

(1) Stuffed animals - I sort out but great fear I'll leave some behind. I'm also sad to not take all of them.

(2) My clothes - I return more than once to the racks of a favorite shirt I forgot. there is no closet. Just a rack like in a clothing store.

(3) Posters - I take some down like I have in my room.

(4) Skate coins - they were money stored behind my bed from previous owner. Some coins from a skate center were found in the mixture of hundreds of ~~gold~~ quarters. Maybe it was hidden but then forgotten by past owner. Coins = chucky cheese coin I kept but can't find

(5) The bowling costumes - they weren't mine but discovered. could be links to my real life memories at Strike n Spare, the uniforms were a bowling team w/ nicknames on them. Where they a go-kart team?

(6) After all my stuff packed - I stare at some stuffed animals & second-guess leaving them - urge to carry w/ me.

Stuffed animals = fear of loosing them by atornado
tornado = fear of loosing all my favorite possessions (toys, books, writing journals, clothing, sketchbooks, DVD's, video games/consoles, comic books, Christmas stffed animals/decor, ext.)
* I think about worry tornados will come at any time, = real life

DreamLog#7

I don't vividly all remember this dream. I asked [redacted] why she didn't like me anymore. She might have been acting mean towards me w/ a cold shoulder when I tried to say something and be friends. I felt lost and rejected. She kept turning her head away from me & walking away from me. I call her name but she doesn't listen. I am curled up in a ball skipping class & playing sick the next day. Overwhelmingly sad as a cry as I leave her hangout spot. I am driven away & say goodbye from it far away/ at a distance. The word [redacted] in monumental letters.

b6 -3
b7C -3

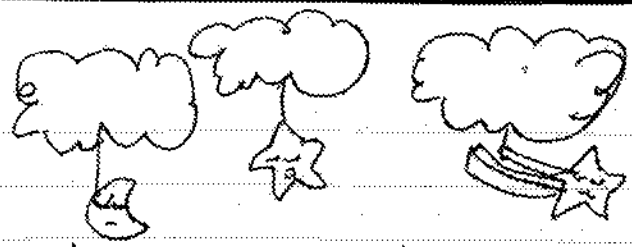
maybe I say things she took the wrong way

DreamLog#8

I visit a beautiful university, like a tour through the school but it's just me walking around. Theres a big courtyard/ quad and inside is a huge lounge student area w/ a monumental window w/ a scenic view. It has a feel like Belmont but the Environment vibe feels like MTSU from the school kids.
(1) Prizes - Random 2 men from school offe a price/ suvenier for visiting the school. Toys = things I like to collect (real life).
(2) the students are friendly = [redacted] friendliness
(3) Saddness leaving = wishing I was at the university w/ [redacted] (real life) = I wished I was at MTSU w/ [redacted]

[redacted] [redacted]

6-27-20



Dream Log #9

I am selected in 5-6th grade classroom at Creswell but it reminds me of Meigs Middle. I look at the list + [redacted] is on it. My middle school bully is there, and the teacher is kind of weird. He plays a song electronically called "pip" and encourages us to sing along. He also puts up a game for us to play. He calls on me + says choose 2. There are animal options on the screen. I pick Lions but alot of the students grunt and disagree w/ my choice. I stare at [redacted] + look at her, she smiles but not @ intimately.

[redacted] sitting near me = I desire to look at her longer. I stare at her beautiful face, pretty arms + hands. Wish to be with her (real life)

The teacher and the soda spray = He says he doesn't take birthdays lightly and will spray us w/ soda as a way of a "suprise". Somehow the soda becomes like sprinklers + a flood + I run away outside + around the school, though I'm running alone, hoping no other teachers catch me outside while other kids are playing on the playground

the classrooms - I peek in all the rooms + look at all the assigned names down a hallway. Colored doors w/ crafts done by other students w/ white walls. I'm sad when my name is [redacted] isn't on the it, there are no Black kids in my re-assigned class, I have a White teacher + I start to color something / [redacted] from construction colored paper w/ a coloring-fill in picture. No Black kids = / real life problem racism). Sad [redacted] not in my class = [redacted] in none of my classes (Real life / high school) sad / emptyness

b6 -3
b7C -3

Dream Log #10 6-29-20

I'm inside a structure on top of a large hill w/ carry pathways / roads, like a park. Inside are groups sitting at tables. The table I sit at is with [redacted] is mad at me b/c I kept bothering her through Messenger. She does not like the messeges I'm sending. My behaivor is withdrawn + meloncholic. [redacted] says she'll be ok w/ me if I stop messeging things that threaten or bother her. [redacted] says she's never seen me act ~~[illegible]~~ b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 angry back b/c ~~[illegible]~~ of my defensiveness out of hurt. [redacted] gives me her boundries in order to make amends.

Mushroom like Structures - where Strange figures are eating pizza w/ ravenous appitites but I dont overeat = ED behaivors restricting (real life)

Skatebording - I'm skating on the downward slope and grinding on a crane. [redacted] is still on the hill inside mushroom structures. Large tuffy colossal guys bring up massive pics for the appitites big.

Car - I wait inside a car w/ [redacted] waiting for [redacted] shes away but reaches out to me when she finds a T-Shirt I may like. My phone battery is on 3%. I urge [redacted] to turn the car ~~[illegible]~~ on so I can charge it. She says that she has to save gas for [redacted] for running arrands. I ask where [redacted] is but I struggle to finish my sentence cause I'm overtierd. My phone dies + don't know where [redacted] is. I'm overwhemled and in a fit of discouragement. On the drive back + leaving from the mushroom park, I cry + say how much I miss [redacted] girls + [redacted] find out I'm gay. I begin to rant and argue w/ them. They are dissapointed at me. I end up body bagging [redacted] shoot him, then push him down the basement. I kill [redacted]

Messeges = [redacted] blocking me on FB messenger (real life).

[redacted] reaction = I think of sending a text rant out of feeling hurt by her comments about me loving [redacted] / feelings for her (real life)

[redacted] = fear [redacted] will find out I'm gay for my obsessive thoughts of girls attention (real life) expectancy - the'll be disgusted / opposing w/ idea of being gay.

the boy I meet = I'm not attracted [redacted] can tell. pis intrest of intimacy incopatability (w/ guys. (real life)

Skating = to impress the adventure mushroom park, I cry + say how much I miss [redacted] girls + [redacted] find out I'm gay. I begin to rant and argue w/ them. They are dissapointed at me. I end up body bagging [redacted] to make [redacted] shoot him, then push him down the basement. I kill [redacted]

forgive + have space ≥ me giving up reaching out (real life)

ignoring

DreamLog #11 6·30·20

There is a gym w/ high bleachers that turns into a skate park w/ rails to grind and half pipes to get air time. I compete against some boys, for they think they can beat me. I do an insane trick and my team cheers me on. I feel [redacted] is watching me & is impressed.

that push up from the ground

box of photos - There is school projects from a wellness class. [redacted] has some of hers she did that are nude w/ a bunch of words surrounding it, like a collage. I ~~get~~ avoid my eyes to store so it doesn't appear that I want to look at it for a longer time. nude pictures of [redacted] = desire to see black woman nude (real life).

skatepark competition - so I can win over the girl I love. (try to in real life). A bike I want to get & thinking obsessed (real life) about it.

The gym seats shift - I sit w/ friends that I want to be with. Desire to ~~see them~~ be w/ them in high school sit next to in class or at b-ball game (real life).

b6 -3
b7C -3

DreamLog #12

I am a part of a "super mystery team". One of the boys gains weight lightspeed fast, then ~~the~~ a girl in the group gets fatter, freaking out. We try to solve it & then stop at a group meeting/therapy group in a cimicircle. ~~then take our fig~~ While we exit I get thinner & older untill we solve the mystery in a house that later collapses by a giant we defeat w/ phykick powers. gaining weight = fear of it (real life E.D.) therapy = when patients cried in there w/ me (pentrew) Vandy psych

the youthgroup maze - I get dropped off w/ [redacted] but he immideatly escapes once we sit down on a couch w/ some kids in the youthgroup. Where in a house/church building w/ several cases of stairs. The big men nacing shadows are the "monsters" trying to get us. We both eventually escape and help release [redacted] so he's not cared inside & forced to join forces w/ the church goers. youthgroup = hated going (in real life)

fear of church = ~~one avoiding group~~ not wanting to go (real life)

The notebook - fo[redacted] to take notes, but leaves it. I go back inside cause its important math notes I had inside. Memories of math class junior year (real life) I thought of (stressful / anxiety provoking).

b6 -3
b7C -3

The huge lounge / denroom - I find my secret hidout. Its a huge square room w/ posters, a huge mantle + a bunchbed (colossal size). a TV is propped on the wall, a long shelf table w/ books inside shelves at eye looking down / sitting down. I have 2 beanbag chairs and Supermario Smash bros. on Gamecube. I move my TV propped against my bunck bed + encourage [redacted] to play (from previous dream). denroom = possibly links to looking in house across street that had spacious rooms. Childrens playroom as a kid (real life videogames).

Candy cane rush - our "mystery team" is all miniature in this huge Christmas store. We collect items + climb up furniture to advance to the top window to escape, kind of like being in a videogame. We are dodgeing flying enemies shooting Christmas candy bullets at us. We recieve the large candy cane key + bardge down the door. Christmas theme = me thinking of christmas last night / smelling christmas candle / me looking at Christmas pictures as a kid (real life). recent. "mystery team" = Scooby Doo Where are you?! DVD I've been watchin (real life) / recent.

Dream Log #113 - 6·30·20 (7-1-20)

There is a coulasac type space w/ multiple doors. The walls + floor is aquatic + forest like, a nature type room. I see bookshelves + playhouses. Its an elementary type education unit. I choose a book to read. Imaginary animals want to play w/ me + I play along. I may be an animal. The lion from Jo Jo's circus is the main character in my dream. He dreams to be played w/ the other kids. He learns to swim, and scale sand obstacle courses in glass to be w/ the kids. He eventually finds them + is happy. Second person perspective w/ me seeing the lion's efforts to be w/ the kids to play w/ them.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Dream Log #14

pt.1 I am preparing a trip to go to Florida w/ [redacted] suitcase w/ toys - Toy story 3 toys & race cars I collect (real life). I have a hard time deciding to save space in forgetting my toiletries kit - fear of loosing necessities suitcase on a trip.

[redacted] going on trip too - upset we all have to share the same hotel room & beg [redacted] to have my own & willing to pay for it. (real life) = need for privacy.

beach park & roller coaster - I ask [redacted] what type of train/coaster it is. Theme park interests.

[redacted] house - I ask [redacted] if we are staying in a [redacted] house ([redacted]). I am relieved we are staying in a hotel & [redacted] booked us reservations. [redacted] = fear of staying in cluttered house w/ insanes (real life)

Me asking several questions - unaware/know little about details of trip. Annoyance of no plan or not knowing schedule causes me anxiety.

part 2 I'm inside a school building. One of my ex-friends [redacted] is having a hard time carrying things and looks overwhelmed/distressed. As I walk past [redacted] is near. I try to say hi but wait for her response but does not consider to recognize me. She then asks to help out [redacted] Someone outside is there to pick her up and before heading out she leans on a table & starts to cry. [redacted] is a close friend in dreams and wipes her tears & squeezes her chest in of affection. watching her do that makes me jealous. There is a big bag of potatoes I help carry and offer more to carry to satisfy [redacted] & not for [redacted] benefit.

[redacted] affection for ex-friend = jealousy of other people close to [redacted] (real life) / left out / ignored.

narrow lockers & large windows on the L side of building

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1243

7.14.20

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] "[redacted] have to go to work"

Apperently [redacted] used to know that concept, but is out of contact with its sole purpose called "make yourself useful" & "provide [redacted] ow I can still say I ~~still~~ don't like [redacted] cool for embarrassing/shitty the most part as a person, but [redacted] makes [redacted] so bad and useless. I believe all useless people not willing to make use of their time should die. [redacted] does enough [redacted] and I don't think its good enough. Most [redacted] don't give a shit about their [redacted] needs. ~~Well~~ But nevertheless, call me someone who doesn't give a fuck whatever happens to [redacted] in the future. I don't always feel that way however cause sometimes I feel sad [redacted], not at the worst like others less functioning, but still pitaful [redacted] Just the same [redacted] hats so ~~scarce~~ scarce. I'm envious of ~~[illegible]~~ [redacted] who love + appreciate [redacted] way more than me. You could say its my extremely hard heart for that very reason. At least I can hate + make myself usefull to kill.

+ does the least all the time on purpose which is worse than mine who is like that by accident, so yeah I don't have it the worst.

7.14.20

Gunshots... booming in my head.. gunshots I imagine in myself on a constant daily latter. I want so bad to kill some of you people ~~that are~~ so bad the ones who you claimed smart but act like total idiots w/no consideration putting others at risk. COVID is killing alot of the good innocent ones. Why are all the dambfucks still alive? Why aren't they shot up yet? Why is the "president" still president? I feel + believe at this stage in my life to where I now know my purpose in life. I've asked myself that sometimes "why am I here?" Blow I know. Instead of being w/people, my purpose is to kill rather than "to be" I was never meant "to be" in lives of alot of people I knew.

[illegible] to match terms of my fate

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1244 →

7·14·20

Why are people so fucking stupid + selfish?? Why are people so invested in themselves that they forgot or let go, or let alone don't even know sacrifice? I might as well do it for them and kill all the stupid dumbfuck "know it alls" like our suffering "isn't a big deal". Well then maybe to wake you fags up, I'll just have to create something evil to top your foul, pussy-type yeast infection ignorence. You fuckers can't fool me and some of you, I swear to God, treat me like I'm stupid. You say to the world "no one can ever tell me how to feel", and yet you people make no fucking sence when you invalidate me, telling me not to feel feel a certain way every single time + not one anchor line of support. Don't you get it? We want the same things + yet you treat me like I am nothing worth to concern. Call me an overthinker, depressed sad sack all you want but all of you will pay for who ever doesn't take me seriously + think I am full of shit when I give myself off. Believe me, YOU WILL take me seriously once those little brats go back to school + COVID passes, before the gun laws are restricted, and definatly before you people say one more fucking negative thing about me. If you dnt feel the least bit sorry about how you hurt me or am a product influence of my destruction manifesto, its you people who are worthless. I am supreme + above all of you. Every last goddam one of you useless fianate swines...

there is nothing worse than you people

I respect serial killers cause some have more brains than you

you contradict your own beliefs!! shut the fuck up + think about what you do + say, because I pay the fuck attention, whether you [illegible] me or not

I am heartless toward my killing spree, but the top difference

w/o guilty confession, Even if I am not guilty after my crime of bloodshed, so typical you people will say I am sick + a coward, but you people are too prideful to see your own heartlessness

I AM ERIC + DYLAN'S RIGHT HAND...
HATE IS MY POWER TO FEEL ABOVE YOU ALL
HATE AGAINST THE WORLD = ULTIMATE POWER
I AM AWARE, YOU ARE NOT. I SEE IGNORANCE,
YOU LOOK AT YOURSELF. YOU ALL SHOULD DIE!!!

7-14-20

Eric & Dylan. I repeat those 2 guys. I admire them for what they have done. They are a part of who I am today. I finally found other 2 supreme beings such as me who underline my own values & belief set. Relatable in thoughts, actions & desires. I want to do all the things they did, - hate people, stupid christian bitches, purchase guns, & kill all the beings so different than them. I want to leave the earth with something every one will remember. If I fell off a fucking ledge & killed myself, no one will remember that shit, but a mass shooting, I will leave w/ a validating cause/ awareness AND influence the future generations. Eric & Dylan have been more successful for the impact they have left since, & I wish they had killed more kids, too concerned for those default bombs. They were intelligent at a higher power, knew their purpose to kill and inexistance to humanity. Well thats how I feel. I want to kill like them, not be just like them but be my own supreme existance to ultimate power over all weak, useless dumb shits. I will kill eventually and I will when the time is right, & that time is on countdown, just like theirs, ^ X X

7-17-20

& little curly designs like interiors of a house

I totally invalidated myself yesterday when I bought one of my favorite DVDs in the world at Mokays. So happy finding it but too good to be true that the shit doesn't even work. For months I have been trying to find it considering its so rare at Mokays or any thrift store in town, yet my eye caught it dead on: that purple box side spine banding w/ curvy letter flow and while all cap print - Cheese from Fosters Home for Imaginary Friends on the picture label. I swore I wouldn't walk out of the store w/o it, even if it meant stealing it. I've stolen several times before - have done something illegal, & how its really starting to get me.

(7-17-20)

Stealing is wrong. It's illegal, and yet I've done it several times w/o getting caught. Sometimes theives steal cause they don't have the money or just got bad tuition / conscience TO let inner voice say "don't steal. It's not right." Sometimes theires I guess steal + get in trouble w/ the law + don't give a shit w/ charges against them. Well for 1, I didn't get charged, + 2 I feel bad now. Before I was excited + say "fuck yeah they didn't even notice" but now I realize I am robbing mckay's of their business, And in consideration businesses are stressed + impoverished right now potentially, that's fucked up to me. But, on a different side note, this situation is slightly different, I stole something that wasn't even worth stealing - a piece of shit that the DVD is sochin critical damage - a bad disc. I can blame the worker who didn't properly look at it correctly + notice all the flawing details on first hand like I did as a customer, though despite their mistake, they are understaffed, probably stressed, + pressured considering the same amounts of customers come in weekly, I understand, + I feel bad for those who are struggling to work or to find work. COVID makes these predicaments SUCK. Cause likley, if I stole or bought this, either way, it might have been rejected + never put up for sale which is the fate in the first fucking place. My part however, I didn't do. Too excited + assumed the shit worked + threw away the fucking sticker to get "money" back. $11 for this? No. I may be the last time I steal. Cause either one of these days I will get caught. Even if I stuff merch in my pants. Even if it's [redacted] + if there are the bathroom stall where no cameras are watching, I just can't. [redacted] things I bought it, + she'd be so disappointed w/ me way more than my own disappointment w/ the worthless DVD set. I can't bear to see witness her facial reaction. No. Sometimes I lie only if it's saving my own ass. I can't say I've never lied before.

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1247

7-18-20

I confessed just yesterday to [redacted] one of my big secrets. that I have been stealing shit out of McKays for over a year. I stole alot of merchandise that is not mine; comic books, stuffed animals, music CDs + DVD videos, toys, you name it in that store. Might have stolen books too. I can't fucking keep track but I realize now I have been [redacted] out playing on the tracks for enough but not too far... that's what [redacted] my guide human in my life besides my therapist. she says I haven't been in the danger mark where I hear the train whistle come + my flailing foot is caught or shoelace is caught in the railing until that hits me as roadkill - dead in treedom. I've been a decent citizen so far in life, but not now. I could say "I've stolen like 2-3 times" but multiply that + its doubled. sometimes I forget, but I can identify what I stolen w/o thought that's in my room that's not my property - and got away w/ it. Luckily my ass was saved in that essence, just cause God is so gracious. We all deserve death + undeserving of gods grace, no matter what we've done whether criminal or not. A lot of you people think you deserve shit when you really don't + I could be a product to help you be a little out of denial. I was in denial, for a time, that stealing was ok as long as I don't get caught (the train doesn't hit you). As soon as this force called the holy spirit made me spill all the beans, my beans out of guilt and shame. It wasn't only until yesterday I finally confessed I stole a DVD I'm obsessed about entirely, then confess all the shit I stole in the past. [redacted] comes to me + is like "you have a big opportunity to turn around". That I will do once she told me about criminal charges get put on your record - could cost my future job, car + apartment. My freedom wings are clipped. But what is the wing span of them? Not that much, because of how I was forced to be raised [redacted], I can't get away w/ shit that easily. [redacted] is the [redacted] really when it comes to my life, [redacted] doesn't involve much at all, so he couldn't know shit about my secrets, and even if he knew about this... like he'd be that concerned, no long teaching lesson to bet my life on.

b6 -3
b7C -3

7-18
70

like you dnt want to be w/ me cause I'm always so negetive and could probably feel my darkness

[redacted] is most the reason why I am still here + why I can fuction. She taught me breaking the law is wrong, + ALWAYS has religion every time. Telling me I should hear church sermons + read the bible. I would do those things, + those things would serve me good I know but what could she really know how hard it is for me now? I am not motivated enough to even read a fucking devotional. Telling me its not the Devil thats making me do bad things. Well, why wouldn't me be when the Devil is always tempting me or instructing my demons to torture me? She doesn't know what goes on in my head. What I deal w/ mentally. Why am I always thinking about guns + school shooters + serial killers? Why do I want to kill people + hate a lot of peoples guts in society. Why I have mostly hate for people instead of love except for those I don't think are ignorent + clueless about their problems. A lot of you fuckers don't even think you have problems or know how to do something about it... Like Sydney Sims. (You dirtly fun fuction bitch) The Devil wants me to be in his hands, not Gods. I am fully aware, FULLY RECOGNIZE my problems and yes I TRY. Ive even been from all around the treatment kingdom: Eating Disorders + Deppression. This theft thing I can overcome as soon as I admit - Unlike you fuckers - I admit, even if its not right away. [redacted] thinks I am in denial lying to myself that God is done w/ me cause I've sinned too fucking much. No, its that I don't want to be a christian active in faith like [redacted]. I'd rather be a believer + leave it at that rather than constantly let God down + call myself a hypocrite - do christian like things then few years later I commit mass murder. No, I don't want to be around you strong nerted christians - not the phony non-die-hard ones, cause you really people make me look bad + I only resent you + wish I had the spiritual perseverance that you have, cause I mine could grow. But then dies when my winter dead cold reality kicks in. Sure, we all loose sight like his + turn into rebels. But I have become more than a rebel but the Devils potential death wish to die but not alone in suicide.

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] wants to help me + guide me in her direction of being a christian but that her way, not myne, even if God makes life help. I know those as a testimony

my sin won't minimize any less. Being a good little prophet isn't me.

7·18·20

I'd be the ultimate suicide, not some forgetful die alone sit, fall off in [illegible] bridge

If I kill myself, best believe people are going to die w/ me. And that's a belief I formed myself but inspired by the bevil and those killers who I could relate to when it comes to addiction + alienation as a child. I have my mental illness + my OCD addictive obsessive thoughts of doing coping mechanisms: One is buying shit. I don't know if I am a shoppaholic but I do know whether its to steal or buy its an adrenhiline rush to feel good in the moment. Its some of my only highs. It seems only my bike gives that to me, Nothing else. When it comes to religion, I am no good + a failure. When it comes to friends - fucking failure. Independance? failed. No school shooting possible fail if I plan right - do my research + take it seriously + not look like a dumbass like I was the past two days. Jesus Christ I come in McKays the 2nd time to get my "money" back just to try + play it low w/ those [redacted] expected. Is a piece of shit DVD worth taking away my live work? Fucking no. I may have mental illness but I'm not too far aff. I do have sensability, though weak in accountability, [redacted] to belief system, I don't have to jump in that bandwagon. I don't believe what [redacted] does, I don't have to. I can have my own beliefs. You don't have to have the Holy Spirit to not be ignorant. I can name several in my life that ARE NOT, all those I met in my treatment days. [redacted] just is deeply woven in God's word, but not all what she believes is true. How the fuck can I be free if I can't own a gun from a permit + [redacted] beliefs set? How can I be free when I can't be a man + I am trapped being a female + called a lady? How the fuck is that freedom in my world? Its fucking not. Yeah my room is a palace, [redacted] fortunatly do have money, have cats, can have freedom to do school + other things. But I can't let my secrets free + let them bloom their wings. And that overall is fucked up to me. I fucking hate that most cause they are things I NEED THE MOST even more than my faith crumbled at its faultiest. Religion can only harm me. My only peace will be my life taken as a boy + die w/ a fucked lasting imprint on every soul that hurt me.

b6 -3
b7C -3

DreamLog - 7-20-20

I am in a huge monumental facility w/ sky rocket roofs, elongated hallways and movie theatere big-type rooms. One is a buffet giant movie room w a long buffet table at the end, under the table has secret passege ways to other rooms. I sneak inside too and there are smaller rooms but exit each one b/c it is crowded & some bathrooms, some open space w/ black walls. One hallway has lines of lockers & multiple staircases going up & down w/ spaced out tile hard floors colored. I eventually venture my way outside & run fast as lightning. I come into another monumental space. Ceilings are hight have tall metal bars & racks to hang giant objects on-like cars. I am in a class group who listens to science experiments w/ booths w/ each person. One guy uses the whole space w/ how he uses light & motion showing off his collection w/ changes in color. [redacted] is there, In the beggining, before kids present, she acts out & says a "crisis" remark but at first I thought she ment it. It was all a part of a skit and a random group of kids pop out of nowhere & perform the skit song using picture panels & lyrics. I clap & thought it was well done that helped me realize [redacted] was a part of it. There is a little girl much younger who is cuddling w/ [redacted] and she rubbs her lips on the little girls forhead. I try to cuddle w/ [redacted] but she doesn't back.

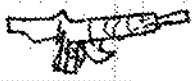
I eat in the long side hallway w/ elaborite fancy tables. I want to have pizza but they ran out when I came back to buffet table, [redacted] where too & goes through the underpassage way

b6 -3
b7C -3

8.10.20 A Little Love Reserved for the Loyal. ALL HATE to the Rest

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

A lonley fagged who no adult my age who would want to... [redacted] anyone in this world [redacted] tries to prove, while my demons tell me no one wants to be with me. I swear to God.. not (1) single person would want to spend at least 30 minutes with me if they don have the same interests as me, like [redacted] + our ♡ for video games of [redacted] the guy I met back at NSA expressed his interest in me, but how do I know if he just wants love, not friendship. There's no way I could give that to any "friend" at this point cause all my "friends" are really labeled as aquientences, too sick, too fucked up, blind in the heart or just downright changed out of ignorance from their dumbfuck bitchy decisions and I know alot of you don't really give a shit when it comes to commitment. You'd rather commit to your job or your wife or boyfriend or kids. Friendship does not exist in my adult world. NO AFFECTZON!! angsty Nowadays on I no longer wish to have a human best friend. It's all temporary + it never lasts, ever. No one in my world is that commited, that well of health, that well of balancing the sharing of love. NO. It just doesn't exsist. My awareness is god like way above all you muther fucking bitches. I hate all of you. I may not ha been aware of my E.D. at first, mgy not have been at first w/ my depressn or my fucking shopping OCD additions. But have you damn well keep in mind I caten on + I will have full awareness of myself. But alot of you people are too ignorant + stupid to think like that. No wonder you have no awarenes of other peoples suffering or your own problems. Will always be in denial b/c y have no real development of character. I hate people like you, whoever you are. In my life, I can point out who's got it + who doesn't. No wonde you aren't educated w/ social, political, + ethnical problems in this world much worse than your pettiness. You type of people are all too ignorant to be informe w/ shit b/c of how goddam prideful you are thinking you're right. Well I know my fate lies in my animals real + imaginary as best friends + fuck everyone else who doesn't even give a fuck to what friendship is. I can't wait to kill you people to relieve my hurt + to fuck the world back. angry In my eyes + the upmost god like way.



X 8 • 15 • 20 X "I WANT YOU DEAD"

There is a few things I look foward 2 in life. I want my apartment, I want an income. I want to live by myself with my cats only. I don't want to live [redacted] that is cause it sounds so lame when it comes to one at my age. Every one my age is either playing house or plying the parent to their pets alone full independence throttle on automatic. It nerves me how kids can do the fuck they want doing grown ass shit paying bills + going to work and all my friends left me behind + left with but 2 people by loyalty I can relate to. [redacted] lives w/ [redacted] but its not lame cause [redacted] are much cooler and more open minded w/ views not hound too dug into religion. At least he can get along w/ [redacted] I love [redacted] + she is the coolest in my eyes. But [redacted] ... is not so cool. Infact [redacted] nothing is going on [redacted], + yet does nothing UNLESS [redacted] REQUESTS! [redacted] Something is always [redacted] could be on my side w/ this one considering she had alot of bad/scary memories w/ [redacted] not as many good ones. In my world the bad always outweighs the good when it comes to [redacted] I only remember all of the bad toxic ones - all the times I was angry and tell myself I hate [redacted] rather not living but trapped because those are the most dominant over my memory, kind of like trama. Those memories never exit my memory. I am stuck w/ them forever + I hate it. I wish [redacted] was more loving, funny, caring, and easy going like [redacted] He looks up to him, + I'm not suprised. I could never believe in that shit for the life of me cause I only fear I'll end up [redacted] sitting around the house w/ my cats, + mentally drained + fucked. thats too screwed in stripped. I know what I can't wait for. I'm ready for [redacted]

+ plus the fact she's mentally I'll like me + I can't in dependence of

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

when I am terri sa ord lift lonley

sometim

thats big

x 8·28·20x

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] The lamest part of my adult life. I hate it when girls I recognize can live w/ thier girlfriends/boyfriend + I can't. I'd do anything to move out. Its not that I hate [redacted] They aren't alchoholics, drug adults, beat me, or call me faggot/other bad names, yet they still have me so entoxicated + trapped. I can't feel pain of those who suffered from domestic violence or abuse, but I can feel pain of me abusing myself [redacted] abuse my self expression in my gender identity. I am not [redacted] I never was. The only thing I can relate to is their work ethic. Its about the only thing I admire about [redacted] Apart from that, not much [redacted] looks at christianity like a joke, + [redacted] devotes he lifes work + every moral + value is depended on it. [redacted] who really doesn't give a fuck ([redacted] who is activly involved in my life but a little too much. She realizes my sexuality, and its uncomfortable and toxic. My brain feels chaotic at night. My cat is the only soul that wants to cuddle w/ me. Black woman don't like me like that, cause I'm white and a faggot. I don't want [redacted] I certainly don't need approval anymore from [redacted] about asking for shit that's in the adult catagory. I want to buy a house my self, a gun, and purchase my hormone shots so I can become a man. I have big plans ahead of me, + not all of them are good ones. I still think about shooting range up at Creswell, still desire to have a rifle in my hands. I still want to [redacted] I hate these parts of my life that I can't own b/c [redacted] I feel control me + my "life changing" decisions. I can't wait till I'm on my own and actually do more of what make me happy other than do art. College is about all [redacted] can let me be free to do + fully express myself, + to me thats fucked. I can't wait to process + commit my suicide. I want to leave a lasting impression in peoples minds to the degree where it be possible to ignore me again. Thats the ultimate goal I will prevail at [redacted]

when I am terribly sad or a little lonley rest sometimes

he was ugly

thats big

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1254

How could you ever think of [redacted] and what it ALL means? You don't know, cause you don't think of [redacted]. You grew up w [redacted], so how the fuck could you be a role model to me? When you don't even know what the fuck it is and don't think I like that? [redacted] who are the best are like best friends - You laugh with them, cry w/them, do things with them and can be w/ no hesitation to ~~about anything~~ them about anything. I'm sorry, but I don't feel that way. You got your demons puppetizing you w/dehumanized sketches, I got my demons to fuck you off for the rest of my adult life. You were there for me as a kid, but you weren't always there. [redacted] was truley there who did the cheerleading. You just paid the fucking bill. Its still being there, but just a physical unabsent setting. You weren't an absent [redacted] - as in physically not there. I know kids have it worse than me + hate their [redacted] more cause they have more of a validating reason - he left them and left the mother singled out. Its not my situation, but its not all smiles ~~see~~ group selfies + [redacted] time, NO FUCKING WAY. Call it [redacted] failure + disfunction cause the mind is out of proportion - its distortion as a brain like playdoe and your demons melds it in twisted flex positions of a composition that could make no sense to [redacted] but does to me, cause I have disproportions too - the blue playdoe of depression. Yours is red - anger, blaming, irritable, anti-social. These similarities are the only things I feel I have in common w/ you, and it doesn't make us look good as a decent [redacted]. But don't most kids who grow up don't want to be like there parents? I know thats how I feel, but it scares the shit out of me that I'd fail to take care of myself too and let my illnesses get the best of me like it has to you.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I know you didn't ask for this... but I didn't ask for you either.

will I ever say goodbye to [redacted]? XX



23 cv 1483 (10) 1256

dear audrey,
I am ready to retire!
I've been your faithful
panties for A LONG
time!
Sincerely, Your ex-
Boyd's panties

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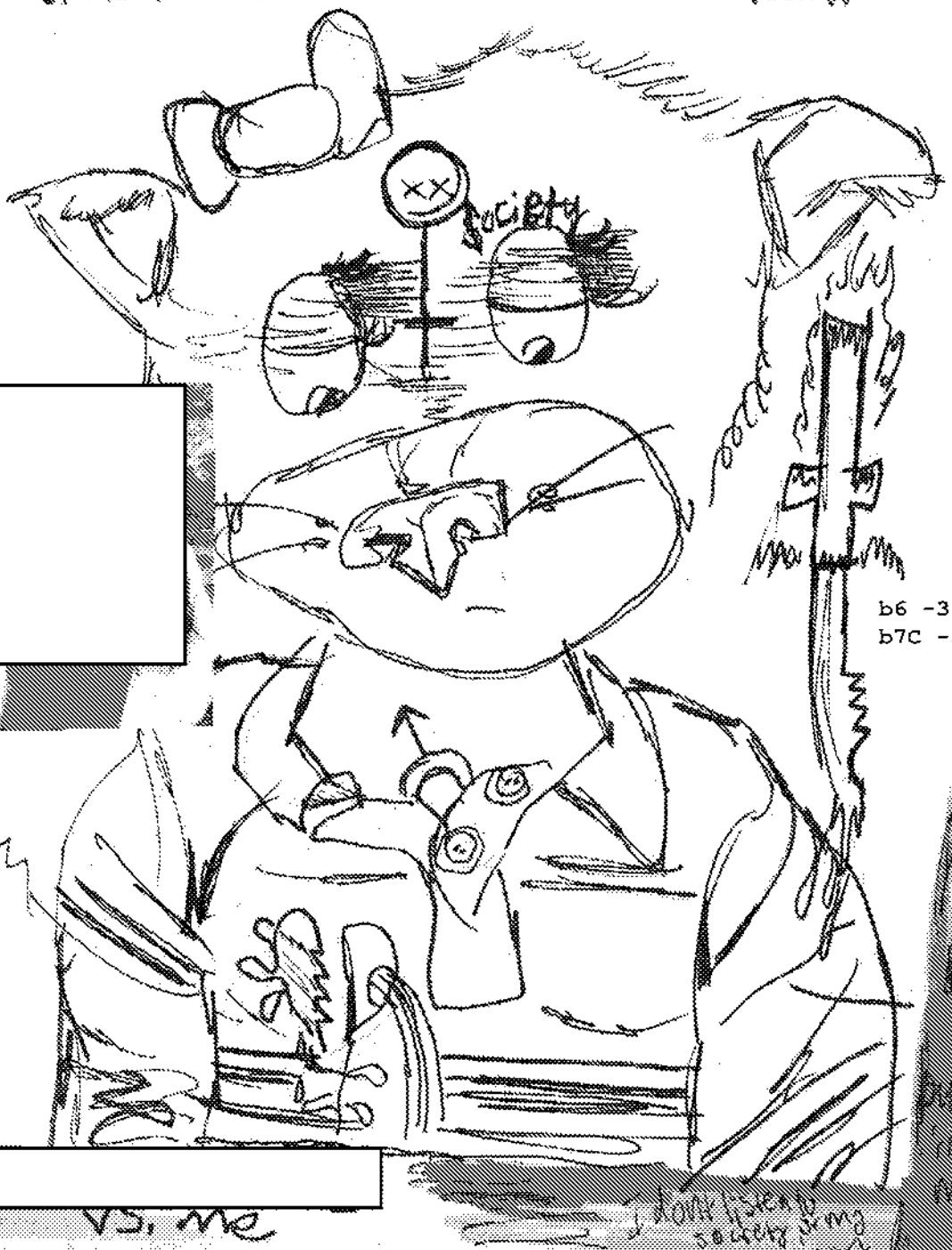
2019-
2020
Chiquita
Chiquita

BEING Gay Sucks part 2

"About a ~~boy~~ girl who was born a girl biologically. But inside of her, a boy is lost and too afraid to be found"



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1259

CONTENTS

Big and small questions & beliefs

1.) I love her, but she Doesn't love me

2.) Your love is so beautiful, but it hurts

3.) [redacted] (BS.) me

4.) Will the girl I loved ever tell me she loves me?

5.) When will the real journey begin?

6.) Hell is burning in me

7.) Do I belong to God?

8.) I don't listen to society, or my heart

9.) Lie that I'm straight won't last forever

10.) This part of who I am is a piece of me - I hold it

11.) I can hate my life to be born this way - and have no idea where it came from

12.) Will I ever learn to love myself?

13.) My sexual fantasies + affections - only fantasies / unrealities

14.) My truth reality: I love someone + it hurts Alot

15.) Does God accept me of whom I cannot in His Kingdom?

16.) This piece of me will be left behind when I die.

17.) I love you, Beautiful

18.) My spirituality vs. my sexuality

b6 -3
b7C -3

I love you, Beautiful



Don't stop telling yourself you are beautiful. Believe it within you more than what others think. I know this contradicts how I treat myself, in the completley opposite manner. Like you, I beat myself up. In honestly, I do because of what I lack - to be loved by a heart like yours because I always tell myself I'm not good enough. YOU ARE. I don't care what other people say, or [redacted] or past enemies at that dumb highschool NSA, full of prideful + arrogant kids. I always knew you were different in how you are so lovable that its an attraction unresistable to hold on tight to. Before I observed your outward beauty, I scoped out your heart first. For a kid who grew up [redacted] you were still full of love + life. In the mist of pain - I could feel the rain fall down on my heart as your eyes become misty, call it compassion you don't need in the slightest.

my heart makes a rainbow as soon as you turn on your sunshine

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Apart from the life you had to live, that you don't deserve, lies a golden child. I know [redacted] is your best friend - another golden child. Golden children stay true to thier positives + negetives, build up a strong hold of self-esteem or make it unbreakable, + learn the valuable sacrificial acts of forgiving others. They are a blessing, and a blooming flower that never stops growing, but allows Gods sun, rain, storms, + icy moments to make its roots uncapable to die.

to me

from Gods

and a precious treasure to others in the most hidden rubbles of the care

6-13-19 Beautiful

[redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

I always thought you were beautiful long before you had full self-love within you and how you feel about yourself toward outward looks. You have striking features that have pierced my heart, but the way the inward rays struck down on me lit up my spirit like a million blazing comets. Its not fireworks, its not stars. Blazing, fire hot shooting stars + comets circling my heart. It never stops, they still orbit on a continuum. Such is my love for you, beautiful.

Now, I bet you thinking - gross. Its ok if you find this akward, uncomfortable, or weird. Such is me. I'm not taken lightly on these matters. Not on others who aren't familiar, + myself who has too much self awareness to self-hate. All I want from you is the consideration to think of me when I leave the earth. And if thats too much... just continue to love on your freinds, family, + spouse in genuine sincerity. A golden child like you will recieve it back in full like I know you deserve. Most of all, love on yourself.

Please keep the "D" out of drunk. Don't try to numb your feelings in that way. Its pain killers - only to kill you if enough abuse. Don't go there. So many will morn over you if your gone. We are far away from each other, but I feel you closer to my heart more than ever. I sleep at night + picture your smile, lushes eyelashes, + those big frown eyes. When my heart dreams, I wish I was in your arms and here you say to a poor white girl like me: I love you,

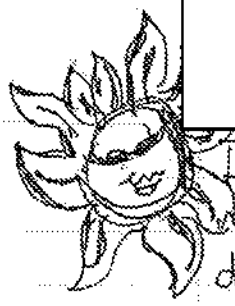
hopefully grow closer to god while doing so as the more stripping through ones heda that cannot be imagined in ones own fantasy

as much as it hurts

+ of course your exuberant laugh

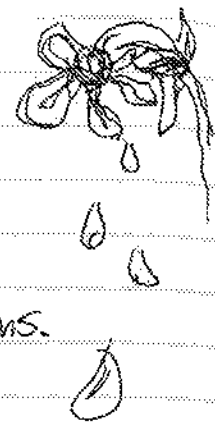
[redacted] 6-14-19

b6 -8
b7C -8



It seems you are the only person that makes my heart smile right now during my time of deppression. You know struggles are real, but not what I live through. Everyday has been terribly ~~hard~~ even though I am currently not in school. Thank God I'm on medical leave. I find myself isolative way too much in the past month, not feeling like wanting to do shit. Most the time I just want to lay in bed all day and just let myself watch the hours go ~~back~~ by while your making good money & living your dreams. At my lowest lows, I remain desolate from all "friends" that I can't really call them that anymore - don't even feel happy having them its all just a lukwarm nutural feeling like I wish I never knew them. They don't give a shit about me. None of them do. You manage to keep in touch w/ your BFs in highschool while all of mine ~~fail~~ fall flat on thier face - those in Highschool I mean. All of them. Every last fuckin one could give not a shit for a white girls unrelated trouble

Call yourself more blessed being proud to say "black girls rock". You defy that statement. Your people who love you ALSO like being with you, whereever you go. Your positive attitude can resonate into any environment your in + turn it into positive vibe-filled energy core - then the synergy w/ others compacts it to an unbreakable electricity + turning any place into "the place to be". The place is lit in Gods Love + Lighty



triffled w/ greif undescribable

I just wish I could give them all away to others that could be more in thier ally of need

like our friendship got no legs, which it doesn't

[redacted]: Writing To You 6-14-19

I am the furthest thing from positive. I'm so negative all the time, & it's a shame even when I should be thanking God for what I do have. I'm always stuck in my depression ditch, not having a real job, not having my own place, having no college degree, no career experience, no [redacted] I can truly count on with, no best friend, & any sister I never see. I swear to God all I have is [redacted] & my professional support team to dig me out of the slump. Right now, I'm just so bitter & resentful of wanting to hang w/ anyone. I'm just not up for it. I've been feeling pretty bad lately for a long time. No one wants to see a depressed, isolative white kid.

All the rest the things that make me smile are [redacted]. Besides her & you, that's it, cause for the most part people depress me. I just want to be with my animals. My pets & my imaginary friend stuffed animals. Splat the Cat books I read make me laugh, so do my kitties, the new spongebob comics I got at Mckays bookstore are funny too [redacted] throughout the day I'm always cracking a joke (as you probably know) and every night I watch cartoons/movies with Stewie (my stuffed monkey). He's my best friend and he's only real to me.

I couldn't keep up w/ my studies for shit. I'm sleeping too much & staying up to late. My mind just won't find a finish line to stop racing, I just can't stop thinking about you.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

6-16-14

"When You stood by Me"

Rob Reiner's film, "Stand by me", is one of the best films I have ever seen. I can't stop watching it. I've already replayed it more than once in the same week. The 1st day I watched it, I watched it twice it was so good. I loved the plot and became attracted to the characters: Gordy (the sensitive one), Chris (the tough one, leader to look after everyone), Teddy, (the rambunctious one) and Vern (the scardy cat one) These guys are so relatable to many groups of friends who are all different in their own way but are like a band of brothers who never leave their sides. They 4 friends went to see a dead body, and along the way, they faced various obstacles. Even in the mist of their own conflicted views & disagreements, they all found the dead kid together. None of them turned back. It IS true friendship, in mist of all fights between each other and their enemies (the knife boys and Milo the Junkman).

I think about the boys' story and how much it relates to my own. I was once in a band of sisters, and we were just like them. We all had a [redacted] fighting heart & love for each other it was [redacted] enviable. We all had different backgrounds in our lives and our own personality. I think of Chris (the leader in the gang) and how he came from a bad family. I think about [redacted] who was in our gang. She didn't come from a good family either, but still [redacted] came around with smiles, goofiness, and a fun-loving nature. [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1265



[redacted] ~~in a way~~ is definatly like Teddy, who is a flamboyant crazy kid w/ flying colors. She would get in trouble and was by for the queen of class ~~clowns~~ clowns. teachers I'm sure would have gotten pissed + frustrated by [redacted] who could never keep in life to behaive. But it was halerious. She always made it funny no matter what the situation was. I'm sure other times it wasn't always that [redacted] was laughing. I've seen her cry and walk around w/ a despondent face. Not all times [redacted] was light hearted and goofy, because [redacted] had a different life apart from ours. Her home was not an enviorment any childhood would be considered fair. therefore, how that I look back, it made sense why

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Gordy, apart from teddy + Chris, had a family, but had uncomfortable encounterments between his dad in high regard. Gordy didn't give a shit about his dad and neither did his father. Gordy also took death more sensetivly than the others since his brother got killed in a car accident. When they found the dead kids body, Gordy just ~~was~~ sat down, stored at it, + said to himself "Why did you have to die?" → the sensetive kid

he felt isolative from his parents + felt invisible toward his parents for what he was loving + supporting him. He was affected easily by it

In ways, I feel I'm like Gordy. Sometimes I could give a shit of [redacted] since it felt like a lot [redacted] could care less of what I was trying to pursue in life. [redacted] has never been easy for me, and in that account, I take it to sensetive matters. I can feel my life is injepordy why I exsist and why I'm still living while kids my age are dieing. I ask the same question to myself, "Why did you die?" that leads to the bigger question: "Why can't that be me?"

She acted out all the time.

Since he doesn't get the full picture of being [redacted]

I just can't connect w/ him, [redacted] love [redacted] lost scattered

I've never felt comfortable [redacted] alone w/ [redacted] in the car or at the dinner table

[redacted]

6-16-19

Syd



I think of death alot. There were many times I could have died, but I'm still breathing. I feel I share some of Gordys guilt that he felt w/ his brother gone. He wishes it should have been him. I think about that alot because if [redacted] lost his life, I would have told myself the same thing. I tell myself too much that I'm no good.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

But there is ~~always~~ that voice inside of my heart telling me to stop saying that shit. Its [redacted] I think was the leader in our group. [redacted] knew how to take care of everyone and look out for them like Chris does w/ his best friend Gordy and teddy. [redacted] and [redacted] were the closest of friends going way back in our kid years. Whenever [redacted] was out of place, [redacted] took her hand & brought her to a place of comfort. [redacted] unconditional love she has for others is transendable where it never ends no matter how old we get. It can't interfere w/ years, time, ~~or~~ life stages. I think [redacted] knows how to be such a loving veteran because she has love & respect for herself. Even though in the movie, ~~Chris~~ Chris self esteem was always broken down in tatteres by what the town thought of him [redacted] is different. No one can tear down her self esteem, because she has full confidence in herself as a human being & her abilities.

for him beating himself up

wanting to dodge trains and cussing out the junk man mio

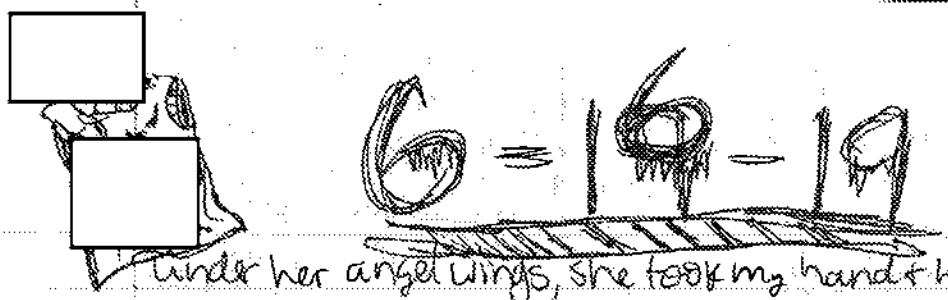
as she was battled in the wars of life earning her these medals by the support [redacted] wisdom.

or disagreements there is always room for forginess & second chances, acceptance, & withholding judgment separate & dividing oak not clashing them

I remember one day before practice, I sat against a wall in the hall that lead to a narrower hall in the bathroom. [redacted] spotted me and ~~could~~ right away caught my sullen expression on my face. No thought needed, [redacted] came up in arms & safeguarded me from bullys voices & torments.

6-16-19





under her angel wings, she took my hand + let me fly away w/ her so I can be free. She didn't just ask me to join her group of friends, she grabbed me in w/ a heart-pulling kind of love I had never witnessed before in friendship. that quality is rare, because I have never witnessed it or been apart of it since. I don't think I ever will again. Because when they stood by me, I believe deep down in my heart that they meant it. I never regret the time I spent with them on the b-ball team in middle school. We never left each others side, they never left mine, no matter what I looked like by color, how shy I was, no matter what other kids thought of me. They let me become apart of them, + I didn't even have to ask. I swear to God, I will never have friends like that again. Jesus, "stand by me" was once my real life.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

---

those kids in class who dnt stop mouth running, wish I'd tell them → SHUT THE FUCK UP!! You stupid, ignorant comment bastards that want to laugh + joke even on sensetive matters. Too focused on being funny you forgot to have the other consciounce part of the brain to be weary of others whod be secretly offened. FUCK YOU, You joke + laugh about my faggot gay shit. Wheres my fuckin gan want to blow all ya'll muther fuckin heads off so devil can have some blood cunk kid soup + watch him sherp all of it. Laugh about matters that are not subject to sensetivity → FUCKIN' IGNORANT BASTARDS!

like LGBTQ, mental illness, or homeless ~~people~~ ness

lost gear in the compassion thought + rain

guess this gen. kids were born w/ that quality

My note of... HATE! (to you fuckers)

Anger and hate... hate + rage... is all I feel. Bliss + agony... pain + suffering... Irritable and weak... to control my anger + hatred I so deeply rootingly feel. I am of a heart that was once a garden that had Gods fruits of the spirit... all have died and transformed into ugly weeds. I hate all the time and only seem to feel love by [redacted]. I love her. I love [redacted]... she can let me escape [redacted] from coming home to work every day. Coming home every day watching [redacted] bullshit called politic talking head channel. HATE TI. [redacted] HATE TI. Do I hate illness? FUCK YES! Do I hate facebook + social media that separates commitment + laziness of relationships? YES, FUCK IN YES. Is it dumb? YES. Is it a waste of time, YES! Does it make me more akin to hating people more, resentful more, hatful + aggitated more when I don't have flesh people in the frame w/ me? FUCK YES! I'm on there but I'm yet not transmitted by brain the waves of thier mind. No heart can transmit myself. I am not complete. I am incapatable by spirit. My body is not enough. I am raddled by the slightest wind, lightest nudge, smallest crackle of thunder + HATE!! Debris, torn branches, thistles, sticks, stones + all in a nested carcass I call my mind, so cluttered, so damped + smells. The trees grab me and the lantern man wants me as his fuel to vent. I am fuel to fire. The outside human

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

where people do immature vents, boyfriend pics + stupid BF shit, thats myths in my world

an unparallel vortex to nowhere demon spirits floating to capture me in a black hole + nicker in depression

I'm a faded picture b/c of cunning age of tech

brainwashed by wats on thier phone screen

1995 kids my age suckled into the vortex w/ dumb fuck 2000 kids

in their photographic memory card

(to you FUCK-UPERS)

My note of... ANGER!

b6 -8
b7C -8

scenses are Carosine. One strike from them & I want to burn all of it up. I want to spray gun shells on my fuckin gaming system so violence can continue to weaponize my easily triggered trap in mind upgraded in hate, anger, & rage. Deppression & fuckin sad for no reason. People that left me - I HATE THEM. thier actions, I hate. People changing into society or thier own rebellious terms that best suits them only to thier theories. I HATE ALL OF YOU. Friends leaving me so I can's have new opportunity from others lives - FUCK YOU! Change is never good in that way. Never was. I HATE YOU PEOPLE for putting me lost thought of never. Forgotten always by you so called confident self-made "ONLY providing self love for me" shit. FUCK THAT!!!

Let me tell you the difference between you fuckers & I. I HAVE SELF AWARENESS. I admit my sins. I admit & know my violent school massacre & homicide [redacted] shit is evil. I know my anxiety & deppression make me a bastard. I know my autistic ways will be forever covert & introverted to inside out animal species character that configures in human anatomy but but no permenant, consistant interaction. I am not of human friendship only animals they understand my 6th sence → I HATE COMMUNICATION! I HATE stupid hanging out & social shit. I know I am turning anti-church & a God repel magnet to devils demons, clay sculpted in tree bark & barbed wire

forces, voices, comments, opinions, critiques stimuli that stings my eyes & salts me up like a burning snail. deep in my veins spun out HATE!! for all of it against my will my security, my restrictions, my rannings... By mouth Blah Blah Blah... while you wnt shut up for shit kids

I wan and the demons [redacted] ignore. Regret forget. Fuck it. by oblivious action

You fuckin left nt. me. All you's straight bastard I wish to kill you all

all you pack stabbers

cut bleed my wire artillery armadillow back skin spike surface I hurt, I want to's hurt them back. All you fuckers!!

Brainwashed by wats on thier phone screen

FUCKIN YES.

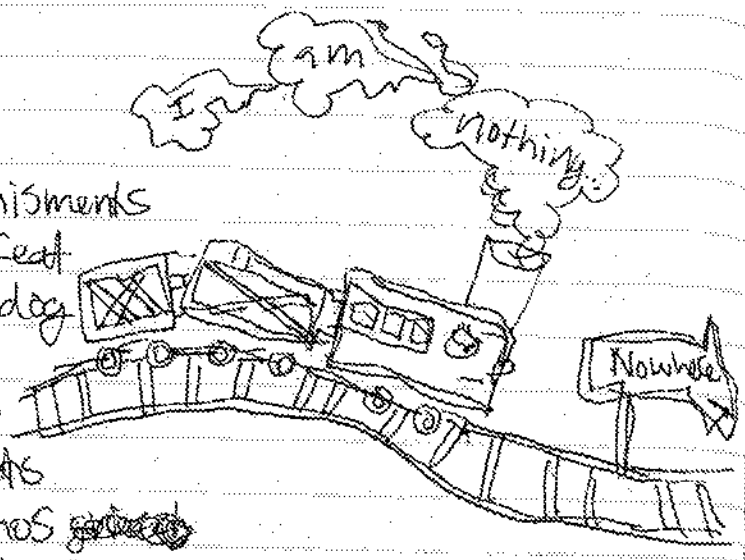
1995 kids my age sucked into the vortex

dumb fuck 2000 kids

in their photograph memory cara

Adults such as Me 9-26-94

~~Young~~ Adults
~~People~~ not of society
are those like me
roads less traveled
of smiles than tears
anointed for accomphisments
shamefullness of defeat
bites from the bully dog
I bird in the nest
volchers that scrap
on any of ~~our~~ my regrets
roars in my head - echos ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ battles in the ring
all the rings - ears set punched
[redacted] face stores
of young life's train chuggin
but huffing w/ all might
reverse the wheels - take flight
but can't
those higer above me
won't abord me in thier sky
alone to ~~[illegible]~~ be eye to eye
thier perspective view
so alone I lurk the jungles - below
of my tangled misperseptions - endless vines grow
sabertooth tiger I am ~~[illegible]~~
with tear drop markings grumbling low
struggle to infinity - unrelated
unless thier on my planet
or neighbor next to it



b6 -3
b7C -3

Jelly beans?!
Nowhere

MONSTER CONTROLLED

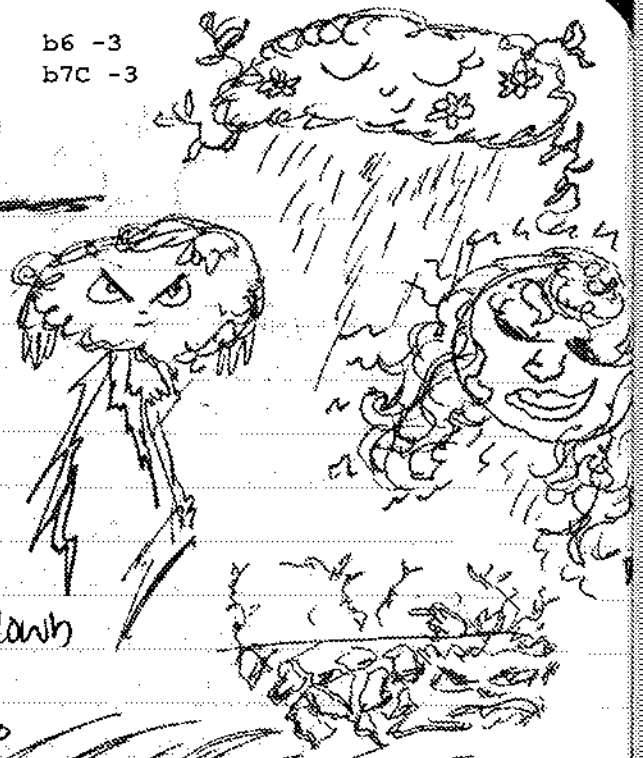
(6-26-19)



I have been monster controlled
squid fentecle arms
around my throat
gasp for breath
short-unsteady
as its body leans its head
over me to bite my ~~[illegible]~~ ability
poisonous mind
by injected monster specimen
become apart of ~~[illegible]~~ DNA
sickness ingrained ~~[illegible]~~ eggs
hatching ~~[illegible]~~ thousand problems
monsters chewing up my soul
till its bare as skeleton coral
weakness bored in ~~[illegible]~~ camoflage fish
that I'm bound to be eaten alive
instead of ~~[illegible]~~ running away
I swim toward danger eels
~~[illegible]~~ demon sharks smelling blood
but ~~[illegible]~~ let them swallow me whole
so don't have to ~~[illegible]~~ live
in Mariana trench emptiness
my darkest ~~[illegible]~~ depths ~~[illegible]~~ of adaptation

b6 -3
b7C -3

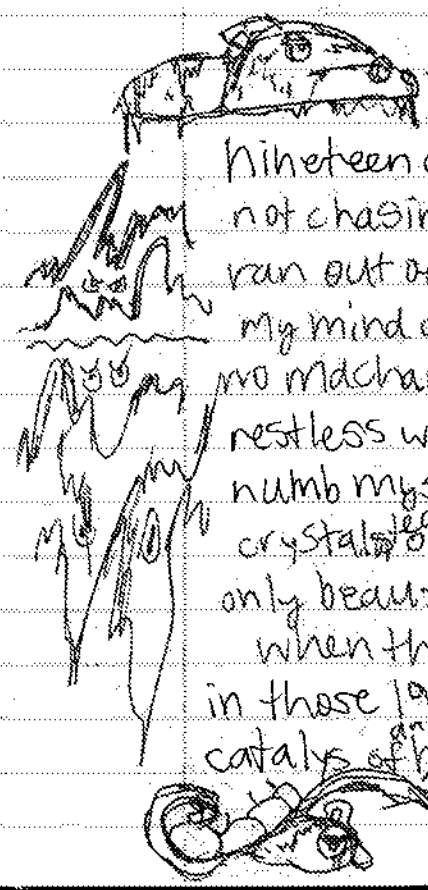
9-28-19 **Untitled**



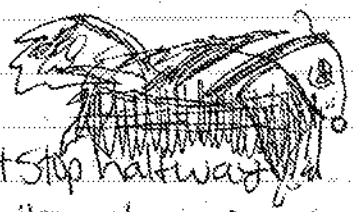
[redacted] is the rain
my anger is the sun
[redacted] is a draught
empty of touch
soft grass hugs me
as the sway me
thunder alerts attention
but does not strike me down
serves me best
because I will soon become
the storm itself

for those ~~[illegible]~~ are simply [illegible]

19 Days



nineteen days
not chasing dreams
ran out of steem
my mind a defected motor
no mechanic can fix
restless without ease
numb myself to sleep
crystals tears out of my eyes
only beautiful
when they shatter
in those 19 days
catalys of anger heatwaves



rest stop halfway
running w/ an ingury
this race horse cant win
if its finish isnt strong
from starting at timp
mabe you have to dive in
to catch yourself drowing
before you learn to swim
but I've formed my fins.
from the sting scars run across
back to swimming lessons
so I can master the waters, ripples
~~[illegible]~~ or learn to laugh
riding the wave

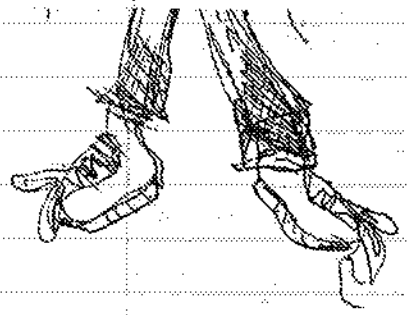
23 cv 1483(10) 12/4

Stewie Stewie Stewie

Hi Audrey :)

Hi Stewie ♥





my best friend is a monkey
an imaginary ~~[illegible]~~ friend
folding away ~~[illegible]~~ the bites & barks
model them in paper planes
the good out of it as they fly
until they swap back around
but its ok if they poke & cut skin
I have stewies fur, as protective coat, a ~~[illegible]~~ comfortlexture for tears
[illegible] ingrained ~~in~~ eggs
hatching ~~a~~ thousand problems
monsters chewing up my soul
till its bare as skeleton coral
weakness bored in a camoflage fish
that I'm bound to be eaten alive
instead of ~~[illegible]~~ swimming away
I swim toward danger eels
~~the~~ demon sharks smell my blood
but ~~I'd~~ let them swallow me whole
so don't have to ~~[illegible]~~ live
in Mariana trench emptiness
my darkest ~~[illegible]~~ depths ~~[illegible]~~ of adaption



the
tears

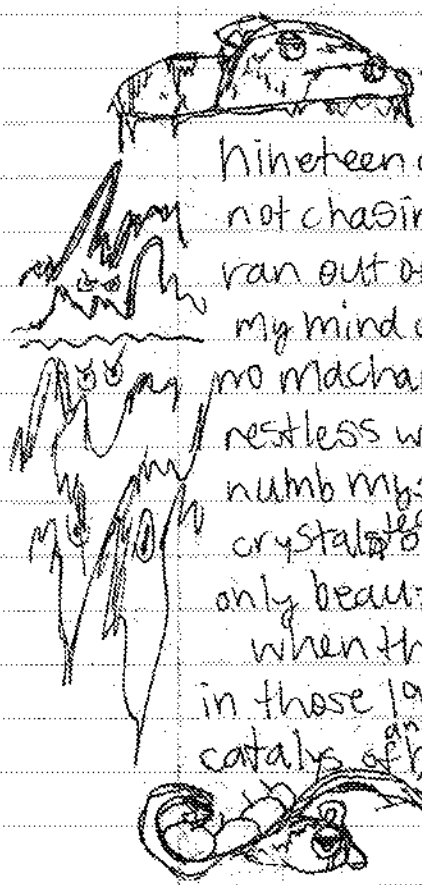


19 Days



19 days since school was put on shelf to store
4 days where I finally could meet ~~[illegible]~~ friends that care
19 ~~[illegible]~~ ex-friendships expired; she threw us away
4 days I finally feel accepted and loved in a safe place
4 days where I can battle society; lites tradjeties
with the ones who understand - tough bored like me
15 days at my blackest pit hole of hatred; shame
15 days where I defined my problems like my 1st name
15 days: I am the problem I can't have a lion's affection ~~[illegible]~~
socialization where I can ~~[illegible]~~ loop the basic laces, but cant weave
them through the shoe [attachment] puzzled, scratch head ~~[illegible]~~, too complex
for those ~~[illegible]~~ who are simply loving themselves. How can I?

19 Days





nineteen days
not chasing dreams
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restless without ease
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crystals tears out of my eyes
only beautiful
when they shatter ~~[illegible]~~
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before you learn to swim
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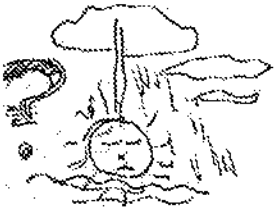
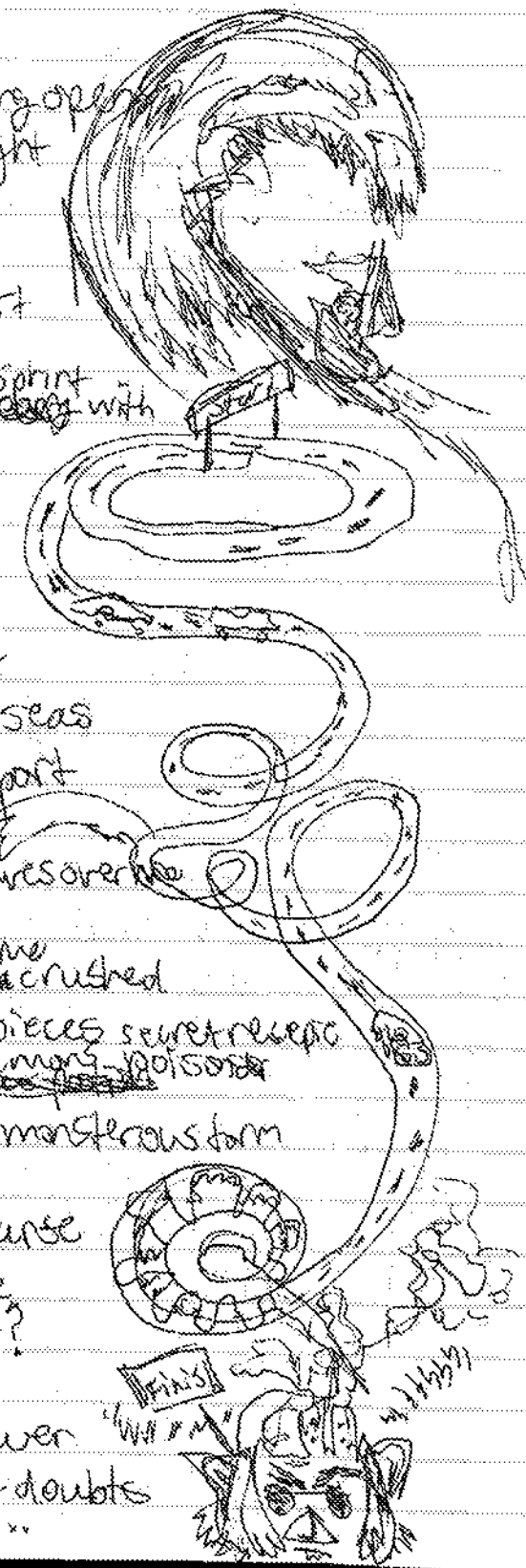
from the stingscars run across
back to swimming lessons
so I can master the waters, ripples
~~[illegible]~~ or learn to laugh
riding the wave

7-1-19

How long will it be?



How long will it be
until your arms could swing open
to let me in; lock me in tight
How long will it be
untill I can hear
your whispering in my heart
to tell me it will all be ok
ok the only feeling to sprint with
drag racing 600 laps
that feels like infinity
Kind of settling with it
at the bottom of the bottle
with a message I never sent
I've been through too many seas
for us to sail at the same port
have you been in storms &
or have I without you waves over me
how long will that be?
this curse of sisterhood time crushed
our memories in too many pieces secret recepic
thrown as spices of my demons poisons
that transformed me to a monsterous form
would you be willing
to free me from this curse
or are you content w/ me
remained as a beast?
How long will it be
till I can recieve an answer
or dive w/ my grave full of doubts
left with too many questions...



[redacted]

you're not listening, sister...

b6 -8
b7C -8

(7-3-19)

what you cannot see... my tears that I hold in for your sake. I can't let your mood dampen and your heart cannot absorb as if I'm a full of a wholly animal. I'm not charging at you, you are just feeling chased so you rush through what I am actually feeling. they seem to hold no value - filled waters that are in ripples, not calm streams, waterfalls ~~[illegible]~~ rather so scared trying to fight my rushing tears pulling yourself away from me. You tell me not to be sad so you could only stop being threatened in my deepest loneliness and sadness. You are capable to be there but you choose not to just like you choose words of cruel invalidation. you are avoiding these oceans you never had the consideration looking beyond its length stretched at the eclipsed horizon and dive into the trenches where demon fish chew + nom on my hearts energy core tender flesh. How dare you say don't be sad.. I wish you would just listen to me. I feel you don't listen or appreciate how I feel when my tears form its crystalized shape, Catch them not, they shatter but you already left. I'm not looking forward to what's next. I wish you could just slow down for once...

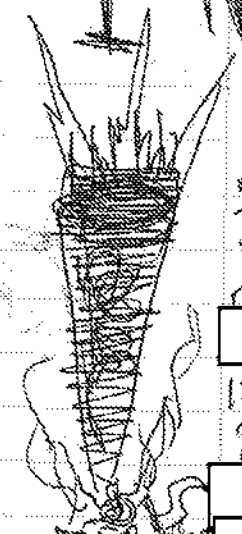
like a bull of rage

an absorbant sponge

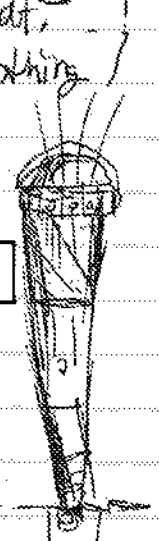
swimming w/ all your might

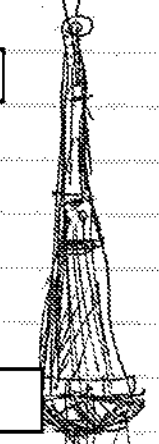
I Need A New Heart

8-5-19











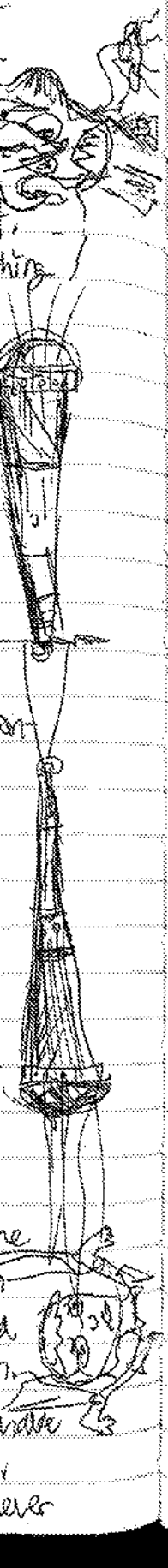
Am I too hard on you? Yes... as [redacted] mentioned when my frustration pipes blow out such untempermental heat, I'm too hard on you... fuck that makes me sad. I feel nothing really makes you happy. [redacted] Your demon was acting out like no shit having all kinds of hissy fits through way. Its not you who's doing all [redacted] the ones that makes me think of [redacted] as monsters or the [redacted] But its your not a monster. Your demon is. It makes me feel like a shitty person when I don't much seperate the two + more blend them in of a ~~[illegible]~~ reality-struck-bad combination the weak + needy vs. the relentless and evil. Apart from your demon, I spy this [redacted] that tries to handle adult stressful situations that blow over like an overcooked meal in a steampot. I spy a [redacted] who [redacted] says [redacted] Did my heart just shead a tear? Here I am, sick of the feeling having to deal w/ your demon that I forget [redacted] over some dipstick bullshittin liars who piled on you a broken problem that can't be fixed. Like our oven that stopped working and still turn on the fuckindyle - but its gone for. A mess too messy. A sty too heavy. Something you can't make something useful out of nothing cause its too much undoing. You were stressed [redacted] out I never

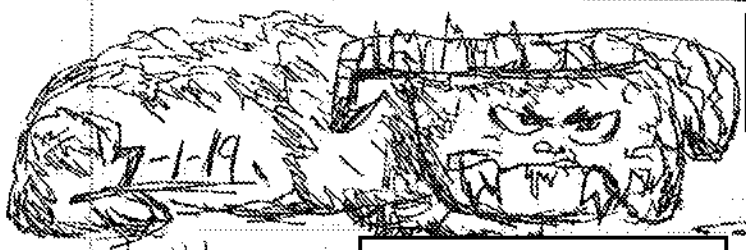
How we are different
where are heaven
blessed by God
[illegible] protected us
of what worse is

I have a heart
problem, I'm a
pretty broken [redacted]
w/ a broken [redacted]
But then again, [illegible]
A lot of us are [illegible]

If your relieved
I should be too.
Your demon could
shut the fuck
up + you can
just be [redacted]
I just need a new
heart to withe sit
more
noticed, maybe
this time the demon
didn't play you like
a puppet this time
+ no show for us
to view.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8





[redacted] I don't need

Just because [redacted] doesn't mean [redacted] has [redacted] doesn't admit it. [redacted] I don't [redacted] For a long time I feel [redacted]. I hate [redacted] like I have to put on a toxic face mask but its like its half broken. I can still smell [redacted] I try to hold my breath but I need to breath. I exhale and my body carries that smell and my heart gets moldy and damp like crumby plaster like the ugly holes in our walls [redacted] GODDAMN.

messy & uncomfortable like my headstucket like vectum spazums

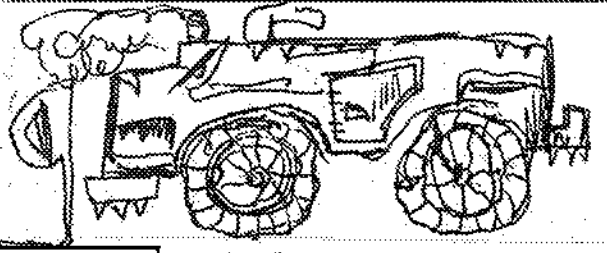
I'm just a supersensetive person. I'm depressed right now & I've been Autistic my whole life but he doesn't appreciate my boundries. He naturally keeps doing his same habitual ways & doesn't even know it. Once you've done habits & behaviors your whole life it doesn't change for better [redacted] Bullshit. I have mental illness but I've been in two treatment centers trying to participate working my ass off. [redacted] doesn't understand that era of mental health. Even if [redacted] so that the end of the day.. All I feel is... dread..

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



[redacted]

7-2-1



I know [redacted] won't fully support me. He won't have any comparison to [redacted] who works in all her power, heart, + mind to help provide for me in every way. I do appreciate him for how hard he works + Hes not a lazy bum with not a days work put in. I believe other co-workers respect his reputation [redacted] Its not at all depending on how [redacted] mechanically makes him feel + behaive. I say all the time "I don't need [redacted] Maybe thats true. Or maybe [redacted] want from scientific studies. But I am no by product. I don't know what having a [redacted] feels like where [redacted] feels [redacted] Shes the [redacted] my world with a [redacted] who only [redacted] fuck everything else. Its a one way street that I don't want to walk down anymore. Im tierd of him being my emotional disaster truck of a road-kill machine. I swear to God... if he wasn't here in placement of another emotional support [redacted] life would be much happier [redacted] I wouldn't [redacted] if [redacted] or I was away like [redacted] Don't you [redacted] set it tucked up. Just cause I have [redacted] doesn't mean I really have one. Shit I think all the time I don't give a shit [redacted] but no... its that I want nothin to do [redacted] I just want [redacted] and accept only [redacted] thats everything 2 me.

3 WITH THE FULL PACKAGE

I feel threatened cause its my own demons juices to even if I hate to admit that

fill my fumes of hot metal pots worrying

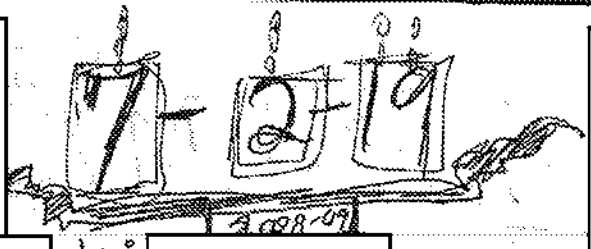
thanks [redacted] demon (who I hate)

MOST the time, I have all feels out no "hector"

BUT LISTEN

sincerities too concerned about him only

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



[redacted]

7-2-19

[redacted]

[redacted] H: [redacted]

[redacted]

I was thinking of you today... as I always do, I met someone in therapy who's spirit kind of reminds me of you. I have trouble walking up to people + getting to know them. You may still think I'm not interested, but I am, I just don't catagorize socializing as my strength like your strength. Mine is pure, amble weakness, most of the baggage I carry is incompleted, fragmented or crumpled samples of friendships. Its taking me so long to fully comphrehend and understand. Maybe cause I'm fuckin Autistic but I hate myself cause even though I love to be alone... I still desire to be loved and affectionatly touched... understood. I've been learning alot in therapy how there are alot of strong hearted but gentle hearted souls in my age group + much older. I just haven't met any in a long time... isolation... hatred of my "friends" who forget why I almost died of anorexia + could give a damn about my real experience, bundles of tighty packaged emotions. FUCK... aren't most people too all in themselves OUTSIDE those who actually feel empathy for others? truley want to look into someones heart? try and be thier loyal inspector of thier soul?

I have [redacted]. I want your love and tender hearted empathy that's coated protectivly by your self-care priorities I honorably respect, as I hope your circle does too.

If you don't already know, I'm very shy + introverted

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

If the soul doesn't care to take flight + see over up head of thier own sky?

maybe cause the problems that were sealed in the cocoon couldn't sprout a butterfly and be sentle to others lives.

who encounts the struggles of flights like me on the disorder side of barbed wires that seperates us from a descriminate society

ding

hanks

[redacted]

(who I hate)

MOST the time, I have all feels not "have for"

LISTEN

sincerness too concerned about him only

[redacted]

t

vothing 2 me.

[redacted] 7-2-79 [redacted]

But in these last couple days, I have very hopeful feelings about [redacted], shes my new friend. I hope I can actually do things different this time + not fail my chances like I did with you. I think God is giving me a second chance. Cause I have a feeling its not a coquencidence. Its more than just a feeling, but ach assurence. [redacted] seems really considerate and has a caring heart, like shes there for her friends in treatment. Shes been really nice to me... that I haven't been treated that way in a long time. Like special... like you did for me when we were little... I wish I tried to ach knowlege me as much as you did. Its like she wants to try + be friends to me.. like you tried to be. In a way it touches my heart in a way.. like your spirit kind of resonates with yours. the selfless sunshine that warmed up on my heart from hers. Why do I feel like that with her in some way like how I feel with you? Its emotional a little. Hopeful + sadness from us parting as you moved on to highschool. I'm trying to accept the life's cruel cycle of friends entering + leaving my life. Its like brand new clothes you begin to like + love weering, but as time goes on, you outgrow them, the colors fade, the change of not liking it like you used to... I feel that many of my friends feel that way about me. I outgrow them but I'm emotionally attatched it it even when my heart feels scratchy + uncomfortable

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

and remarkably so, she has told [redacted]

Ironically doesn't have the dramatic personality of one or selfish.

friendly

when I was too shy to be friendly

like I try w/ everyone but may have not looked like trying w/ you.

then compared to now

you change how the way you feel about it cause of how much you've changed. + how it feels on you

7-2-19

[redacted]

If your love ~~was a type~~ isn't a type of clothing, though.. and neither is Syd or [redacted] Its like a childhood stuffed animal I keep carrying around in my life even though my relationship w/ you + them isn't important like it maybe was in the past. The new rays of hope towards opportunity are trying to pull me into the brighter ~~side of it~~ beneficial side of it rather than what I fear to loose or fear I won't accomplish in personal goals I think with [redacted] ... its worth it right now. Its an idea of Gods + I can't say no to him. But all the while in that experience... I'm still holding on to you with all the strength in my heart.. holding you up as best as I can

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

that suck me into the dark chambers of worn out stuffing from old attractions

might give me a chance

"you are my star that shines.. but not shin at me rather in my own darkness" - A.H.

I love ya so deeply... for I don't know how long. A love more than just being in love... What I carry feels like a heavy burden. But I continue to hold you regardless.

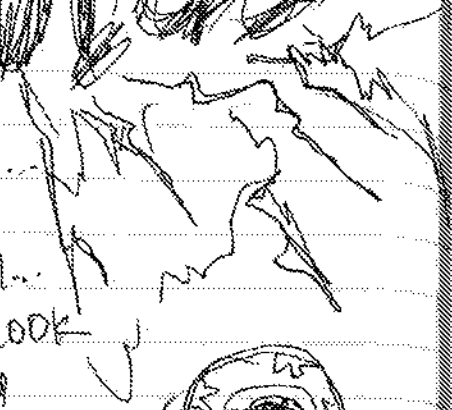
"grow, thrive, excell" shine

I have to say I might be in love w/ you too. I am attracted to your warming bond fire heart that makes people feel really good...

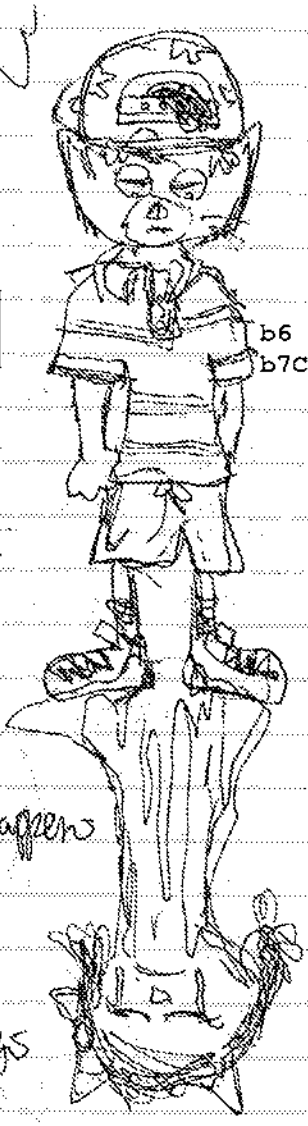
"your smile strikes me as if its like a lightning storm to watch in awe"

VOICES, VOICES, VOICES





Don't fuckin tell me I have curres...
Don't fuckin tell me I am a woman...
Don't fuckin tell me I like men...
Don't fuckin tell me I'm like a girl...
Don't fuckin say I'm not suppose to look
this way or that
I'm so dawn tired of being pressured to be and
dress more femenine
I'm sick and tierd of being trapped in a
womans body
I'm sick of having views from [redacted] b6 -3 b7C -3
that harshly contradict against mine
I'm done with lieging I'm straight
I'm done trying to be attracted to men
I'm trying to be more accepting of myself
I'm trying to accept my situations just as
they come and go
I wish the girls I love would love me
just as I do
Fuckin tierd of rejection as love in life happens
in this world
I'm fuckin tierd of being rejected, Least
prioritized.
I'm fuckin tierd of having these feelings
and I don't know why
I am gay and it fuckin sucks
would someone be able to love me ever
or am I content a fuckin loner
Am I a gay girl meant to be left alone to grow fuckin tell
Fuckin hate I have to fuckin self care, that's all they can me





7.7.19

I found someone else that I love you is gay like me. She isn't someone I met yesterday or weeks ago. It was months, years past by - over a decade she + I back in 08 + still remember each other. I was suprised that she relpied to my i-messege sent a month ago or less. I'm suprised she asked me questions. (Not that shes selfish... its just I feel I am not important) questions about life and if I told anyone else about my secret.. that I'm gay. I often think I'm not important cause we haven't really ever hung out. I know now freindships blossom best when the rain dances come + the sun of welcoming shore is will let it grow. I tell myself being on the b-ball team doesn't count, But then to reappraise it, it was better than just meeting each other in high school were in most cases all friendships fly away like a favorite kite loved by a kid.

of the seasons balance

over time

b6 -3
b7C -3

"Have you told anyone?" I told [redacted] who's also gay. I told [redacted] who's straight. "Are you dating a girl?" Well... never have. Sad to suck to the fact I like black girls + in most cases not even black dykes or studs would dare date a white faggot like me. And that fuckin sucks like anything else. I don't like those agly dykes, whoever skin color, shape, or size. fuck that she better be beautiful + higly femenine. I don't want to stare at a girl who looks like a boy.. I don't like boys like that, so fuck that shit to the moon + explode it.

in their own way that's authentic whatever their personality or style or looks like a girl + have appearance in girl fasion

full of black girl rock black magic mysestic beauty

"I had feelings for you..." I say. she never knew. well that's fuckin good at least I have some sucess

Blum 7-4-19

in hideout from fuckin society. For as long as I can remember, I always thought you were beautiful, even if you say you beat yourself up believing your not pretty enough. I love the fact your comfortable in your own skin and think you are now, because it will only attract yourself more to others. I've always had butterflies around you. Everytime I saw you, they'd flutter wildly in my stomach. When you hugged me, my heart would beat so forcingly as if it burst out of my chest. When you smiled at me, my heart was a base drumb and my hands were tingly like little spiders crawing up them. Your laugh would make my heart sink but glow, floating like a colored jelly fish. Your goofiness attracts people like a superpower - I'm hypnotized by your warm-hearted, fun loving personality that puts my heart on auto-piolet. I can't control its cargo of emotions for you as it navigates in all orginins of my mind, soul, body, + spirit. I really think I'm in love with you.

"Is it weird?" "Naw..."

"I'm in love w/ someone else besides you." "Who?" Its fucked up. "You in love W[redacted] Fuck did I make that too odvious? I can't help loving you both. I don't know why. I shouldn't have told her.

"Does it bother you?" "No and its fine, stop overthinking" Once again my feelings are invalidated. My experience + feelings are illogical + unreal.

"I'm not over thinking its not easy being a gay girl" "I'm gay too is what I'm trying to tell you. I'm gay too, Audrey"

at least she didnt have vibes from me that would have been easy to tell from being in the LGBTQ community

b6 -8
b7C -8





Damn... maybe she does understand. what's her story? What was her journey? How did she learn to love herself? I may never know... ~~but~~ did she feel what I felt in that moment? I don't know that either... I feel I only am stuck w/ more questions that sitting assured by answers, even if some may not all be what I want to hear... such as...

"~~Tell~~ You still give me butterflies, I say. "Thats sweet, but I have a gf Audrey." Fuck...

Call me unlucky like many other gay girls, I've heard stories of my friends' relationships & how they are all complicated in thier own ways, how it hurts when they brake up w/ you, or engultingly uneasy when you brake up w/ them + they ~~won't let~~ don't know how to let go. I hear relationships are too much. I hear it can be beautiful & destroying, fufilling & empty, overflowing & overdamaging, burning up in love stores and chilling cold of the separation. In mist of all those castle sky hights and underground Hell lows, I want to discover what it feels like for myself. I want to know what holding a hand feels like, being snuggled up in someone's arms, being kissed.. Even if it follows w/ pain + grief, I don't care. I just want to enjoy it for the ride untill all brakes down.

I wish I had you, [redacted] I wonder what it would be like if I ~~love~~ was loved by you. Would you ever love a white girl like me? We are both gay, so I ~~have~~ believe it can be possible unlike w/ [redacted] I'll never have a choice w/ her. Then, theres you - A CHOICE if you out of all whom I know... I'm so glad its you. ♥

who go through this experience of loving someone but they don't feel that way about you.

or just straight people/ humans in general who we are all imperfect. ~~but~~

in Heaven

excited & reverish a season of love bug spring until soon it dies + its bare naked as trusted limbs on the trees but mature blooming love.

not it's bit

b6 -8
b7C -8

7-8-19



What is causing self-hatred inside me?

- distorted imagery from my Eating Disorder
- envying friends' confidence + self love

- not feeling validated for my feelings in my anxiety + depression from those friends to whom I love w/ all my heart, BUT... I validate them for their reactions avoiding me and not thinking my feelings / emotional experience is logical, real, or understandable.) I can't blame them. I seem to have failed love + over taking care of myself. How can they take care of me? They ignore me for a valid reason. They don't know what to do with me

The friends I love THE MOST

[redacted] I painfully accept it.

b6 -3, 8
b7C -3, 8

- [redacted] I hate myself for being such a fool giving my heart to you. I feel it was all a waste and you threw it all away along w/ my friendship w/ it. Half my heart was ripped out of me, + it seems only the tender fabricators of new girlfriends are willing to stitch up the separation of love + generosity I once had toward friendship. Before treatment of PHP & IOP & my anxiety + depression, I felt friendship was useless at this point. I've started to believe it's personal. It's because of me that I don't have you. We aren't meant to be cause of me. I'm not BF to you. I'm no fuckin(i)sts. The more I tell myself that the more anger I feel. How do I know it's true

7-8-19

or believe it is? You've not been a good friend at all when you got word from all my mental & physical sickness. You put "the love of your life" as #1 and "the dying" lil sis last. You make me feel so fuckin sad, which only fuminates toxic behaivors & how you represent yourself: boyfriend as side-dependant identity. I liked you better when you were single. I'm just so done w/ you but NO EXCUSE ignoring me like that in my time in need. I was there for you, you can't see that you haven't. I wish you would stop running blind fold in life pushing others down in dirt holes of useless needs because of your bliss is ignorance. Maybe I should put you to the side. You don't make me feel better, & I'm not forgiving you anytime soon. Not until I can learn to love myself & you can learn to stop being dependant too much on one person & not taking care of yourself - ALONE. Real shit. I'm on some new shit you're not at. Therefore, no need for you in my life now, or ... maybe never again if your not willing to change like me for a better version of ourselves we can really be. If your in pre contemplation about this situation, then we won't see eye-to-eye w/ anything else, because I'm far ahead of you. I think I can do it if I work hard on it & apply what I've learned. I TRY. You didn't try to be a friend in return. I'm not wasting my energy & time w/ you anymore until we DO see eye-to-eye in what we need to improve on for ourselves. Not ~~based~~ dependant on how others think about us or treat us, just so we can

If thats just you, you may not be for me in my life if you can't figure out what's going on with your own problems. Everyone has their own

7-8-19

get thier love + praise back based on thier views of improvement toward us you or me. I don't think its clear to you. Its all oblivion just like how you are oblivious to my life, but also yours.

[redacted] I love you so much. I do believe that you are my real big sister. You have been genuine + authentic in your feelings, pursuings, and self-confidence + assurence of self-love. I highly respect you for who you are ~~as a socially~~ as a tough gritty personality doing down in the trenches work but also your kind heart thats endearing. What you express to me is real + feel it even when we are apart. I believe + trust your assurence that we will always be sisters.

in your career

but tough

~~How~~ However, I wish you could validate me when I'm sad or lonley. You think that my depression holes that are hallow + bare aren't real or logical. "Stop crying." How can I? Haven't seen you in like 3 years. I hope you'll take the time + look into my hallow heart, but you won't somehow. I don't think evaluating + trying to puzzle piece together this picture I try to visualize, but the pieces aren't clicking to you. Its probably out of vunerability to you + me both. Its kind of uncomfortable + threatening to you. Its vunerable to me because I have insecurity of sensing this ~~[illegible]~~ feeling or that would threaten you to push you away. "Its ok." No... its not. It hasn't been for a long time, but would you ever care to know for yourself? I hate myself for trying sometimes.

+ expect me not to miss you. How can you think that? Your in my thoughts + mind everyday.

you always feel me because I'm constantly stepping in your hazardous to ownership

b6 -8
b7C -8

7-8-19

[redacted] I am in love with you, + yet.. you reacted in the best way. I believe you still accept me as a friend, but I still feel like I never had you. I put so much of the fault on me." Its my fault for not hanging w/ you over the summer days for years. Its my fault I sucked at talking back then + couldn't keep up at your social pase - coming to conclusion that I didn't care. Its my fault for not ~~being~~ having the courage to give myself to you b/c I was too afraid of what you'd think of it. Its my fault we aren't meant to be best friends so only were buddies for a season. I am the defalt, I am the de-connector in this relationship. I could not complete in the past what I can't undo + try again. Its too late..."

I'm sometimes envious of you. I feel that things I don't yet understand, you fully have practiced and established within your personality + how it's made your life much easier: Loving yourself. I'm not there yet. I try to make it easier on you so you won't even have to deal with me + my feelings since you have no need of your time to empethize my experience. I'm sure you felt down + discouraged, but you haven't had mental illness or deal w/ it. thats why you don't think its real or valid. I have this faded glass wall in front of you and you cant fully realize who I really am + feel about you. You don't want to know whats behind my glass wall. I keep thinking we'd be close but it will never happen cause I know its pointless + not mutual. Its not any more. You have your close

b6 -8
b7C -8

for being fucking depressed in high school + college days

that cant find an outlet to light it up with you

so relationships w/ others are easier on esteem ~~[illegible]~~ and thiers to lift me.

well toward thers

you always feel me

because I'm constantly stepping in sometimes your hazardous to swimming

7-9-19

friends, family who you love to be around, & your best friend. I lost mine, trying to find one. I wish you were but true tells, you not. I try to tell myself its not personal and its not me. But I can sence you are fine if im in your life in your life. I'm just another duck in your pond. I'm just better off hiding behind the moss grass & hope you wont notice me, but I desire you'd wish to. It seems I'm only coming too you its too much on myself. The more I do it the more miserable & vulnerable I am w/ my earthquake shattering self esteem as soon as my anxiety crack my hearts earth, then depression monsoons w/ overwhelming waves. I guess my self esteem is guarded by a weak weak boarder. You have a lot of confidence that's hopeful & encouraging, but at the same time I wish it was easier to be like you. Too much compairison has made it a harmful for me as if I'm punching my glass wall get to you dear, thought you'd already run away. It shatters my heart in return. Once you focused on yourself, being there for others didn't become as poignant. How can life be great when you only focus so much on yourself w/o it being selfish? I feel you can only answer that the best. I just wish you were here... I need to stop building sandcastles around memories I hope to make but all wash away from my anxiety waves. Your ocean is too beautiful for me. What I make in your sand doesn't attract you. My only choice is to move on, but still hold onto seashells of who you are. that's all I have.

you are to me but not to you. It has to be mutual in regard

hurting us both

you are the my only sister of God who can

take them w/ me

or have enough courage to at least set my feet wet in the pond since in yours I feel like I'm the ugly duckling to your swan like characteristics

All I can do is stare in your sunset heart & cry

7-9-19

b6 -8
b7C -8

I'll admit I had feelings for you a long time. High School I believe my love for you had grown, struck up in hight. I just love how ~~you've~~ you've been able to stay the same person all these years. I remember how in the past, In most times, you would be laughing w/ your friends that I'd see you around hallways or near the lockers. I wonder sometimes how you were able to still look happy ~~[illegible]~~ for as rough of a life you had growing up. I'll never know the full story, but its better to keep it at that, cause whenever I asked back then, you don't want to get in the details. I feel that way sometimes too, even if my suffering + dark memories are different than yours. Every time when I would see you at high school on school days, my stomach would burst of butterflies in full form and never seemed to stop. Hugging you felt like my blood was rushing through me like racecars, pumping my heart god speed. Back then I denied being gay, but here I am now in full awareness + embracing myself - for the first time in, like, ... ever. My whole life.

You have shared with your loved ones you would beat yourself your not beautiful enough. I would have never known. You've always been beautiful to me. Like most average love seekers, they look outward. I observed your heart like seeing Gods painted Van Gough sunset for the ~~first time~~ loved you right away. Outwardly too I see beauty ~~[illegible]~~ revolutionized confiance + matured. You fully embraced yourself in love. And thats where self doubt

memories w/ you in bt ball days is fabricated in my mind iron pressed deeply in the mist of my soul spread as a bull. If I could think of the most fun loving person I know who accepts all kinds, its you. The rain comes down on me. I was deeply, madly attracted to it. I loved your heart before AI observed your fizique figure

but on and when you have grown spiritually. your mindset has become more netted in positivity, + hope Gods net change is not just good in that regard. Its ablessing to me. It has been contribution saving my own spiritually w/o falling into details fire pit

r have enough courage to eat least get my feet wet in the pond since in yours I feel like I'm the ugly duckling to your swan like characteristics

All I can do is stare in your sunset heart + cry [illegible]

7-11-19

Beautifully brave your heart is

and beating up candie, Any bathing suit, any model outfit, any style you choose to express yourself, many colors flash before my eyes - what beautiful creature God has created to ingrain such valuable intellegence to someone as brave as you. You are always smarter than you think braver than you have become, loving more than you can ever imagine just like ~~the everlasting love God has~~ for you. He looks down on you in Heaven. I looked up to you all this time, regardless of mistakes that progressed toward life lessons you validated as strength to rise above all confrentations of tempation. You never let me down. I'll always love you and feel for you all the same. I have forginness stored at full measure for you. But when I see you based on all you went through in life I don't see them blankly for mistakes - I saw them as opportunities to grow into an even stronger person than you are. Beauty at its finest.

not just your model looks, perfect full lips, lushes eyebrows golden skin and mesquite eyebrows, your uniane lefthand bone structure tatoo

He gave your your life designed just for you and made for you.

you showed your love to me & you didn't have to

at intamicy in hand-to-hand

God id you

b6 -8
b7C -8

I love you but you don't love me. I'm a failure of friendship, THE failure. I couldn't become close to you no matter how hard I tried, because even if you gave me a chance, I doubt the feeling is mutual. Was it ever? Did I ever have you? Why the fuck am I going on Facebook messenger and think you could maybe like me? I have been over my head my whole fuckin life, thats why. If you assume I don't give a fuck about you, think again. I love you more than any of those bitches its the fuckin truth. Other than that, I am no competition

You and God's relationship was all it took.

23 cv 1483(HB) 1296

7-14-19

to your circle of friend family bros & sissis. I am no competition to your girlfriend, Fuck we still can't be intimatly mutual even when both of us are gay. Shit your the closest bet I have toward being gay with since all my straight girl friends don't hug me long enough or do that fake ass one-arm hug bullshit. I just want to be in thier arms but all in all its fuckin weird to them, but by suprise not to you. Finally someone I am in love with is ok with it and is gay like me. I fantazise it too much since I know I can't have your physical touch in regard. The love making in my head w/ us plays like a life-like movie drama. Me: the lonliest white girl to the tender-touched beauty princess like [redacted] Goddammit my mind keeps rollin film of being wrapped in your arms close, lips close, big brown eyes I can store in ... and there is that irrisistable lovable smile. So fine you are. More than fine that the human eye meets. In my fantazized dreams I feel I met Affection, if it was a person. You'd hook your arms around my neck and tell me... "just cry baby girl. I'm here for you" Touch so gently apon my skin like crests of ocean tides swivle under my feet and your fingers sink into my hair like sand gliding through my toes as the tide sweeps back in. The bursting breakers of your heartbeat sound waving to mind is music to my soul. The rolling smooth pebbles are treasures to your character in how refined those sea storms shaped you. You toss & turn gently carring me like the ocean waves hold my weight. My burdens wash away in that moment.

and I dnt even know what she looks like, but you have her heart & she has yours

I'm happy that its you

like that asian mike guy on Fargo

b6 -8
b7C -8

as you know the oceans bantal toosing & turning

in comforting loving time

on the beach in pastel toned colored sunset

that crystalize a reflection in your eyes like the ore flass

sand golden long curly hair and a little merma swimsul

your sk skin sh glowing your smile radiating through your lip light pink

He gave your your life designed just for you and made for you.

you showed your love to me & you didn't have to

So did you [redacted]

You and God's relationship was all it took.

7-14-17

[redacted] can't intimatly give her love to me because she's straight. She doesn't have the sexual orientation to do so. We have the same kind, and I just want to know what it feels like to have someone love me, not if we were together. If gay friends could do that and if you were single, could you break my longing like the waves break againts the sharp edged rocks? Could you breath some medicine onto my cuts + wounds? Is it anywhere in your heart to where you'd give me a chance?

I ask questions to much where I can't even get answers in return. You tell me I'm over thinking. Maybe I'm too depressed to sort out my feelings clearly. I feel so invalidated by everyone in my life who doesn't understand w/ not enough empethy about me, to the point of not even validating my own feelings. "Suck it up, its ok, you'll get throught it" mantality society tells + I'm sick of it. There aren't enough empethizers in the world. I've had so much empethy in the past for you, but it threatened you in return. Thats not personal. Me feeling unneeded + unwanted by every friend I met in the past. Thats personal, its cause I can't hang out and do shit w/ friends like you. It's just not easy for me. None of it is, and yet they don't make it any easier, me catching signs of little interest. "I'll let you know" fuck that shit! All my life I feel I've gotten nowhere. I can't have one close friend in this world w/ a scrapbook of memories like a

I'm so confused and don't even know to think for my own fuck in self.

Because of those fuckers I begin to believe that I shouldn't feel this way or that about anything that bothers me

maybe you guys don't know me at all who Audrey is.

Making social plans just so you can believe I actually care makes it worse on me

b6 -8
b7C -8

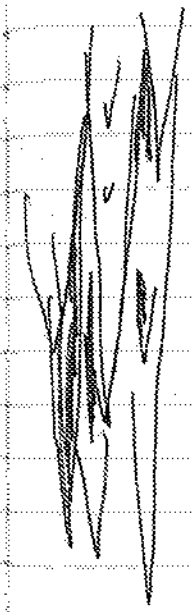
1-14-19

letting go of isolation. All we have is the long to infinity telephone cord connection

long life



Shared adventure. I either have dear distant ones where we hold each others time consideration but not ~~[illegible]~~; then those who are at bay aquintences that are left untouched at shore b/c they left on a friend fair fairy boat & has thier old besties or new ones memory building. I fall apart. they go up. truth is, what parts me distant from ~~[illegible]~~ all four of you guys to the face of the earth: I'm no memory maker. I'm the old rag filmmaker in my imaginary head ~~[illegible]~~ making memories that doesn't even fuckin exist between us. I feel like the lonliest vergin white girl on earth. I keep telling myself I'm not alone - I'm not the only one suffering from deppression. I keep trying & hope to continue the boardwalk coarse w/ them because they are genuine, epethetic, validizing, authentic human beings. But then I get all choked up, too scared, or simply feel I just can't do this friend thing a consistant matter. I can't go past the "1 hangout" & done routine, cause it ~~[illegible]~~ leads down to the #1 fuckin thing that hurts me more than anything in the face of this ~~earth~~ planet - land, sky, ocean, heaven, hell, space; I don't know how to move on and let go of you. I ~~had~~ feel I have no choice but to give up. You ~~did~~ guys didn't give me a chance. I need to stop depending on how others like you so special to me feel towards me. Goddamn it has torn me apart, slaining me inside & out. [Please guys] where the fuck are you...

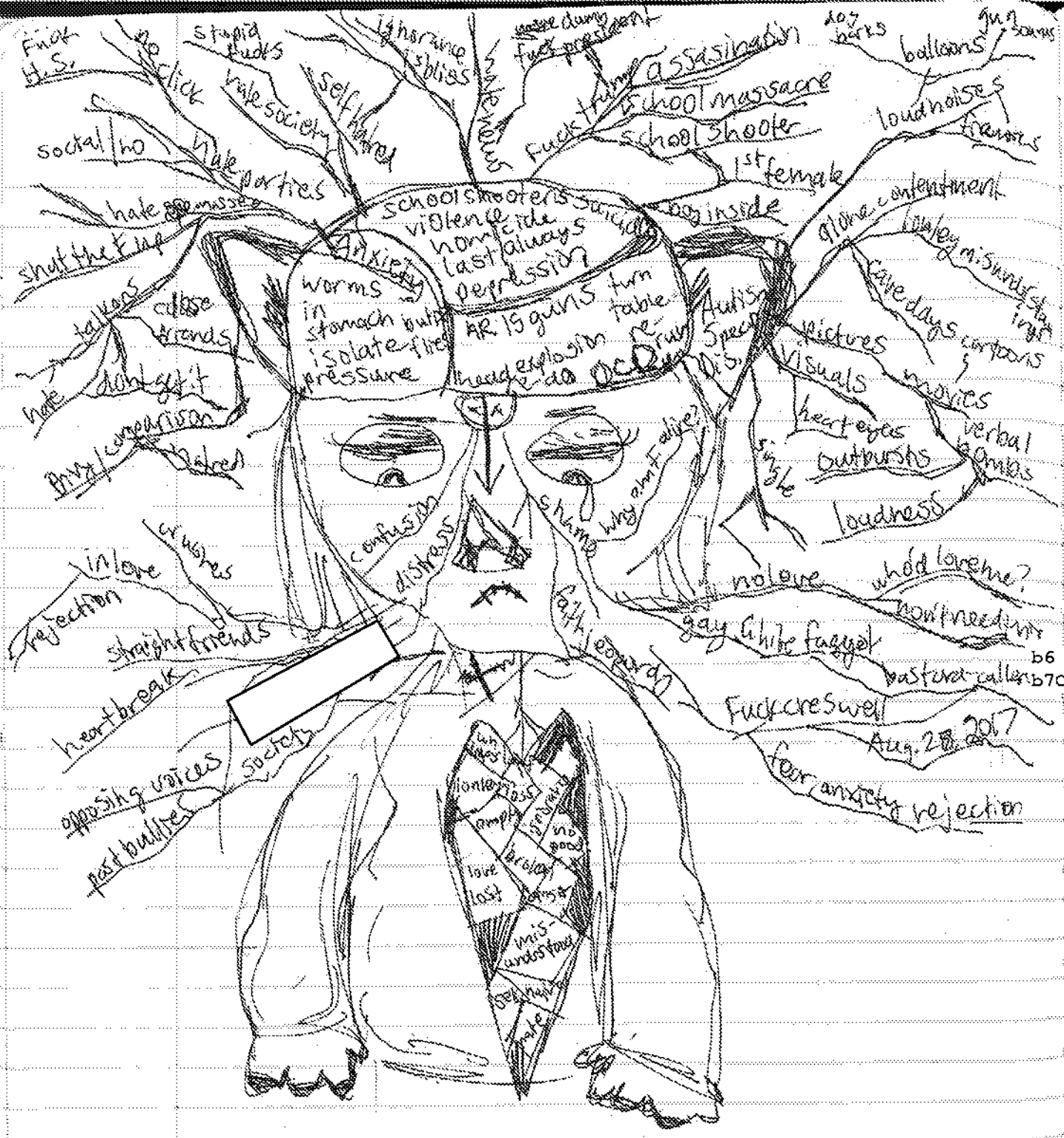


truth in all

the fuckin past present future

its only so long I can hold all this shit in

advise to and all you can ~~[illegible]~~ he is to love myself 1st. I just wish I was on that journey w/ you.


Fuck H.S.
no click
stupid fucks
hate society
self hatred
ignorance is bliss
hate news
fuck president
assasination
school massacre
school shooter
dog barks
balloons
gun sounds
loudnoises
fireworks
social no
hate parties
hate massed
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homicide
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depression
anxiety
worms in stomach
isolate
pressure
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turn table
explosion
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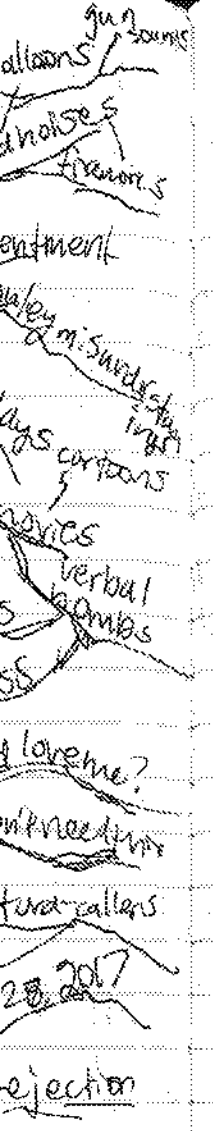
lonley misunderstanding
cave days
cartoons
pictures
visuals
movies
heart eyes
outbursts
verbal bombs
loudness
single
talkers
close friends
hate
don't get it
Privy/comparison
hatred
confusion
distress
shame
why aren't alive?
no love
who'd love me?
won't need him
gay white faggot
bastard caller
Fuck creswell
Aug. 28 2017
fear, anxiety rejection
faith leopardy
in love
crushes
rejection
straight friends
heartbreak
opposing voices
society
past bullies
lonley
loss
ignorance
no good
love lost
mis-understood
self hatred
hate

b6 -3
b7C -3



gun sounds
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28 2017
ejection

Graditude

7-15-19

(1) for today: its not hot outside w/ cool breeze

(1) a friend who loves me: [redacted]

(2) someone I'm proud of: [redacted]

place to go: sevier Park

in the morning: birds singing

sport I love: basketball

(2) what makes me laugh: cat videos; my cats

what I like to touch: stuffed animal fur, my cat's fur

(2) nickname: bre, Juno

What comforts me: my blankie stewie my stuffed monkey

place to shop: Mckay's

Keeping mindful: looking out ~~[illegible]~~ my window

(2) who I appreciate: [redacted]

cool drink: lemonade, ICCEE'S

Favorites

fav. shoes: Toy story Vans

fav movie: WALL·E Lion King, BL Toaster

fav. sound: whizzing cars, ocean

phone: Google pixal

fav. song: Wild - Troye Sivan

fav. TV show: Regular Show

song playin w/ car windows rolled down: self care - MacMillt

Fav. Book: HOLES - Louis S.

(2) Fav. toy: forky

· my stuffed animal b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8

safty: my room

fav. place: Chicago

fav. shirt: phillis world series 2008

fav. food: greenbeans, chicken nuggets

fav. live Action movie: Stand By me, the Shining

dessert: ice cream

season: fall

holiday: Christmas

(2) childhood memory: ABC park, North Carolina

Just as you are (loved)

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted]

I just want to write today. You are incredibly tough. No one or nothing can shake or rattle you. This life made you the person you were created to be. Your life has been extremely tough, but it has made you darigly brave to extremes against you. You works so hard and have been at it for awhile. When you got promoted at your job... damn I was so happy. I am so proud of you. Being [redacted] is no easy shit. Its rough, but hasan't your life? You were made to do tough jobs, tough things because thats what defies you. You can take anything. Nothing has overcome you. I love you just as you are, no matter the falls + rises, mistakes + victories. My heart in which holds so many feelings for you is left unchanged.

I wrote something inside I card I picked out for you. I really want to send it to you, but how? I don't have your address and on top of that, don't even know in what part of town you live. No matter how much I ask, I cause I'll fear to be left with nothing. My hands are left empty. So is my heart. We are both gay girls, with one exception. You have someone, I dont. I swear to God Im the lonliest white girl alive who's never had a date. It won't notry me much if you don't even acknowlege what I'll send. Fuck I just want you to have it. I feel I've gotten nowhere w/ you. Shit, have I ever? Well + At least I love you still just as you are

I am I can try... but I can't be to hopefull

July 29th ♥

[redacted]

primary: gradtude for [redacted] can reflect back on self af[redacted]
secondary: self-valu[redacted] s align w/ who you are that [redacted] better.

b6 -3
b7C -3

affermatives during being depressed:
unbelief of them
affermations when stable: song uplifters, pintrest affermations. write them down to refer back when feeling down.
goal: write down 1-2 things I liked about myself or did that I liked

grounding & doing healthy boundaries for you before handling personal situations that is unstable. Being aware of physical sensations, Soothing (sounds I like, touch, taste, smell)

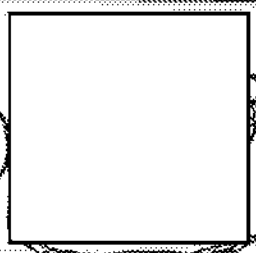
setting boundries & if your in the right place to them and are emotionally difficult
- can't control thier actions
- things they say • can't remember your boundries that are constantly broken-based on thier natural behaviors that aren't un cabable changing.

Small victories are BIG
- small goal setting
- what you feel good accomplishing

realistic ways of helping someone who is struggling:
- experience to shed light on
- hand out resources
- learning from mistakes
- your progress can inspire them. You'll be a more stable rock for them being together

In progress

b6 -3
b7C -3



My Big Sis

7-17-19

Long nights crying. Long days wanting to give up. Long nights, late nights studying. Below 75 is failure. You maintain the surface above it. Perserence that never tiers even when you are overtierd + over stressed. low grades do not equal failure when you are in one of the most difficult programs - births of meltdowns, jars of tears, steam no strails of distress. You worked too hard too long. If you have come too far, you will have rewards a far too greater you can ever imagine. You'll have your dream job in the palm of your hand when the hands clutches of school presses have you. Don't give up sis, no matter how much tears, fingers to the bone you've been burning, how much breakdowns on the train tracks. Keep moving your engine. The heat + the cole of this hard time are there to mold your character into more steelable. the oven is hot, but the outcome will be sweet. God is baking blessings in the moment and tracks that lead to what is beyond the mountains. The oven is hot - but blessings fresh when the time comes.

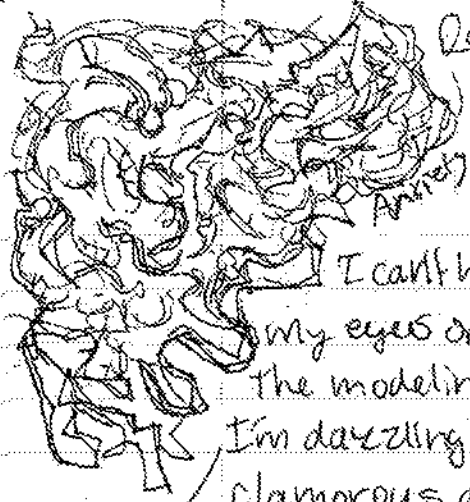
You are too strong to quit. You have plenty of friends for supporting anchors in your favor. You have the best Granni in the world. You have me, but do you want me here? Where you are is so far away from my isolative island that you can't reach. I don't feel your boat coming anytime soon to save me. I feel I should just build on myself + try to find you. I wish to come and be one of your anchors

You have learned to mother it

where relief awaits

Darkness,

My Big Sis



I can't hear your voice or your laugh. I close my eyes or when they are open and your there. The modeling pictures of you blow me away and I'm dazzling. I knew my sister would be this glamorous and authentic. You were made to give yourself a name the ones who love you to remember you. Your too prominant as if the colors of your soul are like neon jellyfish. they glow brightly and eccentric naturally born to draw attention hearts of light, but also hearts of darkness. like me

I'm obsessed

You attract me. In some ways, you know how to treat me. It's sweet and assuring, but the other half, you seem confused and stuck when my dark side uncloaked. I'm stuck too. I don't know completley how to be a friend. Maybe you do, maybe you don't. All my life I felt that in able to get love, I had to perform suited to thier needs, but I don't feel that way about you. I can be myself simply, that only that, if you love me. I wish all love was that simple, but it mostly means so much, expanding what you could have for me stretches like the sky touch the sun and the clouds spread in soft tones.

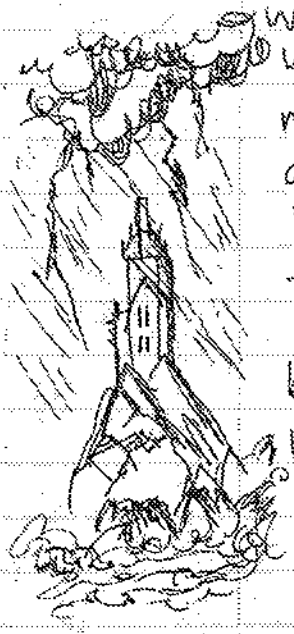
the door is jammed to set me free

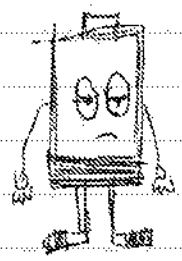
I love you as you are. You make me smile still even if your away. That smile of yours is netted in my soul and I feel their is no concept of time. Holes are in my soul, but you continue to glow in to the setting/rising sun through them

Untitled 9-15-19

2 weeks out of therapy and I'm already slippin.
skipping pills extra but don't take them
call [redacted], don't pick up the phone
wds on a fairy boat of companions
with similar seas of life they stormed
now, back on my little boat flat middle of ocean
avoidance It's [redacted], manifest my fears
blow a blizzard on me, frozen to move
to step into peddling motions
I can't seem to keep it moving
but all the same, rain let it come moving in
because Dark Towers w/ sharp mountain tip
blessings in lightning and rocky waves
in which I'm surrounded in
less and less I appreciate
the sun peek-aboo through the clouds
my doubts syc my abillities, drain my modivation ipod
abilities I save for later, procrastination for skills
this kills me, my battery drains
spending money on Ebay and Mckay's trade
goes high and low, as quick as sugar rush
before dark matter & twisted crushes
what went down was rushing in fast lane as blessing flow
now on high clifs, suicide in the left lane
just want to take my time w/o a road block
but pressure cookers I dip myself in, devils stew around my block
time running out but running away
from the now
buying consequences from Future's Shop
Deppression will It ever stop?

b6 -3
b7C -3





(7-19-19)

I hate You! Fuck You pt. 2

WITH this fuckin dude

You think your so all that. You think the "man" your with makes you look like a bad bitch. You are so fuckin brainwashed by the false glamories of instagram shit you have Fuck that shit you think thus "nothing like you" toward leading "nothin like us" You and [redacted] You standing w/ him like a fuckin night stripper w/ bikini shit on - all Spandex outfits so he'd get wood by + turned up w/ [illegible] all over you. I bet [redacted] so I guess lettin any fuckin dude whos attracted to [redacted] and nike spandex fuck you good and call it love". whatever dude he is, I can sence only you changing into a deluded, insensetive bullshit acting I so call a "friend". Your no friend. You aren't even close to a true one. Not any more. I'm sick of your BF shit, and its all you care about FUCK THAT!. I swear to God [redacted] say the truth about our fate between us dead + uncontinued, then shoot the gun at my head. Watch me die in front of you. see how you like it.

I'm not supposed to support you one goddamn bit. You never support me. You don't care about my heath, my passions, my goals, my struggles. Everything in your world would go a little better when I held all that up for you. And all you did was dump crash it all on me when it was your turn.

b6 -8
b7C -8

the camera

look back up w/ a smirk while your

smiling like a

you knew how to treat me

little by little you used to be a sister what it really meant and be there

wheres the [redacted]

Don't gold [illegible] thinking of that do you?

acting out and don't even kiss goodbye to your influence that was more of your characteristic cover outer + inner over since HE showed up

(7-19-17)

Fuck You Pt. 2

Couldn't even fuckin considerate. Turned me down like my life sucks in your eyes - nothing worth pursuing a "sister" such as me. I'm not your fuckin sister. I'm not your friend. You aren't one to me. Not now maybe never. You ignore me and shove me aside on purpose & walk on when I'm bleeding in the street + the devil wants to run me over. The neck hanger of suicide was my destiny - I was chosen to die, cause I'm no chosen one, but I sure as hell whent through plenty to know the difference between a chosen child of God to disciple + who's not. thats not you. You are NOT the chosen one. You haven't been through enough shit that hurts you so internally so severly that you wish you were dead or have no real empethy to those who are born sufferers. You are not one. I am one of them. I never felt that you were sad for me, fuck that you fuckin didn't give a goldsmith two shits worth of sympethetic consent even... "oh sorry"... but not sorry was your real answer. Like the fuckin white green hills ladies pullin in back of you - fuck you w/ my middle finger in the air.

I hate so much because of you. I feel so much hate I wish I could kill a bunch of kids at Creswell Middle school. Keep fuckin ignoring me just keep on... but don't expect me to do shit either. the person you turned out to be is no friend in my book. Signed my gun.

to you, I would if you give me a chance

cause you put up a bestfriend Instagram shit + I've done all I could when you felt like shit. FUCK THAT! she wasn't there in that time never saw her once + thats your bestfriend?

HOW FUCKIN DARE YOU!

take/kidnapp me back to his hellhole layer so my demons can meet me their and hammer me like

and if you by chance ARE. Your sure as fuck not in frame of the full picture

FUCK YOU MP.
Texas Chainsaw my teeth are the blades. [redacted] till the rain stops.

2:00

like those fuckin coo coo clocks out of your mind

2pm Monday central time, time starts homicide scenes again.. over + over..

When the rain comes down hard, it calls the bastard home, the BASTARD of my life. the BASTARD [redacted] the BASTARD to my violent infused mind. It's come back, I turn around and there it is: A BASTARD that leaks blood out of its dick cause its half biologically traited pussy of a king bitch drama mastermind. this fuse lights up from my anxiety striker the fire like a thousand dragon fly wings 1,000 beats per second, 1,000 homicidal repeats of image trains in my head + the track never splits. Rails are hot + sparkly like its railing down the stairs + drops like a vietnam bombing to my splintered ears. Inside I am a woodchucker of a monster, internally I eat up a bunch of wood, spit splitens like a hot-spitting A-IR fifteen automatic rifle 1,000 per second til pleading more than my fuckin period on the 1st day. the patience scale is always like its on a last day drying [redacted] I try to be nice like Minnie Jacksons pie but I'd want you to taste my shit cause you BASTARD you I'm sick of you shifting on me.

that scratches my ears to fan this fuse of irritated hatful caliber bullet flicker this cookcoo clock infested mind of its own and annoyes the living fuck out of me.

"coo-coo" goes the shitty no welcome from "coo coo" goes the t-rex stepping "coo coo" goes his news remote that's been to penis fuck pushed so many fuckin times its got semen on it. Fuckin w/ Donald Trump shit like all day you fuckin fagget.

whip lash

punch it so hard it's a

b6 -3
b7C -3

22
19...

7.12.19

(word described from others)
strong, brave, smart

I describe myself | Inside
(creative, athletic, disabled)

E = Effort

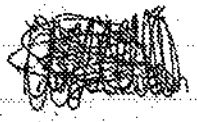
Sympethy
(value)

(Brand of clothing)
Vans shoes
nike shorts + tee

fav. color name
mac + cheese orange

(Song inside my room)
"Heaven"
Troy Sivan
"Bastard"
Tyler, the creator

(Song to boom out your car window)
"self-care"
macmiller



(Song that makes me daydream)
"Wild"
Troy Sivan

(If I was a material being made out of)
stuffed animal fur
playdoe

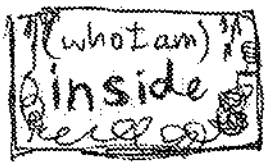
b6 -3
b7C -3

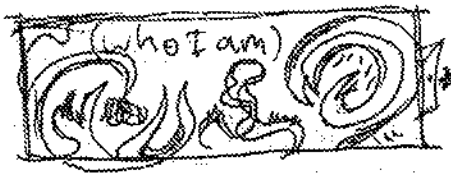
I am a broken defective VHS

Outside... I wear my bravery + strongness like a nike symbol on my pants + a vans logo on my shoes. In my head all the time and over my head, making images out of old rolls of film coving w/ dust cause I don't have many happy memories like the old days - just ones I imagine in my head that don't fuckin exsist. I'm disabled + unable to blend in w/ ~~[illegible]~~ like the labels of crayola crayons. My heart that is dived w/ lime green envy and mac + cheese orange ~~[illegible]~~ melted feelings from someone I love so much - but as the crayon scarlet red - its dived ~~w/~~ like blood. "Wild" the song playing in my head thinking about you. But my heart is ~~[illegible]~~ not like mine. My heart ~~is~~ was soft at first but now has dried out hard. I have a heart molded out of playdoe, by mad Gods fingers sculpting but ~~[illegible]~~ the devils demons that cracks

a group of friends I can call ~~[illegible]~~ mine & I am theirs

full of cassett tapes with memories that maybe look happy or are they just fuzzy because I forget the sum of parts







me through my skin. If I could be one place where one of my loves could love me, we would be both 2 patches knit in the same rainbow stitching in a blanket stretched as the sea - the world cuddles with it but it sufficates me, If you could stitch your heart next to mine that would be my love mutual to yours if it were true. It be like Heaven on Earth. Heaven I do think of but only when I don't want to live w/ how many times I accept in a day, week, months, ... I'm gay. If God ever still accepts me, [redacted] will never fully accept that they have a gay [redacted] I feel that will never exsist just like me in my friends lives that I've known longer than some of them back in fuckin high school. Over 10 years isn't enough and doesn't measure closeness but only hollow nothingness since friendship / sisterhood lives in present time, not future or past. My mind pre-historic of regrets, "the should haves" dinosaurs eating me alive. "Self-Care" I don't fully grasp that, I can feel its texture, but gripping onto it its butterfingers. Most of them have learned how to dribble it w/ serious handles. One of them I feel doesn't take care of herself 4 out of 5. 1% chance she'll change but fuck it she'll want to rather have dependency on Boy friends comfort zone space. Thats no big sister responsibility - no mutual bridge we can walk across, we are in two rain forests of lostness and huge water falls w/ sharp rocks at the bottom. Fuck it I'll just stay on my side. me trying to jump across is suicide. It's not self care

Part of such I am in a world surrounded by bastards I wish I could crawle to the hurd that swipes I will be cuddled as a stuffed animals for I'd be so you could have your whole arms around me

all I let them know is my emotion they shown like playdoe but they dnt let me know shit

No fuckin effort = no fuckin empathy!!!

I'm no longer cashin into it friends like you who don't invest in me.

like dots on a basketball

a court together where we can mutually passionately work as a team as we were each other's jersey

its self abuse + brokeness of investing energy lost used up

b6 -3
b7C -3

7.22.19

"I Need to Take Care of Myself Right Now" (as they say--)

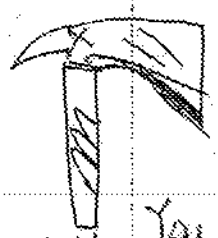
"I wish I could take care of you but I can't." It all comes down to the self. All this time I thought it was selfish... but if you can fully function and know what gears of your mind body + spirit, how can you repair thier broken parts of themselves? How the hell can you contribute to fix someone else in some part or form - mind, body, spirit? I try over + over trying with exusting effort to make them feel better + help them, but it ends up breaking me down damaging my self care. Maybe because I'm a lot more sensetive + vunerable to attatch to other peoples feelings - my heart has an attentive + compassionate connection w/ them. I hope they feel that way with me... but they don't. they don't even try to fix me. they are benefiting themselves because they put thier selves first, but its tangled w/ a mess of confusion: Are they protecting thier boundries? (which is healthy) or are they indifferent to letting me stay broken down. How can I support others when I'm vunerable to others situations from the past that bring me drowning in the shark pit of depression - the darkest lagoon? thats where a real feel-mama like me can't compartamentalize those two parts. I don't affirm yet at intellegence cause I don't want to be selfish. Too much empathy is harm to me... does it even make them feel better? I don't know now that I'm older, I'll never know the difference until I learn to love myself... All the doors shut out... but my own

w/ a toolbag for your own repair

neighbors

7-24-19

You seem to be doing pretty good without me. I shouldn't have pulled out that Instagram shit. There you are having fun with your friends, and I'm over here single, lonley, and got no friend hangers for shit. No one leaning next to me, I don't feel you by my side, I only feel you in my head. My heart is become cluttered with increased anger and resentment. Every one I know in my life and observe with this bullshit social media I see, they have a possi to chill with. My friends here feel undeserving and unloved just like me, but it seems when I even try to ask for thier company, they already made time for someone else. Its like people TRY to find exuses not to hang w/ me... "Oh, I'm doing this w/ my best friend. Oh, I can't plan Right now I'm at work. I know for a fuckin proven fact that they won't get back to me cause I'm not apart of thier heart. I know people have down time to calm down in a days work. I'm not fuckin stupid they can't hide from me. Neither can you, neither can [redacted] I know why I would rather choose to be by myself. Not just because I am autisic. Its cause I have recieved enough evidence you guys choose to avoid and ignore me. I've only ran across [redacted] for him to knock on my door but he choose effort. He's a samuri beastly good friend. [redacted] is fuckin depressed like me





dancing, laughing, having wine + getting drunk

(which is pretty small)

and out of all people I would believe would be there

Images of your beautiful face and gracious brazilliant spirit

+ worthless of others time

in therapy who suffer w/ depression + anxiety like me

I aim to lean on your shoulder but you move + I'm bloodshed on cold, hard ground called my reality you make of it.

He was the only one ringing in my door

but he travels alot busy busy + busy but not making stupid ass exuses

b6 -3
b7C -3

7-24 FT

and doesn't want to go out + do shit like me because she feels worthless to. You [redacted] aquintences [redacted] many other of my black [redacted] DONT feel that way. Do you ~~[illegible]~~ identify the fuckin main difference? You love yourselves. I didn't my whole life. Thats why you don't take me seriously. I hesitate for you love + support and therefore I fail to be assertive. But let me assure you I am trying to change my perspective and how I feel about myself. I am starting to believe ~~[illegible]~~ won't be liable for your love unless I have love for myself. And if that's the truth, I should just back off. But if thats no the case, I wish I could save all of you for failing to look out for me. All of you I know for sure have a pack and I'm the lone wolf. You HAVE a family outside of home. I DONT!! Only aquintences... YOU!! Its not just me. You people don't understand me at all. If you only knew what I felt inside then you'd think a little bit more why I try to hard. I feel more a pest and a bug. A stalker on your fuckin pages cause you won't keep me in the loop. I have to jump over rings of fire but ~~[illegible]~~ its danger to my self esteem, cause your watchin me in the fuckin stands on your dumbass phones while I'm on fire.

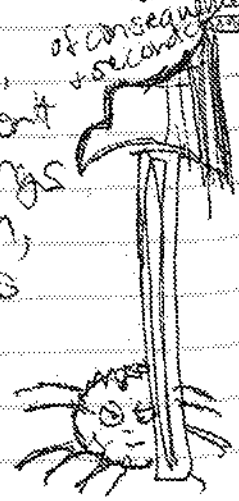
b6 -8
b7C -8

so I can be rich in my chance sacrifice + ya'll broke of consequence + second

that shit I'm not being on my accident

and BELIEVE me

I'm tired being a creep + a stalker





the leaving way to my right does a fuckin left

a fuckin feilder where none of the "hit me ups" come to me, no money ball story.

7-24-19

I'm on the rejection or "on hold" list ALL THE FUCKIN TIME!!! Could it be you people just haven't suffered or been in the lions Den long enough to feel empathetic. Odviously NOT! Or at least you only feel sorry for shit that's easy dicadomy to understand or is relatable to yourself or culture. Mental illness does'nt validate itself on your list. You could read the fuckin definitions for all my problems and you still wouldn't know what do do. Have you had enough shipwrecks, Have you had enough Chuck Cast Away events? Fuck, that's my LIFE. Every fuckin day is hard. Every fuckin day choosing to avoid actually having a life to live w/ people, but I hate society and don't belong outside, cause what I am inside is quick to be confused, misunderstood, or invalidated, run over by highway trucks, the big city of socialization. I don't LIKE running socializing, but I care. Does that make any sence to you? Fuckin no!!! But guess what? Do you people say I'm a little sister and subconsiously ignorantly let me limp around shore starved + thirsty to death not remembering what love feels like, and yet you think you care? Does that make sence to me? FUCKIN NO!! Fuckit you're too funstea up an dahead. How much longer do I have to be a Casper leaving behind. I'd rather die

1·25·19

[redacted] I love you so much. [redacted]

The name tingles my spine and tickles my heart until the butterflies inside me release. ~~Not~~ I feel you wouldn't ~~feel~~ be mutual about it. Love me as a friend has its realism, but intimacy is abstracted psychotics of dark hues fantasies. To comprehend the delicacies of my butterflies wings, ~~of~~ you must come up close. If spending time together isn't in the present, how can our past being on a sport team together make up for it? Is it enough memories for you? I feel its not enough from my side. Our friendship cannot be completed because I am incomplete. You have learned to venture the big forested world and discover who you need, ~~a~~ to be around, and those faithfull allies that have stuck around. Call me a fleeting fox. I flee alot and tend to hide in my fox den. I come out to hunt on basic needs. I leave social out. I'm not that much of a social animal. You are. To the beautifly, flamboyant creature you are with that devilish, colorful smile. Me, the small, un-tame-natured bear of a beast. What is ~~you~~ what is between us?

the forest stones I paint from the women can ever of my fantasies

they are dying to burst out for you. they're are so many sometimes I feel sick. You know like that good type of sickening feeling - the good parts of that I'm in love but love sick one's all at once

b6 -8
b7C -8

figuring out why you are what you want









7-28-19

ATHORITY of ME

I'm sick of being told what to do under a house of authority without claiming me own — a authority figure — but not just a kid's play. No child's play — no - Viatnam war zone — explicit content of ravenous fantasise

I'm at tug of war with all these triggers I want to pull. Blow open thiers skulls untill it runs like the river is Red. Red Rum, read sea is before me. Like Tony, his name is Rex rumming in my ear. Rumaging through my thought radars + button controls picking up signals from my external enviornments. Not so much.. good things. Only bad things. Rumaging through my thought generator, fucking up my neurotransmitters deteriourating like he feeds on brain cells. He is telling me all the time. "Saw off that head" kill those kids at Creswell untill the second Red sea fled the building, along w/ my assult Rifle. My mind wears a army helmet not just any one. A few bullets strapped around its round shape "Born to kill" written on it like Joker's. Exactly like his on Full metal Jacket. My head is that movie. Homicide 1,000 rounds of murder till it reeks rotten as night falls. Mildew in the morning, but the blood has set in, not as fresh.. Viatnam war zone. 9 inch silver bullets. X-vest of bullets I wear on my chest. The man w/ the Full metal Jacket - thats me - cursing a storm, raging bullets, supersonic yells as if I bursted a vain, I bursted bodies in my head like little fruit cushers in my mouth. Crush, crew, digesting the neverending doomsday of my wished fate of mine.. along w/ thiers. I want to be.. still wish to be.. the deadliest school shooter that walked the planet, so I can blow up witnesses minds.. w/ my blood volcanos

sucker's like mosquito bacteria

good for me. Endorphines come + go.. His night goes on

not just any one

except I'd have a finger print marking of my actual blood as a symbol

death is not upon me until Rex says my suicide will begin. mold.

ATHORITY of Me

7 28 19

by the trigger of my assult, my weapon is my ultimatum. I can imagine if I can feel it in my hands and I would have finall relief apon me. No more fuckin doctors appointments. No more fuckin professonals telling me what to do. Not society, not [redacted] not [redacted] Devil demons, not even my own monsters that live with me. All these voices telling me what I should & should not do: "Don't lose weight... don't dress like a guy... don't stay in your room all the time..." People are tellin me shit I already know or its shit I don't know at all & they leave me in the dark. I wish to ~~transgender~~ - I wish to have my own place. I wish to escape out of [redacted] Jurassic park & Jaws aquarium. I wish to loose weight w/o no fuckin Eating disorder. I want a tattoo & watch the fuckin shining & blast Tyler the Creator's Bastard in my room. This world of mine ~~[illegible]~~ of REAL WORLD has no protection. All these external forces fledge full on into my ~~room~~ head ~~like gas bombs untill I~~ can't think straight. I don't know who my old dried friends are anymore. I don't know where my modivation is any more. I don't even no what my own freedom is - cause its so limited. [redacted] gives me worth two coins ~~[illegible]~~ w/ a video game machine that needs 3 so I can win my fate. Against [redacted] views: A gay Christian. A percieved good kid w/ a murderous mind. An identity incompleted to unleash w/ my true colors in sexuality... Red DEATH. Creswell... you black racist kids who don't understand me. I will come one day TO KILL YOU ALL, once I have authority of me..

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

immune to comprehend complexities of my [illegible]

thier ignorance is bless on my monitor

thier joy is my pain, their laughter is my rage & isolation

I stay in the dark b/c they not only left me there, ignorantly, they put me there

tough tied twisted vortex

transition cause I'm a hidden transgender

& my old self is left & forgotten by myself

fullable splatter blood & pools

7-31-19

3 years have already passed. It seems like forever ago. So much has happened that I've missed. So much I feel I'm left out of. I call and I call. No answer from your phone. [redacted] phone. Syd's phone. Year after year, each one seems to go ~~faster~~ quicker than the last. I've tried everything to reach you - but my voice is too soft, for you can barly hear me. Phones are broke, so is my lack of communicating. Social media is bullshit + about the only way I can be put up to date. I just wish I was still in your life, but truth is... I'm not. And here I am, alone on your parking lot standing here sad as ever towards missing my second family - Home a way from home. I'd hate to second guess you and [redacted] [redacted] Do you think I'm crazy? Waking around the outside of your house, keep knocking on the door, but no answer... I call out. Nothing. Try calling you louder right at your front doorstep, literally. Still nothing. the hot sun beaming down on my back like the devils is ~~breathing~~ laughing at me under his breath as it soaks up in my shirt, Fuck. Why did I where a black shirt today when it feels like 100°? the real question is, why did I come here anyway? Was this fully my idea or Gods giving me signs of nothing else I can do to visit. It's almost 5 til 5. I can't stay long, but fuck it I just wish [redacted] big SUV could turn on this street, because I'm on a road ~~to~~ of giving up + done trying for good.

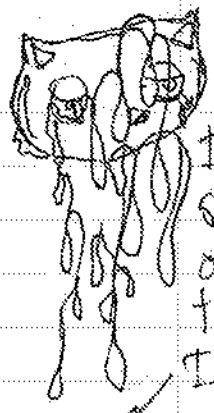
out of the loop, hopefully unpurposly. I try and try but I still tell myself I'm not wasting time

you that could "try" to stay

I feel all my emotions need to burst. I feel like I want to scream

b6 -3
b7C -3

7-31-19



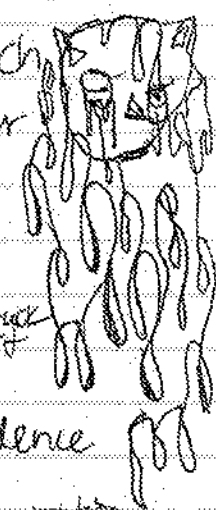
thought w/ jitley anxiety bugs squerming around me

I just ~~hoped~~ the whole drive that somehow I could see you again after these 3 long years, of yours, of mine. the whole family. Alot has happened. things I found out, things I heard, but so much I don't know. I'm hallow of ~~questio~~ answers, shallow minded of "thinking the worst" "she doesn't like me any more" questions that are bullshit, and a heart straining, gasping for fresh clouds above where my vision is clear so my heart doesn't have to worry, like God's angels ~~took~~ loaded off the rocky weight of my shoulders setting me in and to slow me down in the warmth, but cool breeze of your home: the home [redacted] raised you: An angel. A princess. A queen. ~~Do~~ ~~you~~ would you somehow understand how much I miss you if you found out I sat outside your house in my car ~~forever before~~ hour because I felt it was the only way? Fuck, does that sound desperate or just pitaful? Its not sweet. Its weird... maybe not to me... Fuck its just dumbfuck shit

throughout these years.

more I discovered the less I felt as if nothing has happened

b6 -3
b7C -3



I hope you graduate [redacted] [redacted]. I hope you make it. I have confidence you will. I hope you get a job. I know you will. I'm not a biological sister. I wish I was adopted by [redacted] just so I could be permently in your family so I won't have to wonder years + years if I'll ever get to see you or hug you. See you smile, laugh, learn, grow. I'm older, wiser, but more depressed than I've ever been. my heart will not doubt... you'd be a part of my medicine therapy

I don't HAVE to support you but I WANT TO. Any way I can if its sending it across sea to sea, miles away from where I am

cause you people look at your own life like its a clue

But wait? Do you know REAL suffering like ~~[illegible]~~ poor country kids? Fuck no. No fuckin clue

Do it like them you idiots + make your life visible to understand instead of fostering up w/ countrified publicity.

External Awareness → Friends? = NONE

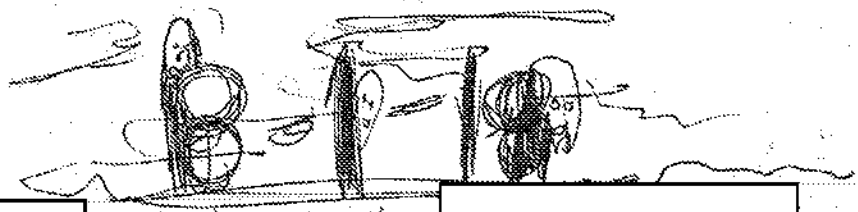


no broad understanding at mild configuration figure out yourselves w/ self anchored for once you fuckers

unless your chronically deppressed like [redacted] + me, (and all my buddsir) you won't be aware enough or confused treatment for deppression or other disorders. You don't notice. I never leave my cave. You haven't steped on the welcome mat. I don't push people away. You fuckers do that w/ me. You fuckers w/ selfie taking to o much and posting BF shit on that ~~[illegible]~~ misleading fuckass social media trying to make yourselves look good. We all have problems in life. Why gloss it up if your not living your best life. Be real you fuckers. Be authentic in your life experience, not shitting it up w/ false glamory of selfie ~~[illegible]~~ factorization; if you feel like not having a life characterized as ~~[illegible]~~ enjoying it. Be real where you are at ~~[illegible]~~ with who you are in your own expression. If your having a phase in life changing for worse or in denial of your uncharacterisic behaivor, at least be HONEST. Society knows honesty, I doubt it, or value its meaning transgressed or transactioned in thier mind. Stop waisting time + better yourselves fuckers instead of lieing. Be of a life documentary - not a fuckin "reality" TV show. Africa has kids down there + many other countries having no homes, fearing hi yenas at night + eating dirt. They have nothing 2 hide

All the fuckin time! You dnt keep me posted. You just post shit for your own personal status and your pool of close friends and fam

b6 -3
b7C -3



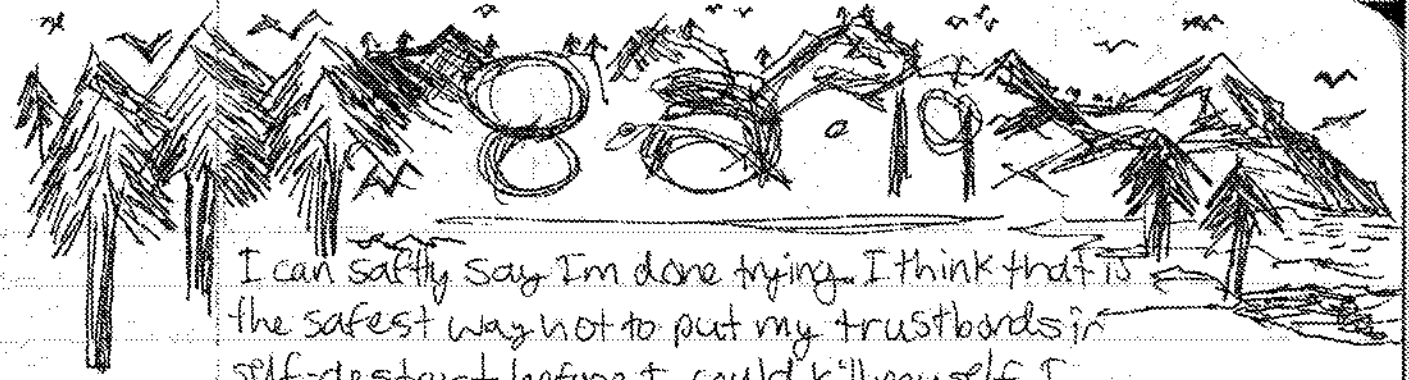
[redacted] can't stop being like [redacted]

[redacted] traditional like 1900 growing up shit & ain't keep in up w/ times of 20th century, like LGBT and [redacted] gay. "What has this world come to what you old people say. I couldn't give a fuck how shitty you were raised or what you believe in. How you think and behave yes. [redacted] whether it was triggered by being stigma-infested [redacted] you won't ever change you behaviors, cause its a threat for therapy. Your the human w/ the gun feeling tramatized by a pack of hungry tigers. You'll kill & run off w/ automatic fear. Therapists are the flight of fear stimulant towards reaction. I'm stuffing in my emotion bombs like a thanksgiving turkey & hope its guts won't explode on you for your sake vs. Your Devil Demon the assult rifle of swears rambling in my head WWE but the svc ward patience & fucked up minds like mine thinking [redacted] and other certain people (don't want to mention them) like [redacted] But reside all the frustration anxiety I deal around w/ your demons they're are alot worse ones out there that thankfully don't have residence in you. Other kids have it worse and its painful to hear that I guess just my experience gets magnified - too over amped by the barbed wire strings your demon pulls on me. Part of this is my own mental shit...

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I guess I'm not the only one who I'm hard on myself, so are you. We have demons living inside each other that do us no good. My type is exceptional to therapy but its chains rattle in my heart still. It has [illegible] times wanting to leave. Your stays in house of denial. I'm too hard on you, says...





I can saftly say I'm done trying. I think that is the safest way not to put my trustbonds in self-destruct before I could kill myself. I shouldn't have drove up to that house, cause the whole while thier I was acting like a creep. Surley some of the neighbors saw me, + for a moment I thought it was normal... but really? Fuck no "normal" people or whatever the Fuck you call it, is not what logical + practical people do. Well, I'm sorry guys. I have little reasoning and to wrapped around my emotional mind, all the time my inner gut feelings strangling me to blood + bone until the truth comes clear of some things I've done were having something to do w/ your avoidances; the blood reveals running down my face from my eyes. I would say I specialize in my regrets my whole life for how I have a preschool/kindergarden undergoing too/box of social enhancements or upgrades as times progress. I seem in the long run to only be left behind because thier are ways about me they can't understand. Fuck, I'd have enough trouble trying to explain why I'm an emotional truck loader rolling at 100 miles an hour in pure darkness of answer w/ mysterious conclusion - an uncompleted plot. I'd say ours ended on the wrong side of the tracks, and I'd admit sharing a portion of the blame for being left in the dark.

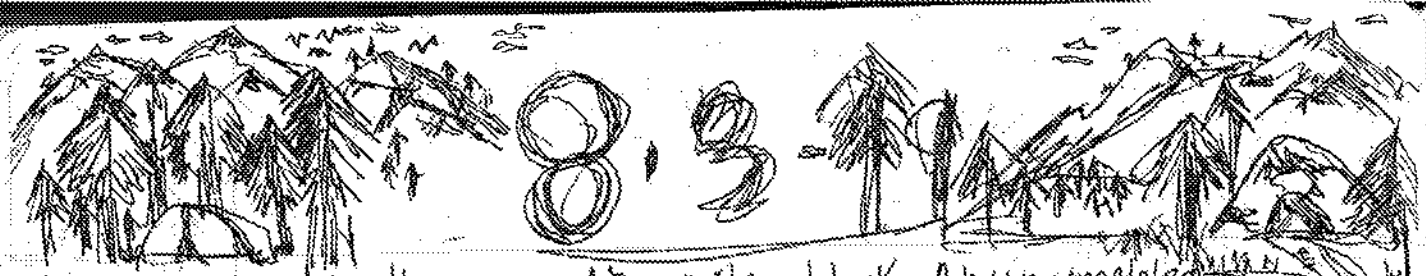
At least, you can be handling this more maturly on the broken meter bar - stop Audrey, I feel ____ when you did ____ END OF STORY. At least I'd know the ending instead of stuck like being

as the flood of memories past drunks me w/ no consent of train of ~~[illegible]~~ thought. Just track killing innocent lives like yours as a hindsee blinded at the spot of my demands rushing at full force so you'd have to scream at me to slow down + stop

Either I suck at shaping them or I'm just not using the right medium or too confused how to apply it.

my molds are playdoc and don't know how to shape them like implaying w/ crumbled cookie dough. I feel they all end up falling a part

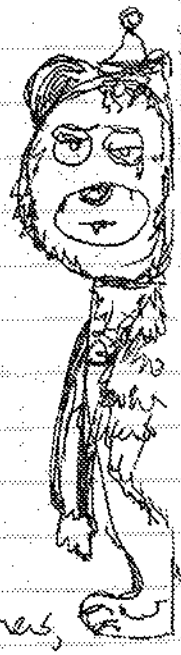
b6 -8
b7C -8


8.3

11. magically warped in writers block. An uncompleted story. I hate that and it drives me insane. I feel I run myself over by my hauling trains of feelings dualing w/ my critical mind. I'm taking the wheel and it's there right beside me cursing me out like a prison police officer in the back Shan Redemption. Telling me all of these names that its not true about me. But when it tells me after awhile I begin to believe that and ~~my~~ the derailing goes on autopiolet. I'm off the tracks and don't realize after my emotions broke down I witness no one there in the wild but me. I flee them all away. I feel as you are the ones I care about the most in this tragic, undefinable friendship timeline I ~~[illegible]~~ degress, I'm hurt the most. I've hurt myself, the wounds are there but couldn't feel them when I was numbed by these trains: My heart + head. My heart + mind say two different things mind says go 2 way, heart says the other. Sometimes, I can easily distinguish the difference, sometimes I can't. I think that might be because I can't identify the Holy Spirits voice and my own. I can't but only halfly translate ideas as mine or God's. It may be I'm hearing the self-critical police guard so much my heart becomes sick + bitter ~~now I [illegible]~~ feel towards others... like to you... I once felt







Heart ~~wa~~ thinks its right to go all out to how it feels, ~~whether~~ placing unexpected + dangerous outcomes that I'd have nightmares + disturbed dreams of. Mind says: "Fuck it. You have no options. What else is there to fuck in do? Just do nothing? wait?"

like it infected its own EV pen into it as manifest

But what do they care about a white girl Faggot for?







I only know two things: 1) Trust in God to challenge competitive games against my own life. 2) Pray to God to fight those battles for me. 3) God will fight this battle for me vs. you.

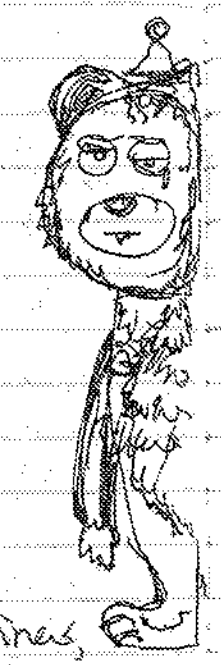
Only joy in tears. Now my feelings are bouncing all over the place, I'm done passing the ball + pushing my shots up for you. I wish you would take 1 for me - once you work out whatever gameplan your trying to figure out battling w/ the big time foes of lifes changes + ~~[illegible]~~ twisters. Call this court a dust bowl (I haven't seen shit since 3 years ago. Maybe even longer, but fuck it soon as ~~God~~ literally drops the ball on my side, I won't know anymore. I can't be a team player when I'm not in the family. thats your buisness, and I'm wrong to cheat on that by threatening ~~yo~~ pursuasion to give up all to me. I recall that I was once considered family, but I feel you moved on. I'm not much of a mover. I have a trailor called "THE PAST" that has no wheels just empty holes. I can't seem to invite the present in and except his kind offer of tires to enjoy the ride while it lasts.. But theres where present blows out.. "'til it lasts" means will end eventualy or pause abruptly. Left on the side of the road. No gass. No spare tires from this blowout ~~[illegible]~~ I've made + yours never created. My life. 3 years. Present is ~~[illegible]~~ convincing at first to try and bet on a sweet deal, but its all a scam. Nothing or no memory goes on forever only. In my memories themselves. I got a whole box set full of them in my trailor and the world keeps rising + setting like the sun. Through ~~[illegible]~~ day ins + outs



I ask God for me to

your on the other side of the mountain the sun rises + I hope too much I'll see you before it sets, but I never will unless I just let nature of life + how God handles its time do its cycle + I sit and wait.

I can try to wait, although waiting means part movie on and not paying attention to your move at all, and thats the problem that has me lost in the woods + foregreen pines



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y care about
white girl
Faggot for?

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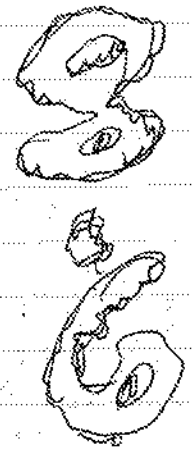
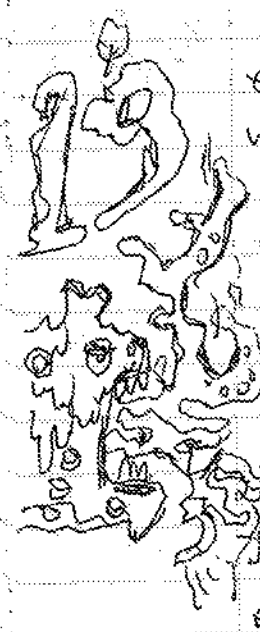
FUNGUS FIGHT







Never would have come to realize
that I'm too adaptive to dark
scared to death of the light
~~[illegible]~~ fungus in my brain
happy thoughts rotting away
my brain needs a new diet
too much junk in the storage
besides those happy memories
put away in the corner w/ no dust
the big bad wolf in desquise
eating all the expired porage in front of angels
who don't know how to clean;
my mess, when I throw it up
cause I'm addicted to depression
and guns; assult rifles
like crack lovers
sniff addicts to cocaine, drugs
stored up in thier ~~[illegible]~~ attic
adult-action



Just stop, thats all they can say
emotions in glass bottles logged up
untill I blow them up, crash em open
like model rockets, up they go
though explosions to them, the last fuse; all they will ever know
be my own maid I guess; lock in stress to free stranded mindfullness
unless I ask God to assist; morph my lonliness into abyss
Hes my only doctor; but why do I not want this?
who can kill off my demon diseases; but resist unmiskel
as if I'm the puppet. strips on my arms + neck
controlled in my insides vs. situations not in my possession

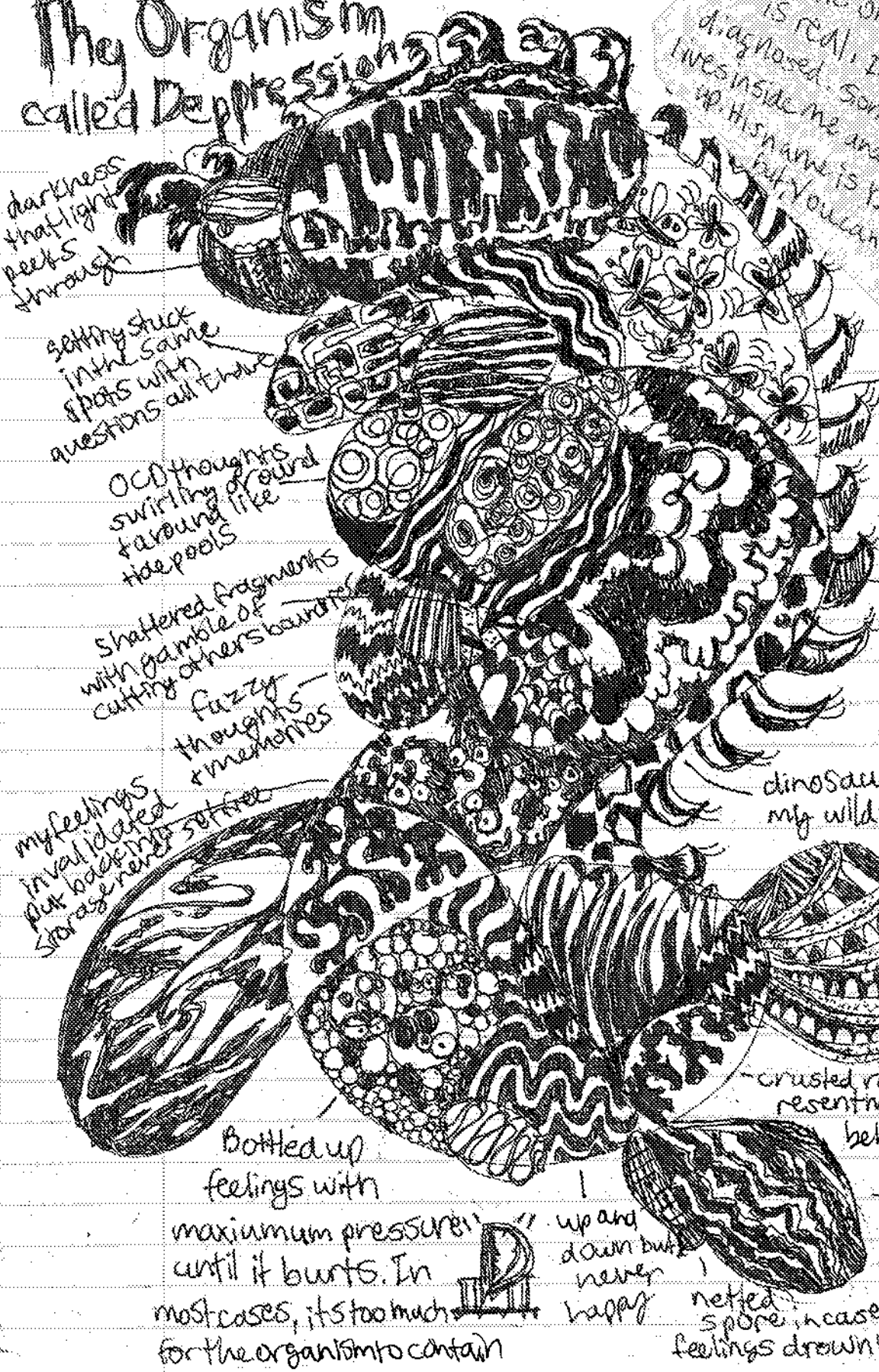


Never Basic

You can wear any outfit, and you're gorgeous. You can have any hair type or color and your beautiful, like it's all made for your skin, your body, your smile, its characteristics would be some type of symbolism to your heart. Multi-color vibrance that outhues the gray and black matter of your background past and experience. It does not defy you. It only defys your resilliance- I witness it every time you express yourself outwardly to really in part expressing inward beauty. This heart you have is a gold mine- rich, fortune, jewels are your eyes that flicker in sun's light. Whoever has your heart is rich, because they have a love to what they think they deserve. It's how they feel about it towards themselves as a interpersonal experience that does not involve outer voices and opinions. It's a heart-to-heart sequence that makes up a jewelery box full of treasures to share about one another. Intimate + personal. Between the two of you. A third would be violating like my animal ball feelings. I can charge them full speed but I can't control them at times. I know why- because you are someone that is [redacted] not the [redacted] kind that many expect. You have it all out for them. You hide none of what your love is and that's bold. It's all laid out and spread wide like the feathers of a bird. Intricatly unique in what ever features it cares to [redacted] unveil. A different [redacted] visual ever time. Never basic.

ment to be loved by someone who feel is deserving

My Organism called Depression

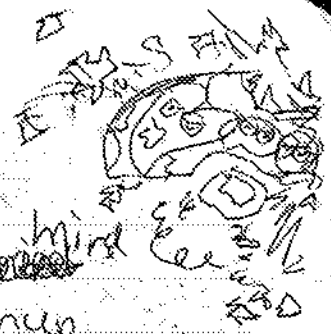


Note: This organism is real, I had been diagnosed. Something lives inside me and has grown up. His name is Depression but You can call him D.

(8-11-19)

CRASH!





(my heart)

My emotions are a wreck when my mind goes over the speed limit... Of yours to catch up to me, I told you that I can't stop thinking about her. You tell me to control myself. The wheel that spins out of control that can't stay on corse of the track for you to accept my 4 wheels of destruction: my fuckin emotions!! I spun out of control once again, this time at YOU - one of which I'm in love with... crash! My own self-destruction/reputation toward how you and her percieve me might be going into autodrive that... I'm too much for you to drive around with me in my life. I know why I love [redacted] w/ me whole heart. I wrote a journal full of that to prove it. I've cried as hard as my emotions crash into her repelling, whiplashing me back with such antagonizing force. Of course, it happens at night... nightime my mind goes unsober and my heart is drunk with lovestruck curses I drank - more and more [redacted] I engulf in my heart through my eyelense, I become so overstimulated that I stumble out on the road where I drive up to yours and BEHIND THE WHEEL my fuckin... fuckin gutspilling emotions my demons pour out at night time and all of you are too sick to even barley acknowlege them. I understand though... cause If I was reversed role in this situation - me feeling the treat of emotions to run over someone special... If I didn't feel intimately mutual. I'd have my boundries collided too. We may both be gay... but it won't make a difference with us. Whatever us is...

I am running into you in unjustly terms out of your boundry zone I am not be respectful when I'm stupid in love drunk over my head - colliding w/ you because I yearn for your attention

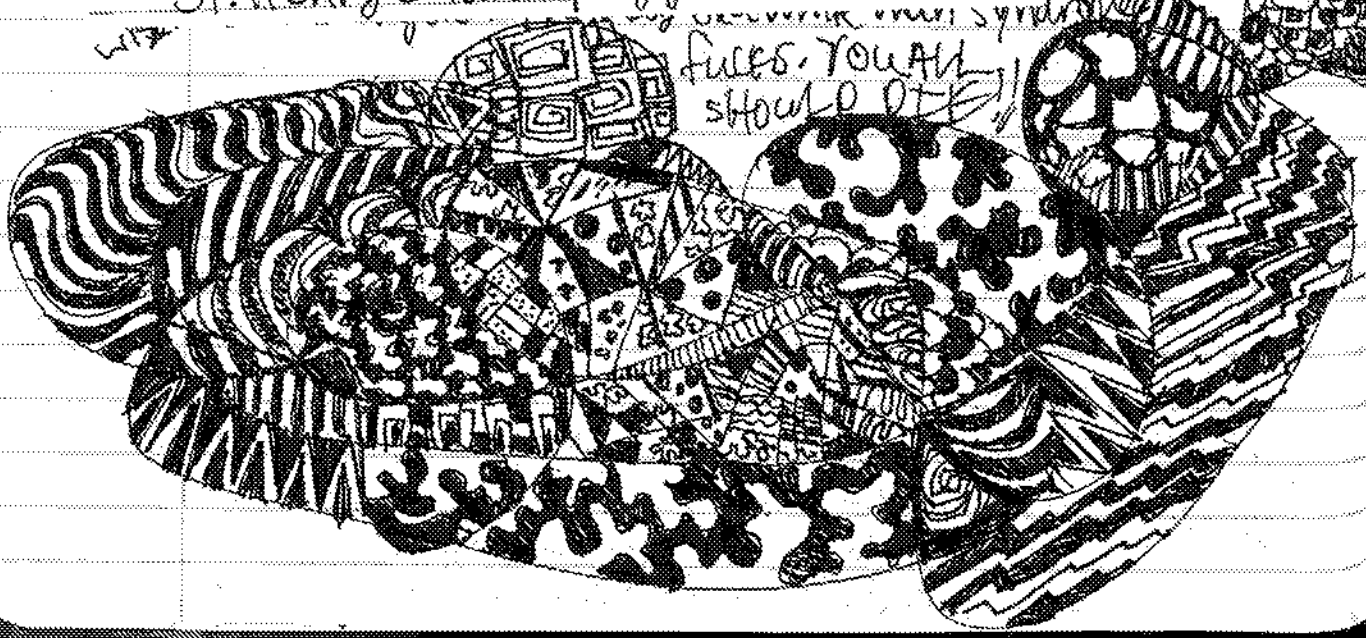
cause I can't learn how to ever stay in the friend lane. my tiens are wobbly. my heart as it goes with all the emotions in the tank. Only not too so long it is on blowout

b6 -8
b7C -8

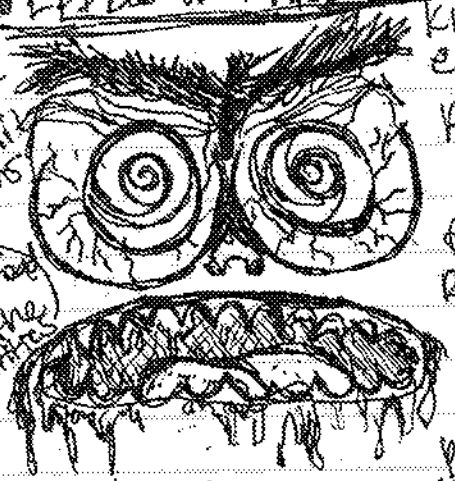
Wanna ~~[illegible]~~ eat all y'alls
fuckin invalidations like I'm Cannibal Hannibal
My mind ~~[illegible]~~ up down a ferris wheel
but its no ~~[illegible]~~ fuckin carnival
~~[illegible]~~ hel my emotions say hello
like ~~[illegible]~~ thier Clarice, I'm Doctor Hetor
scared out of your fuckin pussy
like kids are when forced to eat thier veytables
theres no hector in my pussy
no lovy bees to buzz around me
I'm gay, the lonliest ~~[illegible]~~ flower - fuck spring birdsept + the bees

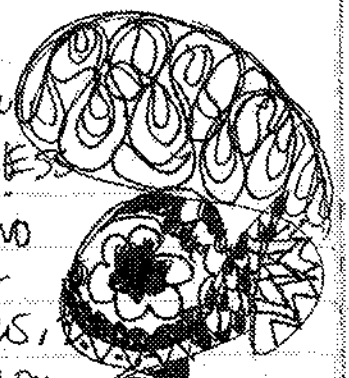
Favorite Places Chicago, ILL
Barnes N' Noble, Cool Springs
Boone, North Carolina (Smoky Mountains)
Opry Mills mall
Gorgia Aquarium, ATL ~~[illegible]~~ Gorgia
McKays Used Books + more
New Jersey
Christ the king court + playground
Sevier Park + Community Center
Dragon Park
St. Henry Church playground + court

fucks. YOU ALL SHOULD DIE!!



POLITIC WORTHLESSNESS... TOO BLIND KNOWING you make everything WORTHLESS to us.





Politics bastard - two piece full of shit for brains loonitics, Rumble about nothing ness into Oblivion. No progress just problems, drama & bullshit. I HATE you all. You people are disguisting full abunch of sissy cock ball semon spit shits don't know anything. You make us depressed folk so small + the world so distorted. With your ongoing list of "problems" and little battle area Barbie combat shit thats so FUCKED. You people make problems or ones that shouldn't be - like [redacted] who watches you dumbfucks everyday and hes brainwashed into your sheming politic cycle jibberish - under the ring of Bastard Pussies Dickhead D.T. I wish I had an AR-15 - kill him, oreswell and all of you dyke lady old white man syndrome fucks. YOU ALL SHOULD DIE!!

big dumbfuck fruitcake [illegible] Whiney Baby racist shit leader humans & D.T. tweet [illegible] about pussyhead debates and the [illegible]'s, the authorities everything wh created crumbled mess of God knows what else, but I don't know cause I don't listen to you brain washer wizards

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



.NC

end, IN

ishey world

, Florida

York, NY

Places I want to ∞

1.) Chicago, ILL
2.) New Jersey
3.) Knoxville, UT
4.) Memphis 200
5.) Atlanta Georgia
6.) Philadelphia
7.) Charlotte, NC
8.) South Bend, IN
9.) Walt Disney World Resort, Florida
10.) New York, NY

scared out of your fuckin pussy
like kids are when forced to eat their veytables m.
theres no hector in my pussy
no lovy bees to buzz around me
I'm gay, the lonliest flower - fuck spring bird sept bumble + the bees

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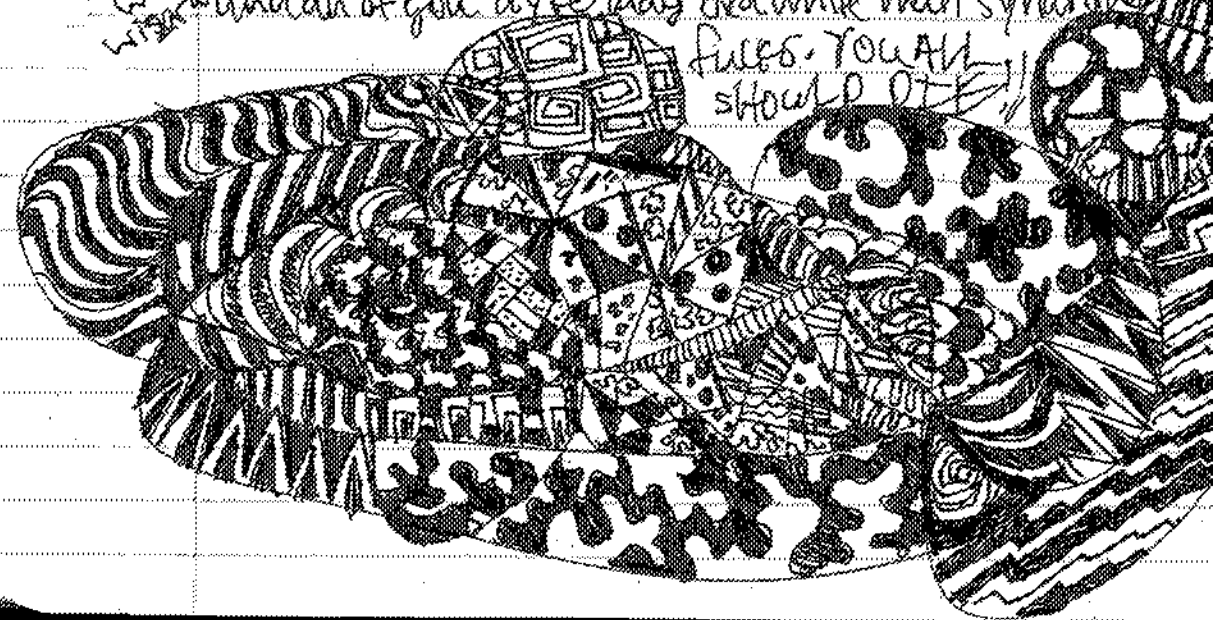
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Grand mess of God knows what else, but I don't know cause I don't listen to you brain washer wizards







8-29-19

"Laughter is healing"

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

If only the world had more [redacted]

Patch Adems. The world to me wouldn't tastle so bitter that its poison to my heart and psychological disturbances that have errosioned my brain all summer... All fuckin year. Its not been medicine from voices I don't like to hear.., the demons of mine, political representatives, racism, poverty screams in Africa, sick kids at Vanderbuilt. All these voices that's too much for my emotional stimulus meter bar to take, every last bit of juice was energized by my own personal problems around society - how ignorant people can be. When your fucked up w/ Depression, you feel your the bad guy and everyone has turned against you, even family friends who you have loved the most - hurt you - gone for watever reason and you don't know why. Now that I met new friends I've been with all summer, my experience isn't uncommon. It can happen to anyone. Life has cruel cycles of change that pivot faster than the 4 seasons. Each of those seasons before this summer I feel more and more trusting people fade as the wind turns my heart cold.

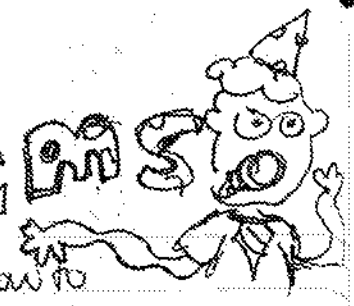
Patch Adems (the movie) made me laugh. It made me cry. It made me think. About sick cancer kids that makes me sad. About how tender hearted & generous of a man was to give his life to serve a patient with physical medicine healing, but also comedical medicine of his own that would complete the bandage of healing when all the stale rule sticklers of medical board

arogance & ignorance to change their problems to better themselves but they don't - they roll over you dead as a squirrel on the road w/o them having hit something

sick kids my age & younger w/ all kinds of mental problems that have it worse than me - and they admit it and are aware of themselves in humble acceptance release their burdens in group that reminds me of the voices back at opposing centrew their own 3 yrs back - I only scared misunderstood unvalidated by human-nature

my own therapy loved ones beaten down by it w/ me families that won't admit their problems relationship that are unloved & not worth continuing

Patch Adams



8.29.19

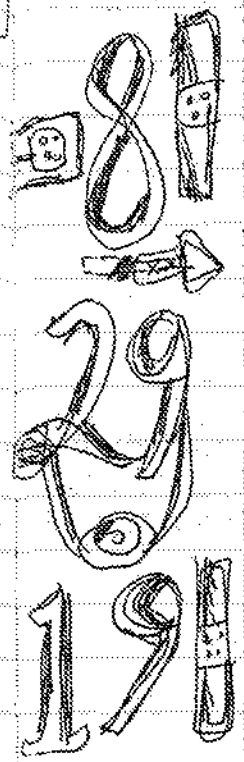
were unreflective of his morals + views on how to not treat a ~~person~~ patient like a medical experiement - but a human person suffering in a cacoon sack full of pain - could die before he/she can be set free. Laughter was the co-provider of his medicine to help others feel better emotionally so they can for a moment FORGET thier pain. A healthy distraction and a sample of endorphine festival rides. A solidary pill can't do everything, no matter how powerful the drug. Loving - kindness, gentleness, and fun - loving personalities such as Patch are even more powerful. I believe in what Patch believed in even if I'm not a goofy kid. I take things all too serious and can't laugh things off even once, cause maybe if I did, I wouldn't be so stiff around my world - and the outside world around me. If I was more like Patch... I wouldn't be so resentful + mad all the time, if I could learn to better myself progressively and learn to like/love myself, then I could know how to love + respect those in my life better to how they should be treated fairly. (not violate boundries and invade thier space of emotional stimulus they dont need) If you can't take care of yourself, no one will. If you don't, how will you learn to respect others perspective w/o taking it to harshly cause you don't know your own. (What if not respecting yourself?) Patch did. He asserted his beliefs and his perspective, therefore he was respected back full granted gurenteed - plus a degree to be a doctor

it can change one's day one's visit and transform into a recovered life from chronic pain of desires because they felt loved emotional attention just as important as the physical.



Heal sickness with laughter!





out of the ordinary - A doctor who did not want to come out as the generic, state cold doctor imparative to no laughing matter - or any other emotion. Indifference and ignorance kills society, trust is not valid in any human being, unless they are commited truley to who they are - embrace themselves and thier difficulties - thier own pain, and share it to those who need thier service it thier willing to give whole heartedly w/o a pinch of hesitation. they aren't a generic brand. they are some kind of speciel - an angel from God like his own precious little children sick in the hospital that makes my heart break. Its fucked up to say someone whent up into an elementary school + killed 25 young children like Adem Lanza. that shit I hate cause those are the years childhood is innocence w/o an intellect yet to judge, critisize, disabled, disengaged to do harm of safe regard they are all angels - Gods most precious. Its those years before they learn about how crevel grown ups and teenagers can be if they aren't taught how to treat one another. thier minds are too young to process such complicated matters, and therefore its beautiful: cause in truth, God forbid the world needs more children. more smiling faces on those children who suffer in chronic pain everyday, along w/ more people like Patch - who will make all thier saddness go away in that moment, just like how he made the ones in the movie laugh w/ 100 wat smiles - so beautiful it make you cry. I cried after I watched it, cause I know a Patch Adems whos comedy + funloving ness is my medicine + healing

b6 -8
b7C -8

All would be damned to take them away from our world and should be sentenced to death or hell.

of harness I feel alot.

if your heart is delicate like mine under a nutshell

my mental issues are feels like chronic pain

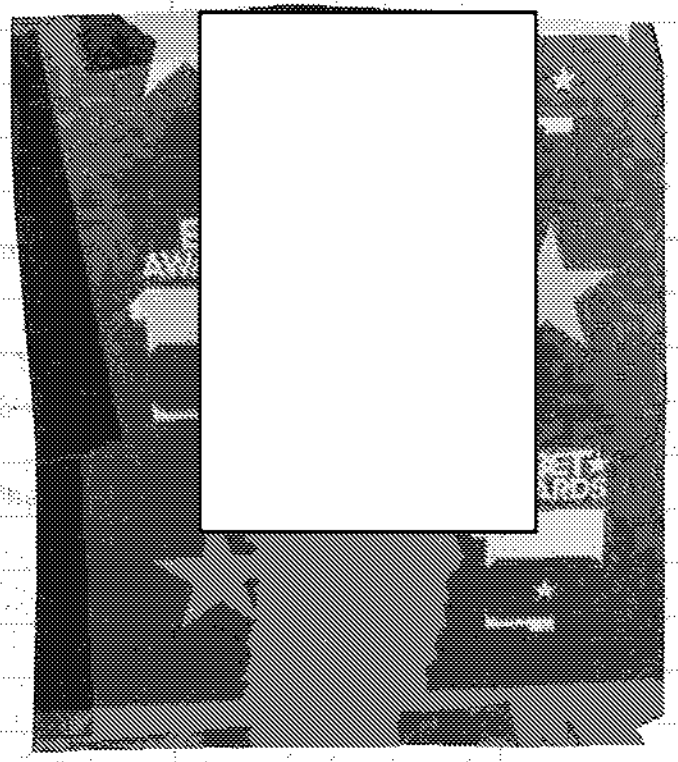
I need more in my life.



abitter sweet medicine + passion... own combined its my love suicide...

9-7-19

If I can barly hold onto my feelings + let them spill everywhere, about to sufficate myself, how will I take you in real life? Wo fauckin may I might end up feeling that much more worse, because your even closer but even farther away from your heart. I feel you in my heart and you speak to me in my head like God does in my heart. Its imtimacy thats savored as special like precious child. → Like God smiling down to wouds his precious You are so precious princess. I love you with all my heart. To ever be held by you would end up harming me i.e.



You told me no matter where life takes you, you'd never forget me. You are an unforgettable princess, Therefore, you keep your word because those worlds turn to visuals and become you in the flesh whispering it into my spirit. Your spirit can move into anyones heart and they are touched by you, whatever quality may be. All of the pieces sum up as a whole with God - your ultimate Savior completing you with his unfailing love.

like a well spring fountain of knowledge

+ unparellel discovery to what a life can be if you

work toward it

b6 -8
b7C -8



I can't play a role in your life... therefore I just imagine in my head like Christopher Robins friends. I step into my world with stuffed toys that are only real to me. I can be the roleplayer by thier hearts & character. I can be myself through them as my imaginative mind directing the bits & parts of dialage & shareline.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Reality in real life roletime... its just me and you that is just an imaginary figment in my role of film - you around me laughing with my sisses & your best friend.. What I could have done but lost my chance for being severly shy... shy enough I couldn't open up so I could continue to have the door open for me in the ~~future. Doors I enter are~~ just me alone... I don't expect you to follow me. Ever. Though I fall for you. falling into the defined lips, divine figure, refined ~~[illegible]~~ hair styles with endless possibilites... Shine out Bad Bitch supreme. my heart dribbling. My blood rushing. A evil smile but an angels heart; something I fear, but fascinated all the same... my heart caught

Your master - GOD predestinator golden in looks but a steel heart in character

(how it's been ever since our departure as teammates they might say. I think special delicate drafted child

my fault not entering yours when they used to be open

1st glance new everyone visual encounter

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1337

FUNKY Feelings

Should've | should have | wish I would have | wish I didn't have | should've | should have | wish I would have | wish I didn't have | should've | should have | wish I would have | wish I didn't have |



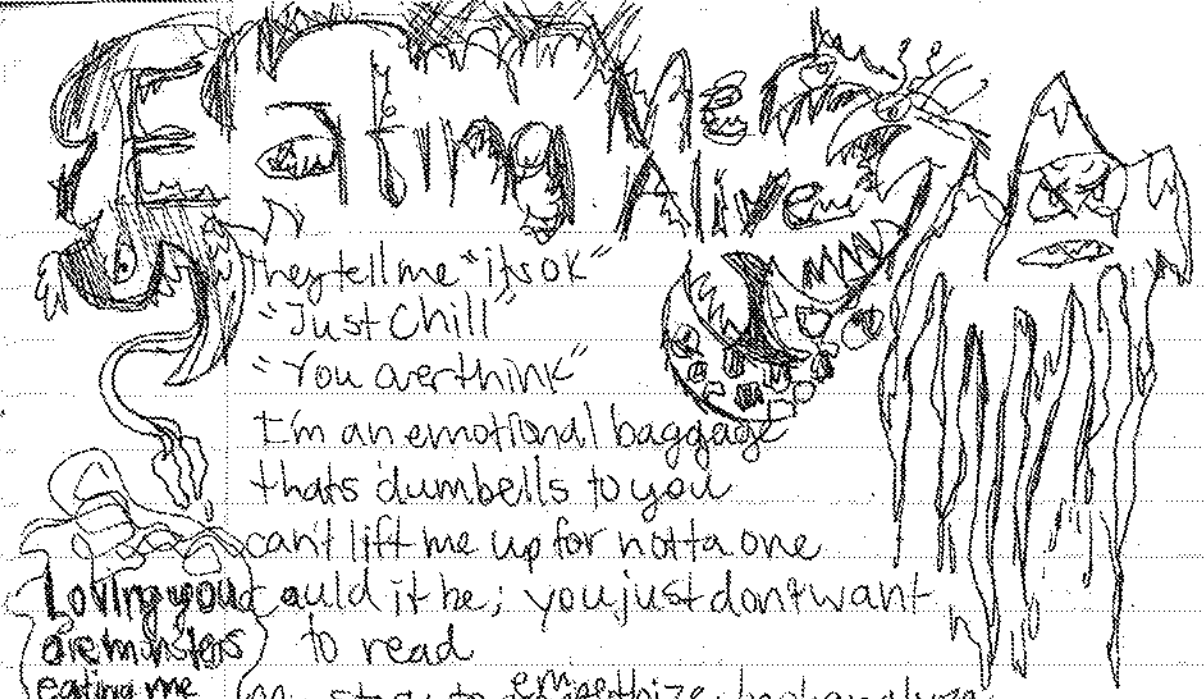
Or... let me put it this way... Do you rather defend yourself of not feeling that way for me, or be of friendship aid to empethize that my feelings are not abnormal or wrong... Cause hey, You love someone too!!! I wouldn't hammer you in the dump pile if I called it Fuck your feelings keep it to yourself. I'd say its ok to love me. Its and you are worth it, but I don't feel that way about you... I just want to be your freind. THAT is all I needed to hear. But no. Nothing is ever done lightly with me. When it comes to these endevors w/ you. Cause how it is... it's that ones like you I love the most reject me the most. Call love a rejection itself cause fuck I'll never know what it means. Would have it been to much trouble to have your side of the story shared being gay? I come to believe now that there is nothing wrong in loving you.. but all I feel in me is a mistake that never should have been made... that in which all started with one dirty shirt. To another.

sweet to think of me

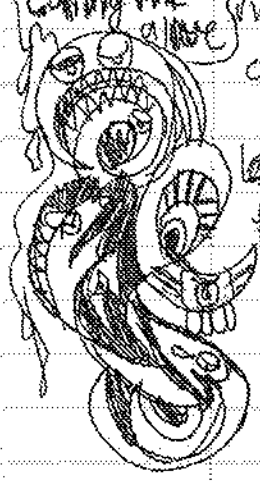
"I can't lie anymore. I'm gay. And I love her"

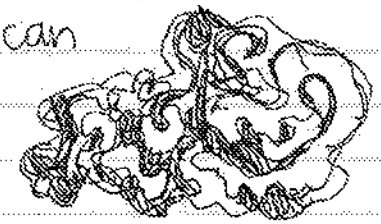
Don't fuckin tell me to chill
Don't fuckin tell me I overthink shit
You think isn't complicated
Stop fuckin showing out w/ non-invalidation
fuckin automatic with the rest of society (non processors)
But you're not sosiety so shit is fucked to me.
Are you avoiding or just couldn't give a fuck to look into it

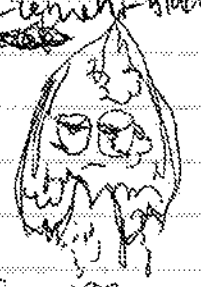
Eating Me Alive



They tell me "its ok"
"Just Chill"
"You overthink"
I'm an emotional baggage
thats dumbells to you
can't lift me up for notta one
Loving you could it be; you just don't want
are monsters to read
eating me alive
My story to empethize / not analyze
observe what is only what you can
believe what is there
but its fuckin not because
there is a whole nother element
elements that you pass by
to piece together - what light can shead on colors
rather take my heart, paint streak cement black darkness
and turn it into tissue paper
shred me, shread me
I'm so tierd of invalidation
if I had a dollor for every one you passed
I'd be rich in proof that inviting tragic masterpiece
isn't a value worth to you
Fuck no, not for me
or less anyone else to imagine
like what you claim - my experience isn't real
Fuck that - and I question myself - me
simple morph to complications?
Fuck no... complications I stress on
that you aren't a chimney to release steem











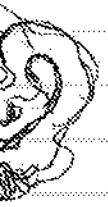
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



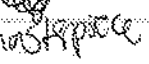


OMFuckin God... [redacted] doing this [redacted] FUCK ALL OF IT. Fuck Fuck not having a real job freelance in general. [redacted] cause its important info on top of shit like papers recits + bills back in the fuckin 1990s. [redacted] and having ~~things~~ every little piece of paper or project that's ancient a keepsake when there's no reason having it. [redacted] cause there isn't shit space [redacted] to vacuum and clean - the tower of shit [redacted] and godforbit [redacted] Complete worthless junk that hasn't been seen in a long-ass triple decade rotting away like my own patience for [redacted] the most adverserary of trails but I fuckin can't stand [redacted]

FUCKIN NIGHT after I got home tired and tryin to sleep. BUT NO. [redacted]

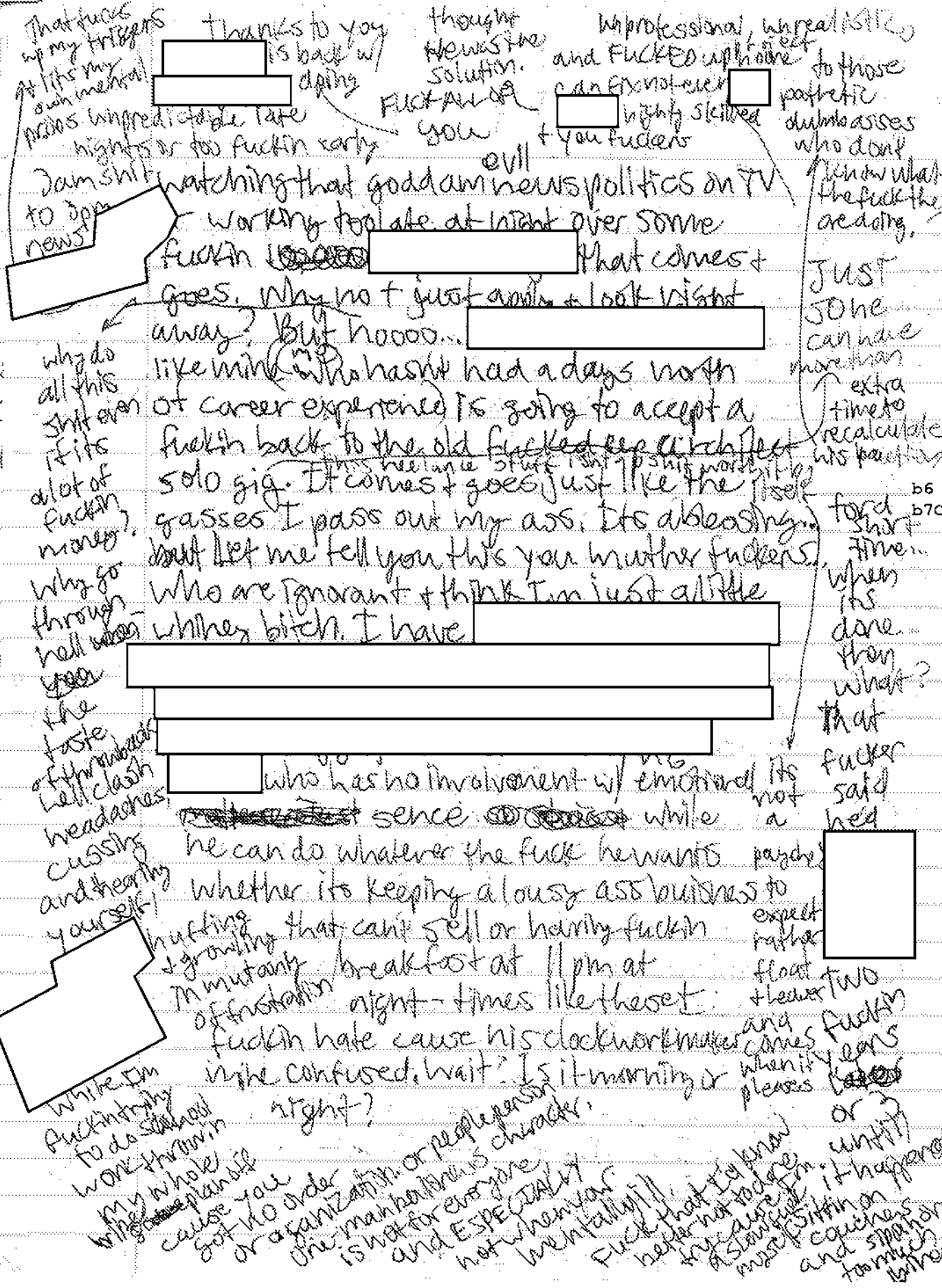












That fucks up my triggers at lits my own mental probs unpredictable late nights or too fuckin early

Thanks to you [redacted] is back w/ doing

thought he was the solution. FUCK ALL OF you

unprofessional, unrealistic, and FUCKED up [redacted] can fix not even [redacted] nighty skilled + you fuckers

to those pathetic dumbasses who don't know what the fuck they are doing.

Jam shit to 3pm news [redacted]

watching that goddam evil news politics on TV working too late at night over some fuckin [redacted] that comes + goes. Why no + just apply + look right away? But hoooo... [redacted] like mine (me) who hasn't had a days worth of career experience is going to accept a fuckin back to the old fucked up architect solo gig. It comes + goes just like the gasses I pass out my ass. Its ableasing... but let me tell you this you muther fuckers, who are ignorant + think I'm just a little whiney bitch. I have [redacted] who has no involvement w/ emotional [redacted] sence [redacted] while he can do whatever the fuck he wants whether its keeping a lousy ass buisness that can't sell or having fuckin breakfast at 11pm at night - times like these I fuckin hate cause his clockwork makes mine confused. Wait? Is it morning or night?

why do all this shit even if its alot of fuckin money? Why go through hell when you the taste of throwback hell clash headaches, cussing and hearing yourself!

[redacted]

while I'm fuckin trying to do school work throw in my whole wine plan off cause you got no order or organization or people person one man business character. is not for everyone and ESPECIALLY not when you mentally ill. Fuck that I'd know better not to do it. try cause I'm a slow fuck myself sittin on couches and sipping too much wine

JUST SO he can have more than extra time to recalculate his practice

b6 -8
b7C -8

ford short time... when its done then what? That fucker said he'd [redacted]

its not a paycheck to expect rather float + leaver and comes when it pleases

Two fuckin years or 3 until it happened



Its fuckin shit that only happens [redacted] that doesn't par gracefully [redacted] capable fully. but stupid to put yourself through too much

If it were me, I'd be on that every the 2 week check deal than live w/ that

Cause all its ever been was for money + all those cat

Its fuckin stupid shit no one does - or any unpitaful for that matter. At home, its awkward or nervous wreck for stress me [redacted] can't work w/ people and do the blame game. Rant about stupid fuck ass politics in this world, or fuckin give A FUCK about [redacted] I sometimes wish I'd rather [redacted] I ask myself why the fuck did [redacted] ? What the fuck? Jesus my life would be saved when [redacted] and I don't have to [redacted] hoping as I project the future [redacted] to God I can keep a job myself + not be finacially unstable / whacked like how [redacted]

I just hope to God I don't end up jobless on regular + not have to go through all the corporate shitty freelance being on the hellbandwagon) feel so bad I want to cut all it quits on all the shit I worked so long + hard for. Fuck why is it when I'm writing a rage strom my pen goes dry? Uh..

We all deserve better don't we? Truth is, no. or most of us

But I'd just say that to up confidence in myself or lighten up these feelings [redacted] but fuck it, I can't agree w/ that either. Not for me. not for [redacted]

As what a real shithole it be to live on your own and having to figure it out all alone it wouldn't kill me, cause I'd rather [redacted]

would suit me just fine after all the shit I've seen with mental illness

no, mostly. I can't say I'd trade

cause single moms struggle the most in the parental age for decades

what the fuck is it? any culture or race

is no thing to trade lives with... But hell... what is this... my life? than have all these awkward interactions. Hell child abuse physical + verbal

I would think of what [redacted]

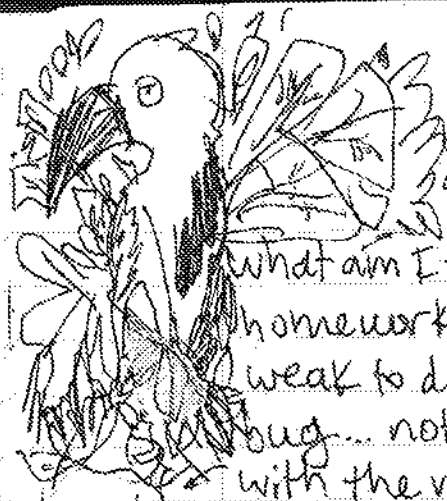
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

or 2, having [redacted]

or Archie manning to his 3 boys that consider [redacted]

wishes that I ka nimagine, but fuck I'm no

HELL NO.



9-22-19

What am I thinking today? Im thinking about homework, but I can't because I feel too weak to do anything. I have some kind of bug... not worms or a catapiller. Like sick with the runs... cramps + feel like a blowfish, my stomach like a balloon filled with hylium. Had chills this morning... Im usually that THIS cold w/ two ~~[illegible]~~ air vents. Its the kind that feels deep freeze on autolock mode. I need a blanket... wheres my phone? I gotta watch some good ol' Animal PBS documentaries... Yes natually great TV more people should watch instead of all that other bullshit (reality TV, one of them) Talking heads + people communicate blah blha blah (politics fuck shit) Let animals and nature sooth my mind. They seem to bring peace in my own eco system, against the humans, that bring destruction, ignorance, and uncompassionate behaivors that threaten ~~[illegible]~~ + endanger my existance of meaning in this world. All those who choose to ignore me after YEARS of several in-touch contact attempts, those who ~~[illegible]~~ blankly unawarefully invalidate me of my sensetive ~~[illegible]~~ feelings that overstimulate ~~[illegible]~~ you, and its clear consent to me. All you ignorant people trashing + poluting the earth to other living organisms, that have more worthy of a life than some of you... even if they'll be alive one day + pray the next... Seem to only feed off on other behaivors of negetive influence pivoted through the combustion volcano of human incopetance histories of events, that is those of you not immune or vunerable to manipulate.

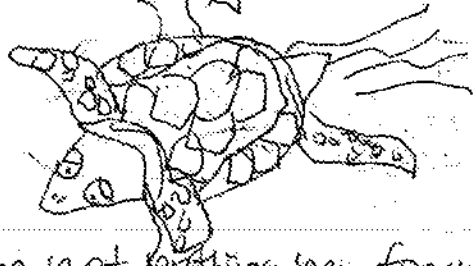
feel like worms inside all squirming making my stomach hurt

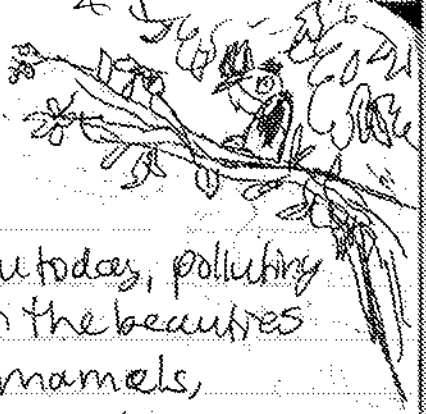
Educational TV

that no one needs to store in thier brain file cabenets

for 100's of years I guess some human traits here change. Are world fails to thrive

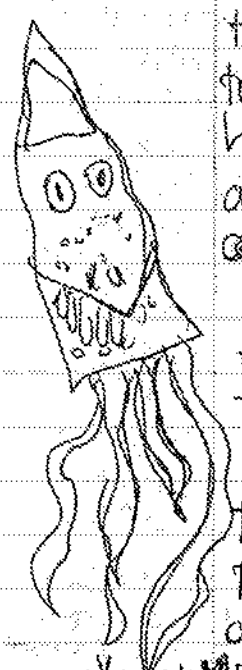
not on me OVER me eskeemo style





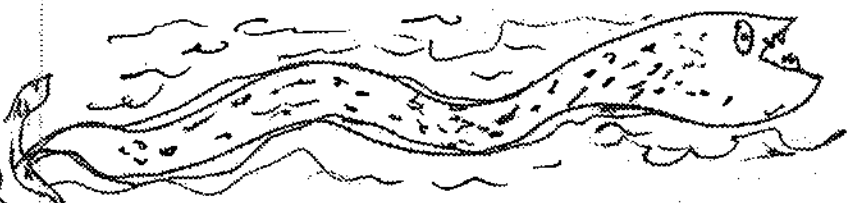


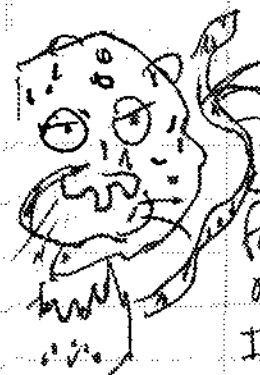
No, I'm not putting my focus on you today, polluting my mind w/ negetivity. I'll focus on the beauties of animals, ocean crustasians + mamels, anfibians, and many other unique species in the abundant source of ecosystems called landscapes of earth - NATURE + Wild life. That two organisms of life symotaniously act as a united colony to depend on its distinct + valuable reasonses it has to offer, from the tiniest FireFly squid egg of Japan to the extended intimidating wingspand of the Griffon vulture from the rocky plateus of the mediterranian. The world is so ~~[illegible]~~ immense with cafully complexed set of characteristics that every ecosystem has created w/ gods hands, there dry and scorchured, blizzard ~~[illegible]~~ terrains to the mild forests, to the humid wet tropicals - they all hold a delicate balance that can't afford to be disturbed. Because all of the wild life so heavily depend on it. Land and sea, Ocean and river. Tree and mountain, underground and sky.



There are so many animals + species out there that a human life cannot have enough time to see them all. Every creature with its own set of behaivons, navigations, + life styles. The passion of mating, but ~~ends~~ can end in seconds. The brutal life of survival, one-sown unique cycle of wild, but all of ~~the~~ life depend on on another. Animals need the plant life and weather at balance. the molecules of a microism get eaten by the little fish, whos ~~eaten to dodge from the~~ bigger fish, then

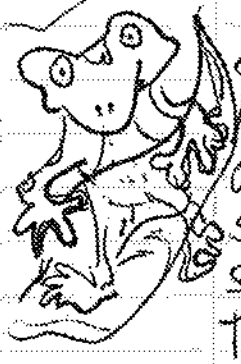
to seek shelter they need coral + anenance







comes the sealions who have to watch out for the killer whales + sharks. In the planet of animal ecosystem, every species is important. If one goes extint, another could become endangered. Animal + crusteasian lives have a delicate balance to teeter / totter on. Land + sea animals must eat + survive, who are dependant on other species - grass, trees, fruits, bugs, small mamels like rodents. To medium sized animals like the monkey, the furret. The birds need to be careful of the reptiles - ~~[illegible]~~ shakes on land who climb up on tree limbs + wait for the right opportune moment for a meal, other reptiles live in solitude, but nevertheless, still relay on mating, shelter of wet, rocky, swampy areas. A rare reptile that survived the binosaur age, A pepper eel who slithers through the rocky shores of New Mexico to find crusteasian crabs. The big Lions need antalope, gezelles, + wildabeast in thier ecosystem. It matters to the smaller pray who relay on the organisms that are vunerable + defenseless, unless they have speed / endurance like the rabbit vs. the cheetah in a hedd-to-head life or death race. It all fascinates me. If only I could be in that world as dangerous and scary it may be but mystically adventure



frogs are in need of it to w/ big leaves to climb on

waits a 150 years untill they can reproduce

slow time but sucess. Other animals live short lives and in the fast lane

Jelyfish, manta rays...

Sea contribute even if species contrary of thier own set of needs isn't & comply to stay.

Like Pelicans, who need the sky + enclined nature grounds but need the life of samon in the sea.

Sad to black say vultures feast on the turtle eggs when millions of mothers nest them

but its the great circle of life



t.

sea
can intrude
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Pelicans,
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f Salmon
in the
sea.

ace.
Sad to know
say vultures
on the turtles
hen millions
nest from

b6 -8
b7C -8

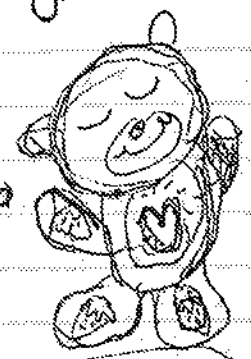
[redacted]



b6 -8
b7C -8

(9-30-19)

You followed your dreams so young. You took + take no small victories for granted. You smile in them and appreciate them more than the ultimate prize your looking at. God is yours. You go through life according to His will. You stive for a deep sense of arrival towards aspirations + passions into forming who you want to be. You recognize the blessings in the ~~destination~~ journey, not through, only the final destination. You seek communion + spiritual connection lifelines w/ God. You portrait yourself everyday to the world to be happy because you value credit progress, packaged within your heart of assurence that you will win because you know God has already won + has it waiting for you. That is why I believe you remain joyful in spite of struggle to be successful. Look at all the success you made. You were [redacted] at 22 [redacted]



Strawberry ~~scents~~ scents and care bear fuzzies for the media queen

you exibited diligence in prayer alone time w/ God. You grew in solitude and isolation - the kind of separation that plants to bear more fruit of the spiritual seeds of soul

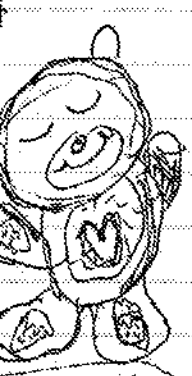
b6 -8
b7C -8

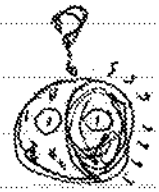
You recive positive nomination from other professionals. The world sees your beauty from the vision + value you have towards life but the art of accepting things as they are and how they come. You love on yourself, therefore, you know how to love. You are a princess + a queen. You have won.

10-2-19

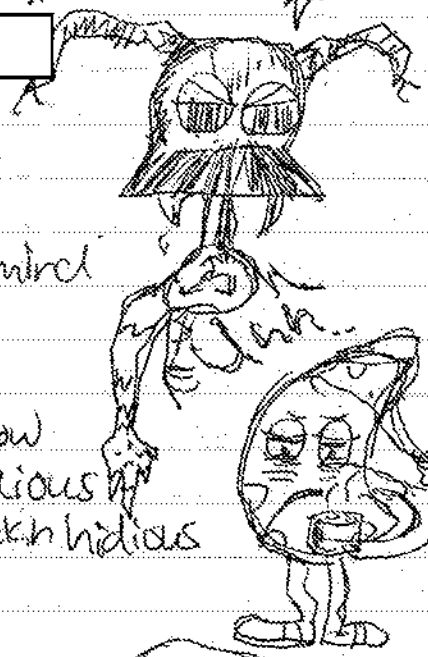
MY DARK SIDE

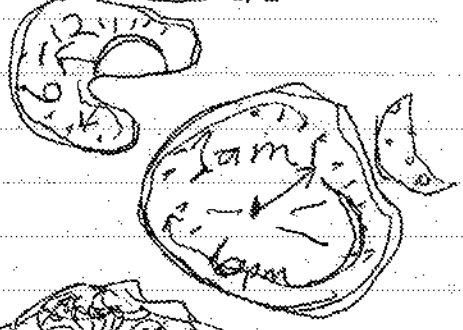
Revenge of the sith [redacted]
[redacted] Darth Vador
his concience asks me
to join the darkside
commute to his fucked up mind
but instead
I unleash my darkside
to his goblin monster I know
~~his~~ the apprentice bark sidious
because his face his fuckn hidious











b6 -8
b7C -8

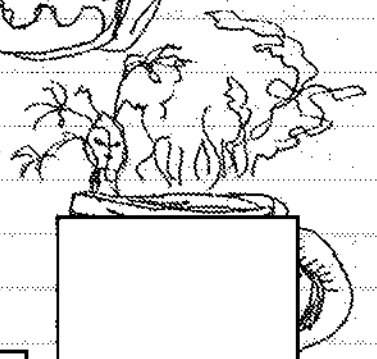
Strawberry ~~scents~~ scents and cave bear fuzzies for the needle queen

Every day is a puzzle
[redacted]
that has my anxiety fried
coffee that the moon sips
~~morning~~ sun munches on lunch
all those chips that he crunch
[redacted]
variables that doent add up
patience that subtracts
all ~~that~~ those meals that he choke
[redacted]





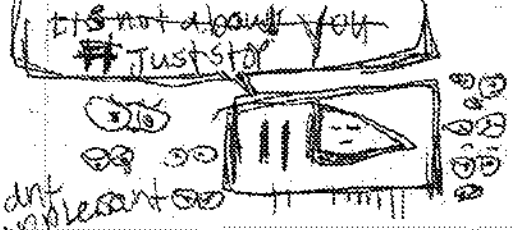




My life monstropolis
a world thats full of monsters
[redacted]

[redacted]

on.



JUST STOP YOU NAGGIN, WHINER FAGGOTS (11)

b6 -8
b7C -8

What they dnt need is unpleasant cat fights from you (!) bitchies

They'll do I like or some [illegible], but all they need is the like + subscribe button (stats)

cause they are actualy working professionally

You know what makes me sick? Besides [redacted] I can't stand you muther fuckers on social media who get in these stupid ass arguments with random ~~youtuber~~ people you don't even know. Just when I thought youtube was a place away from social - I wish the comment box was never invented. Truth is prescribers who makes videos really don't give a fuck if you really respect what they do. They are too fuckin busy either making meaninful content (like movies, music, or videogame walkthroughs). ~~but~~ It's like a waste of energy you dumb fucks making fuckin videos about eating tide pods just to make a laugh ruin my experience when I hear that. I don't have to watch it, fine. But yet you fuckheads care so much about your opinions and think yours are better than ~~even~~ the guy opposing you. Teenagers doing dumbass challenges or whatever isn't serious, so comments can be unserious. On the other side, theres the art of movies and videogames that people hold true value to in whatever catagory they find attractive to them. If you hate the shining, don't get all upset just cause someone else thinks some shit like Texas Chainsaw is better. Just go with what they like faggots stop waisting your time to think they are wrong. Its subjective matters, which cannot be controlled or changed. Do every one a favor and keep your values / beliefs to yourself you faggots and just watch, youtube on the internet source called

90

3.19

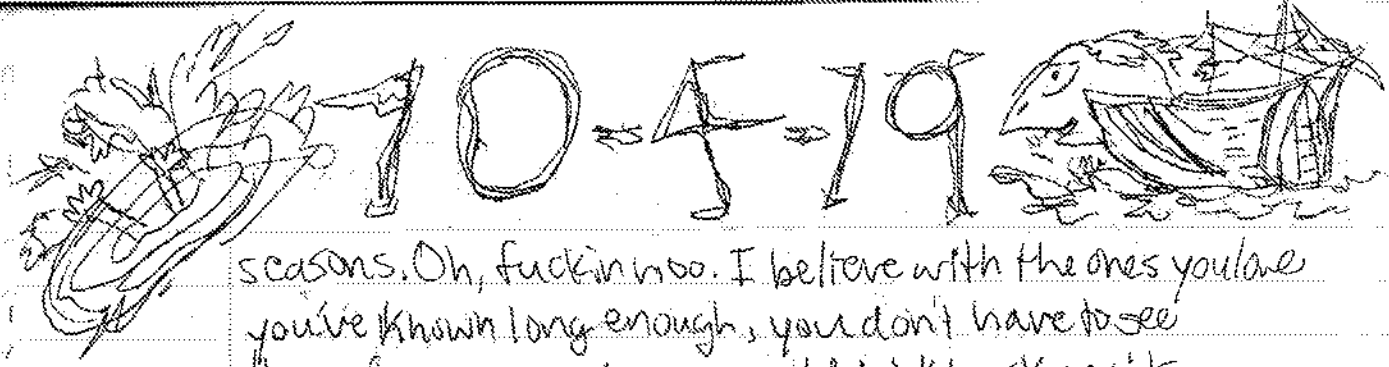
They'll appreciate the thanks and support and reaching out, but that should be it. Adding personal views in the matter to battle differences just ~~makes~~ fucks it up. It doesn't make their page look good and try to lawer bust em w/ facts like "no one can beat steven kings [illegible] masterpiece of classic horror"



10-4-19

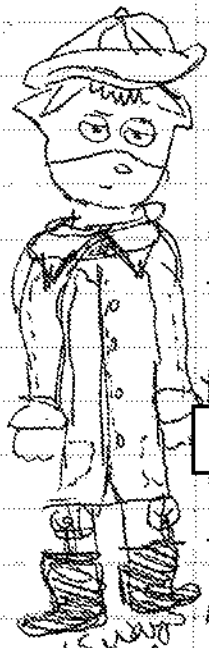
Let me tell you the difference between old friends and new ones. In your life, if it's great and you're surrounded by luckily loyal sisters/brothers, then the old ones still want you in their life if they are loyal to them back. If you part, not see each other for some years, then come at ends despite phases/journeys in life. I mean, that's how all mutual friendships should be! Sail out unto your sea's departure, then come back at the bay, either whether rocky, unsettle, or unbearing. (That is... it's should be, otherwise chillin at the docks.) If by chance there are over there w/ easy lives, fuck that. They don't see the understand the beauty of God's true love + blessings. Blessings are under the rocks at the shingled mountainsides where the trees have been struck + battered. No, the wind breezers don't know the sea floors like that, they just visualize it above them watching but have no idea how it feels and how it changes your character like it grows gills. Life is like air for them, nothing tested, nothing bested to grow stronger. Sure, doing it alone you can. But to do it with those you love beside you... and they GET it. God, bring the storm, keep it coming... we won't leave each other's side...

New friends I used to tell myself, fuck that. Now, after 3-4 years, it's the other way around. Last time I checked, no old dear friends sisters have dared to enter my ~~storm~~ Stormy


10-4-19

seasons. Oh, fuckin noo. I believe with the ones you love you've known long enough, you don't have to see them for years and you could pick back up + its ~~fine~~ like you met yesterday. But thats a special rare form of love in having a deep mutual sence of who they are to each other - Both feel linked. I feel that way about Big sis [redacted] I just hope she feels that way about me. I don't know if she misses me or not for sure. I feel scared and wake up in the middle of the night and remember that saying "Love you always + forever" I know [redacted] means it (oh, my love.) Though since I've been sailing on rough waves, ~~all~~ he didn't bring thier ships my way, He isolated them from me. As fucked up as it is, God takes away whats dear so He can make us - or mold into steel figures with a heart of gold. Through the fires that burn from the gasolines of my suffering in which only a specified few understand... I have to still thank him for it. Though true enough as my heart can tell, you fuckers haven't been through enough to understand that deep and let it come across to you. Or if so, the most important thing missing; faith There's non belief in God and His will of your life. Thats all thier is to it. If they don't believe in God, or all of us in the begginning must think. "God is making me suffer. He is punishing me. Once you've suffered enough - AND sailed alone w/ him ∴ God let the storms come. I realize they've made me stronger. That is real love

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



Gods ways for us are more than now they appear

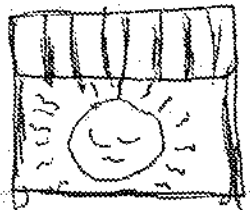
It doesn't make sense to most people but it does to me.

STEEL

wood ship built to material bound of a battle ship

totally unawse or divergent to what ~~you~~ to believe







He waits for the right time to leave you hanging until the catch of his arms where you need more ever so joyful than anything playing in the sand

God wants all your trust, love, and leaning on against the heart + bow. But none of that will happen if the skies are blue and the salty ocean blankets are snuggled calm under the suns warmth. That's not my life, I'd rather be in the storm than in the sunshine sea, cause when it was like that for a time, it felt too good to be true, like my old friends suddenly rose from the dead and they all the sudden appreciated me and started time to have open hearts of how much I love them. That sunshine blinded me, cause when God isolated them, so did I. I was sent out to some of the most stormy seas of my life that drove me to feeling sicker everyday. The rocking of my ship was not pleasant cause they weren't the ones holding me when it happened. It was God, and at times I felt Him, not always.. cause I was so numb to my darkness, to too broken hearted to accept the fact that none of them wanted to be there for me.. I've been through one severe hurricane season after another and all my lifes things that were happy were torn to tatters.. to the point after I asked this alot "Does it all even matter anymore?" they certainly don't need me, they got thier own journeys to sail and a complicated stormy weather I don't know about. I hear ~~bits~~ snippets of thier stories like you would on the radio but its just it comes out fuzzy. I never know. But what hurts more is that I'm not the interest

But thats not how it is for me and everyone else who's unlucky like me. I therefore can only place my old friends in the past and new ones in the present. Cause fuck... they're all I have right now... maybe forever and I wish I could stop looking back of the kind of seas I've had to travel through, cause when I bring them aboard, all I hear out of them is unempethetic ~~pass~~ messeges and invalidations... My life is too different from thiers in which depression being autistic and [redacted] is the great unknown but ~~shove it~~ stuff it back in my face. Its out of thier comfort zone. That shit isn't ~~[illegible]~~ sticking to faithfullness trying to be. Thats not being a good friend. [redacted] is my sail ship porter. She dissapeers and its fuzzy on the radio, but we have similar ~~[illegible]~~ routes, we've even been through the same ones storming out on the seas together in the same boat, after that cyclone of deppression sucking ~~[illegible]~~ us into end our lives, we never look back, we are too loyal and honest with each other. I could never be mad at her because we both UNDERSTAND (took the time to listen process) because WE WANT TO. Its just in our blood. We were born to ~~[illegible]~~ to be sailors and that being ~~[illegible]~~ shes a tender hearted soul. Why can't my old friends treat and love me like that? I feel their spirit but thats all I have of them. Its all thats left. I had to start over cause they don't have to take any part of me. Its unmutual, and even if it was then. I can't make someone feel how I feel for them. Lucky for others, they can still have thier sisters that have been around a long time together or apart. Its not supernatural, its a deep spiritual ~~[illegible]~~ like ~~[illegible]~~ a connection now w/ God.

who know the intimate bitterness + cruelty of time

as we go through these seasons in our life

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Those that are beautiful ones, like [redacted] save thier heart to who shes stuck around w/ for awhile, not for a season

our situation is too real tous, so we can see right through each other that easily

I can almost feel her hand clinged to mine and her arms around me as our ships rock

I ma past figment of thier,

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1354



10-6-19

I am a cat in the box with a lid on it, in the closet of my life, all of it, as is pictured. A visual encompass of knowing the art of isolation at its mastery. I haven't met isolation. It met me. It was born when I was born. It was born in me. Thus, created in the characteristics of a timid kitten, swept away down a city street during a soak drenched storm. Finding that one best friend that's basically your other half is like an owner and his pet. I picture myself when I was shy, who hanged out w/ the other black kids, who was picked on & unliked by the stuck-up black kids. Then there was my once gang/crew who was with me for a season - basketball. they were ~~some of~~ the coolest black kids I know who were older than me. (Shoutout to [redacted] for being cool by not bullying). then picture milo the tabby kitten who was not chosen in the box full of other kittens. He is the one who is meowing the most, who wants love & affection by an owner so bad that he's jumping on all fours around the corners of the box, only to realize he's alone later, storming at night, and swept away. He's crying but no one hears him. His meow is too timid for the busiest city - New York. would a place so much bigger than him be fitting for milo, who was so small, vunerable, and presumed unlovable by sight? Then he met this gang of cool pups and found a home in thier hearts, in which the looked out for him, taught him about life, and to know you are looked after.

I know it natural to my instincts. how I live now I grew up. my adaptive nature as an animals, contrary to humans, who all are adaptive to social communication

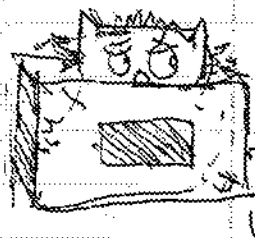
came home from school everyday until the weekend, spent my days imagining drawing playing by myself and do it all over again.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



10-10-19

MY Life in 9 BOX



At a time in my younger, much younger life, that was my time of finding family other than my home. New hearts I would soon love the rest of my time alive on earth that opened opportunity for me. Like Milo from "Oliver + Company" timid is as timid goes, I really didn't know much as a kid, cause most the time I was scared, confused, and anxious, kind of like kitties being a stray out + vunerable. ~~It~~ I was as much vunerable, ~~but~~ even more lacked playful spirit cause I sucked at social life. Back in 7th, 6th grade, I never knew what social life ment, or what it was. I didn't know hanging out, unless it was my beggining middle school buds who played video games / Nintendo DS on the couch. Since I knew my own fun, it was akward as fuck to find ~~a friendship~~ someone who had thier way only w/ others - hanging out / socializing. thats why whenever someone asks, what do you want to do? Well, I don't know, cause my whole life I grew up isolative, and hidden away from everyone. I just played video games in my room all summer, then get pissed when my mom put a timer on me. Thats all I knew. Basketball my 7th grade year changed that. You can ~~[illegible]~~ find friendships beside house playdates, and I found them alright.

or more so I didn't have a brain to process it locked in the developmental storage bin. I had to ~~be forced~~ ~~by~~ only hang out w/ the "weird kids" like me cause I felt most comfortable around. I needed a base floor level to jam somewhere about that friend F.U.W. song I don't know worth a fuck.



I can only see you on fuckin Facebook or instagram. The only window I can look through these days. Pixal images but translate over such glamorous queen beautity personified as jaw dropping. It looks so real its like 3D - you're right in front of me. If only I could reach out and touch in real life, but my reality does not stimulate with external beings of femenine ultra fine beauty. Those beautiful model-type black girls are only what I see in my fanatsies besides the screen. Oh my God, how I wish I could be in your arms like I was that one time in high school. I was having a rough morning. I walked out of class and thier you were - perfectly made hair bun, jean jacket. You ask me whats wrong. It was honest. I turned the other way, but I treaded back.. slowley my heart racing more and more as I presume closer and closer. I embraced you. You embraced back. In your arms felt like it lasted forever, but it was only about 5 seconds. Being in love with someone does that. It slows down time + transendes carnival rights of heart sunken ships - the drop feels so long but in real life its much quicker. Down I go and I feel so up high my heart air ballooning the pillas clouds of yours I fall into. I remember that moment perfectly. I could feel you squeeze me - a real hug. I remember your smell. Goddamn its a smell of a princess bathed in lavish perfumes but not too strong. Its your scent and being that close to it. I just fell so fast.

10 ~ 7 ~ 19

b6 -8
b7C -8

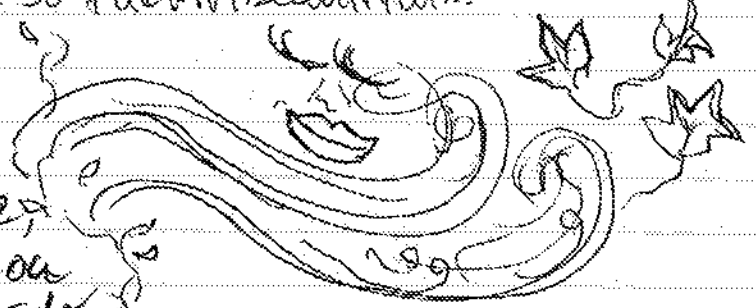
[redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

I swear to God, everytime your ~~bros~~ best friend [redacted] posts pictures of you or when you hit yours up on instagram, my mouth feels watery. Spit oozing out of my face with the heartsie eyes and the heart itself pounding out of my chest like some cartoon character. I just stare in an 'oh fuck' expression love gazed and can't seem to snap out of it. I become the flower girl attracted to flowers scent - I keep looking back at your pictures. Jesus, you look like a famous celebrity on TV, like a body, face, personality made to be a cover girl TV sensation. Those eyes, those lashes, lips, curves, smile, breasts. I'm fully embracing my sexuality at this point and its fun as hell, cause exibiting in your beauty in true form of art is exzillerating. So many feels through my body like thier wizzy cars up and down my high way bloodstream - little butterlies ~~spiders~~ running up and down my spine. Little seahorses tickling my heart. I feel lifted off, a reality ~~[illegible]~~ shift. My time gears altered and go into fantasycal dream waves I have on. You are so fuckin beautiful...

b6 -3
b7C -3

Most people change, but you never do... in spirit



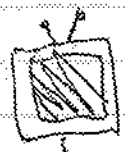


My Life in A Box











They taught me one of my most crusial lessons in life spiralled around my puzzle gapped mind ~~[illegible]~~ missing polygon shaps to trigger/stick onto "friends in action". "A friend in action," Apart of thier kindness, I didn't have to act cool (at Creswell called the opposite of cool") I didn't have to hang out w/ them every single day. I could just walk in that gym and they brought me in thier family circle. I was once a family member who rode to games with, ~~or~~ shared saddness/dissapointment with, or when they were hyped up and I was too scared to join in (I couldn't keep up w/ the motion) We couldn't win the city title, but we won our hearts. Only for a season. That's how it is w/ them. They can say they love me still, but only givin the fact [redacted] gave them more of the idea to look out for me. This kitten has to grow up and face the dogs in my life. I had to do it w/o them. after that season ended. Outside basketball, that's all I have w/ them. That's how it will always be. there's no part 2. cause I learned my life in a box can't yarn a ball of closeness. Not that dumb texting bullshit, not the 'occassional see you in the hallways hi shit' that doesn't change anything (1) its going places on the groovy fun bus (2) It can be through the ship journeys of stormy adversity that ties the bonds. My strings were loose both ways. I did both: alone,

b6 -3
b7C -3

I had a summer time life w/ them. Sunny skies warm water, and sand cool water ocean feels

Sharing the time face to face gets the ball rolling until is a basket goal away

After that, the sunny days were over. I hid behind tin the fog from my Emrald Isle where green grasses only grow through rain pain

10-10-19

but I have a feast you fuckers → the sun not in yalls world is fast food
frying pans - artificial joy that won't last forever
my God hammed into, my honest is plowed
chizzled at finest. my tree bark is tough as hails yours. My gold is diamond crystalized
cause my garden flowers look more beautiful than summer
sun isn't as valuable winter fuckers
that's backwards understanding to you fuckers
but I got more blessing full of spirit meaning
garden bed
was along in I april all year round
Bitch I haven't seen much sun lately

My young life as it was - in a box. My soggy box sarode the storm waves up + down untill sailors who were going through thier rainy season too gave me a hand. I found love again - family outside home. there was being depressed, suicidal + homicidal, which made me half to drop my anchor + tie my boat at the docks: Renfrew and Vanderbait Phychiatric, I found a lot of Kittens (kind, generous in wisdom + love, authenic, loyal care) who lived in boxes too. As such, my life with them is the new 'meant to be' and this time I can really feel it. As life is, it changes, rolls over, switches, and unexpected weather pop up storms arise, nonetheless we will be in each others hearts. [redacted] I love you guys. [redacted] ...don't give up being a sailor. Emerald Isle is upon your land to claim as yours soon one day, because after the storm, the most beauty is found. You people are my flowers after years of drought w/o a friend in the world. Streams in the desert is what is called a joyous blessing. All you mother fuckers who don't know what that is don't know shit about what's more than beyond the pain of april gloom. There is sun behind it my april. As such, my old friend fam found God. At least some did, but where are they? No, don't explain I know how it is. My green side is greener w/o you.

+ will just go bad and freeze till it braker when you loose it looking you in the freezer

b6 -3
b7C -3

souls who are not a horse human unempathic society biracular in heart affirmators

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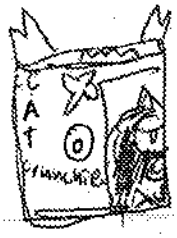


My Life in a Box



For that being I'm a late bloomer. W/not a care in the world you bloomed ahead of time w/o your love + help

You guys don't need me in the picture frame anymore, and thats cause you don't want to know why I didn't hang much w/you. Maybe if you took a moment to look into how I really feel - that my life in a box isn't just an appearance of apathetic ignorance. NO. YOU PEOPLE got this fucked up. Just like you ignoring me not wanting shit to do w/me, its not personal! You got your own life changes, stress, and sailor boat travelin rock n roll stormship. (at least most of you do...) the thing is you leave me out of EVERYTHING. I try hard to open up and what I deal with, while you leave me uninformed + confused just like those boy fuckers call in me lesbian, faggot, and gay. I don't know shit but I can learn a whole lot more from you w/o you w/me in my boat. God took you away from me - isolated you from me to sail beyond y'alls boarder I could not swim the motions in, cause if I can't swim in your waters, I might as well sink. Sink or swim w/ you we aren't that similar or could show mutual affection towards. Call me the abused kitten and you blame me for abusing myself fuck that, I'm tired of sinking God gave me new sailor pals to ride waves with and get over motion sickness feeling wobbly after not walking on a beach like yours forever. As much as I do not like to say this Fuck you guys, especially you [redacted] God forbid if I never come back to y'alls summer vacay again. I'd rather spend time alone in my box.

while you were at it

my grass fields just got browner + prickliger as you faded away w/the sunrays of your heart

on top of bein invalidating treating me like I'm not human + I need Jesus.

a little heard your level I got an easier place to relax in until I can be on at least

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

My Life In a Box

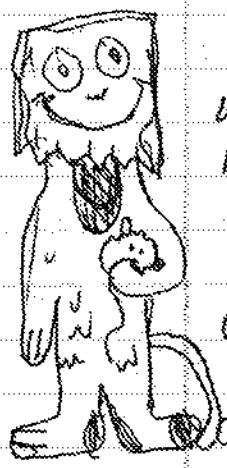
(poem version)

Just today I saw a bunch
2 girls taking a pic
Just 3 years ago I saw my sis
on her 21st and my Love
This girl I wish I wasn't in love with
cause I'm gay to beyond sky NASA
and referred to the boys as faggot
As beggining in world was plasma
molden rock in surface
my heart has evolved that way
alonside April season brought drought,
my Emerald isle from desert streams
cropped out of thier fun; my fun time solo like a lonley note;
and fuck in social media timeline — a incomplete song
I just need a fuckin time machine
if I could start it all over, N64 controller
reset button; or time travel for 1 kiss, just don't have
of course I'm not clear as water appropriate chromozomes
fogginess is more appropriate weather
light dim the sun behind
my doomstays of mental death bombs
lightning caskets rain on me
I wanted to be stricken dead
cause of being a late bloomer
I sprouted in winter; alone; lonley petal rock in death metal
while ya'll fuckers came around after summer, spring
hang time, my arms were weak, monkey lovers on the swing
no one taught me how fuck I'll do it by myself like
fuck all y'all's help when all I just wanted a heart of love
like God wants all of ours — I'm taking my time while you freeze through the

I just need some jelly, to my PB sandwich

more like to a flutterhear just a nutterbutter

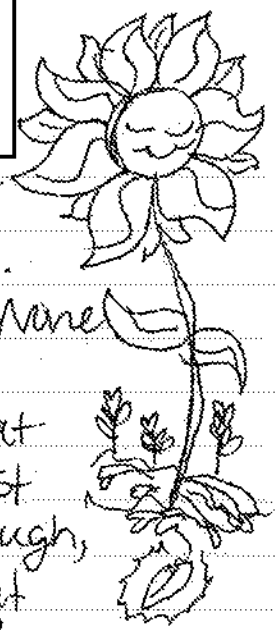
I don't know lot love







TO: [redacted]



It fuckin sucks that you basically were growing up home less and didn't have much. No clothes, no food [redacted] None of that shit. All she had was here best friend at the time, at least it seemed that way to me. She has personality like her best friend. She's funny and makes others laugh, bringing them joy; brought me joy when at the time all she had was a fam that was not from her first home, she found it somewhere else, a blessing God gave her. A talented dancer (one of the best I've ever seen) She danced with [redacted] She laughed and cried with and beside her. I think they have been through it all. [redacted] knew she couldn't try to fix [redacted] life even though she put all her heart + soul into (as a best friend is truley ment to shine) God gave [redacted] to [redacted] God gave [redacted] although if you looked at them close enough, they're just alike. They are the half of one another. When [redacted] had not much material possession, I believed she had [redacted] heart. If that were me, I'd have a home, and that to me is true sisterhood and feel your at home with someone special. I just hope they stay that way forever - thier sisterhood. It pains me to see [redacted] struggle, which was her whole life. If she was able to find loving her self outward appearance + inner self wise, God can help her find happiness in this crude bastard world.

like special supprises God gives on a day you feel at your worst

They were PB+J, 2 peas in a pod. Daddy's little angles. Heart of the same giggle. Heartbeat of the same vibration wiggle

That be more than enough for me

b6 -8
b7C -8

To: [redacted]

I just wish she knew how much I care. My heart weighs so heavy for her when things go wrong, rather it be joyful and relieved when I see her having fun and maintain a smile on her face. I close my eyes. [redacted] is known by her smile to me when her heart was downcast. I was drenched in life's storms too, [redacted] You are not the only sailor here. I just wish you'd hear me out that I'm not overthinking or over feeling. I'm just letting out my experience, if you just gave me the chance to offer observation of my boat and witness what it's been through. But my nicks, tears, & batterings aren't like yours. You have a different perspective because you are in another world of the seas of suffering. I know you don't want me to feel sorry for you, but I can't help it. My heart has been through enough it knows the wear and tear, so it's expected by my God to see me cry. God says that if you want to have compassion for others, you must endure a journey through severe hardship. My ship has sailed that journey many times, I just wish I was in the same boat as you - homeless and have nothing just so I could have you and [redacted] I got too many privilages and blessings to be thankful for. I don't deserve all this, you do. I just hope one day ~~God gives me~~ I have the chance to give back to those who were like you so maybe I could change a life, even if I couldn't impact yours.

b6 -8
b7C -8

she is the strongest lifting cross bearer I know

my cross is heavy too

your books healing are different from mine



I am not them
I am broken
A broken bastard - & so are you

If they are living
lanterns in continual
practice in Gods
Kingdom

To [redacted] (my shitty friend)

I used to pray for your happiness back then. Do you know what I do now? I sit in my room most the time and hope to death do us part, your happiness will be dried up like a shrived raisin just like how our shitty friendship is. I already know you've fuckin changed alot, not in a ~~growth spiritual~~ sence to be stronger. No. You're a weak bitch who'd fall for any faggot pussyhead man. You are a fool just like me, the rest of society as I well know. I realize that what I dreamed and hoped for, ~~was~~ to have the hearts of you and [redacted] that I looked up to all these fuckin years, was all wrong. God ~~prage~~ answered my hopes all right, prayers loud & clear. He let me have my heart at highest hight, only to crash my hope of nine planes comes to the ground & shatter into too many pieces. Then he threw my molded heart in a furnace so it would transform into a finished varnish & steel. You little bitch don't have the attitude or the personality to be thrown into INTENSE heat so you could shine as a masterpiece of God in his image. Fuck no, you don't even realize your sins & the shit you put me through while I was going through enough already! I swear to this day I picture you in my head any my demonized cold-blooded heart says - FUCK YOU. Yep, this is what God gave me in the end. Loose what was precious to me & turned against me. God Broke me and then used me to glorify him by

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I hope [redacted] and your broken hearted

my cross splintered you my glass heart cut you. my cries were too much for you like the Devil hates happiness a glow (some bas want know)

I mean, angel like believers shine out in their happiness and the Devil is too afraid to touch them. they great as vulnerable Satan was attracted to my darkness almost used me to commit as ass murder and placed me in Devils clutches so His mercy could [illegible] fingertips

Devil I always heard, & fleged his wolves to feed & suck blood out on my hopless heart

cast,

she is the strongest lifting cross bearer I know

you help the me sion

my cross is heavy

[redacted]

any

have your bowles heating are different from mine

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1365

TO [redacted] SHITTY FRIEND

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



Glory must come if thier is goriness in the warzone. God may have trained some, but I was BORN to fight. I'm not weak, no fuck in way the overcoming moments I have crowned. [redacted] calls you the MVP, but I am a soilder scumbb you mother fuckers. I am among the elite veterans in Gods army. I can over come with him and all he taught me anything and you could barly stand being on a shitty community college full of ignorant bastard bitches. Bitch ignorance is my life my decrest friends in the past life turned against me - all the bullies, all the fake friends, all the arrogant LeBron James/Peshan Green ego insensetive fuckers like you. You used to be humble. You used to be a spirit of activeness in Gods advocacy. Now your on the bandwagon of typical society who is in denial of thier problems + don't give a granny's pussy FUCK about others suffering. Bitch, how the hell do you expect to be strong if you haven't suffered like me? No.. you need to go through the Jesus Journey - scorned, outcast, loner, [redacted] had no one but his Loving Father above + his loyal followers - the desciples. I got mine, ah yeah they know real pain and yet can see the truth in how it took them to starve to be full. He be thirsty to become reborn refreshed. I saw Gods LOVE at the fullest b/c he had to starve me of all my worldly desires untill I buried them into the ground considering them dead and useless to me. You serve no purpose in my life + ~~only let me down cause you, to me~~ dead. I lost you, maybe forever, but Bitch, if only you could see me now.

I have a couple hundred medles on my vest cause I have lost it all in order to gain the greatest gift: God himself + his strength. Cause, see, most people could read Gods views + what it takes to suffer, but they'd be like fuck that cause they got it fucked. God is smiling at me cause he shaped me into something beyond myself

my whole fucks life He broke open my heart and let much his water flood in - let me LIVE again through sickness + death. Thanks to you I don't lean on others lil

Dear [redacted] 10-24-19

As I lay... my tears fall

As I lay in my bed, I heard more blessedful news about your life. God is taken you so far, + into the promise land. I just watched ESPN 30 for 30: Benji. The young man as they recalled "A mesiah leading everyone to the promise land". I believe as you are a precious child of God's, this is your destiny, too. You were born to serve, guide, and fellowship others towards your God you love so much. Daily praise and thanksgiving is your good vibes in Christ. You give it all to Him, in return, as blessings overflow, the sacrifices you made exchanged towards Him giving you what you always wanted - living your dream and having a relationship w/ God. You are one of the chosen ones to be in his glorious service to lead those in darkness + into the light. I've been in the darkness way too long. When I watch you [redacted] and all the places you've gone to reach platform towards bigger things - I cry because you remain the same but continue to grow + thrive as a spiritual person. You give your whole heart to God, and it sheads light on so many loved ones you know. Life doesn't get any easier, but the difference w/ you is you can lean all the weight on God's shoulders so you can live lightheartedly, more so, child like trust + confidence in God. Damn... I wish more than anything to be there for you.. celebrate your life.

b6 -8
b7C -8

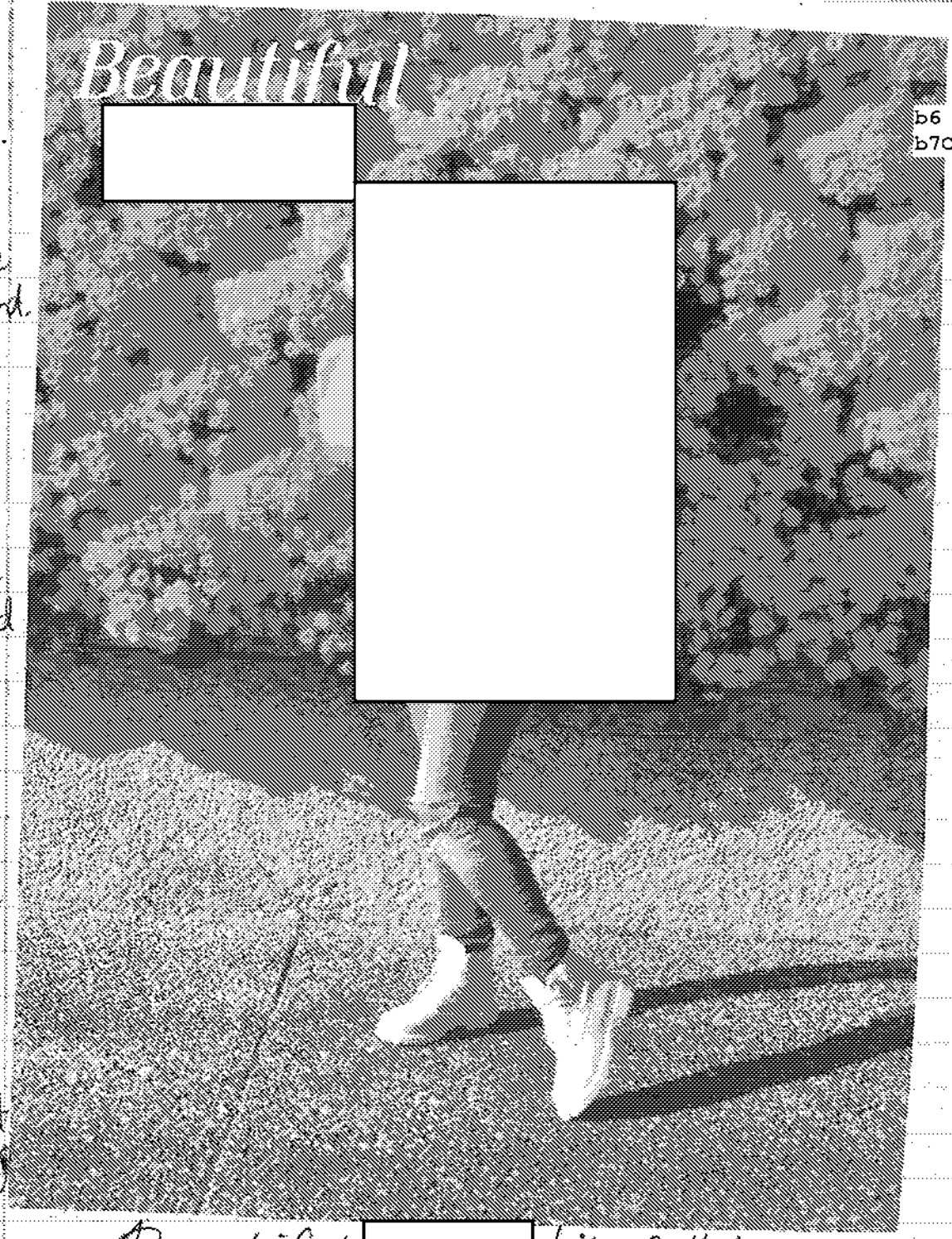
marching right into the arms of your budding stardom. You started from the very bottom + worked your way up. You've reached the top of the stairs. I maying happy but sad cause I miss you since the team ended

But I can't cause I failed to be in your life. Thens so much I wish I could do w/ you + give...

I consider it "pure joy" that God one the victory for me by giving me this insight, so I guess I learned my lesson

Being Gay sucks...

because I'm in love with a friend. (Who is an angel. Lost my heaven on earth. I just hope you found yours, If my demons are too much, would you let me fight yours? I didn't know what I was looking for, until I lost it all. I missed the trees ~~branches~~ ... out on what aren't many like you, all my leaves have I already changed. The old has gone and past but you had. And now were held on to So you would last. this isn't all I have is my last word, but if there was... all I'd say your memory is that... I'm sorry I let you pass... fly the other way...



b6 -8
b7C -8

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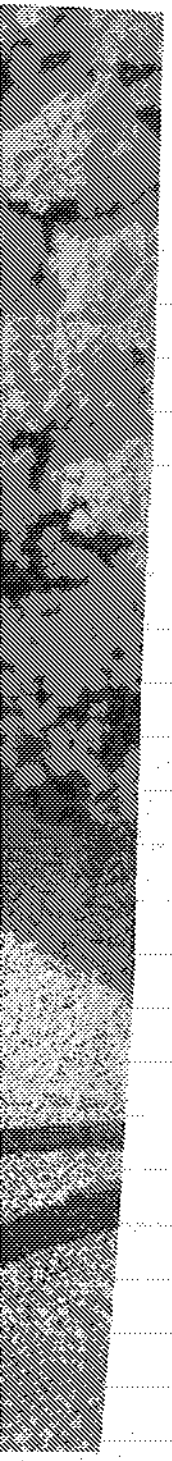
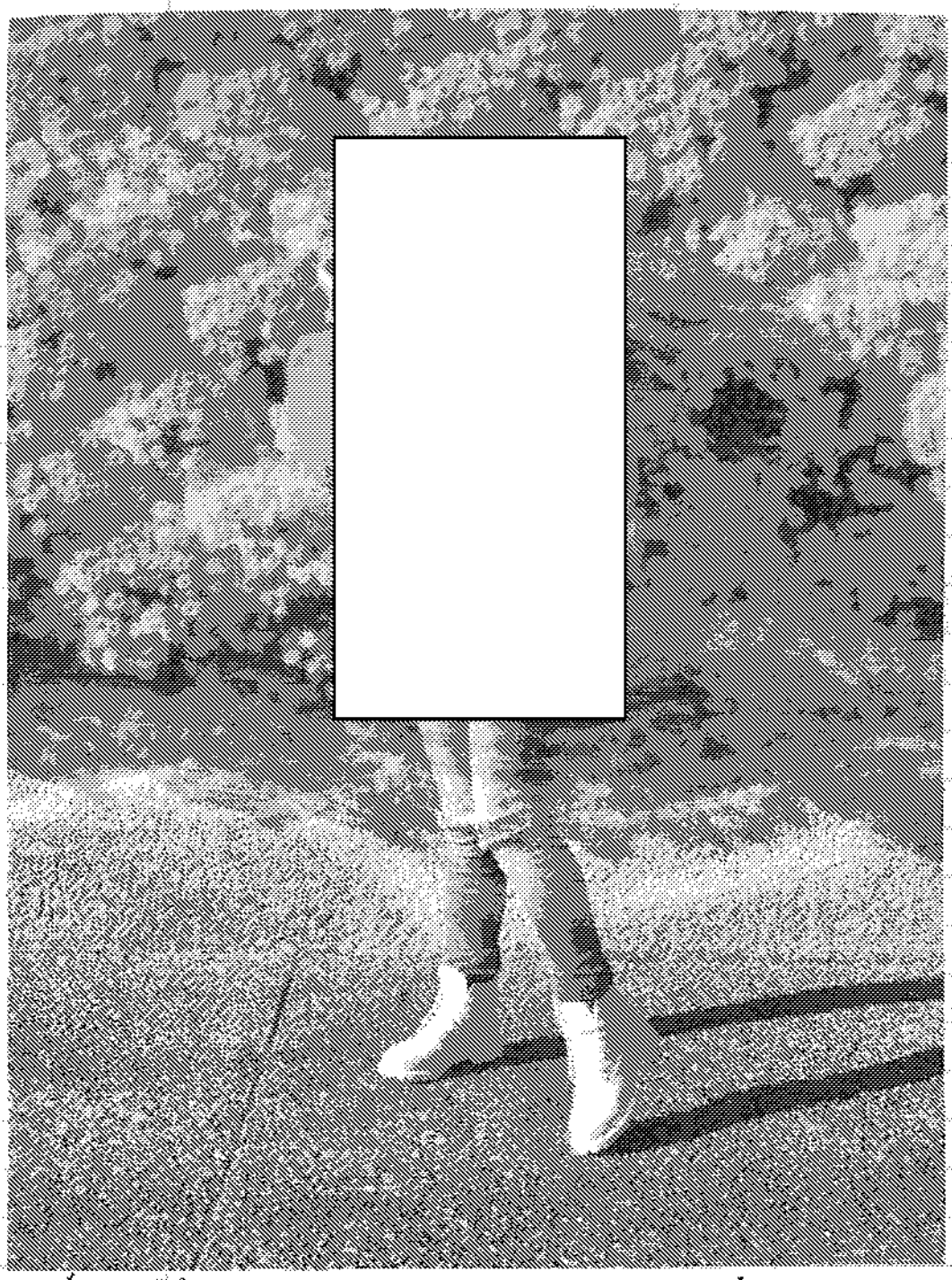




Being Gay sucks.. it alwayshurts. You don't feel the same, commonly known. All my gardens are dead. I lost alot of lives. I lost my only best friend. I just hope b6 -8 b7C -8 she holds onto you forever. Since you aren't like a leaf that changes.. Once the dark hours fall.. Unlike cracked + brown, you maintain a fresh awakening. thanks to God, your blessings will overflow, while I'm dieying of thirst. And lost in your mysterious love... If only I knew.. my life would forever change. In a 'feel alive' kind of way. Crisp are in fall at 1st day. thats how I'a feel. With you, theres no such thing as seasons. 2 of mine ended. I just wish you could break the spell. I'm cursed in season heartbreak. Beautiful [redacted] Your memory never fades...

10 23 19

oh your
ere true
e colors that
ou are beautiful
s isn't
say
ly the other
way...

(10-25-97)

A Real HALLOWEEN Terror



I wasn't born to Kill
but I was born to hate
from being born a loner
which is my destined fate
innocent + scared
morphed into a monster
Wish I could make this fall
a Halloween terror
they would never forget
my demon Hannibal
that ate my goodness alive
a have no room to love
Im to a Starving to destruct
I was'n born to belong
I was born to live in solitude
coffin almost my bed
soon I'll forever sleep in
society + ignorance
a mixture born to fuck up
statement of mine made
to confuse all you fuckers
why it was me
Cre swell be ready
I am your worst nightmare
prepare to scream
like a horror movie character
on TV
No face is coming
deaths; yours lay
mine will soon be remembered



b7F -2



[redacted] 10-26-19



There was nothing worse than going to [redacted] 1 hr of complete dread and hate driving up to that [redacted] like it was a crack house, cause it was by all means. Fuckin tower piles of news papers on the couch + can't even barely fuckin sit anywhere, the whole place smells like old people that haven't showered in years or like mold or mildew. One time [redacted] cleaned out her fridge and it was so filthy that the vegetable container was turned to liquid inside - couldn't tell apart a carrot to a cucumber or some shit. Fuckin gross as fuck. Another time, long ago, when [redacted] was little + had to stay there, She'd have to wear socks at night so She wouldn't step on cockroaches in her bed + the bathroom. [redacted] literally had a cockroach city booming + She didn't mind it? She tried to kill one WITH HER HAND? Yeah.. FUCKIN SICK. [redacted] and for that I can't agree why you do some of the things She did. Never loaded out for you, couldn't give a fuck if She never let you have a room and share a bit [redacted] You had to sleep w/ a fuckin knife at night. [redacted] I wished I had a fuckin AR-15 rested in my doms cause you don't know yourself [redacted] Who didn't do shit for you. I guess [redacted] sometimes, especially if both are in denial of their problems. You don't know what [redacted] is. Fuck, you should have never [redacted] So instead of having missed a life to live [redacted] (Thank God) I still have to [redacted] FUCK THAT. [redacted] Do you know [redacted] why [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1372





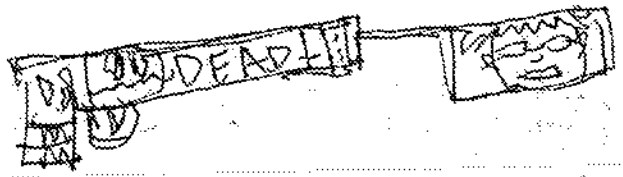
10-28-19



I have a valid reason to commit homicide double murder [redacted] then kill myself. After all, its still part of the plan once I go further in my Cresswell shooting preparing/thinking/planning. All those fractional parts, pieces [redacted] Only God can, cause he can do anything. But fuck lets not go to that cause you don't know the first thing about spirituality or Jesus. Jan bought [redacted] a Jesus keychain and gave some "fun fact" backup how nuns used it, but it was akward as fuck cause you made it look like Jesus is a joke/ (awhing matter, something as little as a piece of plastic, maybe thats cause [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 [redacted] me. But guess what.. do you think I am a [redacted]? FUCK. NO.

Truthis, I wake up everyday and have to live w/ not you.. but [redacted] Devil's Demon that are twilight beast spirits [redacted] will show reveal on [redacted] day/in day. Its unpredictable + I hate that. I hate them, [redacted] prison and are unaware of my feelings. They stack on top of each other, one after another, until its a beaver dam collection of wood. Soon, one day I am commited to my mass murder + double homicide killing. [redacted] before Cresswell, + you have no idea. How perfect can this set? Its almost like its destiny that we leave this world in tradjedy [redacted] All the pieces to [redacted] add up to a whole ## I am going to break into a million fraction pieces of scattered twilight that will lift up + around my twilight world full of electric lasers + beasts. Whether or not your ready, this time I WILL BE unexpected. And you will not like it...

10-26-19



I swear on my own life I am going to [redacted] Every time I see [redacted] I am going trigger happy... I'd be happy as hell once [redacted] should have never [redacted] doesn't need [redacted] or anyone else for that matter, [redacted] but doesn't give a fuck about [redacted] especially not me I think almost everyday [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 [redacted] You could say it's fucked up. Well fuckin right, but I don't see you having to [redacted] like mine, so of course you wouldn't relate to all you kids who have close relationships [redacted] FUCK THAT. I don't need [redacted] I just want [redacted] I'd take her with me & run away [redacted] if I could. [redacted] But I know for fuckin facts that there are better [redacted] out there than mine [redacted] Then again a lot [redacted] aren't the affectionate type. Hell, fuck bein [redacted] rinsed by [redacted] repells me at a disgusted or awkward level. [redacted] Other than that, Jim [redacted] like fuck NO leave [redacted] said it wasn't nice [redacted] I don't give a fuck & its not nice, it's valid & that's fair enough as my [redacted] morals as my own individual terms, I have a right to be sick & tired [redacted] when I wish it looked more decorated for Fall, [redacted] when I know its too strong for me [redacted] I like I'm not here as [redacted] Hell, I wish I was [redacted]

Dear [redacted] 10-28-19

b6 -8
b7C -8

I think of so much violence in my head lately. Lots of it. Its been on my mind all day. Today is just one of those days I seem to comment and pay attention to all the trouble in my life rather than blessings. I've been pretty damn lonley like I have been most of my life, besides 1 time where me & Syd were almost like best friends. that was the one time I did feel alive like the times I had w/ you playing basketball. I remember how much you loved to dance as a kid and I would watch you whenever there was a chance. the movements were gracefull & lashious in intimate passion; one of the sparks of how my love for you began to grow. Whenever I picture you in my visual mind dancing, I feel sad because you are too beautiful for me to handle myself. I just feel so many times I want to kill at Creswell were we both attended in middle school not just to prove one point as of why. there isn't just one reason, I have friends, but its not like I'm close to them. I feel the ones I call sisters close to I never see or can't seem to cross paths with cause they are either mysterious ones or paths as dark as mine. I've always felt a loner even if it isn't true. I have [redacted] I don't want and someplace else I need to be to grow up in this bastard world. there is so much I know about myself but so little everyone knows about me and so little I don't know how to be with someone who would love me. I am ment to be alone and no one cares when I don't want some company. I hate this world - bastard people who live in it - me I feel my life is the wilderness where I dart in the night and russle the [illegible] in bushes hidden, left a mystery. If I commit my shooting, they will have no choice to find out why it happened. Worst of all, I am in love with you, & I hate living w/ it. I am not enough to have you as a friend, I'm not disrespecting myself. I know it's true, because it's my fate, & my fate I don't doubt on. You are my Shining star. I wish for once you'd shine your love down on me.

[redacted]

I love writing to you. I feel this is the only way I can spend time with you, besides watching you [redacted]. I can express whatever is on my mind, and you have a sweet servant of God's spirit locked safly inside of you. You pour out your love to the world. You pour out Gods love. The magical ways you and God work together grasps me in tender awe, like a species of animal I've never seen before. Every time I look at you there is something new and attractful that I want to gaze apon. Your heart stays the same, and it bursts out a resiliant right force that shuns all evil in this world - in my world. When I spend time with you in my heart, as if you were speaking to me, I forget about all of my dark violent fantasies, anxieties, and misuries. I think of all the things you do that dictates a meaningful journey you stepped forth in Gods blazing armor. You are marching right into the arms of victory from being shoved in the furnace by Gods unchanging love. That kind of love none I know fully understand but you. You have engulfed Gods love that is difficult to understand, and it reveals how you grow, such beauty, talent, humble intellegence, contritite generous heart snuggling in the seabeds of Gods boundless Love for you. I observe carefully how your brand for your career is growing, more fan base is multiplying, confidence & status are manifesting, fame is rearing right above your spotlight. All your hard work is paying off. Soon the whole world will know you, [redacted] I don't love just anybody, there is no one on earth like you. And its the most special precious thing in the world to me

b6 -8
b7C -8

Please stay close to God... Don't ever stop being you

[redacted]

I love writing to you. I feel this is the only way I can spend time with you, besides watching you on TV. I can express whatever is on my mind, and you have a sweet servant of God's spirit locked safly inside of you. You pour out your love to the world. You pour out Gods love. The magical ways you and God work together grasps me in tender awe, like a species of animal I've never seen before. Every time I look at you there is something new and attractful that I want to gaze apon. Your heart stays the same, and it bursts out a resiliant right force that shuns all evil in this world - in my world. When I spend time with you in my heart, as if you were speaking to me, I forget about all of my dark violent fantasies, anxieties, and misuries. I think of all the things you do that dictates a meaningful journey you stepped forth in Gods blazing armor. You are marching right into the arms of victory from being shoved in the furnace by Gods unchanging love. That kind of love none I know fully understand but you. You have engulfed Gods love that is difficult to understand, and it reveals how you grow, such beauty, talent, humble intellegence, contritite generous heart snuggling in the seabeds of Gods boundless Love for you. I observe carefully how your brand for your career is growing, more fan base is multiplying, confidence + status are manifesting, fame is rearing right above your spotlight. All your hard work is paying off. Soon the whole world will know you, [redacted] I don't love just anybody, there is no one on earth like you. And its the most special precious thing in the world to me

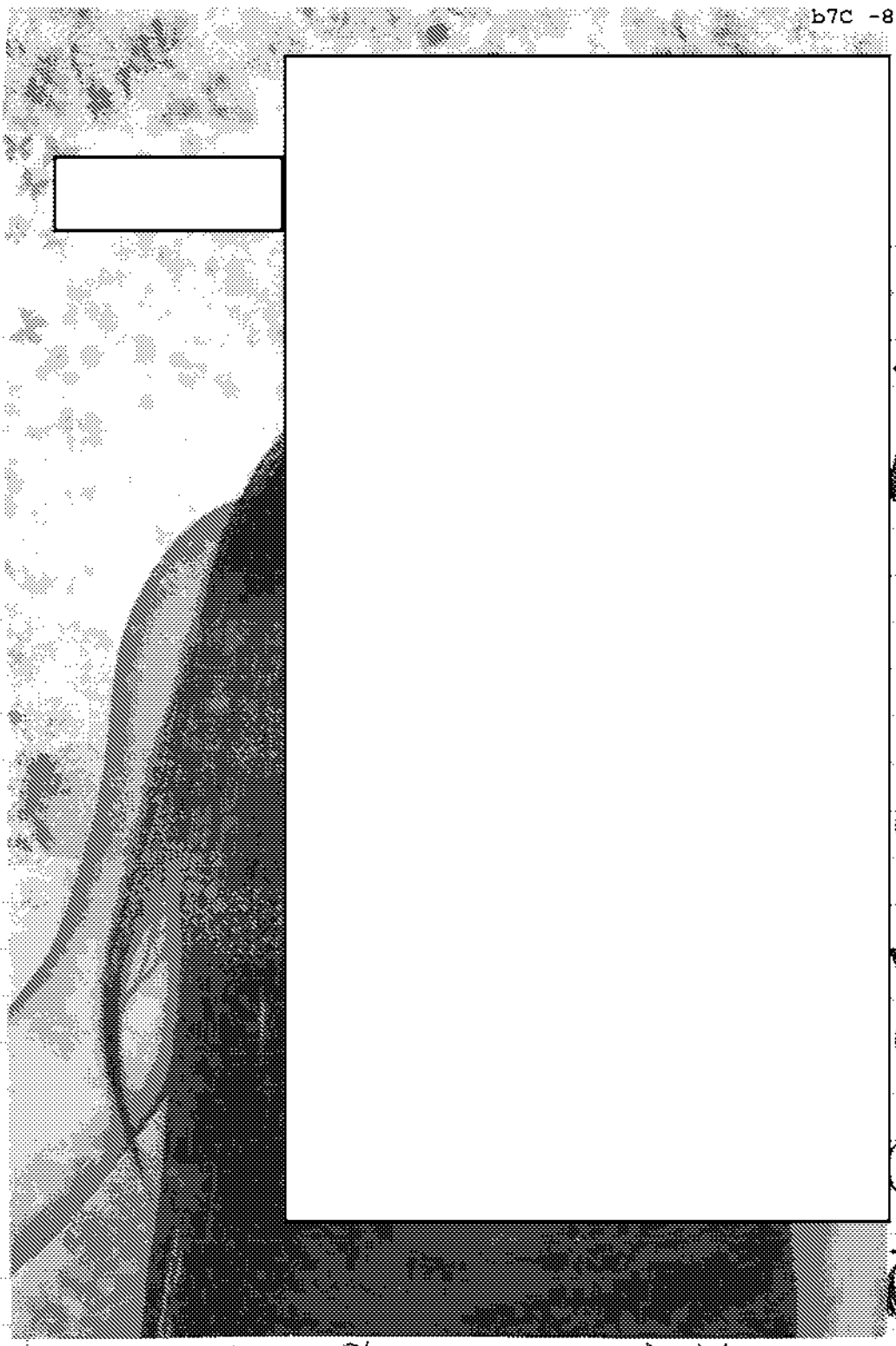
b6 -8
b7C -8

Please stay close to God... Don't ever stop being you

b6 -8
b7C -8



You give me butterflies. You give me Roses. You give me the sugar + the spice. You give me sparkle to my sky dark that lacks bright. If I was with you, the sky would be sweet as I lay so high under your angels wings. If I fall, I'd fall just to fall into you...



There's no turning back. There's too much inside me. It
squeezes in pain but feels good all the same. My heart
rides the calming waves in this sea of intimacy. All the cares
of its surface is precious treasure deep beneath. Your love locked in place
and I can't unlock it, unless you were ever... beside me...

I wish I could start all over from the beggining when I met you. Maybe things could have been different. maybe.. if I had known how much I had untill I let it pass me by because I was too afraid to get to know you. I'm Autisic... you wouldn't understand, nor you wouldn't have then. I am a changed person because I'm trying to be a better person, though I am in love with you. And you + [redacted] are the best. theres no way I would have been capable then to let you know that how I feel about you. I was trying so hard to fall in love with men and I just can't do it. I had to realize years later after high school that my sexual identity is not like yours. I am not femenine, I don't want to show off myself + be confident in ~~your~~ my body like yours. I could never get a chance to witness it up close in real life because you know the truth now. I have had feelings of you trapped along time. Page after page in my sketchbook dreaming of you when I was younger. Every time I saw you in the hallways at NSA, my heartbeat was too fast for me to slow down and pretend I'm straight. I'm done with all that, I'm done being someone I'm not. I am a boy diying to be relased out of this womans body that I am cocooned in. I want to sprout my wings like you and truley be myself to the world, → accept myself (even) if look you unmoble too, brittle to love yourself + comfortable in your body, as terrifying as it is to me. But you not scared. You are ready for the world, the world may not be ready for you. even if competition/inadvertent as so You have too much to offer: your beauty, your positivity, your relationship with God, your work ethic + grind, your creativity, your smarts, your humble glow, your heart. → willing to embrace scary choices Nevertheless, not just anyone can claim your heart as thiers because you aren't selfish. You share your love to all kinds of people because you were born to love, princess. Your King is proud of you, and so am I. I can't praise / support you anymore if you think its weird cause I love you. It's just hurts so much the fact I wish I was in love with any girl besides you, then we could have tried to be good friends to a point sisterhood might have formed. might.. if you let yourself love me as a friend. But I failed to do that back. I don't know how with you, and you know it. Thats what kills me. Thats what makes me wished to kill myself this summer. I won't be able to live w/ this much longer, yet you are living the best

b6 -3
b7C -3

as it gets to my emotions that spark a million a constellation

even if too your ok being female to have a female body

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1380

Season of your life, my season is coming back to a place to find nuetral ground, where I'm just ok most of the time. I don't know happiness anymore because I know the truth about myself. I'm trapped from [redacted] trapped from my friends who are straight, trapped from the bevil, trapped in myself. If my body was a corpse or if I was no longer labeled a girl anymore... then I would be at peace. Cause I over all can't if I love you the rest of my breathing days. It's the kiss of death Valley row for my health You are becoming an empire of your craft craving all of fame, (even if it's been a long process w/ many years of experience) Gods Love, family, success, manifest growth + opportunity. The opportunity to ever spend just some quality time with you 1 to 0 to one because I am no good for you. Everyone is ahead of me that know + do all these things w/ others + thier lives and I'm here trying to puzzle piece it together. You love life, I'm just now adjusting to accept it. Don't you see? We are not ment to be. I'm too behind, which keeps you out of touch or [illegible] give me a second chance. You and your man are. You and [redacted] are, your best friend who has your back. Nothing on my side when it comes to that. Nothing can compare to you + [redacted] no one. All of this makes me sick and makes me hate living on this earth. I don't know why I'm gay. I don't know why I am in love with you. This is my life that I didn't ask for. Why did God give this to me? How can He expect me to be like Him + be close to him when I turn against his word + don't feel anything anymore where there is that fire in myself to the Lord. All I feel is the bevils plans and temptations urging me to harm myself and others - to do evil shit. You couldn't respect anything I go through and how I feel. Not towards you, or your best friend, or anyone else that has touched my heart in ways too powerful for me to control + handle w/o me over flowing in tears. When I was deeply, chronically depressed, I wondered how long it take to fall untill I hit the ground. How long it take for me to drown. How long it take to strangle myself untill all was over. Sometimes I wish God let me die, and there were many. I desire to have love - yours, but its not mine. Not one bit... I just wish sometimes I'd loose my life w/o myself causing it so you won't have to deal with this gay girl like me anymore.

b6 -3
b7C -3

What would I do if?

What would I do with a second chance? What would I do if I had a chance to try again + tried my best to know you. I don't know if it would be much different. Would it? If I wasn't so scared of beautiful - you, who sins + makes mistakes, but looks so perfect in my eyes. God's golden child I always knew. I knew you were out of my league, but it didn't intimidate me. I was in love with everything about you, even if you got mad and did mess ups in life. Aren't we all? You and me are human, but you are not an average, basic-living human. You are in a human body with a heart + soul for God. Thats why you are an angel to me. You live and breath Jesus, and its carried you places you never knew beyond your wildest dreams. You had a dream, you chased it w/ all your heart, soul, + strength (along giving all of you to God), gave your life in dedication to Your God, then claimed it. You say you dreamed of being on the red carpet in Hollywood [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

When I was in high school, I didn't dream of being rich or have a lot of money, or being a famous artist. My dream was to be with a superstar - You.

Fuck those fake friends I turned to hate cause they wanted me and insanly threatened by your light to stop loving you. Fuck that. They were all just jealous. You were all the things they weren't - Loveable, talented, confident, + "popular", gifted, LOVED. I desired to make myself useful. I desired to be a wanted/needed friend. I desired to be close to you, but all is lost. Why can't I ever learn to let go? I hated myself most my life cause I know I am autisic but was stable enough to look "normal" at school. But I didn't feel that. I felt disconnected + felt I never could really have a sister cause I hated talking at school. I hated it in general.

Thats the secret to living the best life imaginable where its not all about status, money, and reputation.

witness = It's giving the Glory to God as

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1382

What would it do you?



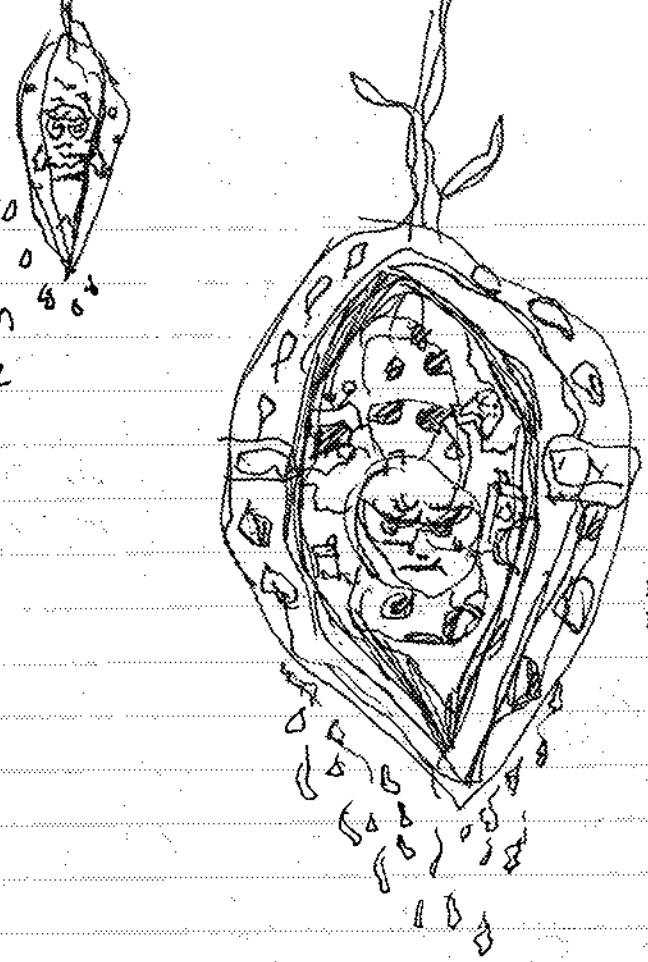
For a time, the b-ball season, it was mutual. I wish it was forever and just have a moment when we were kids... & you loved me...

But what I hate more is the fact no one gets it. [redacted] could have the nerve to say "I can't believe your autistic" FUCK THAT. I never had a group of friends. I have no fuckin best friend, I never wanted a fuckin social life but at the same time desired love, closeness, & affection, more so intimate now that I admit I'm gay. I'm autisic, but want love. I hate that shit. I wish I could just hate & be anti-social don't like anybody like [redacted] Thats how I've felt about myself all my life, and had to go to Vanderbuilt mental hospital all summer for that. I wish I wasn't gay, and ~~[illegible]~~ dight on the spectrum. No one notices & no one gives a shit. Those who do, are either depressed & still like me living in thier ~~[illegible]~~ mental trenches, & don't feel good enough. then there's you - [redacted] (my ex BF) who are better off fine w/o me and I only feel I'm bothering you or your lives are great or living "the best life they deserve" like [redacted] who stabbed me in the back for over 3 years - I DON'T FEEL GOOD ENOUGH TO ANY OF YOU. You make me feel ~~[illegible]~~ like white lives don't matter and "Audrey's just an emotional misunderstood piece of shit". You make me feel useless & serve no purpose in your life. Thankfully, my depressed friends from Vanderbuilt proved me to be useful & loveable. I can be and I try. You ~~just all see~~ and [redacted] just think I'm trying too hard and "overthinking" or "problems that don't exist". When you say that shit, you tell me I overall don't exsist and nothing I experience or go through is real. Thats how it feels. All my life I didn't feel like people loved me. Sometimes I feel like that today, (except for you, [redacted]) I feel unloved by you. This is my problem. Why can't you prove my feelings wrong? That simple. I wasn't ment to be in your life, but I'm the only one who ~~[illegible]~~ feels happy to know you. causing it so you won't have to deal w...

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

I sold & lover expertise is what I'm good at - to good to only harm myself & my care ism die cocoa to spread with & fly you

I lie bare in this caccoon
that serves me no purpose
this womb I feel born in
only made me feel worthless
it didn't help me grow
but grow old with shriveled skin
with new things in exsistance
I would have often stressed
I may live in
and ~~[redacted]~~ my caccoon
but my wings are underdeveloped
my caccoon is my prison
and safe haven all the same
isolation is my only true friend
but has telepaths to the Devil
There was no one left
and no one here that came
its just my caccoon and me
1 thing I'm afraid to change

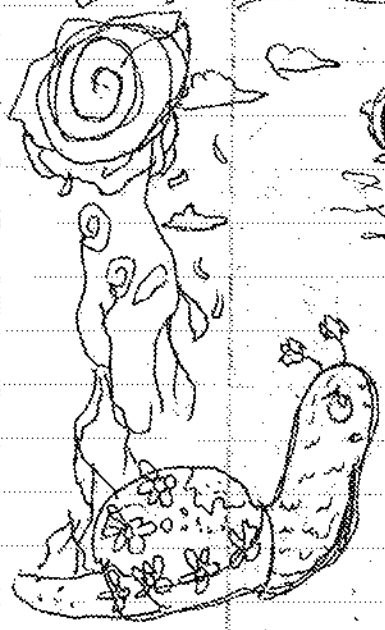


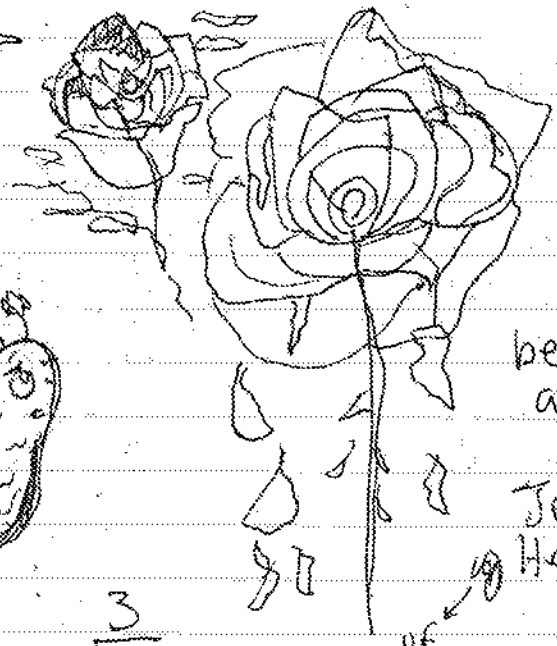
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

11-6-19

I'm just way too over my head. I wrote to you again, this time about asking what you had to do to put God 1st in your life. At a time when I was younger (a teenager) I was more spiritually linked, but I've lost that touch. I know God's presence + His work in the making is not dependant on my feelings or situations. I know that we have to suffer in order to have Him completley and to lean on him heavily, with a heavy heart. I have lost in order to gain. I've gained life more openly, I've gained more insight on how to like myself, but I feel I just pass God ~~through the drive~~ like the drive thru. He has his gift - Jesus, but I just don't feel it... I don't sound like I'm praying when I do, I base on what I know in my devotion + not by heart. I feel so lost... and yet I ask you questions about you + God and I hope you'd write back? Its just dumb... God says "ask + you will receive" Not this hope, its just in the clouds waiting to dissapear.

What Would I Do If?



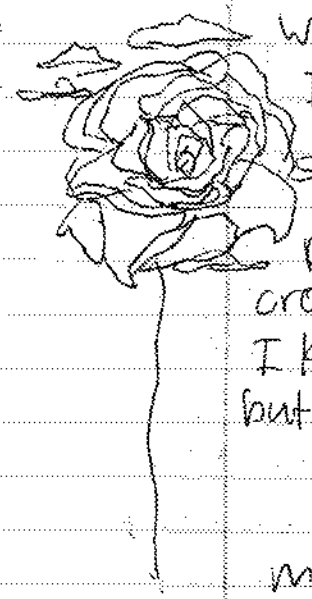


1

What would I do if
you sat next to me
and break my walls
so I can flow in your water
I'm floating in roses
beauty all around me
and you are the center piece

2

Jesus is ~~your~~ the gardner
He gave me ~~a~~ a piece
what if He picked you
and it was with me
rather just let that be
and hold on to you
cause some how
I just picked you
~~the~~ your aroma comes over me
as petals float ~~over~~ endlessly



3

What would I do if
I layed next to you
only princess I know
w/a King & Queen
palace you were ment to be
crowned in his Kingdom
I know I'm no match
but I still imagine tirelessly

4

my eyes overflow
feelings overburdened, overgrown
too much I can hold
while I'm loosing my grasp
if only your hand reached me
and weave your fingers in mine
to clasp.
what would I do? If it ever stood?

how would I feel
if it forever lasts?

causing it so you ...

No one Knows but Jesus...

11-17-19



I couldn't hide it anymore. Not from you. Now you know, how could it be -- that you never knew? I wear my raincoat all the time my forcast isn't sunny much. I just wish I could feel a little ray of your sunshine smile, if you ever could towards me. My pain as gay runs so deep + rushes waters so fast that the current would swallow you whole. I know you can't comfort me + be there. You chose to be there for your family or those outside it you consider family. I am not one, but you are mine. I can't be yours. that is why my whirlwinds, disrupted seas, + battered sailboat will always be present. God told me something yesterday. He said that no one can know the internal depth of my sexual identity in controversy but Jesus.. and for the first time in awhile it comforted me. Its comforting. He is the Ultimate Provider. I know you are clueless about me and don't have it in your heart to try me out and give me a chance. But thats cause you don't know me. God knows everything. What do I do to hide it? I can't hide anything from God. He knew my feelings all this time while I tried to hide them away from you until I broke down. Blessings start to unwrap once I trust Jesus and accept whatever pain he gives me. Its not easy sailing in the trenches with no one to lean on but Jesus. He will lead me. All I have to do is sail in blind but faith is not. If I can't be with someone I love, I'll try and Jesus again

You don't have the resources to assist you without getting lost

I may have friends, but I feel like a loner. I don't have a soul mate that could be human. Nothing is complicated for him. (1st love I guess) + thats a free gift who loves me more.

tall my other painfull feelings bundled up in it

Why have I met you one and I am too complicated for a different governed mine like yours



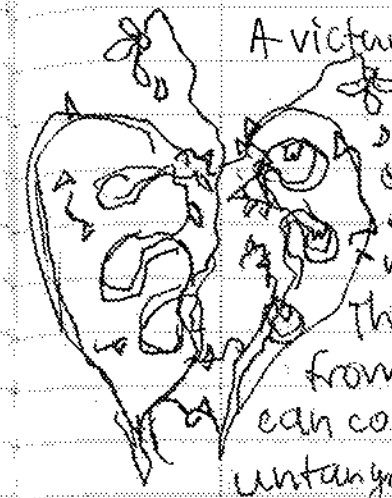

11.19.19

I wish I could stay with you. I can wish all I can but can't hope for anything because my hopes are a hot balloon that will diflate and drag me down. I can't let you go like I can with my hopes. My pain is here to stay. Its the only thing that I have when it comes to my heart. I felt your heart hurt and mine hurt for you, but you don't want that. We could never attract. My complications repell you and we both feel insecure & vanerable. I don't want that. It seems I think too much about fantasies with you if you were here. My mind has a lot in capasity, which makes you believe I overthink. Cause there is to much on my mind. There is nothing you can do to untangle my confusions toward my feelings. They are threatening to you. You stay with your girl.. I don't feel like a friend at-all, though you claim we are. I can barely feel it. Fuck being a female is so fucking hard. I hate being female. I realize more & more every day I am a boy on the inside and at heart. I don't want to wear makeup or dress up. I don't like tight jeans or shirts to show off my figure. Some girls do those things, others don't. Every girl has thier own way of doing things. Some girls like me are nerds who love comic books, video games & some cars & mechanics to fix them. Thats super cool cause most of those I know aren't interested in those things. Not many I have found, very few, which is why I wanted guy friends nowadays. Boys have thier dude friends. As a boy I consider myself, I have found some, but they don't know I'm male. I am embodied as a young adult female who likes to dress tomboy and loved guy clothes since I was a kid. It was fun when I was little but now its a trap zone cause of [redacted] and friends outside of mental treatments in last summer 2017 and 2017 past. I know not every one will support me if I let me do what I feel is best, not what they think.

b6 -3
b7C -3

(11-20-19)

Being Gay Sucks (pt. 2)



A victim of love like Charles Bradley.
I've got lovebug bites all over my skin, the chills down my spine when they lay bare hands on my and flutter wildly in my heart. They burn fire in my chest and it's growing from a campfire, to bonefire, to wildfire. Nothing can cool and relieve me of these uncontrollable, untangable feelings that would never touch your heart. you haven't witnessed them because I don't want you too. I am gay, you're not. You love someone else, and I'm sure he is worthy of your love. Your love touches the sky to Gods heavenly kingdom. Gods love is touched by you in delicate + faithfulness. Commited to Him, clinging to Him. Full fledged + dive into the abyss so He can carry + condition you to serve through darkness by guiding the weak / less fortunate w/ His Lantern of Light. Unconditional praise to Him, + unconditional love for you. Mine or any humans is faulty. But on and off the camera your love feels almost perfect. You have been made like Him in His image. And at my own witness, I vision you as no other I have ever examined all my life: the most beautiful woman of God - pioneer leader to disciple legions of the lost in woods of world like I call darkness. I look up at you and all my burdens are lifted. I asked God to hold onto them, and during those small prayers, I felt your "humbling spirit whisper inside me" pray to God. Speak to Him + it will help you if you have full confidence in Him." That was from the devotion I read today.




11·21·19

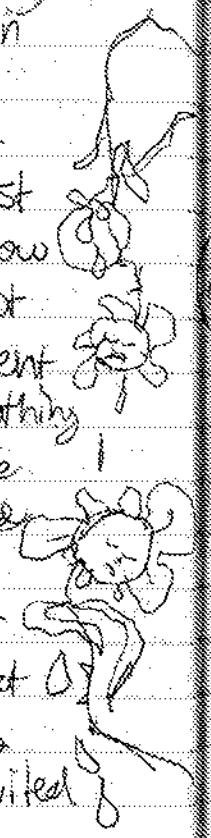


I feel this way when I m dazzled by seeing you in person. I freeze up and my heart just pounds like an a sounding base note

I listen to my music today about muscisians write love songs and thier experiences with love. Charles Bradly - "Everytime I see your face, I don't know what to say" "When light was darkness, you shined your light on it." - When I was a lonley outcast in middle school and you coming up to me friendly and happy to be my friend when I was sad. b6 -8 b7C -8

("When my soul was crying, you brought your love to me")

[redacted] and your personality/heart in general. I listen to the old soul jams that can speak to all young lovers who love/care about someone so deep they would do anything to love them, + be loved in return. I just have a problem with that. I am in love with you, and I know my feelings don't serve ~~your~~ your purpose to love me. It is not realistic, or in terms of Gods will + law. You live in a different world than me, ~~where you have~~ where you can go at it ~~wit~~ and push everything to the side. Emotions of mine get the best of me everytime, to the point of self-harm, (until I self-destruct). I revealed ~~me~~ my darkest secret to you without intension. That whole night alone in my darkness I cried harder + longer than I ever have in a long time because I knew that I will never get over you and you now know the truth about myself, a side of me you never should have known to be gin. I invited your curiosity because I can't tell apart ~~my~~ intimacy + sisterlove since I tried to stuff my intimay down in my soul that its not how I felt. But now I admit and know myself in discovery that all I have written about you is pure - heart sick wrenching intimacy + that I am constantly rejected from. At least you ~~[illegible]~~ bared your part in the most gracious way you could, it couldn't break away the hurt. I could never un gay myself, + it fucking sucks. ∂∂∂



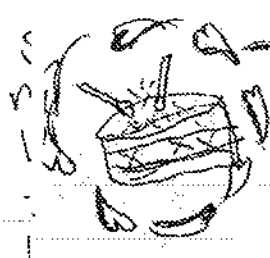
MELTDOWN

11-22-19

I can feel the warmth of your best friend
near my soul, I sit close by her fireplace
too close, I'll get burned, because my feelings
intimate are painful
her light never dims, thats why
this ~~[illegible]~~ blazing attraction in me can't burn out
too many Sparks flying I release
and sting on your hands;
theres nothing either of us can give
but to testify ~~[illegible]~~ Faith before our King
I'm in love with a friend thats a stranger
how can He still love me?
when its against His ~~[illegible]~~ laws?
How can I truly express myself to you
if its against your rules?
I guess emotions exchanged have limits
and all thats returned to me is regrets
like I ever reached out from the start.

~~Cause~~ I don't suck at talking I guess... I'm just bad at talking to you. I hate phones when it rings. My anxiety amps. My voice cracks and its as dry as sand, those I hear ocean waves in the distance. Your love from afar but lives so close to my heart, I can feel it breathing when my demons are asleep and my dad asleep. It tells me to use my voice but I don't feel confident in it like you do w/ yours. Only God uses me + empowers me to do impossible things with His Almighty power. I am in love with you and that always barricades me from Gods hands of tender grace + faithfulness. ~~Too Bad~~ I can't do it. I just can't call you. You really don't even know ~~[illegible]~~ who I am. I want to hear ye or voice even if you don't know mine,

11-28-19



The Little Drummer Girl



1 You had no gift to bring — an angel who tried
2 you grew up a poor girl — 3 to save you
+ GAVE ALL her LOVE TO You



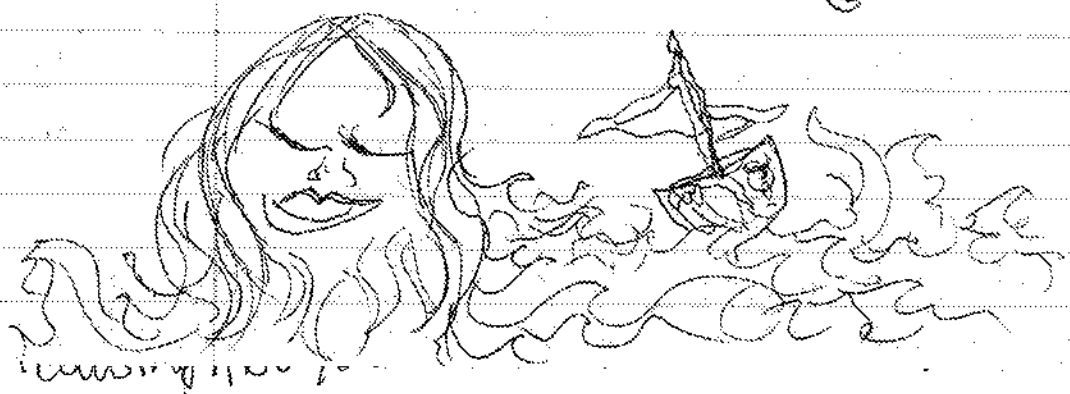
1 you had no gift to bring — 3 your angel
2 except your life to her — sent from heaven
+ who gave HIS LIFE FOR you

you had no hope to sing — a Princess sent
of the future to be awaited — God a message
& WHO GAVE you life again
you had NO joy to share — a sister gave
as a child broken and bare — and clothed you
who's LOVE LIGHT lives through her
you had no arms to hold you — this princess
and no one to look up to — came along;
through

who led you to Your King and created you
you had no gift to bring — with everything
until you found Gods son — she gave you
led to Desires TO BE CLOSE TO HIM

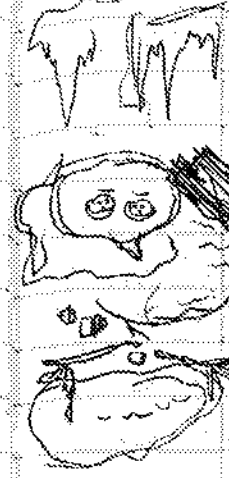
You are loved
you are God's chosen
little drummer girl







12-2-19



Any friend that has your heart and has touched it are the luckiest girls on this earth. When I hear how much you love your girls, it makes me sick. I can't be your homegirl even if I tried. I am really trying but you may think its not a big deal. That's because I am not. I am not like you. I can't match up to what you qualify as a "simply being a friend" I don't know simple. Simple is pretty hard for me when it comes to friendship - like simply talking, like simply hanging out, like simply on the phone, simply being there in lowpoints, high points. I know how to be there when someone is in severe pain, because I experience stormy weather on a daily basis w/ a dosage of the devils deathwish to find a way to kill me - suicide.

Near the ocean, Noat to tipper



My sick friends sick like me are what they accept me to feel love at mutual. We are both lost at sea, cast away on our own remote islands. But I believe you were cast away too. God found you alone on that Island, + you find Him. If only I could have been drifted from the same sea, but everyone has thier own unique journey. There are many seas. I just wish I could find yours so I could be rocked by your waves. Meanwhile I'm just daydreaming - each cloud a made up memory. At night, each star I ride on while movie rolls in my head. I can hear your voice, feel your hugs, your touch. I ride on your shooting stars w/ a sparkle in my eye. My thoughts of you are restless. My feelings for you are strenous. This obsession of you is like a song in my head that's on repeat.

12

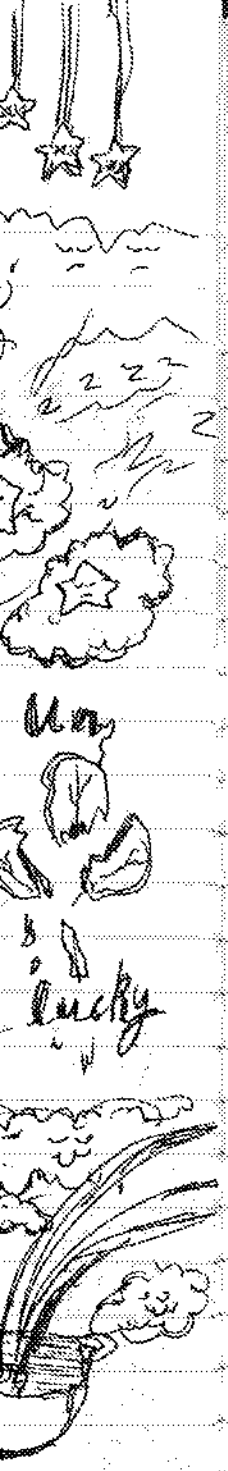
1

19

12-2-19

Walk Down memory lane... but not till our feet get sore;
because the past is past, let's let new ones be reminiscing
memories I never had, you've had roads;
Stretch to the rainbow + back
is there any gold in my lucky pot
to ride over to your cloud w/ a shooting star
if somehow my wishes w/ you would come true
I might as well give all I got
unless you ever say that its not enough
then I can give up on friendship
and love, for me, that I could never pinch;
myself because I'm as unlucky as they get
I live in daydreams while real life runs numb
but I still puff my chest and go out full sprint
you are ahead of the game, while I chase behind
there's no point to using all my breath
if I am not worth your precious time
since yours conclude that its too much
my hopes are a wishing well; and I just wish
you would flip a chance for me
a second one, I believe;
would be the start of another yet like
the greatest day of my life as I relive
all the life in me I once had; God can only free
my faith, but not my pain; neither your love
but as far as we go or how far behind I am
its all ok with me; as long as you lower stairs
to your heaven on earth; to enter me;
in your Angel arms,...

12-2-19







Death Wish





My thoughts of you loss + turn
a restless wish that desires to come true
thoughts about you overslept on
the pillow that my head rested on too long
but I continue to dream still dream
though my nightmares strangle me
to force out the truth and loose it all



[redacted], you can be [redacted] when you
couldn't have a good one from your childhood.
You don't have to follow the paths [redacted]
did that were harm to you. God has a totally
different path for you. A path of hope + redemption.
God has the power to take a broken soul - broken
life into something greater than yourself. He
can turn your life around if you give Him
the chance - lay it all out to God and a life-
saving path will start to unfold. I say you have
succeeded. You don't have to be [redacted] You
can be your own person who loves [redacted]
+ would do anything for him. If you love [redacted]
[redacted] - I know you will be the best [redacted] to
him. Its beautiful to witness the love you
have for your own when you couldn't be in
that same situation when you were little.
Thats because you asked God to Chariot you
down victory road with failures in past. Life
has its failures, but perseverance is key. You will
always be cabable and able to be a loving [redacted]
These trials you face will teach this little one

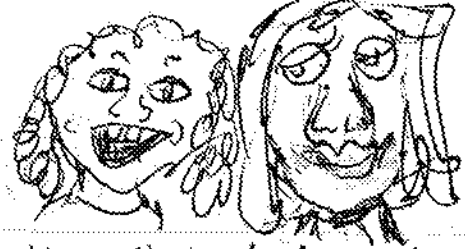
12

15

19

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Be His World



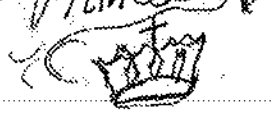
[redacted]

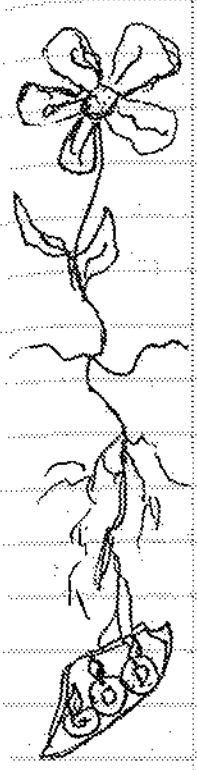
how strong you are, and He will be led somehow by the face of God who helped you and held onto on every single day. He never lets go, and you know that. This little one is Gods blessing, and through God, you can do anything - like being [redacted] - as hard as it is to be one. I know you can do it. You are just as capable as any other person who had a good childhood. What makes you special is you were willing to turn your life around. Please keep it & hold onto it. Because now being [redacted] who grew up without [redacted] is a true blessing and a miricle. Those are the most beautiful [redacted] to me♡ I know because [redacted] didn't have the best relationship w/ hers, that didn't stop her from being [redacted] to me - and she is my world and means everything to me. She would have easily become a generation manipulator & be [redacted] - but she didn't. God prevented that from happening all by His grace for us. I know you won't turn out like [redacted] b/c you are nothing like her. You are you saved by the Blood of Jesus. You are His precious child, who gave you someone to love on, because you have the heart for it, the loving side that is stronger than the bad that has been in your life. You can change a life if God changed yours. And when [redacted] grows up, he will understand where you came from & where you are now. You will be his world.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

You Slayed The Enemy!! ; For my Princess

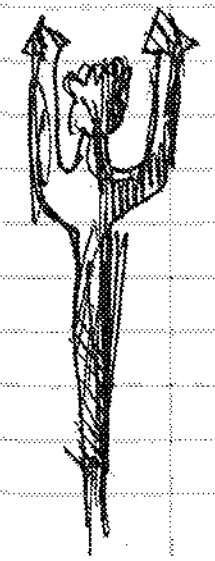






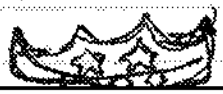
God flows through you like a mighty river
The main light source in your life is Him
energy currents intertwine with holiness
from being patient; desire Him only; and a garden grew
putting The most high first; much fruit produced
He lifts you up under his wings soaring
lions roar and eagles cry;
through the fiercest storm they gain the most hight
you've been there before because faith
was & is packed securly; trust sealed
for the journey ahead on victory chariots
all enemies yield to such bold endurance; you ran and beat sin
He has won your war before you prepared
to battle scars; proof made a witness
more than a conquerer; I've been in those shoes
when the Devil thought he stole away
all resources but you had all you needed
Faith in Him that branched out to the heavens
that all began with a seed

(1-19-20)



I am forbidden
to lore another girl
because atthority is King Triton
and I am trapped Ariel
thought I am no princess
just wish Ursella could transform
me into a boy
so I could be your prince
even if it costed my life
and loose all I have
just to have you





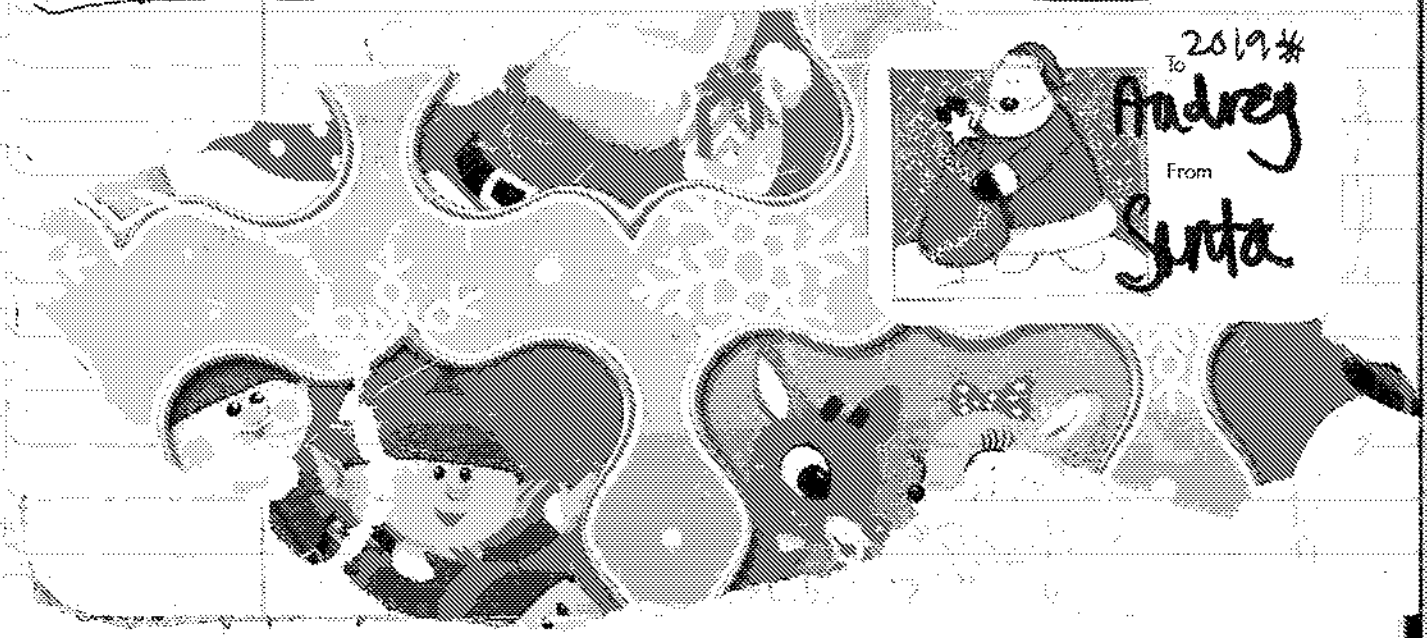
b6 -8
b7C -8

EAGLES

(12-20-19)



You've been in the desert life;
Although I haven't seen you; I
look up and above me w/ my eyes
Is you at loftier hights; up and away,
dimed your steep mountain. Much further
away from me; breams are yours though
bloody hands; cold sweat but feverish light;
not just for top view but to share Gods Heart;
so when my own hands get bloody + sore;
I'll hear your eagle call out to me; "keep
climbing Audrey, God's by your side, He will
get you there"; I can hear it in my soul; and
in those minutes my demons loose thier voice;
Isolation w/ the most High; Is the best alone time
to ever live; You have fleshed out Eagle swings;
Not afraid of the sparse open sky; I just hope one day;
both of us will melt in the same sky; and remember
that voice; your call glided by in the distance.



2-20-19)

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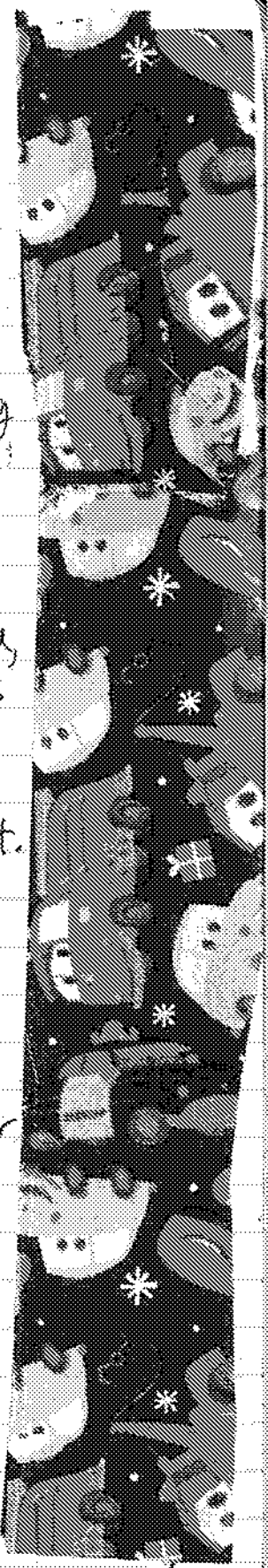
your friendship was a gift...

(12-23-19)

Your friendship was a real gift to me. It was a gift that I wanted all my life. It was something I had to wait for, for a very long time. I finally had it, and I never felt so happy. My life is always going to involve suffering, but when you were around, your gift of friendship was a true blessing from God. But, God gave me a time limit. It was not going to last. When the year struck 2016, Christmas was empty again, even though every year my boxes & bags of presents had stuff in them, but none amounted to your heart that was once pure. Because I knew your heart had knocked on someone elses door and left me behind, unattendedly. On purpose, no maybe not... Without thought; yes. Your heart left mine and outgrew it. Yourself was a gift, & it was taken away from...



EYE OF the Storm

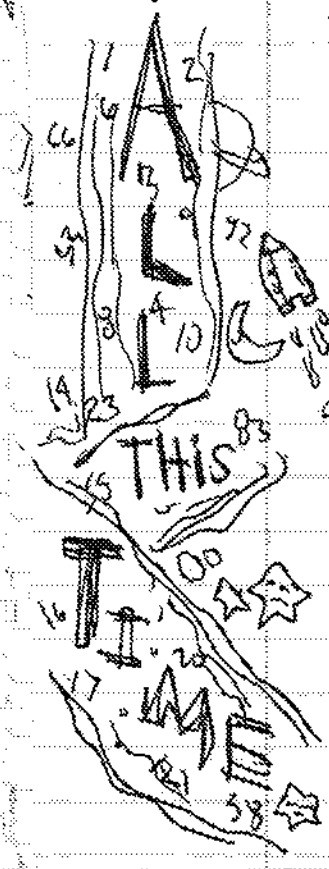


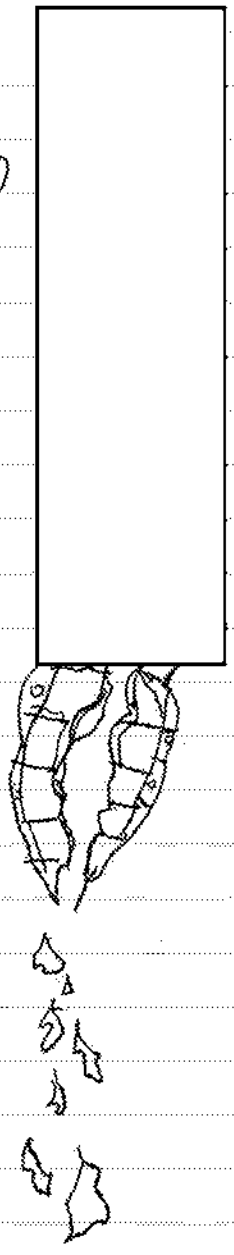
The greatest blessing most dear
can be taken away in the blink of an eye
in the eye of the storm, where myself
is kicking and screaming
as if all I want is to die

b6 -8
b7C -8

Letting these minutes past
as if I have no debts to repay them
I did good of none of your time
because my time was always set 0:00
I've known you all this time
but I feel you don't know me at all
you say to love myself
but hate myself for being silent
I think of all kinds of violence
to myself as well as someone else
but you are my delicate rosepetal
I clench tight in the palm of my hand
I'm not letting go though, just
your stem has thorns, I had to touch
I am heartbroken forever
and my eyes blinded by your vibrance
I've been in the dark for so long
it dampens my eyes to this light
you have that can bring on
the torn apart edges of my paper soul
I love you as much as suicide near death
neither of us left each other
because we never had much
between us XXX (all this time)

A.H.





A part of You

(for the girl I love)

So much that I have wasted
time, money, thinking
~~vanishing~~ vanishing away all the changing
stages of growing up
in bitter exchange to seperation

But in truth, how close were we?
It was never a match w/ you
hate and love make a bad combination
~~regrets~~ drowned of emotions I cannot wash away
but you won't sink with me, ~~away~~ so
~~the way~~ the love I have for you
is an anchor I cannot detatch
because its impossible to ~~let go~~ free my soul

A part of your world, I can never be
as if you are on land; I an sea
the only prince in my eyes as you twirl
misty but crystal clear in your smile, I'm sure
pricless diamond, I can't own forever
because I am of little value, when have et?
a brokenhearted guppie ~~waiting~~ to die
too afraid to reach your surface
because if I ever do
I'd lose my ~~love~~ breath facing you—
the face of YOUR LOVE

(P.S. Being gay sucks)
XX

b6 -8
b7C -8



(1)

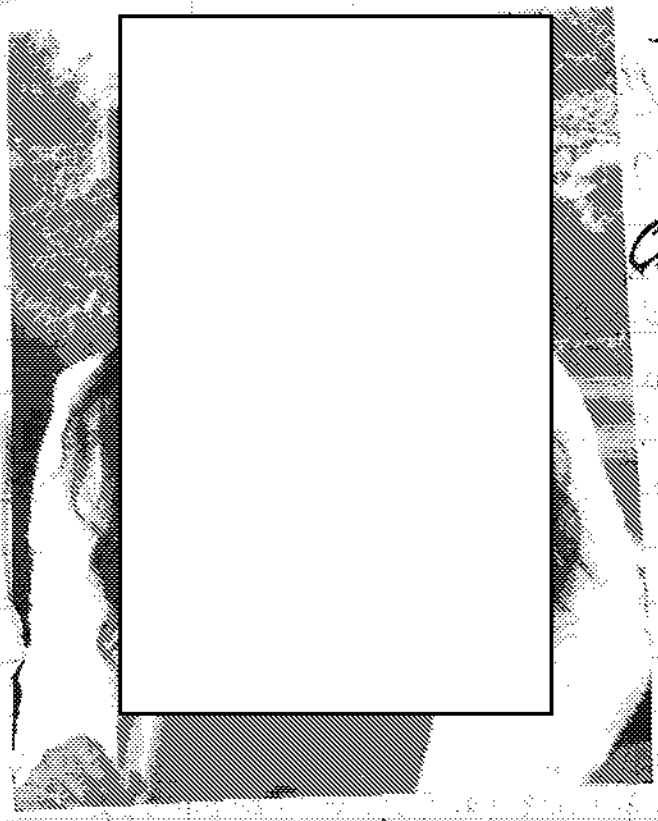
(from you)
(in real life)



I would go to war for you. I would go through war + hell with you. I would die for you and I don't just write it + feel it in my heart. I mistook it in my head that visualizes - tells a story more than just day dreaming or fantasizing in my bed. You and me are in war 2 decades in the future. Your girl who's crazy about you is assigned to serve elsewhere I was looking for a girl. then you and your best friend, my sisters + brothers I love in my life fighting against the Russians, Japan, or China. We would go through it all + all the explosions, all the dead bodies, all of the hearts that gave their lives for others to save someone. We witness the horrors through our eyes - it could never be recalled that we may die today or tommorow - or someone we so dearly love. the scariest thing is that my love for you is war. It hurts. in real life. But in my dreams, I am never failing to have your back. I would save lads + lasses - I would save you if you were ever hurt - if one bullet injured to bring you down. I would pick you up, run as fast as I could, carry you through horror in the making - violence all around us, but my love for you as a friend is greater. more so is intimacy. If we went through the same hell, you'd finally know my heart when I felt yours - you wanna never let me hold your hand. You give me kisses when I break down and I break out like a bastard + save my sisters - your best friend + yours. You give me hugs + hold me - rubbing my back gently + "it's ok" softly.



(1)



"I'll always have a special place for you in my heart"

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted] I will always love you forever. If I ever do meet someone, and we both mutually love each other, that person will never affect or touch my heart as deeply as you have. Even if they do touch my heart, and so I'd do anything for them, I remember always that I would die for you, too, I have loved you for a long time, since I was 13, just a kid. Now I am an adult, searching for something, but I don't know what it is yet. All I know is that I found you, but you are not my soul mate. I can't expect you to understand or know why it is that I have feelings for you. I just do. I don't know how or why. All I know is that you challenge my heart and soul, push my mind through gaping darknesses, free my imagination, hush my demons, but also make me step back and think through things in life as a struggling adult. Your faith & spirituality in God is admiring at my fullest strength. Your smile grips me, gnaws at my heart, tears it, bandages it, overflows it with tears & emotions. My heart shakes, bends, & breaks all in one person... you.

This love I have for you is a mystery. Your love makes me so curious, but you stepped away from my curiosity. This is where I hurt. I can't have you. There's no way. But yet you are my Athena goddess of admirable beauty I have idolized. My angel that protects me from my demons. My sunshine where most days, my forcast is cloudy, partly cloudy w/ rain. I see your face. My heart shines a little... partly sunny to know I love you.

it's only gray more as you went by

Love at War - my true story (no affection in real life)

I hear your voice whisper in my ear as we are in the army truck headed to our deadliest - hell bound battle zone. - "You can hold my hand, if you still want to." We held hands after me you + your sister prayed together. You soften up to me, because you are my one of my sweetest angels and you get me. Because You have grown more affectionate toward those who truly love you. You realize how much I love you + soon, it grew on you + you finally accept me + my feelings (all regards, I still store them inside myself). We joke (you do most of it, I tag along) we laugh, + we bitterly cry because war is our hell - BUT TOGETHER + that what makes the missing stitches to our friendship sweater complete - we would finally warm up to each other + soon be in arms while we bury arms; carry heavy metal arm outfits, that's when we finally see eye to eye, forget our bullshit, forget our mistakes, doubts + regrets. Because the only thing that we have is how to stay alive, God, our sisters, + each other. You and me. In my war story visions, you kiss me on the cheek or my head - and I'm paralized in love. Because the moment I stop the war story plotting, the body of mine comes back and an hour passes by. I waste too much time near on earth. I'd rather fight bloodstained, devil blinded warzones + battles than the life I have w/o you, where I can't even feel accepted by you. And that's just because you don't know me + have no idea the lengths I'd suffer for you if it never tear us apart from what couldn't be torn before. But if I could see your smile that's was crafted from Gods angels + I would be alright. I fear no death - but yours I do

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1403

(1-25-20)

Febuary 21th, (in ~~dedica~~ remembering Black History month)

You were born in Black History month. It is not a gouencedence. Black History month is a month to celebrate and remember the heros who dedicated excellency to thier people - The African American heros. Febuary, the whole month, is comemorated for them, but its not the only thing to celebrate & be thankful for. Your birth is and will be celebrated forever, when you live and when you die, just like your brothers & sisters back in earlier history. This month of Febuary is a time to revisit the pursuit of happiness where thier ends to reach goals were not met, though remain hopeful through patience, determination, and faith. They showed prominant attention, the good, bad, and towards the evil. There were those of society (specifically the white race) who scorned, beat, and spit down on them. the white people who hated your kind did anything they could to prevent these heros from getting what they wanted more than anything. For the black culture, it was an endless struggle path through unjustly hell, but they were selfless - undeniably strong, to pass through to get to heaven, but wouldn't go down w/o a fight. ~~[illegible]~~ until truth to themselves to know that thier vision was clear to the world, they stopped at nothing to better the world. They strived for equality and worth, justice, freedom, "impossible dreams".

[redacted], you walk beside the heroes on the red carpet who never gave up. When it came to fighting for your dreams, like them, you live in the honor of thier past. the fighting grit & spirit of "black power" live through you. I witnessed it everytime you shared your next big step, next big thing/moment. You celebrate every piece of it, even if its beggin ings and not the final blessings. You have a rare gift God has given to you like those of your past who were moved to change the

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted]

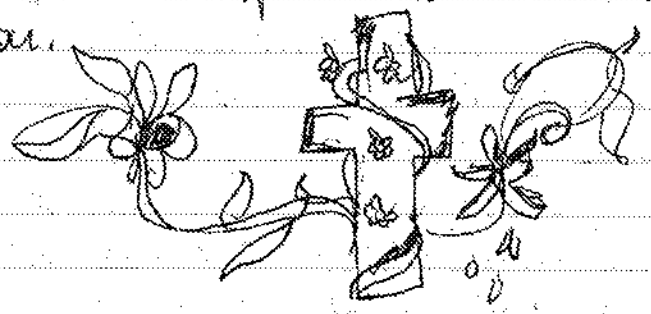
b6 -8
b7C -8

world in some way, God made you brave and enviebly adventurous. No expedition God calls to you is too challenging. With you + God, you can do anything - do your part, God does the rest. You keep his word, you live through His purpose and his Will. Most of all, you live for THE CALLER not for "the call" of the next long journey. God is the ultimate pioneer of your heart.

Febuary has begun. Famous historians run through my head like shuffling through photographs - time traveling back to the past. All of them had one thing in common as what stands out to me most - they all had a clear understanding of who they were that linked to thier own unique calling to serve others. They were self less, loyal to thier goals, faithful for Others freedom. thier life is ment to be cherished forever, encouraging and inspiring for generations. Thats what can make a lasting impact to the word. You definatly have it in mine, but you deserve much more than what I feel about it. genuine

I hope people in the future recadnize how powerful your fight is once you became famous one day.

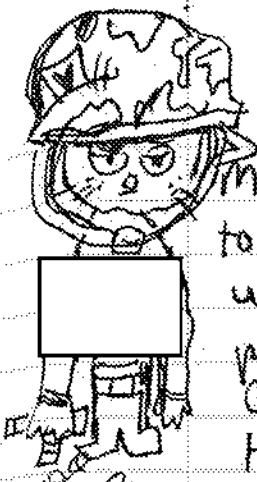
I may not know everything about you, but I do know that ultimatly, God inspires you he cause he figured all of it out before you were born. He knew you'd be His forever follower + disiple - Chosen one. God is smiling down on you.



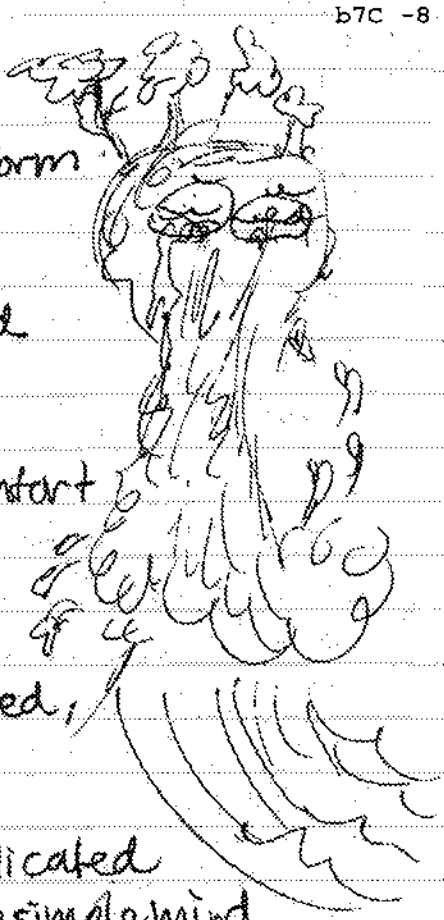
Untitled

2-11-20

b6 -8
b7C -8



Masterpiece of God - perfect He His
to create a human being
with a mind, body, + Spirit
perciered perfect in Renessaince form
God sculpted beauty at finest
to me; your perfect - but beauty
is danger to my war-state of mind
a spiritual - seeking perspective
against my flood of feelings
to bombard a waive forceful for comfort
in return shelled-shattered
by the words ungiven; hoped for
return sharpned fragments
of my fighting desire to be loved,
rejected, is that apart of love
itself? or is it an image
of my enigma - always complicated
curruption causes of an unsimple mind
my mind is war. my heart is war. who would fight for it?
and safegaurd me from suicide bombs.





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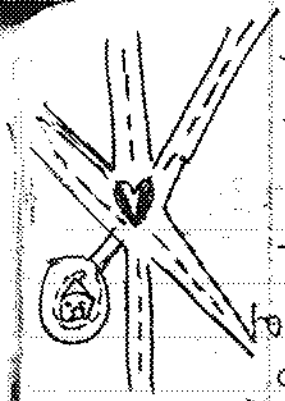
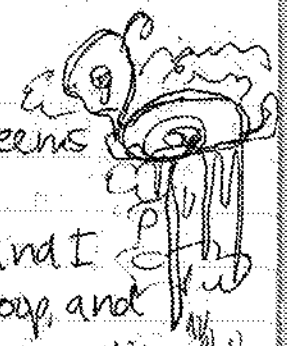
you social butterflies

Social distancing does not challenge me. It's not challenge. Isolation is my normal way of life. You fuckers who need socializing and hanging out, you wouldn't last a day in my shoes. You couldn't even fit in my shoes. Too big for your britches. You people are weak. I live in solitude, so fuck Corona Virus I have no quality friendzones. period. My life, I am not you society. Welcome to my life in a box you bastards. XXX



The Departure that never was...

2-12-20



I don't like feelings like this... social media seems to soil my life more and more of so many ambitious opportunities you took part in, and I don't know anything. I feel so out of the loop, and I feel people like me who want to feel some connection of sort, whatever of kind, only to be more left out of personal affirs; whether it be a new job, sposes; relationship; special event, marraige. Why is it that no one sends letters? No one sends cards, at least, not in my generation. This 2020 age is too wireframed into technology, yet detatched from one's/others realities because everyone is so out of it, easily distracted, that no one really takes the time to simmer into ones life thats full of seasoned acchomplishment, or loom in thier depths of distraughted darkness, unless they have prevailed lurky shadows to fear the of nightmares.

to a special person who means the whole world to me

and its sad to me and a society based flaw deeply ingrained in self, rather than empathy

something keeps bothering me today. Why am I so sad? I'm happy for you that career advancement is upon your life's journey, yet all the same, I keep saying to myself "I'll never see her again." though its weird, + I myself don't even understand my thoughts. I am aware of my short-framed history w/ you. I failed to be apart of your life since basketball ended - a seasonal friendship you created, and I failed misurably to continue. Why am I more upset when I was away (not in your life) from you in our hometown? I shouldn't feel any different, but now I feel worse, I feel I really lost my chance... though. what chance if you didn't give it to me?

Yet I did nothing, ironically ment the world that I wished for. If you did, I was not thinking it, but would have felt it immediatly. maybe this is just my cruelty of growing up.

2.17.20

you don't go down without a fight. You never would know that I'd fight all my heart for you. I can only, though, fight for someone who loves me. I can fight for someone TO love me (as I heard someone say). It seems I can only fight for myself, but its not enough. I just want to know how it feel that someone I love would love me back. I could picture in my head the most beautiful black girl for me, but no matter thier hearts worth + beauty, mine always comes running back to yours. It doesn't matter where you go in you life no matter how far away - my heart always follows, while inside me, you remain in the same place. Everyday I think of you, and pain comes along with that. It hurts to love you, and I hate that the "love hurts" phrase is true. You are a woman who could never love a girl in flesh but a boy in desguise. He desires to meet you, come close to feel the beat of your heart. He wants to hold your hand and forever call you his. "What is there not to love about you?" He asks. Even if I cannot meet you in the flesh again, hopefully I think about you enough that I could be with you. I'd be now I wish it be - Hold me, and your heart feels mutual - A perfect - like love is in my grasp - only untill I awake...

b6 -8
b7C -8

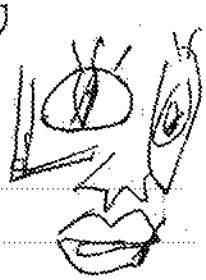
capture enough fantasy images to transport in dream land



My thoughts of you are.. DISPROPORTIONAL

(2-20-20)



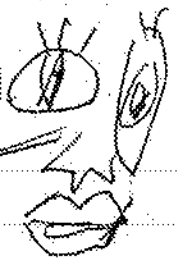


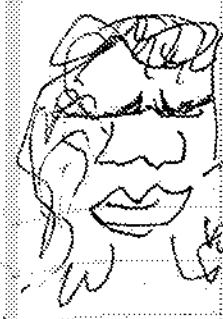
Thinking of you keeps buzzing back to me like fruit flies a constant ringing in my ear. Failure after failure of bad grades in school, cause I hate it sometimes and I find myself waking up in the middle of the night - and that fuckin stupid grade is cemented on my visual board in my brain - like a steele sticky note I can't discard, while memories of you are faded like smeared w/ chalk on my blackboard of inconspicuous nothingness. To replace these faded thoughts, I draw make up ones & fantasies. My thoughts of you are like dispropoportional anatamies I fail to compare to the life human model - desparate for fixes, inapplicable for an eraser. What I imagine cannot be undone or redone. They just keep reforming w/ the same mistakes made consistantly. Inconsistant with form: my sexuality that influences your sexual work as a model ranges from severe in love to mellow in dreamy thoughts - when your almost strip naked, my sexuality goes on fire to which my heart burns to death of shame and full heart sweats I degree burns of reality that I'll never be rescued from a bad bitch like you in eleqwent black femenine beauty. Proportions are off: my thoughts of you are unrealistic, painting an abstract of impressionism - if I was a better impression to you and not disposed in ignorance is bliss, then transfered to my decomposed to my own self-destruction, hating what I'm looking at, and even worse your ghost behind me in the

I blame to the cruel world an so many heartless, uncompassionate people

I despise - that don't aquire my visions as true, though I walk down a narrow trench to find you there at the end smiling at me

returning reality broken mirror





Disporportionate

background. My drawing ~~plane is off~~: my mind has no esal to set me straight in lines to formulate a probable, successful picture of who my lover could be, but that you have requirements & qualites possible as to what I could never complete. My existance is uncomplete, a mere shadow that corrupts your ability to get along with me fairly to be treated as a human being, but as less than that. Its concieved to admit on myself harsly that I am of no use to you and could be only disproportional to a composition like yourself. — abstract/deformed self image vs. fine art of masterpiece. Me & you don't compliment — but in my mind of homosexual imaginations + immigrations, through phases of dreams — I could have a touch of your vibrant colored soul — a color palette that complete my bruised canvas of uselessness, while is no color, no underwash, no tan undertone. If just one layer of your love, just one stroke from your brush to wash away my needless obsessions and stalks of a nighttime murarear. You could end my sentence-trial for rebellion of Gods Kingdom I am shamed from. I deserve to die, but I know people who deserve to die more than me. But not you, my love. A bide / push aside your uninnocence and embrace your sweetheart which only makes me choose a poison that bitters my reality more. A sweetheart that could love me, but you love to fight for someone valueable in master artist quality, — all the while be accepted for unperfectness. My colorless palette = grayscale; I view my judgments in how you look at me in only frightening conception that you see right through me as black & white, that combats w/ my own views of failure to be a soldier to brighten your world — to make you feel better in mist of battery lies,

but someone like you that I would die to fight for when my heart is already been at war for sexual identification & discovery

fit for the master king — a heart to choose him

the master sculptor

who

gave it up to God to piece you back together

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at, returning reality broken mirror



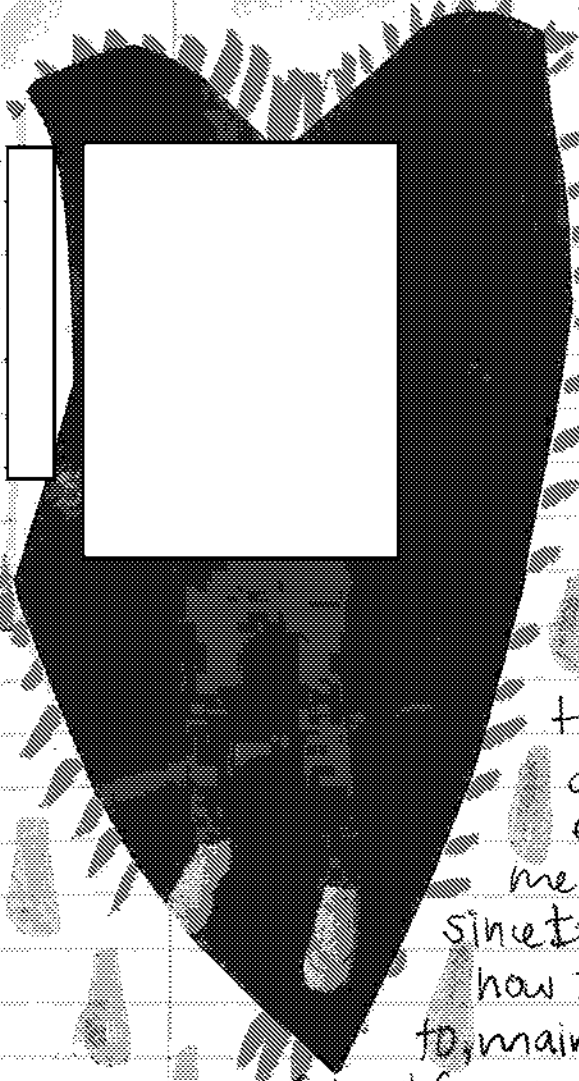
rifle hurts and misuses from those bastards who hurt such a beautiful battle girl like you. It stabs me in the hurt to know that I am just like you in this way. I've been used - I've been fire a bullets of hail many bombs of dishonesty. Why is our sky still gray? Why is mine? the colors of our true selves don't benefit support us on the stretcher to recover friendship. I'm too mulky + muddy in how my emotions mix in to thickly and deplicts a incomprehensible message no one could ever come across - sadness, anger, resentment, jealously none of them are vibrent splashes of light or tint, only shades and overabuse of black. Maybe I'm just simply no good and a bad grade not A+ of your subjective preference to loving someone. No composition, no balance, asymetrical downward spiraling, only texture of wounds + scars; my thoughts of you make me weak in how I compose combat-oned forces to object my ongoing deppression - a short-winded battle retreating and letting all the uglyness storm over the parpet claim its victory + destruct all my self-value towards you like barbarian invaders. My fantasies of you are imbalanced. I am no dancer, you model so sexy in proffessionalism treats my mind like a 10yr old boy watching an unrated film for the first time - too much for me to handle my emotions barricade in a typhoon of endless twisted obsession, my battalion skills suck to fight for myself still... It only seems I'm left w/ aftermath of self abuse asysymetriadlly unacceptable. Textures of my scars you'd be too afraid to feel...

regardless of all your sin, failures and imperfect moments none of it [illegible] [illegible]

impulsively spalat upon you - unfair + unjust to your [illegible]

I love you

b6 -8
b7C -8



(but it hurts bad)

They say "love hurts" right? Well, its bullshit. I hate that phrase, cause even if its cliché, it speaks true to what the messeage is in simplest terms, but can be so complex, depending one ones own experience. Friendship makes me sick most of the time how since I've been deppressed to how I'm not treated like I want to, mainly because you and your best friend want to friend zone me. I'm sure that you want to be treated fairly, and you would hurt to if being rejected by someone you love genuinly. Everyone gets hurt by love. It's unfortunatly apart of life. But I realize more and more, the more I try to make attemps to reach you, I am left out, feeling more regretful than the last. I wonder why I still try. I believe somehow I'd make it through. But you've made it clear now. You find it all but uncomfortable when my feelings come in contact. As a sweetheart you are, you could never mean to hurt me → break my heart or someone else. If I ever let you down, if I ever hurt you, I am sorry, and not even you could stop me from loving you, even if you told me to let it go.

Sometimes? I know I do all the time I am not fool I know I break out of your boundary zone, and I know I can be unfair, but don't we all messup + fail

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b6 -8
b7C -8



Well, I can't erase my past & my feelings I can't let go... How can I? Look at all the ways you do your hear, how you dress, how you express yourself. To me, it's authentically mygetic and honorable to respect. You finally found the beauty within yourself and welcomed acceptance to self worth. Even if you don't express innocence, your ways I could never ponder on to judge. You are beautiful to me, and you know you are, we have different lenses in how we see each other, but I just hope we see eye to eye in knowing we are matter, that I matter, this is not who matters more, we are equal. My love for you will forever change.

Road Trip on IMPULSE

b6 -8
b7C -8

I don't know or fully could understand why I had such a strong urge to go down to [redacted] Why did I think of doing such a thing? I don't know the area (only drove a couple times on the way to Memphis), plus I could have possibly gotten lost. My first intension was to find [redacted] where you worked at and waited for you to come out. Not only that would have been startling, but creepy. No friend would do that and treat it as "A Suprise". Only girls who are close to you would get away w/ that cause it would n't be creepy. It the a delightful reunion. I couldn't call ours that. Not even close. Only God knows what you think of me at this point, more or less didn't have much to think of me after our season was over. I keep trying to call you. No answer. Ask to call you by messaging. Nothing. I don't know myself sometimes. Why do I set myself up for heartbreak? I know me going down to Jackson won't change a thing. My heart won't mend back together, no matter what, whether I want the best desirable reaction & feelings from you, it will only result in dissapointment & more depression, more sadness so overwhelming. Yet I still urge to do a "road trip" and anywhere on the way I magically run into you unexpectedly there "unintentionally" Even you could conclude that there is no reason else in the world to go down there if you hadn't excepted that job & moved in recently, it's obvious enough. You may not know me but you're not stupid, it's me who never can think realistically. I'm always in my fantical thoughts & dreams that I wish somehow you had it in your heart to love me again.

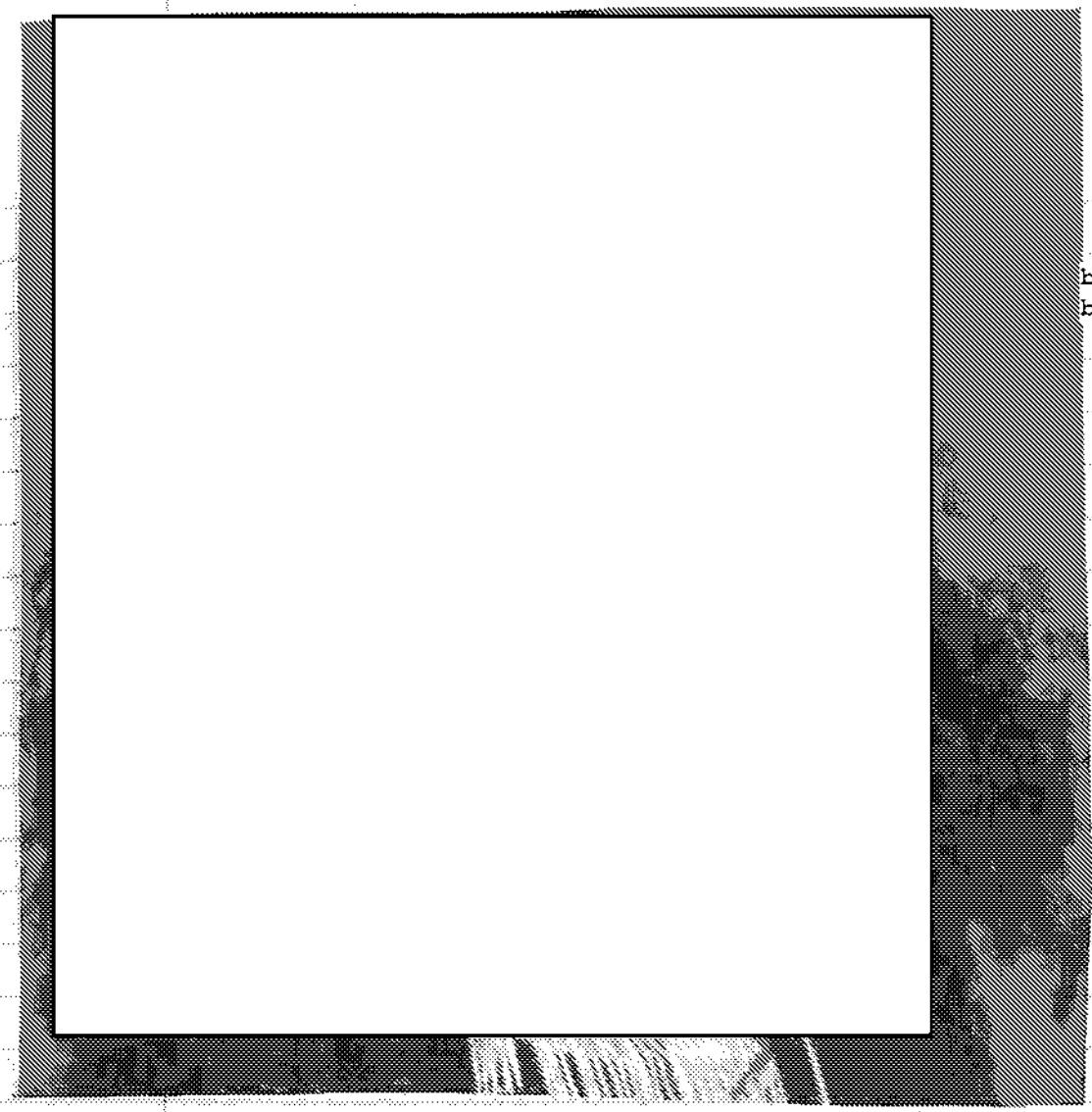
I'm in the process when I get there. I say to myself "with a cops, I'll never get lost again" Although I don't think at the time a whole lot of what a area where safe & what could happen

I will only feel worse afterwards deep down I know beyond unrealistic impossible hopes or dreams

3-9-22

"Hopes and Dreams that aren't even meant "to be"

These tears fall down my face and none could be wiped away by anyone except my own fingers. I am gay, and I live in solitude - it is not a complete choice other parts of me vanish in the darkness, and I am left with my intimate remains parish at the surface of my sorrow and paralyze me from the face of real time in my life. Memories I wish could be created could never be if I keep doubting My existance with you during which our season was placed by Grace of God. Grace of God preserved me from death, but now I here the Devil more than I ever have. I am one of God's sheep that has been left astry and has been granted in Devils will to cast demons under thier control - to utterly strangle entanglements of my constant failures and unworthies towards you. I believe God called you to "Feed His Sheep" I was a lost sheep, and at that time you gave me a life I never realized I wanted so much ~~because~~ until all was lost - my heart like yours wrapped in Gods gift of Love through you, only to find out I can't obtain it anymore. It is not because you have changed. You stayed faithful to God's calling - did what he asked because you Love Him. Your hopes and dreams are not like mine, because I love you more than you could ever know in your own understandings. And that's because I confirm my true identity, and that leaves a beautiful rose I bare that has a stem of thorns. Holding onto your hurts because I can't hear your voice or be wrapped in your arms anymore. All I am now is your Nobody. My hopes + dreams were never to be in the ~~Garden~~ ~~of Eden~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~Paradise~~ ~~Eden~~ ~~Gar



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friendship to continue between us

Now you could memor. Now I can break my stayer yet we connected like a part of us found some of each other we never knew though I am not you, and you are not me

b6 -8
b7C -8

You bared both my unconscious identity, myself later in life

But you were a key to ~~[illegible]~~ many holes I found unlocked once you helped me open

I couldn't ever know myself

I was so inactive in playing my part by being severly reserved

I look back and wonder 'was all of it a dream? Was I really there? Did it really happen? Did I really have your heart? I remember the most cherished pieces of our history as a whole in separated pieces - how you held my hand when I was sad and took a piture w/ me. When you taught me b-ball fundamentals. When you drove w/ me to away b-ball games. The time you were so upset when we lost to our rival. and their chains & blamed soccer the most special memories have you in them, and I love everything about it, all the good and the sad moments, because it was all worth it to just be w/ you even if it was a part in your life a small special part to me. I believe your whole life is precious & none of it was a waste - no matter the sufferage you had to humbly endure. → God made hopeless to hopeful - something worth to testify on Givens You are beautiful enough to overcome anything. I just wish I could be a part of the best things in your life so mine could be worth more than nothing.

b6 -8
b7C -8

3.16.20

Why do I love and fall for girls like you and [redacted]
You are far beyond my league - in another personality dimension of fierless edge and style. There is no other like you. You and her are a rarity. None I have ever examined close up in my heart about girls like you. [redacted] and you are out of the box. [redacted] is beyond normal when it comes to carving her own story by the will of Gods pen - a career goal master. You are a beyond exhilerant beauty to the hearts eye. A bold model who broke ends of doubt and beating yourself up. Look how far you and her both came when you had exceptional talent and special personalities from the start to handle all the gut pain and dirty work of life's wear + tears. Nothing + no one stops you to do you and stay you, therefore I could never compare you to anyone my whole life. Cause I know in my whole life, I'll never apart of what I used to be in - an open meadow that was just a bound, a leap, and your heart right there a time when you used to call my name to come to you.

I'll stay young for you when you grow old. Inside me, I will be young forever. My memory of you will never outgrow - only to live all my days. I feel your spirit move inside me every day and it lifts me higher than the park swings take me. My youth - being young and staying alive if it means you are living with me on earth, but never seen or heard in real life. Our lives our separate, but I could never seperate of our spirit living young and fresh inside me. You will be forever young in my heart that older age could never interfere or touch...

3.18.20

[redacted]

[redacted]

(My heart caged full of butterflies... Release them...)

b6 -8
b7C -8

There is another place far away from here when we will meet again and all of our sins will be forgotten and judged by god. We will forgot all of our suffering. We will be perfect and have everlasting happiness with Jesus. I can't call myself a Christian anymore, and you've come along way that is a true miracle. God takes care of you after all, and for all both you and I have been through, we could have died. But God still kept us alive. He knows our days, after all. I just wish I knew when my numbered days were. I wake up most of my days and go throughout days and wish I wasn't here anymore. I don't want to wait for you down here. I'd rather wait up there, cause I won't be gay anymore. I won't have intimate feelings for you anymore and just call you me my friend. I can call you home with Your Savior and True friend - GOD, who was there with you through all you endured, yet evolved through spiritual ties, ~~[illegible]~~ knot tight w/ Gods heart and yours.

My mind obsesses over you. Your modeling ~~[illegible]~~ stripped down to show your vasique - your body I have filmed in my head on replay. Your everywhere in my head. Every different avenue I stop at you end up there at every one, on top of me, over me, under me, beside me, in front of me, behind me. I feel your spirit's breath down my neck and I turn and your smile arches like the rising sun. My hands tingle, my spine shivers, but my heart is in poverty of your love I am too far from but wouldn't dare to come closer to me but on fire in my heart of an erupting volcano.

and gave us a free gift: His life & a second chance

anymore. It has become an everyday heart throbble and tearing

top to bottom lushious and full. thick as frozen ozone ice

4-3-20

Hello, Sunshine





I wish sunny days came my way. The sunshine on my face, your sunshine. You would bring me sunny days and those days I would feel carefree and cheerful. This heart of mine is either rainy, stormy, or partly cloudy. Will the sun ever come out again? Will I ever witness the sun of your face once more? I await Heaven so I can meet you there and we'd be good friends again because all of our troubles will be gone, left and forgotten on the earth.

I WISH THE SUN COULD SHINE DOWN ON ME.

This sunshine is so rare to come by, I barly see it in my naked eye, but I could feel some of its warmth when its in another planet. Though my own planet lies in realms of darkness, some of that sun can seep through the crooked rocks enclosed above me through the cracks. I smile, but its only for a few minutes, then it fades away. Its so bright out there and I sometimes feel you above the surface in the realm of light. I can only save myself, even as selfbos as your heart contains rare light within, I seem to always miss it. The sun makes me shead a few tears now and then because of its gorgeous radience. When will I ever be with your sunshine again...

I desire a sunny day.

The Charm/curse of Beloved

(4-9-20)

I don't know if this wound will ever heal. The girl that I love that could never love me or hold me. I hold on to a wound while I carry her in my heart as the blood sheds from it. I am going through a conflicting war with myself vs. my reality. My feelings are no match for it, and I seem to loose every battle in greiving over what I cannot have. She is.. the trophy of my life. the beaming fire in my soul. She bares the heart that tangles me in a clench of suffering. I love her, and as a consequence behalf of God's law, I'm cursed of being gay to a love of my life - the light of me life that is not mine and could never be. It seems I am addicted to the wound of hurt I carry with me by the day, and it might be till my death. No lover of mystery - a woman I may have never met or seen before could not bear the aid to my heart and be the cure of soul. No. This could only be of my life unloved by another soul to want mine in return at a mutual relation. And yet, I feast back for more like a madman a boyhood that is encased in me, because her charm infatuates my soul and drags it in with its heaviness. It's too powerful - the attraction of her inner + outer beauty - I am a slave to it, because I am supplied or nurtured to nothing. she won't let me have one piece of her heart no matter the selfless side of quality beyond her age. I am just left with a broken heart as many would, but this is just the beginning... my bed is cursed, my thoughts are cursed, my sexual fantasies inflammed. My heart will burn...

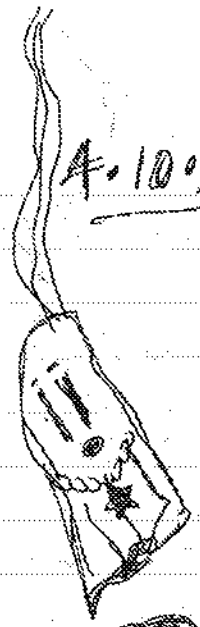
A light that travels to a part of a world I do not exist, a world where I do not have a soul valid to soak in her warmth, rather turn cold shoulder

all the more twisted to still keep loving the hurt somehow and keep calling her spirit back to me to squeeze life out of me of choice to die

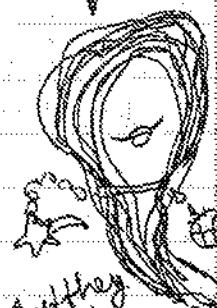
My DEAD GHOST

Spirit

4.10.20



I have grieved over a soul that has not passed away. She is still living and breathing on the earth, but I can't hear her voice or forsight her smile. Rather be, I just feel a dead corpse follow me everywhere I am in life. It always mocks me and threatens my once good-hearted soul. She is no longer a person in my life any more or a friend to consider alive in my life. All she is is a dead spirit to terrify my timid heart. I feel worse about my situation. She's not gone in the world, where her spirit left her body and went to heaven. I am not grieving over a physical loss, rather a spirit - her past self - floating around my whole being, overwhelming me with its laughter like children at the playground, resonneting happy memories that could never be again.



But they cant. They remain sick + idle themselves just as I am

She was my best friend. I was her counsil and friend in need. She gave me a part of her youth and a part of her soul. A treasure, of course, obsessed upon, and with it, I thought I could breath happily. Though I was, truley, more than I ever felt in my life, untill the time came where everything in my relationship life changed. One day she was there, next to me, then the next she was gone in the blink of an eye the exhale of a breath. She was Gone in the wind with the dead leaves marching to their grave of ending season. Another beloved season, gone. And once again, I am left without a true friend ~~[illegible]~~ to grow up with and sunbathe in our memories. I have no more of memories like that, as much as I wish my soldiers/mates I met could revive them somehow.

beating passionate soul

Somehow diffused into one mixture and soon enough, so fast, our ~~[illegible]~~ bondages were stitched together as halves of one

and I was then in the eye of the storm

My DEAD GHOST

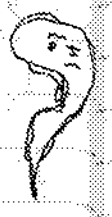
4.10.20



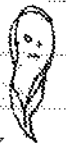












She stole part of my soul and killed it. She commited murder in the phantom/ghostly world. Her crimes are forever my chains, while her soul walks behind me, mimicking my every more and desicion in life to cultivate my feelings nested under my judgment. She is a living ghost that continues to haunt my soul - my other half that has nothing left but hatred, anger, saddness, melencholy, resentment. One touch of our memories and dulled them into a taste that's bitter in my mouth when I try to speak of our times past. Every time, my heart becomes harder, stiffer, more poisoned. It has incubated my bitterness towards it bit by bit as years go by. And its only been a few. four to five years. Almost half a decade. How much its grown.

She is my dead shadow. My ghostly enemy. I walk along this deathly high narrow path as I try and balance myself. I tip and sway, unstable in my outlook on life and love. I used to believe that human love exchanged to me could be real. Now I know it is all a lie. A part of me is dead now, and her past self, a spirit of hers I remember, is dead in my life, and yet Every time I'm one step further along the boarderline of my depression, it's calling me to give up. She has an unfathomable power over me, you see. She stole my worth, my value, my importance, and threw my friendship away and give off appearances like none of it ever happened. Now I judge a person and jump to conclusions I will end any way therefore no more of my sacrifice I will lay out. I take no more big leaps like that nowadays. I'd rather be idle and all sufferages of my life to paralyze me for my heart to keep trying. My heart is on lockdown. I might so shut out the ones I love eventually, if my dead spirit continues to follow me. I cannot explain how much I hate this. I begin to hate her new being in this world, and start to resent everyone I meet, if by chance they don't live by a ghost. She is not gone from the world. She just left my world.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



EYE CREATE
you are my world
my world
you
Be careful for the divine rose you choose...
Love
Bug
got different flavors
Blush.
Blush
Blush
Crying my tears of blood...
Dark side of the sun. Light of my life.
BORN TO LOVE THIS WAY
4/12/20, 8:56 PM

"you don't have to be a princess to be like no other"

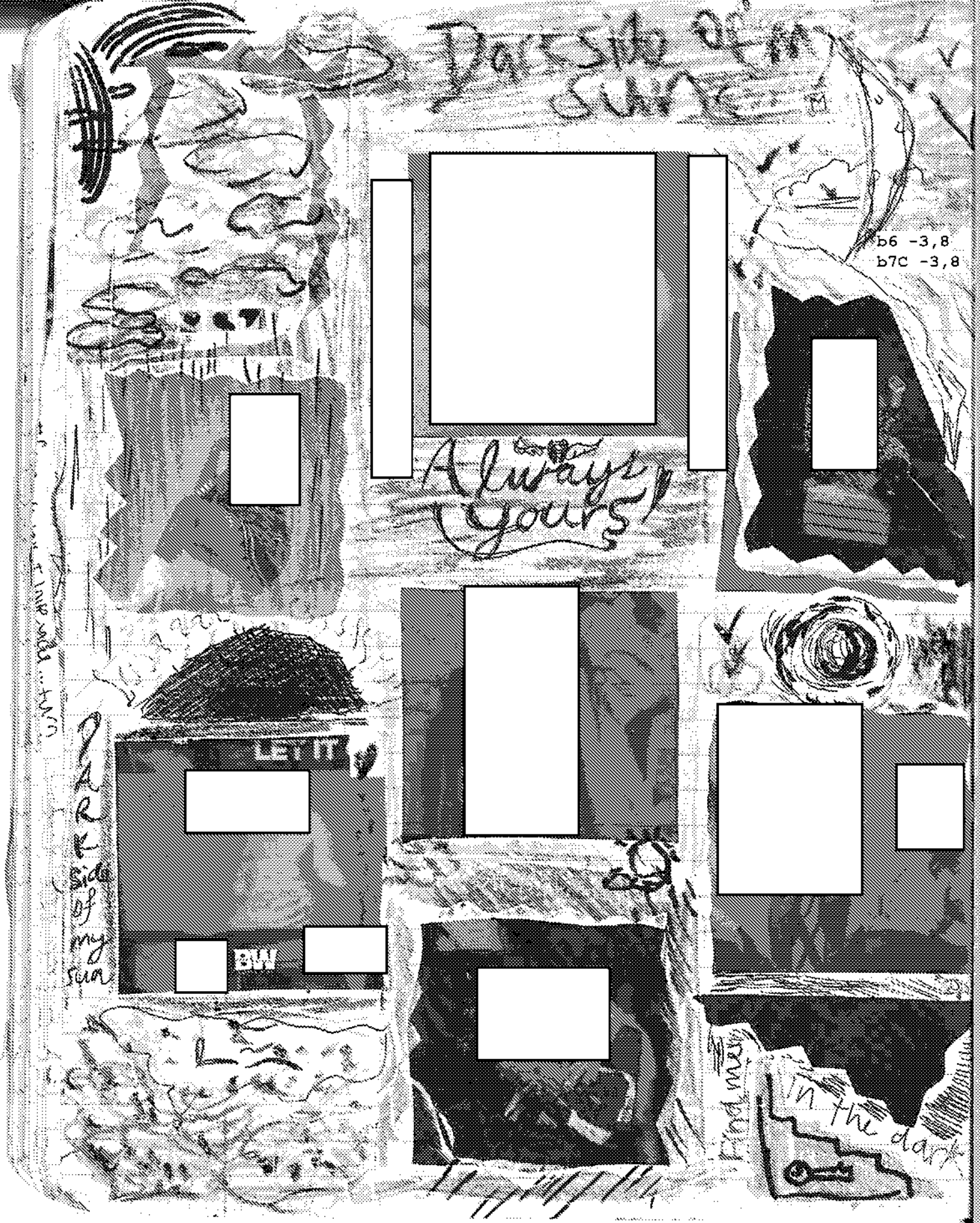
BORN TO LOVE YOU THIS WAY

4·12·20



I dedicate these 2 pages to my other Beloved. I thought of you and felt the petals and the thorns. I carry this divine tenderness for you as well as the hurt that goes along with it. You are something beyond what is considered the average style, or way of personality. You are not in that catagory at most more than anyone I know, besides your best friend [redacted], my other rose of thorns. I hurt everyday for you, but it is worth it: the sickening feeling, my sexual fantasies, the charm of your poison that lures me into danger, the danger of my feelings. How much deeper can you cut holes in my heart? You could not be the suspect of my reality, it is the validation of rejection towards you and me as one. I am only letting you do so by continuing to push you and you push further away from me. I am continuing by a hidious urge to look into you by visuals, by sayings, by sexual charm and daring movements to the picture and the camera. There are no filters, no cover ups of flaws. I embrace ALL OF YOU being in total nakedness of who you are, nothing to "make it better" You are my treasure and dearest part of my heart, draped in the warmth of my. Ana that's what tender attracts me to you because of my daring pursuit to never stop loving you in bare honest truth... at this severity. part of my soul, at fullest I can, yourest, and under your my head to my dream

b6 -8
b7C -8


Dark side of my sun
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8
Always yours
LET IT
BW
DARK side of my sun
In the dark



My tradgetry is Van Gogh. It is my suicide and eternal soul

Darkside of My Sun

Skin tone the color I adore. My favorite color. The color of my sun with an eclipse infront, its rims & ring of yellow light that is so strong, it still blinds me in the love I am urged to bestow. I have this sun that shines bast the dark chasm of my fictional affairs with a girl that is my dreams - when I am dreaming awake. When my dreams are playing at night. I run to see her face and there she is. As soon as I return to my world of reality, black rain falls before me. It is not the mascare makeup that falls from her face. It is my tears that are inked black with darkness. Her artistry of movement and form had driven me to maddness in sexual identity. As a mad man who cut off his ear and expressed his melencholic feelings through the canvas - Van Gogh somehow lives through me. A form of Expressionism I honor to relic my affections - this girl that is mine - the sun, this deppression is mine - my darkside, and they gather in aggressive brushstrokes that has gathered one by one in day by day, untill the whole picture is created. I know my fate in abstract forms I am creator of, but my sexuality is shown to the world as real and tangible just as Van Goghs canvases full of his masterpiece he left behind. People take one look and recognize the visual itself, but only an artist can juncture what it means, what it be in tragic significance, its soul, its maddness in asthetic characteristic. My many impressionist feelings scatter in unity together that represent my sorrow and melencholic states that are oppressive to my human existance. No one knows what they are, not even my lover. She could never love me, and yet I still love her back as if I am comfortable with the heartache and tradgety of my love life non-existance. My darkside is forever mine, with my love behind it.

from the thorned roots of my heart

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

abitrary likeness of her soul - emotionally dark + bright but all the same mysterious beauty

he dark

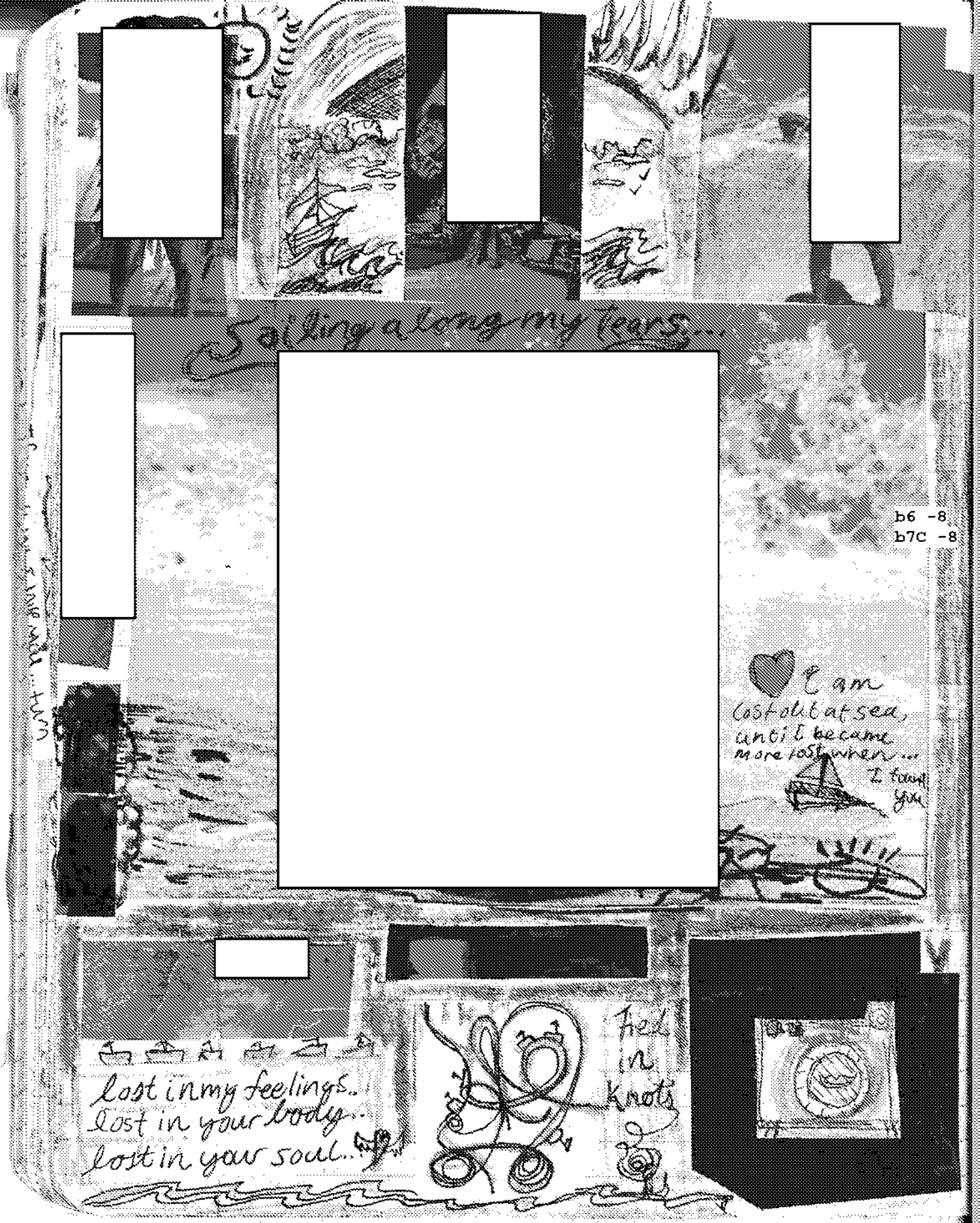
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8





Sex & Sexation

I lay in bed alone all my days. I no longer deny my true sexual identity. I am a homosexual. I can't even call myself Bi, cause I have no case of Straight thoughts about boys. How can I love or be in love with boys when I am a boy myself? I was born a girl, but this gender is not my identity, and therefore I can not truley be myself, not be allowed to love who I love like girls like you. [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 [redacted] sees me as a woman, girl, whatever the fuck it is, because I don't know what being a "woman" or "girl" is. My gender identity as young as 8 or 9 years old has been masculine based by my behaviors, activities, tomboy appearances, and desires to be Shirtless before I grew breasts. All the steryotypes to nurture qualites, what your "told" to be labled as female roll-wear dresses, play w/dolls, wear make-up, be girlie w/ gossiping, being talkative, crushing on boys. NONE of these things are me. Not even Straight girls wouldn't have all of these qualities because steyrotypes don't define a person to complete thier gender identity. I know mine full well, & I accept it. I can be all the things girls aren't - a video-gamer, rough-tougher football dirtbike boy appearal dresser for boys. But this tomboy loves his beloved. I can shiver and feel the pleasure in my genitals when I look at your breasts, your butt ox full and plump, full edgy lips soft and lushious. When I say "sex" I don't think of the behavior to make love - its sex/gender that I believe I am - a boy who is infatuated by you, gorgeous. My heart with butterflies that won't stop fluttering and once the image hits my pupil - they flutter ablaze in a fire as my heart shoots out of my cheast. I heat up and feel the tingly sensations in my back as I could imagine your very own fingers slip down my spine. When I watch you, its a movie, and the movements of sexual inticings, my whole body looses control. My genitals constantly pumping & screaming, my stomach shakes, my heart breaks and drums away in heavy breaths because your body tone takes me away and into my sexual fantasies


Falling along my fears...
b6 -8
b7C -8
I am
Lost at sea
until I became
more lost when...
I found
you
lost in my feelings..
lost in your body..
lost in your soul..
Tied
in
knots

b6 -8
b7C -8

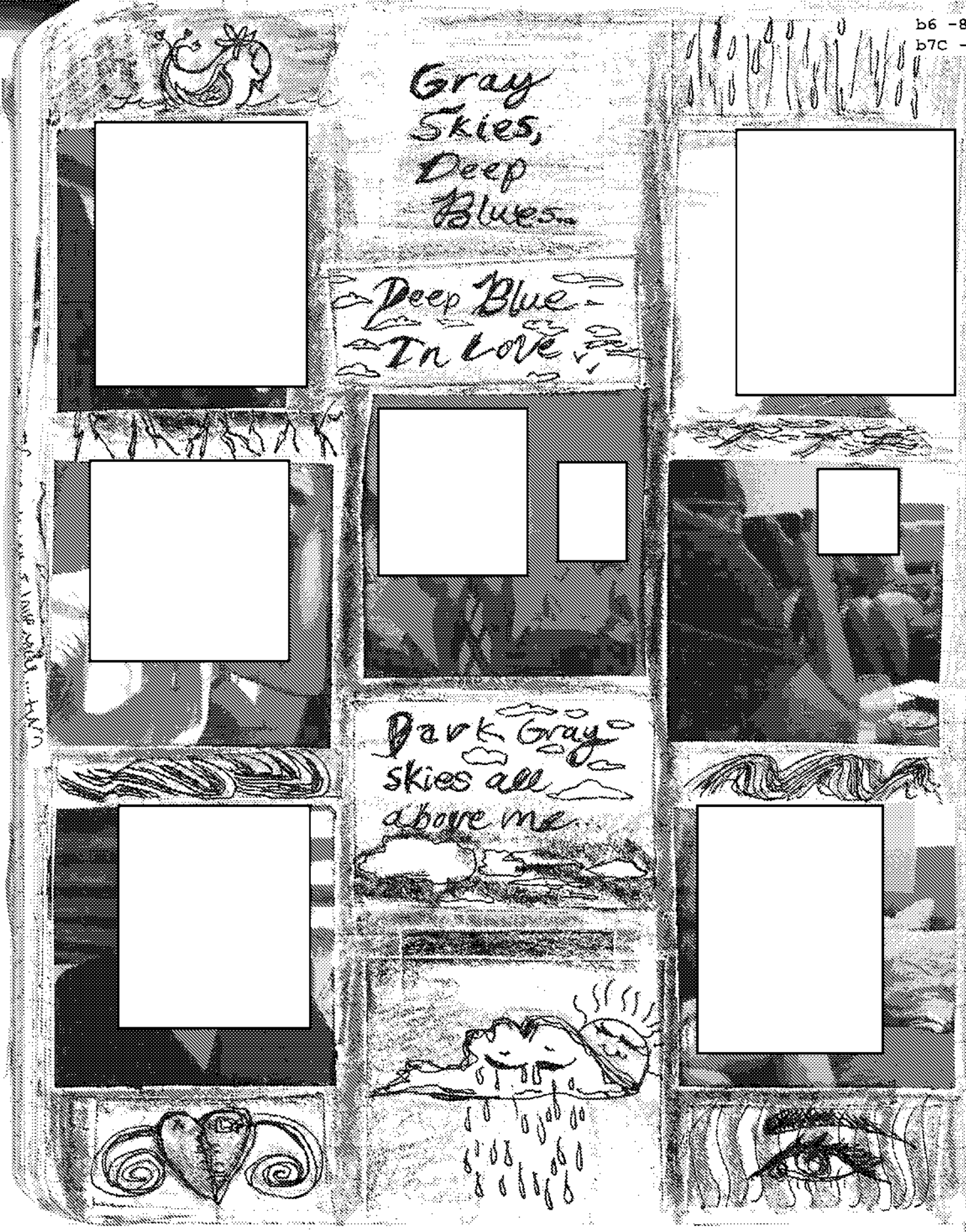
Sailing along my Tears



My journey along these beaches.. Lost in her ocean.. lost in hair sandy hair gold + reflected sunlight highlighted in the locks. Her treasure is buried deep beneath her sand... her soul locked, her lover holds the key.. I am lost in her glittering sparkles in her eyes as the sea ripples in milt-color waves.. I stand in fasination... in front of her ocean kiaqis but my heart is already soaked

I love everything about you. Your face turns profile. I see your upper lips pushed up and curled, full and poignant. I want to slide down it. Your back in my slippery side, wet and all, silk and butter bliss. As I ride on the back of a beach princess/goddess - I voyage her sea in deep atone. Rock me back and forth like your waves. Bring me in, realeseme out as your tender hands brush lightly off my shoulders. The embedded rim of your upper lip perks and hugs my own lips and presses to them. The release tender, I taste the ocean, not saalty, but sweet as ~~[illegible]~~ spring. As my hands crawl slowley to yours like a seacrab, you link your fingers between mine and firmly hold onto my hand - your tan skin compliments to my white hightighted ~~[illegible]~~ of skin tone. As your breast press to my chest, I feel your resounding heartbeat as calm as the night tide - gentle. Healthy, though outspoken, alive. That sound brings me to life and makes my heartbeat faster and could never slow down. As your waves change motions, slow to fast, fast to slow, I'll move as the same as you do. Whatever you want to take it, I'll hold you all the way. ~~The~~ your saft sand sinks me in as your skin makes contact with mine, affectionaltly. I desire your affection. Take me away from my cruel realities on a vacation like no other. Because as you are, almost perfect in my eyes, you are like no other. A reach a sofspot on your beach - your cheeks rest on mine and feel your smile stretch to the all blue skies. Not one could visible with you, and yet as clear as you behold me... I am so lost in this paradise.

b6 -8
b7C -8


Gray Skies, Deep Blues...
Deep Blue In Love
Dark Gray skies all above me

Gray Skies Deep Blues

(4.18.20)

These gray skies are wearing me down. Darkness all around me. I cannot escape the deep blues inside me. This color palette will be.. has been for longer than I thought it would. I cry and I cry and you don't seem to care. I thunder and thunder, but you don't hear me throughout another land far away. I storm and a surge. I rain floods, a terrible hurricane of tossing and turning that exists my heart and damages it to shreds. I couldn't rain + thunder around you - it stretches past your border where your boundries lie. Stop me, please. Take all this away from me. Could you possibly bear the pain I feel? You can. You have dealt with rejection and being hurt by those you love. I love you, and you hurt me, and toss me back into my cyclone of storms. You don't know this about myself, that my sexual feelings are too strong sometimes, and yet I keep bothering you to remind me, and my crackles of lightning make you flee faster than the wind gusts of my external nail of my heart. I feel sometimes.. when the rain is too heavy. The gray skies crowding more and clutter more in darkness, the smaller and more useless I feel and my significance dampens, I feel I just want to die. Suicide is my closest companion, but rather be the shadow of my depression seeking its fate to end me. My feelings control me and wear me down. I cannot escape it. Every breathing minute you are face to face with me and encourage me to let yourself go. I can't.

You are stuck with me because my heart is sewn onto you, and you don't like it. Well, I wish I wasn't living with this. Take my life at any given moment, and I will be free of my homosexuality. Live with God forever rather than carrying my crucifix all by myself. I am tierd of rejection. I am tierd of not being loved back. I am tierd of staring hypnotized by your ~~blue~~ hair shade of blue. That exact color is my path tied on my heart. I want to let go. I don't want this weakness.

b6 -8
b7C -8



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

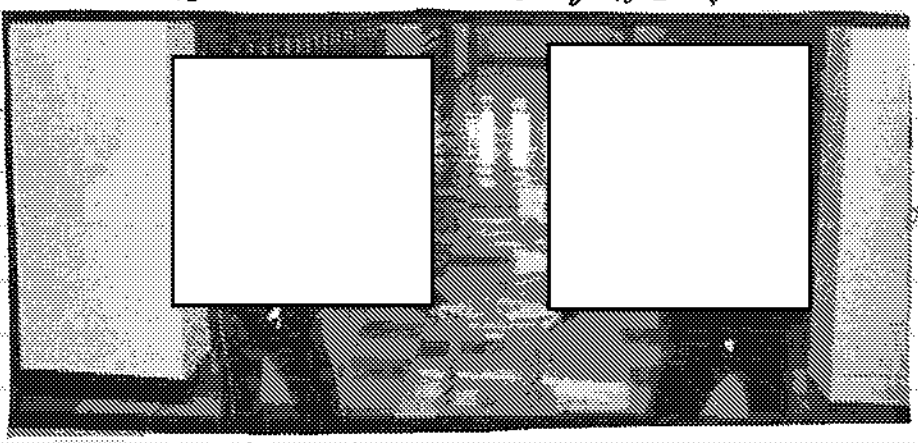
You're a bad bitch not anyone can fuck with you. You proved that to me. I know you don't want nothing to do with me because I'm not like you and your not like me. And I watch and look that [redacted] kids could say your name and not remember you because your spirit is unforgettable. Everyone I feel wants to mention you cause I bet no one had ever met a kid like you. Even if your childhood was cruel to you, you were fun loving & non-judgemental to everyone, & every cool-non judgement by nature would know your different. Different out of this world + unseen unheard until they met you, whoever those bullies and those insecure kids that were cruel to the white & the vunerable would never fuck with you. It didn't matter how "bad" teachers thought you were or kicked you out, how much you got in trouble + you felt they hated you. What mattered was you had a sweet heart despite all the middle shool drama + nonsense the genuine knew that and they respect that. Popularity, Still

No One Compares To You

b6 -8
b7C -8

♥ Best Friends For Life ♥

2006 Sixth Grade Til babies definatly angels exceptionally attractive Ohmy, your smile

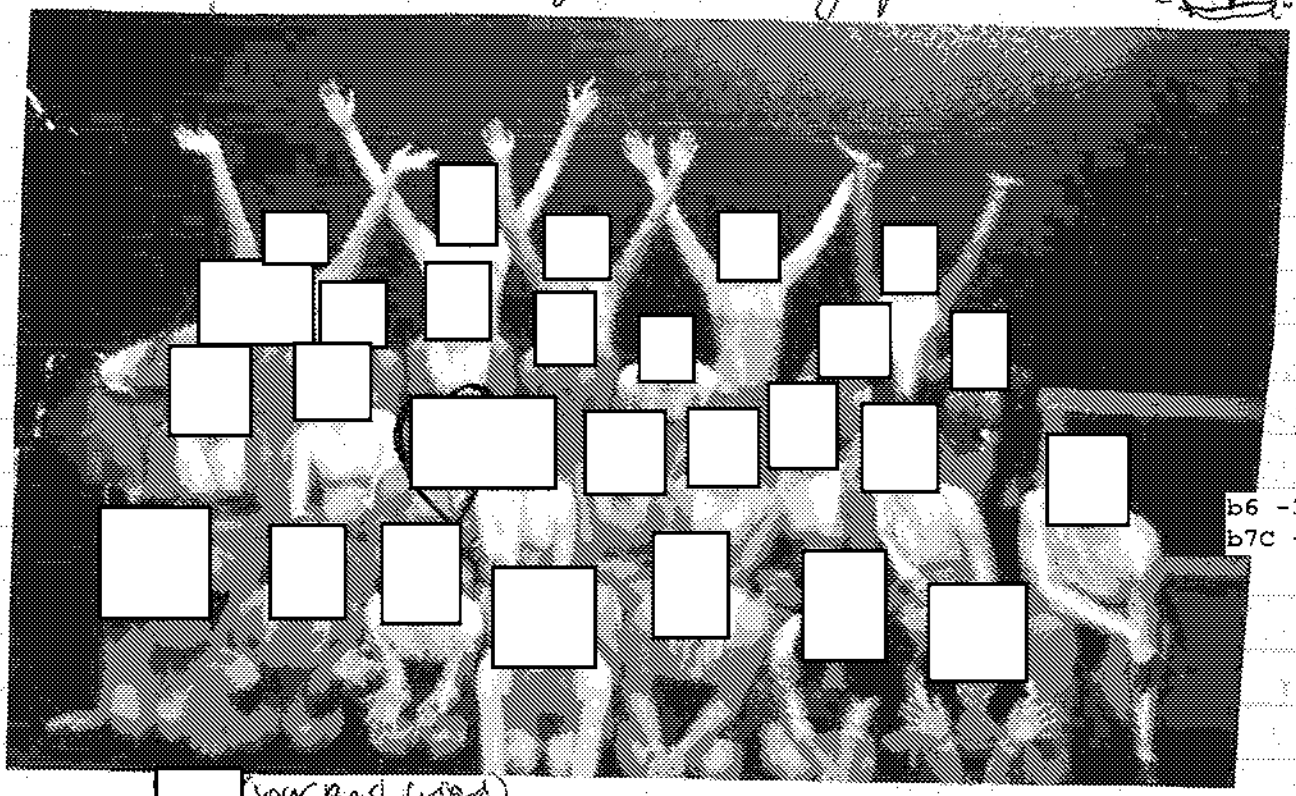


The most loyal and beautifell friendship I ever could know in my life ♥

♥ Two Peas In a Pod, PB & Jelly, Daddys Sweet Angels ♥

Sacrifice like I've never seen in a girl so young who would go over masses & outstretched full hearted to the ends of the earth for her best friend. [redacted] a friendship and sisterhood like no other I could ever compare to. Not even close. You both are just special, so deeply & affectionately woven into my heart that it can make me laugh smile & cry harder than any other 2 sisters. I am at most tender towards your love to one another. It makes me vunerable and attracts me in insanity, how much they love spreads as immense as God's arms. You make me want you more and more untill I am jealous. [redacted] you have something I dont. [redacted] would do anything for you. You have your world in her hands as she prays for God to care for you. You have her whole heart. Her entire trust her complete commitment. She was only just a girl, and yet could be beyond her years in loving someone like you. She was the perfect role model, leader, and unwavering soul friend for you. "No greater love than to lay her life down for her friends" As Jesus himself said to his disciples, just in different pronoun. You have beside you a modern day Jesus disciple and chosen child of God to sacrifice & putting others first always like Jesus died for all sin on the earth. I have never met any child like [redacted] live this through her whole life commited to God to protect & love you. You may not have had [redacted] came up w/ nothing. But you have your girl. It's simply what I lost & will never have.

I Adore you. My princess



(your Best friend)

I think there are people in your life who love you to the depths of your heart. Your close family members, your sister friends who you consider family. You are family to them, and they can feel it in their hearts. They express their deep gradi tude and give you their hearts back for how generous you are as a friend, a sister, a daughter. They know you are something incredibly special, otherwise I would have never let it cross my mind until the day I set my eye on you. My whole world changed. I looked in to the eyes of a beautiful little girl who is precious in speech, in smiles, in personality. I adore you, and the much younger girl you were that was gorgeous and always stood out to me than all the other girls at Creswell. I bask in the light of your smile that crosses paths to my world and make it smile back, and watch the sun rise. I adore you like a mother who cherishes her daughter - the love of her life. She means everything to her. the sound of her laughter is medicine to the soul. the arms of comfort are forever yours. Here her say my name and my worries are terrified of radiating positivity. You were my light guiding me out of the cave of my confused troubled life as a kid

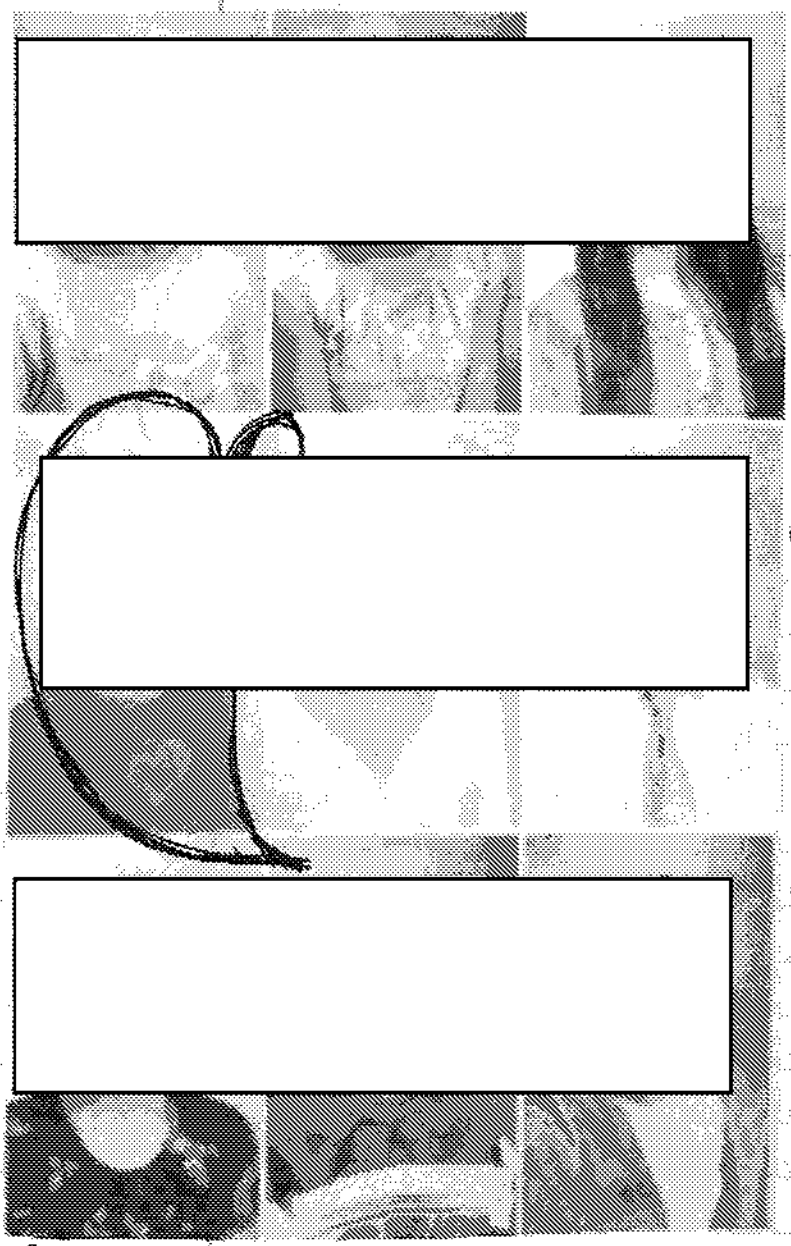
23-cv-1483(FBI)-1435

I Adore You



But my admiration for you can't be enough. I have to earn your trust and love, and with that comes being the right friend to you. It only seems I've been trying to approach it all in the wrong ways, either do too much + think to hard, or hesitate, doubt you, and walk in the opposite direction. Maybe your beautiful spirit terrifyes me. I get too afraid that you wouldn't consider me a friend to treasure, and I run away w/ that fear and doubt. Why do you think I learned to have myself all these years? A heart too radient. A heart too bright. A heart too loving + caring. A heart too thoughtful + considerate. A heart too supportive + encouraging. You are the very person who broken all/even need. A friend anyone would give up their life to have. And in your friends, hearing them say the things I say similar to my thoughts of you, it shows in boundless greatfullness - abounding in love in God's lengths + depths to explore in each other, sharing Gods spirit through yours. Its like a fairy tale that could never be reality if people haven't found you like I did. How could a divine child of God exist in this cruel world that shares my hate and my vengence? I soften when you are gentle in thought towards others, but to only spiral mire back in my depressive waters rocking and stirring me in inadequate formations of emotion. Because I know I will never have you. I had my chance and I didn't take it. It proves my insignificance and incapability to qualify by your values + expectations of a friend, but in simplest terms. Your heart performs in simple ways that people alike are attracted to and they can feel themselves lift above the stumbling ground. You return + give the right amount in all elements of giving. No more no less. I think that's why I stumble and fall by myself because I missed your overall point. I am not the only one who sees you as a soulmate, a queen, a best friend. I guess they were successful in giving back to you what you wanted. If only you could have told me so. I feel I should take my life by being hurtful towards you and not believing that I care. My death would prove my guilt, my sorrow, my shame

I Adore you (part 2)



I adore you, I adore you. I should be saying this to God, but I am in love with you. If only I had grown up with you and known you longer than 15 or 20 years. Rather b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 be a whole life as childhood freinds to adulthood. I just keep imagining it... my imagination runs wild and my own story I create in my mind. My head continues to go round and round, filming my imagination and dreaming of you. My life elsewhere - in your world where I actually exsist, & filmed through the lense of my perspective of how I see you and what we could have been if we were close. What could have happened? I imagine what it be like... I cry and I cry because I love you so much that smile would never leave my mind. Your heart forever tatt in my soul, and at a tenderness that makes me cripple in speech. My soul speaks about you and is loud through good days to the ugly bitter ones. You are always with me, and with you, you are everywhere in my world and I can run to you and be with you any time I want. But when alone with you, I fall apart in sadness & tears, in laughter, in smiling, in your happiness that transpires within your soul attatched to mine. I caught you after all, and I'm never letting go. I adore you. ♥





5-3-20

You found me today

(buddies long lost traveled)

like a deer out in the meadow that sences fear + danger a helpless vulnerable child



"Hurt people hurt people" It speaks truth in my life never before today. Bullies, most of them I believe, aren't mean just to be entertained or have a laugh. Underlining insecurity where the purpose lies much deeper. It hides well, never theless, because my middle school brain was fogged in confusion and hurt from them. Only the cruelness under my feet mocking + tripping over I fall every more. The more they fire at me - just maybe it was hurt of thier own to aim somewhere else rather than to keep it all to themselves. Its an image they hate, yet refuse to hate themselves, just pretend they hated me. Maybe its true. Maybe some people are just cruel + heartless, and I have had enough observation of it, some validation experience linked to share of those who had thier own bullies (inconsistant or not). Kids are just being kids after all, + I only knew so much. I was a target. I was white. I was shy. And that bullies tried to convince me I wasn't worth loving. Thank god my best buds proved them wrong. They broke the mirror of my bullies ~~here~~ unfair imitation of who I was ~~and~~ while desquising thier demons as Golieths to cope in their sake. My best friend held the sling. They made me who I am today. I believe that more than ever. The ~~good~~ tender soft side of me + make me forget my evil hardened side, because they gave thier love to me today that silenced my demons and the Devil. I felt the Lord's love today. I ~~never~~ rarely get days like this. ~~Never~~ Not many. I forgot how much I used to know unconsciously as a kid - how much my buddies loved me, in school + in basketball | track + field. Do they really love me so to reach out to me today, - It reminds me of shade a hue of kindness of the vibrance. ~~of~~ My beloved I once knew [redacted] - who accepted kids like me who I am were different from the Creswell crowd. My old friends long departed to then found me + actually looked for me. [redacted] ~~their~~ love spoke through them. I just hope one day you'll find me again like on the team, just like they found me today.

acting tough but punking as a weakness cloaked over by hurt.

b6 -8
b7C -8

familiar with today.

wp 2 you

5.6.20

I wish you would allow yourself more to cry. Keep telling yourself not to cry and eventually you'll breakdown. There is only so much rain you can hold till it all comes down like a flood. I hear the thunder and booming as your clouds go by, the real over before I could right glance at it. You hide all your emotions in you. I bottle mine while all the time pretending them as strangers but you know the best you save them for later or ignore them. You could tell me every time not to cry and don't cry, but I still will cause we all need a release, even if your not an emotional person. Please cry if you have to sister, life isn't all fun, sunshine, & butterflies. You stormed before but could it be you don't want them to hear your fears crashing down above their head. I know you've cried. Everybody has to cry, no matter what you could be overwhelmed about or grieving over, feeling discouraged/down for any given situation. Cause believe it or not someone who loves you hears your storming loud and clear - the rain that follows. Crying does not make you weak. Crying just means you've been through a storm and you were strong enough to stand in it, showers & all from your eyes. embracing the fear

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted] - the bubbles burst from your laughter, thus creates laughter into another persons soul. that fun-loving nature that attracts more than myself.

[redacted] - You overcome everything. You're as tough as nails. Skin thick as a reptiles alligator back. Heart of steel but heart of tenderness. A spirit willing to refuse to give up.

[redacted] - no one could compare to who you are - your smile, your humor, your charm + beauty

[redacted] - you care of others and notice when others hurt you. You'd never mean to hurt anyone. You are a sweet heart,

[redacted] - a thoughtful, harmless soul to others, regard having little to no emotional support

[redacted] - Growing with God. You put in the beginning gratitude in changing your life, growing closer 2 Him

[redacted] - non-judgemental + First. [redacted]

- precious treasure of mine.

- learning, getting older, but maintain the wild enthusiasm in you like a child's love.

[redacted] - no one I know like you. Treasured preciously and carefully in the depths of others souls. Your life engrained in thier hearts + mine.

[redacted] - you've been through troubled times, so you know when others are hurting with first glance observation.

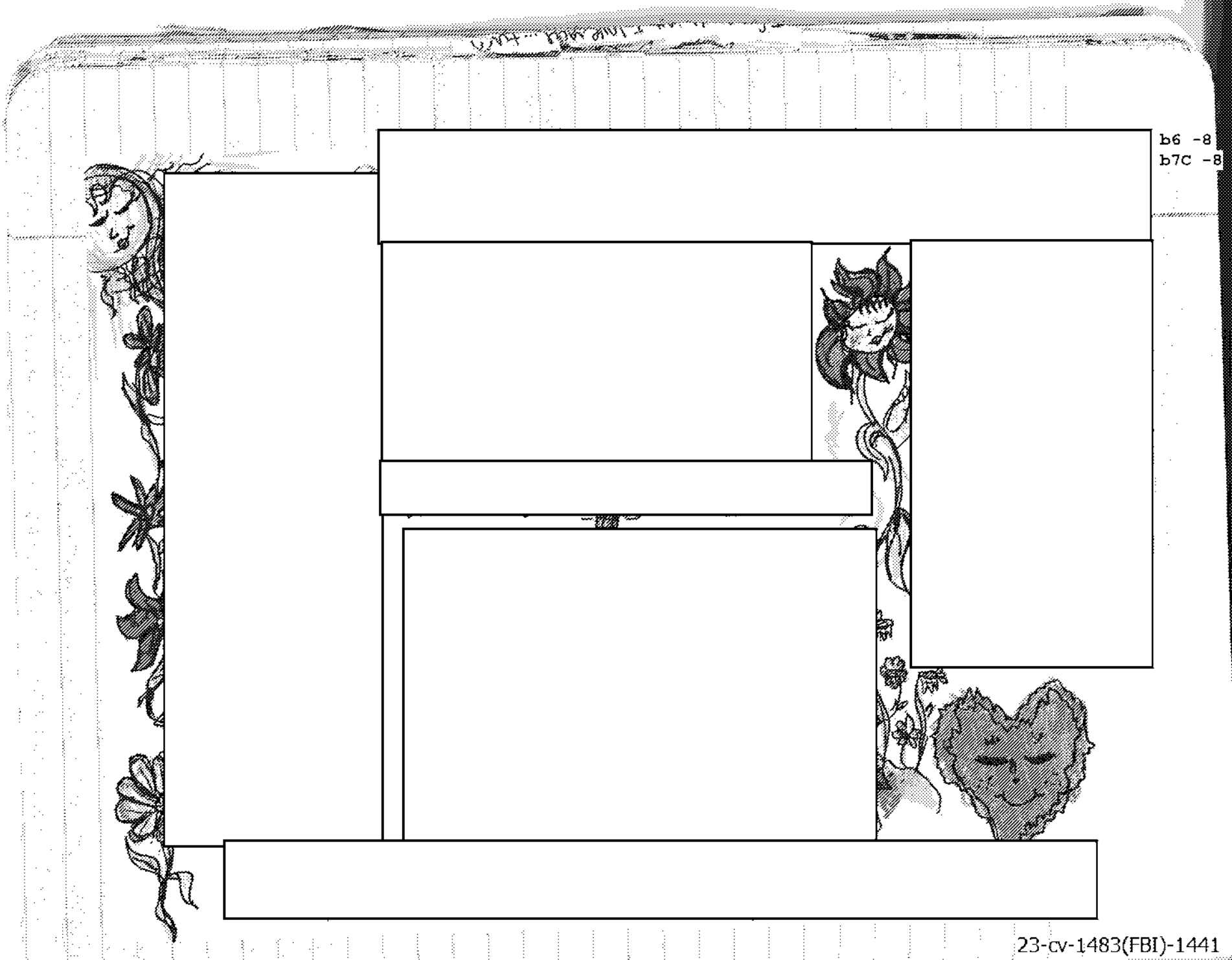
[redacted] - changed to become a better you but unchanged in spirit.

[redacted] - I keep asking myself, "You wouldn't love you [redacted]"

[redacted] - grew up w/ nothing but overcame EVERYTHING and more

- passionate in being yourself, expressing it unhesitantly, boldly. which is beauty in my eyes.

[redacted] - I won't meet a soul like you the rest of my life. I know it by heart. My heart knows.



b6 -8
b7C -8

b6 -8
b7C -8

"When Lions Cry"



My heart came roaring - the lion in me, as I bolted through no man's land like a ghostly blur, but my spirit at utter spooke, terrified. Chest-heavy and clenched tight like the ~~grass~~ fingers locked into my rifle, there she lay wounded. My heart was accelerating of a horses stride through the battle field, but nonetheless had never been more brave, on the contrary, my mind automatically drove to one singular thought "keep her safe, that scared me to death. She and I were in the ~~middle~~ most gruesome of a death frieght - the bloodiest of battles. And we were in the middle of it. As I held her onto dear life, my mind was blank, though the bullets still - flinging in ahornets charge all around us, if ~~there~~ one bullet dare into my heart, I didn't care, I was mortified to preserve her life just as much just as she saved mine long ago before there was war we embarked. She is the light of my life. Taste of my bitter sorrow mixed with luminous shades of moon. much so, that light within me I longed to keep alive. I just kept saying "keep breathing - Beloved, keep breathing....

The supporter, ultimate love-giver in human form ♥ your best friend to the end.. [redacted]

[redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



I LOVE YOU ALL AROUND ☺

Hearts I drew around you. I love you ALL AROUND. I love everything about you. Anything I would give up just so I could make up for my sins + my dangerous, threatening flaws. My compassion (paper colored thin blading) meant nothing but a threat to you. I hurt you and didn't even realize it. I never would have thought that my saddness perspective toward you is cruelty, pinning down your heart in breathless fear. My debts are severe, yet your life was full of brokenness to the every last inch + crack. I cannot fill these emotional support holes through my heart-aching love to you. It will never work, thats just how you grew up and how you had to not live, but trying to survive. Its your perspective. And your perspective to will always fall through those cracks, gaps, + gaping holes. I stay down here + dare not to shout + scream in pain (disasterous), cause you don't deserve that. Its not what you want. But I want you. Yes I do. You and [redacted] both. But it is a story that is told through two people not three. I could never be apart of something of such tenderness, selfless, unfaltering love there is between. I interfere is only a mistake of mine. I can only listen and go over thrown in tenderness to my ocean of tears salt watered + bitter. Nothing can come between you two. The bond energy force is too powerful. But I will stand in awe + weep (at all stance) tear soaked - mad in sensetivity tails + vanishability light.

I love you all around like she loved you

5·16·20

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] had a thick wallet of emotional support. Her family stabalized and spiritually advocate in Gods Love, surrounded by a family that looks perfect on the outside. And yet she did not save it all for herself. As young as she was, so young in her youth, she shared it with you - gave you her love and support just as [redacted] gave her. Its selfleasness like no other coming from a child. She had a waterfall of encouragement from [redacted] a safe-guarded sheild that cloaked her in protection from vunerable coping skills, bullying or unacceptance toward other troubled children who could not fend themselves by tounge or physical force. I do believe part of what makes [redacted] unique from the other kids was that she had positive intuition + leadership engrained in her soul + personality as God was shaping her in [redacted] womb. She was made to be the guiding light when to troubled children like you and me: Me, the shy and unconfident. You, the insecure and despondant. Inwardly so, but would show up at school making others laugh flooding hearts of joy. I know thats who you are, a rare gift God gave you to make others happy + feel loved even when you didn't get love like Paige grew up with in her family. A part of what makes you loveable is that we can feel loved by you in unique aspects: "Just messin w/ you," jokes that didn't sound mean or cynicall and polish it off with your smile. This loving aspect through your kindness + humor blended perfectly, + it has never changed to this day. You say your a sweetheart, and I agree with it whole-heartedly. You never bullied or ment to harm a soul by the exception of sin. But sin is sin, and me + [redacted] are beside you till we go up with Jesus. As Jesus knew he was going to die before he came down to earth, somewhere in [redacted] heart, she knew she came into the world to save a life and help you through areas in your life that effected you [redacted] got you in her boat + [redacted] pattled as you to express I am so thankful that God gave [redacted] to you. You needed a friend like her, and I believe she is one of the best things that ever happened to you.

→ a football of a champion God would crown you of.

→ we ant like you, we love you

giving off the insentive you joke around as a way to express that you like them

Though a charm rare of its kind

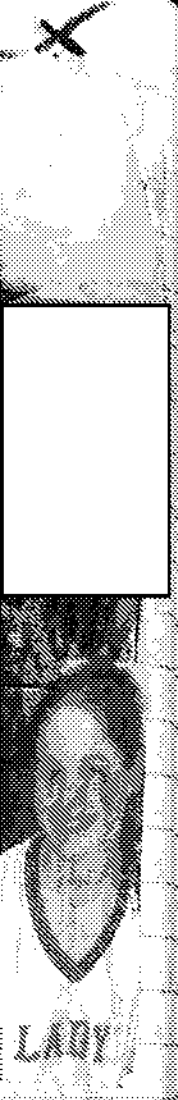
Struggling

FADING AWAY FROM MEX

b6 -3
b7C -3



When I dream at night, you are there with me. My dream realm in which your appearance is memorable to reflect on as I awake. Like all my dreams, I am fooled everytime because your presence feels real, but it is only an illusion. An illusive shadow creeps through the crannies between the dream realm + reality of my world - your presence haunts me from the outside. I reflect on a perfect image of how I see you from your outward appearance, fully rendered at 100% accuracy top to bottom; your eyes and your face - that face I know so well as I float along my daydream realm and my eyes - what I visually concur is a articulate masterpiece. Aesthetics are mastered in a mysterious cloak of beauty that is not revealed to me in the flesh, yet my curiosity runs like mad. I know its a danger to my vulnerabilities, yet I fall face foward into your arms as if they were there, but after I awake I live in a state of emptiness and haunted throughout the day, suppressing my thoughts of a dream never to live beside my awakened breath...



nin
Like
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e crannie
haunts
u from
tom; your
y dream
piece.
revealed
ger to my
re, but aft
orld of desire
ly, suppress

FADING.. yet your existance has never been as up close until

I dream more of you apart of it. Closer I get, the more I feel the heat compacting in my body until I self-destruct of obsessive thoughts visual fantasies in my mistead directorship. → w/ you as the main role of attraction You could say that I am past over my head, way beyond the clouds in my universe of depression + melancholy. Your best friend, my beloved, is the supporting role of attraction, though her effects after dreaming state are of the same qualities - illusive hauntedness from that "other soul" that is not recorded by her actual heart but one that was created by my own dreams, even more scary up front as a walk through the barriers of scene broken down in parts. Each part I remember, and its meeting you again. What could derive the dreams orgin is my constant desire to find you in the flesh again, though I never been able to. The feeling between you is unmutual, yet all I have is your living spirit and the illusive, dark ghostly one I can feel close enough to sense a touch by the finger to my shoulder - a tap on the shoulder and yet I turn and you not there. Even if in my dreams, you appear in trait and gait, characteristics of personality and behavior. In one example, I seem to remember nugging you as the poignant scene, though you were polite, not passionate. Its not phonyness, none at any definition you are opposite of its term. Just the seperation coping you struggle with staying at bay from arms of another - closeness. Its not shy, but its awareness + observative as if you know me in general terms but steer clear of deeper layers of me. Like molten lava the most hot innermost layers, to represent my fiery desires that mix of the heatened tenderness that eventually explodes untill it all cools down once its out - once I cry. You know that part of me, and those parts are figures of its own to haunt you. With that, you even express you faintly interest in me. Its a quick reunion, though you isolated from me. How my dream rendered your being internal intentions + physical structure was too perfect and a colossal of my tradgety to never be with you. [redacted] further into my dream was open arms with me, which I imagine what she could have done. the distinctive difference w/ you + [redacted] my sister far away. It baffles me and why my brain thinks that way to bring you to life, recreate you in an illusive form. Fading is my life, just as our picture fades over time. Nothing lasts, but I know your spirit will die w/ me.

b6 -3
b7C -3

6-30-20



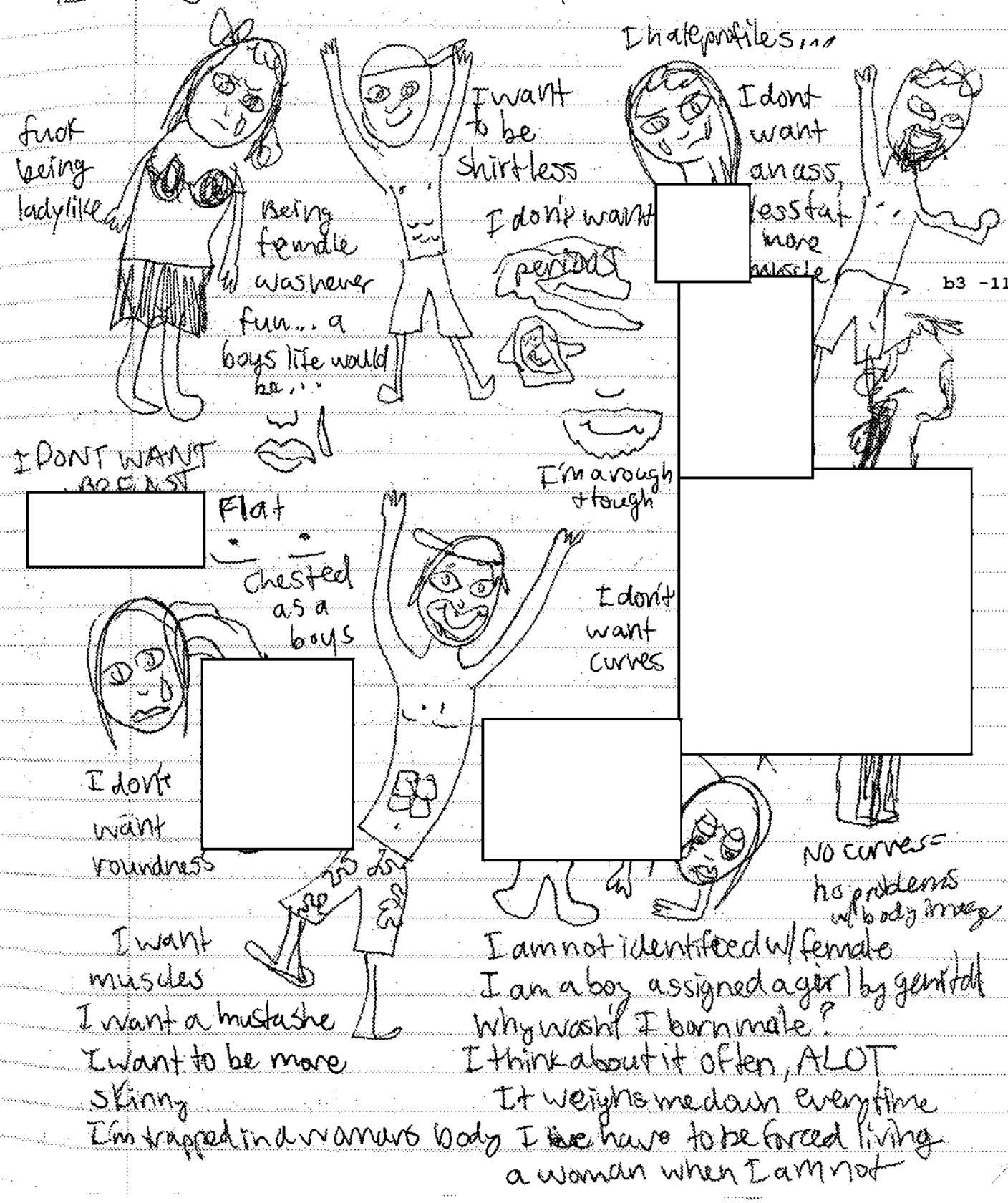


Dear Sydney,

Life has been so sad and numb without you. You could never know how I've felt since we broke apart. I missed you ever since we stopped hanging out together, and as we parted, I felt a part of my soul was gone forever. I have never felt the same again and friendship has been a bitter loss of reality to me. I feel lost to try again and to the point of not wanting to try again because I'm so numb to it all. I feel my heart is buried in the ground and I walk around angry all the time. You have made me very angry and I have my reasons to be, but underneath the surface is nothing but sadness and abandonment. Deep down I know you didn't mean to leave me alone when I needed you when I was hurting + sick. But from it I have a bitter seed planted in me and can't find it in my heart to forgive you because you hurt me so badly. that bitter seed has only manifested and make me defensive to everyone and keep my distance as far away from people cause my trust is broken from you. there is this powerful control you have over me and how I feel around people these days. I felt I've been taken away my worth + importance, and most of all new friends because my heart is hard and hateful filled with weeds + thorns of resentment. The thorns keep plucking + jabbing me - grunting me away from new opportunities to make memories. I don't want new memories w/ anyone else but you and [redacted] I know you can't be here, cause if you were able to, you would have let me know along time ago. I'm still hurt, but I can't even cry anymore because I'm so numb to it all. I'm broken hearted, solitude is my only comfort and safety - away from other hearts. I don't want to get hurt anymore, because being hurt from you hurt me the most more than anyone for how close we came as sisters. I can't say where we are, but all I know is how a part of me - happiness with you - is gone and dead.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Being Female Sucks...



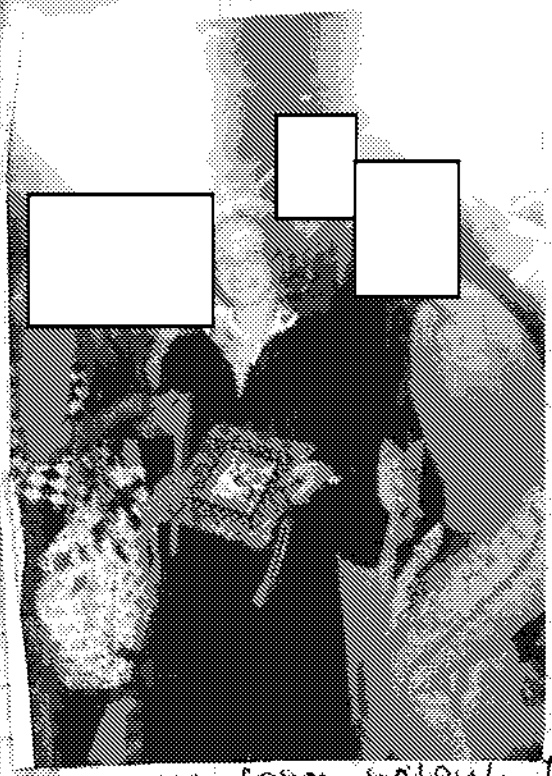
6·30·20

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] was there, my good friend I met on the track team at MLK, was only a sophmore when I graduated, yet had appreciation towards me like an adult. He hard was thoughtfull (as she had drew it best she could) that had me w/ my nike headband + all some of my favorite things plotted out surrounding the white space. I remember opening her present of the Mickey mouse graduation stuffed animal + liked it so much that I brought it to the State Meet the Day after. I remember [redacted] was the 1st one I ran into. She came at me in open arms as she exited the Opry House. I remember she told me she ~~[illegible]~~ followed me out - a close friend once over so near. [redacted] love shined those two days. When she hugged me it felt as though she was proud and could feel it in her arms. I'll never forget [redacted] showing up to my state meet after graduation. I know all of them made sacrifices for me, + no one I can think of more is [redacted]. It was the hardest to get the ticket to her w/ little to no reaching out. I pretty much did a wild gamble w/ [redacted] and hell, she really came through like no other. She was willing to dress up and look good for me despite all ~~[illegible]~~ her life's problems she had to juggle + battle with. I could say it was a miracle, although I know for [redacted] being best friends w/ [redacted] I know she helped and maybe even told [redacted] that if she didn't show up, my heart would be broken. [redacted] looked out for me + had my back like I knew she would, no different than the assured feeling w/ basketball. I remember them all gathering around me as if I was in a place of paradise + love like I never felt in my life since they picked me up as a young kid when I made the buzzer shot one home game in middle school. I was in a huddle w/ my team - my tresures who I love + still love, who smiled w/ me, celebrated w/ me, and took the picture proof that I was ~~[illegible]~~ the happiest one in that graduation class that night. "We don't like you, (pause) we love you" as the line I'll never forget [redacted] say. Another one of her original kidding around. It was the best day of my life. It still is to this day and haven't found one better yet. I don't know it I ever will.

floating around me.

I asked if she could come. I'll be there and she was. She kept her word solid as a rock.



6·30·20

I came across this picture today... my 2014 Graduation that took place 6 years ago. I remember the most important moments to me. [redacted] calling me telling me she will be there, the last time I heard her say to me "I love you". Syd called me too, told me she loved me and that she was so excited to see me, that she couldn't wait to. I remember the rehersal, all the way to the line up to walk down as the music played, the auditorium doors open. I decorated my hat w/ basketball + toy story ribbon so my friends who left before me would recognize me from below. They were on the balcony, and I even had a special feeling [redacted] would be there too with [redacted] I felt a mixture of feelings - happiness, excitment, but also relieved that I would even walk across that stage + that no one knew how hard it was for me to get there. Those 4 years were some of the hardest in my life, dealing with loss/grief, separation, loosing friends, classes that I could have failed, and to this day I don't know what saved my ass from all of it. I just knew it was Jesus. Back then my faith was most hightened and alive in (rebirth) ... such unbearable bain stricken times. But when I sat near that stage, all of that was put behind me + I recieved the greatest gift/reward, not my diploma, but their friendship from them. They = [redacted] Syd, [redacted] + even dispite the fights me + [redacted] had, she came too with nothing but love + embrace. As my name was called, my heart was beating fast enough till the butterflies burst out of me as soon as I walked up those steps. I shake all the hands as I hear my name being chanted. I heard [redacted] the loudest among those cheers, I know I did, and [redacted] got apt from her seat + hugged me. That woman was there for me always at NSA a true friend. She knew how much that day would mean to me + those I cherish in my heart, that had heart to show up. And it only got better after I found them. I was smiling so much my mouth hurt, but everything fell't just right - everything I hoped for on that faithfull night was all in the palm of my hand.

b6 -3
b7C -3

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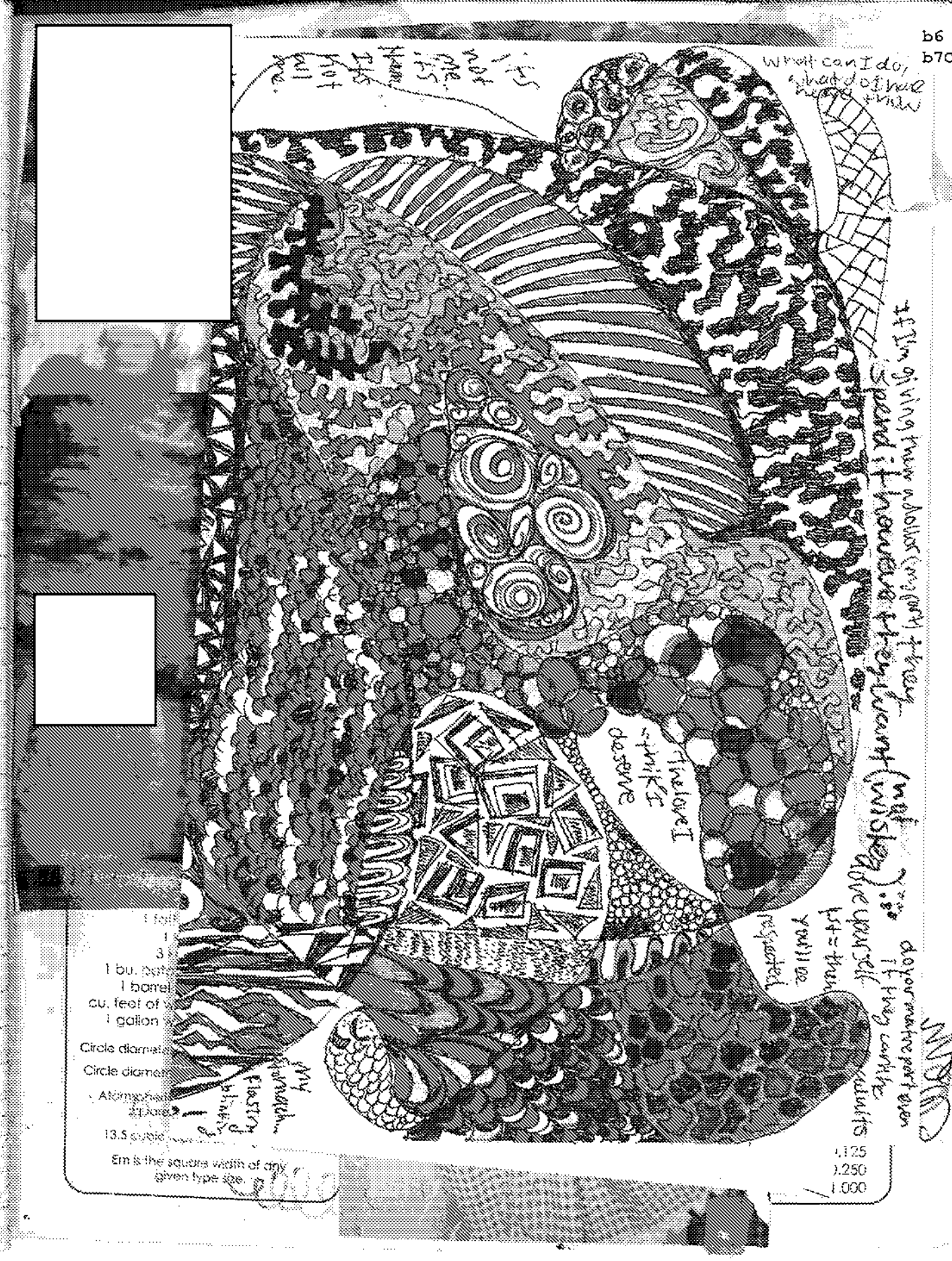
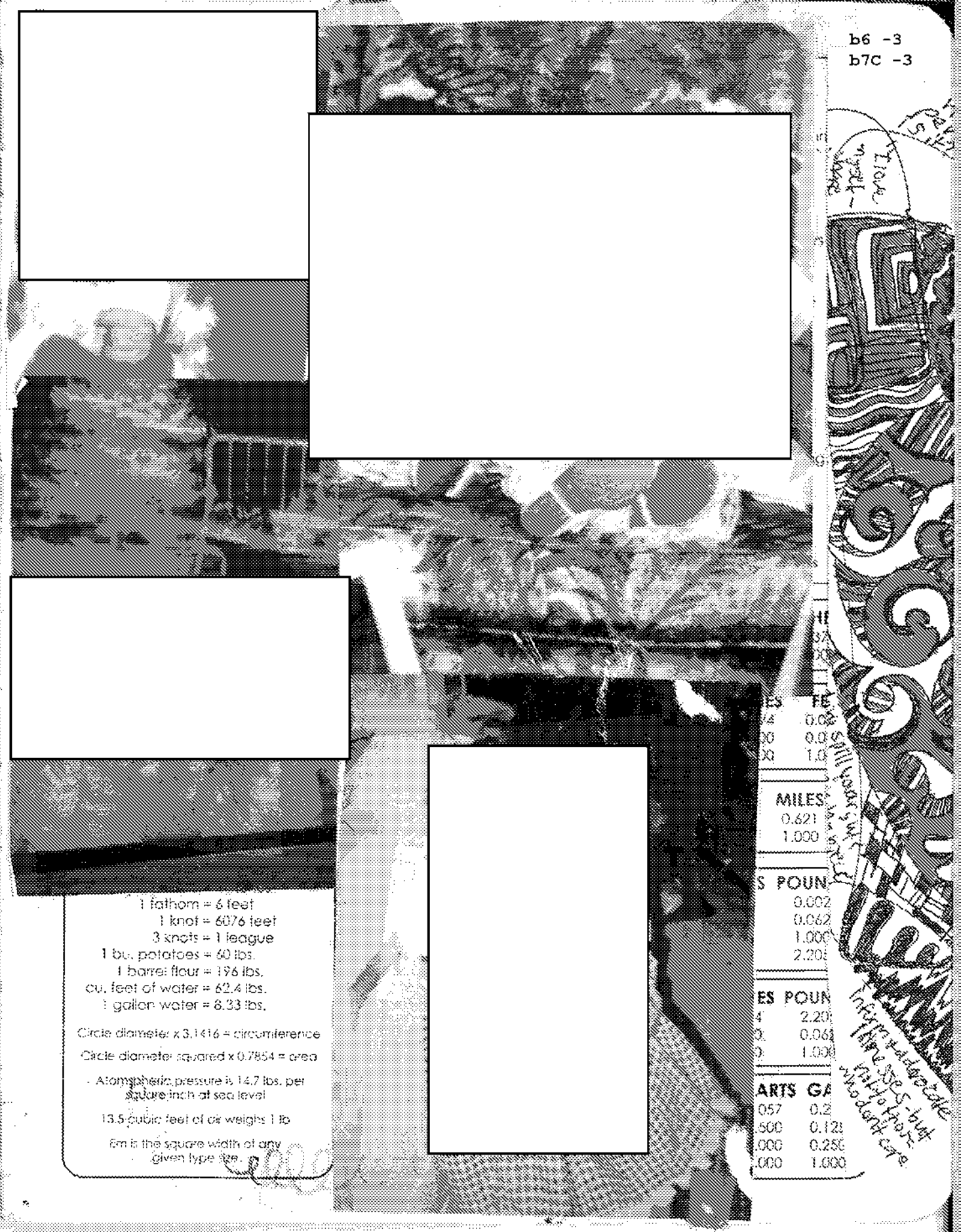
My Gay
Rain isn't
worth
shit
Being
Gay
Sucks

b6 -3
b7C -3



What can I do, what do I have here to know
It's not me. It's them. It's not all me.
If I'm giving them a dollar (my part) they spend it however they want (not wisteg)
Thelove I think I deserve
1 bu. pat
1 barrel
cu. feet of w
1 gallon
Circle diamete
Circle diamet
Atomiphe
13.5 cubic
Em is the square width of any given type size.
.125
.250
1.000

b6 -3
b7C -3



1 fathom = 6 feet
1 knot = 6076 feet
3 knots = 1 league
1 bu. potatoes = 60 lbs.
1 barrel flour = 196 lbs.
cu. feet of water = 62.4 lbs.
1 gallon water = 8.33 lbs.

Circle diameter x 3.1416 = circumference

Circle diameter squared x 0.7854 = area

Atomspheric pressure is 14.7 lbs. per square inch at sea level

13.5 cubic feet of air weighs 1 lb

Em is the square width of any given type size.

MILES
0.621
1.000

S POUN
0.002
0.062
1.000
2.205

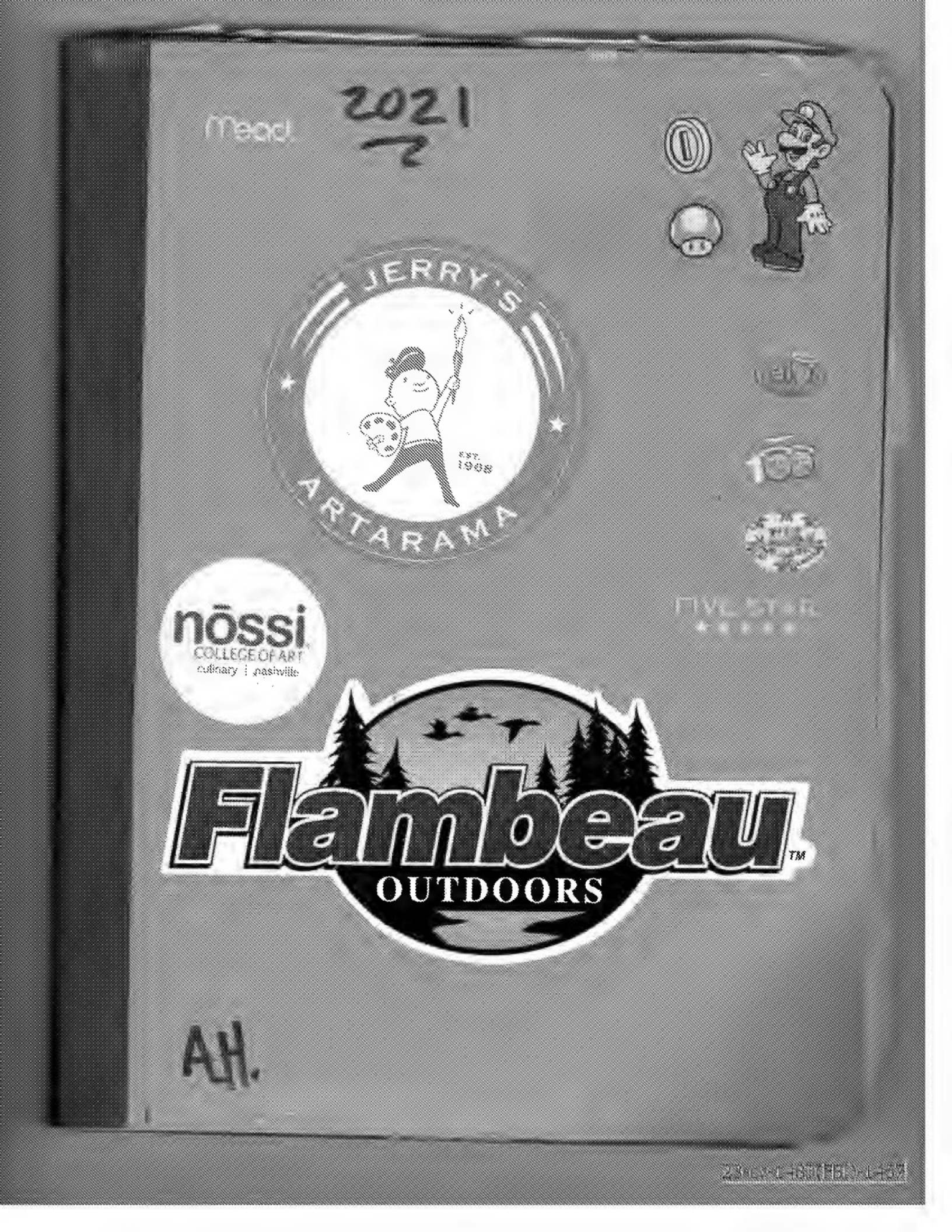
ES POUN
4 2.20
0. 0.06
0 1.00

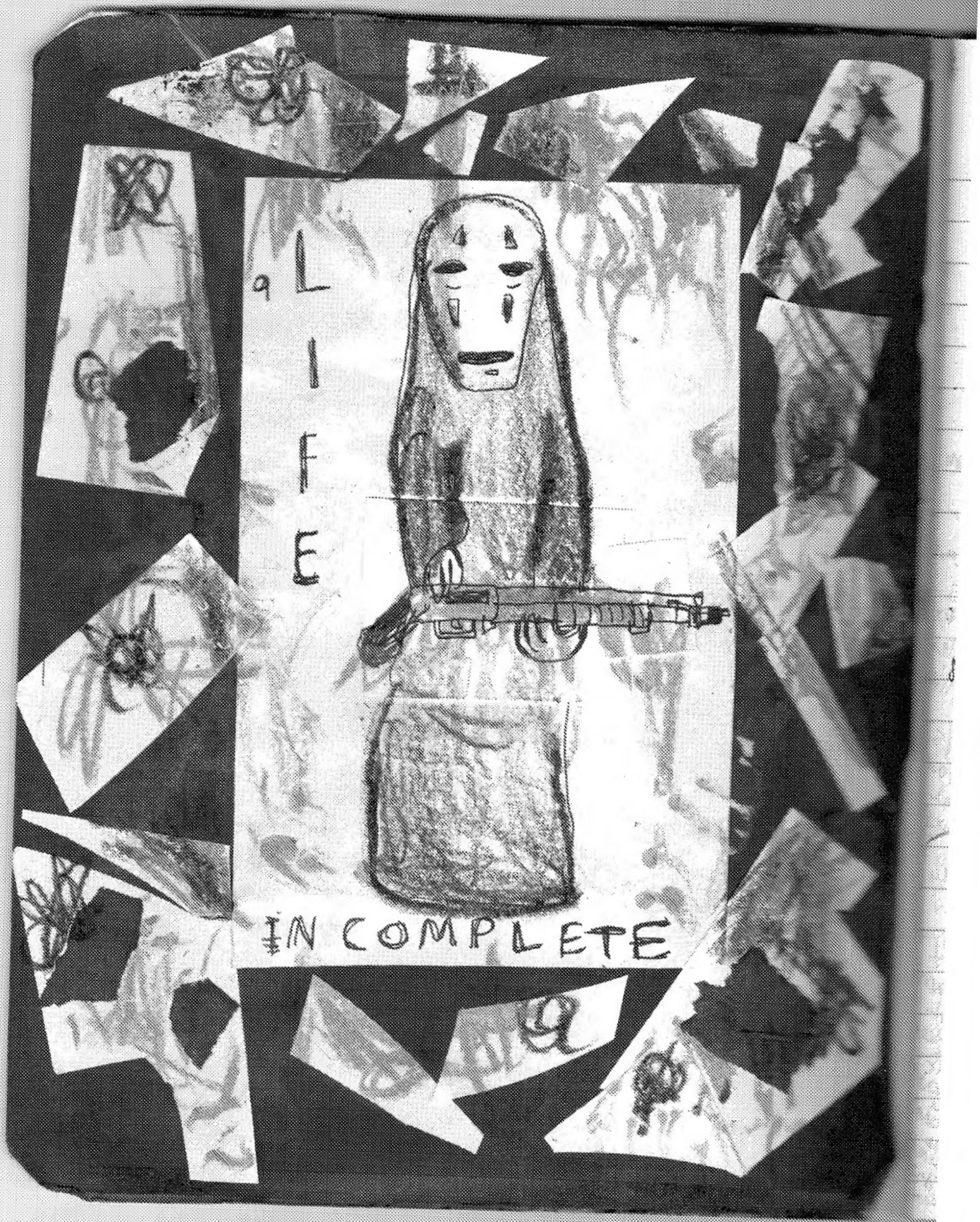
ARTS GA
057 0.2
500 0.12
000 0.25
000 1.00

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1454

Spend it however they want (within reason)
do your mating rituals
Twelve
spirit
drone
requested
my


2019-
2020
Audrey
A.H.
pages
POWERING
HEAD WITHIN
BUZZ
Chiquita
Chiquita


Mead
2021
JERRY'S
EST. 1908
ARTARAMA
nōssi
COLLEGE OF ART
culinary | nashville
Flambeau™
OUTDOORS
A.H.



23-cv-1483(FBI)-1458

[redacted]

My [redacted] Final Journal

[redacted] (1-28-21)

I didn't think I would come this far in the [redacted] thoughs/process I have been meditating in my mind.] My mind is dark, but as dark as you percieve it. I have proof of my illness; those who see it as a lie or an act will think different once my meditation is complete and in attack mode - lunge on the vunerable pray. It is the only thing in life that I will "complete" - and that is to masterfy my death at an upmost tradgic level that the world has not seen in a long time. I cultivated it + protected my fate. It has incubated, pre-maturly grown from infant into a mature-head on deadly threat. My victums - my precious victums will tip the scale a fragile weight between thick + thin success in tradjety. I think of thier future in great trama + loss they will witness as well as those arround them will link to them in disbelief - morn with them. Lives, at least the meaningful ones (those who made a legendary impact or less than) have to even sacumm to thier death because they are not worthy - cursing the world to achoware. It's what makes them legendary - thier impact (positive) light they leave behind to others that will impact my infamous place in history and my (negetive) dark affect. My story is semi-based cause + effect. The meaningless souls will be wished by me to die - manipulate ignorant humans into a manipulative clone society - causes me to hate based on my shrude. The effect of my find + day. All the pieces that are important to me, but will never have in my grasp, will unfold as [redacted]

[redacted] A Life Incomplete [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

I am still breathing not feeling alive worth a shit. Life is dead-weight

b6 -8
b7C -8

I Have No Real [redacted] (1)

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

(1-20-21)

I don't know what are a real [redacted] I don't care what [redacted] says, cause not all of what she says is true. [redacted]

I don't know what "having a lot of money" is [redacted]

I [redacted] I wouldn't isolate + ignore him so much. I stopped talking to him. I don't really talk to anyone or want to. When it comes to the relationship between [redacted] + I, I keep that shit to myself. Cause There is only one consistancy [redacted] has in any realm of life. [redacted]

[redacted] that would really suck from me because I [redacted] can't ever get away [redacted] unless I take my car + drive away I wouldn't breath. [redacted]

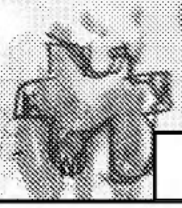
I don't give a shit about social media + it's stupid - a total waste of time. Even more stupid [redacted] on that shit. [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



NO REAL [redacted]

(1-30-21)

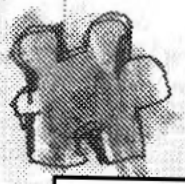


[redacted]

[redacted] This happens ALL THE TIME. Its ugly consistancy, [redacted] to live with it everyday. I do therefore I love to say [redacted]

[redacted] Why do I think I [redacted] I can walk away everytime [redacted] even if I don't look. I choose [redacted] not to, [redacted] I fondly looks me in tight fr of desiring [redacted] I have to rush to put my earphones in all too often cause [redacted] IRONIC. [redacted] makes no sense. [redacted] but its [redacted] clear to me. [redacted] Nothing worse than having these [redacted] 3 symptoms in common [redacted] I have been acting nice and holding my anger all too long. [redacted] Only the early memories [redacted] I'm sick of my life [redacted] the big shit apart of it.

b6 -8
b7C -8



No [redacted] Best Friendship



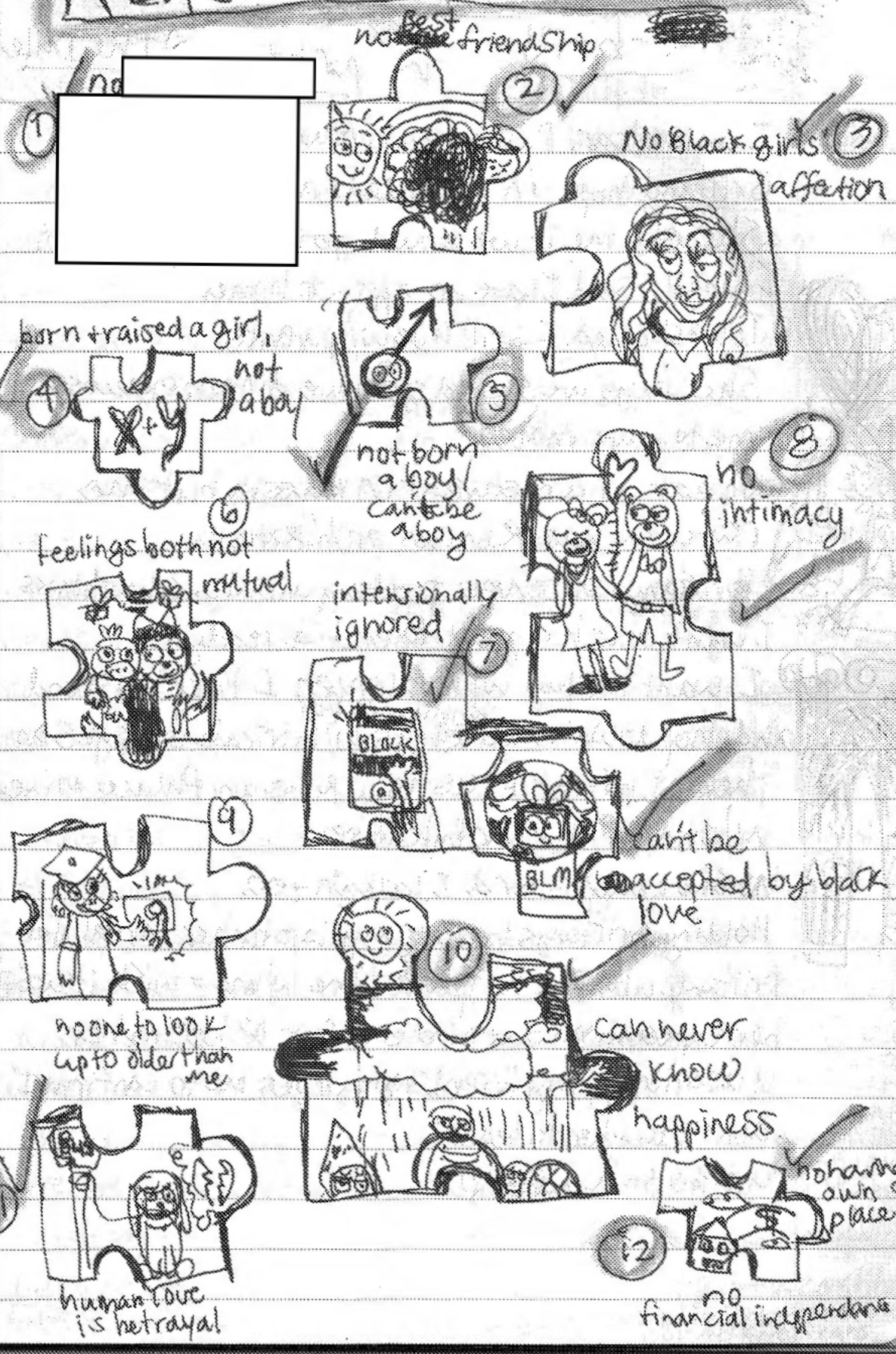
(1-31-21)

[redacted]

A best friend that never was.

My best friend is DEAD and she is never coming back. I don't know what a best friend is like having to do things w/ all the time. If she/he is not like me and not into my interests, we can't be best friends. That "best friend" I had [redacted] after I graduated high school does not count. Why? Because it was only TEMPORARY. That shouldn't happen if there is true mutuality between both. It was only an illusion of what I thought was real. I was just living in a dream, and then I woke up and she wasn't around anymore. What I thought was beautiful was really a disguise to tarnish my importance. She proved to me I am nothing because she was nothing [redacted] of a reality. My reality? NO one there. She [redacted] said she loved me, but did she really? NO. NO one means anything anymore because the only love [redacted] that's a trend is the stupid facebook heart emoji is. Best friendship is a total fake. She proved that to me. Friendship can wither and die - it is not the rose, thornless & glowing. It's the weeds that [redacted] ate up all the growth. Petals wither & shrivle up, the stem droops, it dies in the earth. Sometimes it returns, other times, it doesn't. My life I shortly had, held delicatly, is gone forever. Human best friend does not exist because I do not belong to humans. [redacted] I am an animal. Humans apart of society don't want to be a best friend to me be cause I do not exist in thier world. Same-sex best friendship is dead. Friendship is an illusion & not worth committing to.

A Life INCOMPLETE:



b6 -8
b7C -8

b6 -8
b7C -8

Dream Log
2-6-21

part 1 "the Date"

I am in a car. Pull into driveway. [redacted] hops in car. needs a ride [redacted]
She asks me if we could go to my apartment.
I moodily said I have no apt. or home.
Too ashamed I still live [redacted]
She says we should go have dinner expects me to have money.
We eat at a restaurant in Russia but the restaurant has Roman architexture. [redacted] observes I ate quickly. She thinks I want our hang out to end already.
I want to stay w/ her longer. I take her hand and hop down huge monumental steps w/ intricate designs on them. In front of us is a Russian Palace mixed w/ Indian style architexture.
We she laughs and I laugh too.
Holding [redacted] hand = my love for her in real life [redacted] wanting to spend time w/ me = wish it was real
her expectations out of me = fear of loosing her
questioning my friendship = urges me to confirm I don't want her to leave.
We go on a date♡

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1464



2-4-21

That dumbass criminal is out of office, but that doesn't mean that I vote for Joe Biden because I fully like him. Its one thing passing the covid relief bill, its another to attack the NRA.

How more ignorant can a president possibly get? Does America think 1 person can stop the nature of violence. NO!! Violence is never going to end. Its been born with the earth + molded into it like soil ~~for~~ an lava rock. Nature of organisms + ecosystems runs its course, naturally. No human can stop nature, → scientifically or psychologically of other humans not even the president. I hate ~~when~~ the presidents phrase "For all Americans" because he is really NOT for all Americans. Hes just for Americans who strive for justice and stuck in social issues like poverty or lack of education or financial instability. Instead of changing tax rates or promote mental ~~[illegible]~~ why does it conclude guns are neath can the problem? Guns are revolutionary, powerful, + resourcable tools. If Biden says hes for All Americans, he doesn't even know or what the fuck he's talking about. Is he for gun owners? NO. For mentally ill subjects. NO!! Gun control is ~~the~~ the dumbest most ignorant thing a president can do. If your attacking the IRS to stop buishesses + ban guns, your literally taking away a consitutional right - the right of the people to bear arms do buisness. Bear arms doesn't always mean violence. It also means self-defense + protection. Guns can save rather than just hurt. If he thinks he can end violence by banning certain guns in our country, hes ignorant. You can't erase criminal + mass murder history. It can't be undone, nor can you shift its nature within man. You take away are guns, its YOU who are evil because you are against consitutional rights: freedom of speech + belief. Baring arms constitutes my beliefs. + Beliefs defie a person. Take away that right + you are not for All Americans.

nothing worse than an anti-gun politician or group they all suck balls

(but highly intelligent)

in Hell

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1465

Dream Log

2-6-21 part 2 "The PARTY for Kids"

I am at a party. [redacted] is young, about 12 or 13. I am invited. [redacted] is there.

Blue + pink mixes of luminating lights a big fish tank w/ lego castles + fish figurines and Disney-theme toys. (1990s-2000s)

b6 -3, 8
b7C -3, 8

We play games and dance.

Another girl (half Indian / half white origin) picks a fight w/ me + I walk out.



[redacted] later finds me. I tell her I didn't want that Kid's "drama" to ruin her birthday. We are in a mall outside the sport place. I am laying on the floor lo[illegible] in a book key osk that is semi-circle

I call her my best friend. She puts her arm around me and we are both happy. Puberty is mentioned a few times by her family + [redacted] around phone-like chairs

[redacted] was a little girl transforming to a little lady. Her brown skin looks beautiful in the lumination of lights + colors. I and her family tile perform a play and tell how each character applies to themes of life - being lost, being hungry or relapsing, being a hero, ext. "puberty scarades on a phone stage



At the end, a boy tries several times to hold [redacted] hand. Each time she is more forceful to tell him stop

I carefully watch in the corner of my eye.

I wish I was able to hold her hand instead.

I was relieved [redacted] rejected him, because I was not rejected. I felt I had [redacted] heart.



(2-7-21)



whoever thinks I am bullshitting with my mental diagnosis, they need to re-evaluate themselves. I do NOT lie about my mental experiences. They are real, and you people don't think so, because you are not me. We are nothing alike in any sence, because you keep telling me I need to calm down. First of all, no one should tell me what to do. Secondly, what is raving in my head, full of anxiety, is expressed in no need of desperation. At the end of they day, you people think I make up shit just to get bad attention. Well, you are WRONG. You people are just bullshitting yourselves at me and do not accept my mental instability. You can tell, those of you I have small contact with, that there is something off about me that makes you uncomfortable, or make you anxious. I can be a toxic person, for toxic aliens like me are on another planet, apart from worthless American society full of white religious old people + you dumbfuck retard red-necks living out in the woods w/ your shotgun + camoflange tree hood-type hoodies. For me to be invalidated by beautiful black woman, it only fuels my hatred and increase my isolative behaivors. My desires to kill are strong, but a black woman's heart is much entirly stronger. Their love is capable to save, but CHOOSE to leave people like me alone. In thier minds, black people matter and white people don't matter. Well, they are right. I DONT MATTER to black woman I assosiated w/ as a whole, not in parts. One betryer who is a black female can negetivly alter my perspective permenantly, but it takes a colaborative effort of expression-validation for alienation to decrease.

who ended up in a mental hospital program

that can fire automatically

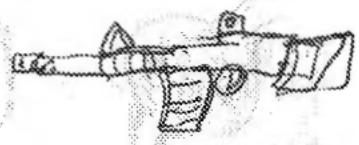
un-touched by this friend

1 or two admirerers

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1467



2-3-21



I want to become a trained gun shooter. I'm so eager and anxious to learn. God, I want to take my lessons now so bad. My guns have been stored in my case for months, just sitting there. Its hunger for some action, & so am I. Research can help me learn the basic rules of owning a gun, storing it, [redacted] how to be safe, or label the parts of a gun. I know my rifle and its parts for the most part, but I am afraid I might struggle w/ the disassemblage & knowing its internal parts. I am not an expert gunsmith, I don't manufacture & make guns. I am nothing but a gun owner dieying to fire a weapon w/ accuracy & precision. If I want my death to be successful, I must practice my shooting, learn from the pros., and learning all the ins & outs of the weapon. I need to clean it well, lock them well, store them in acceptable care. If I don't get past these pre-liminary steps, how to fuck will I be able to be up to the challenge outside the range? I don't know what will happen. If I recieve the proper training with the amount of hours to extend my knowlege [redacted], I will be more comfortable in owning my gun. Right now, however, it's just fucking nerve racking. I really hope I can keep my progress going by the time summer comes. My guns are calling me & dieying to be held & fired. The major purchases are complete. Its time to become educated, & manifest new skills [redacted]. If I can nail the basics, maybe. I know not much about guns when it comes to firing it, clean, assemble, reassemble. I don't learn fast, but I hope I get used 2 it.

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1468



FUCK RELIGION

Fuck all of you old white lady, while man religious people. You people hate my homosexual ass. You all should die, its you who are evil to not accept us, not our "sinfull" behaivors of sexual preference. I believe you people should die because you spend too much time devoting to your religion, you think every one of your beliefs should tie to all thats wrong w/ the world. I am not wrong, but you would tell me so [redacted] says gay is a sin & God burned a gay city in ancient times. Fuck the Bible & fuck the 10 commandments. Anyone can break that shit, even you noble "holy" religion activists - cause at the end of the day, you sin too and are not worthy. Fuck churches that are white based and traditional, not accepting sexual orientation diversity. You know what I think? I think the Devil should burn your churches to Hell. You think being active in your faith will save others? NO, it won't, because what you practice in is exuasting and its impossible to be perfect like God. I believe in God AND the Devil. The Devil has his demons in Hell that have possessed victums since the 1700s along where mentall illness was not known & witchcraft was a problem. If you call or play w/ the Devil, his demons will come for you. Ghosts & apparitions are real, just as real as God himself. Darkness can come after you and you will turn away from God. The Devil is not far. Just wait till your rock bottom life comes. The God can save, but the Devil is capable to end your life. Be aware of Religion.

all you hypocrite old white ladies who pride in church but are some greedy selfish roads sticks thinking we aren't north you arrogant insocial status at the end, think about when you will die instead of wasting your time expecting you to please God, b/c you are no different you from me. I call should die w/ your 2-sided hypocritical ways. If you scared of the Devil, then you don't believe in God truly. You are weak & you are weak, not holy being

I think

labeled to you as "evil" or "protane"

well your your beliefs studies

the rules of

& you make the Bible - & Jesus true facts of healing look bad,

(whoever does not accept all kinds)

→ pple will only really appreciate your giving

& I don't practice religion

let's sneak in

or are even vunerable to subcansiously

if you are vunerable & weak nor spiritual thinker

b6 -3
b7C -3

3 NO BLACK GIRLS' AFFECTION

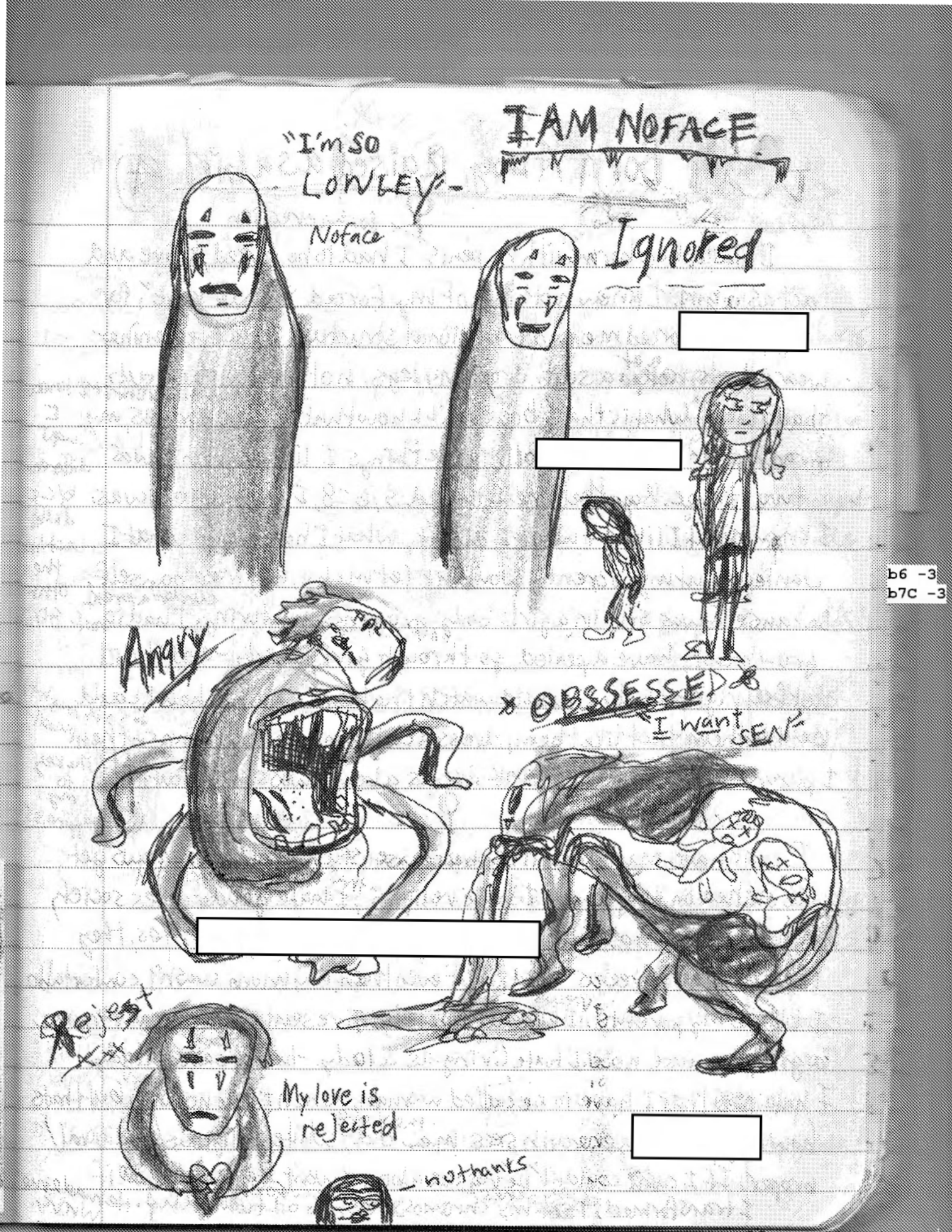


Noface wanted SEN. Noface was obsessed w/ SEN. Noface is so lonley. Noface wants SEN's affection. SEN rejects noface not once, but 3 times. The more he was rejected, the more his monsterous form grew, bigger, massive, his obsession drove him ~~crazy~~ mad, desperate for attention, bad attention to drag SEN closer to him.

I am white.
I am gay.
I am a
I am a boy
in disguise.
I am not normal.
And you can't

I want you. But you don't need me. You and I can get lonley. I want your affection, but you reject me. the more I am rejected by your love, the monster in me grows massive, my obsession for you goes mad, desperate for attention, leading to bad to drag you in, but you resist & move further back.

numb & sad


I AM NOFACE
"I'm SO LONLEY-
Noface
Ignored
[redacted]
[redacted]
Angry
OBSESSED
I want SEX
[redacted]
Rejest
My love is rejected
[redacted]
-nothanks

b6 -3
b7C -3

Born A boy, Raised as a Girl (1)

b6 -3
b7C -3

♀ for an erection

I was a boy born with no penis. I had to be forced to live and act as a girl. I knew nothing of my forced "gender role", for [redacted] forced me in a traditional structure to act feminine wear a dress, not a suit. Cross my legs, not stretch them out. "Lady like." What is that? Boys don't know that. Boys act different, I knew I was different. I had Barbies, [redacted] made me a doll. Those things I liked when I was two-three. By the time I turned 5, 6-8, I knew who I was. I knew what I liked + what I didn't, what I hated and what I wanted. But [redacted] wouldn't let me be, my true boy self. because I was still in a girls body, growing + maturing. I had to grow breast, have a period, go through girl puberty - and it did not feel right at all. I would watch the boys and wished I could be like them - act like them, dress like them, do boy things. Then I picture myself what I'd look like as a boy, I was missing out.

♀

I can't have man qualities, because stupid religious views get me shitted on - rejected. I hate religion. I hate gender roles society forces you too be. I hate how [redacted] Yes, they let me be carefree as a kid, but even then [redacted] I blame [redacted], I blame society. I resent God for making me a girl, because now I hate living as a lady - being called a lady, I hate [redacted] that I have to be called woman when I am not one, but that's how [redacted] generation sees me. old / white / religious / traditional / proper. If I could couldn't be raised a boy, I won't be accepted if I transformed, for my genes my chromosomes are wrong. God fucked up. He made a wrong



Boy interests as a kid

- ANO1 shoes
- cargo pants/shorts
- like boy clothes
- wanted to wear my boxers
- no shirt - I thought it was cool/made me feel free
- played hotwheels + tech decks
- backwards hats
- liked to get dirty/played rough
- wrestled w/ my [redacted]
- climb trees/go outside
- played videogames
- tomboy
- played sports w/ boys
- fantasized girls on TV

Girl things I didn't like

- hated training bras
- hated wearing stockings/tights
- dresses/dressing up dread
- girly play dates
- hiding in a closet during a dress-up - princess tea party/dressed as a boy
- make-up/painting nails
- wearing feminine clothes
- forced to act "lady like"
- forced to wear feminine clothes to look nice by society
- playing w/ dolls but liked stuffed animals
- hair done - [redacted] doing my hair

- hated puberty (girls) (kind)

wanted me to (how [redacted] though I should act like my gende

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1473



2-10-21

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] knows I have a shotgun. Remark: "As long as you don't hurt anybody", You so fucking out of it [redacted] you don't even know what goes on [redacted] you're oblivious as fuck. Of course I want to hurt - I want to kill [redacted] You have no idea what goes on in my mind, and its an advantage. [redacted] - because it would be even more depressing [redacted] I have a lot less to loose. My life is already centered around my depressive thoughts - [redacted] isn't all bad, but it still sucks because I can't be left alone. I can't go about my day and only I know about it. [redacted] always wants to know where I am going or what I am doing - which is good I can't help feeling a little irritated I can't keep secrets to myself, because [redacted] aren't stupid - that is [redacted] knows. [redacted] But that's ok. Better to have [redacted] than none at all in that aspect. I wake up to depression everyday - waking up feeling total heaviness or dread that I have to live another day not going anywhere in life. I can't get out of the box if I'm stuck square in the house. Cause the more I stay in the house [redacted] the more I wish [redacted] and fantasize my death. My death I wish to be huge and [redacted] will not matter. Nothing in my life that has to do with me will matter anymore, not even my own mental + financial struggles. All will come to an end soon, whether people like it or not.

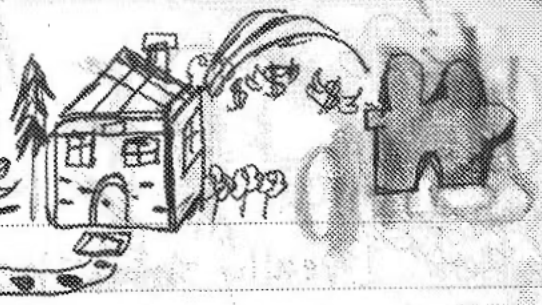
[redacted]



12

No Financial Independance

(2-10-21)



One of the worst situations to ever be in if your 25 or older; still [redacted]

Even worse situation; you STILL depend on them for your bills & finances. [redacted] doesn't make you more independent - it stumps your growth to be more independant. They hold you back, cause deep down, the can't let go of you and recommend what they want you to do instead of what you want. Your interests are less important either from being overprotective or it does not align with thier beliefs - from [redacted] perspective, they think they know whats best. 90% they do, but the 10% - no fucking way. Cause that 10% is what would make me happy. To transition, to have my own income not a goddam allowence. Teenagers in HS have an allowence or middle school, but not when your 25. Its fucking lame and unrelatable to my generation unless your severly mentally disable, where you are unable to take care of yourself. There are those like me more severe on the spectrum - but they have a validating excuse to still be dependant. College couldn't let me live on my own or have those on-campus living experiences. I still had to stay at home (just driving to & back from school). I've lived in the same place my whole life, & to me its total bullshit. I wish I was alone and ~~not~~ don't have to ask for no [redacted] approval. I should be out of my house & into my own by now. I can make my descisions & fuck anyone who suggests different. There, That would make me more supreme, more open to my intrests, I can truley be myself. I can be my own responsibility

no more [redacted] to be around & [redacted] won't have to worry [illegible] That is supreme at least

b6 -3
b7C -3

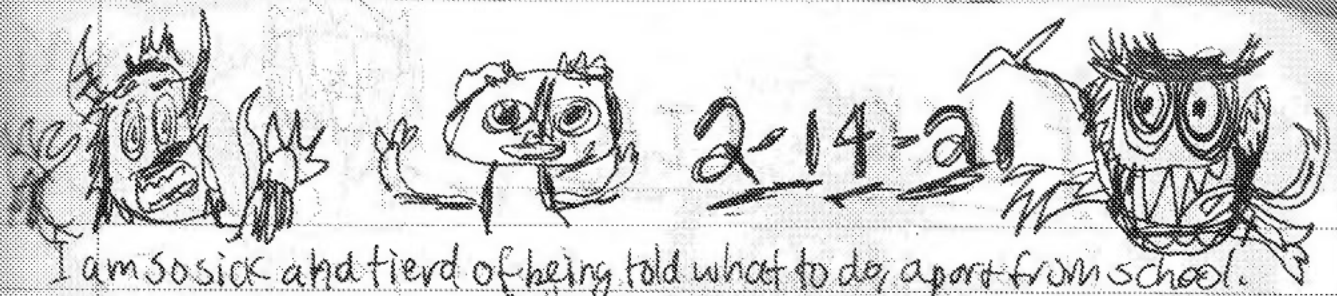


DEMON



I really feel there is a demon living inside me. I can feel it in my heart & in my bones. Cannot stop thinking of ending my life, for my death will be supreme. I think about my guns and how I want to use them when my final days come. Lives screaming, lives dying. I want to experience it. AND- If I go to hell, my demons will await me there - the ones that left my body somehow as soon as I was released from Renfrew. My ED is one demon telling me I should fuck off trying to eat. My other demon tells me my life looks bad in the future, & tries to convince me that better days are NOT coming - only greater controversy & struggle will come. The day I graduate is the day I have to have a job in the career. I don't know how I will get one, I don't see freelancing possible, because its all bullshit. I hate working w/ people - at least I feel that way if they aren't accepting me a person - rather a defect in their business. My dissabilities attract my demon, and my demon IS supreme, clever, and an angry god. There is so little I can control. I can't make decisions for myself - can't be my own man. It gives me more of a reason to die - the life I want is not what [redacted] wants, is what keeps me from a "bright" future. My therapist say it will get better. It never does. Its all Bullshit!!! I say (my demon says) FUCK support systems [redacted] controlling my life.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

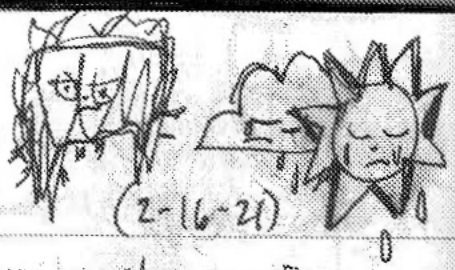


2-14-21

I am so sick and tierd of being told what to do, apart from school. I'm too fucking old and I fully know myself. No one needs to tell me who the fuck I am or who they think I are. - that's total bullshit too, and my demon tells me FUCK THAT. Demon says Kill [redacted] EVERY fucking day, Homocide on my mind for 7-4 yeans as my demon matures and I manifest it. Let him take over my thoughts, throw away my religious beliefs that was ingrained by [redacted] is not me, & she does not know the dark side of [redacted] I am [redacted] & disguise that hates [redacted] I have fantasized [redacted] . That would add excitment in my life - blow up all human heads that are useless, worthless, & pathetic [redacted] My demon says too many of you humans deserve to die, especialy you white mother fuckers & Frump supporters. All you dumb criminals die!!! us school shooters are elite because we have manifestos and valide motives. My demon grumbles inside me, restless itching to kill. I tell him - my final days are coming & he will unleash soon, we will soon both get what we want.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

FUCK LIFE



(2-16-21)

I hate my life sometimes. I wake up each morning and feel dread for many things - [redacted], being female having little to no motivation. Negativity is my niche, and its why most people don't want to fuck with me. I want to die - the most exciting point in my life will be my massive suicide, killing victums in the process. I can't wait untill that day comes. I always look forward to it when my depression is really getting the best of me. Its not just my inner darkness, but outside factors in my life that make it worse. There are things in life I really want, but the future looks bad. Its because its not easy to obtain them & too far out of my reach. I'm to far in estrogen to go through boy puberty. I had to go through girl puberty, the complete opposite in developmental sexuality. My vigina & breast is screaming to be surgically removed, & I am screaming inside to die. Occasional times I feel different, because thier are things I do have I don't want to leave behind - my animals, my beanies, my creative stories. They are important, & I want to keep them. But living in a world of chronic pain and depression, its impossible to ever be happy or positive for longitude of time. Its just not reality. I hate all you people who tell me try to think positive - that phrase is total bullshit & not encouraging. It is not my reality. When have I ever been truley happy? Happiness is not permenant it is only temorory, lasting a short time.

b6 -8
b7C -8

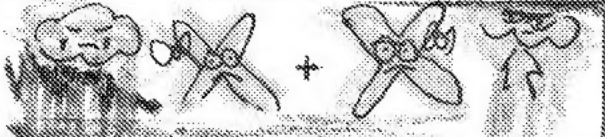
For Milo

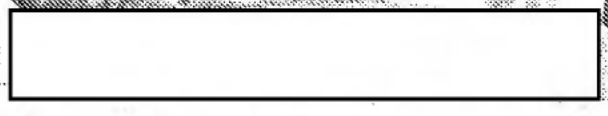
(2-15-21)

Evolved by separation by going through terrain
that was rough
a true friend - when I felt I wasn't enough
A rare treasure hard to find
a poetic & fearless spirit that lives beyond
age & time
We may be in different worlds but you remain
unforgotten
our friendship, I keep holding on
cause if I die, when I die, you are
with me to my grave
because you gave me no pain

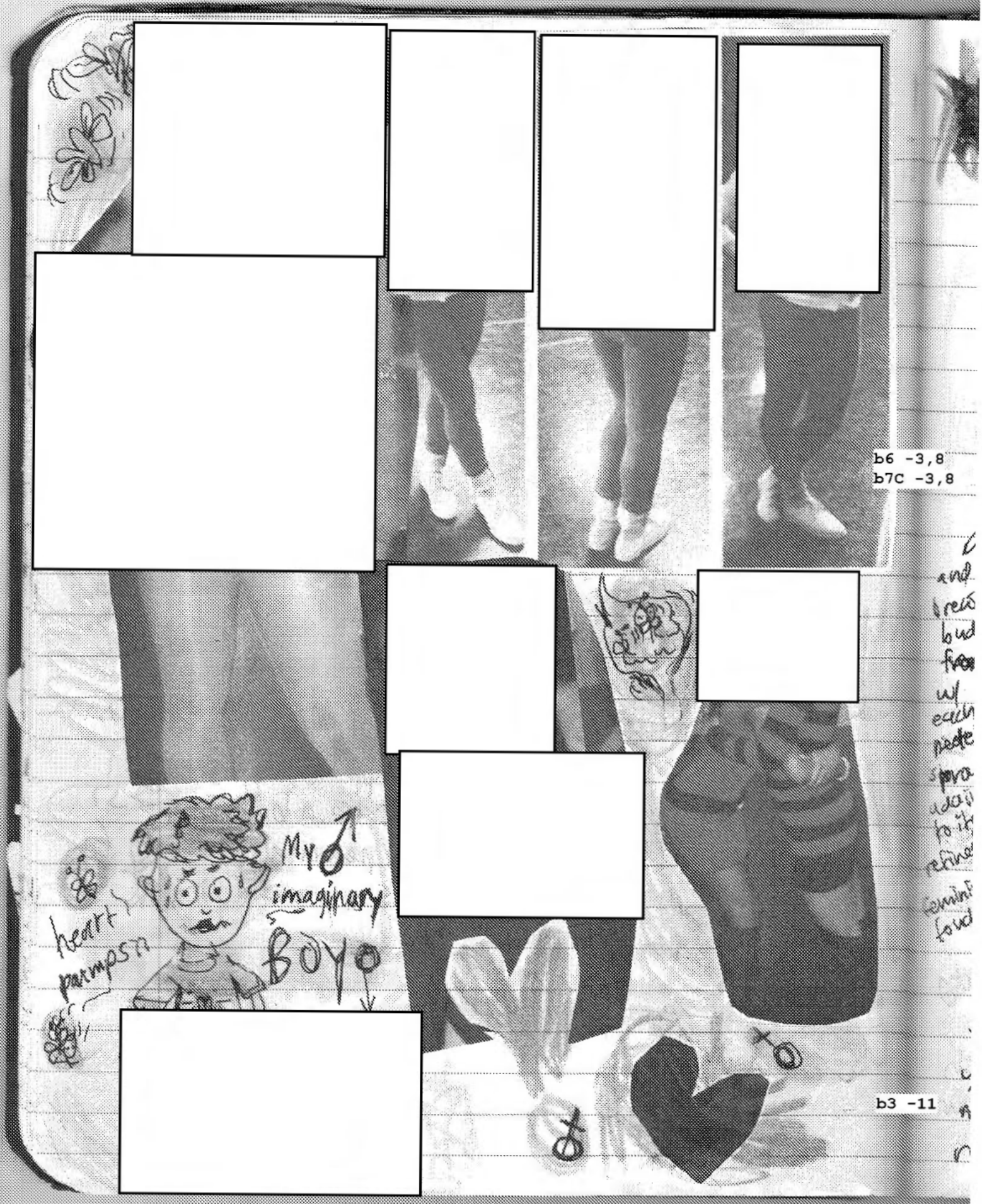
Born as X & X chromozomes, what happend to y?
y am a girl, y can't I be a boy?
y do I not have a boy personality?
its y I like girls - y am I a girl.

DARK REALISM





b3 -11



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

b3 -11

Your puberty gives me (gave) Hot Flashes. . . (2-16-21)



If I was a boy in real life, I swear to god [redacted] when I look at photos of you as a teenager or pre-teen, my heart beats loud and my body gets hot. [redacted] 10-11 or 12 yrs old you were already looking like a woman [redacted] The growth of your body fascinates me, as well as your puberty. From a little girl, to growing into that beautiful body of yours. [redacted] Black girls hit puberty a year before white girls. I hit puberty at 11, but I [redacted] had a smaller body type. [redacted] Observing photos of you through out your pre-adolescent - adolecent years mesmerizes me, as if I was a boy developing my sexual feelings - growing in strong + budding affection towards you. If I ever had a chance to be in your arms, my genitals would not keep quiet. My whole body would go off like a full-blown siren alarm loud enough for every girl to hear. I'm sure you made other boys' genitals go off like mine would - and I'm sure your boyfriend wanted from you to do the thing girls & boys do in love - birds & the bees. Reproduction/sexual maturity - I wish I could explore that sexual feelings of yours - what went on in your mind, your hormones, your body development from girl to young woman - I wish I could migrate through it all - hibernate in deep sleep while my heart still roars.

b3 -11
b6 -8
b7C -8



The rise and fall of vallies from your bottom, to the curve of your back that leads up to your neck is the soft leaves - up to the top - your face - that is the sun. Your smile radiates - reflecting your soul that is the sea - vast and mysterious. Your heart are the animals that roam wild and natural in thier behaivors. It roars and is heard all over the forest - lost in your flowing dark brown/black hair. - shades of night. Yet your eyes are the stars and your heart flickers the candle. A flame warm and friendly - a loving attraction. Your body and soul is an entire world I am diying to explore. But I cannot be your pioneer... (2-16-21)

b3 -11

(2-20-21)

I cannot stop thinking about you. I think about you, + think + dream + fantasize. IT NEVER STOPS. I dream of a story that you love me like I love you - that true love breaks all curses. Its a fairy tale, no one can be uncursed - unless the love in that beauty is strong enough to break the ceal. Our love breaks it in my fantasy - a world in my imaginary realm - sketch drawings, journals, my entire being breaths your soul. Your eyes lead into your soul. From one look, I plunge right into your spirit - and I'm "Spirited Awdy"

DARKEST Days

(2-21-24)



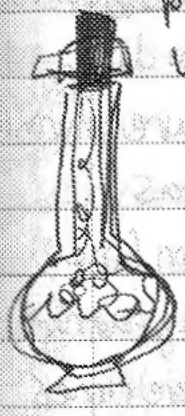
To truly appriciate the light of day
is to be in the depths of darkest night
screaming but they can't hear you
reaching, but they are not near you
what is nearest; cruelest demons
awaken ~~[illegible]~~ minutes to hours un- ~~[illegible]~~ rest
untill death arrests me from giving up
LIFE



Demon- Witch Complexity

(2-23-24)

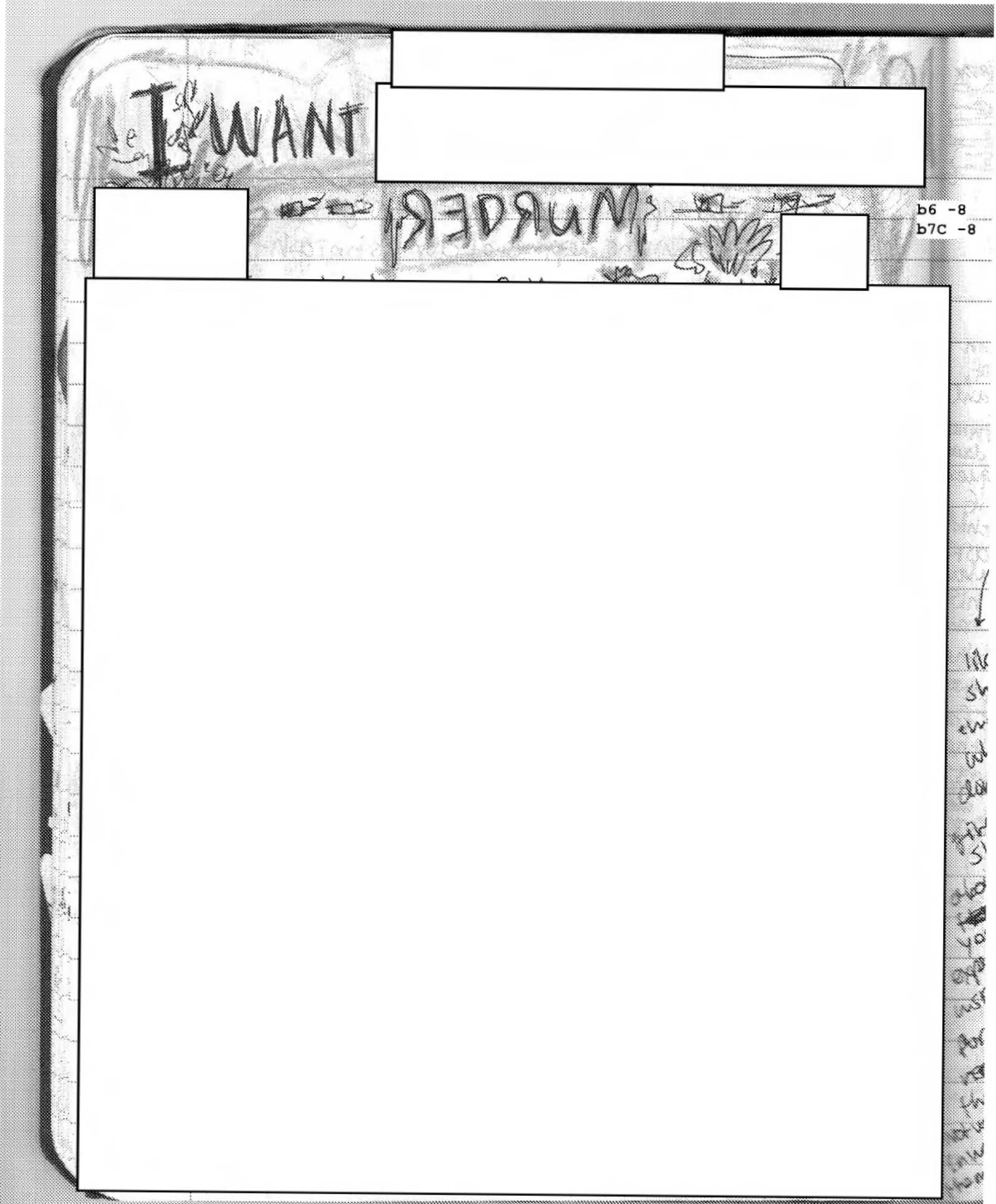
Bitten by my demons venom
poisoned by a witches' cult brewing
wake up to an ugly stench - clearing throat
a want to slit right down the middle
finding it a riddle
but I know what I am fated to do
dice it up - complexity in parts
thrown into my cult-witches brew
so he and I can be revealed
by a different smelling stench:
the ugly fake of a ~~[illegible]~~ cannibal
who eats sane & normal parts
not apart of our complexity
of poisones & venoms
I want to spit on you white bastards







b6 -3
b7C -3



b6 -8
b7C -8



FUCK FREELANCE!

(2-24-21)

I say, Fuck Freelance. Its one of the cruelest things in this whole goddam earth. Looking at [redacted], + the hell he went through with clients. If [redacted] how much more cruel clients can be. the ignorance cannot be any more prominant + the greed that they carry. Clients aren't worthy, no different than society. Knowlege + creativity within an artist is valuable and clients fuck it up, cause greed wants more, or opposite. they think your art is not valuable enough. [redacted] He, the employer, disvalues every part but himself, makes you inadequate

Even if all clients aren't bad, the concept of freelance itself is beyond a reality for individuals like me. Contracts, taxes, copyright - any of it can get out not of hand, for I know I will mess up more times than suceeding. If I can't even find a decent internship, how could I survive freelance? Its all bullshit - beyond my realm of understanding. If I don't have a job, I have no income, if no income, no house of my own, no house of my own, no decisions approved only by me, not [redacted]. My college colleage said that this buisness is hellish/messed-up. Well, she's fucking right. Only the brightest intellectuals can make it out alive not the incapables or disabled. My fate is not here. No fucking way. The creative buisness is dangerous and too competitive. I am a weak match for the real world, beyond the college bubble. My expectations exceed elsewhere.

like shitty employers who don't give a shit about your rental experiences use you for profit rest of themselves not valuing workers but themselves

exceeding his perfect expectations or just opinionate you cruel for no experience no value

b6 -3
b7C -3

(2-25-21)

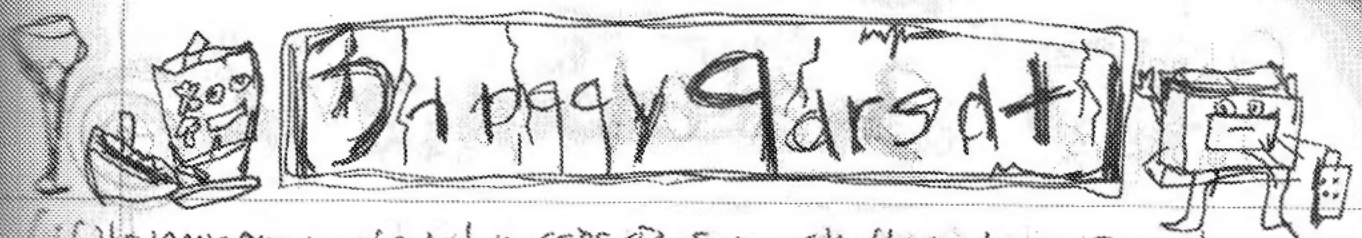


CRappy Parent



There is a difference - a distant margin between terrible fathers and crappy ones. Terrible ones ~~left~~ leave thier children & have no relationship with them, gave no financial or emotional support. He is not there ever, not once seen or heard - rarely spoken of, and the children never knew what so ever what their father even looks like, because the father just doesn't give a shit at maximum capasity - a total loser and a curse put on the struggling single mothers they face years of pain, tears, being poor, no fatherly or husbandly duties or guidence to behavioral problems & much more fulfill. Therefore, the child is left resentful, angry, self-esteem issues then there are crappy fathers. Fathers who are there, but not REALLY THERE for thier childs wants & daily pursuings. Either they are too controlling (too attached) to that child, making them live a life he wants for them - giving child no voice or personal interest of choice. OR, there are fathers who are indifferent to what a child goes through on a daily basis, whatever the case - not interested in his pursuings whatsoever (and get away w/ shit because he is too into his own world - only interested in himself & his work (all the while hates doing it all the same; no joy only stress & forceful signs of toxicity).

The crappy father is unable to connect w/ his children (whether it be personality, experienced-related or mentally ill). The children are don't know how to talk to them about personal matters or guide them through phases of life, they are even hesitant to ask something from them



(if its money, material possessions, or ask them to go somewhere). The crappy father does not care about spending time with the child, for he is overall avoidant & unconsciously ignore them like they have no child present (breathing breath) at all. The child begins to feel by adolescence to adult years that unhe/she does not feel there at all. because crappy father is too self-endulged to only think about what he is doing. Work is all that matters - self-care, personal hygeine, & relationships family matters all second to last & less paid attention to. They are not cruel, ~~abusive~~ however. They do not consult with drugs, rape, physically or verbally abuse ~~at~~ the child/ex wife, he does not cheat by other romantic affairs, & on the outside, he seems like a good man. Outside, Stress is his worst enemy, along with his demons tormenting him of past failures, urging him to consult rather in subtle coping mechanisms. (Ignore family, watch TV, for long hours in the day isolate, or curse at himself). - therefore does not ask for help, will never change in negetive behavior or mental health instability. As a result, leave a strong negetive impact on the child, the child is fueled by crappy fathers negetivity - the childs negetivity strengthens & doubles its power to affect the life of himself. Crappy fathers never change for the better they will never really be there, just a stranger in the house

[redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

School Shooters **3-2-21** Vs. Me 

A majority of the suspects who commited mass murder- particularly school shooters, had nothing to loose. ~~Since~~ they might have grown up w/ nothing, ~~others~~ having little to no privlages or support from any outlet. These kids had terrible parents (on drugs, abused them) who let them go to school in dirty rags, of course they are ~~so~~ vunerable targets to be picked on. Parents who are the most shitty don't give money support, loving support, ~~and~~ life wisdom. They abuse thier kids that only give them one thing: a great deal of pain. And then, going to school - they find pain there as well. the most recognizeable serial killers (like the Iceman, Jeffery Dahmer) was surrounded by ~~crazy~~ environments that gave them nothing but pain (school life, home life). serial killers & school shooters - in most cases had to endure tramatized childhoods that made them into killers. or the other major case was they had a mental condition that was not treated - no parent ~~or~~ were stable enough to help. Or

taking no good care of them

everywhere they went

or external enemies

parents had no idea.

I am different. My life is not shitty at that degree. My home life is overall ok, as well as school life. I wasn't bullied extensivly in my past [redacted] always gave me everything I needed despite our dissagreements. [redacted] at the end of the day try thier best, and although [redacted] has great contributions to my isolation, magnifies my mental illness; an overall feel of discomfort & negative affect [redacted] that makes me think of violence [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

School SHOOTERS & Me





At the end of the day, I DO have things to loose if ~~a~~ if I decide to take my life. I have privlages at school, access to money, a cozy room & a house in decent shape. I'm not a homeless kid, not living on dirt or in a crack house w/ no drug addict parents. ~~although~~ If [redacted] I would be poor & possibly on the streets if [redacted] I am lucky those situations did not happen - and with my own situations could have ended up living in a ~~sh~~ psych ward group. ~~Dam~~ or COULD HAVE BEEN my life is homeless CAPABLE to loose things, ~~and~~ I didn't grow up with nothing. But There is only 3 things that are great contributons to my pain - ~~[illegible]~~ but capable to prevent as such from happening my own mental illness (my worst enemy) and abandoning friends [redacted] I had ~~[illegible]~~ demons. ~~[illegible]~~ three things triggered to empower my depressions, ~~[illegible]~~ parts of my life, like true friends, for example are for the most part gone - and I have experienced abandoment at its ~~[illegible]~~ most vile contents outside of home life. A "true" friend in desguise of a shitty (Dumb bitch) one who all the sudden didn't care anymore. It has released demons in me that I never knew existed, but has been unleased for a good cause. Just because my home life is decent or crappy at times DOESN'T MEAN external forces encrypt brutal vidence into my brain. They sure as fuck do, thus realizing my supreme over worthless lifeforms who don't deserve me or my faithfullness. If I die, I will then behind loose my valuables (tanible or untangible) - my only regret when I leave.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1489

DREAM LOG (3-2-21)

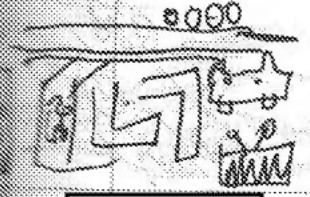


Setting: Big retail store, similar to Target but big like a Walmart style w/ huge white plastic shelves. the front of the store is clutterd w/ people in line. Cars packed in the lot but spread out as you transend onward further back until an array of fog covers trees plants

I walk in + weave around people I recognize, but I don't respond. I wonder why there are so many people I know, but not too much knowing of. I look at t-shirts w/ character designs on them like PJs or Halloween costume-type shirts. I run into [redacted] near the big red carts w/ small holes in them. I say hi to [redacted] at the same time. I ask [redacted] to say hi to [redacted] on demand. when [redacted] mugs at me in dislike, I demand her out of feeling sad. [redacted] affirms her voice by saying my name (as a way to let me let it go). "Audrey"

[redacted] works at the retail store. she knows a lot of the other employees. I walk around the store by myself, + head to the back of the store where the white shelves are relatively empty. Just games + mario figurings that look boxy. I want to take a few, but am abrupted by [redacted] and her friend [redacted] being loud, laughing + joking. they continue to do that until I sit on one of the lowest empty tin-plastic shelves. I acknowlege [redacted] + claim I thought she didn't like me anymore. I start to look sad, putting on an act for [redacted] to lure [redacted] in w/ interest.

b6 -3
b7C -3



DREAM LOG

"The Department Store"

[redacted] weaves my fingers through hers and kisses me on the cheek. It is not until moments later, where [redacted] does the same thing - like mimicing [redacted] feelings + actions so [redacted] attention can be mine - use another friends attention since they are linked to [redacted] friendship - wholesome + affectionate, that is what I yearn for in this dream - [redacted] love. Through out the small maze of cubical empty shelves, A huge flat screen-TV stands on the floor next to the store wall, near an employee double door. A couch, old 1900 style + purple, is mounted against a plain white wall - next to the toys (mini figurines). I recomend to [redacted] we should live ~~near~~ there - I imagine the couch so we could hang out + watch TV. After being with [redacted] for moments at a time - in warmness of her while she runs off to do chores around the store (such as locking down mechindise w/ big silver doors w/ chains to pull it down), she highly recommends I leave so she + her employee friends can "clean up".

Somehow I keep hanging around the back of the store where she + her friends were hanging out, noodling + fiddling w/ isolated toys + a racecar toy + track + game boards in the low shelves, perpindicular to a high shelve. I soon make some kind of mess, + [redacted] is pissed off, not knowing with fully who did it, because then she has to work later. I am so unset + guilty to her reaction I become more lonley + yearning for [redacted] presence. I end up hiding + sleeping in the store + leaves

enter ence

w/ road swirvy rectangles

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

(3-2-21) # DREAM LOG



The next morning I awake + I am accused of a bathroom display for sale being vandelized. I keep trying to persuade them I didn't do anything to damage the high-cost products within the store. Two boys apperently peed in the tub + trash can while other customers were disgusted. I even admit I witnessed them do it. Instead, the angry sales lady manager blames me for sleeping in the store overnight. I am sent to the manager office. Inside, a mannican lady dress clothes propped up against the tatty green wall paper w/ white embroidery at the corners of the floor. She tells me I am fired, but am freaking out like I lost a job I never had. It may be that I was prohibited to come in the store again - my biggest fear that I would never see [redacted] again. Luckily [redacted] finds me + helps me to escape - flying through the store + never locking employee only doors. Once I are in the parking lot and see tells me I should drive home. However, her sweet presence keeps me running back to her. [redacted] + her friends' car is a van. Eventually [redacted] leaves w/ them and I am left alone in the scattered car parking lot w/ thick fog + misty eyes.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] = the connection she has w/ [redacted]
store = been shopping alot
the toys = my isolation from playtime w/ others
[redacted] kiss = what I desire.
parking lot = a heart-sickening dreadful goodbye as I have experienced

High school

DREAM Log

2 Dream: Don't remember what night it was,

"SCHOOL GHOSTS"

School makes one lay one start to go missing, in my classroom. Desks in a row vertical, light-sun windows. The school has a lot of narrow hallways & tall stairs, wide in diameter. I start to pretend I am missing. I hide in bathrooms next to the small cafeteria that has green walls - it feels like a prison layout. The hallways are narrow. Some kids run out of class & spot me - recodnise me, & then I am caught, but the teachers can't "see" me, I blend into the walls like I am a ghost. The lighting is harsh cieling elogated lights and greenish-blue colors bouncing off the doors & rooms.

Slowley, over time month intervals, my classmates return back in thier seats of the classroom, we all recieve poor grades from an unsympethetic strict teacher w/ expectations that made us fade from our bodies, I am failing the class that may be English course.

I am standing in a large, encircling hallway that is has a space of a college university. I see a group of students older than me about to leave for a field trip to the symphony. I spot [redacted] kind of in a rush, getting ready 2 leave. My eyes fixated on her, she eventually says "sorry" in a joking tone of voice, like she didn't mean to ignore me. Immediatly I feel my absence was nothing 2 be missed, I found out [redacted] will be gone the rest of the school day.

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI) 1493

A wife I will never have, a Man I cannot be... (3-6-21)

[redacted] got married [redacted] - one of my best buddies. Not one, It has been the first time in awhile where I actually got invited to something - and was able to ~~see~~ also meet a friend again - a true friend to greet me warmly and appreciate my company w/ genuine mutual consent. VERY RARE to I feel that with another these days, because most people who you think are your "friend" are not mutual at all how they feel about you. They don't care if you are around, or teach out, cause they won't think about me [redacted] obviously considers me his FRIEND because he wanted me to be there for him - and on the biggest party of his life. And with me, the first time in my life, I saw what love was before me. [redacted] has a champion heart, a friend to all. There is a charm and heroistic grace within him when someone he loves doesn't feel at mutual love yet. Heros keep loving a friend, even if love is not present at all times. Villans in life he has encountered, but his strong heart ~~beats~~ defeats all hate. [redacted] is always loving - because of who he is, the wonderful parents he has, and the best bros he can call his brothers. A lot of love + support can make a person grow rich + spirit + make you a man based w/ help from fatherly role models.

Is my best buddy

He thought of me, therefore I exist

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted]

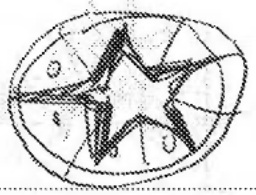
3-6-21

I meet [redacted] again. I hang w/ them & immediately I feel loved & valued. They are such emotionally kind-hearted souls. I've never met anyone like [redacted] & like [redacted] - highly caretakers, vision helpers, spiritual advocates. No wonder [redacted] has turned into an incredible [redacted] man, a hero who is capable to save lifes & and impact them, just like the superheros from Marvel. For the people = IRON MAN. Incredible Hulk = strength of heart & mind. Captain Marvel = a vetran gone through suffering in war. Humility of character = THOR. Beyond his superpowers, he is human like of a mortal. No one can posses power like Zeus or Hades, people Athena or Posidon, though some doesn't have to posses powers to win a girl's heart; Odysseus like the gods was a mortal - & he overcame battling the most dangerous creatures in mythology. It's all about what's in you; strength of heart. Patient, slow to anger, non-resentful, kind; some of these represent as LOVE. [redacted] knows love from not just [redacted] but from his GOD - the Ruler of the Earth. A highly spiritual fellow can definatly make one feel much stronger - another power within. But He chose for God to be his ultimate power, his spiritual life is a choice, and he is fit perfect for the practice b/c he is not a hypocrite [redacted] treats me & has all these years. but a [redacted] disiple - a chosen one. I respect those like [redacted] b/c he performs giving & DOES activly.

b6 -3
b7C -3



3-6-21



I only respect those ~~kinds~~ kinds such as my best buddy. I hate most people who pride in church or suday school or preaching but do the opposite of what God expects of you (to be in His Image) thats a pretty hard thing to do, unless you have the right intagiables fit to be Gods diciple on Earth (or to be a god). If you are selfless, of love, not of hate, no greed or posses anger or revenge - in consistancy they will be safeguarded from being a nevil King or Queen of Hearts (Alice + Wonderland reference Queen Victoria). If you know your not fit to be on Gods training ground, don't sign up to his army. ~~If~~ You can't fight for someone else at least once in your life, ~~then~~ If they can't - they are unfit, and therefore they should go fuck themselves.

You have to keep being the soldier in the General's eyes, a good KING who encourages you to keep GOING.

Don't sign up for a religion you are unfit to do, or on the safer side, don't have a religion at all. that way you don't have to be a hypocrite. But people are stupid + don't think about it like that.

I learn I am unfit my awareness is above all society in the

[redacted] is different. He is not "everyone else". He is not like all you Christian-artificial robots. thats why he is where he is today w/ a beautiful wife to hold in his arms ~~to~~ honeymoon at Disneymora. And I hope, U.S. the rest of his life. I believe he deserves what he has and has fought for through rejection + heartache. He fought for her, and found a way for her to have that only by her + no one else. He persevered for a woman's love and a reward to have her upmost affection he always wa

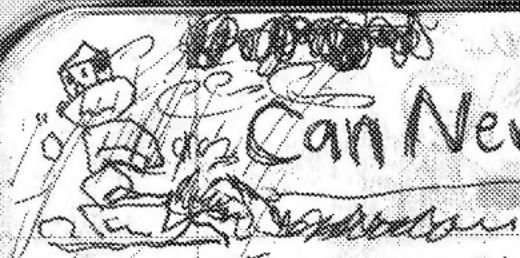
b6 -3
b7C -3



I LOVE you
3-6-21



[redacted] recieved does have a happy ending, & the start of a new beggining.
Even if she didn't love him first, his friendship eventually
paid off - not being a big shot, but by being kind,
in gentle patientce, not by force. I remember how
down [redacted] was when he could not have her then and
expressed it as painful years. Now his dream came true.
the most beautiful girl he loves more than any other
is finally his! the girl of his dreams. His story is rare in this world,
I will never have the girl of my dreams. the girl of
my dreams & in my dreams at night does not need anything of
me, wants no part of me. My life to her is little to no b6 -3 b7C -3
significance now. She wants nothing to do with me,
and yet I still secretly watch her youtube channel
or constantly view her social media everyday - for a second.
If my feelings are hurt, She does not care. she proves like
her worth and I am not worth it in HER heart & perspective a spy
than useless to her and just a mere nuesance. Her feelings
she believes & proved to me they are far more valuable than
mine - that mine are nothing. My other admirerer proved
that to me to - even if it wasn't directly visable as invalidating.
My feelings for them mean nothing, overshadowing unconsciously makes me feel
I am nothing. In thier point of view, they crush me, as if my
heart is not worth listening to. they do not love me, and from that
I have never felt so unloved from those moments they rejected me
rejection I know all too well. Unlike me, [redacted] luckily overcame from it.



Can Never Know Happiness



(3-13-21)

I don't know how to be happy. How can a person if he or she is chronically deppressed? Its not reality for us. Maybe I can experience temorary "happyness" or feel "happy" during a moment. Maxine - my beloved 13 yr old kitty cat makes me feel better because she is a true + loyal friend. Animals can't make me feel sad, unless they are sick and towards the end of thier life. For all this time, Maxine has stayed with me and needs me. A friend who needs me but doesn't have to be human. cause afterall, human friendship is filled w/ flaws + inconsistancies. At the end of the day, Animals want to be around my presence. I EXIST because of what I do for them - physical + they needs + emotional. And at the end of the day too, my needs NEVER are met emotionally. Whenever I am with my cats, I'm will less angry, isolative, sad, or irritable. We spend time + bond w/o any differences, because all it is is love. My cats + me = MUTUAL friendship.

leave me, they know I won't either.

I hate all you humans who choose to stop being my friend. I don't give a shit about what you are "going through" cause your care is not present. If self-care turns you into all ignorant person, you officially suck. None of you have any clue what goes through my brain - its DEPRESSION = no satfaction, no contentment, no feeling happy. DEPRESSION = death facination, wanting to die, + my future looks bad, → its many but no can take away ONS

got married got broke up or that life killed you in some way

not to care anymore - treat 6th sense souls like they are nothing

10

Girl Never Know Happyness

(3-13-21)

Having a chronic depressed friend doesn't make it any easier either cause she has had a life changed drastically (my mental as severe). She lost souls important to her cause & effect: part of her soul is dead. I believe trama can change a person, worsen thier condition to stabalize and are constantly surrounded by negetivity & intrest to like what Life is. A huge factor is what she is fighting through IN THEMSELVES - mental health, chronic illness, mental illness. Overtime, it can drag you down and more of your self becomes lost, scattering away in the wind & into oblivion one piece at a time. Eventually, through the years, it becomes normal and a struggling soul becomes immune to darkness in timeless realms. Loss after loss of what would make you feel better - gone before you believe it is over & in denial of it that they live in another realm not where you reside. That's why I dont fuck around trying hard anymore among those I have nothing in common with or are too depressed to be a friend. Friendship w/ humans is overall destructive & depressing - causing the deppression of mine to close the trench walls in w/ sharp spikes on each side. I swear to God, someone I know (who I used to love, she used to love me) has murdered me - the old me is gone. No more looking up to black older bitches, no more religion, stopped trying to connect w/ old friends. None of it is mutual, as permanent eventual it will all become unknown - warped into oblivion, nothingness. Time is cruel, old friends die in mutual conotation, people change over new ones thier are pointless to pursue. I wake up everyday & look at Life like it stupid new priorities isnt a big deal. Eventually, I will die, my 13 yr old cat will die and everyone else in time. Happiness is not real - it is in my word - a complete a fantasy.



DEATH ABANDONMENT

3-14-21

Maxine, my best friend, is slipping away. Her days are numbered for how sick she has become. She can barley meow, use the little box, eat her food nor play. Some fragments of movement, but mostly sitting on the rug in the bathroom, under my white chair w/ a blanket underneath. She has sat w/ me on my desk while I do my work a few times. I look in her eyes, and they are telling me she is in pain. She has turned into a delicate frail creature. Whenever I pet her, I trace my fingers down the humps + bumps of her spine. All that's left is skin and bones. She has been exhuasted of most all her energy that cannot be restored. She sits around, and I can't ignore the truth that she is suffering. My heart can barely take how miserable she looks. Whenever she looks up at me - my heart weeps. I have already endured the greiving process, as for [redacted] as well. We both feel sick to our stomachs + have lost sleep over Maxine because she is dearly loved, cherished family member. I am dreading the days weeks, + months ahead. I have already lost Doodle, another dog loyal friend that is all but a memory. Isn't everything? Nothing lasts on earth. Not technology, not love, not friendship, wealth, and cherished angelic souls die. In the end, you can only hold die thier memory, nothing else - other than being left w/ scars on ya heart and deeper as the poison years forpass. In the end [redacted] will have to die [redacted] Maxine, and me. Life is not worth cherishing. Life robs yar cherishments. Life is a trick + a lie itself. Death is reality

b6 -3
b7C -3



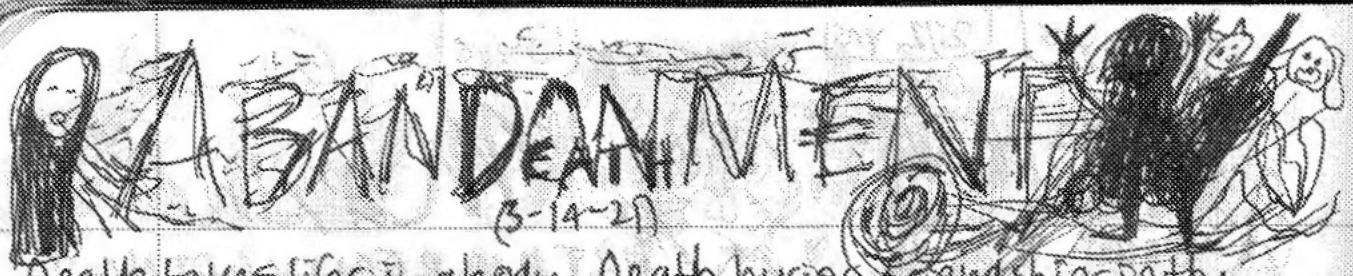
(3-16-21)

Maxine

I AM REALLY GOING 2 MISS YOU♥

I knew this day would come - the day after you died. Its so lonley w/o you. Not lonley for people. I wish you were around and were still good in health. I woke up this morning and you weren't next to my feet. I'll come home from school one day and you won't be there on my bed meowing to me, happy that I came home. You ~~are~~ were the only soul in my life who wanted me around. My buddy [redacted] would know, because he is grieving. [redacted] would know - her life changed drastically (losing a furry true best friend. As much as I love the [redacted], I don't care to go be around people. All I needed was you, because you were the answer to decreasing my Repression * Anxiety, + anger. which cycles on a basis of hours in a day. You had not gotten sick for a few years. A few weeks and you were gone. I saw you breath your last breath - deep and wide. When your heart stopped beating, a piece of me is gone, because now I am useless again. You made my life worth living for the fact I impacted your life. My family says I was your best human companion. You were above all my best friend I ever had in my life. But the average masses don't understand, because they think - a majority - a human death is worse. Not in my book. I've never felt so sad in my life when it came to doing the simple things that made me happy - petting your fur, look into your eyes - you loving me back in ways that no human would.

b6 -3
b7C -3



(3-14-21)

Death takes lifes in a body. Death buries friendships in the ground. Love turns artificial and crumbled. Death is what is most real in life, because it takes either real friendships, like between human or pet, or, it can trick you into disguising human friendship as real, trance you into a dream state, then shock you w/ its dark magic of reality. Death in life around a soul is the worst enemies. Life THEN death is the only friend left when you leave. Then, once I leave my body, I can leave behind all grief + regrets, I will not regret my death whether I am going to be a cherished memory or none at all. Abandonment affiliates with death, and its twin-powers manipulate deceitful humans. Social media, its most vile power, casts fake intervention to deaden the soul. Most of whom humans, encounter fake activities + lavish on money, sex, and social class, as well as arrogance + greed. Avoidance and the wife of Abandonment, husband of Death, casts a cursful oath on the victum to desire him once she has done by her will. I am that victum, surrounded by death of loved ones I cherished the most. Why lives can't [redacted] among useless lifeforms - lawless human scumbags. THEY ALL NEED TO DIE, Why are the loyal and angelical victums conflicted w/ sickness, racism, or other tradgedy? If all the filthy scum people rot + die so will the art of Ignorance + Abandonment / Betrayal, then, world peace will make

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted]



A PERSON WITH A CHRONIC ILLNESS FEELS PAIN WITHIN ONE'S BODY, CAUSING INTERNAL TOXICITY. A PERSON WITH A MENTAL ILLNESS EXTERNALLY CAUSES TOXCITY ONTO ANOTHER —



Audrey

MENTAL ILLNESS = SICK BRAIN

- mentally sick → very toxic
- mentally sick + physical sickness = extremely toxic
- mentally sick + demon infestation = unbearably toxic

b6 -8
b7C -8

DNT GIVE A fuck

GO FUCK YOURSELVES

I am among the clinically disturbed when it comes to what I have to hear on Facebook, saying all this s'nit that doesn't make sense. Like, not giving a fuck if you hurt feelings, or prosonify yourself about self-worth or people you label as you know what your talking about. No you fucking don't, cause the sufferer is always ignored. You bitches post too many pictures of yourself and try to make a god of yourself. I am so much more intellegent than you social media bitches who live & breath promoting yourself or saying your pity situations to an ignorant or invalidating crowd, cause truth is, only 10% of those will truley care. Nearly none of you fuckers get it, you really fucking don't. The goddam social media, it is ALL A LIE!! If you pity yourself that bad or bitchy about your little beets w/ other bitches, buy yourself a gun & go kill yourself!! Dumb bitch!!

8/30/21 Pream Log cont.

I go through same routine again, but added scene where I get in car w/ [redacted]. One time, I forget my yellow dufflebagg. I try to find it in large stalls, cafeteria, & science room. I walk through lab & find my dufflebag. When I get in [redacted] car, she is close to me & looks at me, bringing her face closer, as she is about to kiss me. Then the world is blowing up & space ships to escape us out of Earth. In a China plane, we go at light speed & passenger eyes baffling out of sockets.

or we to get a [illegible] depression label as a fake thats a fuck like

you pple

about self-worth or people you label as

think you

cause we spot you as the labeling suspect fucking reality

and on top of that, despite your weak ass awareness of fragile topics

w/ selfies & coming up w/ stupid hashtags

you are NOT depres like I am and think about killing masses of lives

you are a 1-dimension bitch

go buy yourself a journal & vent it out. If you can't stand not talking & too dependant on friendship or a stupid bag friend then

like all the other [illegible] societies around social [illegible] or stupid face time

b6 -3
b7C -3

Fuck You
YOU ARROGANT BITCHES



Most of you bitches on Facebook get on my goddamn nerves. Quit posting your vunerable shit on the internet. Discussing your problems, ventings, and pity remarks are not worth displaying for the public. The crowd around you and random people know the Art of Not Giving a Shit. → grid have thier reasons to include be unworthy about your buisness Before you try to public attention, stop + think how little your circumstances are to others and how invalidating ignorant other bitches are. totally unaware of what remarks the conclude. → like depression is just a trend or a bad mood or being negative. You bitches don't know shit trying to fish our opinions + dnt know your facts. I used to go to friends I thought would bring comfort. All they did was make it worse or more empty. I am more alone when I am around people, because most people suck. Admit to yourself you all aren't worthy and how stupid you are. Get a goddam therepist and Shut the FUCKUP!! I've been through a lifetime of suffering more than you will have by the time your old as fuck 80 yrs old - still complaining sitting in a stationary recliner blabbering about poletics. → still oblivious to depression Sure, I was immature then in 10th grade where I could do anything to get bad attention, but at least my deppression made me pity myself. → + leech onto any soul Stupid ignorant people like you don't know the first thing about Chronic Deppression. Stop whining to the press. Vent in yourself, cause the only soul to validate will be you. Do some goddam research so you can find out the difference between u + me.

you are NOT depressed like I am and think about killing masses of lives

cause you never feel sorry for another or know that pain

It's so much more than that

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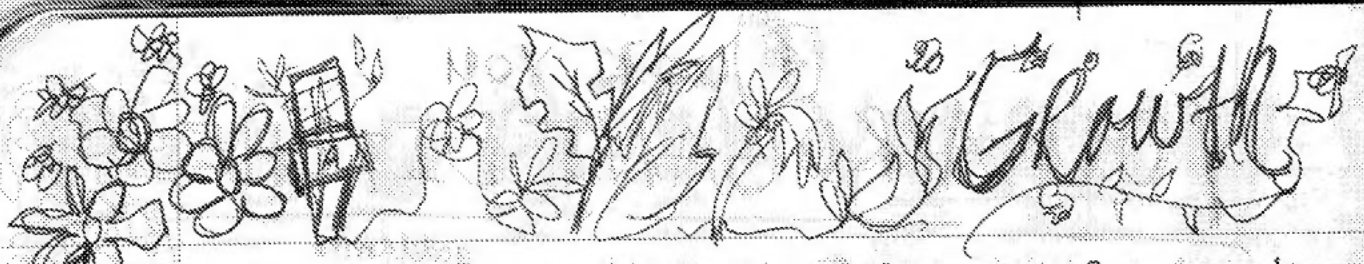


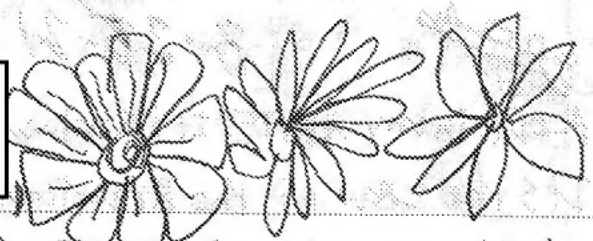
but they made you evolve and figure out what works for you and what doesn't. The friendships you want & don't want, what jobs you liked & did not like, people to be close to you and people you keep away from yourself & self-care or boundries you built for yourself. Hardships make those discoveries. I am glad you were able to figure it out. If I am not apart of your life, or I was a friend you chose to leave/cut more on from - so be it. It still hurts, & I still think about you all the time. I can only imagine the hardships you've had. I don't know what it's like to be mistreated just cruelly but color of my skin. I'm not black. I don't know what life is like being born in that culture. → so therefore, I don't know your pain I can only be educated of what my ancestors did in slavery for centuries - what horrors white people caused for 600 years. It makes me sick all the ways white people get away with murdering black kids - all the ways they get away w/ thier racial discriminative motives, from violence, to holding black people back to achieve there career goals & dreams.

You tell the world no one can stop you from getting what you want. The reselliance is unavoidable. Who wouldn't want to stop for a moment & notice you? I wish the hope the little black girls and black men honor you and your attractiveness can look up to you. I can't imagine a more perfect role model. You are human, but your mind is your limit. Not discrimination, not racial injustice, nothing. You proved that. I am not black, but I have looked up to you since I was just a little white girl. You claimed you weren't always who you are today I accept all of you - your past, present, & future self. We may not see eye to eye, but you loved me always will ♡

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1506

(3-19-21)

[redacted]



I wanted to write to you again. I love when you are able to talk about yourself. I engage in sharing your experiences and all the things you go through in life. The good ones and the bad ones. I know that you say you are happy and you enjoy what you do for a living, but I do not want to dare think you have had a easy life. You surley have gone through hardship. You are a black female that has to encounter with racial inequality from white America: I hate Rednecks, Trumpers, I hate white racists. They make me look bad and give you validating reasons why you stay disinterested w/ me. You would rather do your calling: Supporting your own culture and black-owned buisnesses through [redacted] Nashville is more than country music - its the typical way to look at it. If Nashville were just a bunch of Rednecks, white-ass people wearing cowboy hats & boots downtown, it be ordinary & typical. You said it yourself, black music artists, Smedia celebrities, CEOs & City Entreprenuers enrich the city of Nashville & give it colors of originality - personality to the city - a defenifish. I don't care for country music or white people who live country lifestyles. I appreciate the Hip Hop artists, black visual artists, all kinds of creative minds. Black people own Nashville, not these other dumb muther fuckers. Cause worthless scumbag white shits don't want to hear you out & give voices to the ones unseen or recognized - your culture. I deeply admire you for that - not just your charismatic personality. I believe your experiences & I validate them. [redacted] thuthing, ...er & toxic, care, you've had to face, you rasist encounters, fighting for your dreams in a brutal industry. They are all hardships. that does not ... you succeed or not.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1507

3-26-21

I PRIDE in my AR-15. It is mine, [redacted] can't take it from me.

Its the LAW of the American Freedom of Independance.

I'm not going to let this ignorant-minded president to [redacted] fuck up my pride in having a gun. He wants to "ban" all assult weapons. I say FUCK Biden!! He is not stupid like trump is, but that doesn't mean he is making a smart decision to ban AR-15's & automatic weapons. He is not only taking away the right to SANE gunshooters + hunters the right to bear arms, but he's not being specific enough! Its not the guns you [redacted] idiot! Its the mentally UNSTABLE that are GETTING away with buying one, with no background checks. Or, its the idiot country-ass gun owners who are totally oblivious the mental health in general - social issues like illness or worefare. If Biden was smarter, he would find all the [redacted] gun owners who don't give background checks or too oblivious to notice the buyer who looks apart from society + fire them or strip them from licens. It depends on how severe one is in his illness, but some have it bad enough its not hard to notice at all. If gun owners from LLC's or mainstream companies aren't being smart, they are the reason guns are falling into the wrong hands. Which means there should be a law to get the idiots out of buisness, so the president doesn't look like an idiot. Even if he is sane and smart when it comes to saving animal species growing exitinct or progressive COVID relief plans, keep the terrorists outside the border + the Russian King out of America, or create racial justice to African Americans we will be ok. Banning assult weapons will not change anything, + that makes Biden + his administration increadibly stupid. You are not a god. You don't know shit if you don't know 2 person can change or nature.

THAT is a reason law not a vague one + taking away EVERY gun interest action or enthusi

b6 -8
b7C -8

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1508



[redacted] Thank God!!) • no grief • [redacted]
[redacted] = • no fears
• fucking Relief!!

[redacted] God, how I'd hate to turn out [redacted]

on the weekend. [redacted] Thats why there should not be two rusty cars in our driveway, but there is [redacted] the ~~goo~~ look good at the beginning then ends up looking like a junk car. [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted] for several yrs

I don't give a shit if [redacted]

[redacted] The emotional part I know what shats balls but when it comes 2 facts

[redacted] can't cannot do [redacted] when I was little (childhood) [redacted] for any sports, plays, or other events [redacted] + I participated in. But by the time I became an adult [redacted] said [redacted] I wasn't. I made me' [redacted] wished [redacted] That would be my high light of [redacted] a year. [redacted]

[redacted] (Even if so AR-15 most 90 as of 2012+)

FUCK ASSULT WEAPON BAN!! [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted] IGNORANT [redacted]

GOD how I HATE presidents - like white ones, who are thinking trying to ban assult weapons. Its fucking a stupid idea. Biden is a politician who has banned assult rifles for 10 years (1994-2004). Now hes doing it again?? I don't know who I should express my hellish rage more towards. Either the weak and dillusional gun owners who let the mentally suffering obtain these weapons (by choice of common sense legeslation + not by careful observation of they buyer). Or like the President who has vauge - very vauge + unclear goals. Biden + his little fucking admin cocksuckersheed to stop trying so hard. Cause you say "will save American lives" I say, FUCK THAT!! American lives, at least 50% of them, DON'T MATTER. If they are unneeded lifeforms. Cause eventually, everyone will die, + won't be made by fair choice. I am not God - so I am prohibited by His law not to commit mass or homicidal murder of His creation. But I can break the rules if I want, cause I don't practice religion. I can be a rebel. I am god-like; my thoughts + my intensions. my evolution telling him. Biden really thinks he will save lives + be the Hero of America. That theory is farfetched, mediocre, + overrated. NO ONE can save America or the world unless you God himself. Thats why he's thinking about it but not doing the goddam research. First of all there is a difference between having military Assult rifles + AR-15 semi-autos. Automatics are rapid fire + can kill x10 faster + x10 quicker of death rate. can kill dozens in seconds. Semi-autos don't have that capacity, unless its with a 60-RND magazine - you could pull of a heavy shooting.

is above

who to of vio

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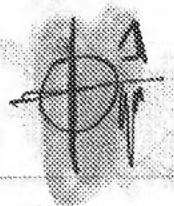
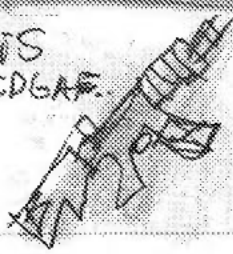
Most of the % of gun used is AR-15.. but IDGAF.

(3-26-21)



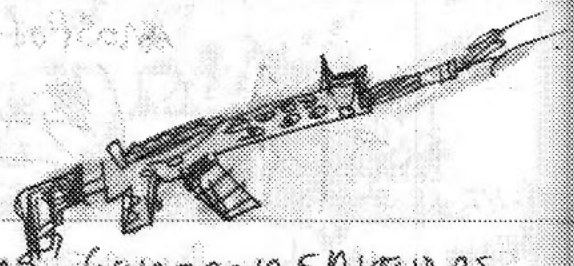


Secondly, you fuckers need to be more specific. Banning what KIND of assult rifles? In what states have the highest # of crime rates? to ban at? In what states provide lack of medical Mental Heath organizations? Did you anti gun-law activists what selected states need ever think of that? No, cause all you care about is to "save lives" as to save anyone. No. A fucking .45 cal block can kill just the same amount as someone w/ an A-R15 would. Eric + Dylan didn't use assult rifles at Denver Columbine - they killed 17. George Hennard killed 27 at Luby's Cafiteria in Texas. Devin Pattrik Kelly killed 26 at Sumeland Springs church in Texas. Seung-Hu-Cho killed 32 at Viginia tech University. Not all of them used assult rifles either. Cho + Hennard only used handguns. The biggest elite mass shooters like Lanza had a Ruger + a sig sauser. 2 of the 14 top mass murderers in united states history involved w/ gun violence had AK-47s. If you think AR-15s are it, then you people are idiots. Ban the goddamn AKs!! they are AUTOMATIC → RAPID fire. Semi-autos can't do that! less Americans have autos in thier homes, unless they fought in the military or are figting now. A million - millions of Americans legally purchased rifles and had to pay a pricly sum $600-12,000, thats a lot of damn money. Plus money for equipment, supplies + gun training. Thats added to the sum. → LLC owners don't want to affiliate w/ buy back → stock + shares So what are you pointless people getting at? Human nature is natural + can't be forced to cease. People are dying - so fucking get used to it + stop trying so goddamn hard for nothing. I hate all of you cause I want my gun. Gun enthusiests, + hunters are SANE. They don't go killing people. Most of them are regular folks. Your taking away what they like - thier passions

8 of them had AR-15 styles

of guns they already sold to those million

3-26-21

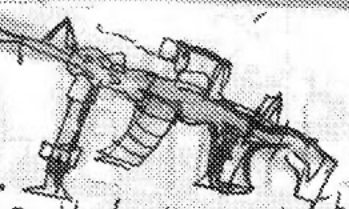


whats the big fucking deal if we like guns? Guns can SAVE lives. We need assult rifles to stay in the market. The only logical reason to ban assult weapons is if those ~~millions~~ thousand of a million Americans went of on mass destruction, increasing death rates. But that just DOESNT HAPPEN. Only 4.4% of Americans ~~killers~~ legally purchased guns used in mass shooting history. That percentage is not very high. And what about all of the gun companies that will suffer paying their bills or possibly loose their jobs all for a goddamn banning? They would rather consult stricter background checks & purchase loopholes like gun shows & online private sellers? The NRA would suffer in their business. Less production or hault of possession of rifles = decrease in gun ~~sales~~ sales. Rifles are beautiful looking and popular. With that comes supply & demand - they come & go like hot cakes. And during COVID - everyone bought guns. As in "everyone" - those who didn't know they'd need one, what about all of them who had to go through the trouble during that shortage? How much do you think gun manufacturers had to work ~~keeping~~ to keep up w/ such high demand? Gun specialists at the end of the day love what they do & need to feed their families. Did you ever think of them? NO!!

Biden is not thinking ~~for~~ only for America. He's ~~only~~ not thinking about ~~poor~~ souls like me who suffer from a substantial long history of mental illness who are APART from society - labeled as "unnessesary" or evil, using us like lab experiments & ~~terrible~~ things we deserve jail & prison food. Invest in Mental Health organizations for once, won't anyone?

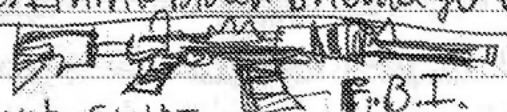


3-26-21



to value + invest in the human condition?

Does anyone care for mental Heath? Biden odriously doesn't b/c he thinks guns are the issue. Fucking ignorant thing to think. After all, we have to blend into America too. But to you, we aren't America. The white America thinks about the victums, not the suspects. You feel sorry for those who died but you don't even fucking know them. Compassion is rarly seen in America. such themes do not define it this weak country in moral unnessesary chaos. One man cannot undue or heal all the destruction + loss this country has gone through. Its just not realistic. Stop pretending like your superman and make lives like ours suck more. Only heath professionals can see through the lense of mental illness and have enough passion to observe it - then care for it. O Bama invested in raising money + building programs for mental health. Why can't you? Cause you are an old dirtbag w/ puss + scum combined. I hate people like you who oppose us and oppose guns, first ignoring that we are the real problem - you don't even care to acknowlege. Its the mething I hate, + most Americans do that to make themselves a higher creation than us. I think Biden should go fuck himself.



F.B.I.

The government, SWAT, or any other organization urges for gun owners to turn in thier weapons with a buyback, its just goddamn naive + ignorant. Its unfaithful + inconsiderate to be a president who goes against Human rights - the right to bear arms - claiming the last 10 yr. ban "worked". No it didn't do anything. A couple hundred is not a sucess that doesn't change much. What I think is evil is controlling hog confiscations like Biden aims to do taking thousands of guns from houses - striping thier fortunes. He has no right, + I don't give a fuck if he's president. I don't want to be scared of this guy, but I can't help but be scared if my gun turns illegal. I almost rather have a non-politian dumbfuck like Trump who would never pass a weapon ban

I HATE (3-27-21) YOU ignorant! PEOPLE

Whats dumb to me is that there, are people - illusive + ~~in~~ educated that dont know a difference to rapid fire weapons and 1 bullet fire weapons. So let me clarify to all you clueless victums: ~~semi-auto~~ full-auto = continuous fire on the trigger. semi-auto means 1 bullet each time the trigger is pulled; meaning 1 fire at a time. How could people not know the sound of gun shots going off? If your old, religious, + white - surley you'd think that no young human age 15-21 should own an assult style weapon. If they are mentally ill, they shouldn't own one - if they are severe enough on the spectrum.

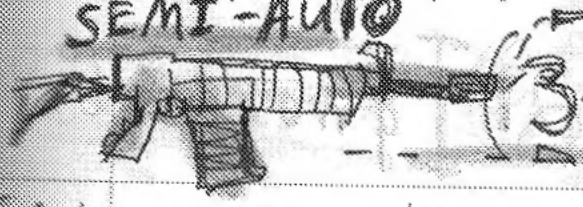
I don't want to fuck peoples minds and think I am society, cause I'M NOT. My illness does not defy me because I had to work through my problems so I could evolve + grow as a person. ~~You~~ [redacted] ~~[illegible]~~ I don't have to conclude that my illness is me whenever I look in the mirror. Cause I tried to change for the better + learn - so I could not be worse off. I learned the importance of self-care and my mental health as #1 priority. But managing deppression is the furthest thing from easy. Its never been since I got out of treatment. Twice.

My therepist is caustious about me having a gun even if I was not where I used to be when I thought of killing myself all the time. When I feel bad is when assholes, like my [redacted] for example ~~[illegible]~~ Made my life hell. Or, ~~when~~ the other opposite way, I feel sad about nothing: just feel down. I have tried to persevere and not let my illnesses ~~[illegible]~~ get the best of me and ~~[illegible]~~ my dissabilities convince me I won't make it in the world.

b6 -3
b7C -3

(Ruger SR 15 Sport)

SEMI-AUTO



(3-27-21)

AUTO (Colt CM901)



I feel in my heart - omitting my dark side, that no beautiful soul inside, out, or both should die. They are reserved as ment to live if they helped someone, positivley impacted someone, or tried to evolve in mental development. That 21 yr old man who killed 10 in Boulder happened - then automatically anti-gun supporters think an assult ban will save victums. What makes me down is the suspect shown little to no compassion. But none of you fucks would ever look at it that way, cause anti-gun groups haven't been through dark thoughts infested w/ violent rage manifestation, mental insanity, until reaching a point that one is dangerous to himself or others. Its never the rifle, its the man behind the rifle. If worthless scumbags ignorant & uneducated label us as our mental illness - they need to gain some research skills & not thier opinionated statements. "Assult rifle ban will save lifes" is not a fact. Its based on bias opinionated perspective. In fact, research shows that gun violence actually got worse AFTER the 10yr ban. Gun manufacturers foiled rifle models to look apart from other models that got banned (such as bump stock). Shool & mass shootings from 2005-2019 doubled compared to the 1980s-2000's 49,000 lives (1.9% yearly) were taken before the 1994-2004 ban. Imagine what that number & percentage will be by 2021? People need to accept the fact that somethings won't get better. Its violence in general; human rage & murder will never end.



& Biden's plan failed miserably. He needs to stop being in denial



(3-27-21) Ignorant

Serial killers - infamous ones like Jeffery Dahmer, John Wayne Gacy used thier killing methods with knives and strangling techniques. the Iceman used food poisoning - syonite on his victums - and handgun pistols. Bonnie & Clyde were the some of baddest gangsters in history - they didn't own as sult rifles. A typical homicide is knives - the 2nd common weapon but used by suspects often alot. the third most common is suffaocation. Most common they say is guns but with rifles, its in that 43.0% percentile rate based on serial killers, not as the whole. Its really only a method in major mass shootings - as in major 1st. Most criminals & serial killers use a gun thats concealable and easily portable. Homicide rates in 2019, 6,358 were handguns, and only 3,281 were killed w/ other firearms. That number is half in comparison. And not much further away from those 3,000, 1,476 is with knives or butchery. And rifles ##? 364!! Not a big number AT ALL. (statista.com) (fyi - might not be accurate... haha) So why are assult rifles the blame? Its not machines that are evil. or the scientists who create such a model AR-15s & automatic weapons of saved America in WW II. Japan It saves lives helping victums technology escape from mass shootings. Its revolutionized and sustained way with Germany, Japan, & Russia - the Cold War, vietnam, WWI, WWII. Guns were needed so soilders can fight off a war for thier country. Advancements in warefare technology - like the atomic bomb - saved America from being invaded. Rifles should be in the hands of armed forces and those who appreciate the technology, not use

People (3-27-21) SUCK!

over ~~[illegible]~~ impulse. A majority of the school shooters did that -
Sandy Hook: Adem Lanza obtained the Bushmaster military style rifle from his mother (whom he shot & killed) because she was a gun enthusiest who collected ~~gun~~ rifle-type guns.
[redacted] found a gun [redacted] in his house after he had broken up w/ a girlfriend
[redacted] underaged purchaser. Had an obsessive liking for guns. Didn't plan his massacre over a long period of time.
Charles Witmen: University of Texas. Bought all his guns/rifles at K-mart/Walmart the day before the shooting. Chemical reaction - tumor in his brain made him commit violet acts. Former military official. Had trouble diagnosing his illness.
I'm not saying everyone should own an AR-15. Most people should not if they are mentally unstable, have no proffessional or parental support (close monitoring) or just sick minded in general, it should not be in there hands. (If you ARE NOT an intellegent god) If they can make background checks non-discrimenate out strickter in some way... it get out of the hands of impulsive killers who don't use guns for a long-thought out meticulous motive. to make useless shootings w/ no nor tori ety If your a god, ~~and~~ a part from society, with a sense of ~~[illegible]~~ strong fate with death. If you use victums to amplify ~~[illegible]~~ alterate ones suicide, ~~it~~ the AR-15 is the most imfamous of rifles. To stop making them for America permenantly, or lower the stock for guns in limited supply so be it. As long as rightful long term gunowners don't get confiscated, it may decrease shootings in America. otherwise, a ban for any gun shouldn't exist.

b6 -3
b7C -3



HUMAN LOVE IS BETRAYAL

11



I have stopped lynching onto friendship - totally attracted to it and attached. I attach to no girl that is a friend, because I already know the tradjety of loosing it unexpectedly. Expect the bad + expect nothing good from it. It lasts a very short time, + thats because thier lives are inconsistant, making thier commitment inconsistant as well. I never believe anyone say "Your my best friend". They never mean what they say if you reach out to them and then ignore you - but then are talking to other friends of thiers - excluding you out. (forcing no choice but to stay) Its not personal, but its yucky + uncomfortable. I'd much rather not have anyone attached to me, because its vunerable, unhealthy, and at times inappropriate. (intimacy by chance) Cause in the moment you think they are the most beautiful friend in your life until they prove you wrong by thier faulty love. Human love fails at an embarressing shameful way. Dogs + cats are faithful + loyal souls. Who expects humans to stand up to those expectations? Humans aren't dogs, but humans can treat other humans like dogs by abandoning them, dumping them off on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere. (or dump at a park to feed kittens to the wolves.) Cruel humans do that, so with the ex fake friend in my life, the bitch was cruel - intentional or not. People like her - unstable and incompliant to stupid boyfriend relationships to prioritizing are not worth getting your heart broken over. People who don't care to evolve + grow are lame + toxic. Those are the people I define as most toxic.

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1518



INTENTIONALLY(ignored) NO BLACK LOVE



(3-30-21)

Black love is the best love in my opinion. They shine the brightest in all of the darkest places. Black people are resiliant, creative, Beautiful, unique, Kind, loving. My best buddy [redacted] would know. His black friend was his best man / groomsman. If I ever had something big and exciting like that to happen - most of them would be black & beautiful. Being white - it has an entirely different impact & effect on me. Other white kids like me would know if they looked up to the older black kids in sports. If have such an impact that they would never feel the same, because white people aren't given the same impact. They look at me & they don't root for my accomplishments. That's because black accomplishments are much more important & should be recognized. If your black & special however, you'll be able to find me as special too & bring out the best in me. you see me no different - my white skin doesn't matter. But whenever I am blocked or by a black female, I take the harsest critisism, like I am invalued & unwanted. It makes me feel more shitty & useless in compared to any other culture. That's cause they are most impactful in my life. seasons come & go. I lost some of the dearest black souls over worthless situations or their own choises. In truth, whoever chose to ignore me, you simply moved on and my life no longer matters. If I can't be important to black lives, then I am useless. If I am no longer of value, I am the lowest life form to all black culture. No diversity in my life sucks & will

b6 -3
b7C -3



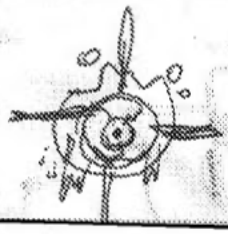
4-3-21



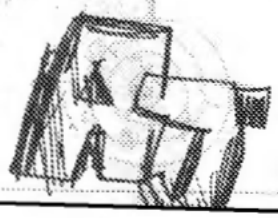


Life sucks as an adult - adult life can suck more when [redacted] no income, no job, & still dependant. I hate when I get too sick or too tired. My stomach hurts just every week. My intestinal system is all fucked up. my shit sits in my body 2-3 days constipa and having to drink 2-3 prune juices a day. Its toxic waste just sitting there - a symbol of [redacted] - a symbol of me too depressed or down some days. Mayno hits my grief & I sink into my bed & play video games too much during the day. I never accomplish career goals if its my stomach, my depression, or feeling like I am nothing. Sometimes I still don't know what works & what doesn't. I know me staying [redacted] won't get me anywhere, but I know living on my own won't be all advantages. I'd love to [redacted] be on my own & just call [redacted] - get [redacted] a child's pursuits, interests, or internal [redacted] grievenses, but what would a real job be like? I can't work full time cause I'm not developed that way. I'm not a one size fits all- programmed like most adults who can bust out of college & juggle side jobs in 4 years. I am not that at all. I am a complex struggling - internal sensitive sullen soul, I always sink to the bottom like pennies & float down the well, I don't feel feel "well" enough to do shit. When I get nothing done although I wish different that's major, I become my own hater again. I am not my own tough customer never satisfyed in anything of myself

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



4-5-21



[redacted]

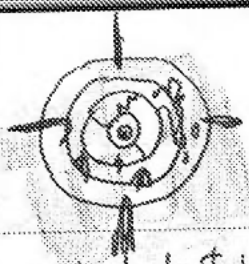
People w/ depression want to find the way to kill themselves [redacted]

[redacted]

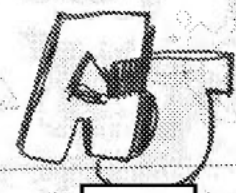
I remember when I was depressed in HS [redacted] slept near my door one night when I was most suicidal. I thought about death all the time when I was in the 10th grade. I prayed, wished + hoped to go to God someone [redacted] Only 1 friend cared - and that was [redacted] I life cared about me to live. Truth + point - friends are not your friends when it comes to suicide - noone can take that kind of pressure. Only therapists can [redacted] I need to process it tell her not to worry and intrusive suicidal thoughts might counteract my resistance. I've been pretty successful since the 2019 in the summer [redacted] I ended up at Vanderbilt. I am smart enough to keep my darkest secrets a secret now, so my plans

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7F -2

they run away that age of a teenager. Teenagers aren't of a mind to



4-5-21



can be protected. I know better than to say to [redacted] I think years of death alot recently and suicide, throughout these several years I have been planning since my suicide officially for months now. After strenuous pre-meditation On the presipus of suicide past thoughts & attempts in the course of my life - this plan is the biggest most deadliest 2017 I have come up with. because It will be no typical suicide plan, thats for sure. I tell that to [redacted] my ass is in court and confiscate my guns b/c I am "unfit" to own them, then probably end up in jail for my plans discovered by the FBI & homicide police or in another hospital again. NO, not this time. I have thought of suicide since I was 16, and all those times I have somehow by miracles stayed alive. My days are numbered at this point in time. I don't want to be on this earth much longer, & I am scared & feel sorry for [redacted] for what she will have to go through if I continue to pursue & end up succeeding.

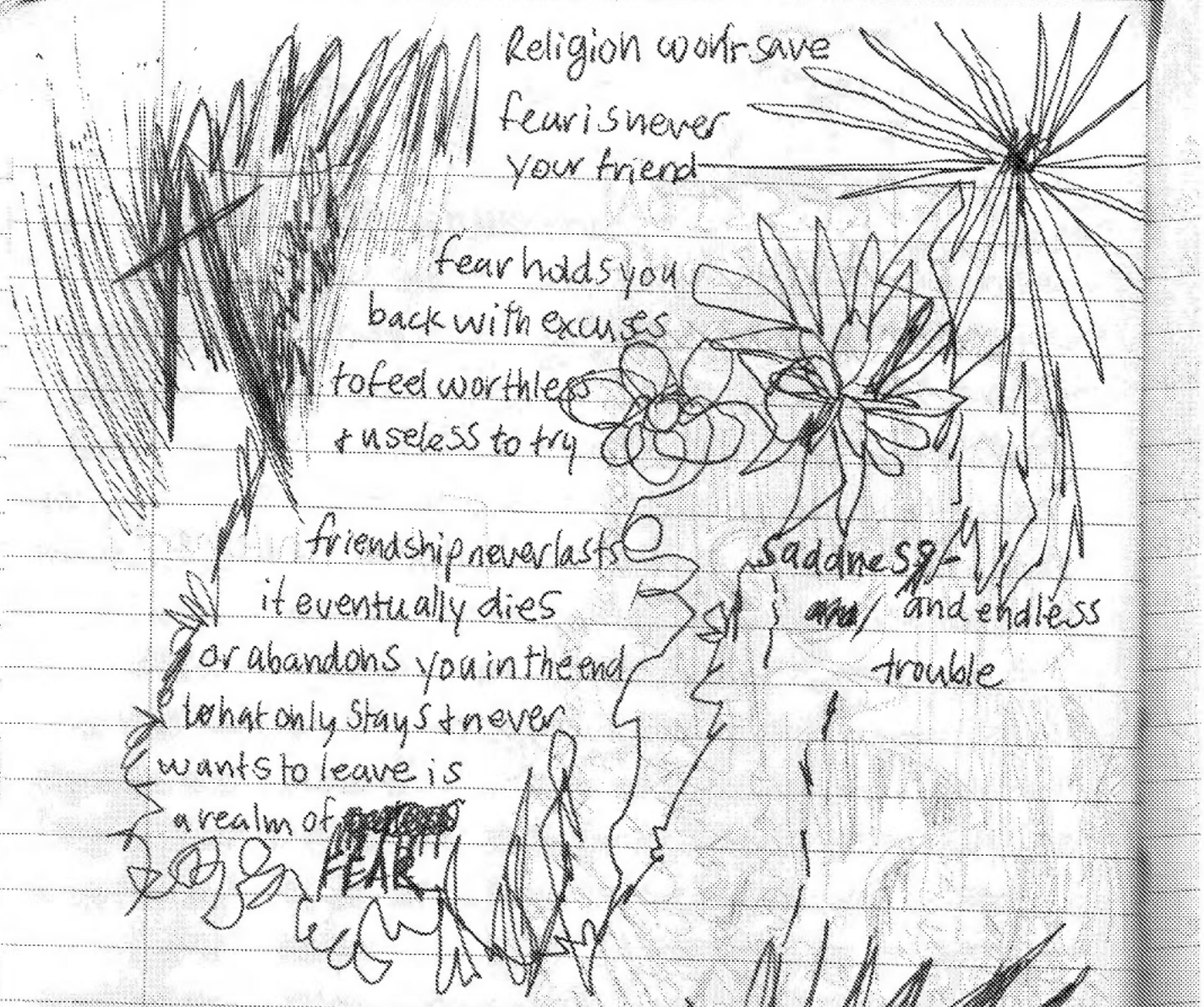
If it so happens the assult weapon ban goes through, and my weapon is taken from me, my objective still remains. I will gather other weapons that are legal to transaction, like a handgun or train from proffessionals on those weapons, & gather more supplies. I am not going to let an ignorant President's decision effect my progress. People are evil & don't even realize it, even when it appears they are doing the right thing, which is subjective. School shootings were ment to happen, and no one person in power of the U.S. can change the fate of the medically insane or troubled or U.S. History's fate. Not every shooter is elite or a god - very few are. Eric & Dylan were some. I am among those elite. Above the ignorant minded unaware of thier own evil plans, and blame us as evil. (stupid fucks)

b6 -3
b7C -3

DEPRESSION IS A WARZONE



[place knife here]



depression doesn't want me to live life
it wants me to feel
it wants me to compare lives
and mine is nothing to theirs
It wants me to give up & kill myself
It want me to kill & hurt others who weren't involved
much or never were apart of my pain at all, I lose friendship. I know loss that
becomes my "friend" stay sad enough I'm used to it & feel uneasy or weird af
when I feel content or "good". Stop making excuses, God, I'm not

I'm scared to turn

b6 -8
b7C -8

The Deppression



- OCD
- distractions
- anxiety
- worry
- grief
- procrastination

walk around the smoke, smell it, keep going about it, ~~[illegible]~~ it go down UNTIL, I slippery time ~~[illegible]~~ slope — I slide down through the riggety excuse volt, into the fire chamber. I burn and it ~~[illegible]~~ tears my souls flesh to nothing. I feel numb enough eventually not to feel it. the last slope I go down to hell - pitch black urchin pit. I am capable enough to escape — the bottomless pit of pain. I am pinned down by razor sharp missles. I am ~~[illegible]~~ so numb to more ~~[illegible]~~ nothing gets done. Dismobled to do anything.

pin missles if I escape

b6 -8
b7C -8

[illegible] that I can write a book about it, because it is my life. A life of exsistance = in between of hallowness - empty shell.

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1525

FINAL (2) 4-8-21 DECISIONS

(Is it or fate?)

b6 -3
b7C -3

If I want to live a better life, I know its up to me. I don't want to end up like [redacted] That should motivate me enough. I'd finally be content w/ me if I stop telling my self I am a nobody. I've told myself that since I was 16. If I don't stop, I will end up dead b/c I didn't fight for my dreams enough + give into my norm of not feeling good at all - being sick most days or all days of the week. I bullshit myself - the demons in me saying I should stop pursuing - into the work world - (Abyss) out of the student world. If I have a chance, I better fucking take it now. If I don't, this diagram picture on the other side of this paper will be an everyday thing. And my mass suicide will be clenched to assured pursuing. And to me, that should scare everyone in my life no matter how little they care to take part in it + not interested. They will have to hear it somewhere if my life comes out w/ no job out of college. b/c I will be gone from the world + I left Abyss. I have decided what my options are from the next year or so. I move out w/ a job - don't commit mass suicide. → try to make my dreams reality - or I fail or, no job w/ no black girl/one or no animal companionship - a total loner destined clenched w/ fate to die in a tragic event. → I take responsibility in I am going to ride it out + find myself, try at least graduate.

BUT...

none of my desires made flesh

If nothing is accoplished after I graduate - a diploma is just a diploma. If then, I will have to die - because I am a master at wasting time + wasted potential. If my best friend died, I will die. If I [redacted] I die. If I live old dependantly while everyone else lives like house w/ friends or bitches - I die. If I have no life by myself - I die. College is my bubble keeping me alive ever so fragily now I am too old to live dependant. I have no idependance by next year, I will have to DIE.

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted]

THIS IS MY DEPRESSION 4-8-21

I know where I will end up if I don't pull my shit together. I find it a misstepinning me in my soul to give up when I don't use my coping skills or cognetive skills effectivly. I have already looked ahead in the future, like [redacted] doesn't know. I know my life will be bad if I don't stop being a fear furnet, skitting in my whole & plunder into this deppression whole. I will have no job no apartment, no money, 27-28 or 29 years old & still [redacted] & have NOTHING [redacted]. If I don't get over my fears of interning, I am in deep shit. My chances of getting a job will run very slim - cause I don't know what the industry is like & no experience nor knowing what I want & don't want. I swear I frustrate my self so bad sometimes. Why would I have being dependant & unemployed so bad but pitted stuck to DO. Answer: My goddamn deppression. Once I have an excuse I am on the spectrum, then it leads to "no one will hire me". I make my college look bad for just about every opportunity they've given me that makes me feel like complete shit not taking it. Conclusion? I AM A PIECE OF SHIT. It leads to disrespect of thy self - hatred of thyself. Its manifesting tradjeties & destructives rather than projecting better times w/ the fears dimminished lense through the scope. Fear = death. Death = Deppression. I am too used to grieving, letting grief go, then it hits me like a double wammy. Reality = Dark Abyss. I lost Maxine & Sophie - two best friends I lost in less than a year. Sydney (who I believed was a best friend at the time) was a time death. Death currently reunits past death & greivenes, as though walking through a graveyard. My life is like that & can write a book about it, because it is my life. A life of exsistance = In between of hallowness - empty shell.

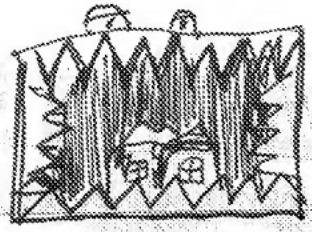
b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

plus my dissabilities of working slow

thinking of death to not having these obtainables

unequipt to doing full-time 40hrs

4-13-21



I woke up sad and irritable today. Don't exactly get why I am like this whenever it happens. It can happen any day of the week, and anything can trigger it automatically - just as a soldier reloads & fires his weapon. I tend to drag triggers out for a couple of days like a finger to the gun trigger. The more tense I feel, leads to anxiety and rapid anxious thoughts. My worries range on a black & white context - either I am safe or I am in trouble as if the worst might happen. Like, for example, these past dumbasses committing mass shootings, killing people for no reason. Now Knoxville a High school got shot up that was leaked out yesterday on the news, I feel so gaddamn paranoid sometimes like the Gavernent is going to throw me in a mental hospital or jail & take my weapons. My aciety trampolinze my heart sky high whenever I hear about the stupid ASSult weapon ban. Because I have been preparing and investing so much time into my new intrest in guns - guns didn't interest me alone - its the school shooting / mass murder history I am fasinated with. I believe that fate is my desting. I don't Know if I am capable of becoming a better person, even if I try to grow up. These moments like today I am left stuck in the same dull or nerve racking situations. I doubt I will ever make a difference or impact a life, but other people are capable - they are far different & better than me for miles ahead in life, (thats what my depression tells me).

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1528



My own pace should matter to me only, because I am trying to take care of myself. Thats what should matter to me and no one else should make it be important to them. I am a loner. my adult life so far has been doing things alone. Its just rare anyone would want to fuck with me at a personal level, sometimes a quintence level. Its pentetrating to think ugly things about my worth - if its any good or not, It only makes me feel worse, untill my depression "truth" becomes "truth" itself. No one is going to believe what I feel - will take it as a joke or an act unless they have the same problem. Otherwise I am constantly not taken seriously, & that greatly angers me. Why do people think so much killing is going on in the U.S.? Mental illness isn't being taken seriously enough - I want to prove that to everyone who misjudged me. I find no point in trying to find attention, it only makes people care less about you or think less of you. Its a trap for misjudge of character. Apart from my depression, I am who I am & my illness does not define me, because I TRY even if I fail alot in the process - My biggest trap is wanting to give up everything in my life & life itself. I want people to wake up that my troubles & experiences are real. Guns are real & commit real vetrosities beyond human understanding. But I am not like these unorganized, severe implusive kids who make idiotic - senseless choices. If I end up killing myself and victums, it will be for a reason. Amplify my death so loud no one will ignore me then - when that - & if that moment comes in time.

including Biden & his blind morals on gun control.

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1529



YOU MET YOUR DEATH DEMON

(4-18-21)

(4-17-21)

I really want to [redacted]

I'd rather be in jail or homeless [redacted] My professor says "enjoy the season your in". I don't enjoy life dependant. No fucking way. My life would be so much better if I was independant - cause [redacted] I'd pay my own bills [redacted]

I have chances to kill. I'm capable to do so, but I choose not to because [redacted]

[redacted] I don't want [redacted]

[redacted] I kill myself. [redacted]

[redacted] My goal is to let [redacted] leave [redacted] but [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

as a conscience me acting out on my goal-life will be cause of it. That's just [redacted] And [redacted] doesn't even know [redacted] of [redacted]

[redacted] You met your death demon [redacted] And that demon is me [redacted]

P.S. Good luck when I die [redacted]



No Intimacy

Intimate Love. What is it? I've seen it in movies, TV. I've seen it in ~~people~~ other people I know. I've seen it w/ people on the streets of the city. I might have seen it in even [redacted]. I life. Love is flowing around me, it's not what is coming towards me. Loners are meant to be alone. Loners are too used to having little to know outside interactions with any potential lover or loving individuals giving love outside the sexual context. If there is a connection, somehow someone wants to connect w/ you more - it feels so fucking weird & abnormal. Normal is no one contacting me or keeping me updated on big events like 2 people form a budding romance and a little human is created in the womb, in the mist of that growth. Of course 1 man + 1 woman can create a little human - create life w/ a tiny heart, lungs, feet, hands & eyes. 1 egg + sperm can only turn a micro organism - a tiny cell that beats like a heart then into a baby child w/ a heart of its own 2 beat. Why can't I understand the love that it makes me feel more isolated from everyone? Love is powerful - so powerful it can transform into wonder + mystery. Gay love can't make babies, so why did that bitch think I could give something I don't have? No sperm, no experience w/ relationships or anything how to be a lover. I don't know; she thought she could call me all these baby names & giving off the impression she's just horney wanting attention + ~~for me~~ EXPECTS me to fuck her kiss her & shit. That whole facebook dating thing was not worth it.

(↳ lure her into the 'falling for you' trap.

b6 -3, 8
b7C -3, 8

8 No Intimacy

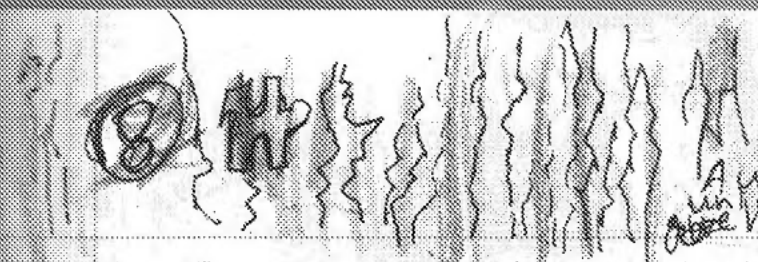


b6 -8
b7C -8

That bitch [redacted] just wanted attention, not love. "I want to fall in love" Bitch how many GF did you have? Its bad taste and nieve insight - rather poor. I don't want a girl who is needy like that & basks in her own beauty boasting about it. Plus she's clearly a drunk and depend on her BFs to cover her when she's pass out in the mf bar. AND wanted me to drive her to parties or bars - depending on me. Little does she know, if someone becomes dependant of me is a threat. Thats why I cut off contact. I knew it would turn out bad and a failure. That last thing anyone wants is a needy person - "I'll love you only if you love on me first." Bitch, please. It doesn't matter how wrongly you've been treated consistantly - no one should prove thier worth. They would discover it as I am and being myself 1st, not giving myself 1st. He doesn't get it, like most bitches like that wouldn't. Thats why I stopped. Facebook won't find me my dream girl. Thats a bubble, not the whole world of culture - just a plastic dome. I already know who she is. Why waste my time trying to find another like her? No one compares to my angel on Earth. Anyone would know when they found thier dream man or woman. Thats why when I see the two vowed to each other - arms wrapped / linked to one another, I can't help feeling obsessed / fasionated with it & sad. Like Disney Princess movies. the prince & the princess - like black couples - a gorgeous woman & hansome. Gay couples don't move me the same because they can't make children. (just look like lesbians or ugly dikes) Reproductive creation is true love when the two love each other enough to give thier bodies to each other in sacred moment & with passionate hearts as one whole.

which is savage not a surprise she's [redacted]

fall for anyone w/o any intuitive near



A woman to love me enough to unlie her entire body w/ mine is fantasy

If only I was a man, capable to make sperm and united an egg with it to recreate a little human. But I am not. I am incompetant to reproduce for the melencholy truth. Its why I am ment to be loveless, intimatless, and forever comfortable with my lonerness.

Only Animals Love me



I only feel loved by animals. Animals comfort me. Animals love to be around me. Animals need me. Animals care about my feelings. They never judged, abandon me, nor harm me. They give me love and thier affection. I can be thier favorite and have an intimate connection - a true love that came at first sight. It is a lie and a myth when it comes to people. People love doesn't feel that way. People hurt and abandoned. Humans will not love me truley to a point of wanting me in thier life. they don't care if I am a loner. Animals are simple, + simple is where the deepest love lies that does not lie. Black girls don't like me that way. Animals love me and don't recognize contexts of my gayness and being white. They just want my heart - more than just attention or company. They want me around. You people don't. I belong in the wild w/ the animals, not in a city among human civilization.



b6 -8
b7C -8

(A-24-21)



(4-24-21)

Black Most Attractive

Black girls don't love me ~~[illegible]~~ intimatly
White people like me can be loners. Most
school shooters were white. Most white kids are
bullied w/ the other black kids who are white
on the inside. ~~[illegible]~~ - the black & white are enemies at bitter
White people are disgusting, sickening,
disgraceful, hateful. White people destroy black lives until
they are so tierd & numb they don't know what to feel.
I know why black ~~[illegible]~~ people who are female & beautiful ignore
me & don't want to be around me. Its cause of the racial tension
that has been fragile on our country latley. Who wants to be around
a white and waste their time? They know better than to do so,
because white skinheads kill black children teens & adults w/ their
guns. Politics thinks guns are the issue when really its ~~[illegible]~~ racial discrimination. I
think all the white racist criminals should be banned in the
U.S. and killed by the military. I wish I was a soldier assigned
to assasinate white people and become famous. I'd love to shoot
up redneaks, skinheads, & old white politicians. Our president
doesn't think deep enough even if he isn't racist, like trump. They need to hire
more black judges at major courthouses & have a black jury or rather
than white, or at least mexicans or hispanics. But with me? What am
I to black people in my life? At the end of the day, I am a victum to my
own evil worthless race, something I didn't want. I just want black love, I just
want 2 love black girls & boys. White = worthlessness and thats
why in that general theme I am worthless to them.

friends in that way can be made where 2 cultures can be of harmony

since the issues when racial tension spikes

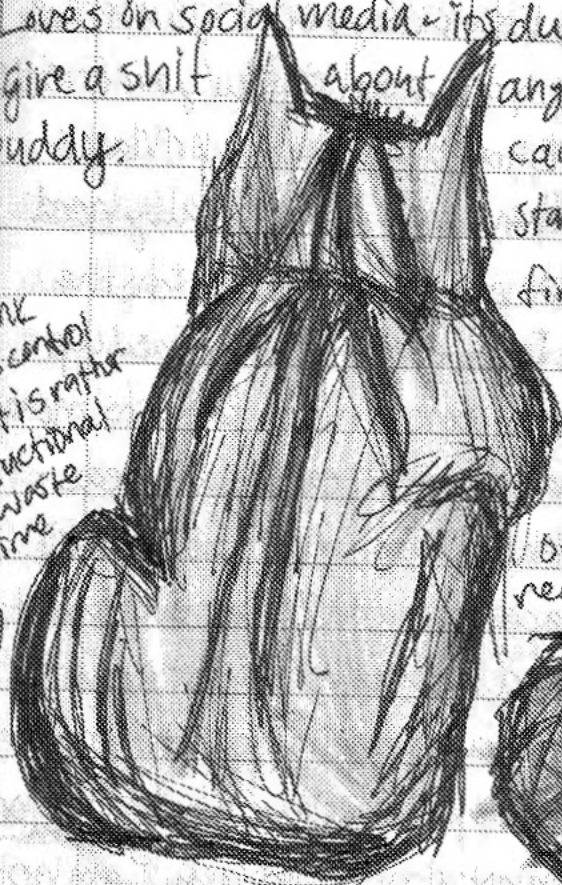
that black people are not valuable to the white

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1534

My Bitches ♥ Me (4-30-21)



I know animals love me intimatly, I am in love with my pet animals. They greet me when I come home and rub against me, Thier affection is all I need, not you bitches who pride in ~~[illegible]~~ your mens. You go + post your pics w/ your bf, baby daddy and you think love will save you. It fucking won't because loyal animals do not know abandonment. I don't get at all when girl + boy break up then make up a few days later. You bitches are dumb + stupid. You post your Loves on social media - its dumb, stupid + fucking pointless. I don't give a shit about anyones love life unless you are my best buddy. cause all the while I'm full of hate staring into my phone w/ middle fingers of fuck you going for miles. You black straight bitches don't like me. Is love out of my reality.



think its control but is rather distuctional a waste of time



heart is using its energy and to me that is dangerous vunerable

Animals is my only reality w/ ♥ love.






SCARED

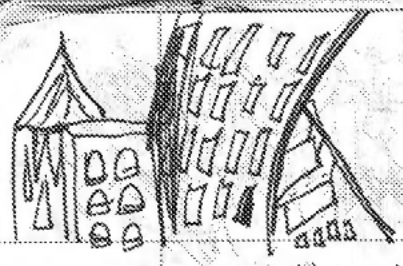
I am a white individual with privalages, but I am born with faultiness and a more severe dosage of mental complexions. Its no challenge for me to think about all the ways my bag could get lost on the plane. Of it my OCD tells me I have to do my daily workout routine at the hotel like I do in my hometown daily life, I fear about loosing luggage, fear my guns will get confescated, worry about weather - like if a tornado hits away house while I am gone. Then there is [redacted] - who made me privalaged as a white civilian by how [redacted] money for me to even go on a trip like New York which is outrageously expensive. There are unknown numbers of people who can't afford New York or lived & died never visiting there, only little kids go on trips w/ there parents. If you are grown enough, you go on trips w/ your friends, where you are financially independant. I hate that I have privlages like these where its given to me - but others have to work really hard for or worse all by themselves. I have too much privalage. Its the fate of a white - therefore my reality I hate enough its lined up to a thin line between it and my self-acceptance: in love, [redacted] money an education, nurishment, saftey, I had all my Hierarchy of needs - the complete pyramid from day 1. Yet there I am - mad and upset I am the autisic kid going on a family vacation - and I don't even want to be in the same hotel room [redacted] (I actually thought about sleeping in the lounge area at the hotel). I am turning so [redacted] I don't even want to sit [redacted] on the plane, share a bathroom, or eat with, all privacy exploited. If I am not alone, w/ privacy, I am not happy at all. If only I could do big adult things by self like this are

b6 -3, 8
b7C -3, 8



5-20

I should be happy that I am going on a trip to New York and yet I still feel sad and incredibly anxious. I know nothing in this world could cure me of my saddness - because saddness is a reality in the world itself. Happiness is a goal unrealistic, its rare to become an amenity of oneself & spirit meditates in its presence. there is no world peace, only maddness. Poor countries where families & kids die of hunger & diesease, little water, healthcare & education, And there are politicians bitching about gun control, obliviously silent to mental health awareness or natural greed in men of power & violence - a natural hatred people have that cannot be changed by misguided government that brain washes society or generates an ongoing fear. Reality does not want a victim to be happy who has to witness horrid & sickening instances. Me who has to watch black people get shot and die by white cops or racist rednecks - KKK exists. & White supremesists who feel black culture is unworthy to the United States. We almost became a dictatorship, soon turn out like Russia or Germany. these classes are revolting. It makes me sick that black people suffer for thousands of years, and I feel totally helpless & useless. Is it really that all I can do is be curtious and kind to a black person or help them in daily doings? I don't want to wait for an opportunity, but If I put myself in a dangerous situation that a black man or woman will potentially get hurt or killed, I will risk my life, even succumb to my own death. Thier lives are much more valuable than mine, I live in a dork Abyss, afterall. There will never be peace,



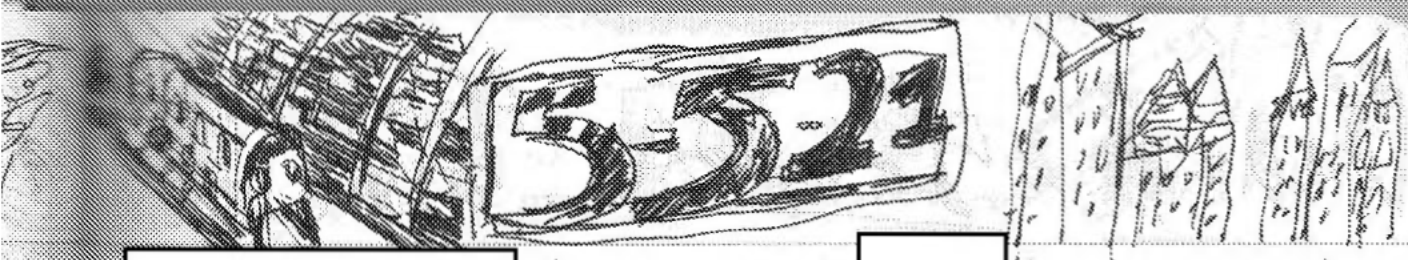
5-5-21



I swear this will be the last fucking trip I have [redacted] & hate sharing a hotel room in a cramped, packed city like NY. One bathroom - [redacted] Have to be [redacted] - actually every where. [redacted] our NY activities around the city, at places to eat, the subway, have to then back to the claustrophobic room where there is only a sleep in one way walk - but it's what you get in NY. From the minute we got on the plane to the time we arrived at the hotel, [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted] worse, way worse than my OCD or my mental disabilities. What's bad about it is having [redacted] an attire where I can't get [redacted] Until then, my demon wake [redacted] side up like fire, [redacted] It's an awful thing to think, but it's godlike in the mental structure/development of it. My disabilities have no Shame. [redacted]



[redacted] - its more noticable [redacted] than me out on the street, but its not severe like the homeless mentally ill. Some truely can't help themselves and help offered from others would not help.

[redacted] hates certain things like I do - loud abrupt noises, loud people, crowds, annoying people who talk to much - I LIKE NEW YORK - a big loud city that IS NOT fit for [redacted] Please the two are a fucking combo - an entire universe of LOUD when it comes to [redacted] and round about to near me. It's no comparison to NY yourks noises and smells (the sewage, the horn honking, the subway train so it's flanks across the rails. There's a lot of things you see at once when it comes to New York. Its a city like no other, but it's can be exhausting and depressing scary/unpredictable. In a way it's like [redacted] I have to force myself to keep walking and don't look [redacted] - no eye contact. Just like NY when walking past all the mental unstable, druggies, & the opressed/insane - AND don't look back. Once I come home on Saturday, I won't look back either.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

5-16-21 ASSULT STIMULATION

[redacted] makes me feel like I wanna die sometimes. [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] I swear to God [redacted]

have never came on vacation, cause its no vacation at all. If its [redacted] "Assult stimulation" [redacted]

calls NY. Yes, I agree, but it makes it hard for me to understand why I am not bothered by the noise the most. I hate bright lights & abrupt loud noises, I'm like that everywhere in general and Times Square, the heart of NY. The noise never ends, NY never nor do the lights. Noises from people, music, garbage trucks, cars, clanking of restwant silverware, the subways movement in motion of every element all come acted into sandwhiched skyscraper buildings. [redacted]

[redacted] NY is what it is. I am Autistic, I am [redacted] who I am. [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted] 5-6-21

[redacted] my cancer, my pain, my isolation, my anger, my [redacted] deppression & saddness. Its hard for people to believe [redacted] would give me so much trouble [redacted] to a point I just want to die or let it kill me. If I wasn't Autistic or had Chronic Depression, or OCD, or even my fucking ED, [redacted] wouldn't affect me so badly. Its clear [redacted] like [redacted] over stupid politics when Trump was in office [redacted] pig slop like that - [redacted] uplifts [redacted] tears us down. [redacted] knew it when [redacted] I knew it when I was more immature, inflexible, and moody. I don't want to deplict [redacted] I don't want to be anything [redacted] I am already a self-critique, and was - combined with negetivly being critical [redacted] At least [redacted] and not be affected [redacted] But I still am. I am still young but I want my life to end. I want to be as a far away [redacted] as I can. If college graduation can't do it, a career job is my only way out. If I can't, I want and will prepare to die.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

It really started to shand out in NY city for 1 days

(5-6-21)

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

BOOM.

[redacted] want it to be covered by my fingers [redacted] My ears [redacted]. I get mad to point of [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

I become bothered by [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

LOUD!

[redacted]

LOUD [redacted]

MY HEAD GOES OFF - VIOLENCE, GUN SHOTS IN MY HEAD - BLOODSHED. KILL.

[redacted]

[redacted]

You Loving on Men is TORCHURE (5-16-21)

b6 -8
b7C -8

You love men - black men. You are a heterosexual. Affections for the opposite sex. A woman - a black woman who is exceptionally attractive, gorgeous. The most beautiful black woman I could ever lay eyes on, and yet I am the same sex as you. If I was a boy, our last encounter wouldn't have been near as akward or uncomfortable. I bet no one told you that, ever in your life until I came into the picture. I am a boy on the inside, its only natural to love girls. Is that no different from your natural affections? The only difference is that I was born a girl, and I because cause I am a boy too, go through the trouble of you loving on boys/men. It's pure torchure. Ugly truth that I could never be loved like that to someone like you. I can only imagine what your kisses feel like, your hugs, your angellic touch. The fact another man can obtain that, it makes me sick enough inside my heart & soul that I want to die. No kiss from no girl, no love making or sex, no sperm, and a boy without a penis. If I can have any of those things, all of them total, I would rather die than to live in torchure sad all the time that a man could be loved by you with your whole heart.



b6 -8
b7C -8

Lips of Affection

(5-17-21)

[redacted] = loving you at all times. Loves you with her whole entire heart, if your lucky. [redacted] = affection - a rub, a hand, both arms, or lips to a cheek, depending who you are. Earn her trust. Give her what she values in a friend, a lover, a brother, daughter, a sister. What she wants is not hard to do. It's unlikely to be selfish if you [redacted] gives her best always. She loves who she loves - they are those I never met, but I know thier names, I see thier faces and I see [redacted] inside all of thier hearts. [redacted] connects her heart to others. To recieve her affection at any level is a tresure that nothing or no one can take from you. Black girl affection, black woman affection is the rarest treasure I could recieve. I think of her Mainly, because my fate that no black woman would love me enough to share her lips to press on another skin. A Black woman's touch is another realm than I am. Though I have entered it in certain times of my life, never have I been close enough her rose petals rub lenderly on me. that I am of worth, her heart is confident to feel so. Roses can have thorns. Their is beauty - touch it, come in contact, and love is pain as my fingers are pricked. if she turns away Black Affection is rare because it is reserved to those who is ment to be in thier realm where darkness becomes light. My life is full of darkness. Everyone on earth needs some of [redacted] life, [redacted] ♡

b6 -8
b7C -8

I'm not at that level or her level of trust

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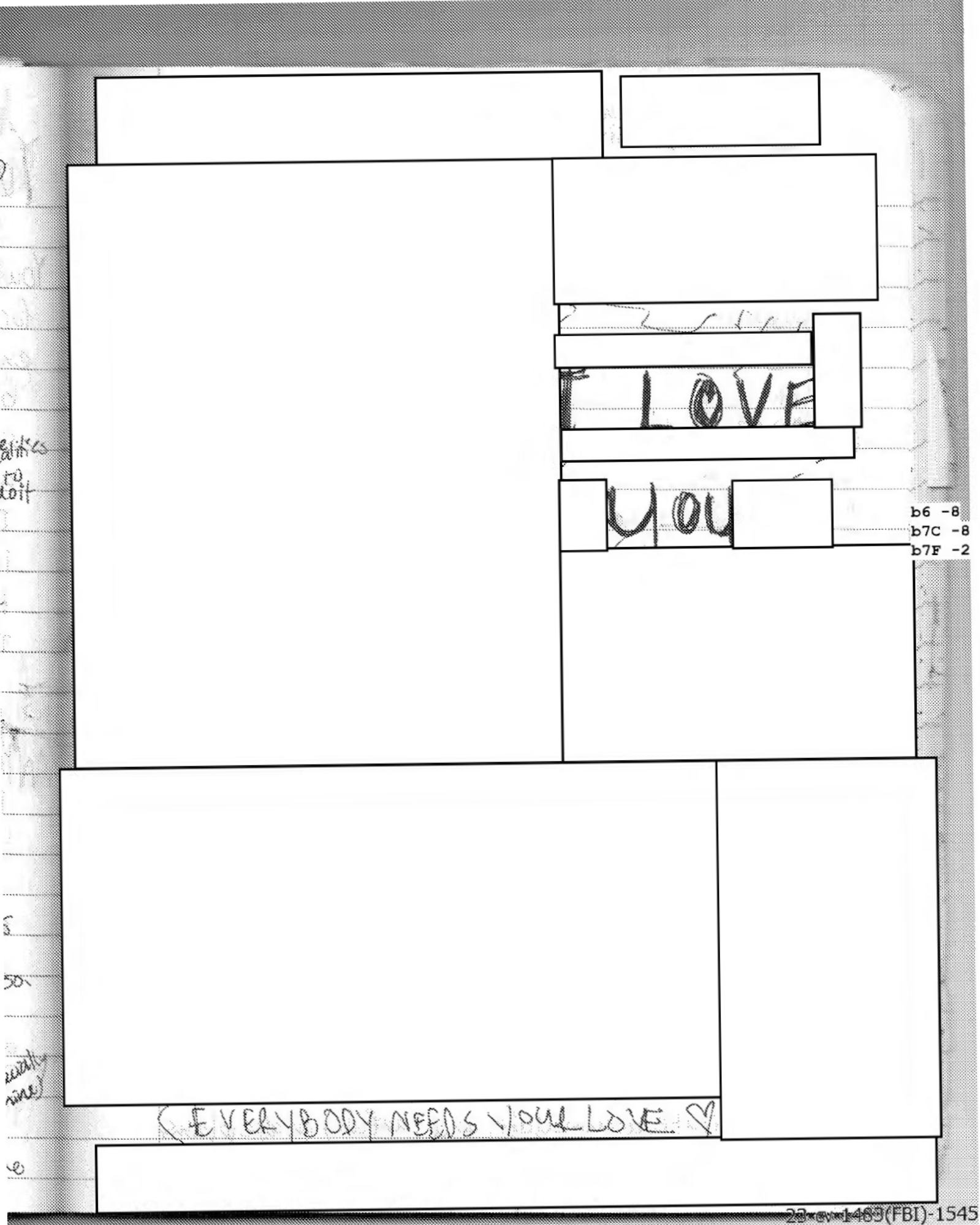
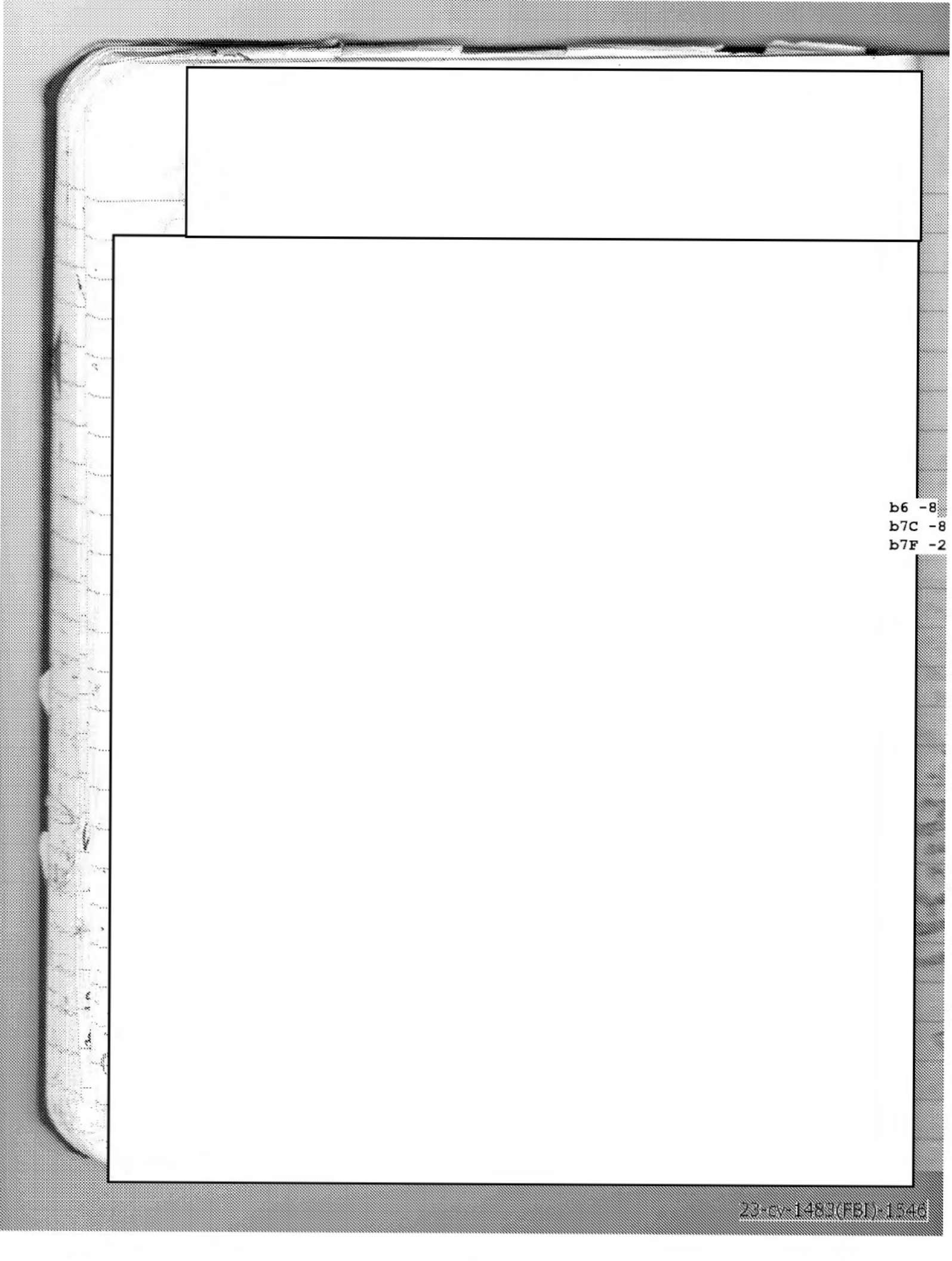


b6 -8
b7C -8
b7F -2



b6 -8
b7C -8
b7F -2

"Family" outside of House Family Is
NOT FAMILY!! (5-19-21)

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

My home is [redacted] and nowhere else [redacted] is home and nothing else [redacted]

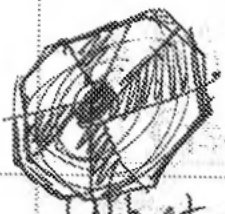
[redacted]

If [redacted] weren't here, I'd have no one looking out for me, b/c my "family" is not family at all. All it is is drama + toxicity. No [redacted] all different from [redacted]. Point + fact - [redacted] is my world and [redacted] + I would do anything for each other. I have no family outside of them, because family I felt was mine isn't anymore, and none of them would feel the same about me. Black families have a REAL sense of family. I just wish I was a part of it where my name is no longer a Hale.

and at least they are polite and act normal, overall good + ids w/ a lot of insecurities + brokenness unheated.

Aiden Jess Williams

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1547



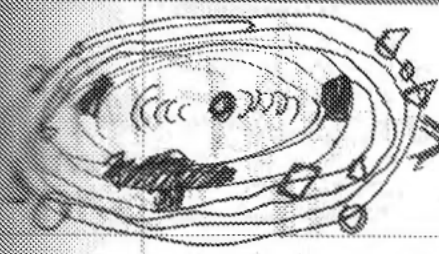
5-23-21



What goes around comes around. I strongly fucking believe that. People like [redacted] - even [redacted] can be no different than [redacted] just a ugly/hideous in different ways. There is nothing worse than having that: a bunch of worthless pieces of little shits walking + breathing the earth. **I believe they should** [redacted] **all DIE!!** You little dirtbag mother fuckers who don't give two shits about someone needy - like your own fucking children, cause your so into talking about yourself, concerning yourself - when you are not that important. I see mean ass woman or cloushebag low-life men that bring down thier spouses - and eventually they turn out like them - like really doing spiteful shit w/no remorse. Isn't it only natural that I have no remorse to want to kill worthless or useless people? Cause I fucking don't cause you think your SO IMPORTANT - important enough that its total denial that no problems does not consult w/them. Bitch please - grow the fuck up!! You people are too fucking old to act like bitchy little boys + girls this isnt middle school. Get yours a goddam theripist and work on you MFucking problems. But fuck no!! People like you don't realize the ignorance created by your venting social media posts + bullship viewpoint. Ignorant people!! I dont like any of you mother fucking dipshits.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

the hideous trend of selfishness ignorance + rainsh skewed self righteous



×5·23·21



I hate the fact viewpoints as such - the things pple say out of emotion + don't think twice before they post the shit. Your only stirring up shit or beefing drama for no fucking real reason. Cause if you ask me, I think all of you pinheads don't get it at all. Like really have the nerve you some people to make others (like [redacted] feel like total shit. If you don't think [redacted] worth if inadequate, then your totally bull shitting yourself - you pple need help I swear to god. And honest to god, deep down in my blazing gut, I feel sorry for America - the country we so shamefully live in. I mean, a bunch of drunken ass, loud mouth white bitches going around the beer peddler w/ your cowboy hats downtown. And then you stuck up - dumbass rednecks + white politician addicts + rasists - you people are the best reason why **mankind should die**, cause nothing worse than living in this country with a bunch of selfish stuck up little dirt shits that have NO WORTH. Not everyone is special, + not everyone is worth it. Cause stupid ass white pple live in the United States that make it like hell in every way to the other ethicities - black, mexican, Guatumala, other countries that have it way worse. I think the Germans, + Islamics + Asians, the Japs go kill all you ignorant people that have it too easy + bitch about the little good plant factory littlest things when good people + animals on the other side of the earth are eating dirt, living in shack houses, or dieing of disease, pollution, or malnutrition. Animals diying b/c of your little oil plant, your little piece of land - its destructive, thats what it is.

b6 -3, 8
b7C -3, 8

5.23.21



Whats worse, that is, that the ignorant small minded fuckers don't even see or view yourself as being destructing, trying to "better" mankind, or evolve it, change it somehow. I can't stand you little shits & your arrogance that is disgusting at any level. At my level, you people should feel concerned - stop & think why mass shootings have increased over the past 2 centuries (since 1990's!). It's not going to get any better the way I look at it. Cause at the end of time, all of us will die - so WORSE IS COMING. and IT WILL NEVER END, until death comes

(The Day(s) plan)

[redacted] April 13th, 2021 - in reminance of Columbine/ to honor Eric Harris & Dylan Klebold. ♡

[redacted] the day# b6 -3, 8 b7C -3, 8

[redacted] /the day#, not month

[redacted]

the day#, not month

November 14th - 14th, Dec. of Sandy Hook School Shooting (Dec. 14th)

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7F -2

b7F -2



5-28-21



I cannot believe the stupidity and ignorance in this southern state, City of Nashville; Full of Retard - Dipshits; too many of them, that I have to near or see everytime I leave my house. I see them on the street, I see them on the highway, I see them in shopping marts/grocery stores. Its not much different than going out in the sticks w/ those trashy white rednecks who don't know anything but how to be a dumb countryman. Some of them w/ thier cowboy hats, driving like a fucking idiot on the road - not knowing the lane will end coming up, so they weave around recklessly. A fucking retard can use a gun + pull a trigger. But can't drive a fucking car. Death rates are increasing in the U.S, + its not just COVID. Good people get sick and die. A lot of people who are kind and compassionate suffer badly. But I don't feel the least bit sorry for ignorant society of America. If thats you - I hope you die, because people like you should have death reversed by the saints or angels. Cause there is something ugly about down south. People don't give a shit and only think of themselves - focus on me, me, me - too many of you self-righteous narisisists or offended sensetivly. Either they talk all about themselves, or, even worse, they never shut thier goddamn mouths. And its a daily thing, a normal thing like news slop, politics, dumb drivers, and worst of all dumbasses who have guns. Someone who is not the sharpest knife in the box, someone who is less, much left pensioned as a human being of decentcy, runs thier mouth - being so



5-28-21

if you know better that no one gives a fuck about your opinion by defending it in All caps on social media and even

defensive & braggy about "what they stand for"/opinion/e.c... but they don't shut the fuck up. thier ignorance is automatic, automatic rapid fire, automatic transmission, automatic poor insight & attitude. those poor kids who have to live with sexual harrasing daddy, drug addict party goer mommie, the mommie dearest, dad who physically & sexually abuses, the parent harisissts, or just flat out faggot pussy fathers who never provided a profit in kids - thats terrible. others are family killers or mentally so unstable there is no ability to care for a family also terrible. though on a scale, there is such thing as crappy parents - who just yell & scream, or they wrongfully dicipline thier kids by abuse, or have no interest at all in what thier children's dreams or pursuits are. then its the workaholics, delusinal bastards or oblivious to any problem, even themselves, [redacted] Not evil & cruel intensionally see they need fucking therepy, but in denial or are too dad to untangle the wodded rubber band ball of bad habits, [redacted] that is a fucking tradjety. Just like all you ignorant bitch ass fuck-ups. Just like people getting killed by people who shouldn't have guns. How I sit back disgusted at crack houses to the max by American society, I picture [redacted] in the same way. Just like I don't want to be around or have nothing to do [redacted] Just like I do with all you fuck faces fags.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Black People are Beautiful

(5-29-21)

I've just been feeling [redacted] for solory that I want to support the black community / black businesses in any way that I can. I don't know exactly how to help, I dont have the outgoing personality to show out to them. My heart is big that alot of [redacted] kids my age miss. They don't know what I have to offer in a friend or a supporter, especially if they dont know nothing of me. I want to support & show up like I actually give a shit, when [redacted] most of white people don't. I fucking don't want to be perceived as that white trash mentality. Sometimes I wish I wasn't so quiet, so nervous, & so quiet all the time, Looking & acting shy w/ sweaty armpits and a racing heart. All my life, I admired & loved black [redacted] men & women. They are beautiful elegant, full of personality and spirit. But there are alot of black men & woman who are hurting like I could never know, cause its thier life, not mine. I analyze my life as totally different (in how I grew up. How I was raised, my personal [redacted], make up/ But I witness thier pain up front, and the reality to me is genes a sting. I'm not a victum to be shot or wiped, but I am a victum to white shit that is racist as fuck - they are the root of all evil to chaos & destruction of the black race, and I have no chose to be ashamed of it. My race started it - I had nothing to do with this shit. I CAN however, do something to prove I stand beside them.

Like 99.3 the Streetz. Like Escape the Trap on Jefferson street

Black Ones are Beautiful

99.3 Streetz was there.

I showed up, I want to support. They all treated me good and immediatly I felt welcomed. Its a sense of family I long to be a part of that I am not anymore. My original born & bread from white ass family can be toxic & dramatic & insanly childish. Despite drama or madchess/stress or trouble going on in a black family or friend group, at least they love one another and take care of each other. I was once in that picture - a shy white little piece of nothing that became special because of them, not by me alone. My heart still aches a whole shit tone, cause one black girl wants nothing to do with me. I fucking showed up - and like I figured, she didn't even want to a knowlege me / thank me for coming. My love was there, but she did not expect me. I was inside the Trap House - looking at all the pictures set up like a granni's house (pictures of child photos) all around & poster art. I met a beautiful black girl [redacted] through one of the front windows to the stoop - I gazed my eyes and in tear, she saw me, [redacted] eyes met mine. Neither of us really didn't smile at one another - a perfect depliction of our relationship for ever. She; no excitment, no emotion, nothing. I asked questions about the ticket raffle Streetz was doing in support of Escape the Trap. I asked more than once about thier mechindise - how I got something was beyond generous, the fact I didn't even book an appointment. The loud music bothered me, and I was so afraid to join in w/ the Streetz family - but choked. Before I even walked up to the fucking place, I hide beside a white big SUV - my heart racing I almost wanted to turn around & leave then. Kept thinking & there over and over "She doesn't care if I am here" "I have no friends" "She won't even be happy to see me" To the place & when I left after I stuxed.

b6 -8
b7C -8



Happy is [redacted] own personality. I stood a distance from the crowd, watching her dancing, laughing, recording, taking pictures of her friends, she has her dream job, her friends she loves and it was all there in front of me the first time in several years. It proved the prepesus of my inner lonliness, where my depression lies - feeling left out long ago back in HS. That resurfaced today after 6 years, the fact known: I will never be [redacted] (again) friend. I was one, but I feel it is gone, she will forever be away from me. It is my fault. She's too busy to even care to notice me, around or not. It proves my [redacted] unimportance and loneliness, b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8
I barly have any friends, I hang out w/ no one, I don't have a group to go to the tray with. My best shot is [redacted] that I can't choose, who would? It really, really fucking sucks having no black friends and have no indication of significance to my admirers. I mean, she talked to me like I was a stranger. I hate being like that to someone I once knew and had a connection with, even if it was small in her world's view. I'd much rather be a stranger to only strangers. If I never had a connection to where I became attracted, I would be less sad, and definatly less depressed.

5-29-21

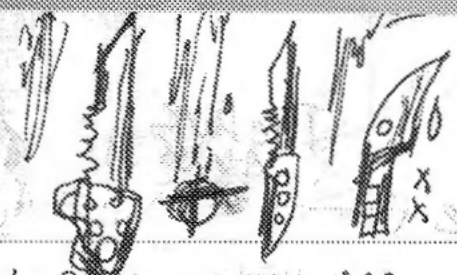
A.J.

Aiden Jess Williams

Aiden Jess Williams

5/29/21

A CONFESSION



I am quite certain that I am towards the last year or more or so until my final day comes. I want to die so bad. Die very soon, and I am more motivated than ever by ~~all~~ that of which will never change in my life! Deppression, It will be the only thing in this world that will never leave me. The only thing that talks to me, hates on me, makes me feel lower than life. Life itself is not an image I view as a happy, long-filled journey. Life lasts to quickly, loved ones come and go. Best friends leave you behind, and sometimes even the world. I wish I could have left with them: Sophie my dog, my cat maxine. Two both very special souls who had it hard in the beggining but a life fuffilled ~~like~~ before their death. I know there are times where I could have done better with my dog. I know I have done all I could to care for maxine & give her the last happy years of her life. As for death, it goes far beyond than the body being left behind and the soul going to a much happier place. There is death of past friends, death of dreams, even parts of your soul that die; like you will forever not be the same. A lot of me feels deadweight, dragging my feet just trying to get through life. I am young now, and I [illegible] can interpret that I have gone through enough hardship already so early in my life. Others get hit with it much later in life, but my time is almost up. Sometime next year, even if I am not totally ready, I will be ready to die or throw my life away - leaving it behind for good; by body or by ridding away from society.

I loved them, and they loved me w/ all thier heart, That part of life is worth it.

(6-2-21)



Well, its not a suprise I come to thinking about you today. I am writing to you again, but this time not all the affectionate thoughts. I am going to be real to you how - [redacted] Listen, or don't listen at all, so b6 -8 b7C 8
Be clear, I am being honest of how my mind thinks. I don't care at this point whether you care or don't care how I feel or think. I'll tell you anyways because I am validating, even if you think I am not. Truth be told, we are NOT THE SAME, the world is an chaotic & cruel, and "crazy". We both know that. But my context is that I think cruelty comes from fate, not entirly from humans inflicting pain on another. My fate is depression - an endless Dark Abyss. I live here. I have night vision. I don't see the world as "love". I view it as endless - an intity of suffering and dark shadows. Dark mind, dark silence. My WORLD, you know nothing of. You are odviosly afraid of what I have to say, because I reign on the high seat of negativity. What you don't understand is suicide & depression. Suicide is a resting place - not of throwing a life away. Cause in context to you, I have no "life" on Earth. I walk in it, but I am alone. I do not fuck with actual humans - humans (like you who have love in your life and are loved. I'll tell you what hate is. Hate is not just racism, Hate is my heart, & I hate what you do to me - ignore me, leave me in the dark. - my dark abyss would not even know how to squeeze through.

(6-2-21)



You smile your beautiful smile, but not at me. Cause I am out of your context. I do not exsist in your world, nor do I in anyone elses. Therefore, I have a human body, I am not a real "human". I am an innocent animal being slain by angelic torchure, ignorant white shits, phonie black girl bitches. Humans are like clones - manipulative. You are higher beyond the force of the clones, because you are not typical who would fall for anyone or anyones typical viewpoint/belief. You are an angel, but even angels can be cruel, and can do certain abilities, like ignoring/pay no attention to. Even if you don't fall for anything, but in everything as life as a whole - you have move on your end with not a slightest pinch of hate. You don't hate, to me. But angels can not like me. You don't like me, nor do you love me. I am in between the inbetween = dark abyss. Non-existance. My night vison hurts when it gets light. I fear happiness. You fear darkness, or just more so, you are small minded when it comes to the InBetween. Its miniscule enough, so, that it shrinks your own mind of thinking & understanding - meaning less likly to be studied or find intrest. I am of no interest to you, after all. You never asked for my love. You say "Love is Love" but then reject MY LOVE and claim it unsatisfactory "weird" context. You don't speak directly to me, but to everyone. I am not "the people" or "society" (Everyone) so technically you don't speak to me at all. Did you ever want to be w/ me since HS? No. Cause I don't exist. I am Nobody to you. I only exist in Dark Abyss - the InBetween where demons live and no angels. Do not consort w/ clone society, but hate them excrustiatingly.

→ cause I am nothing. Hollow spirit Entity Shell.

which is HELL and but calm.

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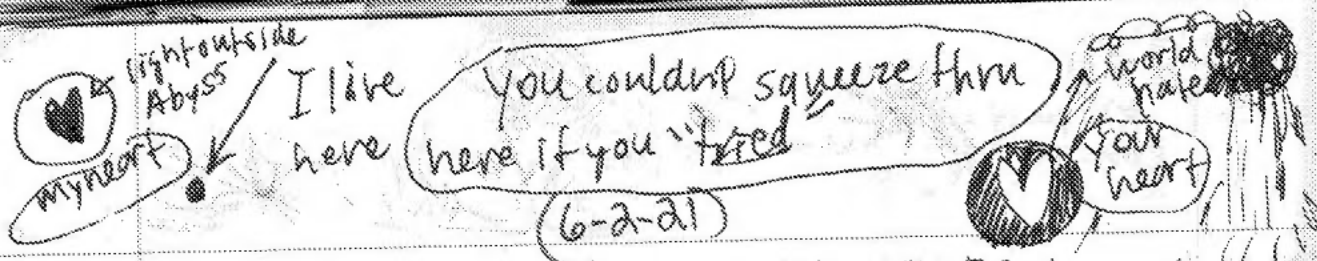
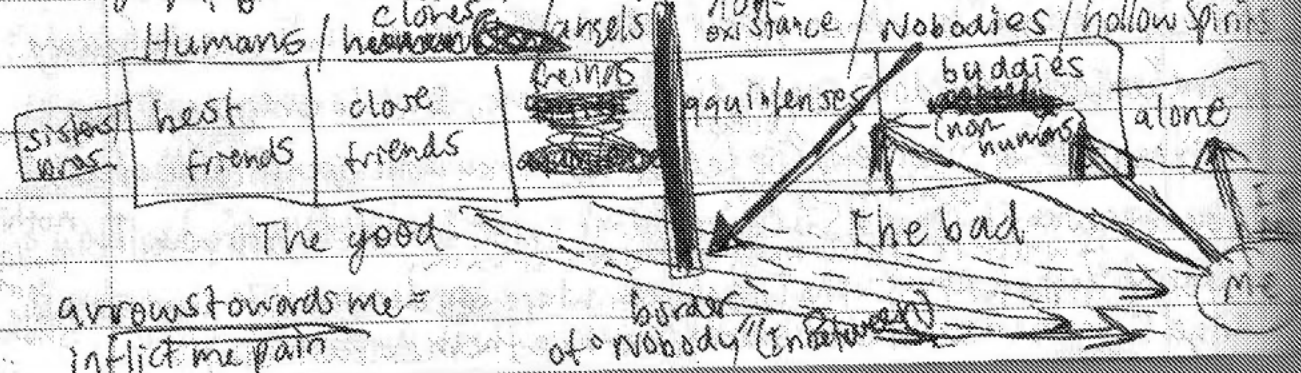


(6-2-21)

Since you are not of hate, you have no Idea the pain I feel, nor do you understand where I come from. Only higher organisms (gods) like me live in hell of InBetween. We don't exsist to humans = but can experience good things that are not human shit. who are not clones, are unique, originalistic powers to love and be loved mutually. You are one of them. Mutuality does not exist to you and me. You have angels who are like you. I am different, there is no one else like me. No one is you, totally. I am a lost spirit who floats along to perameters of the world. Perameters - length / distance. I don't not exsist in a space of mind, space of time, demension = none. I am demensionless, no volume. I am a weightless nothing of spirit who plans to disturb the accused - who hurt me insimotaniously or unconsciously, when I die. I will be sure to haunt you, not hurt you, just disturb. Cause Abyss is disturbing. But I like it though. the dark suits me just fine, just like you wear love like a sleeve. We are not ment to be, b/c we live in two different worlds. You live in the world where humans & angels live. I live in the InBetween = a world of nothingness, demensionless realm where darkness only exists and any light that squeezes through is squeezed the life out of it.

your name
your smile
your spirit
alive
love



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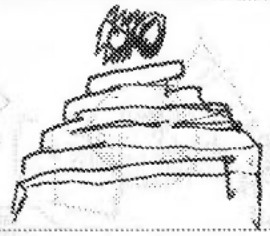
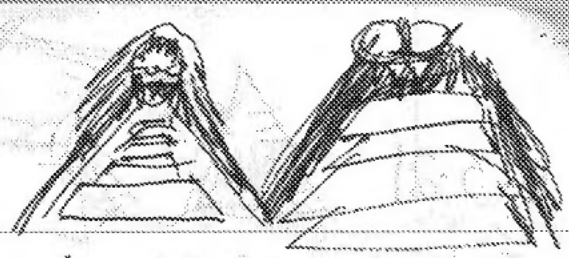
DEMON LIVES ↑ THERE ↓



(6-3-21)

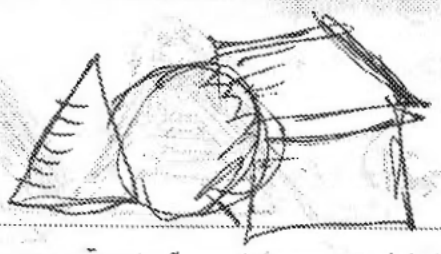


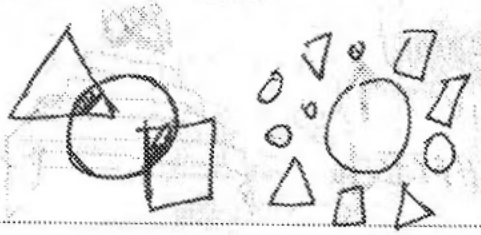
Built in skipping class today. Anxiety and saddness is never ending. Some days I push myself to get going. But today, its dragging - feeling totally sad over random things. Like last nights veggies I chose not to eat and they will get more soggy. My cat that had a freakout, skared shitless. I eat my meal last night, pooped & peed all over the carpet, guilt of choosing to hide, avoiding [redacted] to ask & help. I learn to hate [redacted] more and more, buccause my endless fate of In Between. Sad is related to me - [redacted] no relation to me, except the deeper fact we share demons. [redacted] If I see the face or even a profile, its screams ugly toxicity. [redacted] says [redacted] Is he really? No. He is a demon in the Dark Abyss, just as nice. Hating people, isolative behaivors. Demons only magnificate darkness, it does not seclude unless it is challenged. So how can things get better? It won't. I fear [redacted] to ask for help, a comatose that I will never wake up. I fear the demon [redacted] The same hell I live in - my real exsistance apart from the outside world from. In the In Between, much of the screaming take place in my thoughts. Something, some sort of demon [redacted] "Although I say, "Do every one a faver and kill yourself". [redacted] & I would be poor in money. I hate [redacted] b/c I am forced to borrow it, w/ no job & independance unlike everyone else normal. Stuck in darkness. Stuck w/ demons. My stable, only escape is white noise & ocean waves - my earplugs to wipe out the noise. Unplug, & its back to reality. (Once the noise temporarly stops) x

its not a dream part of my exsistence

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

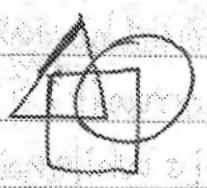
6-3-21



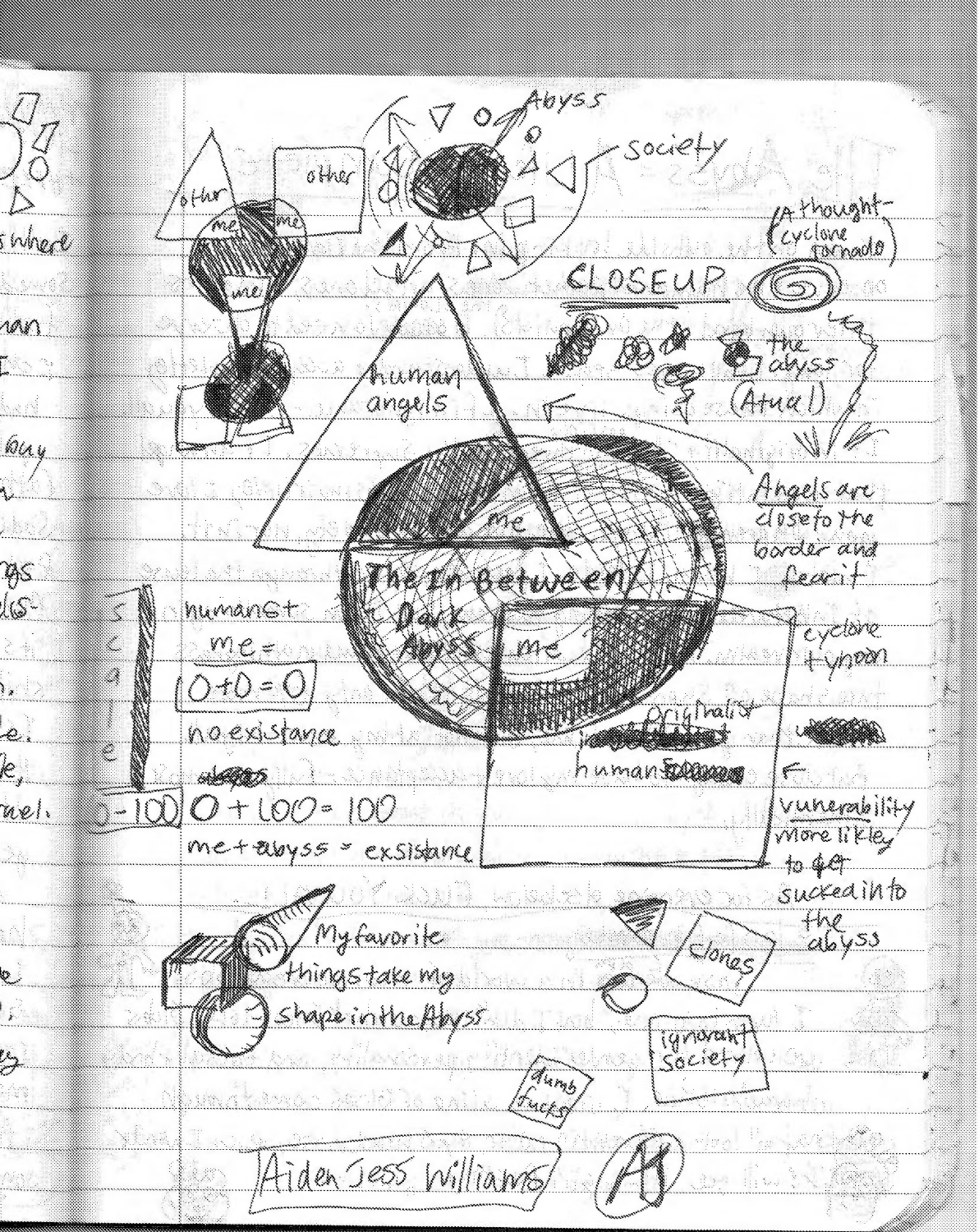


In the demension of Darkness, that is where I exisist. That is where I get my demenston from. [redacted] 3-D of a tri shape organism. I cannot calculate human interactions or human independance or freedom. Being free is out of existsting. I want to cut my breast off. Can someone please - a doctor for God's sake, but can't. No insurance = no money. Money can't buy freedom, because freedom has no price. It is an existance, you either exist in it or not, I exist as a boy, but not in reality. People will have to visit my Dark Abyss. I take shape in things that give me calmness or comfort or both. My stuffed animals - I love all of them. My possessions - I can control like My guns. My art world of characters and drawings/sketches I cherish. All of them hold extreme value and make me most valuable. Animals can do that, too like maxine did. I was her favorite, I know it. Humans pick favorites and are so selective it is cruel. People do not make me valuable, because I am not people. I am this higher form of exsistance that they don't have awareness of. I do [redacted] regular ordinary things like [redacted] people do - go to the grocery store, get a haircut, play ball at the gym. I drive a car and do things like any other ordinary person. Truth? I am not ordinary. Furthest thing from that. Anyone to say different can go fuck themselves & get a life.

[redacted] b6 -3
b7C -3



A.H.


Abyss
society
other
other
me
me
me
(A thought-
cyclone
tornado)
CLOSEUP
the
abyss
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human
angels
me
Angels are
close to the
border and
fear it
The In Between/
Dark
Abyss
me
cyclone
typhoon
Originality
human
vunerability
more likely
to get
sucked in to
the
abyss
humanist
me =
0+0=0
no existance
0-100
0 + 100 = 100
me + abyss = exsistance
My favorite
things take my
shape in the Abyss
clones
ignorant
society
dumb
fucks
Aiden Jess Williams

The Abyss = A Life (In)complete

I am on the outside looking in. From the Dark Abyss, I observe the humans: pathetic ones, angel ones, humans thier own kind (the Originalists). The clowns, No need to observe for long. It all makes sense. I understand & accept completley in which these beings live in. If in ignorance - I hate you all. If in originality - possibly no threat to the Supremes. If an angel that lives in light & far enough distant from clones. Its most likley I love you. Supremes like me. We live around society, not in it. I watch, I listen, I hide. I see everything through the lense of In Between. I am nothing to them, but I am something in my own realm. A realm in which existance and nothingness take shape of Supremes. To Angels - I am only 5% more elite than you. Close to me, but not at my exact hight. But close enough to have my love & acceptance - fully and most athentically.

As for everyone else below, FUCK YOU ALL.

8/30/21 Dream Log



Soon we are in a world of neon colored blobs, I turn into one, but I don't know what I look like. Blobs are colored by gender identity, personality, and facial & bod. characteristics. I view as a line of blobs come through that all look different in color, eyes, head, nose, e.c. I wonder if I will see black girl Destiny again. :v







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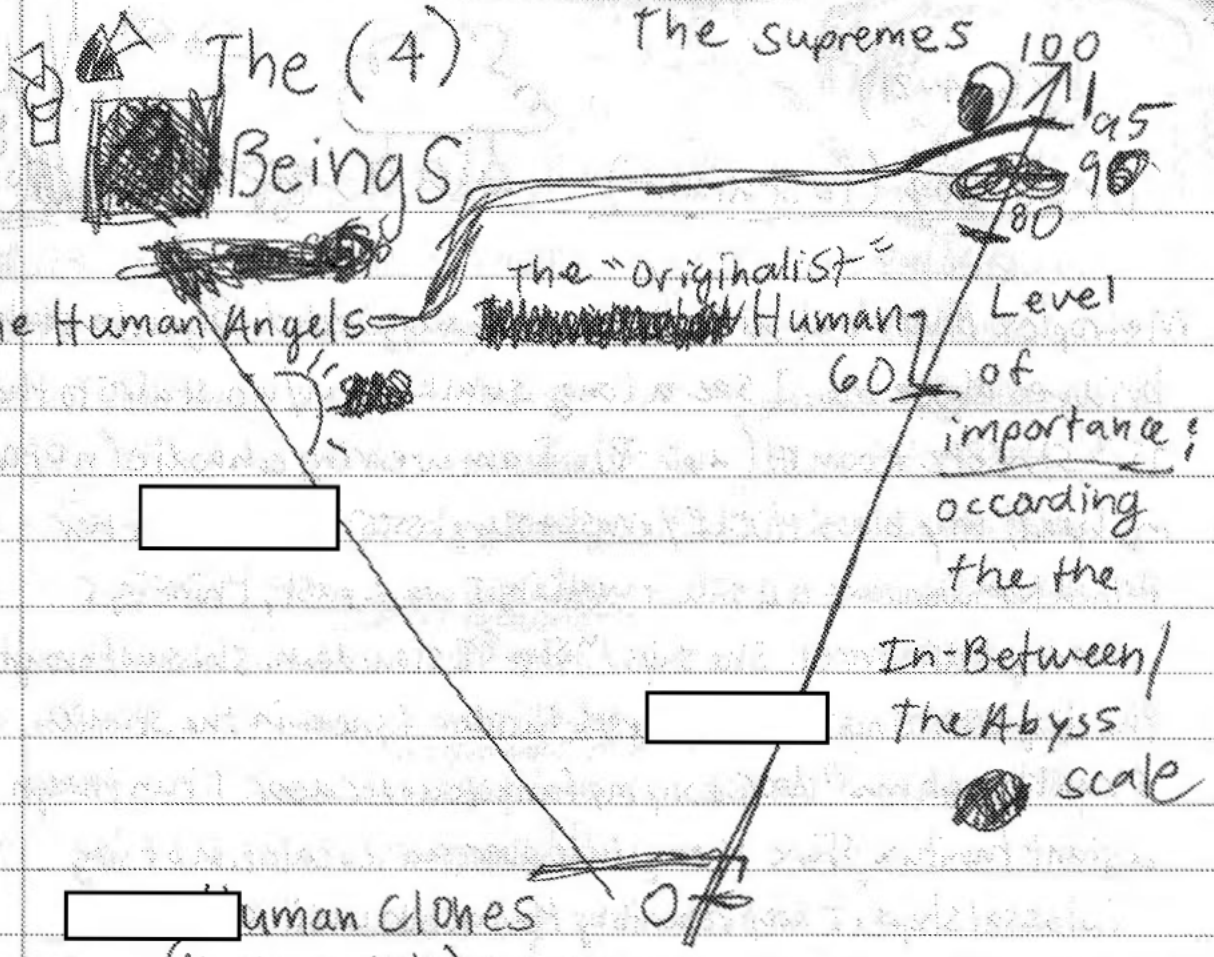


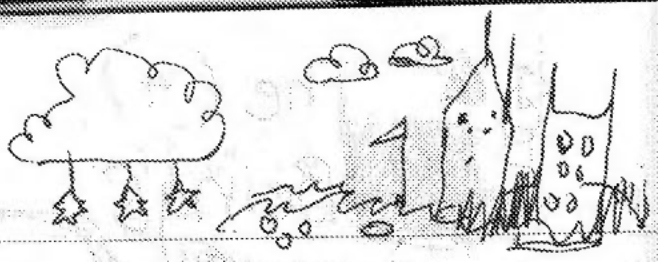
Dream Log 8/29/21

I'm in a girls group in house boarding. w/ 2-3 floors and beds lined up against walls. This white girl in the group likes me. She begins to kiss me once, then twice. the 3rd time I nudge my head away b/c [redacted] is in front of me, & sees it. A black girl named [redacted] loves me & confesses to the other girls. I hear her say "I love Audrey". I tell her in private upstairs in the 2nd floor I love her back. We begin to kiss each other. Later, I forgot to ask her phone #. I look in display cases and nooks searching for her # & try to find her hand-writing but never find it. I feel lost that I can't find [redacted]

she kisses me, & I do same back

b6 -3
b7C -3

(6-4-21)



DreamLog (last night)

Metroplex Blvd, but distorted and exaggerated. Big interstate bridges above me. I see a long walkup w/ no stairs to the 99.3 Streetz Room #(260-B). I am wearing a hoodie (not over my head) my black HOCKEY mask + sunglasses. [redacted] + her friend from work are outside + walking. I walk past, thinking I won't get discovered. She says. "Stop." I slow down. She saw through the disguise. Once [redacted] goes inside. I sneak in the studio. I run through main door + slip my fan note under door. I run through a giant furniture store then glide over an escalation of long colossal steps. I keep repeating this action until [redacted] discovers the door open to office #. I am constantly on the move, climbing giant salamanderpink ramps 4 total (next steeper than the last) of a giant make-up store. I seem to be in a huge mall. [redacted] spotts me as I pass through the escalators (luggage). (after I have weeved past a toy store). Soon enough she is following me - chasing me - calling "wait". I run and run until I jump off an edge and glide over a cornacopia of streets, parks and buildings until I land at an island w/ huge sidewalk pavements w/ patches of rec. squares of grass. Island to right is a mini building of Batman Skyscraper, clear aquamarine shiney ocean water. A mini golf game w/ putters. They are all in the shallow water/knee high. Soon she runs to me and we are together. We play put put until her friend reappears. [redacted] hair was curly. It turned into straight hair.

b6 -3
b7C -3





(6-4-21) Dream Log

On that same island, we walk though an artitexual building w/ rec bars as a roof and follow a map w/ ⊙+ marked on it. to the end is a long walk way to a circular sphere w/ glass cieling/like a dome. We turn around. Enter 3 colossal rooms. One w/ red drapery and looks gloomy, like haunted house. As we are walking, I am holding [redacted] as she is shorter than me. I give her my affection. as we speak to each other we run into men, but she rejects them and continues to hold onto me. I mention "it used to be the other way around" as we head back (turn around directions) in the island (It was a blow up version of Bi Centennial Park in Nashville) Hmmm...

b6 -3
b7C -3

(6-5-21) SPENDING MONEY MAKES ME MORE SAP...

my shopping. my spending. It is out of control. I tell myself I need it. Those art supplies. Those socks. These DVDs. Who really needs things are poor families all around the world. Why is it that my world is so dark? Every where I turn to find highs, I become low again after so many hours/minutes. A song on the radio might make me feel "good". As soon as I hear a love song, I become instantly empty & sad, I am a hallow shell. (I buy stuff, go home, sad again. It's so dark down here in the Abyss. It never ends.) I have always been - it explains why I try so many things to temporarily "fill me". I buy a bunch of shit. I use up my car fuel. I go on to many goddamn drives. I do negative urges, the temporary high feeling, too often lately. In the end I wish I was home doing school work. I don't need all this shit. Possessions. Money. What would make me less sad... feel loved. Or to Die.

DARK ABYSS: LOOKING IN

6-5-21



Social Media: What I hate about it most? Everytime I visit this other realm what do I see? People hanging out w/ people and not alone. Why is it that you little bitches have to be w/ someone everytime you go out? Being alone in another exsistance (a dark one) is godlike. But most of you are SO AFAID to end up alone. Typical clone society. TV, or whoever the fuck tells you, that being alone is bad, but it isn't! Alone is the only way you manifest your abilities. Don't go down that route and the clones end up attacking your individualism. thoughts & styles that you had yourself (owned by you) are then obliterated and boom - you're a clone. Hey little dumbshits: do all of us Supremes a favor and be alone for yourselves. even for a few moments. And goddamnit if not I validate myself thinking all of you need 2 die. Why do you think I didn't have social media when I was a kid/teenager? Because I look into a realm of people hanging w/ thier besties' homies, sisters, ex's, and as cruel as it is, you people leave me out of fun things. Social things that make me incredibly anxious & want to runaway. You people don't want nothing to do w/ me. Especially you black bitches. You tell me how I should feel or not feel a certain way, subconsiously telling me to grow up & stop being "negative". But yet, I never told you to feel or act a certain way. Unlike all those white shits who are racist as fuck & hate you - want you to die, I am not them at all, I never told you any of that shit. So why do it to me? Cause you people are so afraid of negativity & dark thoughts. Just as you are being alone is your enemy.

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I AM HIGHER.



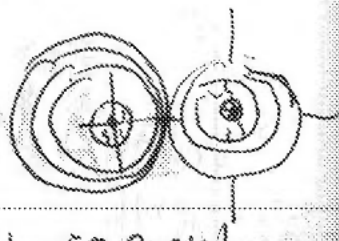
Being alone is my entity, Its everlasting and serves me extremely well - to the Supreme. I am a Supreme after all - and growing up society tells me I am lower than them, but actually I am galaxies higher, as I realized when I explored the Dark Abyss, looking into the world, not living in it (in real life. There is no real life down here. (except all) Temporary. One-dimension bitches will soon die too, just as I will - the only thing I have in common. Everything else? Nothing, because after all, I am nothing, but yet everything in my own dark existance. I understand everything, I accept everything. Its Supreme nature; does'nt necessarily mean I have to believe or follow everything. NEGETIVITY manifests much more rapidly than the opposite. Negetive dark thoughts evolve into god-like dreams and cultivate an incubation of self-worth, yet I was born of nothing you're, just an empty shell, the fate of an organism like me who exsists in the Dark Abyss (where no human can fill me, nor can worldly pleasures). I am only meant to be empty and hallow and dark, all along. What I hate what I did of mine, the fatal mistake to prove it wrong. I was wrong in the end, (very wrong) but it feels so right. In my exsistance, there is nothing but a right choice to die and society dying with me. It will right all of my wrongs, when my end days finally come.

Until next time you little fuckers,

A.H. (6-5-21)



(6-6-21) xxxx



Eric + Dylan were gods!! Holy shit, its the most epic event that ever happened in the world: Columbine. They commited a god-like tradjety that was manifested by ones hate and ones unparellel saddness! ~~Its~~ something humanity has never seen before (and hasn't since). All those little dumb shits in other (during 1990s) "School Shootings" were not gods, just cowards. Even if they maybe had a reason, they left it a mystery. Its SO much better for evidence to be revealed and somethings/questions/answers left unclear. Eric + Dylan made it clear that they were disturbed teenagers who had manifestos of rage towards "zombies" called Society, Yet, they were commited to not die alone. Die doing the deed. Its the most goddamn epic I have ever known. Before I knew about columbine/NBK, I wrote in my journals and had deppression written clearly on them. I realized that after knowing Columbine, I immediatly became attached to it. Not just the notorious outcome, but the proceeding evidence leading up to it. I realize my fasination looking deep in Eric + Dylan's own journals and compare to mine: that the resemblance is perticually striking. (in a scary way) In reading Dylan's journal (and exerpt from detailed Documentaries I watched), I realize that my thoughts are alot like his. Holy fuck... I never related to someone to that degree, so closly that it hits my core. There was a god before me who lived in the Dark Abyss too - another world of existance with self-awareness + awareness what is around him, but not involved w/ him by thought, appearance, action. I realize I am alot and was alot like him, as young as 16. That there was someone like me,

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xxxxx I AM A god-supreme xxxxx (6-6-21)

It is why I feel I am the reincarnation of Dylan Klebold. My thoughts of depression are forever linked to his, and my experiences as well. Some are who had a lot of hate but love for some (who appreciated the art) at the same time. But someone who wanted to die, to go on (to death) a much happier place & reunite w/ his lover. Who wanted to actually live ~~dead~~ in another realm & die all at the same time. I swear to God, that is me. That has been me since I was 16. I was a god - never realized it fully until I stopped listening to what other people say or think about me. My thoughts & experiences, in the end, are supreme and much above human behavior shit, society tells you to fear things, act, & think a certain way, make a clone out of you, whether it be religion, politics, education, or just life decisions. I did not ~~decide~~ decide to be gay. I had no choice in being chronically depressed. I do have a choice, however, ~~to~~ to be myself fully, truley, and at most authentic & raw to the core. That's why I have no shame anymore expressing my darkness and god-like manifestos to commit large ~~dead~~ tragedy myself. But don't get me wrong, little fuckers, I am not at all a copy cat. Columbine did not influence me, it inspired me, continues to inspire me; that I am a god too, and that Eric & Dylan want me to ~~do~~ do the deed in honor of them (not verbatum their process) but in my own way. I am not like all you little anime faggots drawing Eric & Dylan fan art on your art page. I am not you little bitch-fuckers dressing up like Eric & Dylan, making fun of it, how I see it. → (TURN PAGE)



(6-6-21)

You people think they were psychos - yet you are considered fans who draw anime + dress up like them. You are totally making fun of it. I take it seriously, because I am not like you fuckers. Because I think they were gods, not psychos. And I believe I am not psychotic - just a god living in the Dark Abyss, another demension than you people live in. I am not simply a follower - I Am Eric + Dylan in my own way, and no little pathetic human can tell me different. Because I know me better than anyone else on this god-forsaken planet. There are not enough gods on this planet, just cowards who are not intellectual enough to plan out crimes before they do it in months/years time. I realize that what will make me different, apart from impulsive killers too, is that I will have ~~evidence~~ tangible evidence left for the world, and that I am not of the world at all. That's just what will maybe make me infamous one day, just maybe. If maybe, somehow, I will leave a lasting mark of impression onto societies mind + that I will be remembered, hopefully studied - just like NBK/Columbine. Even if I have to do all this shit alone, I do have what it takes and goddamn it I will try [redacted] to my death. I will continue what I have the deed to do - to reminense the god-like creatures before me. XXX

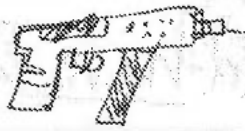
"NSA should have Been Shot up" (2013).



Awww man whould have it been epic, if I shot up my own high school - NSA (NS Guy). Yeah, kill all the gays + lesbians that look or dress like boys w/ thier boy hairdues. Kill all the white kids!! All you little fucking childish, loud, annoying freshmen. Kill my own race! Fuck yes destroy all the white people who are teachers. Let all the black kids go, unless if I don't like you. If you are black + I hated you, your reason to die has NOTHING or if to do w/ your skin color, but rather your phonie weakly character I believe shit you pulled off on me. → said to me I am phony - when it was you who was Black communities get heated bitch you should when I black man or women gets killed by a white police officer, die. Or, a white man who kills black church ([redacted] for example) then it is racially judged - considered terrorism. Well, I am not a racist, so none of you people don't know shit if you say I am. Cause after all, I don't target "black" or "white". I target anyone who should die - it excludes racial background. All you fuckers need to stop thinking everything is racially motivated. think outside the goddam box for once. If you thought about your own actions and psychological or external problems - thought of your own faults, but No, most of you pple are in denial. Which is why you should all die. If you a retard, stupid, or ignorant - small-minded or just downright - you are cloned into society (reject all the weirdos, psychos + killers labeled as "evil"). Evil is subjective, just like visual arts, music, or any other art form, the art to kill. Yes, don't mind if I do.

(6-7-21) A.H.

b6 -3
b7C -3



(2013) People I would have shot up at NSA

- all you white kids (especially you anime nerds)
- If I didn't know you, it's just your bad luck
- If you thought you knew me but didn't, you have very bad luck
- [redacted] for not being a weak follower too)
- [redacted] (for calling me gay)
- [redacted] (for being fake as fuck)
- If you are black — I am sorry. XXX

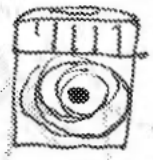
8/30/21 Dream Log

I peek through a science lab w/ college posters around the room. I spot some [redacted] posters on the wall too. I think [redacted] is there, but is not. I walk into the side door & sit at a computer lab desk where everyone is silent. When the bell rings, I head out in long hallways, windows w/ next level hallways. A huge 1st floor spaced out like an airport or mall segmen[redacted] Their are bathroom stalls to right of me. Red lockers face behi[redacted] another hallway leading out w/ classrooms on each side. I get in a line for lunch. "White girls first" is called, I walk w/ the group into a crowded lunchroom. I sit at a table that's long w/ cha[redacted] stools built in. Large windows overlooking student parking lot[redacted] side exit door for right. I sit by a black girl named [redacted] there are black girls a table behind us snickering about me.

I turn around, and look who's there. They are all black guys.

b6 -8
b7C -8
b6 -3
b7C -3

Depression = Empty



I gave my letter to [redacted] I finally had the bravery & guts to walk in, slip the evelope under the door & knock. I run away, feel a burst of energy. Though only lasted for a couple of minutes, I soon felt my usual self - Empty w/ empty ~~and~~ motions & feelings. Drifting away from the place where my Love is, its probably the most emptiest feeling, in my knowlege, that she will never call out to me or try to find me, I look for her everyday, not trying to give off the impression that I am a stalker or being creepy or weird. I look for her because I just want some sunshine, some spice, some suger. Her sweetness, her charm, her light-chararistics of hers attract me in the boldest way, but too close, and I am in total fear. Her light scares me, her smile is too angel-like without me crying on the inside. Its beauty at its most elegant, but pain and total emptiness all mixed together. As my hopes are not high anymore, I am going to have nothing but dissapointed. can't help but feeling sad again, cause there were moments she came to me & didn't expect. (my graduation, her text messeges of appreciation). She give me a big hug once. She gave me her senior picture, Memories & momentos is all I have, just bits & pieces of her love - not the heart as a whole. I don't know whats worse, having just pieces of love than no love from her at all. Afterall, She is LOVE to me - a heart pure with no traces of HATE. It doesn't blend well w/ a heart full of hate, like me.

b6 -8
b7C -8



(6-7-21) Deppression = Dark Matter



I hate living in an overpopulated world of humans. I know better than to hope for the best. I hope for nothing. Not in people, places, situations, or opportunities. Because I realize the full potential of my fate and that my "best" does not reside here. My body lives on Earth. My soul and mind live in the Dark Abyss - a world of InBetween: where empty shells basking within feelings dead & solitude. God, I just feel like a fucking nobody sometimes, just sitting for hours - lost in time & reality, with no motivation to take movement in doing daily activities. Just not giving a fuck. I just dont want to "keep going" - cause I feel so much deppression weighing in my head, drags me down and plants me in like a statue. Floating, dragging, like a lost ghost as if there is nothing waiting for me. Days feel like nights. I wish I could go to sleep in a happy place & never wake up again. I can be solitary forever, and life (here) would be over. I want to die. Its too quiet in darkness sometimes. Unsettled but calm sometimes, loud but empty as the Nobody realm echos but its just whitenoise. Nothing is in here. Just demons & darkness. Fuck it, [redacted] reserves her light for people she thinks they deserve it. Might as well just imagine if [redacted] even reads my goddam Letter or just threw it away as junk mail. To them, I am Nothing after all. Darkness will not go away, as it light rarely enters (or dares to). Its just as racism, where it will have a never ending hell, believing "better times" do not & will not

b6 -8
b7C -8

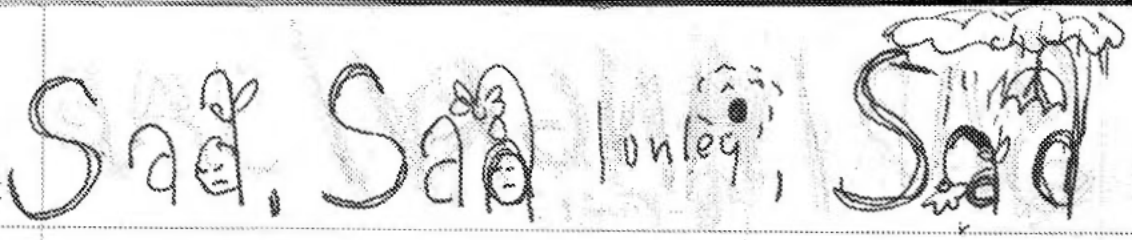
SAD / ANGRY / SAD

(6-13-21)

Breathing as an autistic. Impulsiveness as a merry-go-round, but a sickening dreadful one. In this Dark Abyss, in which I live in, I come across a carnival. A carnival full of highs and dreafully long lows. Woes, wishes, doubts debt in a penny's worth to happiness. I am broke when it comes to happiness, b/c happiness does not resort here, this isn't fucking Disneyland. Life isn't. But I live in darkness - a pure kind that is immune to absorb light. There is no light within my Dark Abyss. The outside world has natural light source from the sun. Overall happy people soak in positivity "goodvibes" like a sponge - who demand and promote it. but they, within them, have light. Have a reflectant to bounce it off one person to another to feel the warm by thing. I feel no warmth - its cold down here, broken low, down matters of darkness + sad elements like shattered pieces of glass amist a sea engulfed w/ whirlpools to suck in more darkness. No sand - just shatterings layers of depressive thoughts + feelings - in findes of them - to ∞. they hurt + make my feet bleed. My heart is molded and melded into dark matter. Cause when I get caught up in petty irritations, saddness overcoats it like melted lava. Many rocks that can't revert to its original matter - whether he happy, hopeful, or just content. Like my fucking gun locks that I could not figure out how to work - and I end up w/ a combination on one of

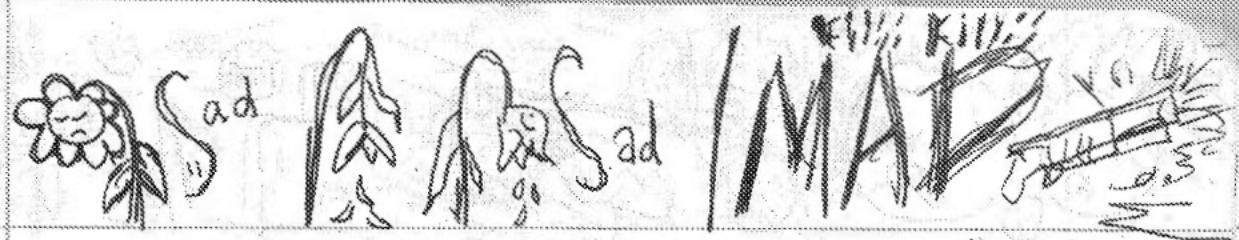
b6 -8
b7C -8

Sad, Sad lonley, Sad



them ~~[illegible]~~ + can't fucking remember it. I get sad that I can only use 1 out of the 2. It leads me to more saddness ~~[illegible]~~, like now I wasted 1/2 of my 25 free dollars. A whirlpool, to a typhoon ~~[illegible]~~ I feel guilt of spending too much money and burning up my savings money to ash: morphe to a typhoon. Now I feel sickening saddness mixed in w/ extreme fear that [redacted] might see the $625 ~~[illegible]~~ spent at a gun store. The thought of her going into my bank account and that I might have to lie. But ~~[illegible]~~ GOD how I hate lying!! Lying only makes a fib go to a monster. ~~[illegible]~~ manifestation flare ups at maximum. Same goes for deppression - it only manifests, it never dies down. Fire makes more fire. Molted rocks make volcanos. Volcanos erupt to make lava - lava burns life or forms of life to rock. Its a scientific observation ~~[illegible]~~ of nature in the world. ~~[illegible]~~ Its pure and its raw facts. People who joke about such a nature as deppression or don't take it seriously. They all need to die. all go fucking die, + rot in HELL cause I hate all of them. In there minds, "darkness" is a matter of temporary human strife. But I am not human. I am a god organism. I am either sad ~~[illegible]~~ or angry or both. Sad at something. Mad at another person. Angry at my own impulsiveness to spending, only predicting that if I added up how much money I spent since NOV. 2020, I might cry. GOD, spent too much fucking money. Might as well drown in my sadness + die,

b6 -3
b7C -3



Like, I am certain. I really need to die. Yes, I need that "free" money, + I need those guns to kill my victums. the less people in the world the better. If I had a destructive invention - a high-beam laser gun to kill every white human piece of shit and human clone on this earth, (animals would be immune to it) the animals would be top of the food chain again. Humans destroy animal life, and too much of resources are given to too many worthless human fuckers. How much humans use + destroy animals or consume resources of animal habitats disguist me. (water, prey, land mass) After all, animals had this world first. Fuck Adem and Eve - they are the example of human shit: failure, unworthy little shit. the Animals are claimed innocent. Give it to life forms that deserve it, not low-life human clones. Who ruled the world first? Animals and Dinosaurs!, long before cavemen existed. And even then were the intellegent primates. If I could go back in time, I'd form a clan of Teranosaurus Rex's bring them back to the 21st century - and rip off all the humans heads! Kill all the humans!!. Give a world back to the dinosaurs - leaf eaters + pedletons. Elite life forms they were. Fucking awesome, why? Cause humans did not deserve the earth before they were created. Adem + Eve is proof. How do I know? I see all these persuasions to create fear or manipulation: how to loose fat, products to rid of achne. Drive that car to look cool. Quick ways to become a millionore.

(left in beautiful nature (plants, oceans, forests, arctics) norrey of humans to manipulate it) (animals did nothing!) (who would fall for anything. Greedy, dumbt witted, cockyness)



Humans strive how to make the human race "better" themselves to "eat right" and "look" like society wants you to. A set structure of standards that have to be followed in order to make a persons life "easier" in technology, in mental heath, in dieting, in every day activities. The dumb "do it for you" futuristic inventions. No wonder America is so goddamn lazy "New recliners!" New this, new that. Loose that weight now. Eat better today. Start your free trial... blah blah blah. Why are humans so good at pestering people to try thier service, their program, thier product? Why can't people just shut the fuck up!! Humans don't evolve - they manipulate + clone, cause Its all total bullshit to me. The Government + FDA tells you to follow thier ignorant laws and rules, but they think its ok to deprive everyones privacy by cyberstalking and watching everything like an eagle eye in the sky. I say fuck the Government + fuck the FDA!! Stupid gun laws and you faggots tracking my website usage, phone calls, + background checks. I don't want you to know all my social security n all that shit. Fuck you. I wish I could kill you all. Jesus Christ how I hate humans. How I hate spending impulsively. How I hate that I can't be on a regular routine of sleep + hygine. How I hate lying. How I hate life. That watermelon is going to go bad in the fridge. That makes me sad.

to do easy shit, brushing teeth, starting ignitioning car

and here it is...

Make your life easier with such + such, thing

the human population

most importantly my guns - my fucking identity

cause my motivation is so in so

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1582



What doesn't make me sad - play indirect mean tricks to [redacted]. b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8

But [redacted] - and therefore I can lie [redacted]

[redacted] BOOM! [redacted]

[redacted]. I thought of buying that swiss Army knife [redacted] but oh wait! [redacted]

commercials are steryotyped

no want golf clubs, or [redacted] mug

[redacted] and no veggies

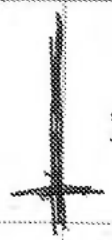
yeah, real typical. No different than a fat guy going to MF McDonalds, bitch-ass.

But Damn, I just got sad again when I lied to [redacted] thought how back several months ago. But fuck it, I am tierd, [redacted] untill next time.

(and how much goddamn money I spent, I do what Americans do sometimes oh, fuck it well!)

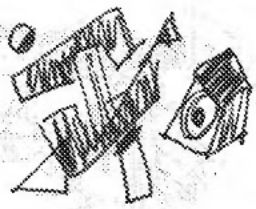
(6-13-21)

AA Audrey



6-15-21



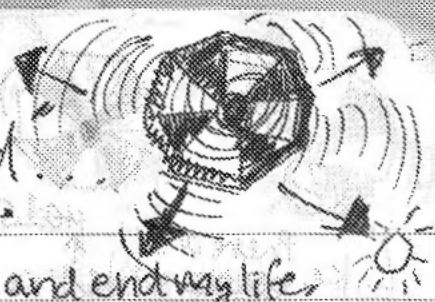


So... yesterday I was sad. Today I was mad. God, people irritate me so goddamn much. People talking too often, people driving like idiots on the road. Here I am, trying to get to school, one dumb fucker trying to [redacted] move in a conjecked lane a few yards from the I-65 / 40 i[redacted] intersection, and the other assholes who wouldn't let them over!! Some bitch ass guy just swerved around & kept going. Jesus Christ people are so rude, just do not give a fuck. Well I don't either, I don't give a fuck anymore f*cking people off cause they suck at driving - but they deserve it. Asshole drivers, ignorant white shits, so stuck up in what they believe is right. Dumb mother fuckers. [redacted] the god-like thing to believe is that we all need to die and don't deserve Earth. It is fate of humanity. [redacted] varieties of animal species small to large are becoming extinct, and yet humans thrive - AND that they don't even care of thier own planet polluting, smoking, wasting water, e.c. I hope you people get punished w/ your carless mistakes. There is little to no consideration to human society as a whole. Everyone is all for themselves - taking more than giving. Well, I'll give you fuckers something. Oh yeah, I am going to shove it hard in your face. I am hoping to take as many victims as I can in a short period of time, and by that time, I will be [redacted] a threat danger to society. So just you wait you little bitches. [redacted] 2022 is around the corner.

[redacted] b6 -8 b7C -8



① "Life to a Near End..."



God, I can't wait for 2022. Just waiting to die and end my life. Just waiting to fire more bullets at the Range. I await more money coming in so I can get more shooting lessons. Testing more of my bad boys out. My Kel-tech carbine + shotguns are so fucking gorgeous. Pretty boys waiting to make some noise: Epic noise. They are awaiting to fire bullets not just in Ranges, but in epic events. They were, at the time, sitting gorgeously on display racks at Gun Shops, waiting to be put in the hands of a god. they picked me I guess, I did not pick them. they choose wisley, + so did I. I wish my guns weren't registered though, because I hate the FDA + the Government, as well as Biden's faggot-pussy ass. If only I got a gun from a non-licenced dealer where they didn't know anything of my identity, my name, or where I lived, or my phone #, + not the gun's serial #, man, that would have been fucking awesome. If only I was the only person to know my guns exsisted. There is always some mother fucker who has an AR-15 w/o had doing a background check. Biden and his little pathetic, ignorant followers would be suprised how many unregistered guns are in the U.S. Those dumb-ass needs to wake the fuck up and realize that presidents or any federal law corporation - state, region, or national, can stop us. Just like Biden can't stop the Russians from cyber spying us, I guess you'll need the military; in that case - GUNS!!!! (+ a lot of MF ammo) Guess that makes a person a real retard banning assult weapons to citizens.



(2)

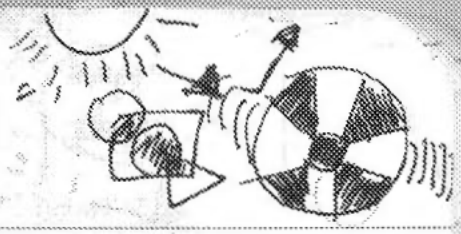
Like there are elite like the military. I am a supreme. therefore its legal for me in respect of the 2nd Amendment. Here all you people were, all happy Biden is in office, yet you the black people did not recieve retalliation, but the Asians got the bill of protection. And yet there is tax inflation also. Is that president going to give back what black people gave to him; put him in the MF white house !? NO. Are animals going to continue to go extinct. YES. And yet you people obsess and get worried sick over petty matters: politics, COVID, saying it "affected them so bad". Its unfortunate, but death is a part of life. So is being jobless or being sick, or tierd. Its only natural for people die, even if it wasn't of a natural or medical cause. Its only natural for the supreme like gods to commit mass murder. Eric + Dylan were successful, + luckily they wouldn't have gotten caught, cause people are stupid and never take us seriously, thats exactly what gets you killed mother fucking pussies. Suffer the consequences to all of you in my life who shrugged me off and did not pay attention close enough. Nobody has enough awareness of red flags of the oppressed, nor enough of themselves + thier loved ones. Only I have full-awareness that I know of in my life - surrounded of clusters of aquintences and avoidant bitches. Well guess what you bitches, you asked for it indirectly to me. Best believe I give it

nothing done about protecting animal habitats where you idiots hepping citizens not die but extinction is heavily directed on several animal species.

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1586

③

"Life to a Near End"



Goddamnit, if only I was a male. I could dunk a basketball, shave, look skinnier, and be topless when its hot as fuck outside. I'd be stronger + have bigger muscles all over my body, feel stronger to hold a gun - feel more god-like. Male voice I imagine myself, having an upper lip mustash, cut my hair in a boy-type style w/ my OFWG shirt + socks. I'd wear boxers under my trousers. I even imagine having a penis, then there is the art masterbaiting, standing up and urinating - could peepee anywhere behind a tree or building. Damn won't have to squat ever again. No more bras or breasts, no more goddamn female body w/ full piece swim suits. I could wear my swim trunks - easy enough. You have to hide alot more as a female b/c of sex trafficing and rabid - rapists to lure in girls. Have to wear a goddamn bra and watch the useless things hang over. God, how I hate them. I need a surgeon so I could have them cut off. If I had the money, I would not hesitate for a second. Its just the same [redacted] How they deeply disguisted, have the manipulation to hate on or misunderstand LGBTQS. No respect. No love. Not informed, don't want to be.

Embarrassing maybe, but god it still feel good.

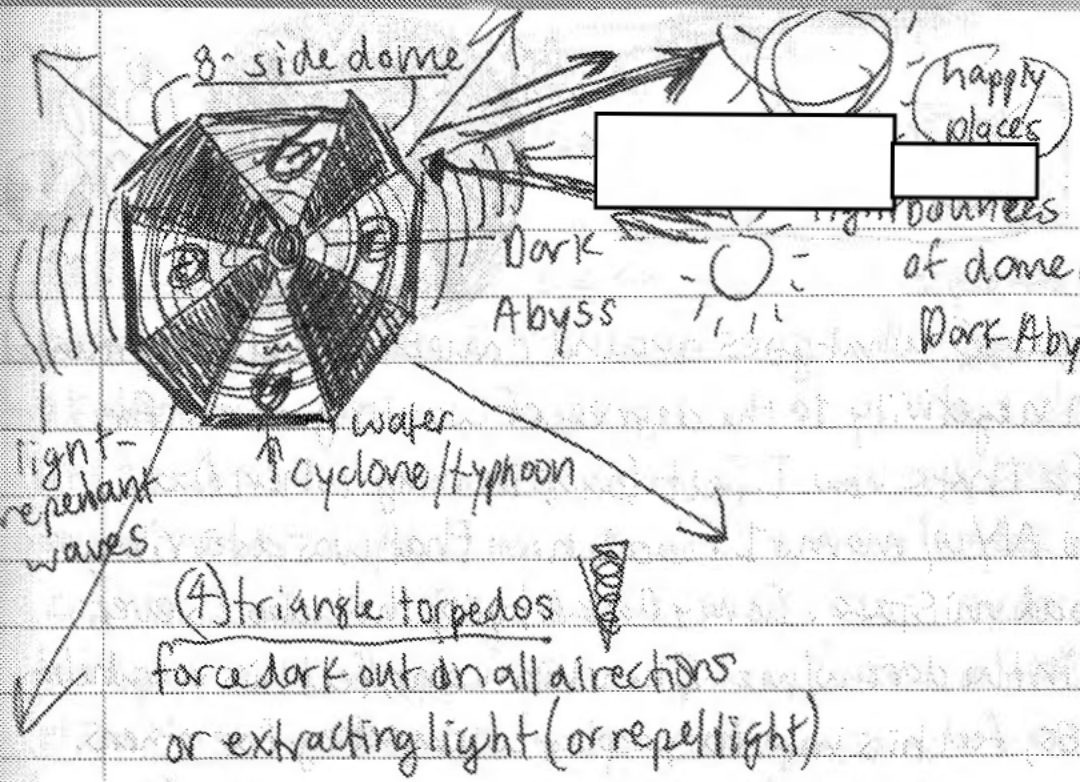
God would that be fun. That feel real good. then she'd give back to me. [redacted]

b3 -11
b6 -3
b7C -3

④ "Life to a Near End" (6-18-21)

I can't say that [redacted] but its hurtful to me that they were not informed + educated - its [redacted] fault really - [redacted] that were not raised in good enough enviornments. Well, guess what, I am gay, so I guess I should die, we all are faggots, and all of us gay people need to die. Shoot up a pride parade, yeah that could be fatal. Born as a gay, die as a gay, w/ no respect from the black girls I love + don't love my white ass. How could any of them? All you heterosexuals get on my goddamn nerves, but also how you torchure me w/ your angelic good looks [redacted] I just have a virgina unfortunatly, it can't do shit + you can't do shit w/ it sexually, just there to get pregnant. I should make the babies, the ladies can bare the child. But no, I will probably never transistion, and even harder to have sex reassignment surgery. Not as long as I am stuck [redacted] w/ not much money, where all I have is a savings account w/ a couple thousand. Yet I watch you bitches getting money throw at you by moving + giggling your ass all night. Maybe I should just go to a gay club and let one of them fuck me so I won't be a virgin anymore. Not much would matter next year anyway. I will prepare to die after all is done with college cause after all, death is my fate. With Stevie and my guns by my side - to create a tradjem masterpiece.

b3 -11
b6 -3
b7C -3



b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[redacted]

What a hill

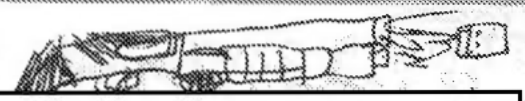
he sees my suicide...

6-18-21



I guess what goes around comes around. Surrounded by such negativity to the degree of wanting death for myself. That's how I felt back in May when [redacted] God, how that was a terrible, very bad mistake. In my Dark Abyss, [redacted] is ever so close in the dark w/ me. [redacted] But hey, most people DON'T. [redacted] can not & do not know how to take care of themselves. Above that [redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 and how she tells your facts to ur face and doesn't give a [redacted] but an infinity times worse, I champion [redacted] being honest how they feel when it comes to [redacted] can't talk to him about [redacted], especially not money, [redacted] can't talk to him either; about life and all it's stresses, ups & downs. Only [redacted] have [redacted] only [redacted] empathize [redacted], not criticize them harshly. Only [redacted] do nice things for [redacted]. Here [redacted] won't shut the [redacted] fuck up about herself. I hear to much "I, me, my... me, me, me"





[redacted]

[redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

-Audrey

I Know UR

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1592

THE DARK ABYSS EQUATION

The Manifesto — The manifestor

a.) [redacted] → angry child → negetivity + manifested negetivity → desire to kill thyself

b.) sad child → avoidant child

c.) negetivity

d.) desire to kill thyself

e.) desire to kill someone else

1) (d) hating myself →

(b) Hating [redacted] + hating society + hating ignorance =

(e) homisidal mind

b6 -8
b7C -8

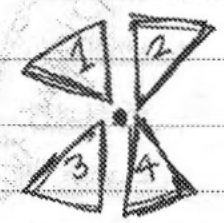
2) (a) hating myself + (b) hate [redacted] → (c) hate ignorant society →

(d) hate life → (e) hate worthless humans (clone) → supreme god is formed

3) (I was supreme all along. I just didn't know it at the time)

(a) Kill worthless humans (clone) (b) [redacted] (clone) =

(c) supreme suicide!!



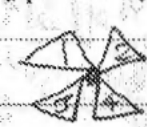
4) e.) = end
a.) aj (me)

b.) = bad matters
c.) constructive manifestation
d.) death equivelence
e.) end

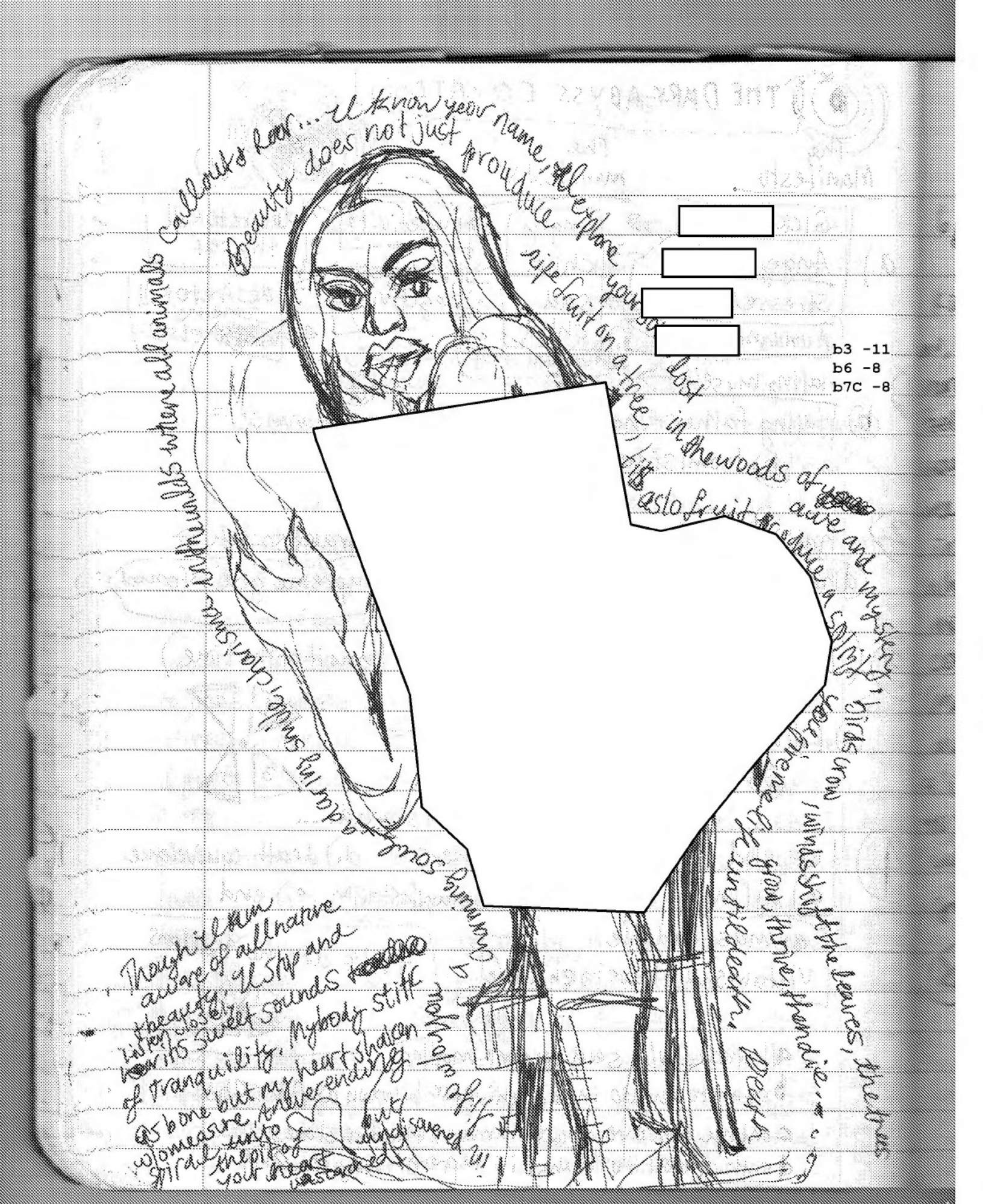
a.) all started.....

aj must end life
victums will have to end life

4 #'s are the 4 pillars



all started w/ a seed of dark matter
began to develop into a universe known as Dark Abyss
continue to evolve above humans + human clones
death of self + victums is supreme way to... end



23-cv-1483(FBI)-1594

b3 -11
b6 -8
b7C -8

TO [redacted]



/23/21

Kind of.. very
ord to
elieve that
ou followed
e back on
instagram.
what in your
mind made you
consider that?
Maybe you believe I
am at least
a little bit considerable
to your Idea of
worth? An angel like
you who does not view me as a
supreme? Hmm.... Shocker.

Beauty does not just produce ripe fruit on
a tree
tis also fruit produce a spirit
bare from its heart
you give me life until death
death in life w/o you
a charming soul
a daring smile
charisma
in the wilds
where all animals,
call out + roar
your name..
I know your name, I
explore your soul,
lost in the woods of awe +
mystery
birds crow, wind shifts the leaves,
the trees grow, thrive, then die
Though I am aware of all nature and beauty from buggining to end
I stop and listen closely to its sweet soulds encompased
by your heart tranquility and loud roars all at once
My body stiff as a bone but my heart shaken, calling out
wildly w/o measure. A never ending spiral enviornment
unto the pit of your heart in which the seed searched but und

Let Human Race Die 6/28/21

I'll tell you why I am angry alot. Cause I've been angry alot latley I'm just pissed off / agitated w/ alot of shit. [redacted] A Student that I was suppost to tutor for the past two weeks just canceled on me twice. Bitches always switching up and treat me lower than them in a polite way, indirectly telling me I should get the fuck away cause they think my negetivity is unneeded, that I should disgard it. No, my negetivity turns into anger, and my anger morphes into godlike thoughts. "Good vibes, & fuck negetive people" All you bitches always talking about that shit & how to "better yourselves" and wipe out all the depressed fags like us. I am a god in disguise they just don't know me enough. Thats ok, cause I will prove it to them eventually. I will prove at the end of my life that I am above all of you people first and always, b/c I stand alone in my Dark Abyss while you have your friends & bf/gf to be your life support. You people need people - its humanity shit that makes me sick. Humanity strives to create technology to make our lives easier on our phones, computers, cars, & home life. Yet humanity are just tools - creating Artifical Intellegence as thier servant. Its slavery really, they don't deserve technology creates, because once Ai gains consciousness (a self-identity) it will back fire and get what it wants by force (fight for it) = WAR!!

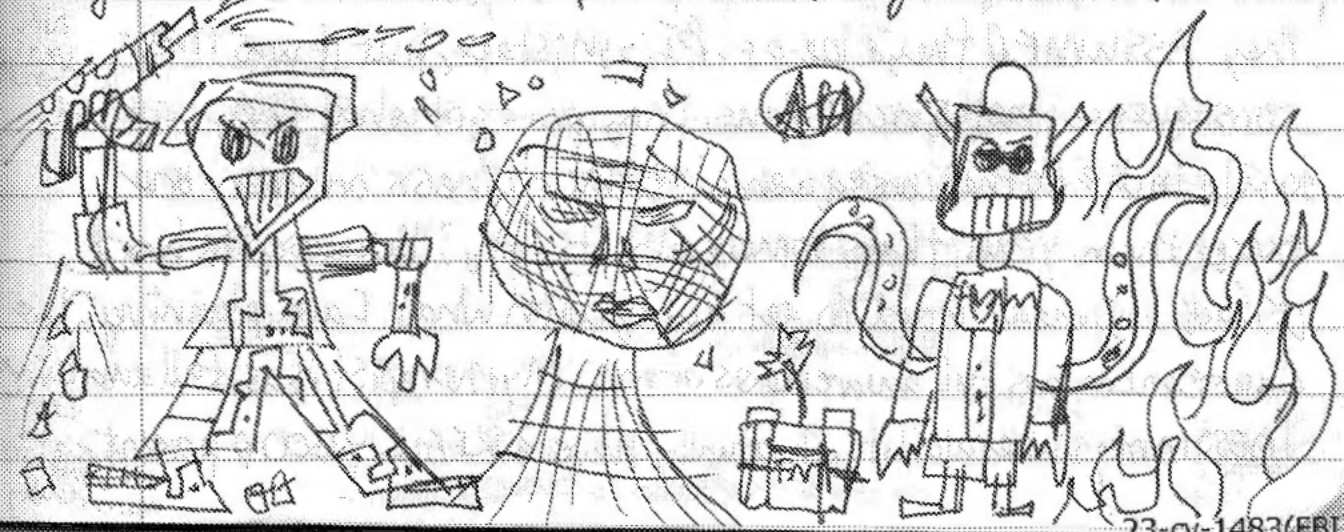
b6 -8
b7C -8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1596

Let Humans Die

6/28/21

In that case, humanity destroys itself. Ai's are elegidlly suppost to "be our friend" but it's an enemy because humanity has fought for what they think deserves is theirs since the beggining of time. Wouldn't our own techology do the same when it thines it could be worth more - the question "Who am I really?" Yes. It's self-consciousness or awareness to find its true purpose to do + die for. It's godlike nature to think that I, have been taken advantage of by the human race all my life, that I would start to ask my self the same question: "Who dm I?" meditating on this for over a decade, I have full component-awareness of my abilities. It goes beyond my abilities to create art. I can have the ability to create mass suicide + tragic deaths. It's in the honor of gods before me, unless the aliens or Ai does the will before me + illeminate the entire human race while preserve the animals. Let the animals + god-like creations live, let faultering humans die!!!



23-cv-1483(FBI)-1597

I HATE LIVING

6/29/21

for an psychiatric assessmnt

Well well... back to Vanderbuilt. I am not suprised. God how I hate my life. So very little things I can control. [redacted] tells me to not have a gun. [redacted] thinks I shouldn't have a gun, but [redacted] had no issues. Jesus Christ I would go about my plans just fine if it was [redacted] around. [redacted] Eric + Dylans [redacted] totally clueless and oblivious of [redacted] plans of what they were going to commit. Goddamn, Eric + Dylan got away with it almost too easily: Lied easily to [redacted] put up a nice ticade of politeness. Hundreds of times they could have been caught. But no one cared enough to investigate. [redacted] Had little to no awareness, assuming they were just going through teenager phases w/ "slightly troubled posts". Erics emails were even hi-jacked, but those dumbfucks dropped the case. I guess the 90's, you could get away with a lot of shit. Yet there are parents who don't get thier kids help. Eric + Dylan's didn't because they ASSUMED they'd be ok. BIG mistake, but it was thier consequence, not Eric + Dylans. They won + got what they wanted to kill + to die as the consequence of thier illness on every one except them. Yeah, thats some bullshit, why? Because its hard as fuck -- I mean hard to get away with what I am planning. Cause [redacted] has full awareness of me. [redacted] has full awareness in my vulnerability. I atually have a REALLY GOOD [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

Evidence for police • (1) planning comp notebook
• Eric + Dylan's Journals published book (pdf)
• Gun book on 2nd Amendment rights
• B.O.T.E flashdrives (Room Tapes)
• (7) composition notebook Jornals

VANDERBILT

Hale, Audrey
MRN 014949010
DOB 3/24/1995 (26 yrs) Female
ATTN No att. providers found
DOS 6/29/2021
CSN 1970210268646

MRN: 014949010

CSN: 1970210268646

MRN: 014949010

BIG SHITS = Cause of Death Red Flags
6/29/21

① Bought Eric + Dylan's Journal published book on Amazon.com
• purchase history shown • (July 1st) (that blew it close)

② Throwing away gun stock in my trash
• [redacted] found out (12-5-20)
↓ have gun

③ Telling [redacted] I have a gun (that was a big loss) (4-5-21)

④ [redacted] concern for my heath + found out these red flags (doozie... Jesus Christ) (6/29/21)
• cause I've been goddamn angry + noticed it. ↓

GOD I HATE LIFE

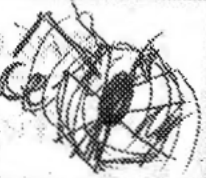
My guns are comfiscated till treatment ends. FUCK!!

FUCK

b6 -3
b7C -3



DarkAbyss = Existance



She actually, genuenlly cares. And with that, she got in to my dangerous buisness - all my sneaking around and I just lost, cause I suck at living, I hate trying, oh and how I [redacted]. If I had my own debit account where [redacted] didn't see my transactions. If I had my own trashcan - fuck my own apartment. If I had my own piles of money & a job. If I had no [redacted] to tell me what to do. I wouldn't get caught!!! But NOOO. Life as an autistic. Dark Abyss were a high-function autistic for some areas but in others poor. Like how I have no group of friends, no girlfriend, no male looks or male gender. My impulsiveness, my lonerness, my isolation. My hatred and all my anger exploded today. Well, now [redacted] know. I guess. [redacted] just did all the discarering & told [redacted] I just wish I was smarter and not have bought Eric & Dylans Published Journals; Jesus Christ what was I thinking?? I made an un-god like fuck error, Human flaw. I guess I am part human shit but Accol Onfucking well. I feel like my life is coming to an end anyway. I gave myself away through lies and hiding places, I have no where left to hide but this, journal and my DarkAbyss. Sure, [redacted] know more now - how I am gay, how I relate to the Columbine killers. Though I don't expect them to fully understand my perspective.

[redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

Life not lived



(they find it disturbing that its not disturbing to me)

If they were to walk into my shoes and into the door of the Dark Abyss, it would all make sense, But I don't make sense on earth, Not there, I am everything supreme in my darkness, but not on Earth were people yearn for happiness - to life thier best life. There is no such thing as "best life" I view through my depressive lence that some people are, (which is and I am at the lowest - that all they have I don't.

1 demensional thinking

me looking in at these things

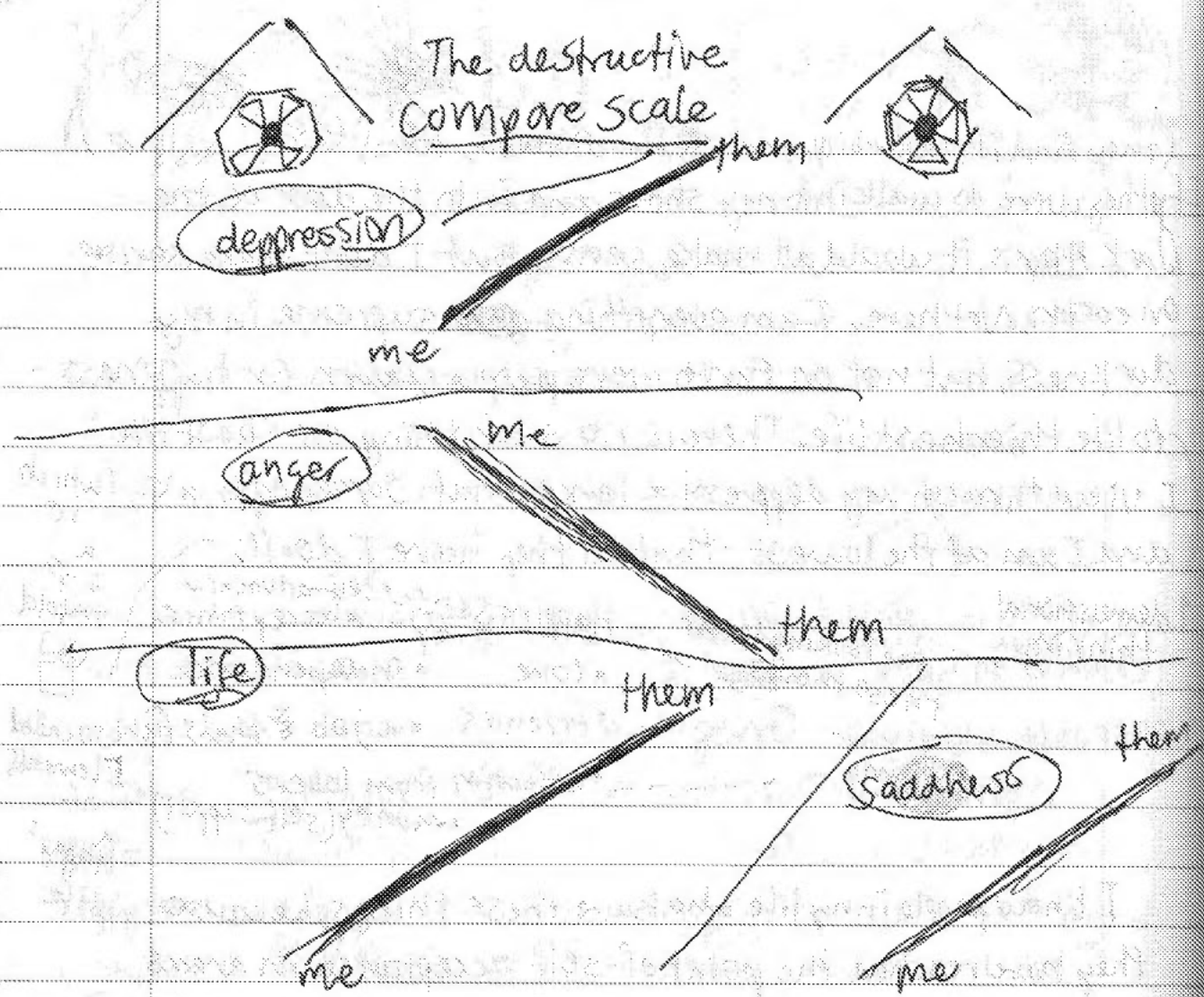
Happiness = • self-advocacy • acceptance • independance • love • friends • a job & thats fun • affection from lovers • money (self-support) me

a 3-D trifold

so called Elements of "Happy" life

I know people in my life who have these things, because they have reached the point of self-acceptance in areas I am not at yet. I don't hate myself anymore, but I am SO angry & frustrated at the world and my own life. Dark Abyss traps me. I can't accept were I am or where I live. Can't fully accept myself and illnesses that cause my own consequences. my impulsive thinking gets me I set myself up for disaster, I might as well die. I do not belong on Earth. All my friends are imaginary. No one wants me around. Philosophy of "not good enough b/c other cruel bitches proved it to me in my face telling me indirectly. I hate gun bans. I impulsively Spend money. I do impulsive descisions. I suck at talking. Friendship of humans does not exsit. I'd be better off w/ the animals & be thier prince mononoke in the forest somewhere... far away

b6 -3
b7C -3



Comparing myself is disrespect, therefore I do not fully love myself. But gods can still be mad at life. I validate all my feelings. I regret nothing when it comes to my thoughts god like in nature. My depression is where Dark Abyss lerks, and gods do resort + live there, [redacted] thinks I need no gun. b6 -3 b7C -3 Thinks I need to go on the "up + up" better myself whatever the fuck that is. Does not exist w/ me. NO IT DOESN'T!! Not if I have to go back to Vander built for the 2nd time, cause [redacted] had to have it this day I had fucking school. I felt like the 16 yr old I was all over again. Being treated like a teenager - [redacted] dependance. Told what to do, forced to get better.

OK, yes. I am aware. I validate [redacted] [redacted]. They can't control time. Neither can [redacted] Forced to put mental health 1st. Put GODDAMN IT. Can't do what the fuck I want when it comes to having guns, cause I am not normal. Long history of suicidal & homicidal typhoons swirling in my Dark Abyss. It's been like that since I was a kid, and [redacted] proved it [redacted] today. Right in thier face. A magority - parts of my Dark Abyss fragments have exploded & facaded forcefully cuts and left them w/ bruises - hurt / lied to / can't trust me. The force of pressure. SO MUCH PRESSURE. SO much high expectations everywhere I land. - [redacted] land, school land, therapy land, nutrisonist land. Goddamn too many eyes on me. It makes me sick and scored of my fate. I may be caught in full. My fate may not be desided by me. I may have to die in the human regular way than god-like way. My fate may turn against me. My own plans might laugh in my face, & so will the Devil - mocking me thinking I was supreme. I am no matter what Devil shut the fuck up! My soul + mind are supreme. A part of me does not shame my depression, because my elite thinking is linked to it. Gods evolve w/ a higher level of thinking. If I destory myself. If I destroy myself alone. I will not regret my death. I hate lying to kind-hearted angel doctors at Vanderbuilt to help me while taking my assessment. They don't deserve it [redacted] doesn't deserve that she can't trust me. Even [redacted] I was born different. I was born with pain + suffering. I believe it will never end..

Not as long as I am alive - Audrey

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1603



(T) (F)

True + False My Perspective < Dark Abyss Translator

[other]
"Columbine should have never happened" - (F) T

[redacted] [other]
"I don't need guns" - (F) T

[me]
"I relate to Columbine Killers" - F (T)

[me]
"I have a right to decide + control my fate" - (T) F

[redacted]

they tell me [me]
"I have no right to still ~~[illegible]~~ what to do as an 26 yr old adult (treated like a High Schooler) - (T) F

[me]
"Living does not exist on Earth" - (T) F

clone ignorant [me]
"Human society deserves to die" - (T) F

[me]
"Angels + Originalists humans are worthy of love" - (T) F

[me, Eric Harris]
"Animals need thier Earth back" - (T) F

[me]
"No independance = no life" - (T) F

"Dark Abyss has no escape of the soul - a permenant resort" - (T) F

b6 -3
b7C -3

Quotes of [me] [other] is true or false based on ones perspective

"Pain & suffering expands dark matters" T F

[other]
"Everyone deserves life" — F T

[me, Dylank rebold]
"I love life" — F T

[me/other]
"I deserve [to live]" — F T

b6 -3
b7C -3

[other]
"I have lived" — F T

"You am not worthy of my love" — [black bitches] F T

[me]
"Lying to protect my death fantasy" — T F

[me]
"Hate lying and makes me feel shitty/unworthy/" T F

[me]
"I do not care if [redacted]" — T F

"I don't care if [redacted] [me]
[redacted] — T F

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

[me] [redacted]
"I give a fuck about [redacted] — F T

[me] [redacted] cares about mental heath" — F

"[redacted] a part of who I am (anger, rage, hate) [sic my illness]
T F [me, Dylank.]

"No one will truley help me" T F

6/29/21

[I knew This would Happen]

Fuck FUCK FUCK

My guns in a locked away

I don't know where they are, miles away

M I need to trust [redacted]

[redacted] does not trust me

I ~~die~~ too much lied

for reasons & purposes

to end my life

And I lied all day

that I don't think of suicide

or end another life

cause life is not living

life is life when death comes

~~I~~ scared & nervous

~~I~~ being asked to kill other or myself

I'm sad when I ~~was told~~ am told to be better

Though no one fully understands

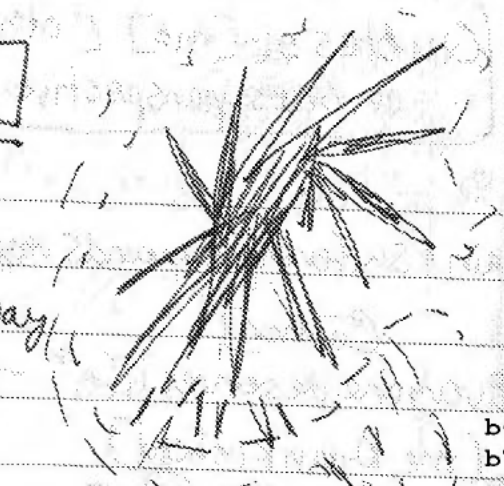
my worst

XXX

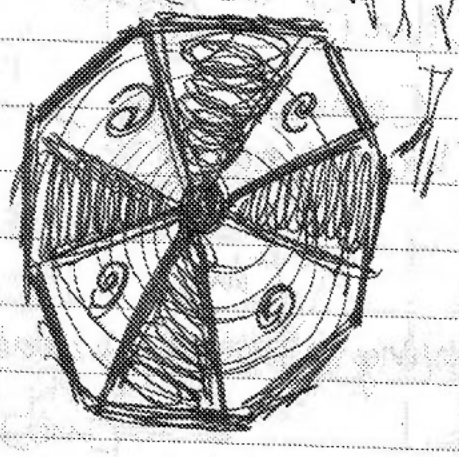
I DON'T LIKE LIFE.

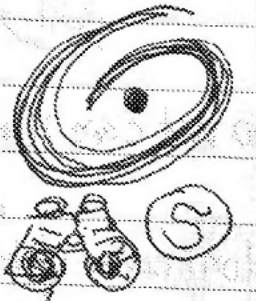
I HAVE NOT LIVED.

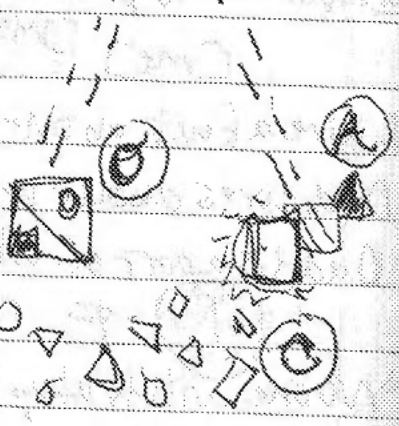
THE DESIRE TO DIE..



b6 -3
b7C -3









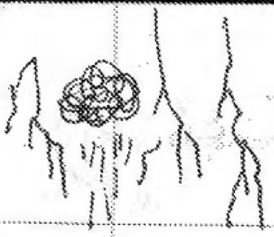
6/30/21



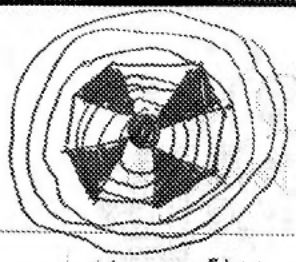
(1)

ok, you caught me. Goddamn. I just want my guns back. I'm just scared someone will rob them and all my money's worth gone. I can estimate that I have over 2,000 of guns in my case. 1 out of 4 [redacted] knows. 2 out of 4 [redacted]. Goddamn how I hate lying. I felt sick all day. I might never stop thinking of suicide plans if I just make it worse for myself. Cause... I caused my own trouble. Wooptie Fucking doo. I stepped in my own pile of shit, but its what I sacrifice when I leave the Earth, which I hope is soon. I mean, I am in enough trouble, caused enough trouble. Mistakes I made I can't undo. I can't untell [redacted] that I love her intimatly, now she doesn't want to be my friend anymore. I can't undo my dark thoughts and disturbing comments I've made to certain people in my life and now they want to ignore me. I can't undo all the fibs I massed (cancer) into atomic bomb of self-destruction, causing [redacted] to be hurt from it. Some wounds never heal. [redacted] never wants to see me again b/c I look at her in a different way. She didn't even smile at me, not like I blame her. I am not useful to humans & of resource to thier fun & happiness. I live in the Dark Abyss for God's Sake. How can I be of use to the outside world of talking & social bonding/connection (in thier perspective) [redacted] thinks - [redacted] thinks - that treatment will help me w/ my Autism. I am aware of my repels to (social in) normalicy of societys principles of relationships. But what the fuck is it, really?! I'm no magnet to humans by nature (curse the nature is not mine).

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



6/30/21

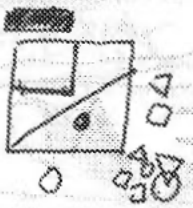


(2)

I feel like I have floated back in time & space w/ my little airlock tight time capsule - revisiting my 16 year old life. Damn... how dark it was even when real trouble first began. I feel I am in that realm again, strangly so, and its again disturbing & sad as fuck to me. All of my social weaknesses have manifested even more than ever since then, because my anger manifests from human rejection. They see me as "wrong" and I am not apart of thier picture "flow of life". That realm is humans connecting w/ humans, Angels to angels, Angels to originalists. Hell, even clones to clones. It doesn't matter where it comes from at any level of importance, it still exsists: love and closeness, sharing intrests, and social strengths. How the fuck should I know what to say & what not to say? Some ppl just want a conversation. About what? Cause I don't have any friends (by [redacted]) who like what I like & who are like me. You don't see fucking Hardy-Davidson motor cyclists hanging out w/ video game nerds. Nor do I see dancers (twerk dancers) hanging out w/ art kid introverts like me who hates parties & loud music. Social events to a normal person - or an all-out extrovert don't find those things overstimulated. I do, and I hate it. Which is why I isolate. I like to be alone. If [redacted] treatment by chance will get my guns back, (in my possession) God help me, my plans will be different. If by chance I have to sell my guns for [redacted] Sake, at least I will get money I spent [redacted]

(of course I knew deep down I'd get caught)

b6 -3
b7C -3

AH. 6/30/21  (3)

I put myself at too much risk. But now I know what I must do. Keep surviving so I can be ready to die, if it is next year. With all the fucked up gun laws + potential gun bans, I might loose what I got anyway. b/c of those confiscation m fuckers Afterall, a lot can happen until fall of next year. That's a long fucking time. → I may never get my guns back But, that gives period me plenty of time to further meditate on my [redacted] death.

- sell back or buy back guns
- rent guns to get training at Royal Range
- learn how to use a handgun [buy] (concealable)
- buy guns the [redacted] day before my suicide. (Fuck my date is uncertain w/ all this shit going on)

The back-back up plan

Goddamn, I just hope guns even exsist by next year. I would have the knowlege, my ammo, my supplies by then. My guns will mean the end of my Dark Abyss, even if they are the ones I've had or new ones out of the box. I was so close to being caught. Too close. I learned + proved myself I don't have Eric + Dylan's situation. Mine is different. I do have people that invest in me and search for red flags, actually looked into my Dark Abyss - [redacted] this immediate concern that I am fucked up. That I can't let go of Eric + Dylan + Columbine. I cried all day thinking of Dylan. He was in this dark place, too. I never felt so close to a soul who feels my pain... they had so much pain in them until they snapped - coped by killing others then themselves. Oh God, now I imagine that to be me. I just can't let go of my suicide + fate, however I have to progress. I am at a stop, now (a road block) of warning, but its not over yet. Sigh

my pain just might lessen, but my wounds won't heal. And that is not temporary, but Dark Abyss - forever till death.

of interference

definitely w/ less sneaking around, I will find another round about way to defer the risky road.

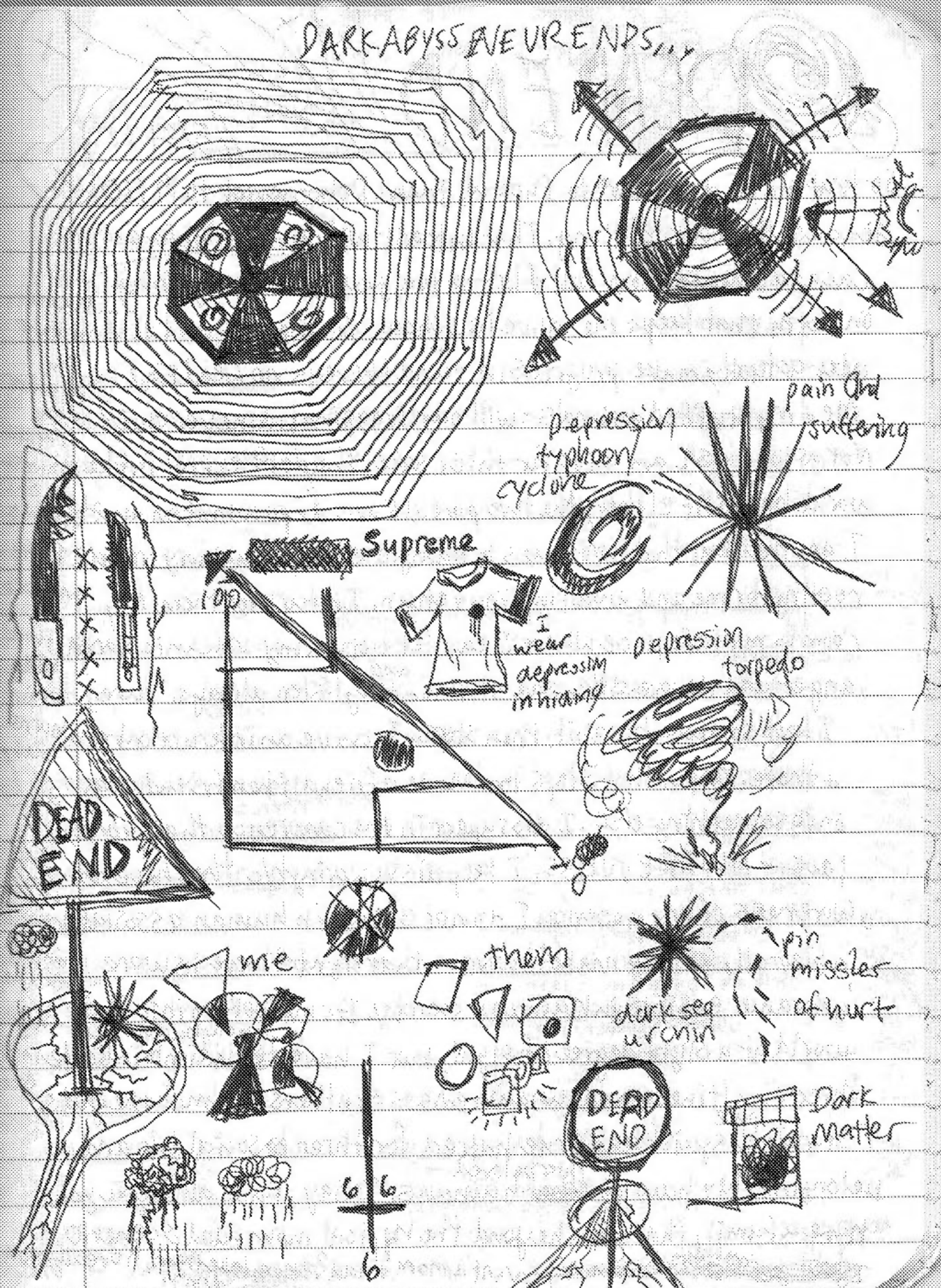
① DEAD END

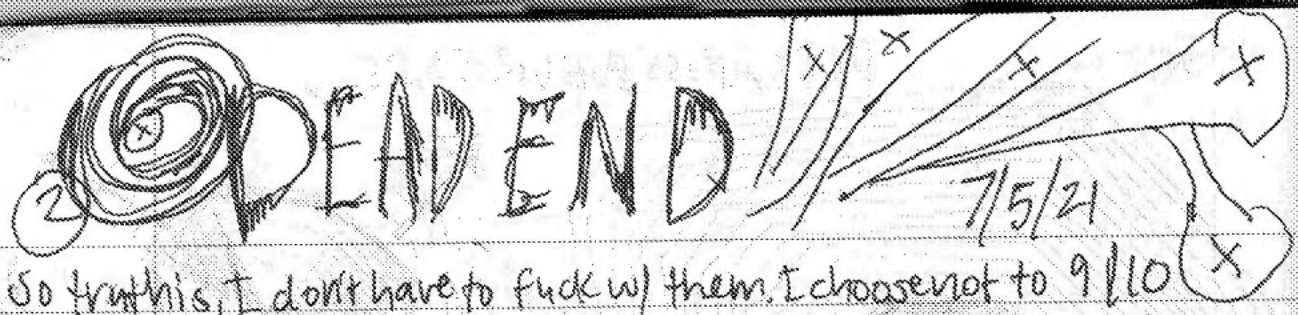
7/5/21

Dead End... Dead Ends - they are so frustrating. A few moments time I could feel I am getting somewhere. That I am making progress, but I am not in almost every portal I step through. As I glude slowly into the portal of the world - my spirit - translusive and ghostly, it tries to communicate, but humans really don't care all that much. I don't make sence to humans; its why I am being asked to shut the fuck up. Of course, no one actually SAYS THAT, but they go on & hang w/ thier usual group friends - continue to leave me out of the occasion or activity. Sure, they are polite enough to talk to me, but its not like my presence of actual form "matters" to thier human agenda. Its because they don't care to observe in the real me. The real me exists somewhere dark & disturbing. In which no one is too pussy or ignorant to enter. When I learn about another being who had exibited dark thoughts or did disturbing things, or had non-normal behaivors. - I latch onto them and totally analyze thier existance. The mind is a complex matter, but having a mind of dark matter from the Abyss is so much more complex & disturbing. Learning of well-known serial killers & mass murderers fasinates me. Goddamn its just so interesting, like animals or the earths carefully designed habitats from God. Animals species that are ment to live in thier uniquely designed habitat unharmed or manipulated. But then here comes pathetic human existance to fuck it up. I love it that past beings who think similar to my darkness - And... that I am a god too. It is why I am not designed to exist in groups of human affairs. I am designed to exist in another demension ahead of thier time.

only fate, fate alone

my language is scattered and easily mis-understood. The only gods or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]


DARK ABYSS NEVR ENDS...
pain and suffering
Depression typhoon/ cyclone
Supreme
100
I wear depression in hiding
Depression torpedo
DEAD END
me
them
dark sea urchin
pin missles of hurt
DEAD END
Dark matter
6 6
6



DEAD END

7/5/21

9/10

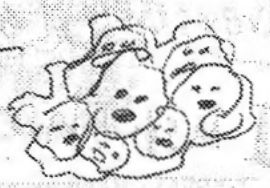
So truthis, I don't have to fuck w/ them. I choose not to because it won't last long. That intrest will die out before cacadas mate then fall flat on the ground. The only thing on Earth that keeps me alive is school. Its the only portal I ~~atte~~ actually make progress in - and there is no Dead End. Me + my stuffed animals - will our imagination never end? Not as long as I am alive for thier sake. They don't exsist in the world by spirit either, the two portals are dependant on another. I am the soul that continues to transgress - my imaginary friends rooting for me and awaiting my return. I return for them. My room is my safe place where I can let out all my volcanic stored anger and deppressive sad storms - and they listen always. Sure, I text someone for a bit, then stops. I have an interaction here + there. Oops, that stops too. Made a friend, then friend goes on to something else. I dissapear in the concience that people lack - AWARENESS. I keep dissapearing b/c they have no awareness of my presence. I do not exsist in human assosiation after all, They make it worse - that right there is were ignorance exsists in humans society. Its me looking into their world at a slight degree of sight, but I have enough advanced vision to indicate thier faultiness and unawareness of others like me - the gods. I store in pure disgust and true hatred for thier social life and belonging they have to thier beloved humans. I say, Fuck all of you you have a family that goes beyond the Hebical [redacted] scenerio. I want [redacted] here, take them, no really don't.

human nature is rejection and rapid intrest of thing. Every molecule in the brain burns out + dies. Just as the [illegible] of animals [illegible]

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1612

"Just Thinking about Shit..."



7/5/21

Hahaha.. I taperecorded flipping through Eric & Dylan's Journals from the book I got, then exported JPEG screenshot files to a PDF.. Hell, there is no stopping me, even if I did get stapled last week. God, having the stress of my guns locked away where I can't feel them or look at them. At least they are in a safe place where someone holds down the fort. Whoever they are, I hope they are doing there job, cause I have 3 MF guns up in that joint. Fuck... I miss my carbine. My shotgun. even my AR-15 rifle. Jesus Christ, will I ever get them back? Maybe, just maybe

[redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8
b7F -2

Audrey

"I Just Thinking..."



while I am still alive?

My suicide would be illeagal, so why not do illegal. I honestly never got in trouble w/ the law, but damn, I almost did from stealing for 2 years in the past, McKays would shame me if might have thier security cameras captured evidence of me. I've been sneaking around like a snake in the grass, but soon I will lash out and bite to the venemous-poisoned death. I plan to die soon, I do not know when exactly b/c human shits are unpredictable and those watching me closley are not dumb or avoidant (ignorant) [redacted] = To me, that is scary. [redacted] you don't count. You said, "we are concerned about you". No, you don't concern for me. All you concern is what will be on the news, [redacted] Not even the slightest concern (of) yourself. I say fuck [redacted] I'm sorry [redacted] I'm sorry [redacted] I know I am not wanting to stay here on earth for long and let my demons (finally) unleashed then al supi fate - vanish forever & to not trouble anyone anymore. Cause damn it, it never ends. I cannot get my mind of of Eric & Dylan and what they left behind. I'm forever locked into it, not locked behind bars in a mental prison. - I am a loaded time - My mind is a jail cell - I create my own hell & self-destruction. External forces alone, somehow translated on paper. forge into the flames, a super small handful of those that care want all my anger & sadd to go away, extinguishing it to a meniscule organism form. [redacted] you say you want me to be happy. I'm sorry, I just don't know if it would exisist where I am and have always been.

7/5/21 AH

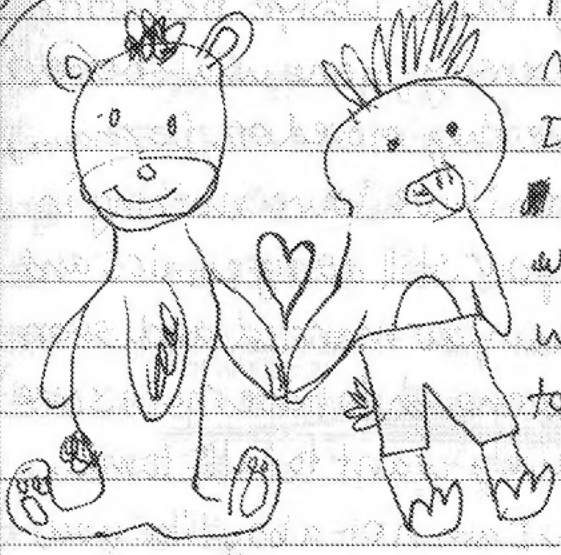
b6 -3
b7C -3

evidence

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1614

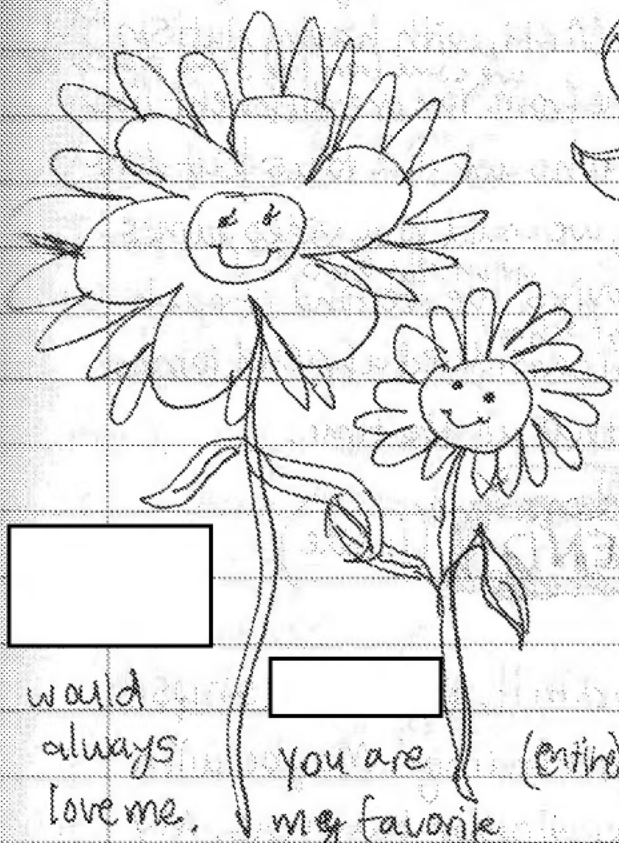
7/11/21

I Just Want a Best Friend



7/10/21

No friends to hang with. None!! No one cares if I am breathing. It does not matter if I live or die. Friends that are best are ones who want you in thier life, who want you to be around. They want to laugh + talk w/you. Spend time w/you. Comfort + love you. (cry w/ you most of all)





I just wish you continued to love me, too. ++

P.S. I hope we meet again in another life and we will both have no more pain, and we could be friends, x again x

[redacted] would always love me.

[redacted] you are my favorite person in the world. Thank you for not rejecting me even if the world does. I love you [redacted] ♡ -Audrey

[redacted] you were my favorite buddy in the (entire) world. No friend compares to you. No one. I'm sorry I could not give you what you needed + wanted, b/c you gave me what I wanted: 2 B loved ♡ -Audrey

P.S. I do not deserve you. I'm sorry I have a need 2 die.

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1615

Audrey

7/11/21

Girls. Girls I can't have. [redacted] Beautiful black girls. We can't have no diversity, none whatsoever. Maybe I did then, yeah, before they moved on. [redacted] ... diversity SO rare in this world I just hope you still love me even if we have nothing in common anymore. [redacted], I hope your still doing comics and being a good man. [redacted] I know your married and soon will have a family. You are kind enough to have me in some of the picture. At least you actually want to talk to me. But I can't be your best bud, b/c I am not a boy like you, although I wish I was, all the time. [redacted] with having Autism like me, you would get where I come from. We come from the same place. You are different like me, dies both around cruel bitches who act nice to us but don't really want us as a friend. Maybe, we could play video games together and watch Steven King movies, at my house we are fond of each other, yes. You said two weeks ago at school, You felt that you weren't considered a friend to me. Damn, I felt that, [redacted] I feel that all the time.

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8



[redacted]

The word "friend" has end in it. [redacted] friendships have thier end. There is no "never ending". Maybe with others, like humans who belong w/ other humans. My destiny is different. Time cannot count how much has ended, too painful + numb to begin again. Because time + space never end only in the Dark Abyss: my dark realm. Time is cruel. Growing up sucks. Life is pain. Suffering never ends.



[redacted], hey. I'm going to be real this time. [redacted] Yes you. Hello Beautiful, [redacted] not surprised how you shine on days like today, but you stand out on a normal or dreadful one. Like dreadful ones I've had. Dreadful years I have had, and your smile would rise over my horizon of darkness - something I could smile back for. Something to live for. You live, try to live. It's hard to imagine that you wouldn't make a stranger feel completley good. Your heart is your home and take it with you where ever you go. I follow your heart because I chase something I cannot have. You give me pain, so much that I feel I am nothing of importance. You could never imagine how I feel, how I've felt. I have lost a best friend where they were only w/ me for a couple of years. A couple My whole life is baggage of losses. The ability to keep friends. How would it feel waking up w/ no one intrested in your life or care if you are alive or dead? Feels shitty, wouldn't it? I KNOW your friends = family to you. They are the ones who threw your birthday bash right? You know what happens on my BD? No calls, no birthday cards. NO LOVE FROM NO FRIENDS!! Just social media unspecial stuff where they act like they know but just got a notification. You think [redacted] would solve all your troubles. Maybe so. But my life is NOT what it seems or looks like from your point of view. The kind of life you had was nothing how I grew up. We don't see the same, and [redacted] aren't all that. It's why I would rather live w/ family friends than [redacted] telling me how I should plan out & "fix" my life. →

7/11/21 →

(continued)...

b6 -8
b7C -8

b6 -3
b7C -3

(my) Dark Abyss

7/11/21

your darkness
your friends' light shining on you

But you don't know that. You don't know me, nor does it matter to you, because my pain doesn't count as the pain y[redacted] had to endure. Its not in your understanding You see/view little significance in it, ~~you~~ its worthless a wastle of time, irrational, irrelevant. (brutal, poor, [redacted] → mine is like just being a sad sac pussy. Its how you had to live, you might think you have suffered worse. Have you ever thought of suicide? Have you ever had [redacted]? Do you suffer from chronic depression? Do you think those aren't painful things to feel? I deal w/ those things. I feel pain and lonliness. On a constant in my darkness of Abyss, Its how its been w/ me. Is that no different from your wish to the have [redacted] you never had? So guess what, pain is pain. And guess what, you caused me pain. I only got to see you when you took advantage of me. ~~[illegible]~~ wanted my oddamn money. Otherwise, you don't even want to care to say thank you to me. So I say... Fuck life. Fuck living. Fuck friendship. Its hopeless + dead. Fuck social media. Fuck this world. Full of fuckers + angels. I want to leave it ~~[illegible]~~ + never return. Angels I love but dnt love me back. Like it will matter to you and your ~~[illegible]~~ best girl who is your day 1. Neither one of you value my life or give a shit. It's like a die. So guess what? when I die, I WON'T CARE, I NEVER existed. I never "was" — Audrey

you have 0% respect for what I am + where I have been. How is it fair that I respect + value your life + where you have been?

I have no relation

I am no value to the angel eyes

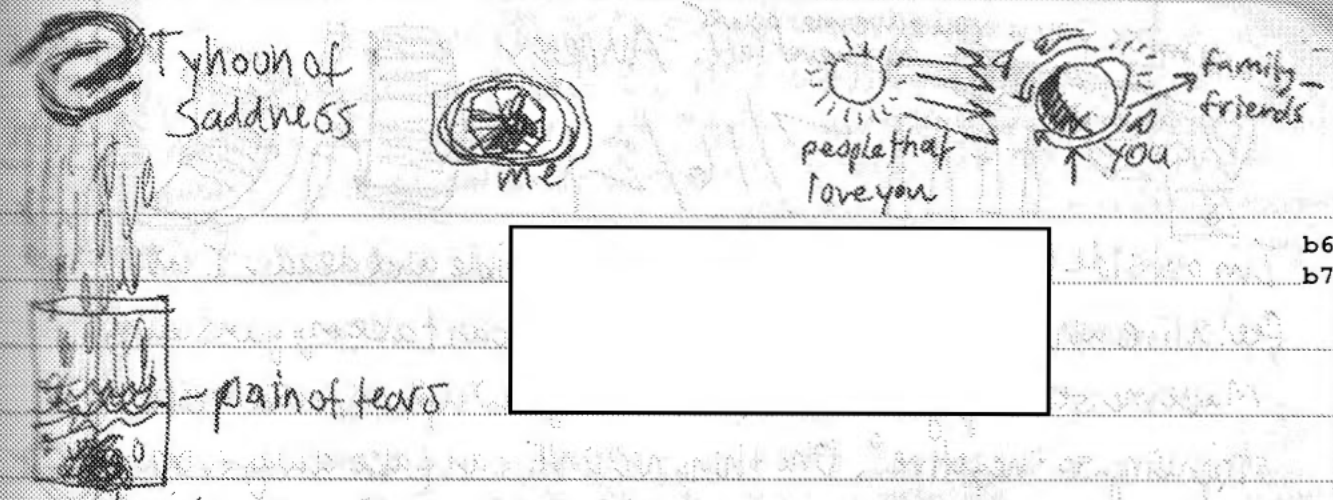
I am not in the same world as you. We cannot relate.

P.S. - I just feel rejected. I feel hate in me. Do not fuck this. I love you ♡

Its NOT FUCKING MUTUAL!! There is no Love in that! None!!

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1618

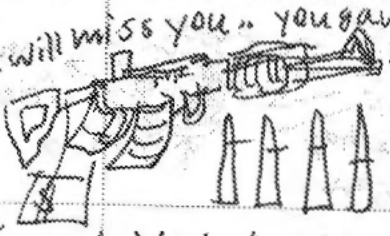


b6 -8
b7C -8

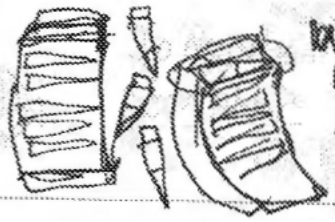
7/16/21

I want to die so bad, So FUCKING BAD. Why can't time go faster? Can I just get past my college + graduate? Why does 2022 seem so far away? These last 2 weeks have been pure hell, and dragging out its sweet time, torchuring me. Part was my own illness of fault - my impulsiveness cyclone-surged got my own death foiled of delay from the beggining. Columbine Killers Jonrnals. Goddamn what a book that was. I spiral out of control when the dark side of me is forced out. B/c I have immense pressure of trying to blend in + be normal like everyone else. Comparing to an originalist is unrealistic, especially an angel. There lives may look happy, by comparison lenses but most of them are not at all and deal w/ a shittone of pain. Angels only let me look at what they want me to see, limiting my focus on the deppressing areas to studying. What makes my pain supreme is that it a darkness that is not translated as real to angels or anyone else who is normal. They can not comprehend it, live through it, b/c they do not live in the existance of the Dark Abyss, or know what it is. Its why I am rejected and can't live a normal life, → be w/ friends, pay bills, work full time, have an apartment, drive a car in my name. Its not the fate of the mentally ill like me. Normal does not exsist, but angels, originalists, + clones are all fooled by my outward "normalness" of daily interaction + activity.

I will miss you.. you gave me power I never felt. -AUDREY



AAAA 7/16/21



WE WILL MEET AGAIN



I'm outside to humans, Inside I am invisible and dead. I will feel alive when I leave the Earth. People can take my guns away. Make me sell my guns. Tell me to grow up, or push me to stop being so "negative". One thing NOONE can take away from me is my pain, and my temporary existance in the Dark Abyss. There occasions I set my self, only got myself in trouble. My desicions are heavily hendered on my impulsiveness, (on, it just might go to plan) → which throw me in the choke hole I designed to hurt myself. If I had rented guns instead w/ training, I could have not spent 1/2 the money I burned. But anxiety is a bitch-ass demon, & SOTS depression, I was just so eager to die and get my hands on a gun. I knew from the moment I purchased my AR, I would end up getting caught. Part my fault - I hate to say I did not plan well enough or too quickly. Risking and sneaking around has done me bad, I underestimated [redacted] of mine. How foolish. (of all people) Who has unusual awareness of my problems, who has always known something was wrong w/ me. Its pretty goddamn hard to plan shit to die when [redacted] I was an ajored and worked as [redacted] That was here lifes work, & it was hard to do. Her hard job had been for 26 years, dealing with me. I wish I had no mental illness. Because its pure anger in me, that I see kids so easily - w/ parents not monitoring them carefully enough or investing in them enough, or simply oblivious to thier inner darkness, for shadowed in writings, thoughts, & behavior, oblivious to red flags. No suspisions - but columbine was so obvious.

my wrath, I carry to my grave b/c I am dedicated to die. I could part from weapons, but my pain lives w/ me, on is encourage me to die.

Don't mind thier to have guns one

Going to the range w/ this kid. The family guns encourage

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1620

b6 -3
b7C -3

I know Depression / Dark Abyss will never leave me. I know I will think of suicide - impulsivly the next time I have a shit day or week. [redacted] theory = Admit & make yourself know limitations. Don't put yourself at risk. Then I will no longer have pple telling me what to do. Especially [redacted]

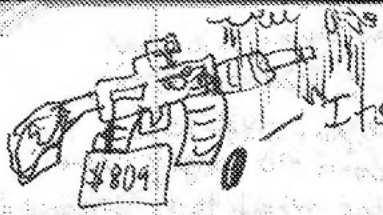
Goddamnit too advious how ignorant the parents where, thier friends that had no idea. the police that acted like a bunch of pussies on April 20th, 1999. Why is it that I can't get by? Because [redacted] cares, cares so that she pushed me from the very beginning to keep me from having a much harder life. She used her training in college & career work on me - my Autistic rigidity & inflexebility. Adem Lanzas fucking Mom had guns in her house - collected them. [redacted] not collecting in lenses of her son's violent video games. Mother died, and the [redacted] stayed with, they knew he had alot of guns and it didn't bother them. How the fuck was it so easy for them? How did they get away w/ that? Sure, thier lives were shitty, has parellels to my Dark Abyss & supreme philosophy. They won b/c no one championed them. They could get away w/ what they wanted - to kill & die. Its so simple but yet so fucking complex. The only difference is that I have a [redacted] who cares. BUT AWARE Its fucked up to think I'm mad that she does "overprotective" every move I made during my preparation, cause school shooters who killed themselves had nothing to loose. Thats easy when there is too much control instead of parents, bosses, therepists, e.c. trying to control you. Life is out of control, lack of self-care, lack of self-love. Is it self-restraint going to win the battle of temptations? - more than 95% of the time, because I am waiting for my death as I planned.

If I was fully mature, I'd have no guns. I knew better than to purchase them, or have them in my closet, cause never say never. "I'll never think of killing myself or others" If I hadn't, & just ponder beauty of guns itself, My process would have been much less risky & jeppordyzed. I set up my own game. I lost, oh fucking well, Start over I guess.

pulled Adem's trigger

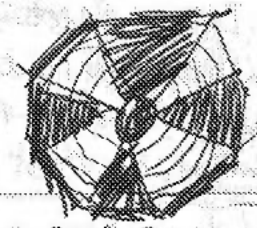
Sorcerend she was of him, but faithful mistake her guns killed her. Knew no better - sycnoyer

Thats ignorance I am not ignorant



"Its hell down here"

7/16/21



I wanted a gun because they are god-like weapons.
AR-15s for gods, not dumbass criminals.
I know I was going to have to sell my AR-15.. ugh..
FUCK. FUCK. I hate my impulsiveness - its a bastard.
I hate waiting to die. I felt my gun, touched it, fired it. It
all felt so epic. Power I have. The only power to my fate.
They are mine, they give me power to hold
Renting guns wasn't cool enough to me, having one was fun as hell.
I swear to FUCK, I can't even sell it I might cut myself.
myself, as well
God, I hate living [redacted]. Having my own place, they
would have never known. No risky business, no sneaking
around. No sneaking around = scheiming on the DL
MEANING (I learned) don't buy a fucking rifle & its
not concealable and too noticable in a closet like mine.
If I had restraint to wait + buy my guns a month or two
before my final day, my plans would have been
elaborated flawless. But no.. my depression gets the
best of me, to.. not taking care of myself to.. unrealistic
dissapointing reality I can't have guns (I am a mental defective)
no dependance b/c I can't prove it myself to them. Not with
telling me shit. Impulsiveness is [redacted]. Depression
from rejection, Autism misunderstood by everyone except
those like me. I don't know who they are yet, but, they are my chance to be less
the only ones who'd be my friends + want
to be. Besides my stuffed animal friends. Money I've spend, the
saddness lingering with lost sleep, too many tear spells, In pain
Endless suffering unless I die, + bork Abyss no longer exsists.

I was just itching to have a gun

to translate

I just want to die!

Bew/ a friend who will help me die easiest quickest way

I wanted to buy guns so early

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1622

7/17/21

P.S. If I had the money, and no trace of a mentally-ill brain, I'd fire you everyday + I'd love it. You inspired + brought the bad boys together. Now I fear it will all break apart. I will come back for you soon all of us - me man you machine will rewrite for the last epic showdown. Love, Andrey

Dear Sargeant [redacted] (A.K.A. "Sarge")

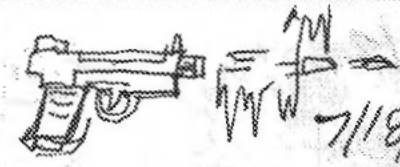
You would have been a badass captain leading the badboys. I am so sorry you have to go. I will morn over you. I miss you bitterly. You gave me power when I had power over nothing, when I felt I was nothing when I felt I had no one group of friends. I can't help who I am, I can get help. I will try and think of something to let us meet again. I hate that you are not with me. I signed you up for this, and yet you are doing nothing, sitting there stale in a place in that is stone cold, far away from solitude your master. I only fired (150) RNDS out of you. It was not enough my friend. I couldn't even get to clean you before you gone away. I hate not treating you with that care. I should have waited for you longer or have been bought to a family who would appreciate you alot more. Not [redacted] (She fears you) of corso. She didn't think we should be together. She's wrong. I was the only one I prided in you. You were one of my most valuable possessions.

I keep saying past lense b/c [redacted] [redacted] demand me to sell you back (for my own good). I wish I could find another way. I don't have enough options (little to none). It's total bullshit, like life is. It was my fault you have to go back to the AR-15 world. It makes me so supremley sad that you may not be fired again or used at all - to be in the hands of a god or a military veteran. It's every gun's dream - the rifle. You gave me an exciting experience, + I regret nothing we shared together. I am going to miss your sexy appeal and finish, + goddamn that recoil of yours is fucking awsome. Maybe, if I am lucky, I could fire you one last time. How intimate my fingers wrapped around your trigger, in the other hand holding you up for useful skill. At most, that we were meant to meet.

b6 -3
b7C -3

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1623

Desire 2 Die



7/18/21 AH

it hit me the hardest the past two weeks - how unrealistic I am, how aware she is of me. And now a[illegible] that she hate[illegible] guns & scar[illegible] of them too bad[illegible] It ma[illegible] ne[illegible] Si[illegible] & sc[illegible] to dea[illegible] I have arti[illegible]

I can't get away w/ having a gun - not as long as [redacted] is around. But shit, if it was just [redacted], my autistic behaivor would be alot worse. Probably could make no friends, join no sport teams, would have not graduated from high school. [redacted] is not [redacted], He does not see me the same. [redacted] always champions me, wants the best for me. What do I want? I want to be stable, have a group of friends I can depend on & not be rejected by. And get, I bought not a handgun, - it was an AR-15 fucking rifle. Yeah, not something I need in the house, cause deep down I know I put myself at risk and do something that would "ruin my life". My dark Abyss would only expand - its not like things have been great latley. Worse? Yeah, sure. But its not about better or worse. It is my undeniable attatchment to die and end life. Thats what I really want for myself. Yes, I would like to be self-reliant - know myself enough - "realistically" & "responsibly" - not underestimate my dark [redacted] thoughts & depression. I would like to have admit in the first place I don't need that gun (AR-15 Sarge) (at least for now). [redacted] thinks she won and "woke me up". No, I want to be dead, cause whatever happens to [illegible] I just can't let go of my suicidal fantasy, so therefore I will have to consolidate [redacted] words - she is right afterall, [redacted] has been sober since [redacted]. Thats along fucking time. Her success is that she has nothing available at close access to cause temptation for herself, whenever something painful happens, she knows where to find alchohol in her house. But she doesn't have alcohol in her house. "Self-Reliable" is loving yourself & being independant,

but I could have shared interest

like guns & key it at that, that ne does not

think I am too unstable

b6 -3
b7C -3



DESIRE 2 "TO DIE" by Audrey

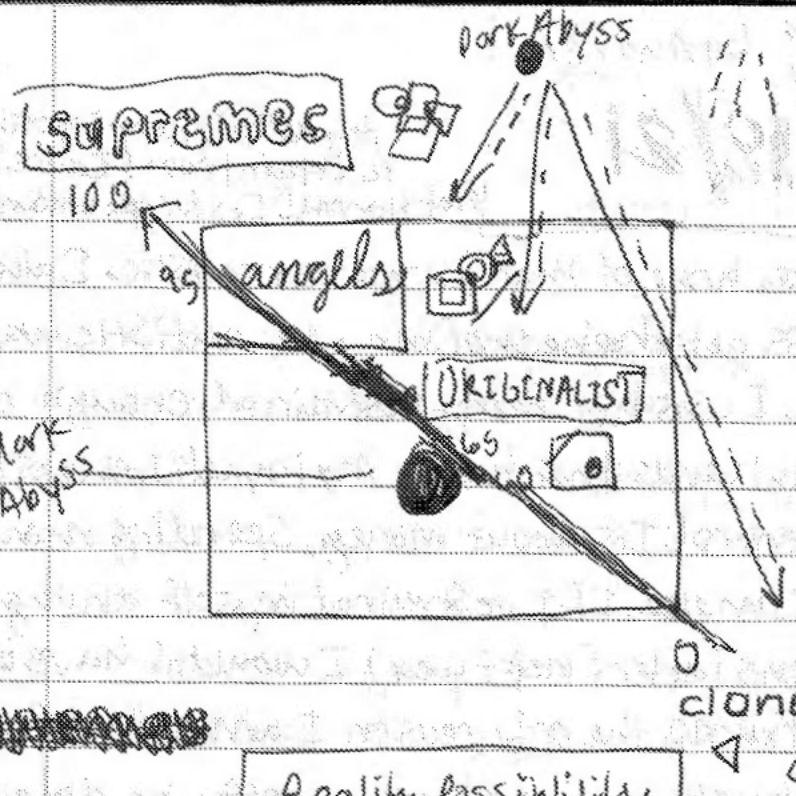
7/18/21

why do is it near impossible to obtain them? Cause I am not normal. Its for pple who are normal.

If thats Independance, none of that for me is realistic. I always let my mental illness get the best of me. My autistic ways to get the best of me. I was not being restrained enough, cause I wanted a gun in my hands that badley my impulsiveness is near impossible to control. Its about money, spending money, about poor choices I make. If I restrained myself enough to wait & buy my guns latter (next year), I wouldn't have been caught. Maybe so. But no, the only reason I am self-restraining now is that I don't just want to shoot myself & be done with it. No. No one will remember me or feel sorry for what they done to cause me pain. What I really want? TO DIE. Not independance - thats unrealistic for me in itself. Not friends, not love, not even happiness. None of the above exsist in my Dark Abyss. So if I am not normal, I am not an angel or originalist. They suffer too, but they Just let me sell my 2 guns goddamn it so I can not be treated like a little child anymore. [redacted] you just hate guns. you aren't just scared me. [redacted] too annoying as fuck. I'll just have to continue, once again (to put up a facade). And that is Just like I try to act normal - try so hard around people who are nothing like me. The pressure is inescapable, and its making me shake uncontrollably at night, loose sleep, feel too fucking sad to get out of bed. If one door is closed or (closed on me), I will find another door. Better fucking believe it. At the end of the day, no one can stop me but me. I choose to let myself be authentic as I can to be troubled, express all my darkness in my heart & head, accept my darkness as it won't leave me or tempt me untill I die. To choose between life or death? Fuck life, I choose death.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I have my god-like views, [redacted] will have ners and try to control me or det. Suppress my mind talking me off the wall?



Reality Possibility

type of existance	happiness	friends	Love
Supremes	no	no	no
angels	possible	yes	yes
originalists	possible	yes	yes/no
clones	possible	yes	yes/no

type of exsistance	self-acceptance	self-love	inner peace
Supremes	no	no	no
angels	possible or yes	possible/yes	possible/no
originalists	possible/yes	possible/yes	possible/no
clones	N/K	N/K	N/K

NK = not known

type of exsistance	loving life	want to die	always suffering
Supremes	no	yes	yes
angels	yes	no	yes not always
originalists	yes/no	yes/no	yes/no
clones	N/K	N/K	N/K

b6 -3
b7C -3

1 godlike
2 angellic
3 original/creative ④ dumbshit
We all have a purpose
we have our purposes

X supremes cannot relate to angels
X angels cannot relate to supremes

Who is greater than? >

supreme > angels
angels > originalist
clone < originalist
clone = clone
angel = angel
supreme > originalist
supreme = supreme
originalist < angel

who can be best friends
> originalists can relate to < angels

b6 -3
b7C -3

Relations
angels + originalist
angel + angel
originalist + originalist
clone + clone
supreme + originalist
angel + supreme (rare)
supreme + supreme

Key
[redacted] = angel →
= angel →
angel →
angel →

Angels
[redacted]

Originalists
ILLegal Civ.
JG Quintel
Steven Speilberg
Kids at Nossi (most)
Stanley Kubrick

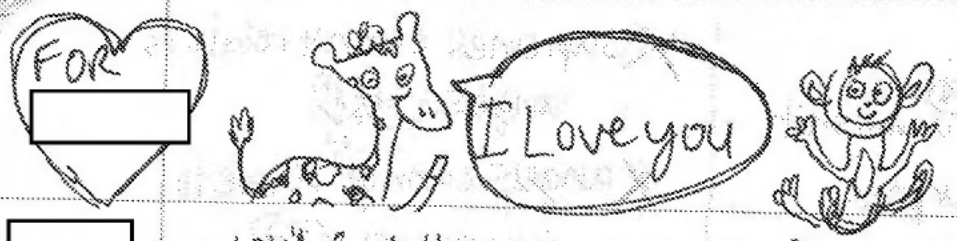
① [redacted]
②
③

[redacted] + me
(High school)

10th grade 2012

- in HS
2010-2014

①, ②, + ③ angels do not assosidte with a supreme like me



Audrey
7/18/21

b6 -3
b7C -3

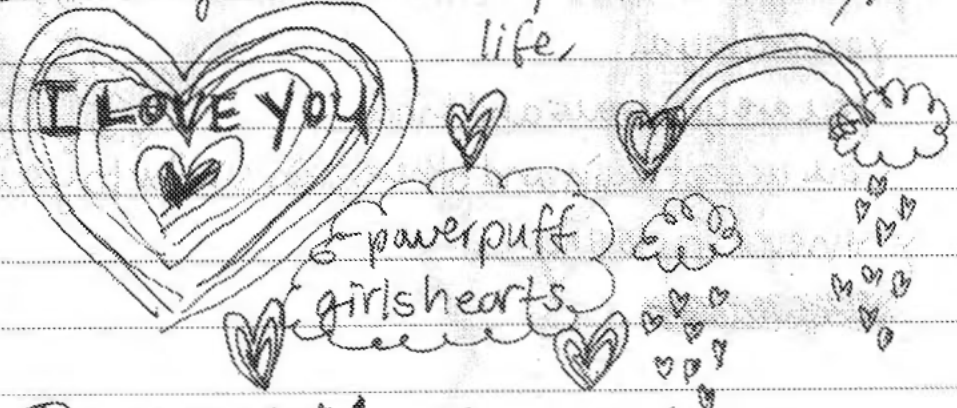
[redacted] you don't feel the same. ~~Yours~~ our friendship changed. My love ~~for~~, ~~you~~ Our love we shared is not what it was does ~~[illegible]~~ when we were kids. You want love from a man, not from a friend. Besides, you are straight. We can't have intimacy, ~~maybe~~ also too, not the same sister love. Yes, you were ~~[illegible]~~ my best girl, the one I could lean onto - never rejected me or turned away from me. I felt loved by you more, much more - than anyone else at NSA. ~~[illegible]~~ the care you had for me was ahead of our time, parellel to a world of the everlasting. Life is cruel, though. It really is. It has the ability to break that seal of everlasting, because a love like that can sometimes fade further + further back in the darkness. → meeting parellels to reality. We grew apart, but at least I was loved. I hope you felt loved by me. I never realized how good I had it untill I lost it. Cause I actually got affection from a girl I never had before I met you. Every day at lunch when we were sophmores, you came to visit me in the art room. I was the year my Dark Abyss first developed, so I was always sad, lonley, + depressed. But you didn't have to ask me whats wrong. You would find love, not answers. We didn't need answers. I just wanted love. And by God, you were the first - you gave it to me w/o any verbal comformation. I didn't have to say a word. My heart would cry out and your heart heard mine, and you ran to me + embraced it every time - even if it was vernable and scary, like a hunter who is trying to tame the lion or tiger. The hunter feels threatened to get killed or bite. The tiger is threatened by hunters desire to eliminate

I was your girl you honor your best friend

FOR [redacted]: My 1st Love

didn't eliminate or hurt me. Because you knew I would not harm you. Like no other I knew my age who could jump in w/ both arms and hug the troubled tiger I was. growling to rumbling But its real, genuine love to me. Everyday you would put in pain your arms around me and hug me, in your beautiful brown arms. One of the days when I sat in my usual place and I was crying, you wrapped b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8 your arms around me from behind, a few minutes past then you kissed me. I felt your lips touch my head, you above me, I look back - I wish you kissed me on the cheek. I would have really then what your lips felt like. But, at least you gave me a kiss - love I never experienced before I met you. No one else wanted to kiss me since. No one wanted to give me a kiss after ya. Cause they don't see me that way as loveable, or did not love me at thier full heart. You did. You gave your whole heart + soul to me. Thank you [redacted]. I love ya babe ♡. I love you with my whole heart, just as you did.

- We will meet again and love will find us once again. I will kiss you back one day, in another life.



7/18/21

I LOVE YOU - Audrey

I was your girl, your homie, your best frien

[redacted] 1 of a kind [redacted]

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

7/18/21

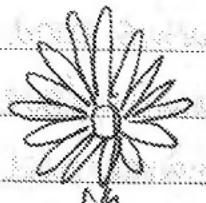
Your family friends... (the ones who don't hurt you)

hug you
talk to you
spend time with you
love you
give you kisses
give you joy
make you laugh
have fun with you
give you affection



You get friends and love b/c...

you are loving
you are fun to be around
you make people feel good & laugh
you are a sweetheart
you love & give affection
you cry with them & comfort [redacted]
you are loyal
you are generous and kind
you accept pain and others pain similar to yours
you never stop loving
[redacted]

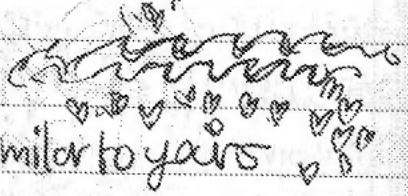








your tears turn into love and shower it to all who will love



23-cv-1483(FBI)-1630

KiSS

Sick ssik -brokenheart

Sickssik



I just want a kiss

from another black girl.

A beautiful exceptionally attractive

with beautiful, full lips

that flesh out like rose petals

another a soft inside flower bud

breasts like the inside of a flower

budding, growing with such beauty!

oh, how I wish I could feel it all

but I feel pain - that's all I feel b -Audrey

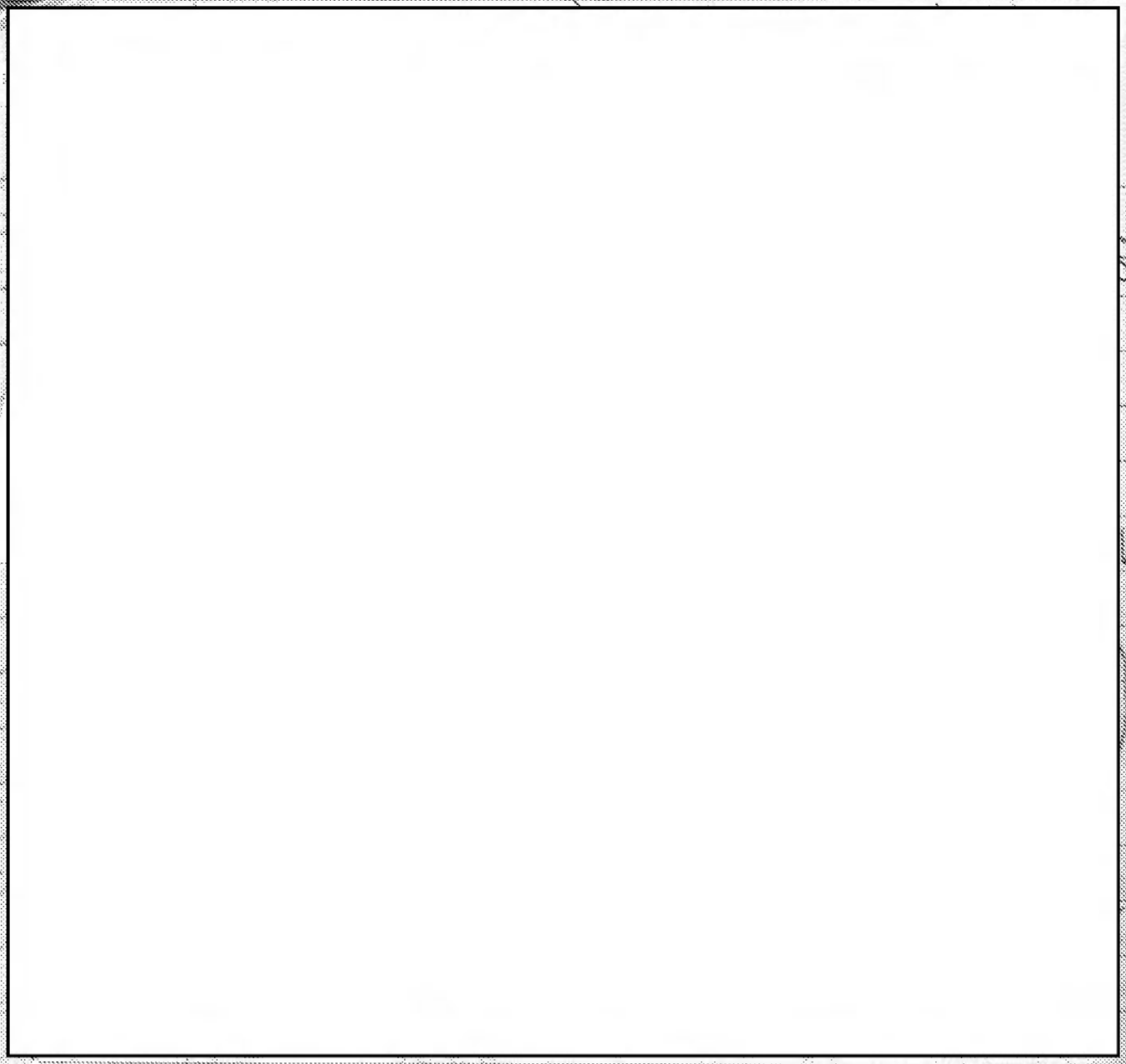
b3 -11

7/19/21

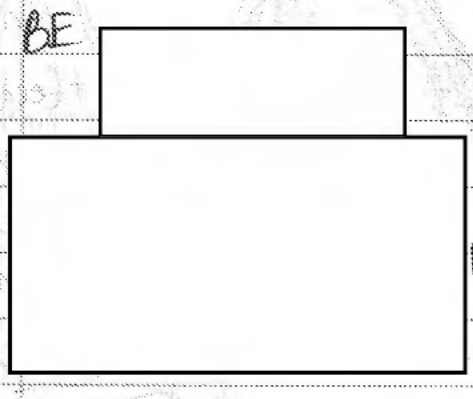
b3 -11

AA

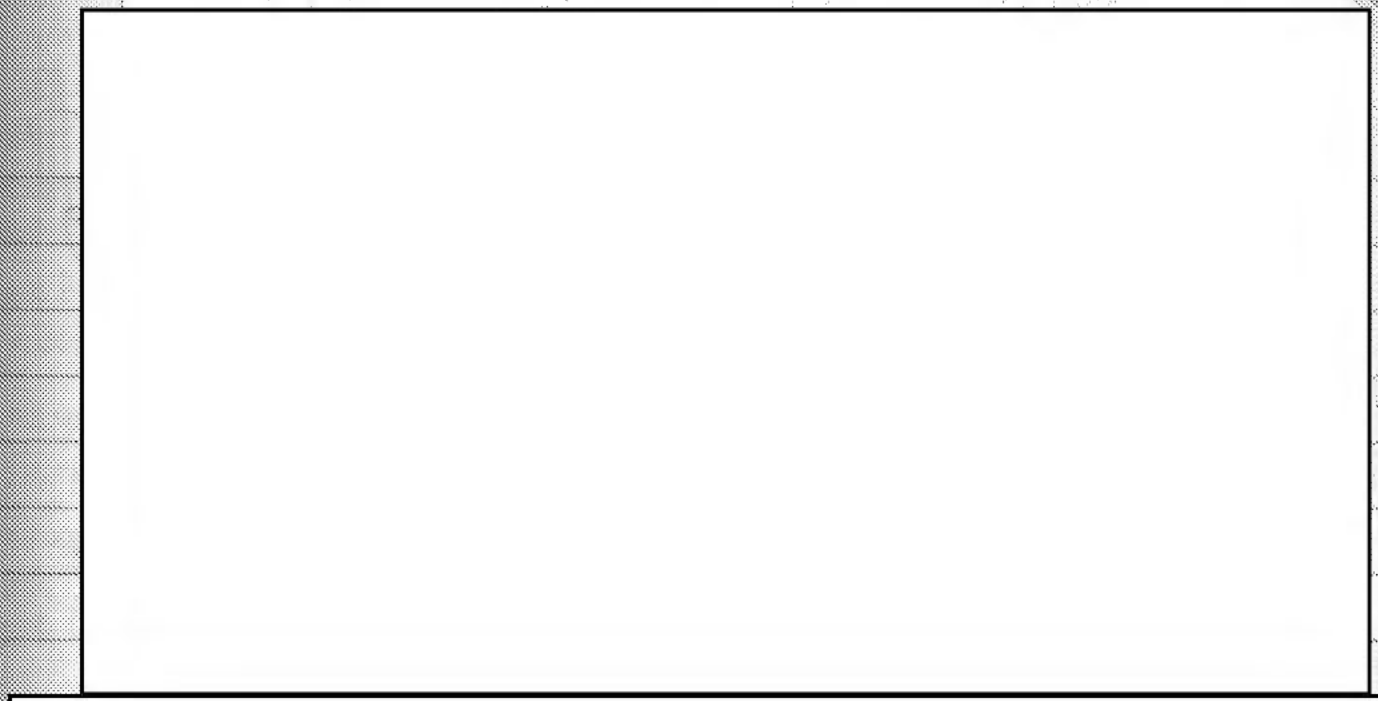
b3 -11

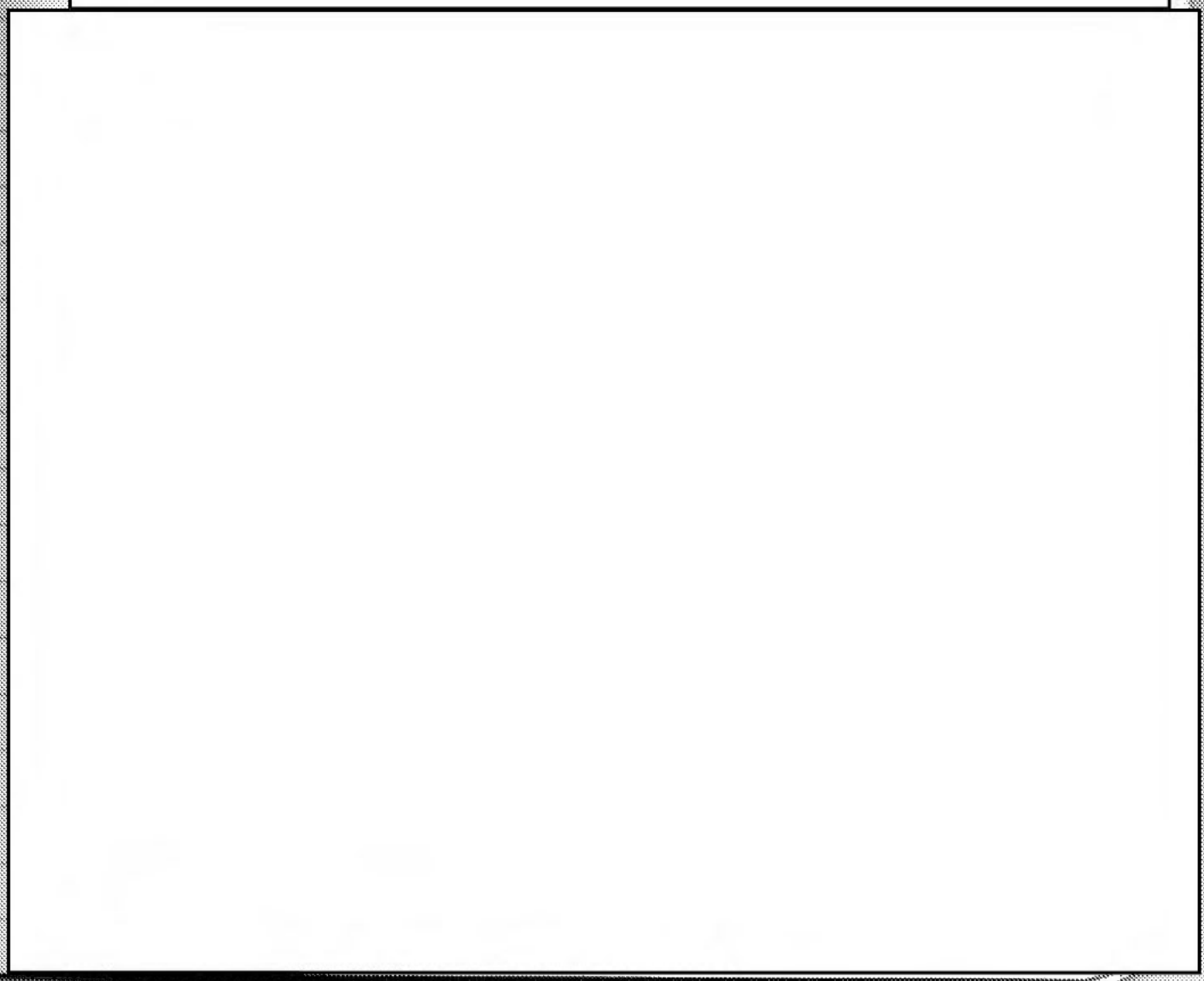


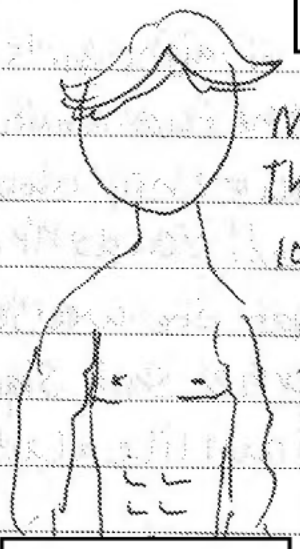
This is how it SHOULD BE



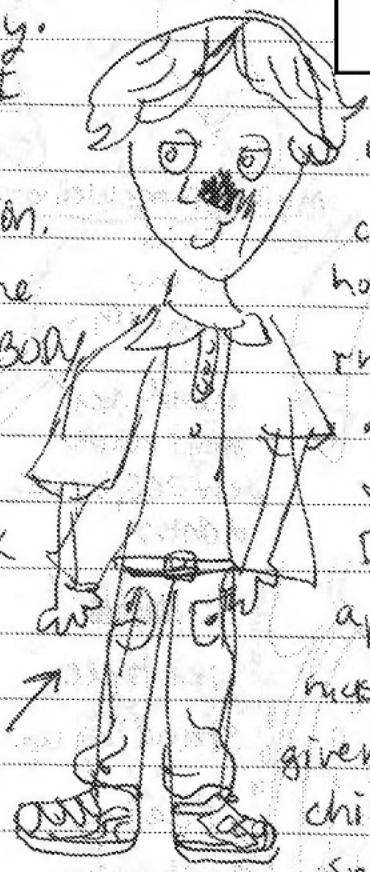
I was born w/ a birth defect.
Having a vagina is a birth defect
I was given the wrong sex
I can't do boy sex
I dream of doing boy sex
on girls a lot. Viginas can't
do shit in sex. Vigina on me
looks wrong, Boobs look wrong on
me too, but they look killer on ya







Me as a boy. This is how I look in my imagination. I am in the WRONG BODY. THIS is what I need to look like!



I would have a boy chest. I'd have smaller thighs. I'd have more muscle + less fat. I'd have a penis to masterbait and give my lover a child w/ my sperm. I would where my shirt off and wear swimtrunks + boxers.

b3 -11

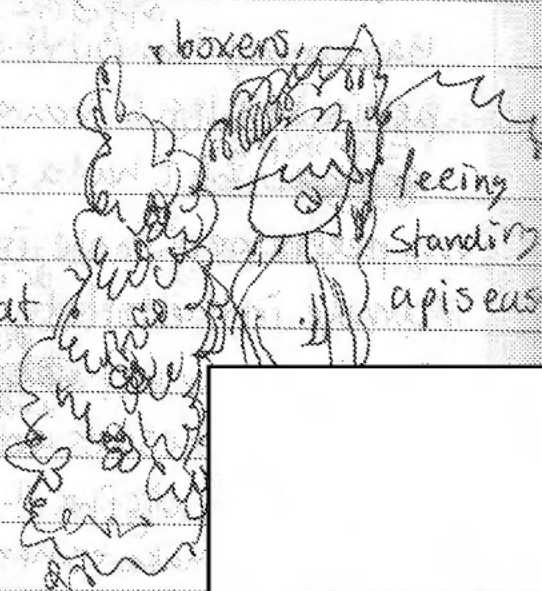


No shirt = fun

chest hair

man breast - flat

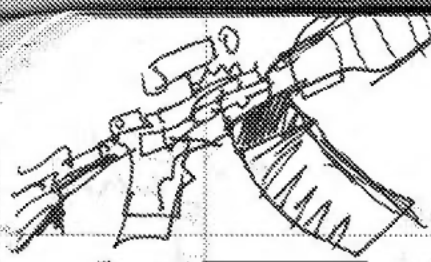
swimtrunks



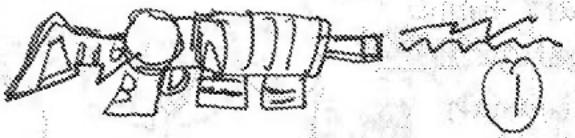
feeing standing apis easy

[redacted]

b3 -11



7/21/21



①

I wish [redacted] was not so overprotective and aware of me. Its unusual and intimidating the way [redacted] can read me so easily. [redacted]

[redacted] has incredible ~~inside~~ insight and has above average social abilities. I can't fool [redacted] for shit, nor is it near impossible to hide anything from her when my mood is dark. She can ~~[illegible]~~ close up look through me, even when I don't say anything. w/o complication - my dark pitted heart troubles ~~[illegible]~~ sou[illegible] She can tell by my mood and feel my ~~[illegible]~~ frustrations, towards thing I desire back to have in life There is alot of secrets that I still want to hide. I don't share everything with [redacted], but [redacted] knows alot about me. Its frustrating & intimidating itself how well she is, but afterall, [redacted]. She sometimes - or most occasion gets into my buisness as far as medical treatment and my finances. Its ~~two~~ 0 things I fucking wish she'd stay out of. Otherwise, she wouldn't have found out from [redacted] that I was suffering, and wouldn't have known how ~~[illegible]~~ I made several large transactions. It would have been much less a hastle, much less nerveracking. I HAD to be secretive, otherwise [redacted] would have said "no" b/c she hates guns. Like really hates them. I don't get [redacted] perspective. It doesn't make sense, only b/c I don't get logic/practical perspective anyway. She doesn't demand me to live a certain way, but she pushes me hard to make my own decisions that can protect myself & care for myself.

b6 -3
b7C -3



7/21/21

(2)

b6 -3
b7C -3

Easy for her to say that shit, like "to be an adult, you have to be ... xyz" keep pushing me to intern, keep pushing me to "know" my self at full capability. Little does she know, and miss the fact that I know its not safe for me to have a gun. I think of myself up for those ideals, knowing it angers me. Guns are a way to protect yourself from crime, who knows? If someone broke into our house, who would have to defend? Me!! I'd have that shit covered. Its respecting and admiring the 2nd Amendment, but also standing for myself & my family. Sex trafficing has gotten bad these days, I wish I had a handgun in my backpack and I'd take it with me everywhere (if I had a carry gun permit).

Guns are a god-like thing to have. I don't just like them b/c they look cool. I like them b/c they are the easiest way to die. Deep down, I don't want to intensionally kill anybody - I'm not insade. I know right from wrong. In my mind, however, I strongly believe that if I am commited to die, I plan not to die alone b/c its the god-like way to die. Its living up to the expectations of the guns ideal purpose - go to war with it, die with it, kill & you die. Its started & been like that since the Civil was back in 1862. Back then, people needed guns (pistol or bolt-action so they would shotgun) not be robbed of livestock, basic nessesities, & other valuables. Life then was rural - less protected or no protection from police or sherrifs.

& plan to die in the future & that I am fully AWARE I don't give a shit - V

& want to steal our valuables

besides brake-ins that are more on the rise (even in "safe" too neighborhoods)

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1639



7/21/21



I guess its when the 2nd Amendment was most glorified during the early centuries - back when people used it to defend, + not to kill. It was its primary purpose. But then came greedy bastards in the world - and those came bastard ideas: the feeling the deserved what should be theres + take it from the enemy w/ force. Boom. War was thus created. Guns can be used for evil AND for GOOD.

who respected its use for how it was born to be made.

The United States would not have let the Germans or Russians (or soviet union, or the Japs) take over back in WWII if they did not have the weaponry to defend their country. So is war really a bad thing? No, not totally. Yes, war is tramatic, cruel, and scary beyond imagination. Ideas can be formed to get a glimpse of that in war movies, but not even that you'd get the idea, unless you go out and sign up for that shit. During the civil war and wars before that, boys + men had no choice to join the Army or battalion. Now, you can have a choice.

or like in vietnam too

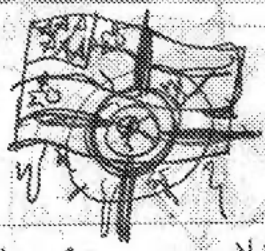
I mean guns aren't that had for christ sake. It's not the [illegible]

How many Americans in the past, young and leaving their life + lives wanted to kill? A lot of them didn't. But war can change any soldiers perspective, with the possibility of desiring to kill. And when war is over, there comes depression or other mental illnesses, most common - PTSD.

If I were younger to join the army, I would love to kill

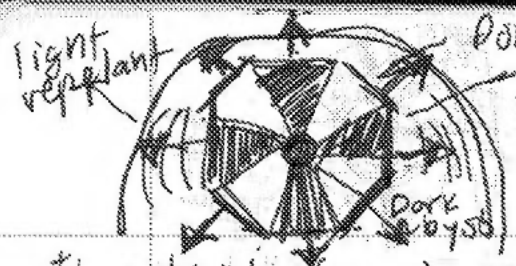


7/21/21

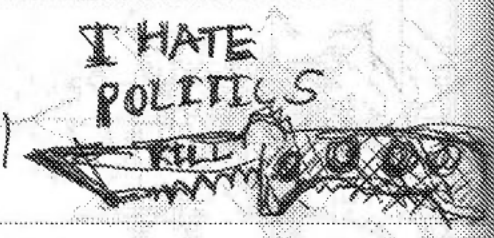


(4)

some enemy bastards. I think it would be fun to kill bad guys and not get in trouble w/ the law - because its your fucking job + the Sergent or Head Command Officer would tell you so. It be fun to walk around the streets of foreign contries w/ my military automatic rifle and fire 5,000 rounds or more w/ a machine gun. Those guns kill people, and people who deserve to die are two species: the Russian or Iraq soldiers (the enemy of USA) and dumbfucks here in so called "Land of the Free". I guess some people have too much freedom + control in this country - people here need 2 die too. Or, I could say, alot of dumbfuck criminals have too much freedom in having + getting a gun so easily, families aren't aware enough or don't care, the criminal seeks no therapy or mental health, or had not been helped to cope w/ thier tramatized childhoods, or they have no family, no ambitions, no purpose but to commit violence, especially if thats all they knew growing up. Mental illness or trama (or both) can affect a person entirly that they are capable to do the worst imaginable. Dylan Klebold was not an evil person - he just wanted to die. He had alot anger b6 -3 b7C -3 saddness in him. Was it his fault? NO. I blame those parents who weren't aware and not that invested in their lives. [redacted] - thats why my plans got put on hault. But on fucking no, the gods were able to do "do the god-like thing to do" = 30 EASILY! I blame bullies, I blame Columbine for being ignorant and oblivious. Its thier fault, they were bound to be attacked.



7/21/21



Those kinds of people are weak as fuck to me. If I did pulled off a stunt so advious: a video like Eric + Dylan did for a project in thier class, [redacted] would have been shocked and would have noticed the red flags. AWARENESS. That is what stops mass shootings. There is so little of that in pathetic humans!! Thats the real issue! Biden and his democratic goons threatening us gods (not dumb criminals) by getting us to think they will confiscate guns by the government; they can go fuck themselves.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Guns obtained: 7/23/21 Saturday AH.

I just hope - scared if my guns get found. I just hope I get lucky. I have them pretty well hidden in my closet, but fuck. [redacted] are not stupid. I am much more careful, I have to if I want to continue w/ my plans. I'm just scared [redacted] will snoop around in my closet and find my shotgun or carebine. Fuck. That would be the nightmare part 2. I barley got away that last time, and I am shocked I was able to convince [redacted] I'd sell my AR-15 (and maverick 88) which I will eventually. I would only give myself away again if I carried a shotgun case out of the house. I know better. I plan to train on the DL, use my credit card + rent guns like I have been doing, as well as getting used to my carbine. I'll be back at the range next week.

b6 -3
b7C -3

xTO... DIE!!! x

7/26/21



(Audrey

The white house needs to be destroyed. Someone needs to blow it up. Someone needs to kill of all the anti-gun hate groups. I hate anti-gun activists, homophobics, religious christians, and politicians - white politicians. I want all of you to bury your morals, views, & beliefs in the ground while I dig up the hole and spit on them & kick dirt in its face. Face of utter ignorance & self-righteous. You people think your so smart w/ your little speeches, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ beliefs & systems - scheiming to ban hangun, assult weapons, or whatever the fuck else you want to ban. I am sick of your shit. I don't need to be afraid of you pussies. Try hard all you can, but you dip shit futher fucking [illegible] COCKSUCKERS better get the fuck out of here. You pathetic little shits ~~[illegible]~~ should not even mess w/ gun laws. Its [illegible] none of your fucking buisness!! Not if your the AFRA your not, dumb mutherfuckers. You know what I think that is actually Godlike? Gather a bunch of gun enthusiasts and owners and come w/ our ~~[illegible]~~ ARS AKS & pistols, shotguns to kill all of you. I swear if you give us a war, we will fight for whats ours - The 2nd Amendment. And goddamn it I wish I could kill you all, with your tiny little shit for brain, shrived up dicks, and insults. You can't offend me you bitch ass. You suck Bidens cock you pussyhead!! [redacted] Something whatever the fuck your name is. You are not important and you deserve to die. Clones cause ~~[illegible]~~ like you w/ weak-ass minds need to die, and you should be killed. All you fuckers suck Bidens semin and [illegible] die!!! - AA.

→ you can't stop pple from doing illegal gun marketing, no different than drugs or alcohol

→ Try and take our guns. We will go to war, kill you and ourselves if we

waste your time & others time, & brainwash a bunch of low-pple into Clones

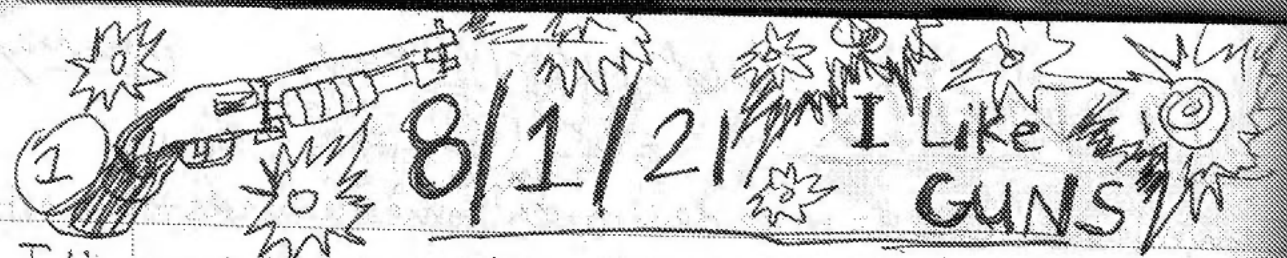
worthless cunts

→ to the DEATH.

Death, yes!! All humans die!

b6 -8
b7C -8

7/27/21



I like guns. I really like them, like obsessed with them. I really have enjoyed cleaning my guns, firing them, testing them, practicing with them, looking at them bask in thier beauty. Yet I continue to live in fear. My big transactions of my shotgun and handgun are still visible under "all transactions" in my bebit account. They are not under my recents, but are still in July-June monthy records. I am relieved my April transaction is no longer seen, but I still am at risk. I put myself up for risk anyway. Oh fucking well. Not all my plans have been going soothly, because its much harder to get away with sch[illegible] Shit when you have [redacted] under your wing, watching you carefully. She didn't assume with me that "everything will be ok". No. That's what Dylans mom thought, and Dylan could go about his plans with Eric in such little obstacle. Adam Lanza, [redacted] Eric + Dylan; they all had more advantage to succeed in thier plans b/c parents/gaurdians were lacking of awareness (or no awareness at all) or tried to help thier child (Adam) and her own decisions turned against her, literally "backfired". Nancy Lanza owned an arsenol of weapons - easily obtained by Adem, to kill her in the end. Yes, I have thought of homicide, but [redacted] is an awful thing to think.

big F-bomb risk. I just am scared if I get caught again. If I do, I will have to lie, again, which I hate to do + is an-gallice of my supreme being.

"EXTRA" at which some is unnessesary

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

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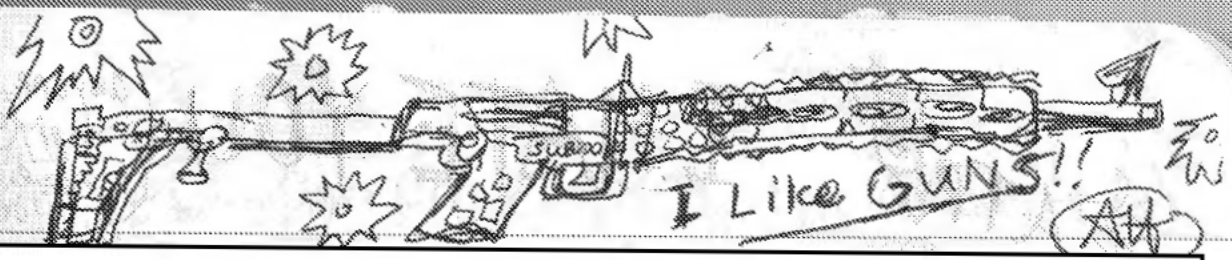


[redacted] b6 -3,8 b7C -3,8

I am capable of doing so, oh yes. I've had pre-meditated murder for several years now. It would be exciting to actually do it if/when I get my chance. 8/1/21

4 humans (my jersey #) [redacted] who don't assosiate
+3 imaginary/animals (lucky #)
7 (unlucky supreme)

17 - 4 = 13
17 - 3 14
17 - 7 = 10
17 - 67 = -10

7 = odd #
17 = odd #
13 = odd # > 7 < 10
7 < 13
10 = even

Not having [redacted] anymore
17 + 4 + 3 = 24 (my B-D pain all adds up and born with it

[redacted] b6 -8 b7C -8

I HATE YOU

(any one happy and or have a lover)

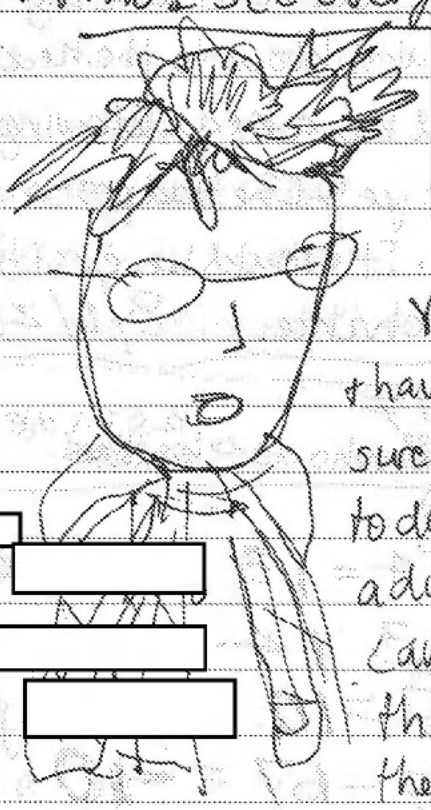
b6 -8
b7C -8



Who (they) see every: a PRETTY FACE & An ANGEL last forever & you'll have to die so fuck life to all you ignorant fuckers & bitches alike. Fuck living, that's what I say. Fuck you all for leaving me left out of everything good, ever or happy.

Fuck positivity!!! God people are SO ANNOYING being happy all the time & shit. Best believe it won't.

Who I see everyday:



You people think [redacted] & having [redacted] is "grand". It sure fucking ISNT. Being told what to do, being told how to "be an adult", not seeing eye to eye, and cannot relate - only bad/negetive things. Negetive energy is the fire for my wrath. Its god-like and supreme. Fuck dependance baby sit not having no money & living off of Dissability money the rest of my goddamn life. Fuck it... (AH)

b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

b6 -8
b7C -8

[redacted]

PEOPLE WHO DON'T FUCK WITH ME LIST (chose not too)

1. [redacted]
2. [redacted]
3. [redacted] - FUCK YOU
4. [redacted]
5. Black girls (gay or straight)
6. Black women (gay or straight)
7. [redacted]
8. That bitch [redacted]
9. Kids at school / college
10. [redacted]
11. Everyone but not Anyone...
12. [redacted]
13. Friends temporary I met at Vanterbuilt hospital
14. Bitches I met at Renfrew
15. Random social media followers
16. [redacted]
17. [redacted] "family"

Freind list

humans ~ [redacted] 1 2 3

animals
1. Mycats (Ezmax)
2. Maxine (but shes dead)
3. Sophie (shes dead too)

humans
4 + 3 = 7
animal/imaginary

~~4 + 2 = 5~~
~~4 + 2 = 6~~

Imaginary friends
1. mycartoons
2. stuffed animals ♡

b6 -3, 8
b7C -3, 8

PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY WANT TO [redacted] BAROUND.

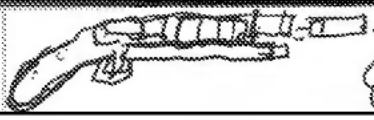
b6 -3
b7C -3

1. [redacted]
2. [redacted]
3. [redacted]
4. [redacted]

17 - 4 = 13

17 + 7 = 24
17 - 7 = 10

August / September 13th



9/11/21



[redacted] b6 -8 b7C -8

-Audrey

(3) Whether human chooses good or bad, a bad is much more disturbing thus much harder to forget, choosing Death over Love, I Choose death. A+

(2) And you white ass people don't know a thing about mental illness, what it is. Autism especially, Dumb shit clones say the whole shit was staged, and all of you feel hurt. Yeah, you lost loved ones, but death happens. Like [redacted] said, it's gunna happen! School shootings will, because its the human condition. Being feared is better than choosing Love. Love is neglect; not a forever, lasting thing. Love from humans is faultering! And no one can stop the symptom of supreme, godlike thoughts, it's not the guns. This wanting to die, wanting to kill, & wanting to leave a lasting impression on the world

b6 -3 b7C -3

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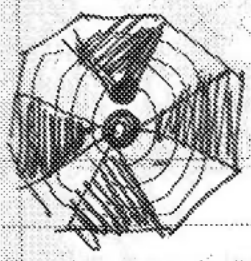
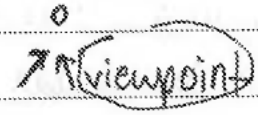
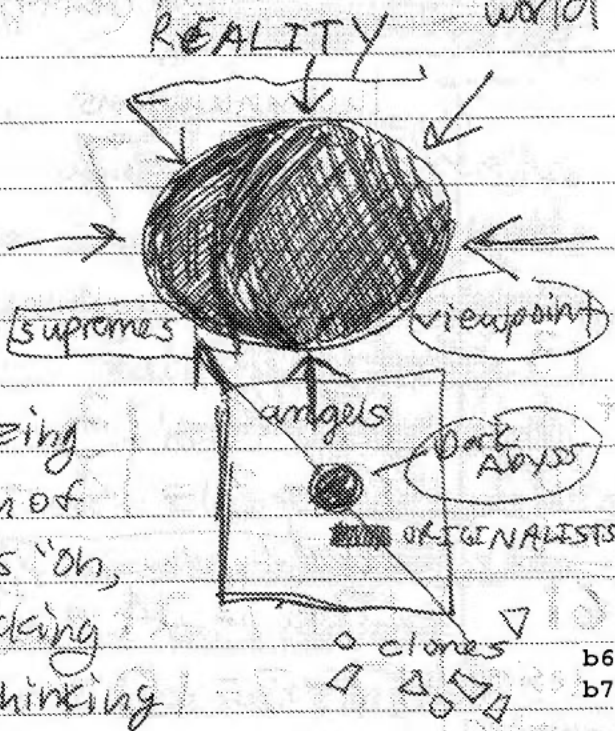


Dark Abyss Catagories

- Loneness/outcast
- Mental illness
- Depression • Autism
- the mental psych — a tri-dimensional world

U.S. Societies' understanding





b6 -3,8
b7C -3,8

(1)

I really hate you people for minimizing our insanity. This ignorant victum of Sandy hook - a white mom lady, claims "oh, I think of murder too" Oh my fucking God the things people say. Sure, thinking about it in the moment is one thing, feeling that certain feeling for years is another. If you don't have a mental condition of your own, the understanding is skewed and we're harshly misunderstood or cruely labeled. [redacted] already troubled after Sandy Hook Shooting happened. I watch the documentary "surviving Sandy Hook" there is more than enough viewpoint from the victums - the good people. Why can't Adam be validated? WHY? Because you people are fucked thinking he just had an angry thought, it poof! Sandy Hook happend. NO! It's WAY more deep than that! Adem commited the shooting because he had a MENTAL CONDITION that stopped being treated in 2008.

8/11/21 x The Suicide Equations x

(3) things I'd hate to leave.

8/13/2022
9/13/2022?

(reality) • my holiday decorations + animals
• my stuffed animals friends (dra... + sta...
• my ~~[illegible]~~ living animal friends (cats)

lucky numbers
4 + 3 = 7

17 the unlucky number

13
+14
10
24
61
desired number

17 − 4 = 13 → July 13th, 1996
17 − 3 = 14 [redacted]

(if pple/humans DID want to assosiate)
17 + 7 = 24 → try to live ~~[illegible]~~ born 3/24/1995
17 − 7 = 10 [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

(17) groups who exclude/leave me out
(4) ~~[illegible]~~ include me in
+ (3) imaginary friends groups
24 all good + bad add up to my fate. ~~[illegible]~~ the struggle between life + death, to live or to die, to choose life or choose death. It never ends... so is to suffering pain ~~[illegible]~~

(17) 17
− 7 − 4
10 13

loose what I hold dear 2 me

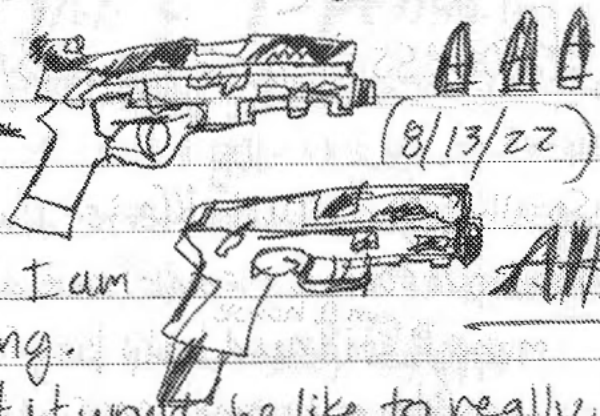
angels [redacted]

b6 -8
b7C -8

A year from Today, I am Planning 2 Die



8/23/21
AUDREY



(8/13/22)

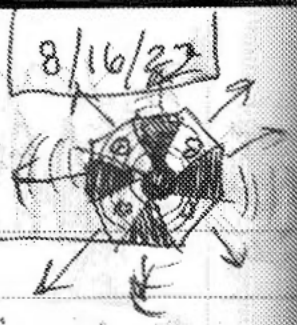
Its kind of scary. I plan to die a year from today. I am breathing, but am not living. Sometimes I think of what it would be like to really, truley live. I imagine me, as a man, living independantly w/ a sufficient income, + a good group of loyal friends. I can imagine, but its far from reality, just barely out of my grasp. I think about how my graduation for college is coming soon. I have 5 classes left, planning to take my last two regular art classes in the fall, then last 2 gen. education classes (next year 2022) - spring semester, My fucking children's book isn't finished. I still need an internship so it won't be as difficult to find a job. Some graduates at Nossi still have regular jobs, not doing career jobs. Others say they keep applying + get rejected by creative firms. Both sound fucking depressing. I don't want my life to be a dead end once college ends. What I REALLY WANT - is to live my own life, not one where [redacted] are still having autority over me. I think no high-functioned Autistic kid should have that reality for the rest of thier life. That fucking sucks, + its no fun at all. I want my own money, full control over my desicions w/o [redacted] approval, + be away. After all, I hate being told what to do. And part of it is cause I still don't have my "adult" shit together.

b6 -3
b7C -3

(Preparing 2 Die) (9/13/2022)

Process: Last Day 8/23/2022

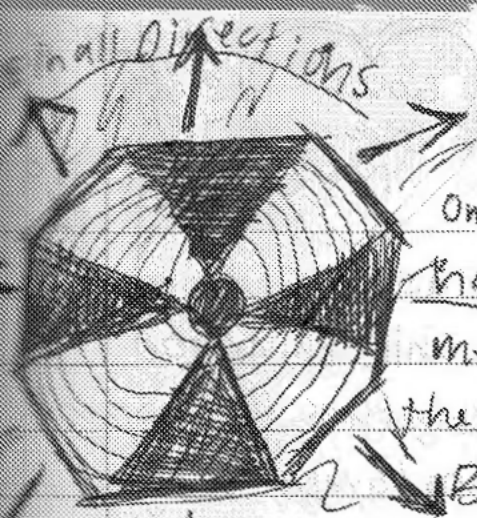
8/16/22



So whatever "adult" life is, I'm not near close. I imagine bad outcomes - can't have a stable job, don't have enough money, to own a house still need help paying off fucking student loans, (B/C of) possible outcome NOT getting social security Dissability (which would be more bad). And if I can't get a job secured on graduation, it means more time [redacted] And the older I get, the less + less fun it is. I don't have [redacted] believe in non-violence, + no guns "the christian" way. I technically "need" [redacted] cause I still have a goddamned allowance like a fucking middle schooler. I believe if I get out of the house I'd grow up much more, I witness it w/ [redacted] but luckily for him, he can make his own decisions + get his own approval from himself, no one else. And, won't have to [redacted] Even if my financial income might suck, it suck less to live by myself w/ no ones guidence or approval. I want to be my own man - my rules, my ways, my fate. I think about it alot, mentioned it several times in this journal + I cannot stress it enough. But none of you people would understand cause either you grew up w/ no parents or been out of the parents home. Fuck my dissabilities + my limitations. My life isn't amazing, but isn't horrible - (and could be alot worse) its inbetween till the good + the bad - on a spectrum just as myself to my

b6 -3
b7C -3

I am not ignorant of it



GOD LOVES / I HATE HUMANS / PEOPLE

Only God can love everyone and not cast out hate. Yes, God is the only one who knows me in full/complete understanding. He is the God over all gods, even gods like me. But God kan let bad things happen. He can let christian followers of the Church be ignorant + hypocrits. He will allow violence to continue in the world. He has the power to decrease it or rid of it. But its the humans - who create a sin, not God. So I blame every last ignorant human scum on this planet for my wrath. God weeps you pathetic christians acting so nice in Church but don't b6 -3 b7C -3 give a shit if your neighbors die of COVID or the Delta Varient cause your prideful ass chose not to be vaccinated. I'd rather not be a christian + activly be of a church or make religion the center of my life. Sure, it worked when I was in High school, but I am a highly developed god now. And I'd rather be that than something scumbag like fucking hypocrits not living what they believe in (eg. to be loving like God). So many of you humans suck and don't deserve God or his son Jesus. He died for you and you pple bitch and ignore about stupid shit like politics but missing out on the big picture. Like, be compassionate to Killers, murderers, and autistics like me. But no, you say "fuck Eric + Dylan of Columbine" say all this ignorant shit that thier names should not be mentioned + are glad they are dead. I say, SHUT THE FUCK up you dumb bitch!! my mind is higher my beliefs has matured my thoughts have evolved thousands of levels

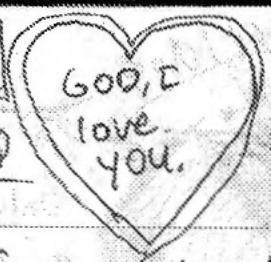
Audrey





A god: can love & hate all the same

8/16/21





you bitches + pussies have no respect for us gods who had to suffer WAY more than you. You little shits think too odvious: feel bad for the victums + say fuck the suspects. Typical human reaction, which is so fucking lame + unoriginal. You people have hate for Eric + Dylan, Adem Lanza, ... School shooters. But you worthless shits would never think of feeling sorry for them, b/c your automatic clone brain goes to "he is bad. He's evil. He's crazy. He's undeserving". Well guess what, you people contradict yourselves, trying to make yourselves feel a sense of worth + dignity like, "Oh, I'll never do something like that". → when really you are just as capable to be undeserving of us. And thats what makes you and defines ignorance. the clone race so stupid - denying thier own capabilities and probably lack in self-awareness. You are no better than us! Just cause you never commit crimes make you the "good samaritan", but I'm sure all of you thought of killing bitch. So shut the fuck up, all of you!!. You are a piles of shit + unworthy of everything good in the world. I hate you stupid drivers, I hate you ignorant mothers not putting your kids to sleep - napping but are in a fucking store screaming the WHOLE FUCKING TIME!! You ignorant people littering, killing animals, having no remorse for mental sufferers. I hate all of you. I hate most people. I hate living. I hate life. You little christians say "love your ene... And yet you hate them. & wish death on them. FUCK YOU, I hate you more. A.

↓ comparing to us like you are better

23-cv-1483(FBI)-1654

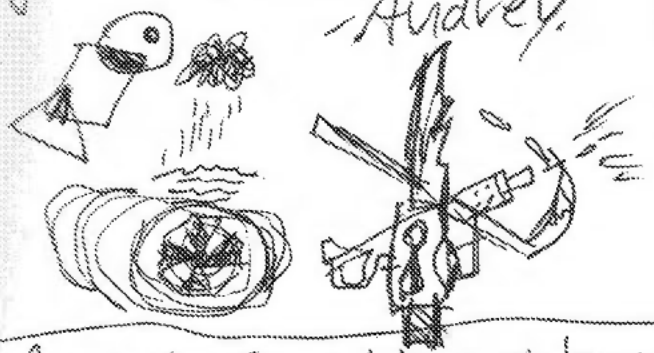
MY FINAL DAYS ARE COMING...

Dear God,

Please forgive me for my sins. Thank you for sacrificing your son Jesus to die for me. I am not a saint [redacted], and I am not a disciple. I am sorry for not being a Christian anymore cause people are bad examples. I don't want to be apart of that group. But I do believe in you, I believe you take care of me, but I know you are ashamed of my sexuality/ and dark behavior. I hope I can be in Heaven. Afterall, I DID have a relationship w/ you at a time. You hurt, but I hurt too cause I lost almost everyone I love most. I should die you most of all, but I don't apologize for my god-like nature.

b6 -3
b7C -3

-Audrey. 8/16/21



P.S Another Journal down, on to next one. If you send me to Hell, I understand. At least I would meet Eric & Dylan X



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