
Karl Pierson's Journal

The following excerpts from Karl Pierson's journal were included in the official police report ("Investigative Report: Arapahoe High School"), which is available at School Shooters .info. Blank lines below indicate breaks between separate excerpts. Black bars are redacted names.

Tuesday September 17, 2013, enter project saguntum, a 10 year subconscious project for me to exact revenge, not on the individuals who perpetrated wrong, but instead by those I believe have done me wrong. I will shoot up my school, Arapahoe high school before the year is over. I hope to choose a date with the following criterion. Finals week — everyone is at school, and it will be winter during finals week, I hope I can find a day it is actually snowing, or just incredibly cold. I am a psychopath with a superiority complex.

I intend on going as follows: I walk through the asshole in the north side of the trophy hall, waltz in shooting everyone in my way to the ██████ (shouldn't be too many, it's not far, I go to the ██████, to kill ██████. From there, there are classrooms in the ██████ where I will do something I have wanted to do for a while-mass murder and be in a place of power where I and I alone are judge, jury and executioner.

Sunday, September 22, 2013, I am filled with hate, I love it. The serotonin supplements I am taking don't do jack shit, I am still ready to start a riot, I feel like a bomb, ready to let the world feel and experience my hatred for all things of pleasure. Nothing makes me happy. When I do commit my atrocities, I want the conversation to be about elementary school teasing. Words hurt, can mold a sociopath, and will lead someone a decade later to kill.

DOI 10.64247/105171 · Version 1.1 · Revised 12 March 2026 · 3 pages

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Monday, September 30, 2013, I feel like a bomb. My head has happy, anger and confusion hormones. I feel like an aneurism could happen at any second. Besides constantly being pissed off, I doubt the medication is working. I need a real doctor, one who doesn't give medication that has the disclaimer not approved by the FDA. The serotonin is a joke, it makes my bowels upset, doesn't effusively make me happy, and I hate taking them. It is important to note I rarely take my meds for this reason.

Tuesday, October 1, 2013, Saguntum is the project to shoot up (and maybe bomb) Arapahoe High School. No date has been set, but I would like it before new years. Finals week would do nicely, but a date with snow should be sooner. I also imagine the idea of what I hope will happen. I take ██████ to school, drop her off, ditch the whole day until ██████ ██████ (I've thought about it and I like ██████ ██████ the most). I would also love to burn ██████, ██████ ██████ so much destruction.

Thursday, October 3, 2013, Since day 1, my job has been to conspire to shoot up the school. Every semester, I had a class I despised, and it was on the list. Now, I have means to achieve this diabolical end, and I am excited. The date is set for mid-November, I need time to build my arsenal.

Friday, October 11, 2013, I had a shrink appointment at 4, which was a massive waste of time. She doesn't know about saguntum, nobody does.

Monday, October 15, 2013, I had an interesting idea today. In first hour, I thought about shooting up the asylum or whatever the fuck it was that my mother took me for that psych evaluation. Let the records show I lied through my teeth through the test.

Saturday, October 26, 2013, the 13th of December is a great date, as the 347th (47 is a great number) date of the year, there are 18 (my age) days left. It is a day of gore, filled with murder, suicide.

Wednesday, November 6, 2013, I am estatic right now. That December 13 date I chose is perfect, it is 38 days after the fifth of November. I love that date, that number, everything about it.

Sunday, November 24, 2013, It's weird going through life knowing that in 19 days, I'm going to be dead. That makes school more boring, work torture and everything I love to do, a little less fun. The hardest part is not being able to tell anyone. I can't just say fuck it, I'm going to shoot up my school soon. I need to make sure that kind of stuff doesn't show up.

Friday, November 26, 2013, I can't believe in a fortnight I'll be dead. I went to the library to see if they had *NBK*. They didn't, but ██████ had highly recommended *Perks of being a wallflower*. I HATED it. Personally, I saw me, freshman year. No, I had never been sexually abused, but I had no friends at Arapahoe, and I was trying to fit in.

Sunday, December 8, 2013, it was productive weekend. I bought my Stevens 320. It

was not the initial gun I was expecting, but I think it will work better. I like the pistol grip. It was quite the process to buy, it was waiting, and waiting, but I loved it. Mom does not know about it.

Thursday, December 12, 2013, I went to Cabela's and I bought a sling, ammo belts, and of course, ammo. It included 5 sabot slugs! I think I'll need more. Luckily, I'll take off tomorrow.

Friday, December 13, 2013, today is going to be fun. I dropped █████ off at school today, and went to Walmart, bought some ammo. I then dressed my weapons, loaded my belts, got my backpack ready. I then went to Brunswick, bowled, got some mountain dew (I bought it for the glass bottles). I'm going to make some Molotov cocktails — shaken, not stirred. Update 45 minutes I built my Molotov cocktails, and I think they look great. I only had oil for three, but I think 3 will be more than enough. I am dressed to kill, long underwear, then cargo pants, under armor shirt, CCCP shirt. I have my machete on my belt, but I may re-attach that in the car.

The plan:

5th hours starts at 1214. I would want to strike 15 minutes into the hours, everyone is settled in.

1230: Initial strike on █████. Enter the trophy hallway, waltz into █████. Shoot up █████, toss a Molotov cocktail, reload.

1235: Assault █████

1240: Assault █████

1245: Assault █████

1250: Assault on █████ [SS.I]