

Sunday, March 5<sup>th</sup>, 2017

Another day, another heated internal desire to kill mankind. Words cannot describe how much I hate the human race. The subtlest thing such as being blocked by people with shopping carts in a grocery aisle makes me want to blow their faces off! They all go about their routines whereas I'm constantly secretly analyzing them. I constantly stop and ponder, "I could probably take that guy out and that guy out with a few slugs," \*POW!\* & \*POW!\* (2 on the floor in a pool of blood; clenching their chests, barely clinging to life).

I'd look good with a sawn off shotgun. Eric Harris, no homo, but I fucking love you, man! Thank you so fucking much for getting me into guns! When I'm dead I wanna shoot with you, dude. Let's make it happen!

I can't get guns or Columbine off my mind; I've completely desensitized myself to gun violence.