

The Hateful One

Chapter 1

He liked life. He liked having fun. But the absence of fun made him hate certain things; the big one being work. He hated going to a place of torment for 8 to 10 hours a day to do chores for asshole bosses. He'd rather just stay home and have fun listening to music and being in his comfort zone.

He didn't understand why life started to suck so bad when he became an adult and was forced into the working world. He wanted freedom, and 40 hours a week of washing dirty dishes or stocking shelves made him Hateful.

He liked pleasurable things like beer and cigarettes and vaping. They made him feel good. But the voices in his head told him that he was playing with fire. Which isn't wrong. But so do most of the people he knew. You could buy these things on the corner of every street. Every gas station and grocery store. People enjoyed them.

Now he hears voicing yelling at him that he's going to be murdered with a hammer. So he lives in fear. And this causes him to do the only things he has left: smoke tobacco and drink alcohol.

He feels more hateful each day. He has fear thoughts. He subconsciously is beginning to envy those who have a brighter future, causing him to hate them.

All he wanted out of life was to study Life, God, and all its components. He wanted to become a well-rounded, intelligent and kind human being. But his vices kept him down.

Chapter 2

Who was he, really? Was he Satan? Shiva, the Great Destroyer? Was the Bible correct? Was he really going to Hell forever? To be tormented by burning flames for eternity? What kind of God would do that?

He was still being attacked by voices in his head, who belittled him and threatened his existence. It had lessened since his last major breakdown, but he still felt afraid at times. Is fear the opposite of love?

Chapter 3

Everywhere he went, he experienced hatred in some sense. People were pissed off, they were aggressive and disrespectful. He thought it was funny, though, because they were such shitty people that their anger was their problem. He tried to have fun despite this, and even got a rise out of stoking their fires. Almost all of the old men he came across were miserable old fucks

who seemed like they couldn't wait to die. They worked their lives away and now are broken down old carcasses with nothing much left to live for except yelling and arguing with the new generation of kids who wanted a better life. His old boss was one of these miserable old assholes. He was an old butcher who got pissed at the littlest things. He was fat, old, and ugly and drank and smoked until he almost died. His daughter was a spoiled brat princess who talked like a 5 year old, and got everything she wanted and cried when she didn't.

He did feel somewhat responsible for all the aggression he came across... he never experienced this back when he was a stoner. It wasn't until his parents and the state conspired to have him thrown in the mental hospital against his will and forced on to heavy antipsychotics that he started to resent his destiny, if there was such a thing.

Maybe he was god, or the supreme being of earth or whatever, but he didn't care. He did his best with what little money he had to feel good and take care of himself. He didn't exercise much – small walks here and there, he didn't go to the gym, he didn't eat many vegetable or fruits, he consumed a lot of sugar and smoked like a chimney. But this was all in the name of fun. He knew what he liked, even he'd sometimes he felt unhealthy. He dealt with stomach problems for most of his 20s, and believes he developed an ulcer from the stress of his kitchen job and chronic drinking and smoking. This hurt sometimes.

He lived at home most of the time. He hated work, and felt like it was a gay waste of time. He saw how miserable the older generation was on their quest to rape the earth and her resources. He wanted to enjoy life.

He had everything he wanted. For the most part. He did want a bigger house without grumpy creepy neighbors around him. And of course a sports car or two. But he had a decent car, phone, internet, heat, hot water, awesome stereo, and big screen tv. He didn't like living with his sister either, who always seemed pissed off and grumpy. They never talked. He couldn't find anything to talk to her about and thought she was too quiet, awkward, and grumpy to try. He was kinda messy, but he got by.

There were a lot of shit heads, dirt bags, sluts, assholes, and dick holes living on the planet. A lot of drug-addicted scum that the world didn't need. He was small and scrawny, and didn't have the power to make anything of himself in this world ruled by evil dictators and reptilian shapeshifters. Pedophiles, rapists, drug-dealers and murders ruled the churches and the world. It was basically a beautiful planet stained by a big bucket of diarrhea. Fat dilapidated fucks and zombie-looking crackwhores and tweakers. The world had gone to shit – mostly, at least. Work hard to make the greedy shitstains richer. CEOs and corporate fat cats hoard the wealth while the poor get sicker and poorer. Homeless people run amuck across the nation, encampments of tents and beggars as far as the eye can see. Wars over oil and nukes lead to innocent lives lost. Catholic boy touchers, greedy Jewbags and rapist killer Muslims run to invade from every direction. The Earth is drying up and getting hotter. Natural disasters and health problems

plague the nations. Pickup trucks and guns. The American dream. Booty shaking hoes and porn everywhere.

Chapter 4

He was treated like Satan, and started to be made to believe he was too. The voices in his head were always strongly negative and gave him little to no hope of living a normal happy life. They belittled him and made him think he was worthless. He was beginning to accept it too. He started to not give a fuck what anyone thought of him. All the pissed off douchebags of the world could suck his dick. He saw little to nothing worthwhile in most people. They were selfish and ugly and he personally believed he was better than pretty much all of them. He had a few friends he respected, but for the most part everyone else could fuck all the way off.

His anger and anxiety was reciprocated by everyone around him, as if he was some kind of supreme being who led the way and everyone else was just a knee jerk reaction to his very existence. Suddenly everyone was a badass and every girl a whore. It was almost like god was inside every one of them, as they all had the same stupid reactions to his paranoia and energy.

A global pandemic was happening and honestly he didn't care that much. He felt like the world was overpopulated by ugly shitheads anyway and if mother nature was purging some of the greedy dumbfucks, he didn't mind. He liked being alone anyway. If god was real he sure did his best to make sure this Satan dude knew he didn't like him. He would strike at every moment of weakness he had. Every time he second guessed himself or felt afraid, there was god taking a giant shit on him. The sad part was that he felt like maybe he and god were friends at one point in history, and maybe they built this life together.

It's funny too, because this Satan dude used to have a lot of friends and was respected by his peers for being smart. But that was all falling away as the years went by. He didn't know what he wanted to be in the world, he just wanted a nice house and car and all that normal shit. But he was lazy and couldn't be bothered to try hard to have a good life. He felt like he deserved a good life because this life was all that he had. He didn't want a shit life.

He was poor and never had much money to buy food and shit. He spent his few dollars on beer and cigarettes, and fast food for the most part. So maybe he wasn't healthy to the fullest extent, and didn't keep up with his appearance so girls usually stayed away. He didn't care that much though. That was his main problem – he didn't care too much about anything.

Chapter 5

If he was Satan, he was ok with it. He spent his whole life trying to be a decent person but work and the shittiness of others made him not like people. Work was bullshit. Why should he have to go do a bunch of gay shit all day and all week. He thought society was fucked. The planet was

dying and every year that passed was the hottest year on record. So global warming was seeming pretty real. He felt like it was a good investment of his time to say fuck it a lot and get drunk. Maybe the old devil had his reasons. Beer and cigarettes, huh. Probably why he felt like shit all the time. But what's the alternative, jogging down the road and eating lettuce? Shit's queer.

He didn't much left to live for, other than the usual routine of small pleasures. Coffee, cigarettes, food, and beer. Sometimes he liked to drive his car around town. Patience might be a virtue with all these slow geriatric crapstains driving around, getting the way. But if the world was ending, this dude didn't have time for retards.

His job options were garbage too, but that was his fault. He slowly stopped giving a fuck after college, when he got a job washing dishes for shitty greedy old fucks. It made him want to kill himself on a daily basis, but he worked through it and made himself a nice \$8 an hour. The boss always got mad at the dude for taking so many smoke breaks, but it was a needed break from all the bullshit of that hellhole.

Chapter 6

Satan was pissed again. He was still spending a lot of time at his buddy's trailer over in Belmont, the next town over. He liked to fall asleep at a somewhat decent time, usually around 10 or 11, and liked to meditate for a little while before going to sleep. But Robbie was consistently and annoyingly always staying up to 3 in the morning. He would play games and watch TV really loudly all night long, making it hard for the Satan dude to fall and stay asleep. He would often be woken up by the noise, dogs, or by his buddy who would get pissed about snoring.

Satan was getting sick of not sleeping and sitting there on the couch wide awake for hours. He was tired of all the crappy artificial noise blasting out of the TV. He wanted some damn peace and quiet, but he rarely found it at home... which is a different story.

Because of his goddammit annoying retard neighbors. He's had three different occupants in the apartment above his, and all of them spend the entire fucking day walking around the fucking apartment. They never leave, they never go anywhere, they have no friends, no hobbies, and for some reason can't sit down at all during the course of the entire day. They just keep fucking walking around inside a tiny shithole apartment, with nothing better to do. They don't sit and relax, they literally just pace back and forth for 16 fucking hours a day like some goddamn retards. Go the fuck outside, go for a fucking walk you piece of shit lowlifes. There's more to life than spending entire fucking days pacing around your shitty apartment.

Chapter 7

He was stuck in his head again. Black voices threatened him and his every move, his every thought. He was still puffing on his vape, 50mg nicotine salts and he wasn't sure if it was helping or making it worse. His face felt distorted from a fucked-up mind that couldn't find an escape. He would worry so much that he couldn't eat or sleep. He tried drinking but his body could only handle so much. The voices threatened that he would shot or beaten with a hammer. How could he get out of here?

Going for walks or swimming with friends, the occasional car ride around town, or having lunch with his Mom were the only ways to get out of the house. He hated work and was too afraid that people would treat him like shit. That and his inability to even handle simple tasks. Maybe the daily alcohol intake for a decade had destroyed his competence. He did fine at his last job but got sick of the angry people he had to deal with. Maybe they were just a reflection of himself.

He was on the fence of caring and not-carijg anymore. He wanted life to be cool and fun and exciting but he felt so hopeless sometimes. He could try to make some changes but he was afraid to let go. He didn't know how to up, and was naturally sliding down.

His best friend cut off contact with him, and he had nowhere to go except his little apartment. Some days were hard to find things to entertain himself with. The TV seemed boring and he would stare at the wall thinking until he went crazy.

How could he hold down a job and become successful when he gives up so easily and turns into a mental case randomly every couple months?

Chapter 8

He felt like Satan. He had no purpose in life. He didn't enjoy work and didn't have anything to do most days except sit around and watch TV and listen to music while smoking and drinking. Yeah, he could try to get rid of his bad habits but those are the things that he wanted to do. What else is there to do when no one wants to hang out with you and you don't have a girlfriend.

He didn't want the world to end, he just wanted to get by and live his life. Fun stuff still happened, but he felt like shit a lot. He still had to listen to his retard neighbor walk around all day.

Maybe working hard for 20 years and buying a house would make him happy, but he didn't care too much that. He wanted freedom. Yet he still never left his house.

Chapter 9

He was still sitting around, waiting for life to happen. Most of the time, it didn't. His friends would ask to hang out every couple of days, but for the most part he spent most of his time laying in bed and either sleeping or drinking. Life had the potential to be interesting and exciting, but he knew he had to get out there and do something. But he was lazy, and gave up instead of trying to make a better life for himself.

At home, there was little to do except go on the internet and watch TV. And those things could be made better by getting drunk and high. And since he didn't have a job, most of his time was spent trying to do those things. He didn't like to drink and drive, so he rarely left the house unless he needed food or beer, or to go to a friend's house. He somehow found a way to get drunk, day after day, for years. He liked beer mainly, but sometimes would drink red wine. He would even buy box-wine, as it was cheaper and more cost-efficient. It was alcohol, and as long as it didn't taste like shit (liquor) he didn't care. He didn't know what power his thoughts had, and he didn't like to spend a lot of time worrying and overthinking shit, so he got drunk to block out the mind.

Chapter 10

He was sick of the damn cold. It was only December but the cold made him feel miserable, even when he was sitting at home with the heat on. His apartment was drafty and the electric heat wasn't very efficient. His low activity levels in the winter made his body feel weak and cold.

He had to shovel 3 feet of snow for 2 hours just to get his car unburied. Winter sucked but he didn't want to move necessarily, as he had no money and his family was around here.

He still didn't know who he was either. He would see words like "Jesus" or "Satan" appear when he was close to falling asleep or just waking up. Maybe he was both? Maybe God is the Devil. Who knows. He was still drinking a lot of the time so he wouldn't have to think too much into it. Being blissfully unaware was better than thinking about an eternity of suffering.

He read a lot of online forums and was now paying attention to people's opinion of capitalism, the rat race, and possible collapse of society as we know it. While he wasn't too paranoid about anything falling apart just yet, he was seeing a lot of people struggling with the 9-5 life and the effects of COVID-19 on the economy. People were struggling to pay rent, and a lot of people were fed up with the mindless and monotonous work that a lot of times didn't feel like it mattered.

He was an advocate for UBi, and although he wasn't sure how they would fund it, he thought it was a better alternative to spending 40 years doing crap jobs for crap money.

Chapter 11

He felt like his life was never going to change. The same shit everyday for the rest of his life. Listening to his retard geriatric neighbor walk around all day, living in a shitty apartment in the hood in a ghetto city, being broke all the time and having nothing to do all day except drink and watch TV. He didn't know what shit job he should apply for, and it was likely that it wouldn't pay any better than last shit jobs. So he would be stuck in the same shit cycle of shit, nothing moving forward and nothing getting better. Just a repetition of the same old shit over and over again until he died from a painful slow death from drinking and smoking.

The country was having more uprisings and protests, and it was clear that people were discontent with the way things are and have been. The Capitol Building in DC was overrun with Trump's fans and they tried to take one last stand to keep the current president. But either way, Republicans or Democrats, there was a tension that split this country right down the middle.