

---

---

# A Video by Sebastian Bosse

*Transcribed by*

PETER LANGMAN, PH.D.

Langman Psychological Associates, LLC

*Bosse spoke English in the video. Bracketed question marks indicate words I couldn't make out. In some cases, text is conjectured.*

---

[?] that nobody, the fucking crew [clue?] about what is going to happen on Monday. This was my plan, my work. I did this alone. Completely alone. Since third grade, people picked on me. And I was a loser. I wanted to have friends, to have clothes with the brand name on it in big letters, but all that fuck changed in 2003-2004. I learned that there is more in life than just consuming fuck. Like death, like clothes, or hip hop music, or — I never listened to hip hop music! Don't believe that. And in 2003-2004 my life changed then. I wasn't a human anymore. I was — God-like. And I began planning this, this massacre. I wanted to kill them all, because they ruined my life. Because they, they changed my, they changed ... The people, who are like that, who are just fuck consumers, the people change how you think. You are alone and you want to have friends, and they change completely how you think. The more you are with them, the more you become like them. And I said, "Fuck that. I'm not in this." And it was my thing, I made the GSS massacre. [GSS stands for Geschwister Scholl School, which was Bosse's former school.]

Life has been beautiful, until I went to school the first time. There are two main reasons for that massacre. First reason, school. Teachers, students, everything in that fucking building. Second, the politics. On one hand I see ... it is ... the only thing where you are really, really free, nobody has to tell you, nobody has the right to tell you what to do or not to do. It's my life. Not the fucking life of my parents or fucking [?] or any fucking teacher in the fucking whole world. It's my damn life.

DOI 10.64247/105882 · Version 1.2 · Revised 27 May 2026 · 2 pages

The text of this document is in the public domain. Editorial matter copyright © 2017 by Peter Langman, Ph.D.

Humans are a sickness. This earth is sick. I can't fucking wait until I can shoot every motherfucking last one of you. Fucking damn bitches.

They [?] me, they spit on me, they knocked me down, they laughed on me, and [I will shoot them?] "Where's the problem?" "There is no problem." I can shoot whoever I want. It's my life, my gun, and I can do with it whatever I want.

One time, some dude out of my class heated a . . . heated a key. He take his lighter and heated it, and then the fucking moron just come to me and pressed it on my, on my, on my hand. What the fuck?

Every kid in school who is different from the majority is a loner. And why is every kid who is different a loner? Because the fucking media tells the people, tells the majority of the people what is cool and what is not. So [?] are cool, yeah? I bet you can't run in it. But it would be better if you can run, on Monday, because I got a gun, I got bombs, I got Molotov cocktails. You are in war. This is war. SS.I