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# Luke Woodham's Writings

*Compiled by*

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*This collection of Luke Woodham's writings has been gathered from several sources.*

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*Writing Assignment, Ninth Grade, 1995-96*

*[Students were asked to write about how they would spend the day as their teacher.]*

If I could spend a day as Mrs. Neal, I would be very, very nice to Luke Woodham and pass him for the year. Then I would knock the crud out of the 'omniscient dork' for putting junk on my computer.

Then I would go crazy and kill all of the other teachers. Then I would slowly and very painfully torture all of the principals to death.

Then I would withdraw all of my money in the bank and give it to Luke Woodham. Then I would get all of the other teachers and principals' bank account numbers, withdraw all of the money and give it to Luke Woodham.

Then I would do acid. Then I would get a gun and blow my brains out all over the dog-gone room and leave my house to Luke Woodham.<sup>1</sup>

*Writing Assignment, Ninth Grade?*

*[The assignment was to write about an incident that upset his parents, but Luke decided to write fiction instead.]*

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in Wensley Clarkson, *Driven to Kill* (London: John Blake Publishing, 2004), 35-36.

I've never really done anything that bad, so I'll make up a story.

One day I killed a guy and shot his dog in the butt with a big friggin pellet gun. Then, I went to a phone booth and robbed it by yanking the little coin box out of it.

Then I threw water balloons at some nuns, and I went inside their church and set the priest's wig on fire. (It was the first time I'd heard a good Catholic person say G.D.).

Then I burned the church down, then, danced around it and sung 2 Nine Inch Nails songs, one called "heresy" and another called "terrible lie."

Then I robbed a bank and set it on fire. I love to set things on fire, and killed all the tellers. When the police came I killed them all and when the National Guard came, I killed most of them but they finally caught me.<sup>2</sup>

*From Woodham's Journal, April 1997*

... I am the hatred in every man's heart! I am the epitomy [*sic*] of all Evil! I have no mercy for humanity, for they created me, they tortured me until I snapped and became what I am today! My advice to any man who has been tortured by humanity is this: Let these words ring through our our heart, mind, and soul! Hate humanity! Hate humanities! ... Hate what humanity has made you! Hate what you have become! Most of all, hate the accursed [*sic*] god of Christianity. Hate him for making humanity Hate him for making you! Hate him for flinging you into a monstrous [*sic*] life you did not ask for nor deserve! Fill your heart, mind, and soul with hatred; until it's all you know. Until your conscience becomes a firey [*sic*] tomb of hatred for the goodness in you soul. Hate everyone and everything. Hate where you were and are. Hate until you can't anymore. Then learn, read poetry books, philosophy books, history books, science books, auto biographies and biographies. Become a sponge for knowledge. Study the philosophies of others and condense the parts you like as your own. Make your own rules. Live by your own laws. For now, truly, you should be at peace and your own true self. Live your life in a bold, new way. For you, dear friend, are a superman.<sup>3</sup>

*From Woodham's Journal, 14 April 1997*

[WARNING: this journal entry contains a graphic description of extreme cruelty used to kill Luke's pet dog.]

On Saturday of last week, I made my first kill. The date was April 12, 1997 about 4:30 P.M. The victim was a loved one. My dear dog Sparkle. Me and an accomplice had been beating the bitch for a while and last Tuesday I took a day off from school just because I didn't want to go. My friend came over and we beat the dog. In the process of doing so we hurt her leg. Later in the week, about Thursday, I'd say, my brother said she was limping. He suggested we take the dog to the vet, but I talked him out of it saying that she probably stepped on something hard, that she would be O.K. in a day or two. Saturday my brother brings up the vet again but said he didn't have the time to do it today but he would do it next week. I was afraid the vet would notice all of the bruises on the

2 Quoted in Wensley Clarkson, *Driven to Kill* (London: John Blake Publishing, 2004), 36.

3 Quoted in "A Community and Its Shooter," *The Courier-Journal*, 8 December 1998.

dog and I would get in trouble. So I called my accomplice and he came over at 2:00. We beat the dog, tied her up in a plastic garbage bag, put that bag in another bag ... We put the subdued little pooch in an old book bag and went to some woods. When we got out to the woods I took a billy club ... I ... handed it to my accomplice. He ran and hit the bagged dog with it. I will never forget the howl she made. it sounded almost human. We laughed and hit her hard. I picked up the book bag, which was now soaked in her blood, and drug her across the ground dropped into the woods. A hole developed in the bag and the dog stuck her head out, fully engulfed in flames. We put more on her, and more and more, and more. She got out and tried to run. I took the night stick and hit her in the shoulder, spine and neck. I'll never forget the sound of her bones breaking ... We set her on fire again, the foolish dog opened her mouth & we sprayed fluid down her throat, her whole neck caught on fire, inside & out. Finally, the fire went out and she was making a gurgling noise. I silenced the noise with the club again. I hit her so hard the crusted burnt scar on her shoulder fell off[f]. I hit her so hard I knocked the fur off her neck ... Then we put her in the burned bag and chunked her in a nearby pond. We watched the bag sink. It was true beauty.<sup>4</sup>

*From Woodham's Journal, 3 June 1997*

This night (June 3, 1997) is a monumentitious night. With this writing, I do swear, that I shall never get myself in a position where I can be hurt by a woman ever again. To myself I swear this, and to the higher powers I swear this.<sup>5</sup>

*Excerpts from Woodham's "Manifesto"*

*[This is reportedly a five-page document. I have seen a photograph of one page; the content from this page is reproduced first. Other passages have been found in books and articles; without having seen the full document, I do not know the original order of these excerpts. Blank lines indicate breaks between separate excerpts.]*

I am not insane! I am angry. This world has shit on me for the final time. I am not spoiled or lazy, for murder is not weak and slow-witted, murder is gutsy and daring. I killed because people like me are mistreated every day. I did this to show society "push us and we will push back!" I suffered all my life. No one ever truly loved me. No one ever truly cared about me. I only loved one thing in my whole life and that was Christina Menefee. But she was torn away from me. I tried to save myself with ██████, but she never cared for me. As it turns out, she made fun of me behind my back while we were together. And all throughout my life I was ridiculed. Always beaten, always hated. Can you, society, truly blame me for what I do? Yes, you will, the ratings wouldn't be high enough if you didn't, and it would not make good gossip for all the old ladies. But I shall tell you one thing, I am malicious because I am miserable. The world has beaten me. Wendsday [sic] 1, 1997 shall go down in history as the day I fought back. (At this

4 Quoted in "A Community and Its Shooter," *The Courier-Journal*, 8 December 1998.

5 Photograph of page from journal reproduced in Phil Chalmers, *Inside the Mind of a Teen Killer* (Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 2010).

time Grant, say what you will, when you are through I ask you to read to them sec. 125 of the *Gay Science* “the madmen.”)<sup>6</sup>

Grant, see you in the holding cell!<sup>7</sup>

I, Luke Woodham, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will to Grant Boyette my books. To Lucas Thompson: my guitars and amplifier and their equipment. Also, all of my guitar magazines and guitar books. I leave my music and lyrics to Lucas Thompson, so that he may perform them. I also leave my other writings of philosophy and poetry to Grant Boyette, they are a part of me and may be published as a process of my life. Also, to Grant Boyette, I will all of my cassette tapes.<sup>8</sup>

It was not a cry for attention, it was not a cry for help. It was a scream in sheer agony saying that if I can't pry your eyes open, if I can't do it through pacifism, if I can't show you through displaying of intelligence, then I will do it with a bullet.<sup>9</sup> [SS.1]

6 This is a reference to *The Gay Science* by Nietzsche.

7 A photograph of this journal page is reproduced in Phil Chalmers, *Inside the Mind of a Teen Killer* (Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 2010).

8 Quoted in “A Community and Its Shooter,” *The Courier-Journal*, 8 December 1998.

9 Quoted in Katherine Newman, *Rampage: The Social Roots of School Shootings* (New York: Basic Books, 2004), 249.