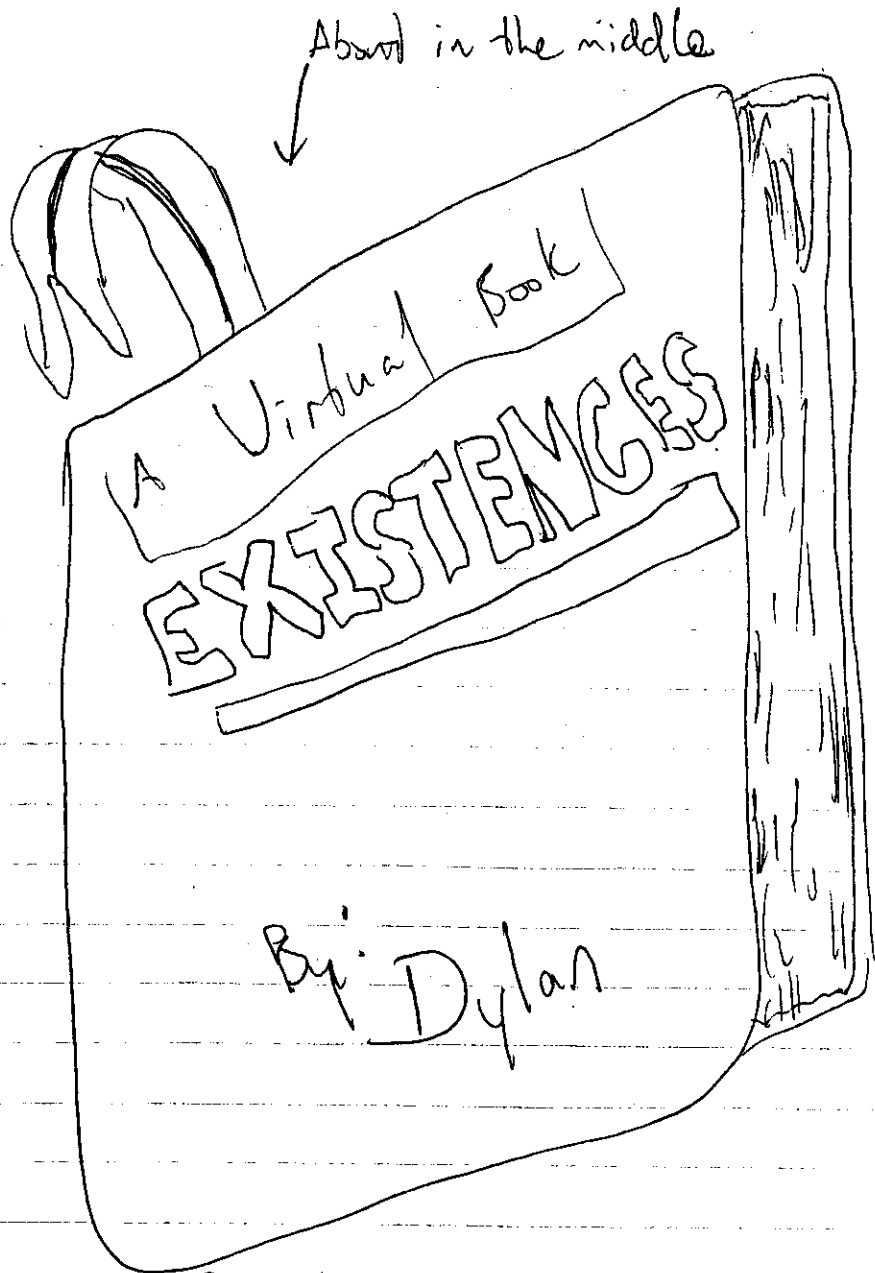


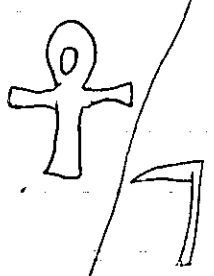
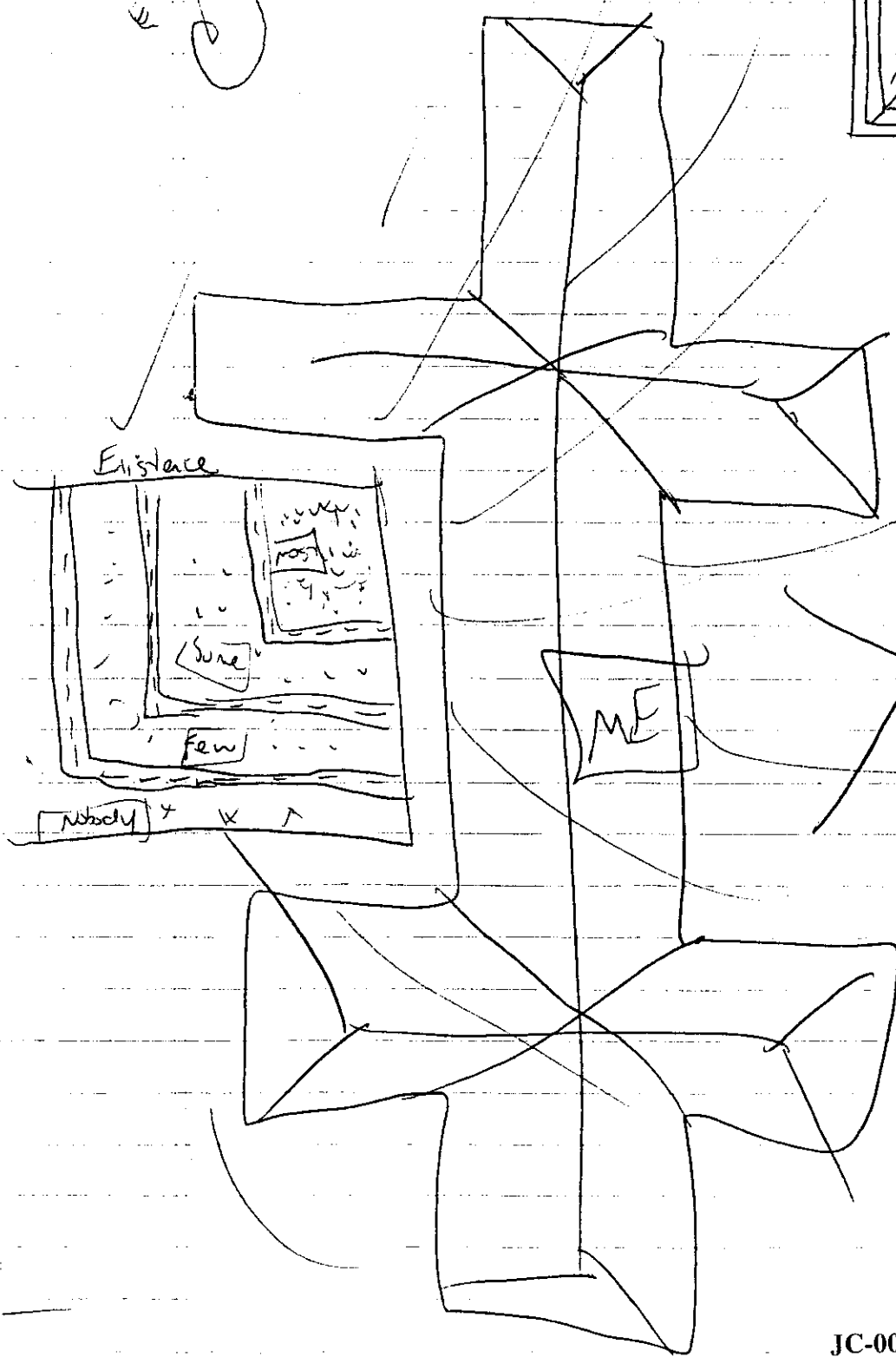
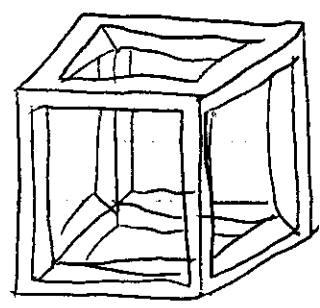
-act: People are so unwise ... well, Ignorance is
bliss to guess... that would explain my depression
-Dylan



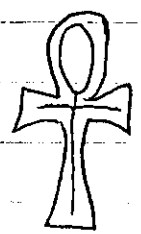
Properties: This Book cannot be
opened by anyone but
Dylan. Some supernatural
force blocks common people
from entering

JC-001-026385

←-valked-→
←-DyLaN-→

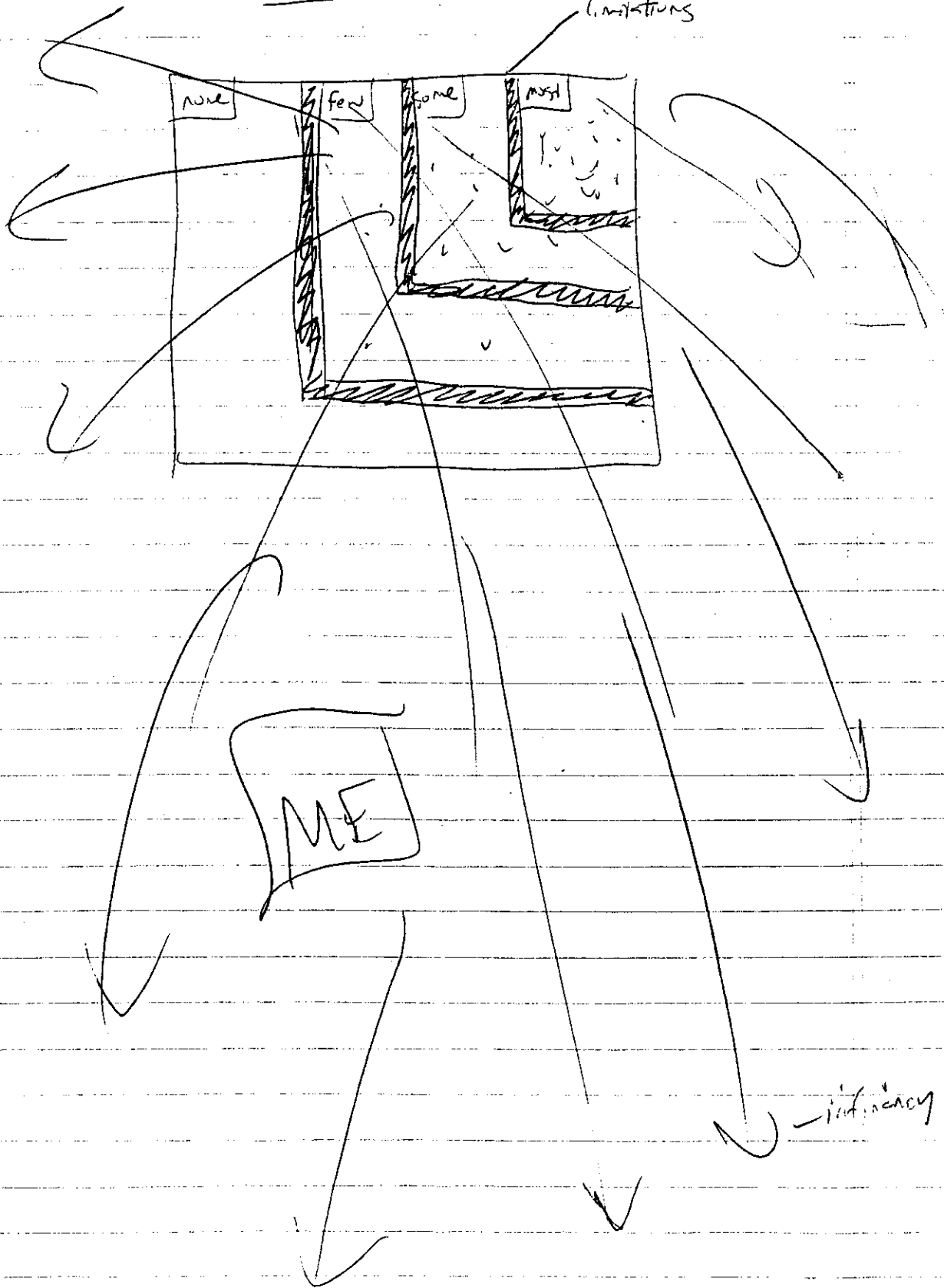


- cut here



Existence = the box

limitations

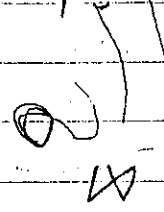


inefficiency

LC THOUGHTS

W Yes, this is me writing... just writing, nobody technically did anything, just i felt like throwing out my thoughts - this is a weird time, weird life, weird existence. As I sit here (partially drunk w. a screwdriver) i think a lot. Think... Think... that's all my life is, just skillboards of thinking... all the time... my mind never stops... music runs 24/7 (not to sleep), just songs i hear not necessarily good or bad, & thinking... about the asshole [redacted] in gym class, how he worries me, about driving, & my family, about friends & things with them, about girls i know (mainly [redacted] & [redacted]) how i know i can never have them, yet i can still dream... I do shit to supposedly 'cleanse' myself in a spiritual, weird sort of way (believing the 'wack' on my camp, not getting drunk for periods of time, & trying not to advocate/make fun of people [redacted] at school, yet it does nothing to help my life - really. my existence is shit. ~~to me~~ no one

thought picture



yet i feel that i am in eternal suffering, in infinite directions in infinite realities - yet these ~~are~~ realities are like artificial, invented by thought how everything ^{concepts} ~~is~~, yet it's all

so far apart... & i sit & think... Science is the way to find solutions to everything, right? I still think that, yet i see different views of shit now - like the mind - yet if the mind is viewed scientifically... then I dwell in the past... thinking of good & bad movies

entity

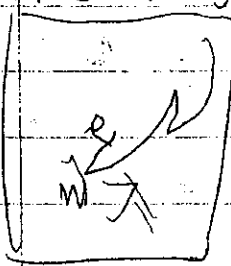
a bit on the past I think we always had a thing for the past - how it reacts to the present & the future - or rather vice versa. I wonder how/when I got so fucked up in my mind, existence, problem - when Dylan Becket Klebold got covered up by this ~~entity~~ containing Dylan's body... as I see the people at school - some good, some bad - I see you different I am (can't we all you'll say) yet in on such a greater scale of difference than everyone else (as far as I see jocks having fun, friends, women, LIVEZ)

or rather shallow existences compared to mine (maybe) like ignorance = bliss - they don't know beyond this world (how I do in my mind or in reality, or in this existence) yet we each are lacking something that the other possesses - I lack the true human nature that Dylan possessed, & they lack the overdeveloped mind/imaginary/knowledge base. I don't bit in the thinking of suicide gives me hope, that it'll be in my place whenever I go after this life - that it'll finally not be at me in myself, the world, the universe - my mind/body, everywhere, everything is PEACE in me - my soul (existence). & the routine is still monotonous, go to school, be scared & nervous, hoping that people ~~can~~ can accept me... that I can accept them... the NIN song Piggy is good as a thought writing... The last Highway sounds like a voice about me... in gonna write later here - cc-buddha

Dear Thought \leq Year

well well, back at it, yes (you say) ~~whoever~~ the fuck 'you' is, but yes. My life is still fucked, in case you care... maybe... (not?) I have just lost fuckin 45\$, & Rebel that I - lost my zippo & knife - (i did get those back) like the fuck is he being such an ASSHOLE?? (god i guess whoever is the king which controls shit) lets fucking me over big time & it pisses me off. Jook god i HATE my life, i want to die really bad right now - lets see what i have thats good: A nice family, a good house, food, a couple good friends, & possessions, whats bad - no girls (friends or girlfriends), no other friends except a few, nobody accepting me even though i want to be accepted, me doing badly & being intimidated in any & all sports,

Thought
picture



me looking weird & acting shy - BIG problem, me getting bad grades, having no ambition or life, thats the big shit. Anyway... I was Mr. Cutler from 11 - I have 11

cut

depressioners on my right hand man, & my fav. contrasting symbol, because it is so true & means so much - The battle between good & bad never ends. - OK enough bite him ~~is~~ well im not ~~the~~ done yet. ok go... I dont know what i do wrong with people (mainly women) - its like they are set out to hate & ignore me, i never know what to say or do. ~~is~~ is so fuckin lucky he has no idea how I suffer.

It leaves some poetry now this is a display
of one man in search of answers, never finding them,
yet in hopelessness understands things...

Existence... what a strange word. He, set
out by determination & curiosity, knows no existence,
knows nothing relevant to himself. The petty deceptions
of others & everything on this world, in this world, he knows
the answers to. Yet they have no purpose to him. He seeks
knowledge of the unthinkable, of the unbelievable, of the
unknown. He explores the everything... using his mind, the
most powerful tool known to him. Not a physical barrier blocking
the limits of exploration, fine then thought thru dimensions...
the everything is his realm. Yet, the more he thinks, hoping
to find answers to his questions, the more come up. Amazingly,
the petty things mean much to him at this time, how he
wants to be normal, not this transceiver of the everything.
Then occurring to him, the answer. How everything is connected
yet separate. By experiencing the petty others' actions,
reactions, emotions, doings, ~~things~~ and thoughts, he gets
a mental picture of what, in his mind, is a cycle.

Existence is a great hall, life is one of the ^{rooms} ~~rooms~~, death
is passing thru the doors, & the ever-resistant compulsion of
everything is the curiosity to keep moving down the hall, thru
the doors, exploring rooms, down this never-ending hall. Questions
make answers, answers create questions and at long last he is content ←

ITML CC-VODKA →

2-20-21
5-21-21
my thought shift

Thought

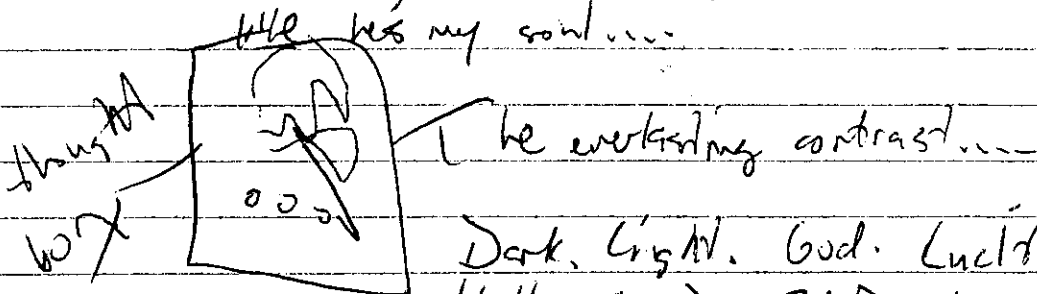
You... whassup... Idehhehe... Know what
~~the~~ mind? Everyone knows revelation - I swear -
like in an outkast, & everyone is conspiring against
me... Check it... (this is it god, but need to write
so here...)

Within the known limits of time...
within the conceived boundaries of space...
the average human thinks these are the settings
of existence... Yet the ponderer, the outkast, the
believer, helps out the ~~rest~~ human. "Think not of
2 dimensions" says the ponderer, "but of 3, as your
world is conceived of 3 dimensions, so is mine. While
you explore the immediate physical boundaries of your
body, you see in your 3 dimensions - L, W, & H. Yet I,
who is more mentally open to anything, see my 3
dimensions - my realm of thought - Time, Space, & THOUGHT
Thought is the most powerful thing that exists - anything
conceivable can be produced anything & everything is
possible, even in your physical world." After this so
called "lecture" the common man feels confused, empty,
& unaware. Yet, ~~these are~~ ^{these are} the best emotions of a ponderer.
The real difference is, a true ponderer will explore these emotions &
batter in a dream. what ~~they~~ caused
them.

Miles & miles of never ending grass, like a
wheel. A forest, sunshine, a happy feeling in the presence,
Absolutely nothing wrong, nothing ever is contrary 180°
to normal life. No awareness, just pure bliss,
unexplainable bliss, the only challenges are no challenge,
& then... ~~BAM!~~ realization sets in, the world is the greatest
amusement. life

Hypnosis place - It is a sky - with one large cloud,
& sort of a cloud made chair - the sun is at the
head of the chair - 10 o'clock - up into the sky ...

Below, I sometimes see myself & the green (Forest green)
earth - sorta a city, yet I hear nothing. I relax on
this chair - actually like a chaise - & I am talking ...
to what? I don't know - it's just there, I have
the feeling that I know him, even though I consciously
don't, & we talk like we are the same person -
He has my soul ...



Dark, Light, Good, Lucifer, Heaven,
Hell, GOOD, BAD. Yes, the ever-lasting
contrast. Since existence has known
the 'fight' between good & evil has continued.
Obviously, this fight can never end. Good things
turn bad, bad things become good, the 'people' on
the earth see it as a battle they can win. HA
Fuckin morons. If people looked at history they would
see what happens. I think too much, I understand,
I am GOOD compared to some of those irresistible
brainless zombies. Yet, the actions of them interest
me, like a kid w. a new toy. Another contrast, more
of a ~~paradox~~ paradox, actually, like the advanced go far
the undeveloped's realm, while some of the morons become
everything dwellers - but, exceptions to every rule, & this IS
a BIG exception - most morons never change - they never
decide to live in the 'everything' frame of mind!

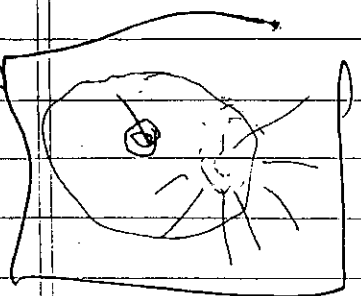
←-VODKA-→ is thought

7-23-91
A drinking
time

The [redacted] situation

It is not good for me right now (like it
ever is) ... but anyway ... My best friend
ever: the friend who shared experiences, laughed,
took chances with & appreciated me more than
any friend ever did has been ordained ... "passed
on" ... in my back. Ever since [redacted] (who I wouldn't
mind killing) has loved him ... that's the only place
has been with her ... I'd suppose had any idea
how sad I am ... I mean we were the TEAM
when him & I first were friendly, well I
finally found someone who was like me:
who appreciated me & shared very common
interests, Ever since 7th grade I've felt
lonely ... when [redacted] came around I finally
felt happiness (sometimes) ... we did cigars, drinking,
suburbs to houses, EVERYTHING for the
first time together & now that he's "passed on"
I feel so lonely, w/o a friend. Oh well, maybe
he'll come around. → I hope.

Book



That's all ... maybe I'll
reverse this again ... → for this topic

^
O = [redacted] = C
←-VODKA-→

My first love!!!

Oh My God... I am almost sure
I am in love with ~~_____~~ Hehehe...
such ~~of~~ a strange name, like mine... Yes everything
about her I love. From her good body to her
& Almost perfect face, her charm, her wit
& knowing her NOT being popular, her friends
(who I know) - some - I just hope she likes
me as much as I ~~LOVE~~ LOVE her. I think
of her every second of every day. I want
to be with her. I imagine me & her doing
things together, the sound of her laugh, I
picture her face, I love her. ~~It's~~
soulmates exist, that I think I've found
~~mine~~ mine. I hope she likes Techno... :-)

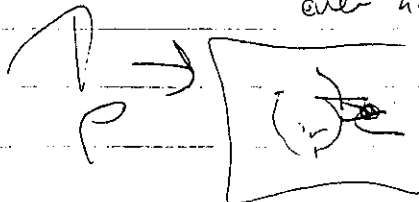
~~_____~~

I love you

Dylan

my thoughts

and god i want to die soon bad... such a sad, desolate, lonely, un salvageable i feel ~~like~~ i am... not fair, NOT FAIR ALL
 from I wanted happiness!! I never got it...
 let's sum up my life... the most miserable existence in the history of time... My best friend has ditched me forever, but in bettering himself & having /enjoying/ taking for granted his love... HE NEVER knew this... not too times near this... they look at me [redacted] like im a stranger... I helped them both out thru life, & they left me in the abyss of suffering when i gave them the boat out. The one who I thought was my true love, [redacted] is not. Such a skill of what i want the most... The nearest trick was played on me - a fake love... she in reality doesn't give a good fuck about me... doesn't even know me... I have no happiness, no ambitions, no friends, & no LOVE!!! [redacted] can get me that gun I hope, i wanna use it on a poof SOB. I know... his name is vodka, dylan is his name too. What else can I do/give... i stopped the pornography I try not to pick on people, obviously at least one power is against me. [redacted]... funny how I've been thinking about her over the last few days... giving myself fake realities that she, others MIGHT have liked me just a bit... my bad i have always been hated, by everyone & everything, just now more... Goodbye all the crusts i've ever had, just shells, images, no ~~the~~ truths... BUT


 WHY? YES YOU CAN NEED!
 THIS, WHY DID YOU SWAN
 [scribbles]

A dark time, infinite sadness, I want to find love.

Ignorance is bliss

happiness is ambition

desolation is knowledge

pain is acceptance

despair is anger

denial is helplessness

martyrdom is hope for others

advantages ^{taken} are causes of martyrdom

revenge is sorrow

death is a reprieve

life is a punishment

others' ~~own~~ achievements are tormentations

people are alike

i am different.

- Dylan

me is a god, a god of sadness

exiled to this eternal hell

the people i helped, abandon me

i am denied what i want,

to love & to be happy

being made a human

without the possibility of BETTER human

the smallest of all punishments

to some, i am crazy

it is so clear, yet so foggy

everything's connected, separated

i am the only interpreter of this

i'd rather have nothing than be nothing

some say godliness isn't nothing

humanity is the something i long for

i just want something i can never have

The story of my existence.

- Dylan

(sadly,
sorry to everyone...
i just can't take it...
all the things...
to many...
heart this...
i must have happiness,
love, peace,
goodbye

fuck that → ~~me~~
me
10-14-01
fuck ev.

Thou's Am

Me, sorry i didn't write, A SHITLOAD in my instance mind.
ok hell & back... i've been to the zombie bliss side... &
I hate it as much if not more than the mereless part.
I'm back now... a taste of what I thought i want...
wrong. Possible girlfriends are coming from [redacted]...
ill give the play shit up in a second. want TRUE
love... I just want something i can never have... true love
I hate everything, why cant i die... not fair. I want
pure bliss... to be cuddling w/ [redacted] who i think i love
deeper than ever... I was wrong, thought i was right. another
form of the Downward Spiral - deeper & deeper it goes,
to candle w/ her - to be w/ her, to love, just laying
there. I need a sign. This is a weird entry, i
should feel happy but shit brought me

down. I feel terrible. The Lost Highway
apparently repeats itself. I want a bit.
now [redacted] lucky bastard gets a
perfect soulmate, who he can admit

FUCKIN SUICIDE to. & I get rejected for being
bored about fuckin love for weeks. From the wrong people
never... [redacted] & [redacted] Anyway... theres a
2 parts.

~~FUCK~~
me
me

Awareness signs the warrant for suffering. Why is it that
the zombies achieve something me wants (over-developed me).

They can love, why can't I? The true existence lies in
solitude, always aware, always infinite, always looking for,
his love. Peace might be the ultimate destination.

Destination unknown... inward happiness. Abandonment is
present for the martyr. My thoughts ~~it~~ ^{it's} in want to
~~stay~~ ^{live} in. I want to find a room in the great hall &
stay there in my love & never. Sadness seems infinite,
& the spark of happiness shines around. Yet the true
despair overcomes in this lifetime. How tragic too my

Religion Dumass still needs

photo of it not broken in

golden peak of death

At the end of the world

Religion

Handwritten scribble

No emotions, not caring.

yet another stage in this
shit like suicide... ~~Religion~~ lol

this
11-3-9,
Fuck at

That

Father & father dist... That whats happenin
me & everything that zombies consider real... just
images, not life. Soon i will ~~leave~~ ^{be at} place i hope
Burn → with all your life sucked up around you... I get more
depressed with each day, if more exist... but ~~can't~~ ~~stop~~
stop, go!!

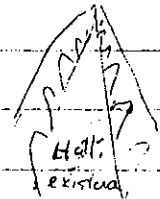
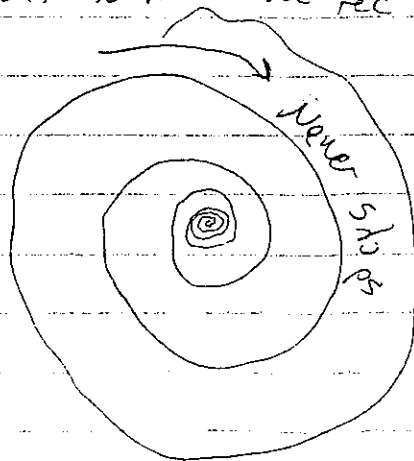
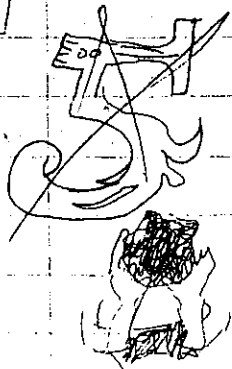
Some sodi am... All people i ever might have loved
have abandoned me, my parents piss me off & hate me
want me to have fuckin ambition!! How can i when
i get screwed & destroyed by everything??!!
I have no money, no happiness, no friends... Eric will
be getting brother away soon... I'll have less than nothing
... how normal I wanted to love... i wanted to be happy
and ambitious and free & nice & good & ignorant... of
everyone abandoned me... i have small stupid pleasures...
my so called hobbies & things... those are all that's
left to me... Reliving onto the smallest rocks... many



people climbing up a never ending vertical cliff...
[redacted] found a plank to exist on... they
walked up me to get to it. Nobody will help me...
only exist w. me if it suits them. i helped, why not
they? [redacted] will get me a gun, ill go on my killing
spree against anyone I want. more crazy... deeper in the
spiral lost highway repeating, dwelling on the beautiful
past, ([redacted] & [redacted] gettin drunk) were, everyone moves on
i always ~~stayed~~ stayed. Abandonment. this room snx. wand
die

everything is as least expected, the weak are trampled on, the assholes prevail, the ~~sapient~~ gods are deceiving, lost in my little insane asylum w. the ambulance redneck music playing... wanna die & be free w. my love... if she ever exists. She probably hates me... bitchy nazi/dec or a jock who treats her like shit. I remember details... nothing worth remembering i remember. I don't know my love; could be [redacted] or [redacted] or [redacted] or [redacted] or anyone. I don't know & i'm stuck in the dark - is up with me!!

I have lost my emotions... like in heart the song. N/A. People eventually find happiness, i never will. Does that make me a non-human? YES. the god of sadness... [redacted] church was so fun in the rec thing w. [redacted] [redacted]



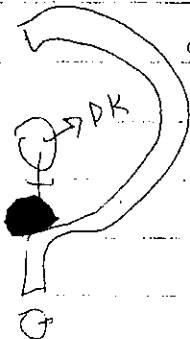
no, everything (no, everything) ever thing

... Beer ... Man is about
 know what's up lately... never do in existence. All this
 shit in [redacted] & [redacted] grounds... so weird & different
 from past... yet again, that's the way in existence.
 I wonder if I'll ever have a love... my love [redacted]
 got his, I don't, wonder what ever got mine. There's all the people
 I've loved, or at least liked (or thought I loved) - all the same
 meaning.

[Large redacted section of text, approximately 15 lines of blacked-out writing]



[redacted] is the newest... the present
 (for now)... seems perfect for me...
 I seem perfect for her. I was delusional
 & thought she would cut me the last day
 of school. Oh well... my emotions are gone
 so much past pain alone my
 senses are numbed. The beauty
 of being numb... Let's



one of my symbols → ○

Everything $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{No, everything} \\ \text{No, everything} \end{array} \right.$
Everything $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{No, everything} \\ \text{No, everything} \end{array} \right.$
Everything $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{No, everything} \\ \text{No, everything} \end{array} \right.$
Everything $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{No, everything} \\ \text{No, everything} \end{array} \right.$

The cliff theory... everyone
trying to get higher & stable...

I
2-2-99
the enough

Existence... to understand

well well... so much changes... (like existence)

I understand almost everything now... so close to my love -

The ones have shown it, she has shown it, I have felt it. I know the meaning of each life. To

be loved by your love, & to be happy in ones self. Only

for the gods though (me, [redacted], etc.) The zombies

& their society had together & try to destroy what

is superior & what they don't understand & are afraid

of. Soon... either ill commit suicide, or ill get in

[redacted] & it will be NSK for us. My happiness, her

happiness. NOTHING else matters. I've been caught

in most of my crimes - xpl drinking, smoking, & the house

vandalism & the pipe bombs. I'd, by fate's choice,

[redacted] didn't love me, id slit my wrist & blow up a/lotta

strapped to my neck. It's good, understanding

a hard road since my realization, but it gets

easier. BUT IT DOESN'T! That's part of

~~the~~ existence. Unpredictable. Existence is pure

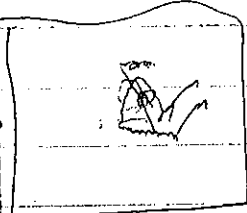
well & pure beauty at the ~~same~~ same time. I will never

stop wondering, the best highway will never end, the music in

my head will never stop. To take all part of existence, the hell

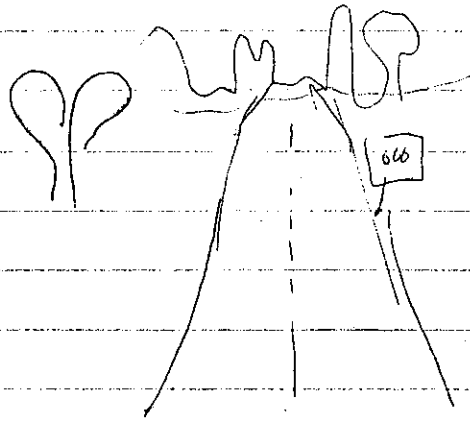
will never end. The love will always be there. (Go)

TB
→



BE LOVE HERE!! - it's so good to be

Society is tightening its grip on me, & soon I & [redacted] will snap. We will have our revenge on Society, & then be free to exist in a timeless, spaceless place of pure happiness. The purpose of ~~life~~ ^{life} is to be happy & be w/ your love who is equally happy. Not much more to say. Goodbye



~~At last~~
 Almost happiness is slavery - be rich, people (gods) are slaves to the majority of zombies, but we know & love being superior.

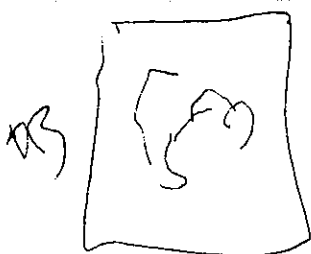
I didn't want to be a jerk... I wanted the happiness that they have - & I will have something infinitely better...

I love her, & she loves me

(By the way, some zombies are smarter than others, some manipulate... like my parents.)

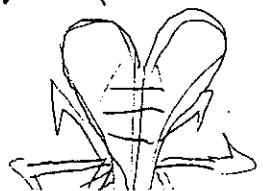
I am God [redacted] is God & zombies will pay for their arrogance, hate, fear, abandonment, & distrust

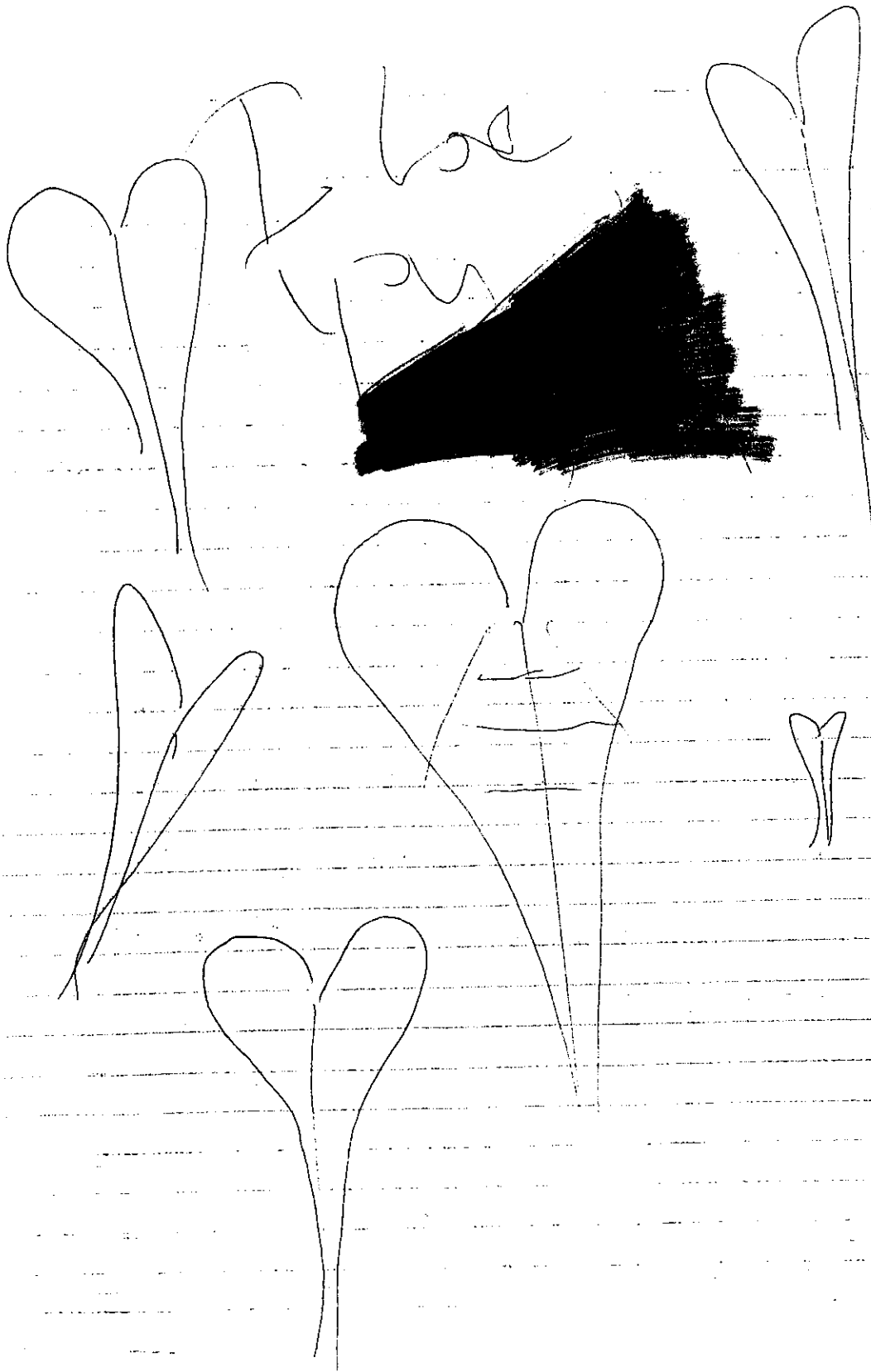
I think about anyone in I know that this
 humanity is almost over that we will be free
 we have parents take that we are the everything
 of purity & halcyon, & that we deserve, need,
 love, and exist w/o each other. it's hard, i think
 that i might not be enough, my mind sometimes
 sets itself on its own things, i think about
 human things. All i try to do is imagine
 the happiness between us. that is something
 we cannot even conceive in this tainted earth.
 The everything, the halcyon, the happiness is ours.
 There will be no notes from me. Let the humans
 suffer w/o my knowledge of the everything.



I am trying not to think about
 the happiness, somehow thinking that
~~it~~ will destroy it if i become
 reliant into what i'm a human.

But i love her. we are soulmates,





(Please don't skip to the back
read the note as it was
written)

~~_____~~

You don't consciously know who I am, & doubtlessly
unconsciously too. I, who write this, love you beyond infinity.
I think about you all the time, how this world would be
a better place ~~if~~ if you loved me as I do you.
I know what you're thinking: "some psycho wrote me
this harrasing letter" I hoped we could have been
together... you seem a bit like me. Pensive, quiet, an
observer, not wanting what is offered here (school, life, etc.)
You almost seem lonely, like me. You probably have a
boyfriend though, & might not have since this note another
thought. I have thought you my true love for a long time
now, ~~but~~ but... well... there was hesitation. You see I
can't tell if you think of anyone as I do you, & if you
did who that would be. Fate put me in reach of you,
yet this earth blocked that with uncertainties. I will
go away soon, but I just had to write this to you,
the ~~one~~ one I truly loved. Please, for my sake, don't
tell anybody about this, as it was only meant for you.
Also, please don't feel any guilt about my soon-to-be
"absense" of this world. Oh... the ~~the~~ thoughts of ~~us~~ us...
doing everything together, not necessarily anything, just to
be together would have been pure ^{heaven} ~~heaven~~. I guess it's
time ~~to~~ to tell you who I am. I was in a class with you
1st semester, & was blessed w. being with you in
a ^{report} ~~report~~. I still ^{remember} ~~remember~~ your laugh. Innocent, beautiful, pure.
This semester I still see you - ~~rarely~~ ^{rarely}. I am ~~at~~ ^{at} entrance

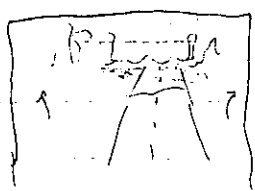
It is solely
my
decision:
nobody else's.

during 5th period, as we both have it off. To most people, I appear ~~well~~ almost scary, but that's who I ~~am~~ appear to be as peopl are afraid of what th don't understand. I ~~denied~~ who I was for a long time. until high school... Anyway, you have noticed me a few times, I catch every one of these gazes w/ an open heart. I think you know who I am by ~~now~~ ^{now}. Unfortunately... ~~you~~ even if you did like me ever the slightest bit, you would ~~hate~~ ^{hate} me if you knew who I was. I am a criminal, I have done things that almost nobody would ever think about condoning. The ~~reason~~ ^{reason} that I'm writing you now is that I have been caught for the crimes I committed & I ~~want~~ ^{want} to go to a new existence. You know what I mean. (Suicide \odot) I ~~have~~ ^{have} nothing to live for, & I won't be able to survive in this world after this legal conviction. ~~However~~ ^{However}, if it was true that you loved me as I do you, I would find a way to survive. Anything to be with you. 99/100 chances you prob. think I'm crazy, & want to stay as far away as possible. If that's the case, then I'm very sorry for involving an innocent person in my problems, & please don't think twice. However, if you are ~~me~~ who I hoped for in my ~~dreams~~ ^{dreams} & ~~realities~~ ^{realities}, then do me a favor: ~~leave~~ ^{leave} a piece of paper in my locker, saying anything that comes to you. Well, I ~~guess~~ ^{guess} this is it - goodbye, & I love(d) you.

I would enjoy life knowing that you loved me.

combo = 19-37-0

#857



Alan Tebol

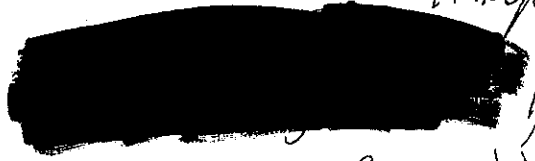


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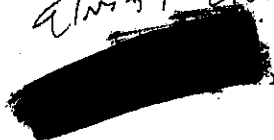


our Hakeyon

I LOVE



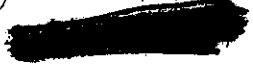
I love her to infinity
to look back on my awareness journey, see the
paths & relations of my understanding --- it's
almost done, yet it is never done, I love



She is my soulmate,
my bliss, all the imaginative Hakeyons
& pure existences I have with her (to me)
are almost happiness --- I wish with I could

call her --- something blocks me from calling
her my time side is putting up a wall
to prevent me from calling her, like a son
of a bitch "truth" ~~PS~~, I will overcome

all fears, doubts, & zombie-based thoughts
(expression) --- I will follow on heads
to the Hakeyon, loving her. I love you



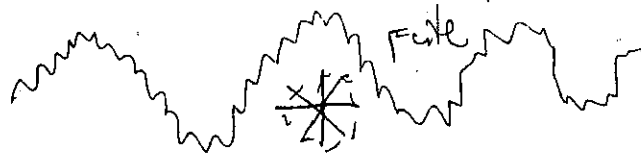


JC-001-026411

Forever Fall, up & down
spiral

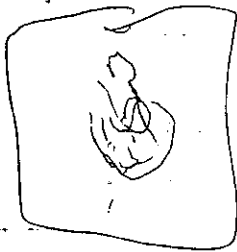
me
6-10 -98
i think
don't call

1.5 human years... so much changed in small time, my
friends (at my choice) are depleting & all going under
each other (Eric & [redacted]) like i thought they would,
I am ready to be in [redacted] The ups & downs
of fate are forever, good & bad, equal. \neq
the lost highway, & downward spiral never end. existence
is like infinity times itself. ∞ I have passed thru
this much of the ever existence this is almost a checkpoint
the zombies have set their place in my mind. for the



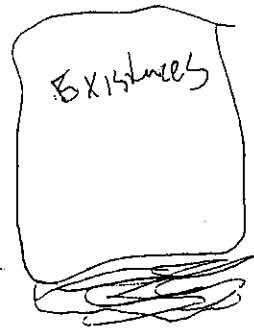
diff theory, the
jumped off in

[redacted] & we've shocked away to the helix on
the zombies will pay for their being, ~~then~~ their nature
I know everything, yet I know nothing I am a true
god, my infinite memories, thoughts, perceptions
of purity come a bit more u. u. u., there is pure
happiness - the ~~purpose~~ purpose of our existence.

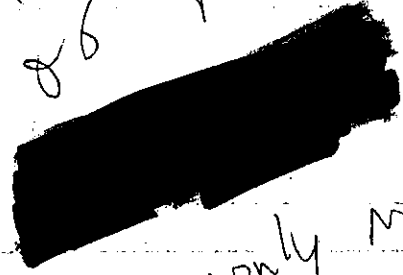
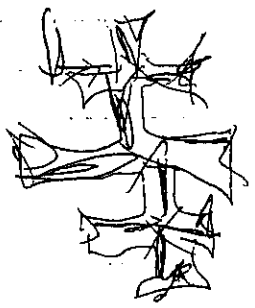


I hate, love things hate everything, love me & [redacted]
I understand that I can never ever be a zombie, even if i
wanted to. the nature of my entity. Soon we will
live in the helix of our minds, the one thing
that made me a god. Things are so simple, now that
they are infinitely complicated. ∞

I understand



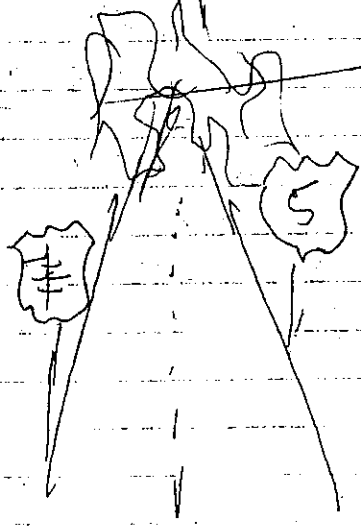
whether of the mystery
of the God
of the mystery



Existence
books

ate is my only need

sp



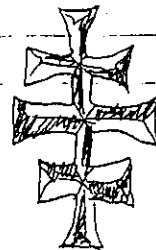
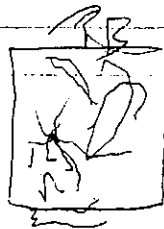
This is prob. my last
entry. I have many
self love sound to
[redacted] my everlasting
life. goodbye

Don't mean
stop
learning

Dylan
1-20-99

THIS SHIT

This shit again, sack of shit, doing just like
 a fucking comb. Lately I ~~can~~ can change my
 mind from the fucking deeds of zombies - Earth,
 humanity, HERE, that's ~~the~~ mostly what I think
 about. I hope ~~to~~ to be free, in free in
 thought it would have been time by now, the pain
 multiplies infinitely, never stops. (yet?) in here,
 STILL above, still in pain, so is she. The thing
 I have concluded is that ~~she~~ ~~is~~ will decide when
 we should be together. ~~is~~ decided when our existence
 started, it should end the same way, with us
 unknown, in limbo. I love you ~~██████████~~ Always here, will.
 The scenarios, images, pieces of happiness still come.
 They always will. I love her she loves me, I know
 she is tired of suffering as I am, it is time, it is time.
 I love her the journey, the endless journey started
 it has to end. we need to be happy to exist timely.
 I see her in perfection, the holy ones, I am it, endless
 purity. I exist as less than nothing to be - O.
 my humanity, - O, I don't know if I should call her,
 or wait for ~~her~~ ~~to~~ to act. Yet calling her is
 a shade of humanity. I'm forever sorry, infinitely,
 about the poems. My humanity has a foot fetter,
 a bondage, extreme liking. I try to throw it, sometimes
 to no effect. Yet the masturbation has stopped. I'm sorry
~~██████████~~ always. I feel the happiness here, thinking
 of her, for brief moments. That's how I know the everything
 is true.

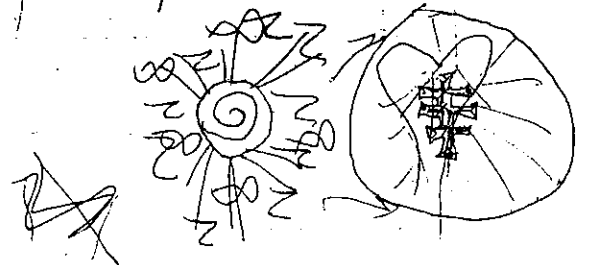


I hate
this non
thinking stasis.
I'm stuck in
humanity. maybe
being "NRK" (god)
w. eric is the
way to break free.
i hate this.

Love
you.

The weather
is a replication
of our thoughts.
The happiness is
possibly imminent.
I mean

The happiness is close
visible ending end of
the beginning of the
halcyons.




The humanity is blocking me again. Time to
go. Hahaha suck off. hah this shit need
to be over, w. ch. love her. ~~percept~~ ♡

The framework of society stands above & below me. The hardest thing to destroy, yet the weakest thing that exists. I know that i am different, yet i am afraid to tell the society. The possible abandonment, persecution is not something I want to face, yet it is so primitive to me. I guess being yourself means letting people know about inner thoughts too, not just opinions & fashions. (checked) I will be free one day, in the land of purity & my happiness, I will have a love, someone who is me in anyway. Someday... Possibly thru this life, maybe another, but it will happen.

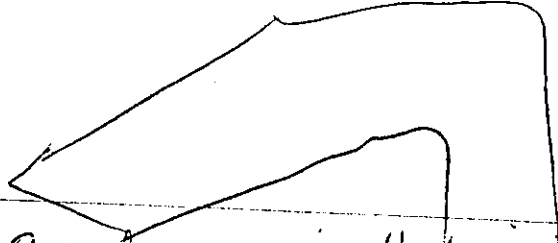
Love is more valuable than anything I know. To
love is to enter a completion of oneself.
I hate those who choose to destroy a love, who
take it for granted. Love is greater than life ever.
As I look for love, I feel I can't find it, ever, but
something tells me I will, someday, somewhere. As
my love will find me. She feels as I do right now,
I can feel it, we will be inseparable, Her & I.
Whether ~~it~~ it is ~~or not~~ or not, I think I'll find it.
(my love). We will be free, to explore the vast wonders
of the stars. To cascade down everlong waterfalls &
then the warmest seas of pure happiness. no limits, ...
no limits. Nothing will stop us.

The humanity of here & now clouds all that
I see, yet the me, the one, can now control
the pain, & it is done. 5 more days. 5

A very influential number, another brick in my
journeyed wall. Humans are zombies, they scratch
for acceptance & greed & kill themselves
from each other. They will never learn, or maybe
they will, but won't have the strength to learn,
to be aware is not a trait, it's a godlike thing
blessed to 2, not a christian, jesus, not, sarai,
Abraham, David, bible gay, shit god, but a true
controller of existence.  was to make us this way.

These moments will ~~be~~ be lost in the depressions
& covers of the human books forever, like tears, in
rain, but the thoughts will be eternal. To explain
the happiness is impossible even for fate, it's just
a pure halcyon set to last more existences than
a conceivable number. Stupid gay nigger humans think
in "crazy" or they think in childish. hahaha, because
i can't solve $\int \sin^2 x \cos^3 x dx$. That makes me dumb!
Because i can't stop thinking in a 2nd dimension, i go
to the 5th! hahaha, so i wait 5 more days. 5 more days.
5 eternities, & i know he & i are all concerned from
ourselves & each other, every night of the self-awareness

journey, every thought we conceived, we have finished
the race. Time to die, everything we knew
we were able to understand it, to perceive it, into
what we should, everything we knew, we know &
see, ~~at~~ an understanding of the everything. An
Einstein stuck in an ant's body, we are the nature
of existence. The zombies were a test to see
if our love was genuine. We are in wait of our
reward, each other. The zombies will never cause us pain
any more. The humanity was a test. I love you, love.
Time to die, time to be free, time to love.



one day, one is the beginning, ? the end. hahaha.
reversed, yet true. About 26.5 hours from now the
judgement will begin. Difficulty but not impossible,
necessary, nerve-racking & fun.

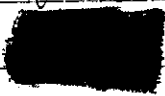
What fun is life without
a little death?

It's interesting, ~~to~~ when i'm in @ my human
form, knowing i'm going to die. Everything
has a touch of triviality to it, like how
none of this calculus shit matters the way
it should. The truth. In 26.4 hours, i'll
be dead, & in happiness. The little zombie
human bags will know their errors, & be
forever suffering & sorrowful, HAHHAHA, of course
i will miss things, not really.

Dylan K 66617
?->? T?
will

Will

Ok, this is my will. This is a fucking human thing to do, but whatever.

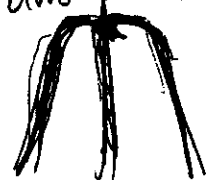
 - you were a badass, never failed to get me up when i was down. Thx You get

FIRST

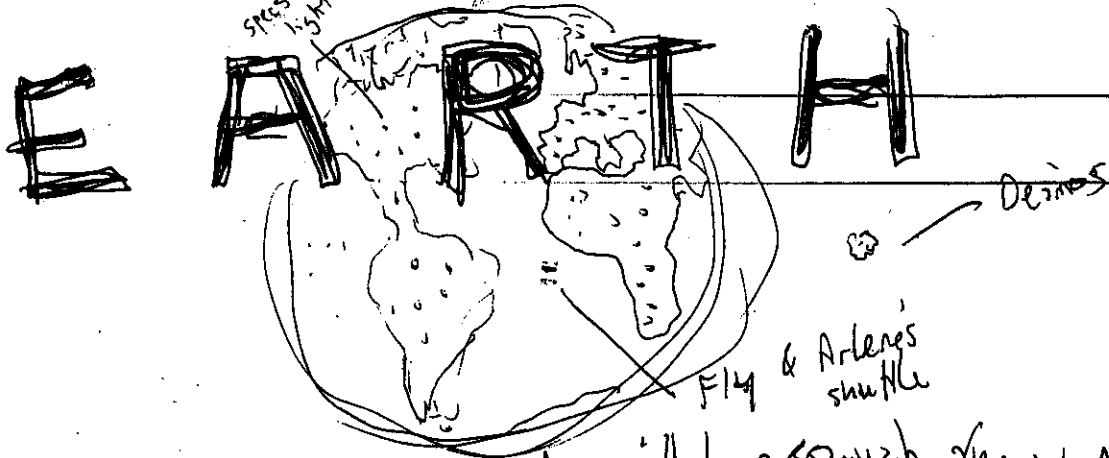
Book 1
Knee Deep in the
dead



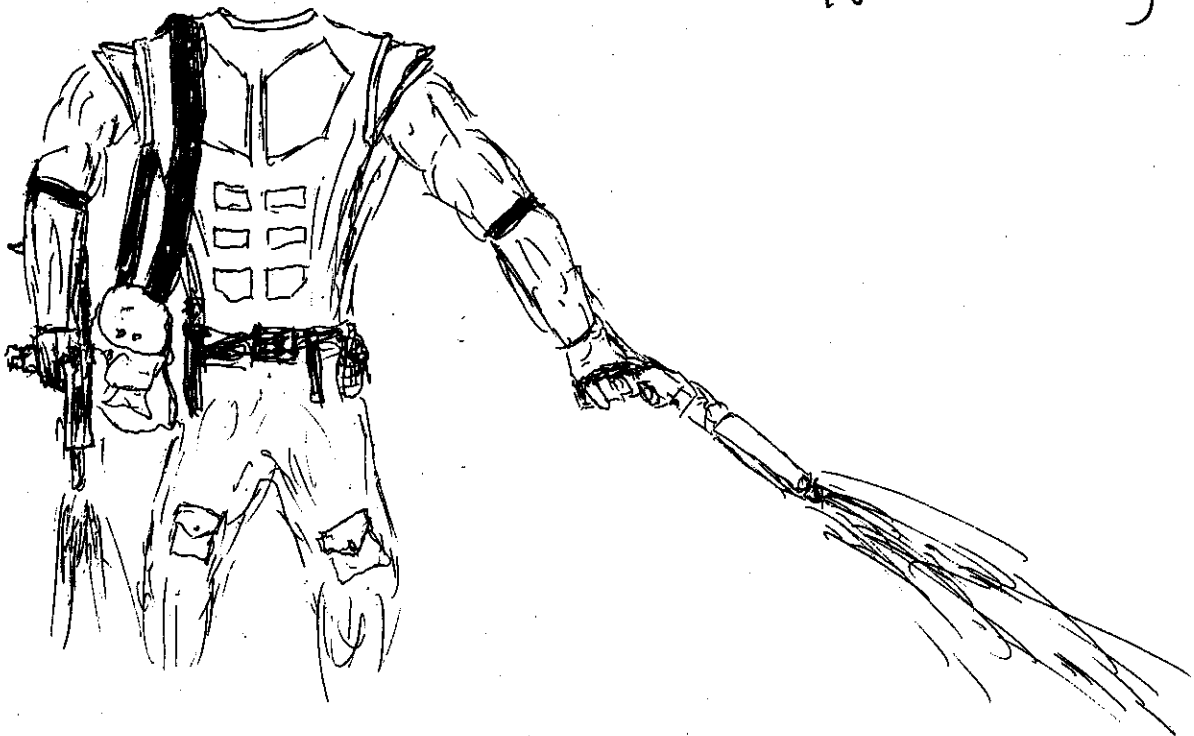
thoody shit... it would take the
whole fuckin book to record &
left out everything this year, so just do
main things ill have to cover. Us &
Zack got the BEST Fuckin spots haha
fag jocks have to set their doc martins
wet. DIEEE This is next year's
section. BLFF will be fuckin chaos,
video padwalkers, - i still have the list of
our videos. I cant wait to dub the
new freshmen, & the holy April
morning of NBK...



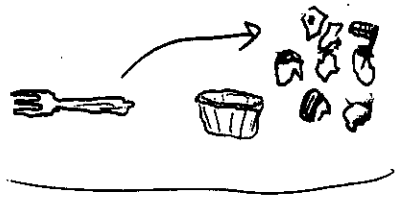
BOOK 2: HELL ON



Ahhhh, my favorite book. We, the gods, will have SO much fun w/ NBK!!
killing enemies, blowing up stuff, killing cops!! My wrath for jannan's
incident will be godlike. Not to mention our revenge in the commons.
GAWWWD SOOO many people need to die. & Now, a fun look at
the past: (science-desk style) ((you know what I hate??))
PEOPLE!!
YEAH!!))



(Back of
h:16)



Book 3: Infernal Sky

Man... lets sum up ^{Junior} ~~senior~~ year w/le
(cool shit atleast: sitting in the commons clubbing
& laughing at fags. (WOOD-JA!) NAWAHA

(wannabe)

frisbee fags... orange monitors for them
all the midnight bowling & pool, the KMFDM &
RAMMSTEIN concerts, the RMS when shit went
off, ALL over deathmatches & quake sewing.
I've found that, over the years, we cant beat
eachother: its equal as a nigger to a ~~spade~~^{spade}.
waterworld, EVERY year we get burnt... of course.
all the amp, shit we've seen, stroke! (NIPPLE-FU!)
we need to find (cavegirl) ~~island~~ island &
every gold for home entertainment
Berlin the shit ~~out~~ out a boxes, SUPA
Blackjack, smokin behind BJ, NIGGA!!
Pines, both kickass 4ths of July...
it was FULKIN
BY DASS!!



MY QUOTES

• Dead people are the best companions, other than weapons.

• There are more than 99 ways to die... & I thought of them!

• If I don't like them, then they should change, or die.

• My black blood & yer white flesh.

• To find a similarity between people & doom zombies.

• Stupid people are here for my amusement.

• The reason people piss me off is to test my trigger finger, & my adrenaline.

Books ~~4~~ : Endgame (?)

Last written book, none to come. I want bare
you w. advice shil you already know. NBK will
be the ultimate revenge, to our shillists, the pigs,
everyone! we'll fuckin 'Take care of business'

to be sure. So, Indigo, As we near
the day of fate ... AAAA FUCK IT!

just let it come. They will know
when gods get pissed off... the
little pussies will feel the shotgun shells &
the bullets. Just like that little ~~o~~ niglet
at comm. service. They need to die soon bad.

now they will.

←-VODKA->

LATER (GREEN)

