

== Nov. 07, 2025 - 10:46 PM ==

So, before I begin this thing, trigger warning for, you know, a bunch of shit that I kinda don't really want to get into right off the bat. And especially if you read "I feel horrible," linked further down in this thing, then don't come crying to me about how bad my self-callout-document-writing skills are. They suck, like, hard. I know.

Now, then. It's been a while since I've written anything in a bout of anxiety and decided to just... publish it onto the internet for the whole world to see. I know, I've gone dark. I understand that I'm going to relapse into constant internet usage if I post this crap for all to see. But, I feel like I should get my current thoughts out regardless of what may happen, or what may *HAVE* happened since I announced my going dark-itude.

So. What was that bullshit back on Cascade day all about? Why did I decide to ruin all of my credibility yet again by going back into a cavalcade of self-doubt and saying "Hey, I did bad things! I'm gonna go cry myself to sleep! Have a wonderful month!" and just... disappearing for a little bit? Why am I suddenly coming back with this thing? Well, let me explain you a thing or two about that, I guess.

Alright, so, first of all. What is it that I actually did? Is it something recent? No, not to my knowledge at least. Or, if it was, it was at most, some time back in late 2024, so, probably at least a year ago, but at most, some time in 2020, or 2021.

The short version, which is all I'm willing to go into, is that I did a bunch of shit that I think I've already delved into in the past, albeit in a sort of self-defensive way that didn't really get into any specifics, either because I wanted myself to seem like a better person than I was, or because I genuinely forgot the context to what I did (or just... didn't want to remember.)

I've said last month to "look the document of DG up," instead of actually linking to said document. And no, I wasn't talking about the document I made prior titled "I feel horrible," which I shall link [here](#)^[1], as to rub salt in the wound, but a now-deleted document created by someone who I will not name, yet will say that we used to be mortal enemies, and are now more... acquaintances that don't really talk much, outside of discussing stuff regarding past drama, sometimes. Not as of recent, though, as I have logged out of Discord for a while now.

Now, why didn't I actually link to it? And why do I continue to refuse to link it directly? Am I just... trying to hide the truth, redacting documents much like "how Donald Trump would be doing it," as someone probably said once? Nah, not exactly. Maybe a little bit, but for the most part, I don't link it because I don't want to actively search for an archived copy of something that has basically documented and archived every single shitty thing that I've done prior to late 2024.

And, also, it's just a genuine point of contention and anxiety for me personally. I mean, once again, it's just a list of shitty things I've done, arranged in a sort of malicious way, and if I actively searched for it, I would probably start looking through it, and feel a genuine sickness to

my stomach because Jesus Christ, how was I that bad? How did I ever think that was good to do? What was wrong with me?

So, that's why I won't link to it. You can still go looking for it, but just know that it probably won't be easy to find, unless you look through, like, the Wayback Machine or something. Because, as I said, the original author has deleted it, but it is still archived by people that genuinely hate me. And be warned, a lot of it is gross. I don't want to know. I don't want to remember any of it.

Also, I'm not gonna fight any of the allegations. I've already attempted to do so prior (*see link [1]*) and failed at it spectacularly. So, just, fuck it. They're there, if you know where to look. I can't fight back. I'd only lie to save a face that has been unsalvageable for a while now. Moving on.

Now then. What prompted me to say all of what I said on Bluesky and YouTube, and right after, go dark for about half a month? Well, let me give you a bit of context, I guess.

Last time this happened, I basically did the same thing. Wrote a shitty document about myself (*again, see link [1]*) and went dark for a couple months, coming back with a name change and just, moving on, pretending that nothing even happened (or something to that effect, I can't even remember at this point...)

Of course, this is no different. But, as so happened, between these events, I found myself in a new friend group. I genuinely felt welcomed, it felt like just... being there helped me out as a person. Granted, it was sort of split up into two groups, and surprisingly enough, it happened because I played the shit out of a ROBLOX RP game (It was mostly adults, don't worry.) because I learned of it from my former friend and Groomer Extraordinaire, Satorsoren (Haha, using your old username. Fuck you, genuinely.)

Hell, that friend group allowed me to gain my first romantic partner, surprisingly enough. Wow, Deegish Wienermasu, getting a romance? How the fuck did that happen? Good question! Moving on.

So, on the morning of Cascade Day 2025 (Oct. 25,) I realized I was basically removed from my current friend group due to something that I didn't know at the moment. Turns out, drumroll, please, someone linked to the previously mentioned List Of Shitty Things I Did and I was basically exiled from that group. And, of course, it led to me being forced to basically break up from my partner, not out of fear that they could get hurt, but because they genuinely felt uncomfortable being around me after seeing EVERYTHING. And I mean everything.

Also, apparently, I kept bringing up the fact that I was a shit person, even when it wasn't warranted, and that didn't do me any favors. Whoops.

So (I start sentences with "So," a lot. Sorry.) So, of course, that led to me having a genuine mental breakdown, because that basically led me back to square one, for the second time now. And it was worse this time, because, you guessed it, I've never actually broken up with someone I genuinely loved before, and it was... well, heartbreaking. It hurt. A lot.

Now, why did I decide to do what I did after? Tell the entire public Internet to go looking for the Evil Document, that I was doxxed prior (thus making that knowledge even more widespread,) and basically go dark? Why didn't I just... not do all that? Well, anxiety and feelings make you do things you regret, like, constantly. Right now, I'm regretting ever doing that in the first place.

All of what happened prior to my meltdown and subsequent darkness that day was basically out of my control, I couldn't have prevented it happening even if I tried. Hell, I'm probably banned from that ROBLOX RP game now because of that event. I don't wanna find out, mind you, but I just have a gut feeling that I am.

What have I been doing since that day? Uhh, mostly just going outside, looking for stupid shit like a "job," whatever that is. I've also tried to basically quarantine myself away from the internet as a whole, but eh, you know how that worked out. See: This entire thing. Also, minor tangent, but I hate that I can't find new social spaces full of people around my age where I'm at right now. This town's full of old people, who are mostly right-wingers! I can't relate to those sorts of people!

STILL. Fast forward to today, and I am finally biting the bullet and relapsing back onto the internet. Honestly, the only person I can blame right now is myself. For both the impossible to predict thing that happened to me last month, and the fact that I did any of the stuff that warranted the unpredictable. Of course, that probably unleashed some major form of self-loathing that I had bottled up for a moment like that. But, hey, I was told that my reaction was... sort of understandable, even if it was kinda dumb.

Another minor tangent, sorry, but my mom once said that she kinda regrets giving me and my siblings so much agency with usage of the Internet back when we were kids. It was a horrible idea, Mom. You should have monitored us more. You should have monitored ME more. Genuinely. I think I only did what I did because...

Okay, major backstory tangent time. When I was like, 14, I used to be part of a group led by former Splatoon YouTuber and former owner of the Jon Dances To Twitter account "memet ori". I didn't even like Splatoon at the time. But, when I eventually broke away from that group, I was left as a horrible husk of a person, groomed to believe that being nice was cringe, that being racist and saying the N-Word constantly was hilarious, that raiding the Discord servers of people we didn't like was cool and shit, and that you can do all that and not have any sort of repercussions surrounding it.

I genuinely used to be a nice kid, a GOOD kid, even, and that friend group made me horrible. Genuinely. That, of course, doesn't excuse WHAT I did, as I was older then, almost a full ass adult (and, for most of the Evil Document (i think,) an ACTUAL adult...) so I don't even know why I bothered recounting what I can remember from my time in the Memetopia group, so. Myeh. Can't really do shit about that now. Also, when I did break away, it was because Memet groomed minors? I think? Man, I really did have a habit of gravitating towards those kinds of people. Fuck, man. That just makes me mad at myself even more.

Okay, point is. I realize I was a bit rash in my decisions, on, you guessed it, Cascade Day. I was in a puddle of self-loathing and anxiety, because of stuff that was beyond my control, and now I kinda wanna go back to just... doing stuff. I recently installed Windows 7 on an old-ass laptop and while yeah, sure, that's giving me some sort of feeling of making and doing stuff without constantly being on the Internet, it's just... not the same.

You know, because it's an old fucking Laptop running Windows 7. It can't really do shit. Can't even run Godot. I mean, it can play a mean game of Bookworm Adventures, but it's just, really limited to what I can do with an old Intel processor and 2 GB of RAM. And I thought it could help me, but nope! I'm still bored out of my mind.

So, really, what am I gonna do now? Eh, not sure. Might just... balance my outside world stuff and online stuff way more. I also need to get into a new friend group, I realize. Granted, that's gonna be... kinda hard, considering I've already tanked my own credibility and trustibility... multiple times now. But still. I can't really function without social interaction, and I'm not gonna do what my dad says and go to places like bars and libraries and just... go up and talk to people. Sure, that's how that's supposed to work, but like, what does dad even think will happen if I do that?

Like, I go up to some random in a library, and just go "Hi, I'm Tom! I'm lonely and require a social circle, do you want to be my friend?" as my social anxiety goes through the roof. It's not the 1980s anymore, DAD. I'd be lucky to just get pepper-sprayed at LEAST. Things don't work the same way they did when you were my age! I can't just do stuff like that anymore! AND ALSO STOP TELLING ME OR MOM THAT RANDOM WOMEN YOU SEE WHILE DRIVING ARE PRETTY. IT PISSES ME OFF.

Ahem.

So, there. I don't know if the point I was trying to make with this... diary entry? Diary entry. This diary entry really hit well. Or if I made that point at all. At least, made that point in a way that isn't just like, me rambling on about some random topic, completely unscripted, and without any prior knowledge of what I want to say outside of like, the basic topics that were floating through my head before deciding to write this.

If anyone is reading this, just. Be honest. Am I really a bad person? Is it bad for me to stay here, on the Internet, after the knowledge of everything bad I've ever done becomes public

again? Is it bad for me to stay on the Internet without feeling like I've genuinely did anything to improve myself? Should I just retire forever and just... die in a pool of self-loathing? Actually, don't answer. I feel like whatever answer you give won't entirely change my mind.

No matter what happens, no matter how many callout docs are made or spread around against me, no matter the adversity I face, or whatever the public thinks about me, or even the friends I may lose, something is always certain. I will always bounce back, and I will bounce back stronger than ever. I will make new friends, I will do better mentally. I will improve, no matter what unpredictability I may face. No matter how deep I dig my own grave. No matter the cost, I will continue to persist. I always do.

I don't want to be gone forever, that's why I initially said I didn't know when I'd return, but I would, after I've done something to better myself. I feel like having a couple weeks to think about everything, regardless of if it's good or bad, was at least a minor improvement. I've forced myself to go out more. I forced myself to try and get a job, even if I still haven't gotten anything back from the two places I applied at. Hell, I might even finish my high school education some time soon.

Those are personal improvements, and while I haven't even gotten some of the main ones I wanted done, mostly the one where I get friends off the Internet, I've still made progress. And that's good enough for me. I'll continue to be making progress, but hey. I'll just. Come back. Soon. Fuck it, I'm bored out of my mind.

Sorry to the people who wanted me off the Internet for good, or those who genuinely wanted me dead. I hate to say it, but I'm coming back now. It was a fun two weeks without me. And while I haven't fully mentally recovered after the Cascade of bullshit that happened to me that day, I'm too determined to quit now. I want to make shit, and not have to worry about my own arbitrary restrictions making it impossible for me to do so.

And, uh, sorry to those who are reading this. This entire diary entry was made at a complete whim. If you still don't entirely know what the fuck any of this means, then please, by all means, go do some research, find out what I did, then promptly block me everywhere if you feel like I'm irredeemable. I know, nowadays, if you want something done on the Internet, you have to harass the person you don't like to the point where they quit or some jazz like that. But, hey, that's not nice. Try to be nice, regardless of who or what you may be dealing with.

And also, uh, no I don't know what's happened with Memet Ori since I stopped associating with them. They completely vanished off the Internet, to my knowledge. Sometimes, when I actually remember that they existed (like, right now.) I wonder what the hell they're doing nowadays, whether or not it's good or bad. I'm a curious cat. It's a curse, honestly.

Okay okay okay I should stop writing in this, it's like, getting really embarrassing going on so many random tangents and completely changing the topic of this thing every time I get a new thought in my brain.

Alright. Be back soon.

- [TOMASU]

PS. Yeah, I know. Something is genuinely wrong with me, and I need to get my head checked. I've wanted to do so for a long while, yet nothing ever happened with that. Always bet on nothing, I guess. Hahaha. Just wanted to lighten the mood. Sorry.

PPS. I basically stopped using my main computer since that day. Might actually bring it back out. Might give me bad feelings, but hey. I don't care at this point. Using an old version of GameMaker is pissing me off. Mostly because I'm not used to the UI and how everything worked there. Oh, haha. That's what initially put me off from using GMS2 instead of GMS1. Whoopsies.

PPPS. so many fucking tangents tom please stop writing this you're only making everything worse. just stop.

PPPPS. I should really just go to sleep. As of writing this PPPPS, it's 12:08 AM. I usually write these sorts of things in the middle of the night, when I'm full of anxiety. I think it's kinda funny how I get the most creative in my writing, even if it is a self-report, when it's this late and I'm under the effects of both Benadryl and Melatonin supplements. Haha. It's kinda cool, I guess. Whatever, I'll never really understand my brain. It's complicated and I can't think good. I'm stupid idiot boy brain who doesn't know shit about spilling out his thoughts and feelings to an audience of... probably a couple hundred people, or at least a couple dozen people that actually CARE about what I post. Whatever. I'm on a roll. Have fun trying to psychoanalyze all of this. Good night, I guess. Haha.

[1] "I feel horrible." written by Tomasu, 2024-2025*

* These aren't exactly SOURCES, but more explanations of what links link to. If that makes sense.

=====

== Nov 8, 2025 - 04:17 PM ==

Welp, for real now, it's the next day. And boy almighty do I have no thoughts about this! Like, I typed up a storm last night to try and put together my thoughts about everything that happened a couple weeks ago. And I just. Have no idea what to say about it! Any of it! I've basically just... hopped back upon you all, pretending that despite a lot happening, nothing really happened. I hooked my computer back up and am now trying to do stuff on it. It's working out so far, but you know, it's also taking away my outside time again. Because I just want to see

everything that I can do online. Watch YouTube, doomscroll on Reddit and Bsky, you know. Average ADHD brain.

But, really, re-looking through ALL of this, I really have NOTHING to say about it. Like, outside of the main anxious bullshit I usually talk about, like "Did I seriously just give up on my own abstinence upon the internet that I thrust upon myself after a major mental breakdown that resulted from grief of losing everything I had built up prior again?" or "What will people think about me just returning so suddenly?" or even "Hey, is the former BJ Bros team still poking fun at me without my knowledge?"

And to all of that, I really should just say "Why should I care about any of that anymore? None of it really matters. None of it will really matter in the long run, honestly." And that, I guess, is what I suppose my current point is. I shouldn't really care about what the wider Internet thinks of me. And yet, I still do. But, you know, I can't exactly do much about that. My life kinda just... sucks at this point, and I have NO IDEA on whether or not that's my fault or I've just been dealt the wrong cards in all of the 22 years that I have been living on this godforsaken planet.

And, of course, my current social bullshit ain't helping that all that much. I have basically no friends at this point, and those that I do consider to be friends aren't people I exactly talk to all that much, aside from the only person I've met in the real world. And even then, it's kinda hard to talk to that guy, because, well, he just. Moved out of this town a long while ago. I don't blame him. This place sucks. Mostly a bunch of old guys who are probably right-wing and such, not a lot of fun to be had. Sure, I live near downtown, but really you can only have fun there if you have money or just really, REALLY low standards.

Now, you might probably be wondering what any of what I said has to do with stuff like "the evil document" or "the breakup" or any of what the prior stuff I stated last night. And, honestly, it doesn't. I'm just... rattling off vague thoughts at this point. I want to get my brain out to people that might not entirely care to listen to someone who, for all intents and purposes, is just... a weirdo, entirely. Someone who can't do anything right. But, whatever. It's writing. I like writing, even if it is just... this whole thing.

So whatever, honestly. I wrote all of the prior entry while I was trying to get some sleep, because I was thinking about a lot of the rough ideas that went into it, and then thought "Hey, I should just... get these thoughts out there. Fuck it! I'm bored, I need something to do. Why not make it a sort of 'Hey, I'm back guys! Sorry!' thing? And make it less like a self-exposé towards myself *(see link [1])* and just as something to get people to know what my specific thoughts are at this moment?" And honestly, I don't even know if it was a good idea or not. I have no idea on the specific number of people that read the prior entry. It's honestly not even on my mind right now.

Like, who genuinely cares about what I have to say? I'm the funny man. I do funny shit. I shouldn't have to put out my feelings on the internet. But I do! And if you haven't really noticed, it's like, not even some sort of half-assed bullshit trying to save face at this point. I know, I keep talking about how much I suck and all, and that I'll probably never really be happy at this point,

because what I know I did was reprehensible and I don't deserve forgiveness and all that, but it's still sort of my stance on myself. I feel like I've gone so low down the gravedigging that no matter what I do to escape it, I'll always end up at the bottom of it again. And every time I do, it just, gets harder and harder to climb out of this rut. Stuck as a bad guy forever, no way around it.

I could just do what Soren did, and wipe all of my socials, and come back not even a day later under a completely new name, not even related to my prior pseudonym, or brand, or whatever. And I guess, back when I initially changed from DG to Tomasu, I did. Granted, I still used my old accounts wherever possible, so it wasn't like I was going scorched earth, and then coming back not even a day later, wearing a [Beagle Puss](#)^[2], Wizard Hat and a Corn Cob Pipe and going "[DG? Who is this DG you speak of? I am quite certain there has never been, nor ever will be a DG](#)^[3]," because that honestly would have been stupid. I basically used my name change to signify a more "I'm a new man, and a fresh coat of paint signifies the fact that I am better than I used to be," which I guess is still really stupid, albeit in a symbolic sort of way.

I still kept my old videos up, I kept a lot of my old content up (unless I just really didn't like it,) and aside from completely wiping my Twitter account beforehand ([which was then namesniped by someone within the BJ Bros/M3MIX team some time later to be such a funny comedian](#)^[4]), you really nailed it, guys! TW: Really funny. Honestly! /s) I continued making stuff as me, and not as someone else. Though, I guess as of recent, I *did* make a new Discord account as to distance myself from even more past bullshit, especially the Cascade Day Incident (i really need to get a better name for that...) so I can just... start over on Discord. Not have to really deal with those I don't really care about, or don't want to confront headon, just in case the situation became even more widespread and I couldn't do shit about it. Granted, it *has* kinda gotten more widespread, so I don't entirely know what my plan was/is at this point, but if it becomes a problem, I'll get there when I get there. It probably won't become a problem. Whatever.

Now for some more scattered thoughts. First of all, I was told multiple times that I really shouldn't care about what the Internet does to me, as come a few years later, it won't even matter, people will have forgotten, and I might even reconnect with those I have wronged. Patch up friendships and all that. But honestly? That's only partially true. Because the Internet never forgets your wrongdoings. And hell, you might honestly just have this one person that's so hellbent on your downfall, that they'll make it their life's purpose just so that the Internet never forgets. They'll go out of their way to tell people everything bad you've done (and sometimes, stuff you never even did, but it sounds bad and it lines up with the other bad shit you *did* do, so it must be true, right? Granted, I'm not sure if that's actually happened to me, but...) and just... manipulate the narrative? For lack of a better term?

And they won't stop, like, ever. It gives them genuine joy to see you suffering, and they'll do anything to get that. Take, and forgive me for bringing HER up, but the Cheesed Up lady (for lack of wanting to directly name her.) I can't really say anything good about her now, because I've kinda denounced her and her actions, but I will say that people genuinely have caused so

much trouble for her, and from what I've heard, has done some of the most vile bullshit imaginable to get her most likely killed. Hell, they've even gone out of their way to make fun of someone that has CANCER just because they just so happened to associate with the Cheesed Up lady. And while I'm glad that that sort of harassment campaign hasn't really happened with me lately, it's still kinda really fucking scary what some people are willing to do just to get their sick kicks on harassing lolcows and getting them to kill themselves. It's sickening. Genuinely.

But, that's kinda besides the point. Point is, uh. I'm just putting thoughts out there and I'm kinda having fun doing it, even if it does give me major anxiety and also some of the stuff I probably shouldn't be even saying but fuck it, they're in my brain, they go into the square hole. LOL!

Another thought that's in my brain, is kinda related to my thoughts on the Cascade Day incident. It's a quote from a video game that I like, titled "Getting Over It with Bennett Foddy". Yeah, surprising, the rage game about a guy in a pot climbing a ridiculous mountain with nothing but a hammer is in my brain right now, related to this. But, that game genuinely has a quote that resonates with me at this point. And that quote is...

"There's no feeling more intense than starting over. If you deleted your homework the day before it was due, as I have, or if you left your wallet at home and you have to go back after spending an hour in the commute. If you won some money at the casino, and then put all your winnings on red, but it came up black. If you got your best shirt dry-cleaned before a wedding, but then immediately dropped food on it.

If you won an argument with a friend and then later discovered that they just returned to their original view, starting over is harder than starting up."

- Bennett Foddy, [*Getting Over It with Bennett Foddy*](#)^[5]

And, honestly, this quote just. It's a chef's kiss. It's exactly how I feel. Starting over is harder than starting up. And I've been basically forced to start over. Start my life over, from one of my lowest points, and of course, it's happened before. Me losing contact with people I genuinely felt comfortable being around, just because something happened that I had no control over, and thus, being exiled from that group, most likely due to fear about what I might do to them, or just the discomfort of knowing that you're associated with somebody who did some absolutely reprehensible stuff, even if said person has made it their life goal to distance themselves away from what they've done, albeit poorly. That sort of thing has happened... I don't know, twice now? Maybe even more times? Though, before, it was because of a group that was dedicated to wanting me off the internet. As I said, the main instigator of *that* is now an acquaintance, and I hope we don't have any bad blood between us anymore. But I'm getting ahead of myself. This time, I have no idea who did it, but it was worse. I felt worse, because I lost the ability to be with somebody I genuinely loved, and couldn't do anything about it.

So, really, Foddy is right. Starting over is harder than starting up. And I can't really do anything to mitigate that. But all I can do is really just... put in the effort to actually start over. Build myself back up, to how good I was before, if not better. It's not really anything I can do easily, but hey. Nothing is ever easy in this bitch of an Earth. That's just how it is. And all I can really do, is thank whoever it is that will continue to stick with me, no matter what. I don't know who these people may be, but thank you regardless. And I'm sorry to everybody I've wronged. That's about it, I guess. On that.

One more thing.

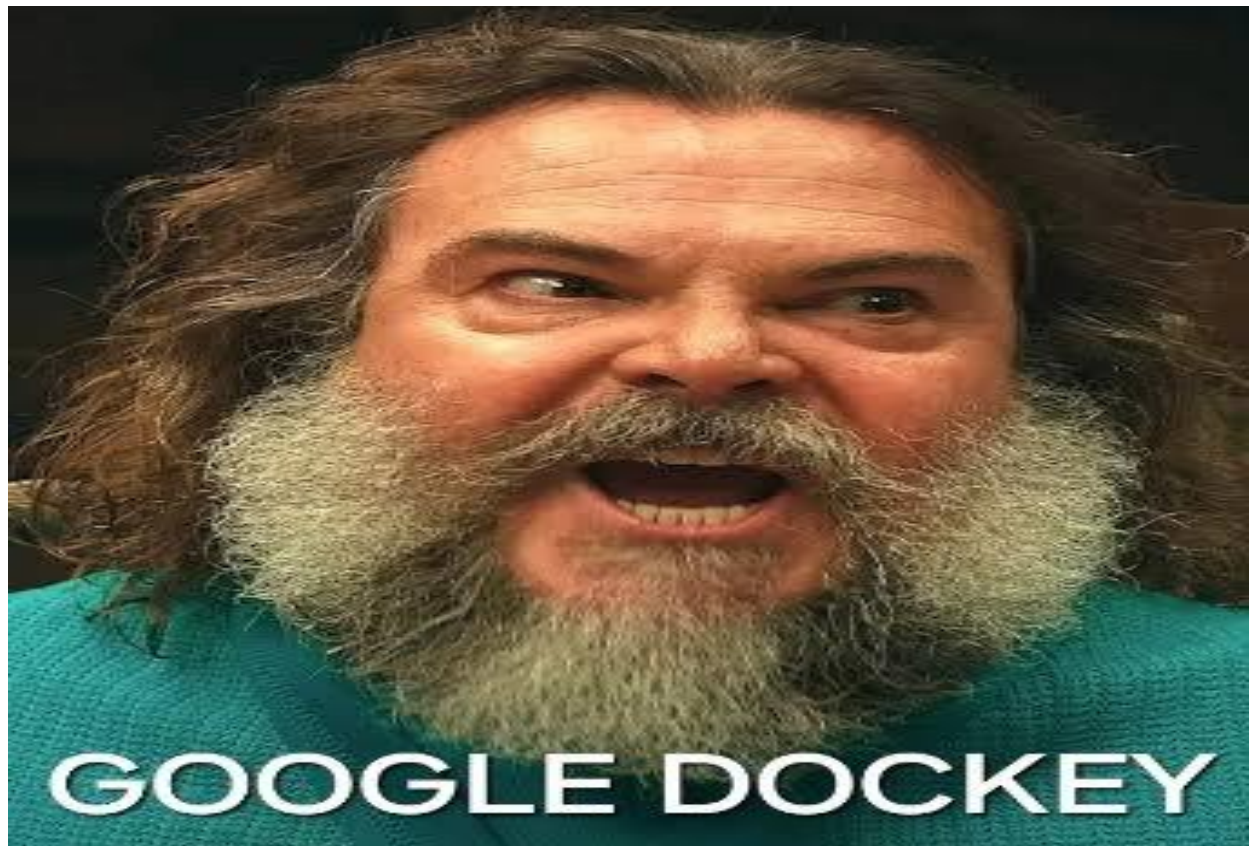


Image source: Know Your Meme

I'm sorry, I had to. This stupid image was in my head. And yes, that's basically what's going on here. Google Dockey.

I realize that maybe nobody really cares right now. At least, nobody in the wider internet. Nobody even knows who I am, for the most part. I guess I'm lucky for that? At least I haven't been trolled and lolcowed to the level of people like the Cheesed Up lady or hell, even people like Chris Chan or Fallenchungus. All controversial people, that have had their lives ruined by people on the internet being dicks. And, well, what they've done isn't anything to defend, but it's really fucking weird that they're so well-documented, right? I- I don't get it.

The Internet is serious business.

- [TOMASU]

PS. Hey, if you've made it this far, have done your research, and aren't absolutely repulsed on my existence, congratulations! And if you *are* repulsed, then please don't be a dick about it. Honestly. It's not worth it. I'm a nobody!

PPS: hehe pp. speaking of, i need to piss.

[2] Google search for "beagle puss"

[3] homestuck.com - page 001946

[4] derpGuy125 on Twitter (Deegish Wienermasu)

[5] Steam page for "Getting Over It with Bennett Foddy"

=====

== Nov. 8, 2025 - 11:28 PM ==

Yet again, I realize that nobody really gives a shit about what I have to say, but you know what, I have thoughts, so fuck it, I'll just spout them off regardless of what anybody wants me to do. Or cares enough to want me to do. I've got enough on my god damn plate (which is, like, pretty much nothing as of now) so I should be able to do shit without thinking that someone's gonna breathe down my god damn neck, even though most likely, the only breathing down my neck that's going to be happening is from myself, just making everything worse off for myself, without any reason for it to.

I haven't even said that I updated this thing, publically. And honestly, why would I? Nobody cares to see what I wrote. And if they did, they'll just be like "Ah. I see. Some mentally ill person is making schizophrenic rants on the internet again. Blocked!" and just move on. Sure! I might understand that this is potentially one of those "schizo rants" that you'd see on places like Twitter or 4chan by some idiot who probably had a bad day only because their mommy didn't make them their daily Chicken Tendies meal after a long hard day of harassing trans people to the brink of suicide and sipping on that red-pilled Trump Tequila wishing for the day when all their racist tirades can come true. Problem with that, is that I'm not one of those kinds of people. At least, I hope I'm not. I nearly went down that route, but thank the FUCKING lord that I didn't. At least, not to an unsalvageable amount where I've basically made my entire personality about dunking the libs on X the Everything App and injecting Joe Rogan Podcasts and old episodes of InfoWars into my veins while I constantly refresh the Sharty home page, waiting for the next le epic "I hate Minorities" woah jack to show up and bla bla bla you know how those sorts of chuds work. I don't need to explain it any further.

Heh, I realize how much I can type when I'm just throwing shit at a wall and experiencing the amazing feeling of... well, I can't really call it "vibe writing," because that's just AI slop, even though I've basically turned off the filter from my brain and am basically vibing to vomiting out whatever crap I'm thinking of at the moment onto a semi-public Google Doc without any sort of proof-reading or wondering whether or not I should even write what I even am writing, sometimes. I mean, sure, I'll go back and correct some stuff, but like, that's more to correct spelling or grammar or whatever. Or maybe I'll reword a section a bit. Who knows? All I know, is that my thoughts are still on full raw display, regardless of whether or not they've been cleaned up or reworded. They're still basically exactly how I thought about them on the exact moment I *did* think about them. And honestly, that's kinda liberating, but I really should be careful to not go so unfiltered that I start spouting some of my intrusive thoughts. You know, self-loathing pain stuff. Hoping that people will genuinely give me death threats. That sorta thing. Oh wait...

Anyways.

I should probably be putting this writing effort into writing my own fucking stories instead of a bunch of barely structured "schizo rants" where I just go full on Homestuck Act 6 and make longwinded sentences and paragraphs like these. Hell, I could just add a few Pesterlogs here and there on this thing, and it'd be just like the Epilogues! I think! But nah, that's too stupid. Still should probably be writing lore for my universe, though. Oh well. Writing anything makes me happy. Writing code, as well, even if it *is* not very good.

Speaking of coding, sometimes, I just get completely stumped on how to continue a game development project, and just... stop. I probably just... move on, or leave the window open as I do some other random thing, because lord knows I'm probably gonna get back to it eventually! Just bear with me! And then I never really do get back to that, and I leave the project completely abandoned and start some new thing. It's the painful cycle of someone with unmedicated ADHD. And honestly, I'd rather my ADHD stay unmedicated, because it kinda hampers my creativity when it *is*. Haha, look at me, going on another wild wacky tangent completely unrelated to the original purpose of this document.

Remember when I started this thing? It was meant to be a "Hey! Why did you start breaking down and then go dark for like two weeks?" explanatory thing. And now I'm using it as a dumping ground for just the most random thoughts that go into my head, making sure to keep it sort of under control and not full of intrusive ones. Why can't I write something of worth with my free time? Why am I continuing to contribute to something that, much like I Feel Horrible (*once again, see link [1]*) was only made to probably drill into my subconscious that I *am* actually unsalvageable and don't deserve any forgiveness or respect, albeit completely... well, subconsciously? Something written in a lingering bout of self-doubt, as to hope to GOD that SOMEONE out there actually wants me dead? Am I really that much of a self-hating dicknose? Eh, probably. I can't really complain though. Oh, wait, yes I can. I hate how much I hate myself. Why can't I be normal? Well, I definitely wasn't BORN normal. LOL! Sorry, kiddo, rolled badly on character creation. Now you have autism, depression, a heart defect, and have an inability to

keep yourself out of trouble! Who woulda thunk it? Now go find that Memet Ori person and ruin your teenage years. Have fun!

Fuck, man. And it just feels like I can't move on from what made me bad, that I'll always look back at it and remember that that was, and in a sort of temporal "you're always you" thing, IS STILL me, at least partially. I want to forget, I want to move on, but my brain just doesn't want me to. I think that's just really, really weird, honestly. That's something I can't exactly help, either. It's deep-rooted in my subconscious. I don't have a therapist (yet). I can't get professional help. And also, my family's kinda dealing with a bout of poverty and I don't have insurance! And we're living through one of the most stressful presidents in all of history! Doesn't really help that I'm white as hell and probably have less of a reason to be culled by the Maralago Murderer, but I'm autistic as hell, so Drumf won't care what race I am, to him I am still subhuman. Insert Nazi salute here while I wear a red MAGA cap and drink a can of "Normal Beer". Dicks out for the lord Businessman Donald J Trump, former host of the reality TV show *The Apprentice* and CEO of countless failed businesses. God damn it I fucking hate the right-wing. They've basically turned Trump into a false idol. Didn't that Bible of yours tell you that making those was a sin? You're all going to hell! Oh, but it's fiiiiiiiiine as long as God Trump is harming all those Minorities! What, the leopards are eating MY faces? OH WHO WOULD HAVE PREDICTED THAT PRESIDENT FACE-EATING LEOPARD WOULD DO THAT. *WHO WOULD HAVE FUCKING PREDICTED THAT. NOBODY COULD HAVE EVER PREDICTED THAT THE FACE-EATING LEOPARD WHO MADE IT A LARGE PART OF THEIR CAMPAIGN THAT THEY WOULD START EATING FACES WOULD UP AND EAT OUR FACES. NOBODY COULD HAVE EVER PREDICTED THAT. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!!*

Ahem. Sorry about that, it's just I get... heated talking about politics that I fucking hate. Regardless. I hope that this entry finds you well. Please find enclosed, one bribe.



Image source: Adobe Stock

Please do not sue me.

I love writing.

- [TOMASU]

=====

== Nov. 9, 2025 - 11:47 AM ==

Act 4. All I'm gonna say here. Soren's current alias is Blaineintherain. 6 foot stump. DudemanMcManistan or whatever. I don't like directly doing that sorta "naming people directly" thing, but I feel like I should at least get those who care well aware that GroomermanMcManistan is still out there and is still probably hurting people?? Like, there's a [source](#)^[6] for that, but it's a Twitter link, and I don't use Twitter, so I can't exactly verify anything, and also I don't exactly like looking through callout accounts, but hey. Go look for yourself. And also, try not to give Musk the time of day. Only be there for as long as you need to.

Thanks, acquaintance, for pointing this out to me. And also sort of calling me out on skirting away from actually taking accountability? And also sorry for enabling him for so long, LOL. I think I genuinely had a problem. Still working on it, though.

To anyone else that's reading, though, please stay safe! Avoid bad people. Or, at least try to.

- [TOMASU]

[6] emeraldpimp8 twitter account

=====

== Nov 9, 2025 - 11:19 PM ==

Moving on from THAT moment of self-clarity, let me just say that it's really hard to move on from something when that something seems to just take up your mind 24/7. Wanting to go back to before the fallout of unpredictability occurred. And, of course, because it's like, unpredictable, it's basically impossible for you to do that. Pretty much impossible to recover from the fallout to those you didn't even want to hurt.

That's basically how I feel constantly. And, you know, despite me trying my damndest to just... forget about the people I fell out with, those people find a way to creep back into my mind, whether it be regret for... something, I can't exactly put it into words, or wanting my ex back, even though I know that it's feasibly impossible for that to even occur. Or, in the complete opposite direction, people that I loathe crawl back into my mind when I don't want them to, thinking that people like the former BJ Bros team is continuing to make immature jokes based on the slandered version of me that they probably continue to believe I am (see link [4]) behind my back, or that someone out there wishes to see me kill myself for some godforsaken reason (probably because they've seen that document against me and thinks that I'm taking up valuable oxygen by just existing)...

I mean, it's probably way too unhealthy to think on either side of the spectrum. Wanting to go back to the people you loved, or thinking that the people that hate you want you gone. It's not exactly good for the mind to be thinking about the extremes, especially the extreme negatives. I should know.

🎉💫💫💫 I'm fucking depressed!!! 💫💫💫🎉

Ahem. Anyways.

I need to find some ways to cope with both ends of my thoughts. Though I will say, the more negative ones *are* worse, and are probably the ones I should probably be working on deleting from my subconscious the most, so eh. Wanting to get back into the old friend group while said friend group literally doesn't want me there anymore to me is on the same level of "Hey, is someone wanting me to kill myself yet?" or some shit like that. I have no fucking clue what my mind is on.

🎉 ✨ ✨ ✨ That's depression!!! ✨ ✨ ✨ 🎉

Ahem. Regardless, I can't really deal with any of the thoughts right now, outside of temporary distractions like videogames or creating stuff or whatever. Mostly because of stuff beyond my control, such as the aforementioned *depression*, or my family's current financial situation basically leaving me without insurance for quite a while now, or hell, even just my subconscious inability to really talk to people about any of this. And it really, really does suck! The thoughts will fester in my mind until I basically pop like a poorly-placed bottle of wine that your mom's had for years that's been building up gasses due to the yeast inside said wine constantly expelling gas until the bottle has had enough and either pops the cork and potentially hurts someone else or it just bursts outright and hurts ITSELF and- (*inhaaaaale*)

Okay, Tom. Calm down. You can't just spout a run-on sentence like that. It makes you look like a total nutcase. Okay? Right. Now then. What was my point again? Oh, right. Current thoughts. They just... really fucking suck and I can't do anything about it. I *want* to do something, but it's currently not possible. And that also sucks!

Oh, right, and about those negative thoughts? Funny thing, there. They've been with me even before the Cascade Day Incident. Probably ever since I was wrapped up in Soren-Blaine-McGroomistan's drama circle. Lost a lot of friends, made a lot of enemies, somehow made at least 1 or 2 new friends?? I don't even know, LOL. It's just, I guess I have a deep seated want to be vindicated? Or to be insulted, beat up, or something. Something that proves to myself that I really *am* just as bad as my detractors say. Or something to that effect.

You know what else I have a fear of? Being abandoned by friends, or people I trust. It's happened way too many times to count, and yes, that's also another reason I went dark for a couple weeks. It's also probably why I decided to keep myself with people like Blaine or the Cheesed Up lady, despite how bad they were and still are. I'm not even fucking sure. As I've said countless times, [the inner machinations of my mind are an enigma](#)⁷⁷ that I can't even fathom to understand without countless years of therapy or psychoanalysis by some idiot on the internet going out of their way to document every single little thing I eat, breathe, or shit out on a daily basis. If you're one of those people, by the way, god help you.

Anyways, yeah. I don't know what my brain is on. It's basically completely unmedicated, outside of the meds I take for helping me sleep. I waste my life constantly doomscrolling on places like Reddit and Bsky, and... wait, have I said this already? Hmm. I'm not even sure at this

point. Maybe I have! I *do* have a habit of repeating myself whenever I'm trying to make a point. It's a curse, you guys. I don't know how else to say it.

Speaking of curses, I genuinely believe that I may be cursed. Cursed to forever be alone. But I also believe that I'm just highly unlucky, or that curses are complete unadulterated bullshit. And, honestly, I'm not even sure which is even the case anymore. What's up with my social life? Hell if I know. Will I ever really recover from... well, if you just scroll up to the very top, ALL of this? Eh, probably. I can't really fucking make out anything that's happening right now, mentally, I mean. And also I guess socially. Who knows how far that Evil Document about me proliferated? I mean, it probably went pretty far. I'm quite sure some Sharty members are stalking my socials, just waiting for their chance to do what the Sharty does best - spam transphobic wojaks and speak in their completely incomprehensible shorthand lingo and inside joke slang that probably has roots in Nazism? Oh, and also doxxing me. (Wouldn't be the first time.)

Also, on the topic of me not being able to let go of shit, why do I keep bringing up these *amazing* fun facts? Oh, I have a document against me written that chronicles ALL the bad shit I've done up until... what, early-mid 2024? Can't even remember, don't want to. Oh, yeah, I've been doxxed once. Oh yeah, the former BJ Bros team raided one of my old, abandoned Discord servers. Oh, did you know that I used to be friends with MULTIPLE groomers throughout my time on the internet? Wild, huh?

It's like I have this knack of digging my own grave. I don't even know why, it's just... fuck me with a 12 foot pole, you know? Maybe it's the self-loathing wanting me to continue to subconsciously paint myself as this [horrible, irredeemable monster](#)^[8] that does nothing but cause problems and do reprehensible things and only hangs out around bad people like some foregone teenager trying to rebel against their parents... Or, something to that effect, honestly. And it just wants me to make it known to everyone that I can't be trusted or some shit like that. I don't know! Probably comes from the same place that wants death threats. Or the cowardice. Who knows?

I'll say that the Internet changes a person, like genuinely. And, honestly, if I just... started out in a way better place when I decided to make internet friends instead of starting out in a Discord server that, might I make it known had the hard R N-word as an emoji? (Seriously, that genuinely had an effect on my early teenage brain, I swear...) I honestly probably would have been way better off, but I'm not even sure at this point. Maybe I wouldn't have acted so... stupid. But you can't exactly change the past, you know? You can't change where you were raised. You can only change who you were raised to become... sort of. I mean, I guess it's more I raised myself to become better after YEARS of gaslighting myself that I was unsalvageable. Fuck if I know, honestly.

I've just been doing what I can to distance myself from the edgy teenager and misguided young adult I used to be, while my brain continues to remind me that I'm not perfect and [must be put in the pear wiggler to atone for my crimes](#)^[9], and honestly, I have no fucking clue WHAT I

want myself to believe or how I'm supposed to do anything while all my brain wants from me is to hate myself and for others to hate me. And I just... WISH I could forget everything, I wish I could fix myself, I wish I could stop being so self-loathing. And yet I can't, for some godforsaken reason. It's why I feel like I'm cursed. Cursed to forever perpetuate the loop. Stuck like this forever.

But hey, who's to say I *will* be like this forever? Who's to say I won't just... march through it, get the help I need, and eventually fully turn over a new leaf? It's not an easy road to recovery, you know. It's long, hard**, and sloped so it hurts to even walk on (I can't drive) and I'll feel like giving up every step of the way... But hell, I'll get the push to keep going, to keep on the road, to keep moving forward, you get it? I just, I don't really know how to put any of it in words, and you know, keep it legible and understandable, so I'm gonna stop the analogy here and shut up.

The short of it is, I'm gonna get help, I just don't know when or how. And until I do, I will be unintentionally festering in a stew of hating myself.

    That's depression!!!    

And I can't do shit about it.

Also, I probably should have started out with better friends, but hey. When you're a teenager, you make stupid decisions. Hell, you still make stupid decisions even after you cross over into being an adult. I should know. You'll make stupid decisions until you die. That's just being human. I think.

What was my point again?

Oh yeah.

I hate being depressed.

- [TOMASU]

PS: Sometimes I wonder why I write so much in this thing. Or why I dump so much sensitive mental stuff in here. This thing is public, dammit! I shouldn't be venting so much!

[7] "The inner machinations of my mind are an enigma" clip from *SpongeBob*

[8] "You're horrible! You're an irredeemable monster!" clip from *Puss In Boots: The Last Wish*

[9] *THE PEAR WIGGLER* - Gianni Matragrano

** You know who else is long and hard? [MY MOM!!!](#)[A]

[A] "Regular Show - Muscle Man My Mom Compilation"

=====

== Nov. 10, 2025 - 10:25 PM ==

Lila Cheesed Up is in prison? Wack, but oh well, I guess.

Not sure what legitimacy that claim even really has but eh, nothing really to delve upon in depth, mostly cause this isn't about her.

Don't even know how to word this section, or how to actually end it off. Mostly because I made it at a whim. Granted, I make a lot of these sections on random whims, but this one is the whimsiest, so... Shrug!

So, instead of saying something insightful about how prison works, or just repeating some kind of self-deprecatative remark on how I have no idea how I kept siding with bad people for so long, (Tom you're already doing that,) ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Conway Twitty.

 Conway Twitty - I See The Want To In Your Eyes

[10]

- [TOMASU]

PS: **Conway Twitty** is a valid Homestuck troll name. Now ain't that neat?

[10] Conway Twitty - I See The Want To In Your Eyes (boy, who would have guessed.)

=====

== Nov 11, 2025 - 01:09 PM ==

Okay so this is kinda funny, I guess. But also really telling about how badly the Cascade Day Incident, henceforth to be referred to as the CDI (or the [CD-i](#)^[11]) truly affected me, subconsciously, at least.

Dreams! You know them, you hate them, sometimes, you probably think that they're a look into a person's psyche, memories and feelings mashed together into a nonsensical world full of humor, suffering, and what have you. Well, last night (or this morning,) my dreams kinda turned sour?

Basically, after a bunch of random bullshit happened, like some guy just not stopping their gambling addiction, or Donald Trump passing by me (and then I go "Ew,") or hell, even me playing some old ass Magnavox Odyssey 2 game or some shit... It basically turned into a version of the CDI, except I was awake, and I was there 100%. Granted, it went more down the

path of me being unable to do anything about it, like how it felt initially, but it sorta went something like...

Well, it was Discord, obviously. And some people that, in the dream, I guess I was friends with, just wanted nothing to do with me. Saying that I shouldn't speak, because they didn't want me there anymore. I think that I saw the link to The Evil Document fly by (of course, because it was a dream, it wasn't the actual link, but still.) and to add insult to injury, I was completely muted from any servers that the incident was happening in, so I couldn't exactly refute anything, or make my case, or hell, even really apologize. And of course, I was banned from said servers, so that's fun.

The only good thing I think I can remember happening in that dream is that only one person stuck around me, lamenting that it felt weird how that happened, or something to that effect. And then I woke up. Though, I will say, the only person that ACTUALLY stuck by me from that group in the non-dream world wasn't even anyone that CAME from that group. It was my only IRL friend, and, well, I don't really wanna talk about them. But still, point is, that dream really has stuck with me. And, really, it just goes to show you or me that what happened is still affecting me, even two weeks later. How it felt to be truly helpless in my situation, for everyone that I was friends with to turn their backs on me, and, just, being abandoned.

I don't exactly know how to feel about that dream, mostly because that ending bombshell came AFTER the gamblings and the going "Ew" to Trumps, and whatever else happened in my dream prior that I probably don't want to get into or have completely forgotten. And I don't even know how to feel about it regardless.

And, really, I can't say much about it that I haven't said about the actual event prior in this thing. It's just... so similar (yet wildly different) that I feel like anything I say will just lead to me repeating myself... again. And again. And again. It's honestly a problem. But the fact that the CDI happened in my dreams, weeks later? I guess it affected me way more than I thought it did. Like, it unlocked a core memory in my mind, to put it in terms used in the movie *Inside Out*. And it's come to the point where it's changed the way even my brain handles that information??

I think I've had dreams like this prior to the CDI happening. Probably after the first time I basically lost everything. Back in early 2024. Also, like, was it really that long ago? Hmm. I think I might need to remake my internal timeline... Does that mean that the Evil Document actually comes from late 2023? I can't even fucking tell at this point... Probably from January 2024, but hey, I'm not sure. It's weird. I don't even remember it all happening. I remember constantly butting heads with Acquaintance and their former group and, well, I dunno, really. I don't think I really *can* say much on remembering most of what could even be on the Evil Document. It hurts to think about, honestly.

What was my point again? Oh, right. Dreams and subconscious events and how I think the CDI was traumatic enough for me even though all that happened was that I lost every single one of those I could consider friends? It's still really complicated and I still don't understand any

of it and it makes my brain hurt and [I dunno nothin!](#)^[12] And I mean that literally, at least in this case. Jesus Christ.

Also, if you haven't noticed, I *have* been updating this pretty much daily. I don't like doing it, but I also do. So, if you're one of those people that actually likes knowing what someone like me thinks after a "traumatic social event," then you know where to look: here. Isn't that great? No? I mean, I guess not, haha. It's not exactly a glamorous look into my psyche, just really grimy and full of bacteria and trash and full resolutions, so like, meh, I don't even know.

Good to laugh at, I guess, if you're that kind of a person.

I should probably use this constant writing streak to just write lore for my character universe stuff. Or something. Hmm. Good idea. But also, my brain likes writing in this, so myeh. I don't want to, so I'm just gonna stop. Hopefully.

- [TOMASU]

[11] Philips Interactive Media logo, 1993, as seen in games like Hotel Mario or Link: The Faces of Evil for the CD-i

[12] Pleasantries - I DUNNO NOTHING

=====

=====

== Nov 11, 2025 - 03:06 PM ==

Honestly, I should have just realized this sooner, even though I have, but there's just something that I feel like I've overhyped or overstepped or something to myself that made me just... care way too much about all of this. Because, oddly enough, or, normally enough...

Nobody fucking gives a shit! Nothing I do will really matter to anybody that isn't naturally involved with everything I say or do or whatever. And it's just... I don't even know what to think, because I've been making such a big deal out of all of this, whether it be whatever I did that's been chronicled in the Evil Document, or like, all of the horrible ways I've tried my damndest to defend or explain my reasoning on places like my now-deleted Twitter account or "I feel horrible" (*see link [1]*), or even this entire diary recounting all of my thoughts on a day by day basis.

I just... think weird. I don't even know why I bother, sometimes. Because, well, yeah, there'll always be this one person who wants to be the next Paul Revere and go "The DG is coming, the DG is coming! Beware, beware! Here is a warning for those who may interact with this man, for he is nothing but degenerate^[B] scum! Beware!" or something, but really, who's gonna give a shit about either them, or me?

Worst thing that happens, at least in terms of strangers who have no idea who I am, is that they'll probably look through it, be like "Oh, wow, that sucks," look for my socials, and then block me. No reason to get mad at someone you don't even know, even if they did do some bad

shit. Or something to that effect? Or, maybe the person that the warner warned about me... about... asks if I'm still doing bad shit, then the warner has no idea how to respond, and they either lie out of their ass or just doesn't respond because they genuinely have no idea what I'm doing now, and then just... ignores it. Or, the warned just ignores it right off the bat.

Now, I don't know why I believe that that sort of theoretical scenario would happen, outside of the fact that it's happened before by people that was formerly in a group I've called BBTech. Yeah, I've mentioned them in "I feel horrible" (*again, see link [1]*) but I didn't want to talk about the group in this diary directly up until now because it's been dissolved for quite some time, due to most of the group not actually caring about the results and just finding drama with me or hell, even Blaine (the main guy they were after, I was just the loudest and I guess the funniest so I was a big target) just really really funny. Didn't even care that the Acquaintance was groomed. So, like, whatever I guess. Moving on, point of this paragraph was that I've had the theoretical scenario happen more times than I'd like to admit. Some BBtech goon would go on my socials, whether it be Twitter, Tumblr, or Reddit (and at one point, Bluesky,) ping as many people that was following me, link the Evil Document, usually while I'm sleeping, or just late at night when I couldn't really do much but watch and rant, and then people would block me, ask if all of it was true, or something.

Or, alternatively, a BBTech goon would join a Discord server I'm in, usually one of my creation, but at other times, just some random server that I just so happened to be in, and ping me, once again, late at night when I couldn't really do much, and send the Evil Document (TED? Maybe I should call it TED.) while I could do nothing but... just... be pissed off, or like, watch in horror as I get banned from a place I felt comfortable in. Maybe I'd yell at The Acquaintance, call them names, be a rude piece of shit, but really nothing would change much. I think that was the plan, though. Get me loud and obnoxious while I try to defend myself up until the point where, at worst, I start yelling slurs. (Not good.) Only time I can remember where it came out on my side, was in the Discord server for... Lila's Cheesed Up mod. And you know what happened to Lila. Ohoho, it's not fun looking back at now.

Anyways, this sort of scenario hasn't happened all that much nowadays, due to the dissolvment of BBtech and the fact that the one person I hated most from that group, the person I've called "The Acquaintance" throughout this document, has mellowed out and we became... well, acquaintances. Only notable exception was, of course, the CDI, and I don't even know how it happened. I don't even know if it was someone formerly from BBTech's doing, or if it was just someone I personally wronged. Oh well, I guess.

Point is, though, I've had that sorta thing happen a lot, and I guess I'm just afraid that it'll just KEEP HAPPENING 8^y and I don't be able to do anything about it? Though, it just... isn't a common occurrence, and hell, it wasn't common back then, either. Nobody really cares about nobodies. I'm like, the least of anyone's concerns, to most people that aren't like, whatever friends I have left, or my family or whatever. I know I keep spouting random personal bullshit here, because maybe I just can't care about who knows anything about me anymore. But, like,

who really gives a shit, anyways? [Nobody will notice when I'm gone](#)^[14], and there's not really much I can do about that, outside of just... keep trudging along.

So, yeah. Why do I bother?

Eh, it's just nice to get so much hair off my chest that you can make a fucking wig out of it. Actually, gross, don't do that.

Welp, that's that mystery solved.

It was [one hell of a mystery nobody thought was a mystery and didn't need solving. but damn it if it didn't just get solved, so... Nice work.](#)^[15]

- [TOMASU]

[B] Fun fact, this term, used in this way, actually comes from Nazi rhetoric, see [Degenerate art](#)^[13], on Wikipedia

[13] [Degenerate art](#), on Wikipedia

[14] [Pleasantries - NOBODY WILL NOTICE WHEN I'M GONE](#)

[15] [homestuck.com - page 006257](#)

=====

== Nov. 12, 2025 - 02:06 PM ==

oh hey buddy.

I don't even know how to explain why I said that like that, but I think I might know who caused the CDI to happen. I mean, it's either one of the BJ Bros, or, kinda what I'm guessing, someone else that I don't really like. And hoo boy, it would take way too long to explain why I don't like them at this point. I want to name them, I really do, but that would probably just be stupid and also against my own ideals as a person.

But you know who you are. Yeah, I may be a bit childish, just goading you on, but you know how it is with me. And, honestly, I commend you. I know you have a life outside of me, but hoo boy the amount of obsession you have with me is wild, bragging about "having a job" and "not being chronically online," most likely directly antagonizing me. And honestly, it's funny. Really, REALLY fucking funny. I've basically forgotten you existed until I was reminded of you. And yet, I'm guessing you just don't want to forget about me! It's funny to make the LOLcow's life a living hell. Strange, isn't it?

Now, I'm not the kind of guy that would want revenge. Far from it. Revenge is just an immature way to get closure from a situation. So. There. You wanna feel like you've won? Then, congratulations. You've won. I've basically lost a whole lot of everything because of you. Wanna brag about your achievements? Then go ahead.

Hey, you're actually probably wondering. "I haven't won yet, you're not off the Internet." And that's a good point! Problem is, is that it's hard to do ANYTHING offline. I don't even know how to word my experiences. But, all I can really say, is that because of a lot of things, physical, mental, whatever. I can only really have social experiences online. The only people I really talk to that aren't on the internet is my parents and sibling, and honestly, that's just sad to think about. Along with just basic social anxiety, and that one point I've made prior that this town that I live in just... sucks in general, the Internet is my solace, and you can't just assume that you know better than me about me.

Anyways. What now? That's a question that I've asked myself for weeks now. And, honestly, fuck. I could also ask you the same question. What's your next course of action? It shouldn't really matter to me, but still. All I'll say, is that I hope you stop acting like a child.

Alright then. Sorry to everyone ELSE that's reading this right now, not knowing what any of this means. And also, thanks to the person who let me know my current potential CDI guy. Like, that isn't a BJ Brother. (Also, weren't the BJ Bros mostly a bunch of minors at the time of that group's existence? Why name your group after blowjobs? Or... really, [did anything](#)^[16] [you guys](#)^[17] [found funny](#)^[18] especially if it involved stuff like penises? Was it ironic? No, seriously, I don't get it. Actually, I think a lot of the later stuff was after the BJ Bros dissolved... Whatever.)

Oops, went on another tangent. Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

I did not care for ROBLOX Forsaken.

- [TOMASU]

[16] Pineoil Forever gameplay

[17] direct link to Wienersqueeno: Ohio Lobotomy - Rubs my penis in toilet bowl to this pino like (<== actual subtitle)

[18] Another Doise Mod (All P Ranks) gameplay

=====

== Nov 13, 2025 - 11:16 PM ==

I realize that I probably shouldn't be goading on my most notorious critics, especially when ANYONE can just up and read this thing at any time, and that's my fault, honestly. I'm not good at making rational decisions, sue me. Oh well, deed has been done and most likely some bot or some person archived this at the time I wrote that last entry so whatever, really. Something bad happens? Eh, can't really do anything about it. And also, I wouldn't... know what bad thing would happen. So, there, I guess.

Anyways...

No extra tangents tonight. No idea what else to talk about, really. Who knows, if something comes up, maybe I'll talk about that. Or maybe I'll just be quiet while I work on my projects. I dunno. I don't have any future sight.

- [TOMASU]

=====

== Nov 15, 2025 - 03:56 PM ==

Today's thrilling episode is hosted on my Tumblr page. Not because I don't wanna write in this thing anymore, but because I just decided to put it there initially. (Wider reach than a buried google doc on an unknown bluesky account?) Probably shouldn't link it here, but oh well. I probably shouldn't do ANYTHING here. But I do it anyways because I'm bad at making decisions.

<https://www.tumblr.com/kurosurintomasu/800315258353942528/>^[19]

That's it. Go home.

- [TOMASU]

[19] okay i don't even need to explain this one.

=====