
A Short Story by Dylan Klebold

Transcribed by

PETER LANGMAN, PH.D.

Langman Psychological Associates, LLC

Klebold wrote this story for school in late February or early March 1999, shortly before committing the attack at Columbine High School on 20 April 1999. For a facsimile of the original, along with his teacher's comments and other related material, see the Jefferson County Sheriff's Office Columbine Documents, pages 10,463 to 10,468, available at School Shooters .info. Note: the killer in the story is described as left-handed, 6'4", and wearing a black trench coat. Klebold was left-handed and approximately 6'4" and wore a black trench coat. The text is reproduced as typed by Dylan, ignoring his teacher's corrections. There are no paragraph breaks. Ellipses are present in the original.

The town, even at 1:00 AM, was still bustling with activity as the man dressed in black walked down the empty streets... What was most recognized about the man was the sound of his footsteps. Behind the conversations & noises of the town, not a sound was to be heard from him, except the dark, monotonous footsteps, combined with the jingling of his belt chains striking not only the two visible guns in their holsters, but the large bowie knife, slung in anticipation of use. The wide-brimmed hat cast a pitch-black shadow of his already dimly lit face. He wore black gloves, with a type of metal spiked-band across the knuckles. A black overcoat covered most of his body, small lines of metal & half-inch spikes layering upper portions of the shoulders, arms, and back. His boots were newly polished, and didn't look like they had been used much. He carried a black duffel bag in his right hand. He apparently had parked a car nearby & looked ready for a small war with whoever came across his way. I have never seen anyone take this mad-max approach in the city, especially since the piggies had been called to this part of town for a series of crimes lately. Yet, in the midst of the nightlife

DOI 10.64247/380583 · Version 1.1 · Revised 15 March 2026 · 3 pages

The text of this document is in the public domain. Editorial matter copyright © 2014 by Peter Langman, Ph.D.

in the center of the average-sized town, this man walked, fueled by some untold purpose, what Christians would call evil. The guns slung on his belt & belly appeared to be automatic hand guns, which were draped above rows of magazines & clips. He smoked a thin cigar, and a sweet clovesque scent emanated from his aura. He stood about six feet and four inches and was strongly built. His face was entirely in shadow, yet even though I was unable to see his expressions, I could feel his anger, cutting thru the air like a razor. He seemed to know where he was walking, and he noticed my presence, but paid no attention as he kept walking toward a popular bar. The Watering Hole. He stopped about 30 feet from the door, and waited. "For whom?" I wondered, as I saw them step out. He must have known their habits well, as they appeared less than a minute after he stopped walking. A group of college-preps, about nine of them, stopped in their tracks. A couple of them were mildly drunk, the rest sober. They stopped and stared. The streetlights illuminating the bar & the sidewalk showed me a clear view of their stare, full of paralysis & fear. They knew who he was & why he was there. The second largest spoke up "What're you doin man ... why are you here ... ?" The man in black said nothing, but even at my distance, I could feel his anger growing. "You still wanted a fight huh? I meant not with weapons, I just meant a fist fight ... cmon put the guns away, fuckin pussy!!" said the largest prep, his voice quavering as he spoke these words of attempted courage. Other preps could be heard muttering in the background; "Nice trench coat dude, that's pretty cool there" "Dude we were jus messin around the other day chill out man ..." ... "I didn't do anything, it was all them!!" ... "cmon man you wouldn't shoot us, were in the middle of a public place ..." Yet the comment I the remember most was uttered from the smallest of the group, obviously a cocky, power hungry prick. "Go ahead man! Shoot me!!! I want you to shoot me!! Heheh you won't!! Goddam pussy ..." It was faint at first, but grew in intensity and power as I heard the man laugh. This laugh would have made Satan cringe in Hell. For almost half a minute this laugh, spawned from the most powerful place conceivable, filled the air, and thru the entire town, the entire world. The town activity came to a stop, and all attention was now drawn to this man. One of the preps began to slowly move back. Before I could see a reaction from the preps, the man had dropped his duffel bag, and pulled out one of the pistols with his left hand. Three shots were fired. Three shots hit the largest prep in the head. The shining of the streetlights caused a visible reflection off of the droplets of blood as they flew away from the skull. The blood spatters showered the preps buddies, as they were too paralyzed to run. The next four preps were not executed so systematically, but with more rage from the man's hand cannon than a controlled duty for a soldier. The man unloaded one of the pistols across the fronts of these four innocents, their instantly lifeless bodies dropping with remarkable speed. The shots from that gun were felt just as much as they were heard. He pulled out his other pistol, and without changing a glance, without moving his death-stare from the four other victims to go, aimed the weapon out to the side, and shot about 8 rounds. These bullets mowed down what, after he was dead, I made out to be an undercover cop with his gun slung. He then emptied the clip into two more of the preps. Then, instead of reloading & finishing the task, he set down the guns, and pulled out the knife. The blade loomed huge, even in his large grip. I now noticed that one of the two still alive was the smallest of the band, who had now wet his pants, and was hyperventilating in fear. The other one tried to lunge at the man, hoping that his football tackling skills would save his life.

The man sidestepped, and made two lunging slashes at him. I saw a small trickle of blood cascade out of his belly and splashing onto the concrete. His head wound was almost as bad, as the shadow formed by the bar's lighting showed blood dripping off his face. The last one, the smallest one, tried to run. The man quickly reloaded, and shot him thru the lower leg. He instant fell, and cried in pain. The man then pulled out of the duffel bag what looked to be some type of electronic device. I saw him tweak the dials, and press a button. I heard a faint, yet powerful explosion. I would have to guess about 6 miles away. Then another one occurred closer. After recalling the night many times, I finally understood that these were diversions, to attract the cops. The last prep was bawling & trying to crawl away. The man walked up behind him. I remember the sound of the impact well. The man came down with his left hand, right on the prep's head. The metal piece did its work, as I saw his hand get buried about 2 inches into the guy's skull. The man pulled his arm out, and stood, unmoving, for about a minute. The town was utterly still, except for the faint wail of police sirens. The man picked up the bag and his clips, and proceeded to walk back the way he came. I was still, as he came my way again. He stopped, and gave me a look I will never forget. If I could face an emotion of god, it would have looked like the man. I not only saw in his face, but also felt emanating from him power, complacency, closure, and godliness. The man smiled, and in that instant, thru no endeavor of my own, I understood his actions. [SS.]