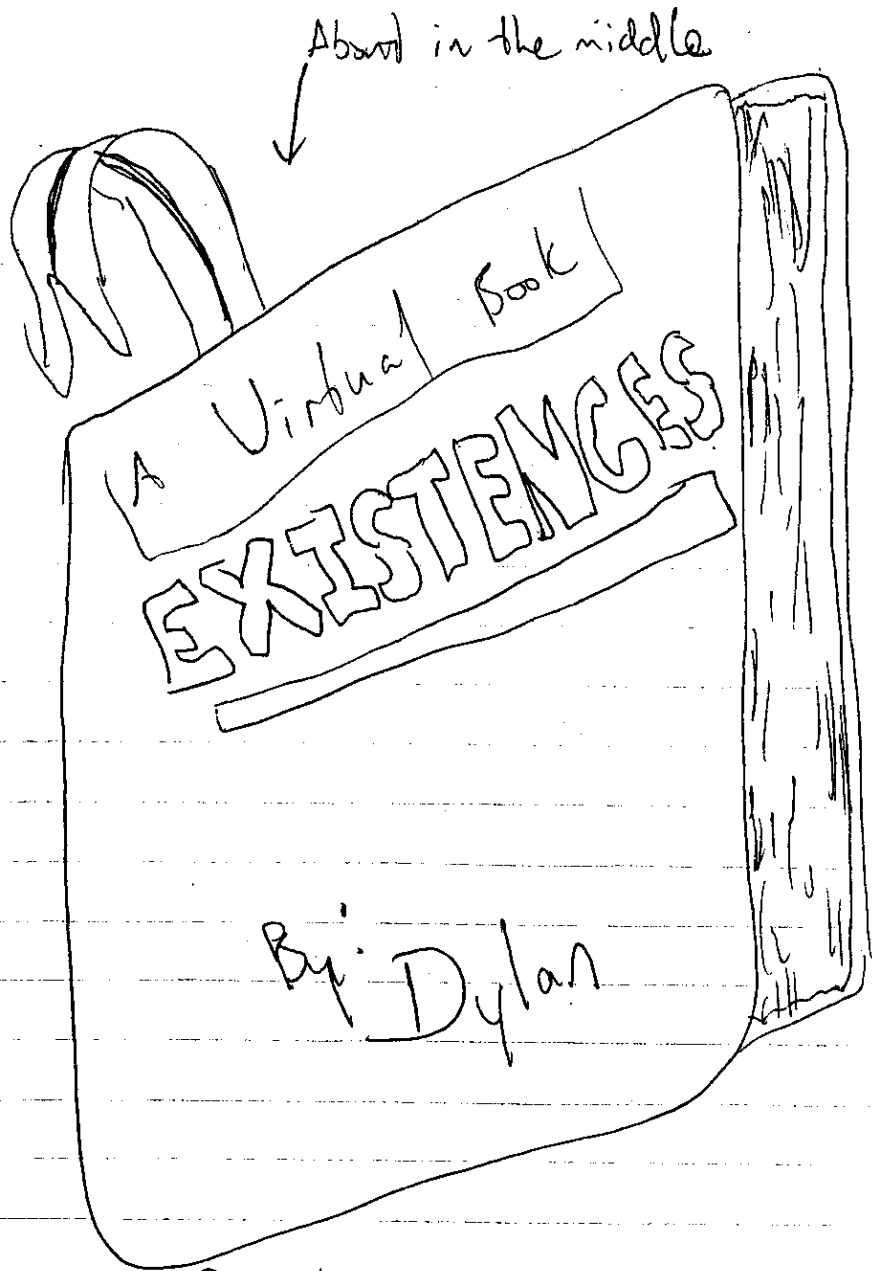


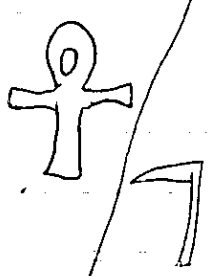
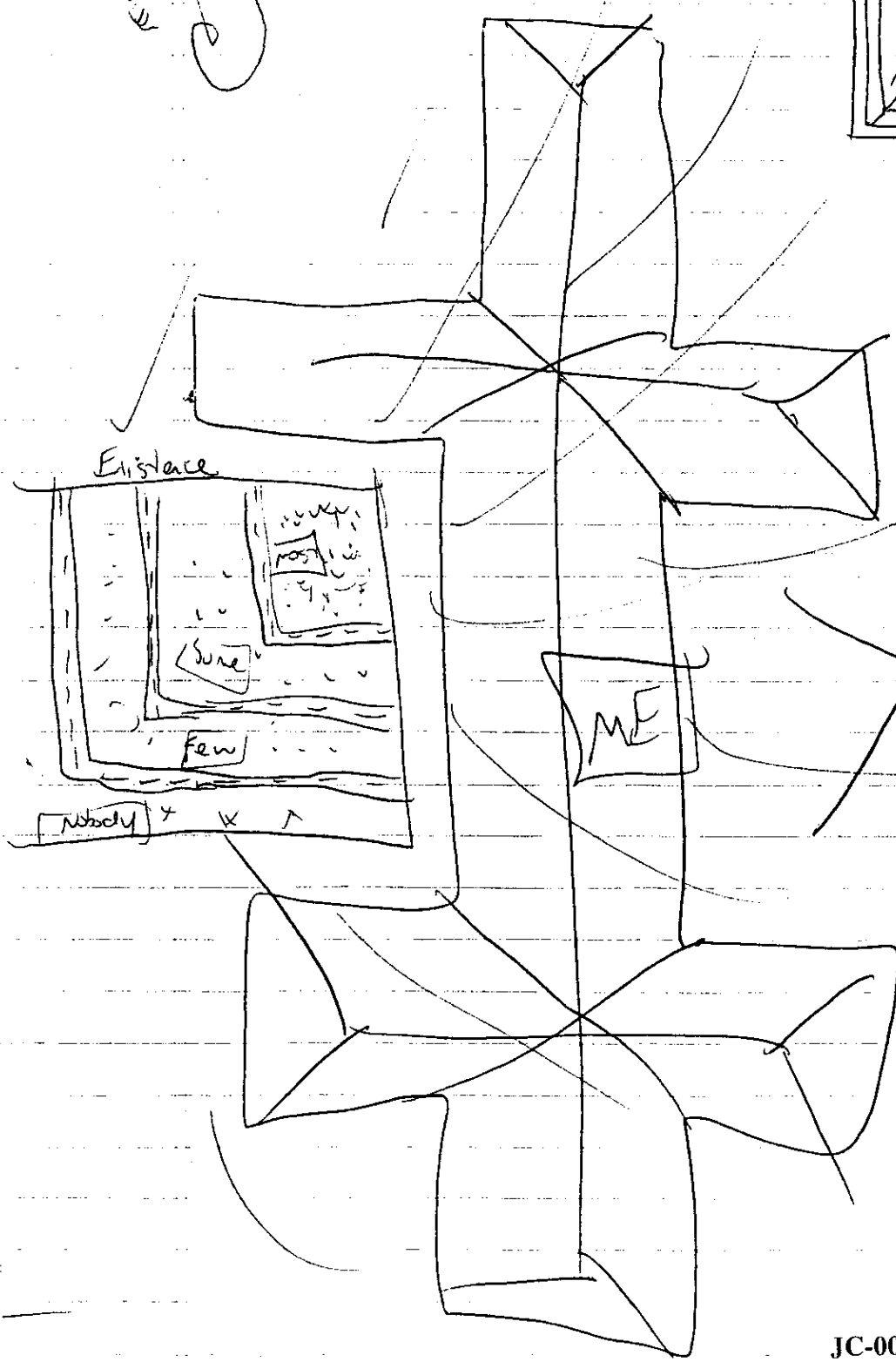
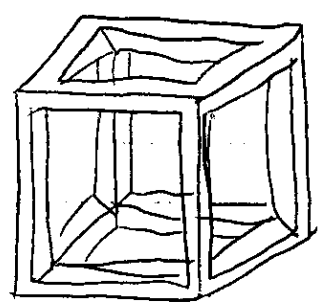
-act: People are so unwise ... well, Ignorance is  
bliss to guess... That would explain my depression  
- Dylan



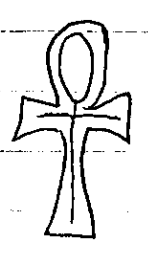
Properties: This Book cannot be  
opened by anyone not  
Dylan. Some supernatural  
force blocks common people  
from entering

JC-001-026385

←-Dylan-→  
←-Dylan-→



cut here



Existence = the box

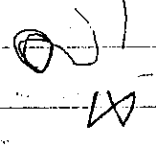
limitations



# EL THOUGHTS

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 skillbats of thinking... all the time... my mind never stops... music runs 24/7 (apt 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. ~~how~~ how 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 <sup>is</sup> ~~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

Always picture



entity

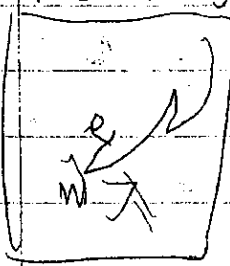
a bit on the past I think we always had a thing for the past - how it reacts to the present & the future - or rather vice versa. I wonder how/when I got so stuck up in my mind, existence, problem - when Dylan Becket Klebold got covered up by this ~~entity~~ containing Dylan's body... as I see the people 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, jacks 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/imaginations/knowledge base. I don't sit in the thinking of suicide gives me hope, that I'll be in my place whenever I go after this life - that I'll finally not be at war with myself, the world, the universe - my mind, body, everywhere, everything is PEACE in me - my soul (existence). & the routine - ~~is still~~ is still monotonous, go to school, be scared & nervous, <sup>know</sup> ~~spelling~~ 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 comes like a voice about me... in women write letters here - CC-WORKA?

# Dear Thought Z 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. Myway... I was Mr. Cutter for 11 - I have 11

cut

depressors 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 bitchin ~~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 has some poetry... 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 distractions  
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 sets  
a mental picture of what, in his mind, is a cycle.

Existence is a great hall, life is one of the ~~rooms~~<sup>rooms</sup>, death  
is passing thru the doors, & the ever-constant 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 <


TYL <-VODKA->

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

# Thought

Yo... Whassup... Idehhehe... Know what's  
~~the~~ mind? Everyone knows revelation - I swear -  
like in an outkast, & everyone is conspiring against  
me... Check it... (this is not good, but need to write  
so here...)

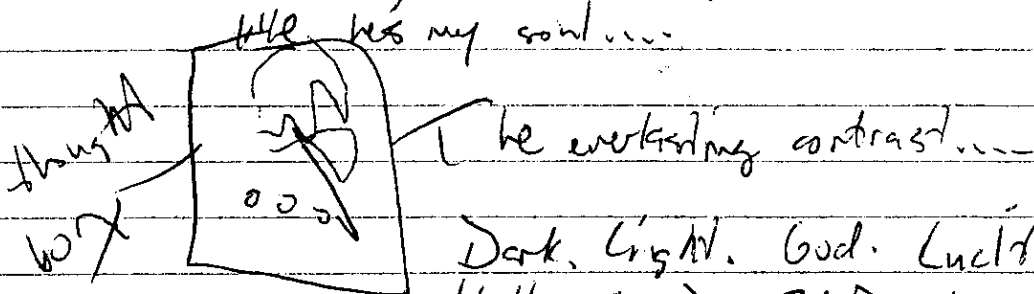
Within the known limits of time...  
within the conceived boundaries of space...  
the average human thinks these are the settings  
of existence... Yet the ponderer, the outkast, the  
believer, helps out the ~~rest~~ human. "Think not of  
2 dimensions" says the ponderer, "but of 3, as your  
world 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~~ <sup>these are</sup> the best emotions of a ponderer.  
The real difference is, a true ponderer will explore these emotions &  
hither in a dream. what ~~they~~ caused  
them.

Miles & miles of never ending grass, like a  
wheat. A farm, 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  
punishment. 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 sit 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  
Buckin 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!

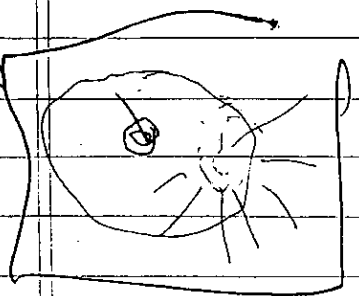
←-VODKA-> i Thought

7-23-91  
A changing  
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 experiments, laughed,  
took chances with & appreciated me more than  
any friend ever did has been ordered ... "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 friends, 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 "moved on"  
i feel so lonely, w/o a friend. Oh well, maybe  
he'll come around. → I hope.

T Box



→ for this topic  
That's All ... maybe i'll  
never see this again ...

^  
O = [redacted] = O  
←-VODKA->

My first love!!!

Oh My God... I am almost sure  
I am in love with ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ Hehehe...  
such 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, than I think I've found  
~~mine~~ mine. I hope she likes Techno... :-)

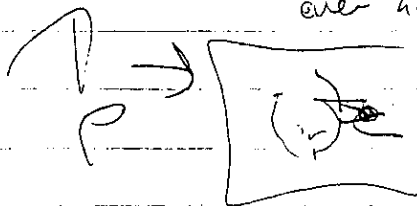
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

I love you

Dylan

my thoughts

and god i want to die sooo bad... such a sad, desolate, lonely, unrelaxable i feel ~~like~~ i am... not fair, NOT AT 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 shell 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 poor 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 god I have always been hated, by everyone & everything, just never aware... Goodbye all the crusts i've ever had, just shells, images, no ~~tr~~ truths... BUT


 WHY? YES YOU CAN REAS!  
 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 helpless

martyrism is hope for others

advantages <sup>taken</sup> are causes of martyrism

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 cruellest 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 is just 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...  
i must have happiness,  
love, peace,  
goodbye

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

# Thong

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 awareness 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 wiken - 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 drink.  
now [redacted] lucky bastard gets a  
perfect soulmate, who he can admit

FUCKIN SUICIDE to. & I got rejected for being  
boast about fuckin love for pills. From the wrong people  
anyway [redacted] & [redacted] Anyway... here's 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 lives in  
solitude, always aware, always infinite, always looking for,  
his love. Peace might be the ultimate destination.

destination unknown... i want happiness. Abandonment is  
present for the martyr. My thoughts ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> in, want to  
~~stay~~ <sup>live</sup> in. I want to find a room in the great hall &  
stay there in my love & never. sadness seems infinite,  
& the skill of happiness shines around. Yet the true  
despair overcomes in this lifetime. How tragic too my

Religion Dumass still need

photo of the notebook in

golden peak of dead

At the end of the

Religion

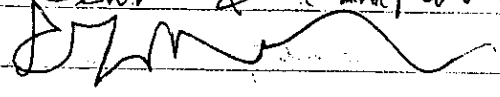
of the

No emotions, not caring.

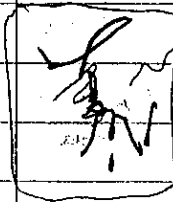
yet another stage in this  
shit like suicide lol

this  
11-3-9,  
Fuck all

### That

Father & father distast - That's what's happenin' in  
me & everything that zombies consider real... just  
images, not life. soon i will ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> place i hope...  
Burn → ♪ with all your life sucked up around you... I get more  
depressed with each day of more exist... but ~~can't~~ ~~stop~~  
stop, go! 

Some soci... 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 screened & 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 & doings... those are all that's  
left to me... Reliving onto the smallest rocks... many

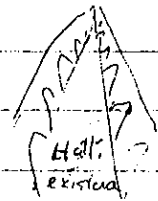
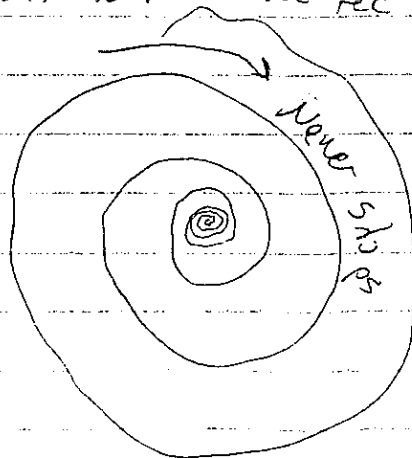
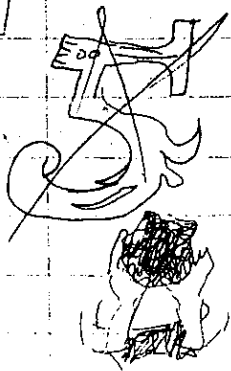


people climbing up a never ending vertical cliff...  
[redacted] found a plank to exist on... they  
walked up me to get to it. Nobody will help me...  
only exist w. me if it suits them. i helped, why can't  
they? [redacted] will get me a gun, i'll go on my killing  
spree against anyone I want, more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



everything is as least expected, the weak are trampled on, the assholes prevail, the ~~supper~~ gods are deceiving, lost in my little insane asylum w. the warehouse redneck music playing... want 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] [redacted]



no, everything, everything, everything, everything

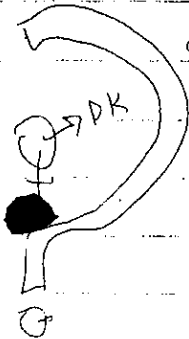
1-2-98

... Beer ... Man & about  
 know what's up lately ... new do in existence. All this  
 shit in [redacted] & [redacted] grounds ... so mixed & 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 ever get mine. There's all the people  
 I've loved, or at least liked (or thought I loved) - all the same  
 meaning.

[Large vertical redacted section consisting of approximately 15 thick black horizontal bars]



[redacted] is the newest ... the present  
 (for now) ... seems perfect for me ...  
 I seem perfect for her. I was delusional  
 & thought she wanted out 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  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{No, everything} \\ \text{No, everything} \end{array} \right.$   $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{No, everything} \\ \text{No, everything} \end{array} \right.$   $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{No, everything} \\ \text{No, everything} \end{array} \right.$

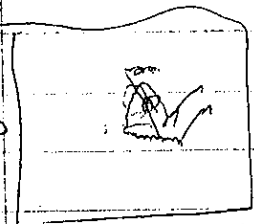
The cliff theory... everyone  
 trying to get higher & stabler

I  
2-2-99  
The empty

# Existence... to understand

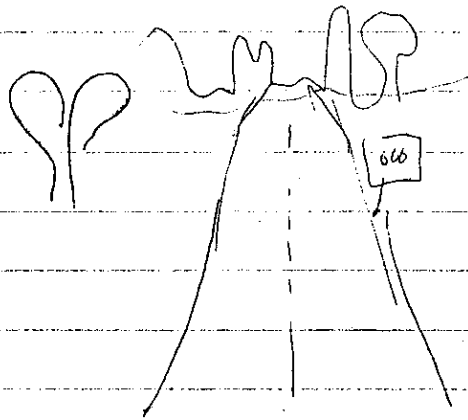
well well... so much changes... (like existence).  
 I understand almost everything now... so close to my love -  
 [redacted] The ones have shown it, she has shown it,  
 i have felt it. I know the meaning of each life. To  
 be loved by your love, & to be happy in ones self. Only  
 for the gods though (me, [redacted], etc.) The zombies  
 & their society bond together & try to destroy what  
 is superior & what they dont 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. To, by fate's choice,  
 [redacted] didnt 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 DOESNT! That's part of  
 existence. Unpredictable. Existence is pure  
 hell & pure heaven at the ~~same~~ same time. I will never  
 stop wandering, the hwy 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. (god)

TB  
→



B LOVE HERE!! - its so good  
to be

Society is attacking 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~~ <sup>life</sup> is to be happy & be w/ your love who is equally happy. Not much more to say. Goodbye



~~At [redacted]~~  
 Almost happiness is slavery - the rest, people (gods) are slaves to the majority of zombies, but we know & love beings superior.

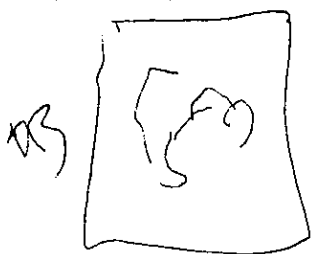
I didn't want to be a jerk... I wanted the happiness that they have - & I will have something infinitely better...

I love  
 her, & she loves  
 me

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

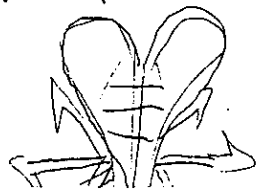
I am God [redacted] is God  
 & zombies will pay for their arrogance, hate, being abandoned, & distrust

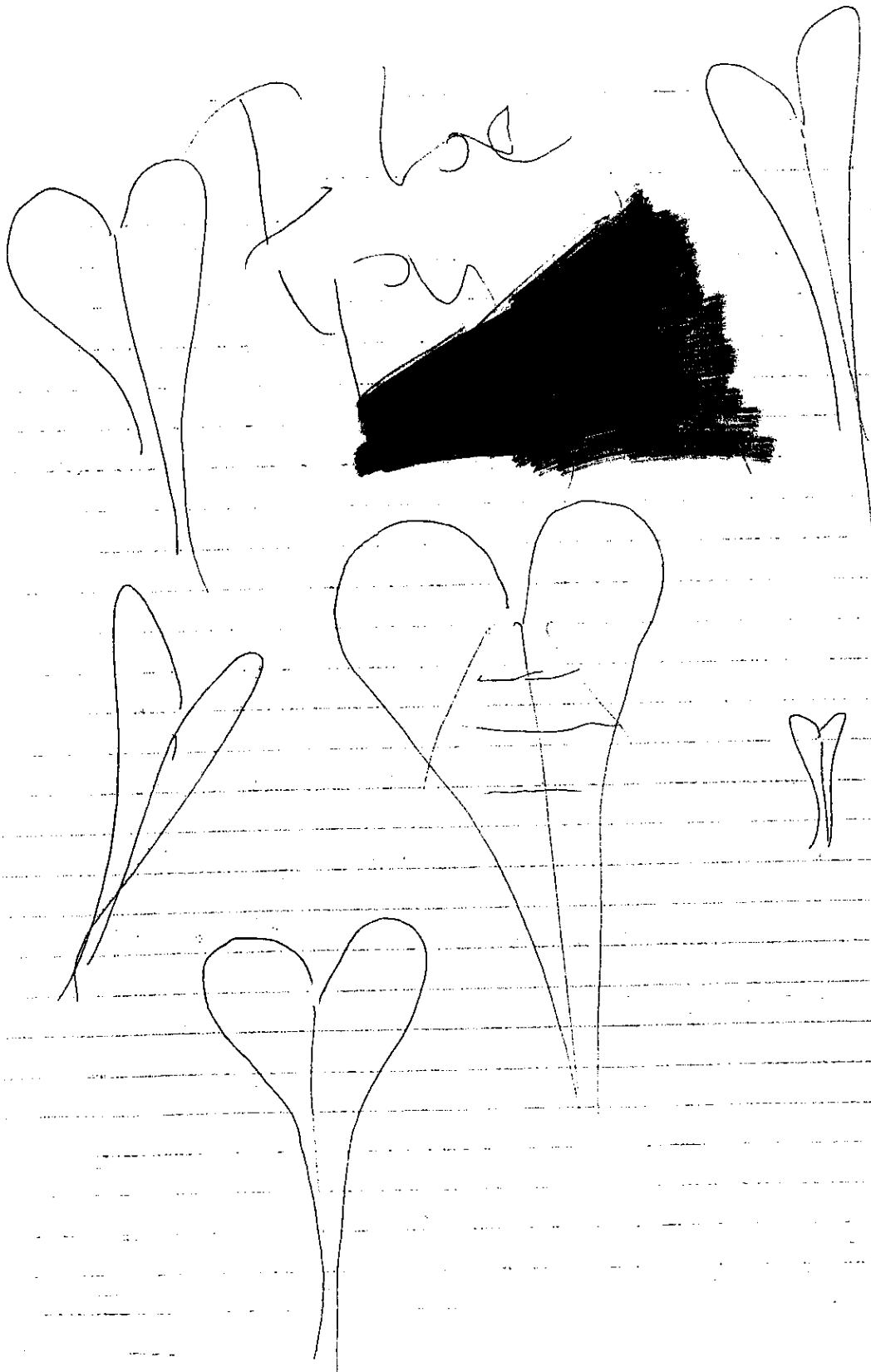
I think about anyone in I know that this  
 humanity is almost one that we will be free  
 we have parents & family that we are the everything  
 of purity & halcyon, & that we deserve, need,  
 love, and exist w/o each other. it's hard, i think  
 that i might not be enough, my mind sometimes  
 sets 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 alone he. we are soulmates,





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

[REDACTED]

You don't consciously know who I am, & doubtlessly  
unconsciously too. I, who write this, love you beyond measure.  
I think about you all the time, how this world would be  
a better place ~~if you~~ 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

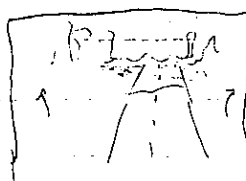
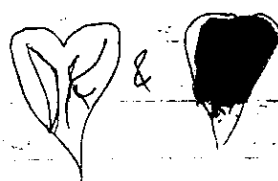
It is solely  
my  
decision:  
nobody else's.

tell anybody about this, as it was only meant for you.  
Also, please don't feel any guilt about my soon-to-be  
"absence" of this world. Oh... the ~~the~~ thoughts of ~~us~~ us...  
doing everything together, not necessarily anything, just to  
be together would have been pure <sup>heaven</sup> ~~pure~~. 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 <sup>report</sup> ~~report~~. I still ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> your laugh. Innocent, beautiful, pure.  
This semester I still see you - ~~rarely~~ <sup>rarely</sup>. I am ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> entrance



during 5th period, as we both have it off. To most people, I appear well... almost scary, but that's who I ~~am~~ <sup>appear to be</sup> 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~~ <sup>now</sup>. Unfortunately... ~~you~~ <sup>even if you did</sup> like me ever the slightest bit, you would ~~hate~~ <sup>hate</sup> 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~~ <sup>reason</sup> that I'm writing you now is that I have been caught for the crimes I committed & I ~~want~~ <sup>want</sup> to go to a new existence. You know what I mean. (Suicide ☺) I ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> nothing to live for, & I won't be able to survive in this world after this legal conviction. ~~However~~ <sup>However</sup>, 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 ~~one~~ who I hoped for in my ~~dreams~~ <sup>dreams</sup> & ~~realities~~ <sup>realities</sup>, then do me a ~~favor~~ <sup>favor</sup>: ~~leave~~ <sup>leave</sup> a piece of paper in my locker, saying anything that comes to you. Well, I ~~guess~~ <sup>guess</sup> this is it - goodbye, & I love(d) you. combo = 19-37-0

I would enjoy life knowing that you loved me.



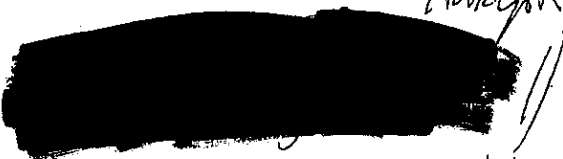
Max Tebold



6898

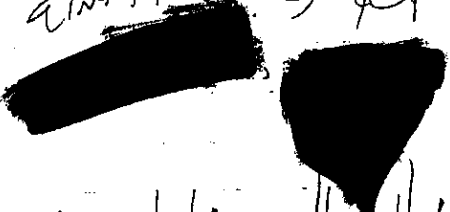
our Harkyan

I LOVE



I love her to infinity

To look back on my awareness journey, see the  
parts & sections of my understanding --- it's  
almost done, yet it is never done, I love

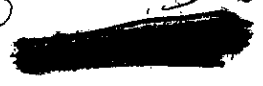


She is my soulmate,  
my bliss, all the imaginative Harkyan  
& pure existences I have with her (to me)  
are almost happiness --- I wish with I could

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

all fears, doubts, & zombie-based thoughts

(expression) --- I will follow on her path  
to the Harkyan, loving her. I love you



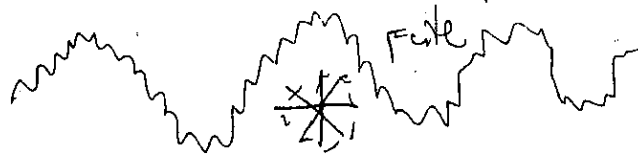


JC-001-026411

Forever Fall, up & down  
spiral

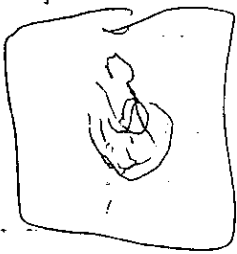
me  
6-10 -98  
i think  
about it

1.5 human years... so much changed in small time, my  
friends (not 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.  $\infty$  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 started 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 pure  
I hate, love things hate everything, love me & [redacted]

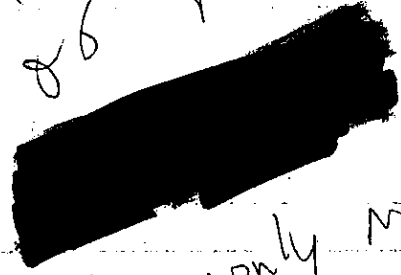
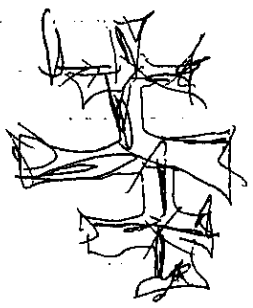


I understand that I can never ever be a zombie, even if I  
wanted to. the nature of my entity. Soon we will  
live in the helix of our minds, the one thing  
that made me a god. Things are so simple, now that  
they are infinitely complicated. NANA NANA NANA

I understand



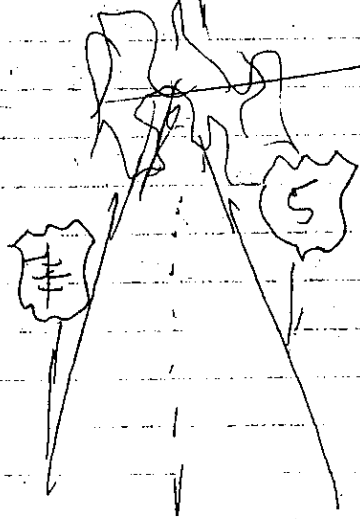
whether of the anything  
For the God  
of the anything



~~Existences~~  
Existence  
books

ate is my only need

sp



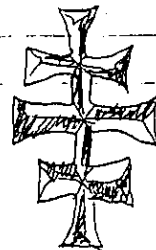
This is prob. my last  
entry. I have many  
self love sound to  
[redacted] my everlasting  
love. goodbye

Don't mean  
stop  
learning

Dylan  
12-99

# TRUS SWT

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 I want 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 her. -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 fetish  
 of 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.

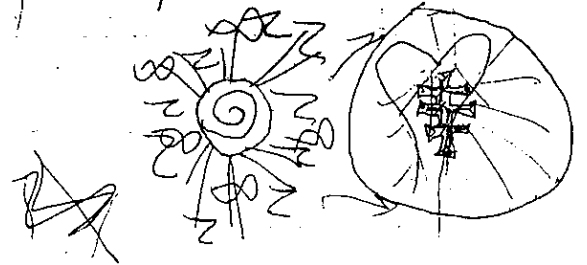


I hate  
this non  
thinking stasis.  
I'm stuck in  
humanity. maybe  
being "NRK" (god)  
w. eric is the  
way to break free.  
i hate this.

Love  
you.

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

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



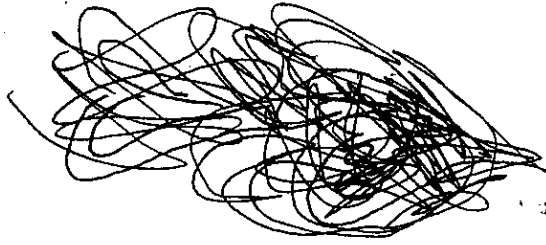
The humanity is blocking me again. Time to  
go. Haha hahaha suck off. hate this shit need  
to be one, we do, love her. ~~forget~~ ♡

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.



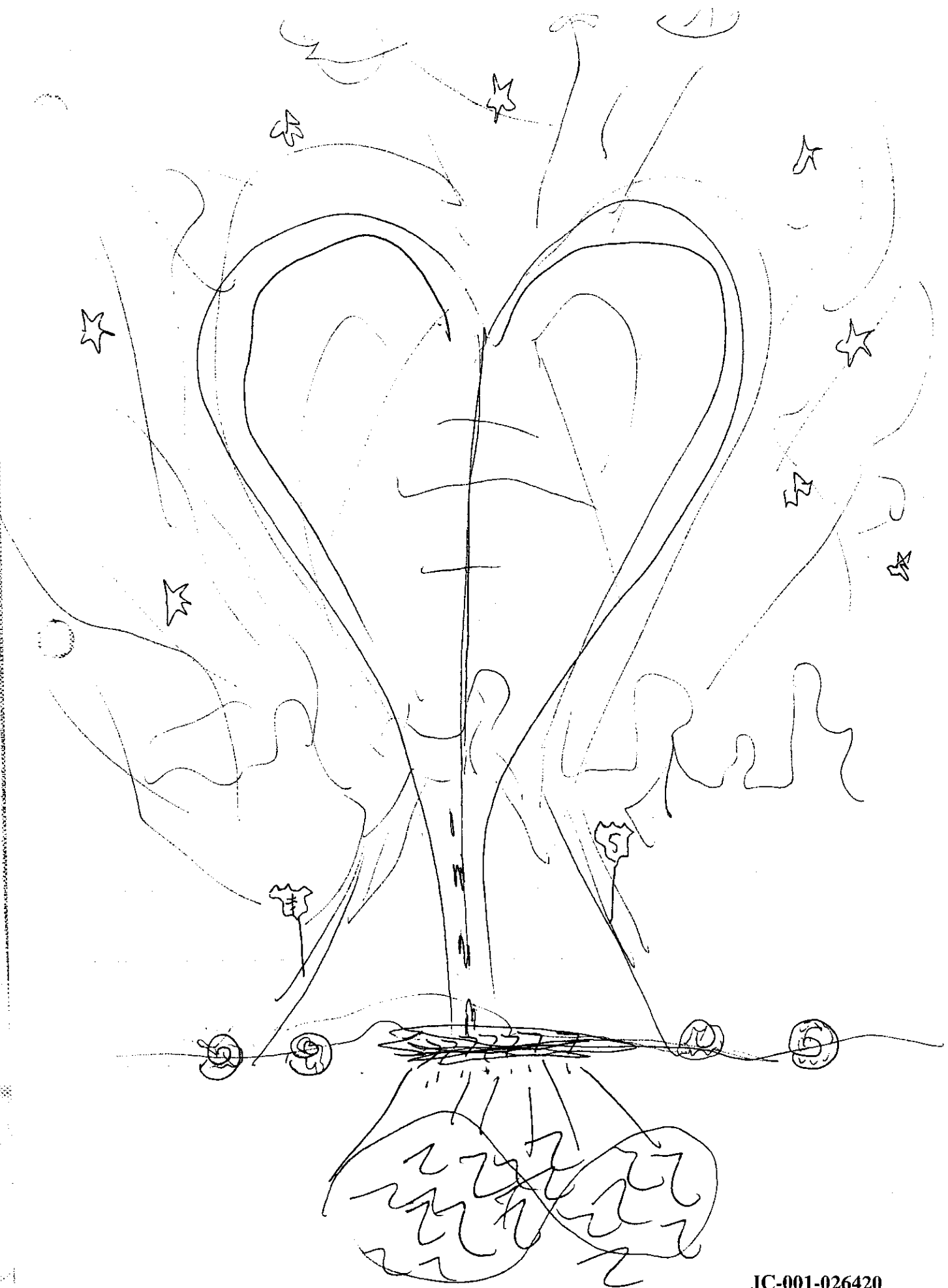
Love is more valuable than anything I know. To  
love is to enter a completion of one's self.  
I hate those who choose to destroy a love, who  
take it for granted. Love is greater than life ever.  
As I look for love, I feel I can't find it, ever, but  
something tells me I will, someday, somewhere. 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.



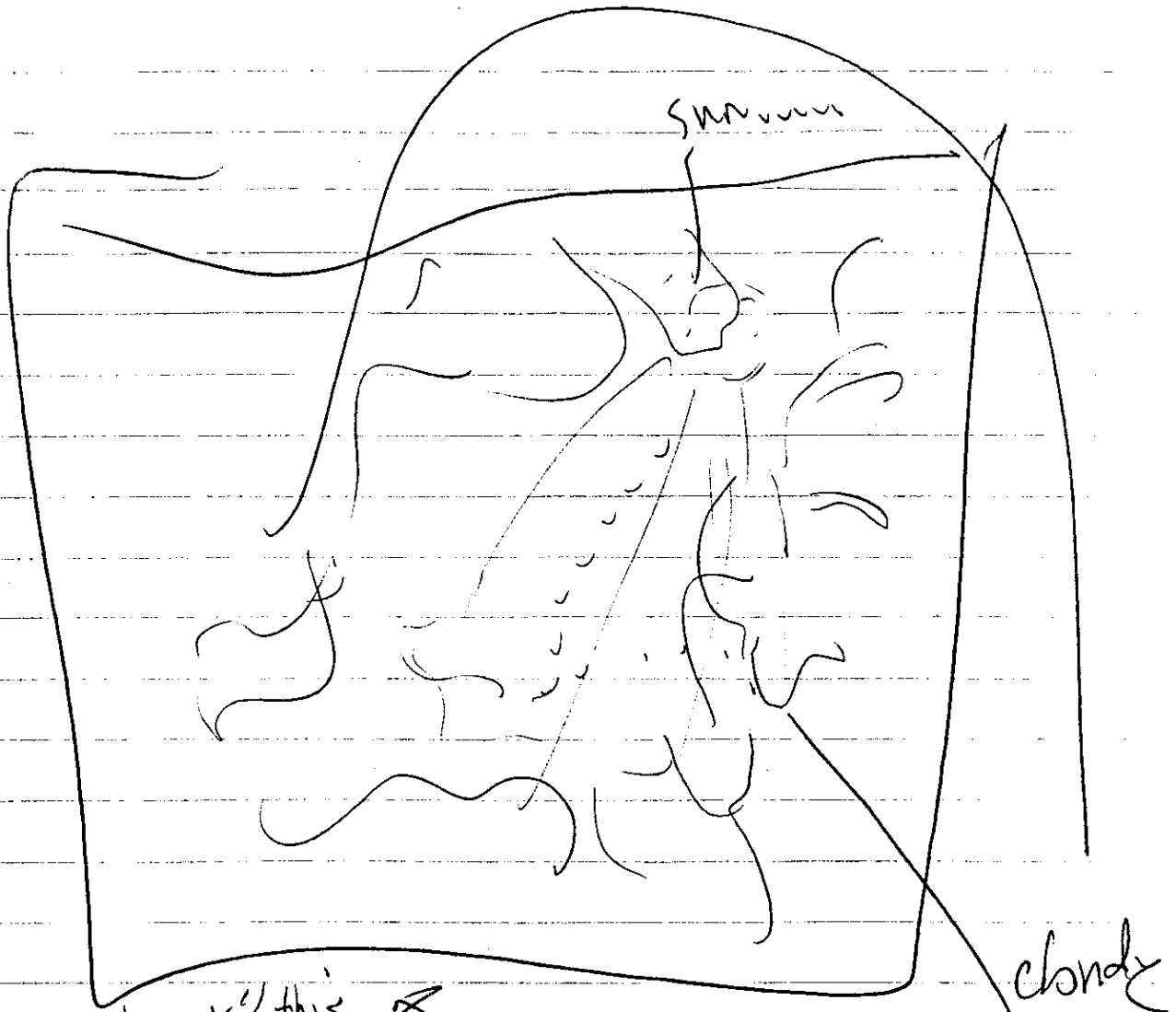


Pages

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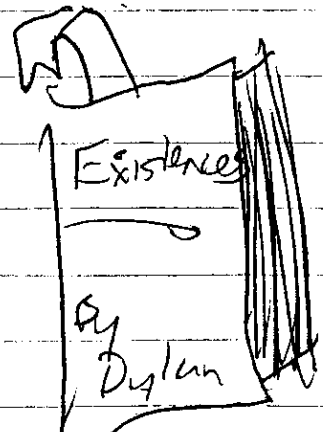


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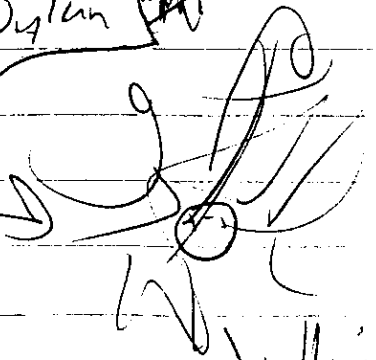
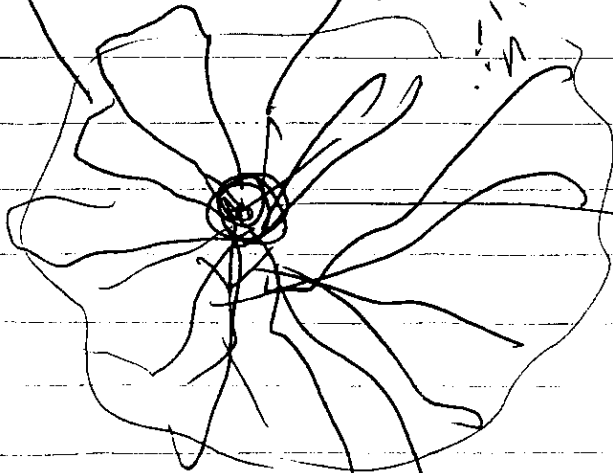
cloudy

everyone else w/ this  
book cannot be opened,  
some supernatural force  
blocks it to common  
people



everything

Sucking



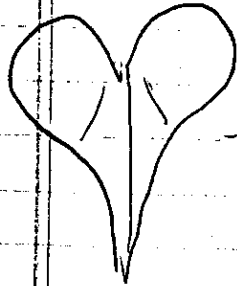
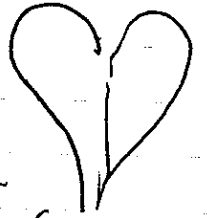
letting  
go

I know its  
been everything

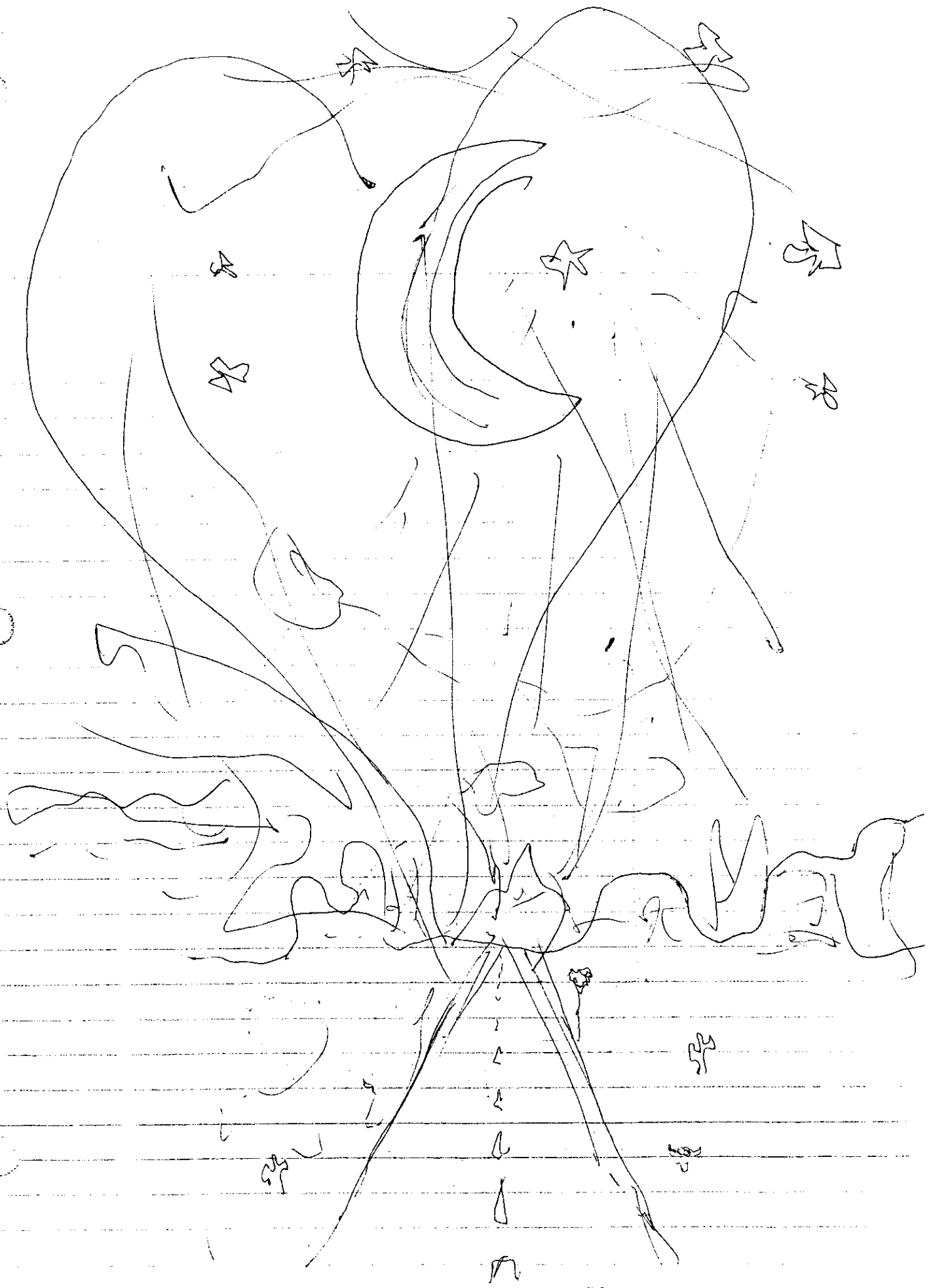
15 time...  
my love is  
gone.



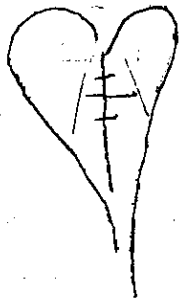
love



existence for  
over 13 the  
happiness that  
we have achieved  
we are not there

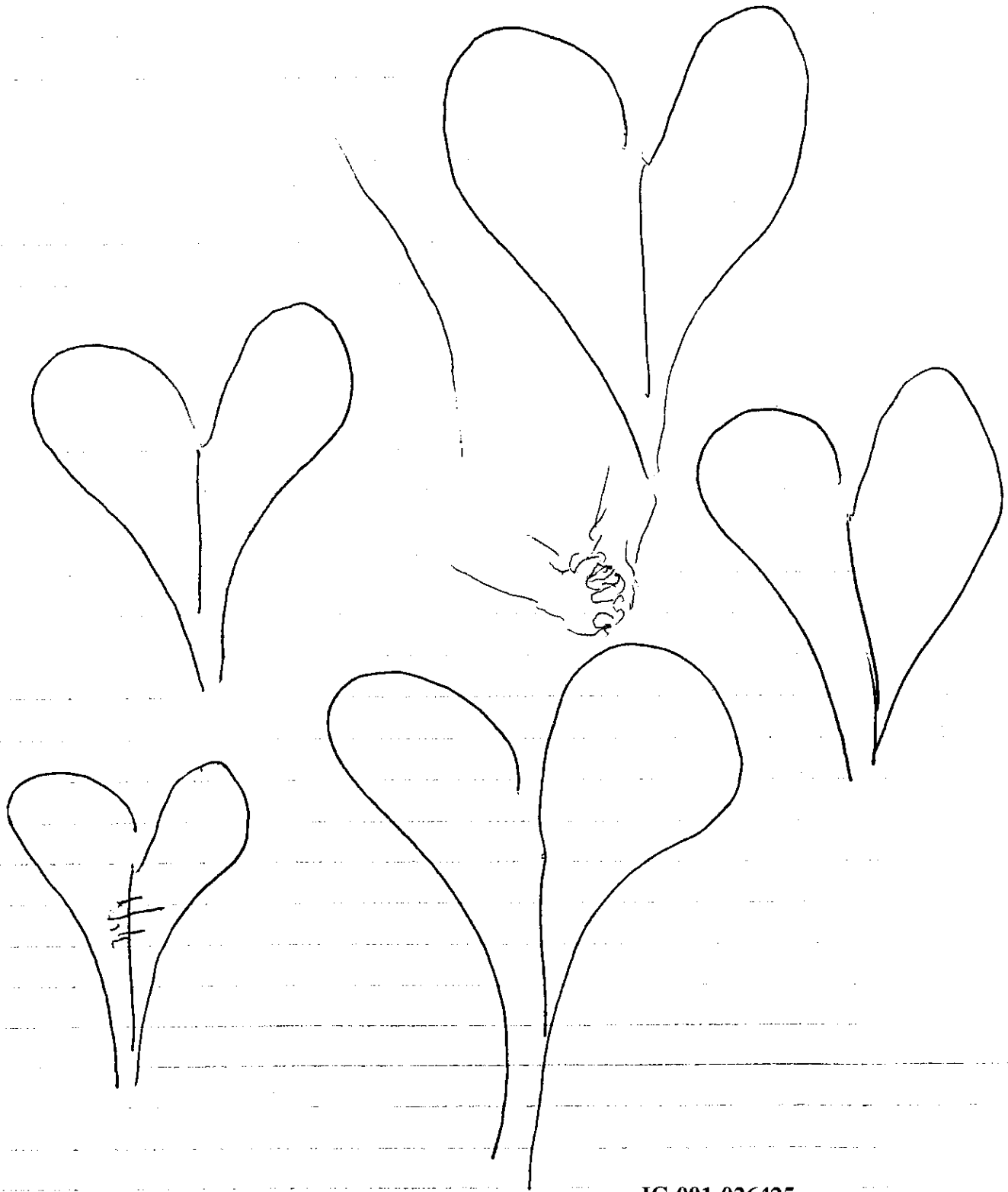


I now know the final  
battle - the pain of  
humanity is overcome



I love  
you





JC-001-026425

[redacted] is for the [redacted] joy  
she gives me

[redacted] is for ~~the~~ how she [redacted]  
is helpless with her beautiful  
gaze.

[redacted] is for the ~~best~~ [redacted]  
moments ~~that~~ she shares w/ me

[redacted] is for the [redacted] kind  
love that we've been looking for  
g4 my life

[redacted] ~~is the~~ is the [redacted]  
of us as a couple.

[redacted] how [redacted] I hope  
to spend time with her

[redacted] how she is the [redacted]  
one I love that I have ever loved

[redacted] ~~is our~~ is our  
the [redacted] here we can  
look at the stars

[redacted] how [redacted] beautiful  
she is

[redacted] how [redacted] for everything  
she does

To my love:

As a man, a conqueror, does his deeds of  
greatness. He thinks he is complete. Yet the true  
great reason achieves happiness only when he  
has met ~~the~~ his soulmate.  
Alone unknown until the first time they lay  
eyes and together. A true love is hard to come  
by, yet the most fulfilling, beautiful, compelling  
achievement any man can have. Some have wealth,  
Some have power. Some have great intellect yet, lack  
an ingredient # of times greater than those who  
have found My true love.