

## Geddy Kramer Narrative – Thoughts of a Nobody

9-21 My paper journal is at risk of discovery being in my room. So im going to use this as a journal however I will keep the pictures and “sHit list” and plans in the paper journal or “notes.” In forensic science we have to research on a crime. Guess which one I did... yeah of coarse. Columbine. Crime huh. The only crime was that the deathtoll wasnt higher. Im tired of being the weirdo. I try to assimilate myself into this fucking place but I always look creepier. So Im just going to be the reject until April 19<sup>th</sup>. First period is the worst to because every time the topic of sex comes up (and it comes up a LOT) im always the one thats laughed at. “Hahahahahahahaha what a fucking loser. Your still a virgin geddy!?!?! Oh my god thats sooooo fucking funny.” Yea I cant get laid cause Im fucking ugly and creepy and weird and a loner you fucking jackasses! Im going to add [NAME] to my sHit list if this happens anymore. I wish I didnt delete the last journal I kept on here but it was a close call. My method for obtaining a gun is still fuzzy. Im thinking of either getting It for my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday or saving up for it. might just save up for it since my dads such a liberal, hahahahahahaha the gun laws definitely need to be revised or reinforced because you dont need shit to get a gun in Georgia. Ill keep this thing updated.

I was looking at these various disorders and found some that describe me... word, for, word

Schizoid personality disorder  
Schizotypal personality disorder  
Borderline personality disorder  
BiastraphillacRape Fetishist

Sadism Fetishist

9-26 I feel like people look at me weirdly. Like Im some sort of freak. All I wear is black. Is that it? Is it how I look? Are these people really looking at me? Or am I just paranoid? I dont know. Well it turns out i have gum disease or some shit. I don’t give a shit since Im not going to be here much longer. This is hilarious. Every time someone brings up my future I smile a little bit and just think of how much fun 41913 is going to be. I hope I find the funds to get my shotgun. Ive already found a place to hide it and the ammo. Ive got my camo pants all ready, trench coat. I wish I could have done this 12 years ago. Ive found that Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold are some of my heros. So Im going to go out guns blazing. None of that prison shit. Im not going to an institution that specializes in making better criminals and sodomy. Its so funny. These fucking idiots have no idea what Im writing. I wish I could kill all of them but theres just not enough time and so much to do. And like Dylan Klebold said i think ill have some followers. Maybe a few at least. And all I have to say to them is kill those that stand in your way. The weak must die so that the strong go on. I know Im weak as shit so Im going to do the best thing for it and get rid of myself. And take a couple of fuckers with me.

9-27 Ive been call weird, creepy, a loner, but demonic? Really? [NAME] doesnt even know me. [Other NAME] basically said she likes me. I think shes just messing with me. What fucking girls like me?! I dont know whats in her head that did that but Im still going through 41913. My minds set on this.

9-28 Well this fun event I got planned is definitely going down. Every time someone makes fun of me for being a virgin, how I look, calling me creepy and weird I want to rip their dick off. Girls? I want to cut off their clit with a fucking rusty straight razor. I want to fuckin torture whores too. I fucking hate them. [NAME] said she could see me being a serial killer. I told her just wait. Wait. All I need is a little money and ill kill every last one of these motherfuckers. Not a day goes by that I dont think of this. Ive been scoping out some positions on my "bathroom breaks." Im thinking the math building is the best spot for this. Few enterances, no poorly placed flanks, plenty of rooms and nowhere to run!!!! Although my shit list doesnt have any math teachers on it. There might be a student or two on my shit list in the math building by next semester. Hahahahaha. If dad looked through my room just a little closer he would have found my paper journal. Plans, drawing, angry rantings. All that good stuff. Maybe the fact that these people were on geddys bad side will scare the shit out of them. I hope it does. Godamn I hate these fuckers. Im planning on keeping paper and digital journals intact for investigators. I know Im getting the shotgun but I dont know about pipe bombs. Funds are tight. Ill draw up my assault route for 41913 later. Im also thinking of chaining the doors shut in the upstairs math building to seal their fate. Put a dummy bomb in a bag next to it so when the fuzz kicks it down theyll open n see an empty bag with a note that says "dumbass." Or "too late." Ooo thats good. bad geddy is so good at this. Chain up the doors behind me. Place dummy bombs. Have fun. But I have to be inconspicuous. No attention drawn to myself. As soon as age 18 rolls around, retarded ass [NAME] wants to take me clubbing, but Im really going ot buy a gun. [NAME] as well. Get into shape (Im already working on that). Buy chains + duffel bags. About 4 will do. Ill show up around 11:45 after transit to 3<sup>rd</sup> period. Set up and make sure lunch doesnt pop up before the fun begins. Note to self: C lunch block (math building lunch period) begins at 12:50 on fridays. If for some reason I switch days, wednesdays lunch starts at about 12:55 because of homeroom. Im so exited. Itll be one hell of a day.

10-2 Revision. Chains will work closing up the double doors in deal building. Ill draw up a diagram. And the fucking elevator! I totally forgot about that fucking thing. I dont know how Im going to get ride of that. I have an idea or two. Shoot the downstairs button out probably. But then they'll know Im coming. Theres even a staircase that leads to the roof of the math building in the book room next to the elevator.

10-4 We watched a video on the Zodiac Killer in forensics. He was a smart man. No evidence. He wrote the fucking police letters saying hes going to kill these fuckers and the police still couldnt catch him. He shot and stabbed these bitches and got away. Ive got the materials to make several molotov cocktails. Ive already made 3 and tested them out. They work great.

10-9 [NAME]. Really? Why [NAME]? I dont understand what the fuck she sees in me. Hahha I dont like her at all so nothings going to happen. [NAME] says that shes waiting on me to change my mind. Stupid bitch. Ive got a plan for buying the shotgun. Save up a shit load of money. Like a lot until march. Once my birthday comes around, drive over to the gun store on main street. Walk in with cash. Maybe debit card. Look around for a minute. Look interested in shotgun. Tell store owner that Im interested in buying a shotgun. If he asks why say Im moving to Atlanta in a few weeks and personal protection is recommended. Purchase (if waiting period is required, wait) come back and buy ammo.

-Hiding Places-

Fort

In between bed and bedframe

Behind closet dresser

Going to saw off the stock and barrel. Hacksaw needed.

List for 41913

Dress in regular clothes

Bdu

Socks: Long

Combat Boots

Black shirt

Trench coat

shotgun

shells; 50+

1 Spare suicide shell

Carbine (250+ rounds)

(optional) molotov cocktail (s)

Duffel bag; black

sHit List

3 sets of chain (3 or so feet in length)

3 padlocks with keys

Alpha: 11:50 After [NAME] class goes to A lunch, use one of the dummy duffel bags to transport chains and locks. Lock 3 sets of upstairs door. Grab duffel bag with supplies and change in bathroom. 12:20ish A lunch returns so have massacre begin on active classes in upstairs deal building. Several math classes should be active. Knock on door. Opens. Cock gun and shoot. Have fun.

Beta: No chains needed. 11:40 Upstairs science department. Duffel bag supplies to restroom closet to Mrs. [NAME] room. Change. Knock on mrs [NAME] room. When she opens the door, put one through her brain. Kill students. Move room to room. Have fun.

10-24 I'm adding [NAME] to the sHit List. That mother fucker cock blocks like nobodies business. I don't even think he's funny. But I have to throw the façade on when I'm around him. The mourning for him will be incredible. Ha I wish I could be alive to see it. I'm going to poison [NAME] against [NAME] and [NAME]. Ha. She seems strong minded but I think I can get in her head. [NAME] and [NAME] are pressuring me to go to the Halloween party. I'm not a fucking partyer. I wish I could shoot up the party. "Oh geddy your so fucking lame. Go to a party where everybody gets drunk and gives each other diseases. I'm thinking of adding [NAME] to the sHit List. He pisses me off to. But I'm only THINKING of it. Recently [NAME]'s turned into a real piece of shit and if this keeps up, well it's going to cost him his life. Thank god [NAME] has kept his head on straight. But he is slipping. Me and [NAME] go back far and I don't want to kill him but if he turns into the others, "natural selection" will get him. But I just want to stab [NAME] and drink his blood. He pisses me off royally. If I could I would scap him,

salt it. Tear off his ears. Stab one eye out or dissolve it with lye. I'd hack off fore arms and calves. Cauterize the stumps so he doesn't bleed out. Beat him with his own stumps. Then at the last minute, reveal who is responsible for all this. I'd rather him live. That way he gets to live life as an ugly freak rather than live and be one of the others. God damn I hate him. But I'm not brave enough. Serial killers are braver. Mass murderers are the weak ones. Why do you think I'm committing suicide after this?

10-26 I am the fucking outcast of the school. All I see are friends talking to friends, couples kissing, people laughing. This is pissing me off. I'm all alone. There's no one here that's like me. Everyone wants to party and get drunk. Everyone wants to have sex. Everyone wants to do drugs. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of being the freak. I'm sick of being the weird one. I'm sick of being the one everyone looks at and laughs. I hate this place. I hate this world. I've decided not to stay. I thought earlier of stabbing the cop in the brain then taking his gun, gunning down the other than having some fun on campus. But I pussied out. That's one reason girls don't like me. I'm a fucking pansy. I mean I did the cinnamon challenge just to appear funny for fuck sake. I'm a clown. A fucking stupid clown. I can't wait to slay every last one of these motherfuckers.

10-30 I'm at the point that I have one friend. [NAME]. He is the only one. No one else. I'll have to take advantage of this or else I'll be all alone. That piece of shit [NAME]. It's all his fault. I want to eat his heart and drink his blood to wash it down. He pisses me off so much. He cock blocks me horribly. I've been thinking of stabbing him right here. But no 41913. We were watching a documentary on Jeffery Dahmer in first today. Several behaviors are present in a serial killer. Antisocial behavior, pyromania, wetting the bed, violent sexual fantasies, lack of social skills, isolation, killing animals. All but the latter apply to me. Haha I'm not surprised. If I pussy out of 41913, I'll start killing teenage girls, cooking their leg muscles, eating their hearts, drinking their blood, chewing their severed clit like beef jerky, et cetera. This is horrible. I never thought I'd be so alone. This loneliness sucks. It's horrible. Now I walk the halls alone and everyone else is conversing with each other. Not me. Sometimes I can't breathe right because of how angry I am.

11-2 Good news. I don't hate [NAME] anymore. You know what? I never did. [NAME] though. I really wish I could skin him alive and eat his soul.

4-24 I know I was supposed to do it by now but some things came up. I'm planning on doing it mid may. I've updated several times in a paper manifesto. I'm planning on burning it before. I'm so sick of this shit.

5-15 It's probably going to take too long to get ahold of a firearm so I'm probably just going to lie down in front of a train or something. Or I'll just take cyanide.

5-16 Eh fuck it I still want to kill tons of people. I'm going to see if grandma or grandpa will give me a gun for graduation.

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Final Requests:

- At my funeral, keep the fucking religious people away.
- Nobody blame this on music, media, friends, et cetera.
- Publically execute the Westboro people.
- Anyone who sees this and cares: make sure church and state stays seperate forever.
- Anyone who prays for the lives of my peers should be publically executed, too.
- To whom it may concern, I'm going to haunt the shit out of anyone who believes I will.
- Ann Coulter needs to go, crucifixion maybe. Upside down. Naked, beaten, raped, anything you need to do to get rid of this cancerous blond. If I were to speak to her face to face, I'd save up a week-old loogie.
- I don't want [STEPMOTHER] anywhere near my funeral. Only my real mom.