

Kip Kinkel's Writings

► Journal

I sit here all alone. I am always alone. I don't know who I am. I want to be something I can never be. I try so hard every day. But in the end, I hate myself for what I've become.

Every single person I know means nothing to me. I hate every person on this earth. I wish they could all go away. You all make me sick. I wish I was dead.

The only reason I stay alive is because of hope. Even though I am repulsive and few people know who I am, I still feel that things might, maybe, just a little bit, get better.

I don't understand any fucking person on this earth. Some of you are so weak, mainly, that a four year old could push you down. I am strong, but my head just doesn't work right. I know I should be happy with what I have, but I hate living.

Every time I talk to her, I have a small amount of hope. But then she will tear it right down. It feels like my heart is breaking. But is that possible. I am so consumed with hate all of the time. Could I ever love anyone? I have feelings, but do I have a heart that's not black and full of animosity?

I know everyone thinks this way sometimes, but I am so full of rage that I feel I could snap at any moment. I think about it everyday. Blowing the school up or just taking the easy way out, and walk into a pep assembly with guns. In either case, people that are breathing will stop breathing. That is how I will repay all you mother fuckers for all you put me through.

I feel like everyone is against me, but no one ever makes fun of me, mainly because they think I am a psycho. There is one kid above all others that I want to kill. I want nothing more than to put a hole in his head. The one reason I don't: Hope. That tomorrow will be better. As soon as my hope is gone, people die.

I ask myself why I hate more than anyone else. I don't know. But my head and heart want him dead. He only knows who I am through reputation, and I know he is scared of me. He should be. One bad day, and there will be a sawed off shotgun in his face or five pounds of Semtex under his bed.

I need help. There is one person that could help, but she won't. I need to find someone else. I think I love her, but she could never love me. I don't know why I try.

Oh fuck. I sound so pitiful. People would laugh at this if they read it. I hate being laughed at. But they won't laugh after they're scraping parts of their parents, sisters, brothers, and friends from the wall of my hate.

Please. Someone, help me. All I want is something small. Nothing big. I just want to be happy.

End. New day. Today of all days, I ask her to help me. I was shot down. I feel like my heart has been ripped open and ripped apart. Right now, I'm drunk, so I don't know what the hell is happening to me.

It is clear that no one will help me. Oh God, I am so close to killing people. So close.

I gave her all I have, and she just threw it away. Why? Why did God just want me to be in complete misery? I need to find more weapons. My parents are trying to take away some of my guns! My guns are the only things that haven't stabbed me in the back.

My eyes hurt. They hurt so bad. They feel like they are trying to crawl out of my head. Why aren't I normal? Help me. No one will. I will kill every last mother fucking one of you. The thought of you is still racing in my head. I am too drunk to make sense.

Every time I see your face, my heart is shot with an arrow. I think she will say yes, but she doesn't, does she? She says, "I don't know". The three most fucked up words in the English language.

I want you to feel this, be this, taste this, kill this. Kill me. Oh God, I don't want to live. Will I see it to the end? What kind of dad would I make? All humans are evil. I just want to end the world of evil.

I don't want to see, hear, speak or feel evil, but I can't help it. I am evil. I want to kill and give pain without a cost. And there is no such thing. We kill him – we killed him a long time ago. Anyone that believes in God is a fucking sheep.

If there was a God, he wouldn't let me feel the way I do ... Love isn't real, only hate remains. Only hate.

► **“Love Sucks” (essay written about love at first sight)**

No, I don't believe in love at first sight because love is an evil plot to make people buy alcohol and firearms. When you love someone something it is always taken away from you. I also would like to add that I hate each and every one of you. Because everything I touch turns to shit. I think if you think you fall in love with someone at first sight it might just be lust. Love at first sight is only in movies. Where the people in the movies are better than you. That is why you go to a pawn [pawn] shop and buy an AR-15 because you are going to execute every last mother fucking one of you. If I had a heart it would be gray.

It is easier to hate than love. Because there is much more hate and misery in the world than there is love and peace. Some people say that you should love everyone. But that is impossible. Look at our history it is full of death, depression, rape, wars and diseases. I also do not believe in love at first sight. But I do believe in hate at first sight. Therefore love is a much harder feeling to experience.

I really wouldn't know how to answer this question because my cold black heart has never and never will experience true love. I can tell you one about love. It does more harm than good. I plan to live in a big black hole. My firearms and [illegible] will be the only things to fight my isolation. I would also like to point out Love is a horrible thing. It makes things kill and hate.

► **Note written after killing his parents**

I have just killed my parents! I don't know what is happening. I love my mom and dad so much. I just got two felonies on my record. My parents can't take that! It would destroy them. The embarrassment would be too much for them. They couldn't live with themselves. I'm so sorry. I am a horrible son. I wish I had been aborted. I destroy everything I touch. I can't eat. I can't sleep. I didn't deserve them. They were wonderful people. It's not their fault or the fault of any person, organization, or television show. My head just doesn't work right. God damn these VOICES inside my head. I want to die. I want to be gone. But I have to kill people. I don't know why. I am so sorry! Why did God do this to me. I have never been

happy. I wish I was happy. I wish I made my mother proud. I am nothing! I tried so hard to find happiness. But you know me I hate everything. I have no other choice. What have I become? I am so sorry

► **Public statement**

I have spent days trying to figure out what I want to say. I have crumpled up dozens of pieces of paper and disregarded even more ideas. I have thought about what I could say that might make people feel just a little bit better. But I have come to the realization that it really doesn't matter what I say. Because there is nothing I can do to take away any of the pain and destruction I have caused. I absolutely loved my parents and had no reason to kill them. I had no reason to dislike, kill or try to kill anyone at Thurston. I am truly sorry that this has happened. I have gone back in my mind hundreds of times and changed one detail, one small event so this never would have happened. I wish I could. I take full responsibility for my actions. These events have pulled me down into a state of deterioration and self-loathing that I didn't know existed. I am very sorry for everything I have done, and for what I have become.