/222/ Two is Too Young to Die - by JB Smeary
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Archived publishing of /222/ Two is Too Young To Die (samples of writing below)
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!!!WARNING!!! EXTREMELY GRAPHIC & VIOLENT DESCRIPTIONS OF CHILD RAPE, TORTURE & MURDER OF CHILDREN: (This is for investigative purposed only)



Update:

Acting upon “anonymous” tips from a “concerned citizen” in California, a police raid was conducted upon a one of 222 Crew’s finest foot soldiers upon December 30, 2014. This led to the seizure of some of our electronic accounts, so forth. To our fallen foot soldier, you. Sir, are Master Race and a Top Hat Chum all the way. Fortunately, no high-ranking senior officials of our operation were taken into custody, so our work continues. We will have to become even more vigilant as public awareness of /222/ increases.

Death threats from social justice warriors, such as Vishal Singh https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1538490892 , are becoming more frequent. So for safety of those involved, secrecy is of the utmost importance as our mission progresses to fulfillment. As your leader, should I be taken out, as is possible at any given moment do to the

high risk nature of our cause, I ask those of /222/ at Masterchan.org to continue in the great purpose of pedosexual rights and drawing awareness of the our plight by ANY MEANS NECESSARY!

We are the Master Race, Top Hat all the way. This is a marathon and not a sprint. We will not allow a few internet heros, social justice warriors, or feeble death threats deter us! We are /222/ Crew. You might not like our business, you damn sure going to respect us!

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At this time, I have in my possession a two year old child, female. I will not divulge all the details, obviously. But this is to be the my legendary crowning achievement as never before seen or imagined. I have orchestrated this last chapter in my life so that the public can determine the fate of this child's life. The infamous ransom note was never properly decoded though the key was clearly given. S.B.T.C.

You can't trust bull shit, so this time, I will spell it all out in exquisite clarity since the general audience is oblivious to noticing the all-too-obvious. This child can live, if the code is broken. It will reveal her location where she will be found safe and unharmed. But every game has time limits, and this game is no exception. If she is not discovered before the time is up, I will murder this child in the most atrocious manner and disseminate the video record to be eternalized upon the world wide web. This brainchild of mine will be known as Necro Hurtcore. We have a few weeks to play this game, but the clock is now running. Two is too young to die, so maybe this time around one of you wannabe private investigators can figure things out before it is too late. For the child's sake, I hope all you social justice warriors do a better job deciphering the code than you did with JonBenet's investigation.

I know that I have been a High Value Target since JonBenet's murder. They see everything you do, know everything you do, wiretap every conversation, record your every move. It is time for me to make my final stand. I will have my Victory!

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I had kept my tendencies a secret, but I craved a place to meet likeminded individuals with which to share my experiences, a place of camaraderie amongst supportive pedophiles. Things change and we evolve to adapt to these changes. I like to think I have kept up with the times. This is how I came across an image sharing website known as Masterchan and began laying the groundwork for the Two is Too Young to Die brotherhood. This is where I first met a person that identified themselves as "The Potion Seller."

Masterchan is a known site for the congregation of pedophiles and child pornographers. As we became more familiar, I cautiously propositioned The Potion Seller to share any photos or video files that may be of prurient interest to one so inclined towards children. This is when he explained his concept of the thirst and introduced me to pornographic webcam video clips and chat dialog of a girl titled as "Madelon Ruth Stowell" or sometimes "Maddie Darling." The Potion Seller has the personality of an evil genie that comes from the magic lamp in his real life. He eventually introduced me to an underground network of child brokers, so much more prudent than trying to kidnap some random child off the streets.

Maddie was a young adult woman that would role play as if she were being molested by her "daddy" as she preformed sexual acts on camera. The Potion Seller had recorded these
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interactions and lured her into more sexually degrading performances over the course of several weeks. There were approximately forty or so Masterchan users that became avid followers of the “Maddie plays for Daddie” storyline. Madelon did some minor bestiality acts with a house cat and a dog. Soon, a young female child made her way into the performances. This was the child that I eventually hoped purchase for Necro Hurtcore. The Potion Seller said that he was saving Maddie from an ordinary life. We had some of our Georgia business connections arrange the deal. For an average girl from an average background, Madelon profited quite nicely from this transaction. She was able leave her meaningless restaurant job behind to become a premier recruiter for the “/222/” cult on Masterchan. Before I tell you more about the cult of /222/ and Two is Too Young to Die, let me tell you about the thirst.

Adam Lanza had a thirst and online entities cultivated that thirst. Under the influence of the Crowd Mentality referred to as “Level 121,” he was compelled to unleash the dogs of war. Gunfire and death where the orgasmic conclusion to the abuse that was life as Adam Lanza. Adam had a thirst to force-fuck fear into the world that had raped his mind and soul. You may not respect what Adam Lanza did, but you have to respect that he was willing to lay it all on the line for fame.

My thirst is different. I have a thirst for raping and murdering a child. The thirst has waxed and waned throughout my life. I have been in a cooling off period for 18 years. I am ready to feast one more time. This is a statement that is going to say something exceptionally profound about my existence. I am sure my life will be studied in great detail for the rest of eternity. I am the phenotype of creature more God than man.

I am not here to have things explained to me. I’m telling you how it is. Your opinion of me matters not, because at some point in the near future, I will be dead. But one thing is for damn sure, I am going out with a bang. I am not going to be lost in translation in some bum fuck Timbuktu. I will be glorified. I will have my glory. At this point, I am no longer afraid to admit that I like killing, especially children. The façade of who I was throughout all those media and police interviews is being cast aside like dirty clothing so that I can rightfully be glorified for my genius that supersedes the comprehension of mere mortals. In the annuls of history, people come and go, but one thing is for damn sure, I will be remembered.

I am not some cretin that has not thought this whole thing out. I am not just winging it as I go. I was trapped in a deep philosophical quandary. It goes all the way back to the Garden of Eden, I guess. We are all placed in this paradox, I just had the balls to live the life others can only wish they had the courage to live. Every man has a thirst to taste the candy, but most are too timid to ever know the exquisite sweetness of the loli. I reached forth my hand and partook of the fruit and the fruit was good.

We were all expelled from this mythological garden, place of paradise. Obviously, we’re not talking about some magical, talking snake seducing a woman into eating an apple. Seriously, if you are extolling a literalistic interpretation of the Biblical creation story, you are just too damn unsophisticated to understand from where I’m coming. My message is not intended for the dense, but for the glorious ones, those courageous enough to have that which they desire.

All things come full circle. I studied Ted Bundy. Hell, I have studied most every notable serial killer, murderer, rapist of any renown. I went though my mass murder fantasy stage, but in

the end I gravitated to the more personal feel of one on one killing. I have that experience of the one to one kill. I especially enjoy killing the little girls, but time is running out and this is how I will seal my immortality. I will get to explaining the nuances of how this particular fetish developed a bit later. I am laying the foundation for my justification in quite a different manner than the sniveling Mr. Bundy. That fucking Ted, that sniveling maggot, blaming violent pornography for his compulsions, losing his one last chance to subject the world to his own dictation. Ted lost his opportunity to own the last chapter of his life and go out on his own terms. The psychologists and authorities got Ted to crack, confess his own guilt. You are not guilty if they can never convince you to confess that guilt. That is the underlying magic of the American judicial system. Trust me, they will try every form of mind fuckery available, but unless you convinced to testify against yourself, no act ever committed can be justified by an outside observers or collector of information. They connived Ted into a last minute attempt at public deception to garner a last minute reprieve. They coerced Ted into following their script, but the simple facts are that pornography had nothing to do with Ted's passion for murder.

Trust me, I have spent a great number of years tossing it around in my mind trying to figure out why I am the way I am. I went through the blaming stage, as well. But I had to come to the inevitable conclusion that blaming any external stimulus for the behavior of myself, or Ted, or any other sexual predator boils down to plain old pig shit. It is a logical fallacy to conclude that violent pornography leads the natural born killer to the manifestation of his inward desires. It is also just as illogical to conclude that the killing of a less than fully developed human being is some great sin. In its infancy, the lust to rape and torture children (or whomever it may be towards gratification of the thirst) leads one to the violent pornography. The pornography does not create the passion, the passion leads one to the pornography until the hunter has developed the sufficient personal courage to satiate the thirst in the real life viewpoint. Violent kiddie porn is our Methadone, but the day comes when you finally just have to have the real high of obliterating your first victim's young rectum with violent love. I was clean for 16 years, but the online child pornography rekindled my addiction. And I am not alone. There are millions of us on the internet, making and trading our child pornography. Now I am compelled to create the greatest masterpiece for my fans within the inner circle of child pornography and my /222/ chummies over on Masterchan.

The masterpiece that will be known as Necro Hurtcore. That is unless you can solve the riddle, be the hero, and save the girl. With all your combined brainpower, thousands of pea brains working as a disorganized cluster-fuck, maybe you will get lucky. Who knows?

Back to the developing the legend: In the beginning, you groom your little strawberries. The problem with grooming a fuck toy is that you still have to be considerably more gentle than the violence needed to quench the thirst. Maddie was groomed at a very young age to degrade herself for the entertainment of The Crew. But hormones took their toll on her beautiful body. Her sexy little buds gave way to big, saggy milk bags. She had to find new ways to revive her appeal to the pedophiles that provided her sexual release. Maddie needed a daddy to orgasm. That is how she was trained. Eventually, she became the mindless puppet of The Potion Seller and was entrusted with the first and most important clue as to the identity of the girl. Madelon very much reminds me of the woman that Patsy used to be.

Unfortunately, you cannot expect satisfy the thirst for any considerable amount of time with a groomed victim. It is just not real enough. You cannot expect to remain very well concealed in normal society if you just barbarian pound some druggie's bastard child in their young tender ass with reckless abandon. The little son of bitch winds up going to the hospital with rectal tearing, busted ribs, internal bleeding, and a copious load of semen up his asshole-explain that one to the cops.

Where was I? Yeah, back to the Garden of Eden and the philosophical debate. I mean, you know one does teeter back and forth for some time before fully committing to the path of the child rapist. Child rapists are not all bad. Nobody is all bad, and nobody is all good. We are all just a mixture of good and bad. I consider myself primarily fixated on rape, the killing came secondary to insure my continued freedom and as an emotional purge. In hindsight, I now see that it was a necessary evil to elevate my glory and fame. I am a uniquely beautiful creature if you consider the balance of life. There can be no true sweetness without having first known the bitter. I am facilitating something artistically beautiful beyond the comprehension of the ordinary commoner. The bittersweet memories of parents looking back upon the lives of their murdered babies…It is profoundly poetic and none of this could exist without mavericks such as I, the author and finisher of this tragic love story.

I browsed the web periodically to relive my last night with JonBenet vicariously through the media sensation that she has become. This is how I came across a series of little known youtube tribute videos by Auna Mason. Her "Two is Too Young to Die" video became a poetic inspiration to me and I incorporated it into the storyline. Two is Too Young to Die is the prelude to the Necro Hurtcore video that will most likely be produced for our fans on Masterchan. This is the second clue. As I have stated before, we have been laying the groundwork for the "greatest child porn video of all time" for awhile.

I existed as a rapist long before I ever consummated the bloodlust. I was merely a groper, a finger fiddler, a peeping Tom for the greater part of 7 or 8 years before I made first penetration. I was fresh out of the military when I first started dating a local slut who had just giving birth to her first child. She was 19. Having my girlfriend's 4 month old baby girl on my lap, feeling the warmth of the diaper through my trousers…it was exciting enough for awhile. But soon I was desensitized to this thrill. I needed more. I found myself getting particularly excited by the smell of the child's excrement. You sure did not have to ask me twice to change the diapers. I cannot tell you how many shitty diapers when into the trash filled with a big load of my hot semen to boot. That was my favorite part of the day for a few months. Surely, I progressed to more developed specimens over time, but toddlers how I got my start. This is why I have selected a two year old female for project Necro Hurtcore, it brings all things full circle.

In the beginning, I naturally preferred young boys, it seemed more perverse. But I trained myself to ignore the girl's vagina and just focused solely on the anus. (Over time, I trained myself to thirst for loli, thank goodness for Burke.) It was like tunnel vision, time stood still when I saw that poopy little butt hole needing the caress of a cleaning hand. I was still somewhat reserved, lacking true boldness, but on one occasion I did get in the most exhilarating taste on the tip of my tongue. The first lick was perhaps the defining moment that sealed my destiny. I knew that I could do it and get away with it. More importantly, I loved it. I masturbated numerous times everyday thinking about it. The enjoyment was somewhat inhibited back in those days as I

was still dealing with conflicted emotions. I was weighted down by what “society” might think and being free to do what I was naturally inclined to do. I know now that I was just born this way.

I guess everyone wants to probe into the childhood of any noteworthy murderer or sociopath, so that is where I am going

I suppose my early formative years were not much different than many other children would experience. There were some positives and some negatives. I do not remember anything being abhorrently dysfunctional until I was about seven years of age. Perhaps, the severity of the whippings with belts for minor offences was somewhat damaging to my young psyche. I am still bitter when I go back and relive the feelings, but there was nothing sexually out of place until I was seven. Well, once when I was four, the next door neighbor girl initiated some sexual interactions with me. She was about 14 years old at the time, I believe. She would show me her breasts, make me touch them. I was averse to doing so and remember feeling scared. I felt instinctively that she was doing something wrong to me, but I think I feared my parents too much to confide in them. Overall, the experience was normal to children and not overt abuse, in my opinion.

She would fondle my prepubescent penis and say, “This is how grown ups play.” She made it out like we were playing house, she was the mommy and I was the daddy. It was not a particularly malicious experience, but it does stand out in my memory so I make mention of it. It was, in some form or another, a factor in shaping my perceptions of sexuality as a child. Kids do things like this, so I will not entertain the notion that this is the reason for my personal development of the thirst. These kinds of things develop cumulatively, happening over time, rather than in one defining moment. And when you look back, you realize that these experiences did not make you who you were, they merely helped to reveal who you are meant to be. They are tools to the forming of your yet unformed consciousness. I am not going to purport to be a “victim of circumstance.” Only a weakling never comes to the moment of accepting personal responsibility for self-determination. So what I am going to explain to you people is why I have chosen this glorious path. Walk a mile in my shoes and you will feel the overwhelming sense of power, the rush, the freedom of satisfying the most forbidden of all lusts. I exist in a realm of no limitations, no holds barred, no pulling of the punches. The first time I drew blood, stab-fucking that child to death then rage-fucking the corpse, I cannot tell you the greatness I felt when I released into the body. It was more than a physical sensation, it was like your soul was in synch with some energy force that permeates the entire universe and you just had a simultaneous orgasm with this dark entity that knows no limitations of power. The thirst does not know subjugation. It took all my power to restrain the thirst to be gentle to my beautiful JonBenet.

My father used to have an affinity for pornographic magazines, those centered around anal sex apparently his favorite. He always instructed me to stay out of that cabinet, which made it all the more interesting. The cabinet with the secret stash of porno which was my tree of knowledge, seducing with its sweet forbidden fruit. Beguiling my young mind. The whores had hairy cunts back in those days. But all I remember is that after sneaking into those magazines for a few years, I became obsessed with fucking little girls and boys in the ass. Phrases like “ream their asshole” and “fuck the whore in the shithole” swirled around in my head repeatedly, like a song that gets stuck in your head. When alone, I would sometimes go into verbal tirades

that were reconstructed bits and pieces of the dirty stories I had read. When Patsy angered me, we would have violent sessions of animalistic fucking, Patsy taking it like a good little porno whore as I unleashed the pent up disappointment I had in her. She loved it when I would hold her by the throat and release my spiritual pain, “I’m going to ram fuck you up the ass, bitch mother fucker,” or “I’m going to make you choke on this cock, you fucking whore.” That was the kind of fucking that really turned Patsy on.

This way of thinking continued throughout my years of masturbatory self-exploration, mainly my teens. Violence towards women seemed to be the main thematic element behind my masturbatory fantasies, at least until I got my first piece of pussy from my slut girlfriend. It was pretty much an anticlimactic experience, even after I talked her out of a shot of that butt hole. It was cumbersome, her bitching and complaining about how I had to take it easy or how it hurt. Listening to all her whiny horseshit really just ruined the experience for me. I hated her for this. It was such a fucking pain lubing her up, then trying to ease into her pooper gently. She had all these stupid inhibitions about feces and how it was “kind of yucky.” Fucking bitch acted like she was doing me some big favor, giving me some sort of big treat, letting me tap into the butt hole. I was not as aware of it back then as I am now, but I realized over time that the sense of disappointment was not disappointment in the butt hole, because there is nothing I enjoy more than taking the anal pride or the life blood. The real problem was that she was not giving me an opportunity to vent the thirst. Sodomy is about power, degrading your victim, making them suffer more than just physical pain. Make them suffer the confusion. Jan understands this to some degree, but having her pretend to be Patsy or JonBenet just is not good enough anymore. I need the real deal again. Taking of the shit hole must be done with violent love, or it is just jacking off, might as well fuck a knot hole. Rape is what quenches the thirst.

I remember one time, dad came to pick me up after school. I cannot remember the specific reason behind why he had to pick me up that day. Usually, I rode the bus home. I do remember I was in second grade. We were in the truck and dad said, “Look at the sweet little ass on her.” I looked and it was a girl in my class walking towards the car parked in front of us. I think that is where I was given my father’s unspoken approval to fully my obsession with all things relating to asses and rectums. I saw that ass was desirable. I was programmed to see that asshole is a thing to be desired. It was like when Adam and Eve’s eyes were opened in the Garden of Eden.

On the wonderful informational abyss known as the “internet,” the code to get graphic access to our hurtcore productions is “Two is too young to die.” That is a blatant give away.

The essence of “/222/” is to have the faith to step unwaveringly into inevitable death. Not going to be taken alive after disseminating a child murder video all over the internet! /222/ is not for the faint of heart, but for those that will attain to the rarified air of eternal glorification, leaving behind the weakness of mortal flesh and taking on the garment of Nietsche’s uberman. This is the level where you leave behind the encumbrance of social and cultural norms and seize that first strawberry’s life and share that exhilaration with your chums. The lower levels are references to sexual acts that are not consummated in murder. This is where the dichotomy of mass murder versus serial killer disintegrates. We are the evolution of murder, the motivation of act and process is no longer mutually exclusive. The process involved is now incorporated into

the consummation of the act. I have personally evolved into a process-focused killer, yet many of us are still murdering in the act-focused developmental stage.

I grew up with a religious background. We went to Vacation Bible School in those days before the faggots exiled anything “Christian” from the public school system. Vacation Bible School was a weekly program held at a local church during normal school hours. Of course, your parents had to sign a consent form giving you permission to attend this hour or so of quaint moral lessons. You would usually end the session with a chorus of “Jesus loves me, this I know for the Bible tells me so,” and a prayer. It seems in hindsight that I was just there observing for the most part, not emotionally connected. I suppose some kids enjoyed this time, but I think the primary motivation for the children was more centered on peer pressure, fitting in with the “group,” and getting out of ordinary classes for a few minutes. However it develops, the group norm amongst the children seemed to be that school was some form of imposed constraint. School was some type of imprisonment, a forcible intrusion upon what you would rather be doing, which was most likely being at home watching television or jacking off in the bathroom. But then again, home was dog shit, so there was really no good place for you to be as a child. Anyway, any respite from school was like a taste of freedom, even if you were forced to conform to the norms at Vacation Bible School.

Mom read the Bible and taught us Biblical principles with Bible-based children’s books. I remember reading about Noah’s Ark, Baby Jesus, Joseph and his Coat of Many Colors. The Bible seemed like a story of perseverance in the way it was presented. But the harshness of it all was somehow glossed over to be friendly for child consumption. I mean, they never get into much detail about Jesus being spit upon, slapped, scourged, and nailed to wooden beams to die a slow, horrid death. They never tell you about how Jesus was sodomized by the Roman soldiers. They say, “because the Bible tells me so.” Do it because the Bible tells me so. I could never really read the Bible back then. I could read the words, but my comprehension of what was being truly said was still lost to my developing mind.

As time passed, I realized the hell in which I found myself. My eyes were opened. Mom and dad were not like the idealized parental icons you saw on Leave it to Beaver or Little House on the Prairie, especially when they were beating the dog piss out of you with a leather belt. They would lose their cool over something and that was it, you were getting your ass beat from head to toe with the belt. Dad’s favorite expression as he whooped you was, “Do you like that, mother fucker, do you like that?” And you would scream “No, no, no,” repeatedly to no avail. Mom’s catch phase when she went into a rage was, “I’m going to beat you ‘till bloody piss and shit runs down your leg.”

So clearly, I realized life wasn’t all sunshine and joyful bliss with Jesus. There is a part of life that forces you to learn about loss. You have to learn to lose in life. And I am not sure when it happened, but one day I woke up and I hated God and came out in open rebellion. In full consciousness and concerted effort I made my choice to rebel against this conceptualized version of God that Christianity had instilled into my mind as a child. This bitterness grew in magnitude when I got into the work force. These dog shit jobs working under the tyranny of low class uneducated sacks of dog shit made my blood boil. Thankfully, I made it to the top. So excuse the fuck out of me if I am not all that sympathetic to killing the little brainwashed, bastardized, piglet children that sustain this worthless fucking system of monetary enslavement.

Human children are untrained, overproduced commodities that are too easily replaced. I hate your God. I hate your system and your society. I hate you and I hate your children. Fuck you.

I used to groom my little strawberries. I loved to teach them how to “poopfinger.” I evolved over time to more exhilarating and convenient manners of selecting, grooming, killing, then disposing. But occasionally, I enjoy regressing to my beginnings by observing a willing actress, such as Maddie or Jan, to play the part of “JonBenet masturbating for daddy.”

Murder simply expedites the process considerably. Killing was originally just to silence the “evidence,” then it became part of the thrill. Making arrangements for the eventual production of the Necro Hurtcore video brought back the old feelings of excitement. I am sure the final shootout scene will be the a spectacle like no other that I have ever experienced. There will be controlled amputations. There will be hardcore fucking in gouged out eye sockets. There will be an epic gunfight. My life is an larger-than-life adventure, a dark fairytale.

I became exceptionally advanced at what I do, learning from my mistakes. Back in my licking and fingering days, there were several incidences along the way that were too close for comfort, so to say. No matter how much you coerce, compel, threaten, bully, bribe, and mind-fuck a child, they always start babbling to someone about how a “Santa was touching their pee pee” or otherwise draw attention to the situation by acting like a fucking weirdo at school.

Back to when I was in my twenties, having finally licked poopy baby ass for the first time. I remember daydreaming about doing more, but not having the opportunity or boldness to quench my thirst. My slut whore girlfriend of this time period will be called “Megan” for the time being. I need to hide her identity for special reasons. Suffice it to say, that if I told you straight away who she really is, there would be no scavenger hunt for the starlet of Necro Hurtcore. When this whole ball of shit hits the fan, her true identity is bound to come to light. Megan was and still is a fucking degenerate. I have no respect for her. Long story short, I was having conflicted feelings about my true sexual nature and how society would have ostracized me as a sexual deviant and misfit. I had feelings of fear regarding the abuse and discrimination I would suffer at the hands of the brainwashed masses if I had revealed my true nature, if I revealed my true intent. So I fell back into the fruitless endeavor of looking for answers in religion and church affiliation. Religion and charitable works are also a good cover. Megan was some bitch the church had taken in to save. You cannot save whores from themselves. And whores beget whores. That is just how things are.

Anyway, the church people pushed this slut off on me for some reason. I took offence to the whole situation, to be honest. To clarify, if these churchy folks had any respect or regard for me, they would not have pushed some hand-me-down teen mom trollop in my direction. Come on, the bitch was an unmarried, uneducated teen mom. I was a man going places. I had ambition. I had military discipline. They were not doing me a favor. If they had any respect whatsoever, they should have offered one of the regular-member’s daughters that was not some deadbeat nigger’s leftover meat. I mean, I kept my mouth shut and smiled, walked through the steps and all, but I kept notes on what they were doing, how they treated me like a second-class citizen. Who is the famous multimillionaire now? Obviously, I know something more than they did.

The destiny of mankind is not goodness, as the lie would have us to believe. The destiny of mankind is, in actuality, black. The Truth is that we are evil, therefore, it is our nature to follow

the lie. The lie being that we are really inherently beings of goodness. Our nature is not goodness. Since we are of evil, we instinctively delude ourselves towards lies. If we believed in our inherent evil, then we would no longer be in delusion, but in Truth, which is a paradox contrary to our own true natures. A rather perplexing paradigm, if you think about it.

All denominations of religions have hypocrites, lunatics, and a good share of self-deceivers, therefore, wherein lies the justification of one religion's claim to “more correctness” than any other religion in this world? One way of living is as justifiable as any other if you use this rationality. Is not true religion more than social graces and etiquette? Christians are all about superficial cordialities, that is why they are the slaves of the world. Is the path to the One True God really to be found in organized associations and fraternities, the idiocy of fashion shows and beauty pageants?

Before you read any further, I would ask you to consider the burden you will bear once your mind is unlocked. You already know that the contents of this epic saga and what secrets lie buried within your heart, therefore you must prepare to judge thyself. There is no turning back or turning off The Reckoning.

Just like Patsy, those who laugh at atrocity, surly, must suffer. It is not I, but the inner-self, which will levy the condemnation and pain. Stop reading and turn away from your sins, but read on if you will yourself to be as the proverbial cat allured by curiosity. This book is not wholesome or good. By now, you should have known, so why continue?

Rationalize everything away. This is just entertainment. Murders, rapes, brutality do not really exist in the hearts of mankind. Vicarious reasoning makes it all unreal, does it not? This is a true story for those of you, my disciples, who have already lost focus. Subtly, I lead you unto perdition and you follow as a sheep lead to slaughter. I implore, why fascinate with the macabre? Run from this repugnance. If you will read on, do not pray for Mercy for Mercy pleads with you at this very moment to flee from the Black. Black loves His own, therefore run to Black and believe the lie. Patsy loved the lie more than the truth.

Patsy was full of pride, a pride she passed on to JonBenet. Pride is the greatest enemy to happiness a woman will ever face. If a woman cannot overcome her foolish pride, there will be no hope that this woman will ever attain true happiness. Read this previous sentence over and over as many times as you can so that you will never forget it, because in this sentence are contained the most important, yet grossly neglected, truths that a man must accept to find truly lasting happiness. A real man must be head over his woman and household, plain and simple. A proud woman may obtain instant gratification, but the pleasure will be short-lived.

No woman can know every perfect thing to say or to do at every moment of her life, therefore she will err many times over, each and everyday, and not even see the error in what she does. The wise woman may never see all of her mistakes, be she is not so foolish as to believe that she does not need the guidance of a man. There is wisdom in observing your audience to determine what answer it is they most want to hear. The common people make many foolish and unwise choices everyday of their entire lives at nearly everything they do, it is how they cover up those mistakes that makes all the difference between failures and successes in life.

Let us evaluate the statement: Everything that is ever said or done by a person has an effect on other people, many of which the original speaker or doer never will see. Under these

conditions how can anyone know if his or her choice was wrong? If a choice causes anyone harm in any way at all, it was the wrong choice? Or so religionists and legal authorities would have us to believe. Just because the harm caused by the person is never seen by the person causing harm, does prove that no harm was caused. It only means that the person who caused the harm to someone else was too blind to see the broader view of its full effects. Also, just because an outside observer perceives “harm,” this in nowise proves that harm was done from the larger perspective of reality. Some religionist would argue that if you are too “proud” to admit you caused pain to others, including yourself, then your are too “proud” to face reality. This is the kind of broad assumption that Christians use to assert that “for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” With this sort of philosophical approach to reality, a man is paralyzed by every potential outcome that may result from any course of action he may take to attain his desires.

Everyone hurts someone. Everyone will get hurt by someone; that is an accepted reality in the business world. You have to crack a few eggs to make an omelet. Only fools will not accept the things that they need. A fool will say they do not need the experience of murdering a loli to spiritually progress. How can they establish such a statement as being truth if they have never lived the experience to know the fruitage thereof? There is a real reason for the knowledge of both good and evil in the universe, even if the cowardly refuse to stand face to face with the realities that are not so nice in this world. If someone tells you that you hurt their feelings; you did, no excuses! Now is this any way to live, cowering at the delicate sensibilities of every weakling you may encounter in life?

My parents were perfect examples of this type of stubborn denial of reality. If someone does not like what is done or said to them, it senseless to believe you can convince someone else to see the world from your perspective. I made adamant professions to my parents to inform them of the fact that I was a completely miserable young boy and teenager. There sharp reply was always, “You were happy. You had clothes and food, didn't you?”

My response was meaningless to influence the view of reality to which they steadfastly adhered. When I said, “There are more important factors to happiness than mere clothing and food,” it fell upon deaf ears.

My parents were some of the worst verbal abusers that there ever could be. The physical discipline the meted out was completely unwarranted abuse, as well. But those emotional scars heal much easier than years of the most disgusting and filthy vulgarities that a person, let alone a young child, could endure. Any and every filthy put-down or ridicule was poured upon me as a child, with the excuse of “discipline” being the reason thereof.

Beating a child with a belt, all the while asking, “Do you like it, you little…” followed by a tirade of obscenities describing what a stupid, little whatever it is I was called without impunity. Great memories is what my parents wanted to believed this to be, because they refused to believe that they could have had any part of causing me to have to suffer such a painful childhood. It was their only way of coping with what they were.

When I was sent to the hospital to be mentally evaluated, I was just some “punk” kid acting up. The fact that I had become as pathetically hostile as my parents never came to any of the “adult” minds, which were seeking to “help” me. I never received this “help” because that was never anyone's intention. The intentions were merely to assign fault with someone.

Someone always has to be blamed, when in fact all parties involved in a conflict are equally at fault. Where does a twelve-year-old learn complete, unrestrained rage and some of the worst obscenities that can be uttered? My parents seemed to be under the delusion, that it is probably the friends I was hanging out with. They even came up with the stupid excuse of me being involved with a satanic cult, yet I never left the house, except to go to school. That did not matter, my parents simply imagined I was sneaking out at night or whatever. Then instead of ever admitting to themselves that they have some severe emotional problems, indicated plainly by a terrible marriage and never ceasing arguments, they accuses their own children of causing the problems. As if a twelve-year-old child can drive a sensible adult into a screaming fit of rage, where one breaks out in hives and is trembling in rage, foaming at the mouth to bash your skull. Denial of your own wrong-doings is a severe sickness that must be dealt with in this society, because I have lived in the pits of hell caused by parents that communicated frustration in what I would describe, in all humility, as pretty close to insanity.

There is nothing I could do to make them see my point. They refused to face reality until their dying breath. I no longer care. I still love them! The abuse made me into more than a mere mortal. I cannot change the past, and I cannot force reality down someone's throat. Either logic is presented and one evaluates, with honesty to self, what is laid out before them as fact, or they deny fact. I tell someone I do not like how I was treated, and they tell me that I did like it. If it makes a person happy to completely deny reality, then so be it. I was happy as a child, if that will avoid any further conflicts in an argument that is impossible to win, considering the fact that arguing with a person that will not, or cannot, see what the evidence right before their very eyes is clearly saying.

You only serve to prove yourself more of a fool than the deniers of reality if you seek to win some type of argument with these people. They are never wrong; they never admit that it could even be a possibility they did you wrong. Do yourself a favor and save your energy and heartache for something that can be changed.

If a person is completely against changing their ways, you will never, no matter how hard you try or how right you are, change their ways. You can hope and pray, but do not expect to ever hear a sincere apology. Accept the fact that these types of people are completely blind and have a severe sickness. Then realize that most of the people in the world suffer from this exact same sickness, including yourself.

You must heal yourself before there will be any hope of you leading someone else to a cure. This is the paradox of Christianity. The blind cannot lead the blind, and the only reason people cannot see this clear fact is because they stubbornly refuse to open their hearts and then their eyes. Until someone admits they have a problem, they cannot seek any type of help that will bring a cure. I use the word “cure” because they have a sickness, and a person who can think logically will see this fact. The first step in curing the disease of pride is admitting that your view of reality is wrong and then apologizing. This amazing cure can only be expected to work on one person…you! Even if you did wrong because someone pushed you to do wrong. or perhaps they led you to believe in something untrue, this does not change the fact that you were wrong. Excuses are like you-know-whats: Everybody's got one, and they all stink! If you admit you were and have been wrong about many things in your life, if you admit that you believed in

lies, then you will have made the most important step in finding a cure for what ails you; freeing yourself from denial of your natural feelings and desires.

The number of ways to live one's life is equal to the number of people living on Earth. Of the billions of possibilities, what in the world can make you so sure you know enough to dictate to me how I should live? Who says you should never harm another creature as means to satiating a desire of the flesh? There are no absolutes. No matter how you choose to live, there is always a better way. You are a complete fool if you believe you have found the best way of doing anything. Knowing this, you are a complete fool if you stop striving to find better ways of living. Learning never stops, until you refuse to create newer and bolder experiences. If you will let and believe that your life should improve everyday, then you will strive to knowledge of both sides of reality. Until the day you die, your knowledge and enjoyment from life's good and evil pleasures can always be further explored. You can learn to free yourself of society's laws and be a being empowered by the development of your natural human desires for good and evil.

Nothing that has happened in the past exists now, except in your own mind. The past is not to be viewed as being good or bad. When you learn to see the past as merely a tool by which to learn, then you can start making progress towards becoming a person free fear and free of pain; the pain of guilt, which people have been foolishly taught to turn inwardly upon themselves.

As I have stated before, no man is pure goodness or pure evil. Even I know that charitable acts pay off in the long run. You cannot go against cultural norms expecting to circumvent the giving back to society with some form of charity. This is why I am giving you this good advice, my friends. Concentrate your energies and mind upon your present condition in the world. You will never change the past, no matter how much regret and sorrow may be in it. You can only change today, so that today can be a better day for you, and only you. Others will be made happier when you are happier, but the focus must be upon laying a foundation for a new beginning. Scrap everything you think you may know, because you do not know anything, but that which you have seen. People have to see your good works displayed publicly otherwise you will fall under suspicion for what you do privately.

Only ignorant people are so small-minded as not to realize the infinite possibility in each and every moment of life. The potential to change the entire world is at the fingertips of every person in existence, and of the billions on the earth, maybe a handful will see the power that they have. Mere words alone have changed the entire course of humanity; freak accidents have made the world a better place. Look at Adolph Hitler, as just such an example. This man, a single person, with words alone influenced millions of people to do his bidding. Adolf Hitler was worshipped, revered, feared, and respected. This man's words changed the entire course of history, and influenced in some manner every life that was on the face of the earth in his day. This man's words have impacted the present day reality of all. World War II influenced national boundaries, governments, international relations, personal lives, religions, beliefs, customs: the list could run on forever. All of this from the words of a single individual, who made people believe, their blood and lives as proof of their support, that his way was the right way. Adolf Hitler knew that without fear, there was no true respect.

Pride is a pathetic human character: to be arrogant enough to believe you know more than the financially successful makes you a fool! Money is a direct measure of intelligence. Why

would you believe you are better than millions of those living much better than you? If you will use logic with an open mind and heart, this startling fact will be proven to you.

No person has perfect knowledge about every aspect of a situation. Without the availability of every possible resource imaginable, a person is unable to make a decision based upon all possible factors that can and should be considered. They do not even have a clue as to the existence of many ideas and concepts that are available. They do not know and cannot know the effect that setting in motion anything will have upon every single atom in the universe. Yet, to individuals with the capacity to see beyond what is in front of their very own eyes, this statement is simple fact. This human limitation is what necessitates knowing how to evolve your character to the audience. Fact is not negotiable, but humans are not emotionally influenced by facts. Facts can even be defined as unique characteristic of each individual's perspective of reality. But when all knowledge that is known to man is considered equally, the sum thereof will be that the movement of a single atom has an effect upon another atom in infinite ways. Minute gravity fields and electrons are displaced and have an interaction with all other atoms in their vicinity. These atoms effect the motions of other atoms, and so on and so on until infinity. So actions that people took thousands of years ago still have profound effects on what happens now. No action can occur without creating a residue of traceability in some form.

Therefore, every person's actions will leave a traceable effect upon the universe for all of infinity. This is what solidifies fact that every action, thought, and word that has ever been has an effect upon the present reality man finds himself in. Hitler and Christ's influences can be easily seen. Yet, small-minded people are such that they do not realize the fact that if people cannot see it, that does not prove its nonexistence. But just because they do not believe in the chain-reaction effect of their choices, this does not prove the effects do not exist; only that some are too blind to see. One good act will stand for eternity, just as one bad act will stand for eternity. You can choose not to believe reality, but this is of no consequence for reality is not open to being changed by much discussion. It is because it is.

No man can see all of reality, because of his limited sight. Man's sight is limited to the five senses only because he chooses to limit his view in this manner. There are many more ways to see the universal reality than with a mere five senses. A human is a fool, when they believe reality is summed up in their small perception of everything that exists. I see things that others do not.

When making a choice, what man in this world knows everything that can be known, so that he can say he has considered every possible thing that can be considered? If no man can say this, then no man is fit to be the judge of another person. If you cannot consider every possible consideration, how can you dictate your reality should be my reality? Your belief is only reality to you, no one else. This is because you, and only you, can see reality as you see it from your perception. Therefore, anybody’s reality possesses the same probability of being real as unreal. You may not believe or ever even see it, but you are in no wise fit to judge someone else's perception of what is real and what is not real. You are also unfit to judge what experiences a particular individual may or may not need to facilitate a spiritual progression. So take no pride in the fact that you know anything is right in the absolute sense, because everything you know is wrong to someone else and all realities are just relative to the observer. Do not take pride in what you believe yourself to be because from the perspective of the

super-intelligent, the vast majority of people on Earth are only slightly above animals in their behavior. Only animals have a need to interfere with individual freedoms to preserve the herd. How can you prove verbal and physical abuse is completely unnecessary for the development of the warrior caste of humanity. I was and am a soldier and soldiers take pleasure in the warrior's feelings of hate, rage, hurt, pain, vengeance, destruction, fear and so on. Thus, is it not reasonable to say that most humans have an inability to control themselves, even when they are engaging in activity that will cause their own harm. And is it not just as reasonable to say that they do not learn as easily as they assume they do, since abusive and destructive behavior is constantly repeated and never modified, and then learned and imitated by their children? Why should a man consider himself more than over-glorified, trained monkey? We can talk, we can walk, and we got all kinds of handy little gizmos, yet many are murdered daily for the mere reason of, "I wanted something they had," or, "they made me mad." But is this not the same reason a bear kills a fish, because the fish had something the bear wanted? This is the same level of logic, yet men somehow believe that they have received or been blessed with some higher form of logic than anybody else, when, in fact, most human logic is on the exact same level as the animals we kill.

Animals eat because they are hungry and need to eat in order to live. Humans on the other hand, eat like gluttons and destroy their bodies and potential for comfort. Humans come into an area and pollute it to the point of making it a cancer-causing wasteland for the ignorant reasons of wanting things they do not need. What is more important for survival, air or nuclear energy to make life so much easier? Yet, all of these devices, which make life "easier," make people lazier and more susceptible to disease and, at the same time, pollute the Earth to the point of no return. Not many people care about leaving a decent world behind for their very own children. They are so selfish they never give any thought to the dire consequences of completely ignorant and self-destructive actions. Humanity as a whole is the only species on Earth, which chooses, in ignorant bliss, to engage in activity that is suicidal for the existence of all life on Earth. Ignorance must be happiness, because, otherwise, you could not help but to be disgusted with the pathetic behavior humans engage in. Rape, murder, theft, violence, verbal abuse, pollution, destruction, war, and disregard for proper recycling: will the list of human ignorance ever end?

Every person is like an animal in some regard. Sex, emotions, desires, lusts, thoughts of his mind, or anything else are never under full control of the human psyche. A person may never actually act upon their thoughts, but this is mostly because the others in the world will gang up on a person and punish them for not adhering to the values that have been declared "right" by the rest of the ignorant fools in the world. The system is designed that a person must follow the "norm" established in socialization according to the view of the majority. The fact of the matter is that no person on Earth has ever learned the one correct way of communicating with other human beings. Never should anger, sorrow, regret, or any negative emotion ever be a factor in a human's life, but the mass populations will stay in denial of reality, because it is what they have been trained to follow for their entire lives. Billions are lost because of years of reinforcement of the ignorant and totally misguided teachings of what is acceptable communication. Never has there been a need for argument or harsh words, but if this is what

you have been trained to do, you will have to learn to use your mind to separate yourself from the reality you have learned to find the reality that is.

If you are too foolishly proud to realize you are nothing more than the product of your training, given to you as a child, consider this: Many prisoners of war can be brainwashed and trained to do anything a “master” will command them to do. If they have a mind, which functions on the basis of more than mere reinforcement of a behavior or belief in a positive and negative reward system, why does this training have such a powerful effect? And would not this person's ability to learn and rationalize lead them back to following a course of living that causes little misery? Why is it unreasonable to assume that the majority of people in the world do not possess the capacity to learn from their mistakes, rather than follow the only path they know? They follow the path their ignorant parents and ignorant friends led them down and told them was the correct way to go; even when the path leads to emotional and physical lack! These are the kind of people that like to assume that if it is not being said aloud, then that proves it could not have happened.

If you cannot understand the information in this book, you are most definitely on a road that will lead to glorification. Also, this means you are merely a puppet of someone who does know this information, and uses it to control you, because you live in an ignorant state of existence, in complete and utter blindness. And how can you protest being used as a complete fool if you do not even have a clue of all the millions of different ways that have been invented to trick you into believing lies? These lies have been premeditatedly invented for the purpose of making you into a servant to those who wish to use your ignorance against you. A fool believes he is a free man. There are but a few free men on the Earth, the rest have been tricked into slavery. Think about it. Would a slave owner tell the slaves he owned them if they were ignorant enough to be happy with their position in life or if they were too ignorant to make a change? One man can be the most powerful man in the world, if he receives the support he needs to bring about a revolution in the way the mind of man works. This is the time for men to evolve into more than the mere animals they are at this point in history.

Freedom is a word, which possesses a very strong meaning for many. Many lives have been lost throughout the ages fighting the forces that oppress freedom. Hedonistic freedom is the concept this country was founded upon, but do people in today's modern American society really understand what true freedom actually is? Or perhaps, do people in these days only think that they grasp the idea of what freedom is when, in fact, they really lack a deep understanding of this concept? My belief is that most people only see the tip of the iceberg when it comes to understanding the full meaning of freedom. Therefore, these individuals do not fully appreciate freedom and take for granted that which they should have great respect and reverence towards.

Freedom, in layman's terms, means to be without control from others in thought, word, or action. If this is a proper definition as put forth in dictionaries, can anyone be truly free? No one is completely and absolutely free of all restraints. The government, society, and the natural laws of nature extend some form of limitation upon on everyone. As such, perhaps a broader definition of freedom is needed in order to understand freedom than what is put forth in dictionaries. I possess the notion that freedom is not thought, word, or action without bounds, but, rather, with bounds that the individual has a say in setting.

Freedom is similar to control. For most, freedom means having some say in matters that directly concern them. Control means to have influence over matters, therefore freedom could be defined as having an amount of control over something. Freedom of the press does not mean reporters can write anything they so choose about anyone or anything as seen fit in their own eyes. Freedom of the press means the subject that which the media chooses to write about is not limited, as long as the writing falls within acceptable parameters to ensure others are not unjustly harmed by what is written. This is viewed as fair since, while some control is exerted over the freedom of the writer, the belief is also held by the majority in this country that no one has the right to unjustly cause harm to others. So freedom does not mean there is no existence of control, instead freedom can be perceived as control that is justifiable and right.

The relationship between water in a river and freedom may not be readily seen, but a similarity exists between the two. Rivers flow with water and change with time. The ideas of freedom flow through the minds of men and change with time, also. The banks of the river control the path of the water, and the laws of mankind and nature control the paths freedom can take. Dams on a river can compare to the laws of man: both serve to control an overabundance that can cause damage. A river flooded destroys, as does a world with too much freedom. The more water a river has, the more powerful and uncontrollable it becomes. Likewise, society becomes increasingly more powerful and uncontrollable with increased amounts of freedom. A thirsty man will seek water, and a man enslaved will thirst for freedom. In thinking of society's freedom as the water in a river, the unpredictability both can take is not hard to see. In describing the action the water and freedom take, seeing they are similar is easy.

Freedom, I have come to believe, cannot truly be recognized or appreciated until one experiences a lack of freedom. This concept of freedom remained an abstract and unappreciated thought that I did not understand until I lost my freedom. This loss occurred when Patsy royally fucked things up for us. Though we found financial gains, I found myself under the control of another person's will and choice in virtually all aspects of life. (We did lose a bundle on our house in Boulder, but not every investment winds p being a home run.) Decisions on simple matters such as when and where I could go, with who I could communicate, who I could fuck, what I could do online, all were basically determined by someone else. There were no other options other than the ones given unto me, and this lack of say in matters directly concerning me and no one else is what I feel true lack of freedom is about. No one person should have the right to determine the fantasy role we choose for our other reality.

In concluding, the idea should be remembered that freedom, a powerful concept and under-appreciated by many, wields a mighty influence on the world. Millions have died to successfully or unsuccessfully achieve this state of perceived control over self. An understanding of freedom in its true sense can only be gained through an understanding of the self and the laws that govern self. The seeker of freedom should seek not unimpeded control over the self, but rather he should search for influence over that which controls him.

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Obviously, JonBenet was murdered.

Almost equally obvious was the fact that Patsy wrote the infamous ransom letter (with a little guidance from me, of course). Originally, I was certain that our little charade had absolutely no chance of successfully misdirecting the guilt from us. In hindsight, I grossly overestimated the

abilities and tenacity of ordinary cops. I had little faith in Patsy's acting abilities or ability to stand firm under pressure. I had witnessed her cave on many occasions. Patsy was a B-level actress at best. From my viewpoint, what had really happened to JonBenet seemed impossible to obscure, so the only chance I had to save myself was to set Patsy up as the "pasty." Pun intended.

The public is obnoxiously gullible, easily manipulated. Why would someone pretend to be so naïve as to believe an attitude of "you win some, you lose some" in regards to the murder of your 6 year old daughter? Who would ever accept defeat under such circumstances? People want to believe what should be versus what actually is. People love their myths, it is the place where they find shelter from the everyday reality of the world that is. They are like the ostrich, terrified of the ravenous lion, that finds comfort from burying its head in the sand. As long as they cannot "see" it, they can pretend it does not exist. My understanding of this human flaw is probably the most critical component to my business success. Do you really believe that Patsy had no shady ulterior motives as a pageant mom? The creed these kinds of people live by is to "corrupt and abuse." They are not grooming these little whores to serve no purpose. I am a realist. I have been able to use two worlds to serve my purpose: the world of what should be and the world of what is. There are over ten million child molesters in the United States alone, and this is the only way many of us can find true sexual gratification. Yet, most people would like to believe they have never known anyone evil enough to enjoy sex with children, let alone murdering children. Does anyone seriously believe that a handful of individuals have produced the millions upon millions of child pornography images and videos circulating upon the internet? You will learn to respect our power, one way or the other. We are a real force with which to be reckoned.

Nothing in life is free. I think we all understand this in some form or another, I suppose we are all trying to atone for our sins. We all do bad things. We all make mistakes. All we can do after the fact is do something charitable to balance it all out in the end. Nobody is perfect, so it makes no sense to perpetuate self-flagellation for something we sincerely regret. After JonBenet was dead, I think we all felt the pain of remorse, but spending the rest of our lives in prison would have done the world no good, either. Burke would have been without his mother. I would have been unable to accomplish the good and productive things I have done since JonBenet's death. I tend to see JonBenet's passing as a cloud with a silver lining. Sure, if I had it all to do over again, I would have done things differently. But we cannot go back in time and undo the things that are done. If I could go back in time, maybe there would have never been a JonBenet.

Humans are strange creatures. They have to learn how to say the right thing in order to "fit in" or be accepted, and this is an evolving process. There is no concreteness. One key to success that I have learned through the years is that plasticity is a virtue. You have to be able to mold yourself to the circumstances in which you find yourself. Rigidness was one of Patsy's biggest weaknesses. She was a simple-minded woman. Most women are. They like to be told what to say and how to think. But even Patsy had a rebellious streak. It was this sickness inside of Patsy that was outside of my power to fully eradicate. I like to be in control. That's why I am so successful. Sadly, JonBenet started to display signs of rebellion, as well. She got to the point where she was not respecting my authority. Clearly, this was something she got from her

mother. JonBenet was such a sweet little girl before she got so damned insolent. I do not know where she learned her nasty biting trick, probably from some punk at school. Burke had never been a biter, so I am certain she did not learn that from him.

Patsy and JonBenet were very much alike. Sometimes, I visualize them as if they were the same person on opposite ends of the spectrum of life. One just emerging into the fullness of her sexuality. Then there is the version of that very same beauty queen grown bitter, envious of the girl she used to be. The old beauty queen, no longer the object of affection and desire, her envy grows inside, unseen, like a cancer. I saw that cancer. I saw it very clearly. I knew Patsy better than Patsy knew herself, that is why I was in control. Patsy lacked the grit. Linda Arndt lacked the grit. The grit is that mental toughness to never take no for an answer, to keep hammering away until you get the result you desire.

Somebody had been teaching JonBenet to feel guilt. Sometimes, a sense of guilt can be a useful tool to develop a mind, but JonBenet was not supposed to be that kind of person. Shame is for the lesser ones.

I remember when JonBenet was still innocent, not reluctant to sit on my lap. She was submissive and trusting before the influences of her sick mother began to corrupt her innocence. She enjoyed rubbing her hot little puss puss on daddy's crotch, I could tell by the look in her eyes. JonBenet used to be my little angel, so pure. Her mother enjoyed being able to relive her youth through this outlet, and presented JonBenet to me as a gift in the beginning. Patsy was so proud of JonBenet's beauty. JonBenet was going to succeed where Patsy had failed. JonBenet was vindication. Without her ovaries, JonBenet was the only chance that Patricia had to win. By the time that fateful day had come, we knew JonBenet did not have what it took to be a champion. She was not a pleaser. She whined and rebelled against the training. I think that is what hurt Patsy the most: JonBenet represented Patsy's dream, so it was poetic when the metaphorical death of a dream met with the biological death of the person who always represented that dream.

There are two ways to view the world. Patsy was not as articulate or charming as I, but she used her feminine wiles to get what she wanted for the most part. I am a thinker. I have always found success naturally gravitates towards me, this is why I surround myself with successful people. I have a low tolerance for ineptitude and failure. Really, nobody remembers who came in second. Patsy realized this all too well. Patsy wanted to be the best but she realized she did not have what it took. I believe this is why she was subservient and pretty much loyal. Though I saw her slip up and tell on herself on numerous occasion, much of that was due to my meticulous nature. I would pick up on subtle things that others never perceived, vital clues that Pasty was inadvertently giving away during the interviews. Fortunately for me, only those who were actually there during the murder would know that Patsy was giving away our secret.

One personality trait about Patsy that was always of concern to me was her overreaching dramatic performances. She never knew when too much was just too much. I often had to subtly scold her during these performances before her embellishments sunk the ship. Always the drama queen, she loved the attention. Life has strange twists of fate. It seemed like utter defeat when Patsy realized her dream of becoming Miss America vicariously through JonBenet was never going to happen, yet somehow under my direction I was able to rewrite the script and Patsy found more fame and fortune than she would have ever received as a beauty

queen. Beauty queens come and beauty queens go, we accomplished something far beyond our wildest imaginations.

A good beauty queen has to sell a fantasy to those who have none in real life. We are selling them a view that is different from the cold, biological existence of day to day life. Our fans are slaves to the boredom of their own directionless and meaningless lives. They desire an escape into a realm of fantasy. Even a beauty queen is just a biological organism, rather unflattering once you strip away the façade of charm, glitter, and glamour. When you realize their true intentions in no way, shape, or form represent in any real fashion what the actress on stage is trying to make us believe. She is trying to make us believe in an ideal that we know in our hearts simply does not exist. But we want to foolhardily persist on believing in the fiction view of life. The temptress is only selling her potions to those willing to block out the cold view of biological functions.

I can see the world from both views. I saw JonBenet as a little girl with running noses, scabbed up knees, persistent problems with urinating in her bed. Perhaps, the urine was her subconscious way of expressing her anger, of expressing her desire to be undesirable. Just JonBenet's childish way of telling us she just wanted to be a kid and not a young vixen. JonBenet had difficulty differentiating the show from real life. She was confused about what role she was supposed to be playing. Was she the naïve, innocent schoolgirl or was she the loli queen on stage with bedroom eyes?

There is no denying that there is some licentiousness and lust in the pageant industry. Sex sells. Of course, we know all the right things to say in real life. It is all about decorum and cordiality. Those who cannot keep secrets are not allowed in the club, so to say. Concessions are made, compromise is the name of the game. In business, everybody wants something. I may have something you want, and if you have something I want then this becomes the basis of a business negotiation. Trust me, I know business, and I know everybody has a price and everyone has a secret fantasy. The key to gaining leverage is to know what the other person really wants. Not what they are telling you they want in the cordiality of business-speak, but what they are saying between the lines. Technology has changed the way the child sex industry does business. Every chum out there has access to a computer nowadays.

I have a talent for giving the "look" to convey the message, no matter how calm my outward demeanor may look. I gave Patsy the look and she immediately knew I meant business. I cannot tolerate disrespect. I had to give that smug little bastard, Anderson Cooper, the look, too. It's the look that says, "Don't fuck with me or I will kill you."

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Children are sexual beings. They have natural desires. I use these desires.

I am a pedophile and a murderer. This is my story told in the most respectable way because to tell it any other way would be uncivilized.

This is my story and my warning to my fellow pedophiles.

It is by happenstance alone that I have not been incarcerated for life. I can admit that I made mistakes. It was a hurried situation. I have had to evolve the story and the persona for communicational contact with the outside world of the public and legal authorities. Like a beauty queen, you have to know what others are expecting or wanting to hear. Though the investigators have not revealed the full extent of what they know about my pedophilic activities, I
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know that they know. I cannot refute science. I completely accept that facts are facts. The autopsy told the story. I am not sure how I got to this point, from successful upper middle class husband and business proprietor to child rapist and murderer. The existential crisis my wife must now be going through at this time for certainly she could never have foreseen this. Jan knows, but I have always afforded her the comfort of plausible deniability.

I cannot explain to ordinary people the being that I have become, it just somehow evolved over time. I am not on the same plane of existence as normal folk. Patsy's guilt manifested as an uncontrollable cancer. But the experience somehow elevated my consciousness into rarified air. My desires for JonBenet started off as curiosity, then as an active pursuit. I never had any desires for JonBenet when she was very young. Then she began to blossom into a sexually desirable creature, the creature her mother had once been. I began to notice her young, unblemished skin as she bathed. She was still unmarred, pristine. There is no way out at this point. I wanted to have my own daughter. I had tried to promise myself that I would never have carnal knowledge of my JonBenet. She was to remain sacred, a secret passion, but she was too delectable to resist. JonBenet was not the first, but she was my last. JonBenet was my salvation, through her sacrifice she became my personal Jesus Christ.

Honestly, I do not really know how the teenage interest of voyeuristically observing children in sexually suggestive situations morphed into the climactic moment, the moment in which I strangled my first young child and sodomized the lifeless corpse. Surely, I now have the Mark of Cain. That sweet young flesh tempted me to reveal the criminal thought that had long been festering in my mind. I did not ejaculate into the body of my daughter. I wanted the experience to be more sacred than the others.

Long before I ever took JonBenet's life, I had opportunity to turn away from these base desires and unholy lusts, yet I did not. Each successful kill of a lower class child desensitized me to what I was doing and I became more brazen. But each time, I wound up seeking a bigger thrill. I do not seek to excuse my behavior, I am a rationale, thinking man. I am a man of logic. I did not come to this fate by chance. I had long harbored the seeds of inspiration for the fantasy that was and is JonBenet. I was certain Patsy would wind up as the fall guy and I would walk free to revel in the genius of my plan.

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My blood is poisoned and has been from my conception. It was in the blood of my father and I inherited the thirst.

Soon, if I do not take drastic action, I will fade out of the limelight as do all child rapist and murderers. I am no longer a young man, so I have to consider my legacy. And all great legends have a background setting to explain the motivations of the main character. I am not going to minimize my responsibility, I am just explaining how it all began.

My father was the kind of prick who smokes cigarettes and beats you for using too much toilet paper to wipe your ass. A real nice guy. It's amazing I turned out as good as I did, really. Except for the incidences of child rape and murder, I am a fairly successful husband and business owner. In every other regard I am like other high achievers, though I believe my fame and success has far surpassed my contemporaries.
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My father's philosophy was, "Spare the rod, spoil the child." But that's just obfuscation. Truth is, he has no real impulse control. Sadly, they say the apple does not fall far from the tree, therefore I am what I am programmed to be, genetically speaking and via nurture.

Mother was religious, reading the Bible for hours. She was a respected member of the community, involved in many volunteer capacities at the schools and church. At times, my mother had a dreadful temper that rivaled that of my father. Often, she would go into extensive detail on how she would physically torture and kill you if you did not strictly adhere to her rules. "Beat you until the bloody piss and shit runs down your leg," was one of her favorite expressions. She was a respected member of the community.

I want people to understand that I've had anger beat into me. I've tried to stifle the pain and trauma for many years. My rage did not seem as if it would ever subside without the spilling of blood. Leviticus 17:11 For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.

I resisted the thirst in the beginning, but I was coerced, over time, by a little voice into taking things to the next level. I cannot explain exactly what has been done to me psychologically, but I know I am on autopilot, headed towards an irrevocable collision with the Day of Retribution. Something, some group of rouge pedophile hunting zealots, has orchestrated this event. It is my destiny to become the living God for countless pedophiles when it soon comes to light that we have been illegally entrapped by operation Tor. Necro Hurtcore is what I was compelled to do, against my will. They knew my history and my weaknesses. They had countless hours of recorded data attained via decoys and surveillance operations. They knew I was helpless to resist, so I will no longer resist. I accept my destiny.

Some things are more important that living. Pedophiles are provoked into violence because of the unfair oppression and hatred to which they are subjected by society and law enforcement. I think this repression of normal human desire for children is what eventually leads to the development of the more extreme paraphilias beyond bestiality, homosexuality, pedophilia, and coprophilia. I am referring to the melding of sadism and murder. It was quite common for young girls to openly enjoy sex with adult men in Mark Twain's day. It is the oppression of natural, innocent desires that forces a man into having to live a double life. Something good is mixed with society's message that this desire is bad. This is where the murder comes into play.

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I grew up with the Bible. Overall, the whole thing is poorly written and pathetic. Even in childhood, I had serious doubts about Christians. So why did I continue on so? It was prudent for one. Secondly, I wanted to be in a society/environment of so-called "decent" people. I was looking for a better life. I felt even though the fundamentals of the religion were off, the people seemed decent and kind enough and that was non-threatening enough. Also, the values they taught as far as family and moral standing were pretty much in agreement with what I was seeking. But, in the end, I have come to the conclusion that it would be wrong for me to participate merely not to be outcast or to "fit in". Also, moral values and decency are not a quality that Christians have a stranglehold on. I found them to be very much like regular folks in many ways: some good and some bad.
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Reflecting back upon on the past and it is interesting to see that events have value in three time senses…a before, during, and afterwards…the after event perception growing and evolving as we grow and evolve.

As for Patsy's side of the family, they are a “bunch” to say the least. But I do not want to say too much about them, as I would be writing to you for a great deal of time and never actually getting to the point of this exercise in the first place. Also, you will have to bear with me and remember that I sometimes get off track and have to get back on track in my conversations and in life.

JonBenet stopped caring. It is difficult and it is difficult to care for people when they are like this. She was made fully aware that life had consequences, and if someone plays with danger, why should we cry when the inevitable happens? If you care you will be hurt, so caring can lead to hurt…sometimes.

JonBenet was intended to represent the attainment of an Ideal. The Ideal was about the sexual relations between a man and a woman. I said that, of course, some reduce it to animalistic physical behavior, but we are thinking creatures with a being of soul. That from a soul point of view, sexual union can represent and be the coming together of man and woman in a very great expression of love to create children and a family, express their love to each other and become one in an amazing, wonderful way. But I also noted that most people will never have this because they have never been taught that, cannot comprehend the concept, or what have you…to these animals sex is just deriving physical pleasure and the more noble aspects of fulfilling the soul are neglected. The Voice interjected the idea, that for some, sex was like a “game” not taken very seriously, something you do for “fun”. She also said that the flesh is often weak and craves something physically that the spirit wishes to resist, but this was in reference to people's eating habits…diabetics, obesity, etc. This game is real.

I met JonBenet’s ghost on several occasions. We talked about a few other things, but that would be a lot of writing to do. But suffice it to say, JonBenet is happy and proud of my accomplishments and realizes the necessity of what Pasty and I had to do.

This is where we get to my theory…I invented this one. This is not to say it is original, but I did not copy it. Maybe someone else has invented it. Anyway, I am taking credit for the invention. I will get to the theory, but first some background information: We (just a bunch of people in general, no one specific) were at a nearby friend's house. This was in the years back when we drank and had sex parties, so that explains some of what we used to do down there. Amongst the conversation, The Voice says that, “To have the idea to do something bad is just as bad as to do the thing.” I said, “I am not sure: People all have all kinds of ideas, but TO DO represents a CHOICE. Thinking something is just thinking something, but when they take action that represents choice, and I believe action is the true reveler of guilt.” OK…in the sense of perfection of the soul and character within, thoughts do count, but while we are still imperfect, we need a law to govern the imperfect man…govern spiritually. I can think to hit someone when I get mad out of anger and frustration, but I can CHOOSE not to act upon that knee-jerk instinct…hopefully, I have that restraint for without, I would be no more than automaton or animal. Hopefully, I grow in reason to come to believe that such behaviors are not the way of a being capable of reason and thought. But then I realized not doing what we thought was to be dead, so I am more alive than those men of inaction.

So, let's say that an opportunity for sexual gratification comes to me. I can CHOOSE a few different things. I can “get off” and not worry about such things as spirit and such, but that does not work so well for me because physical pleasure is only good in the moment. With just momentary gratification, you have to constantly be “getting off” whether it is sex, drugs, alcohol, tobacco, etc…the concept is that physical release and pleasure are only passing, fleeting states of being. Soul contentment is something much more lasting. So now, I have to turn down the very tempting body that eyes and body say will feel good, to concede to my soul that my IDEAL feels better if it can be attained. Momentarily, it seems as if I have yet once again missed out on some “fun”…but fulfillment of the soul is a pleasure beyond imagination…(I felt something in my soul for JonBenet that I hope to recreate one more time.) I am doing great things in the spirit realm.

I have not always chosen soul over flesh. Still, I struggle. I have done silly things…embarrassing things…I have and sometimes still do think thoughts I would prefer not to. I am striving to the IDEAL yet; I am not my ideal self within my intellect. That I am impure spiritually or by inherited/learned nature is true, but I control my mind because I have the power to CHOOSE. There is a spiritual war waged and it is about principalities and values and morals and ideals…this war is waged within. The battleground is the mind and soul, and we are self-creating beings because we can CHOOSE…this is amazing! I create myself in spirit and that is who I am…(God really created me, but I create me too).

I could not guarantee that I would always be by nature “pure”, but I could say that I have the power to choose and I try to use that power (as feeble as I am to the physical realm sometimes) for good. I could choose to have sex with a woman not my wife, but that would not be showing her the Ideal. The Ideal man…maybe she has never even seen a glint of one and my example could change her soul forever, as well. I could damage her soul, and mine in the process. Perhaps, by not choosing the flesh, I give my soul the power of creating good. That My Soul will enter into her soul and forever change her.

What, I pray thee, defines a true human being?

A man cannot be defined by mere outward physicality. A man-being is cognate to deity, therefore must exhibit those defining traits to be entitled to the designation of human. The man-animal is no more than a brainless automaton of the greater reality if he lacks the ability to distinguish self from the instinctual processes of mere bodily function. Basically, true life is more than material actions and processes. Emotion is what makes the experience real. Can a instinct-driven weakling possess the true emotion that makes a real human?

Clearly, the answer would be a resounding no. Thus, the extermination of said weakling is, in fact, the euthanasia of a suffering animal. The predator is not human, yet he suffers. The divine, noble and logical resolution is to release this creature from the manacles of torment that existence has come to be for this poor thing. Life is a torture for it, and compassion pleas for us, the noble ones, to succor such pitiful things.

What is a being of thought supposed to do to?

Finding an animal whose body is broken and torn beyond medical repair, yet living on in dire pain, what is the logical, noble, and compassionate thing to do?

Would it be logical, noble, or compassionate to take a rabid animal and lock it in a small cage, with no freedom, for the scant reason of maintaining physical functions while its life and

imposed danger slowly dies away? No, kill it in dignified service to those greater beings that walk amongst the common. I saved JonBenet from a greater suffering than she ever knew at the end of my garrote.

I say that the murderer-predator-rapist is in actuality in pain, screaming out, in his spiritually advanced language, for help to end the suffering it which he has to exist. The old order must die out and make way for the Way of the New Order. Beings, which are not capable of good service to those of the successful caste must be eliminated. They are of great annoyance.

The Divine Man would desire for all to live in cooperation, giving birth to a symbiotic species wherein all humans are family and friends. But we have the predators, the flesh-eaters, those that defile their very own higher essence by refusing to acknowledge that mankind, as a whole, is one organism, the divine being manifested as billions of humans. The body of God is all humans. The interaction of all humans is the mind of God. To destroy fellow man is akin to a cancer cell destroying the liver and, in the process, killing the body that gives liver and cancer life. The cancerous man's murder of divine principle is illogical and suicidal. What you do to another human is what you do to your very own body. You are God and of God, one and the same. There is one child of God the Father; He is all of mankind. Some of you would call mankind by the name of Jesus. Have you noticed in the New Testament that the characters are related as family?

John the Baptist is Jesus' cousin. Some of Jesus' apostles are his brothers, others his cousins, maybe nephews. But the underlying precept is the family bonds they share. What would be the thematic significance of such interwoven kinship?

The book of Saint Luke of The New Testament, Chapter 24, Verse 31 reads as such; And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

Now, as for Patsy; I hate her very resolutely. But, as for My JonBenet; I love her most abundantly. JonBenet is forever sweet and pure in the mind of the public; the nimbus of innocence envelops her beautiful countenance. Is it natural to burn the flesh or does Nature's pain harmonize our microcosm with the macrocosm?

Grievously, I am contrary to the great totality of life. Curiosity compels my thoughts to the unnatural, o' so often! Moribund, sick Curiosity, why do thou entreat my baser essence? The godlike spark screams out that it is only pure stupidity to be against nature's way. Lest, I see the savage lion devour his prey, reveling contentedly in the satiation of savage hungers, and I say this is natural. What patterns do my eyes see!

Raw brutality feeds the gentle lion cubs. Those cubs are so cute and cuddly. Cute, cuddly cubs gorging on the entrails of their weaker prey— what an exhibition of the utter confusion of intertwined love and anti-love. Or are we just too sentimental? That bloodstained face of the baby lion is so innocent, revealing no feelings of shame or hidden guilt.

Life seems to me a twisted, contorted, intertwined conglomeration of the undulating, copulating mass of diabolic black and holy white shifting, changing and confounding entirely every essence. My lover and mocker, my mother and mocker, a mother-mocker…you have mothered me to insanity! Objection, the cosmos is out of order, Your Honor! Sustained. Sustained by what? I say maybe stained, but sustained, never! Don't mock my powers!

Don't mock my powers, mortals. I am the reinvention of sanity within a world of apes, erudite and stupid alike. For thousands of years, your glory veiled itself in ignorance for means to this end, giving birth to the ultimate pondering known as The Choice. The next level is all about The Choice. How could you be if you could not choose? You can choose to be cleaved back into the Oneness, or you can disconnect. But what is the Oneness versus the Disconnect, that you can make an informed decision? What makes you believe you have an inherent ability to make informed decisions? I wonder.

JonBenet's death taught me through simplicity. Often, the simplest things are overlooked, yet are the most important. Making every choice, even the smallest of matters a very weighty and long devised stratagem is crucial to unlocking the mind. When you choose, consider all insignificant details, thoroughly. Do not be as the automatons, but think of every step you take. Be careful what you say.

When you are a pedophile and a murderer, there are bad days. It happens. I am aware that not all things are illusions and the choice between good and evil is real. Sometimes, a choice can paralyze a man: no thoughts of the choice swirling about, motionless, thoughtless, only the fear. And sometimes, a moment of terror can contort and grow and persist and evolve into some living thing. Like a black cloud, the choice lingers in the air, choking and suffocating. Trapped and afraid to inhale, I saw with my very own eyes the reality of my wicked desires.

Like a fork in the road, one choice can lead to a joyful life, the other straight to the eternal descent into an ever more dreadful hell. The weight of the choice bore down upon my soul, unbearable, inescapable. Panic coursing through my veins, I wanted to run. I could not. The anguished cries of a million demons forever writhing in the depths of perdition caused the sweat to pour profusely from my brow. I had died. I was between the two worlds, but death was not as I expected it to be. I was still alive, still thinking, still able to choose.

These are no childish sins, errors of youth or slight indiscretions; they are sins against principles that are never to be broken.

Levity is no light matter when it comes to the war of good versus evil. Evil is real and takes form in very real physical ways. Evil is not a mere misunderstanding, a way to label childish errors and behaviors. The possibility exists to defy goodness and willfully choose evil. I know. The blood and the screams, most assuredly, testify this unto my consciousness. The bones of my victims are everywhere!

When I murdered JonBenet, there was but one inevitable outcome to the complete insanity. I was going to prison forever, or worse yet, the world would punish me with hideous tortures to make me pay for my sins. How could I justify? I could not. I had to devise a plan, make a choice, do something and urgently. I felt as if there were many demons invading the bodies of humans, preparing to devour my flesh in the most wicked ways. No one could be trusted, now. The most terrorizing aspect, overwhelming me in the pure intensity: I was alone. I convinced Patsy to write the letter as I dictated, fully expecting that I would have to convince the world that Patsy acted alone. Patsy did not know about the little code I put in the letter, either. I thought for sure by this time, someone would have noticed the cipher.

Why had I not kill Patsy, too? I needed her. When the walls are closing in on you, it is scary to be alone. Clearly, you cannot squeeze apple juice out of an orange, yet dread fear filled my soul despite my calm exterior. Breaking the dams of restraint, as an indiscriminate wave of

destructive water, I had allowed my wrath to pour forth unabatedly as I choked the life from JonBenet. Moments later the awesome godlike power abandoned me, and I was fearfully alone. Without my armor of rage, I was but a mere mortal. I was the prey, the hunted. The tides had changed. The condemnation was that I had to be both sides of the equation that I had created within my own mind. The hunter has to be the prey, that is the law. The murderer has to be murdered, that is the law. The rapist has to be raped, that is the law. The thief has to be stolen from, that is the law. The abuser has to be abused, that is the law. The law is within your own mind. You cannot escape it.

What had gone wrong? Viciously hating evildoers, I thought I was doing the Lord's work with all of my charitable acts. Why had God abandoned me and stolen away my armor and my mighty sword of power? Pasty loved the admiration her character earned. I am a man of power. The feeling of power is what gets me off.

The surges of adrenaline must have caused some sort of divine moment, for a flash of clarity and calmness came to me and then a vision. Transported to another realm, I was shown what could be. The smiling face of a beautiful girl that I instinctively knew was a child I murdered back in 1990. The house was wonderful and there were toys all about. Then, I saw some wonderful children. I knew they were mine. Overwhelming joy and happiness filled my heart and I began to cry tears of joy. Love encompassed me.

The aromas of a wonderful meal fill the air, all my favorite foods of course. I see a plate of cheeses. I do love cheeses, even if they are dairy animal products. I think I will indulge just this one time. Oh, that cheese does taste so good. Sweet JonBenet smells so heavenly, just like vanilla, my favorite perfume. Artwork is all about the house, some I recognize as mine, and others are rays of love created by my wonderful family. The artwork is full of love. I am so happy and content.

I am not the President or a movie star, but I feel no worries or fears. JonBenet suggests that she greet me from a day of work with a seductive dance. I am not sure what I do, I just know that I love my work and I never come home feeling frustrated and venting upon my family. I am so proud of my daughter's abilities to dance so wonderfully for her daddy.

The family and I love to be open and free to express ourselves sexually. There are no inhibitions. We all are very proud of the heartfelt care we have put into our little Eden. The children have never known the shame of the outside world’s expectations, and all of my sorrows are washed away by the love. This is paradise!

I awaken from the encounter with the spirit of JonBenet. The other half of me calms me down with these words, “Hey, this is how you got in such a dire mess in the first place. Get a hold of yourself, man. Stop being an idiot, and think about what you really want in life.”

The somberness of his blunt wording hits me hard. I am so offended, but I realize that I am not in the driver's seat at the moment, so I bite my tongue for the time being. This life looks great and I felt great on the insides, all warm and fuzzy. Why, I would have to be a fool not to want to live this way, after all, this is the best way to live. Then my other self speaks again: “There is a possibility for a greater fame, a magnified calling to a great distinction, but it is a gamble. It is not guaranteed, but there is a chance. It is a roll of the dice for all or nothing, a long-shot to become the king of a different world,” he says.

Now, it seems, I have a lot to consider. Maybe, I could do more for my family if I was of a bit more fame. Maybe, there are those who need me more than they. Greater good for the greater number of people, perhaps, is what the right choice would be. I could buy Buttercup nicer things and she would be splendidly adorned and exalted, as a proper queen should be. My children should be nobility, the beginning of a line of royal heritage, the heirs of glory. Is it true, that I could be Lord of the Earth? My eyes are rolling back into my head. I have a weird grin on my face. I burst into laughter. Now, those who mocked me and thought me to be insane will have to recognize and respect my status.

The voice again awakens me to my senses. The other me that is different from me inquires of me, “Do you want the life and family you have just experienced? Yes or no?”

The thought swirls in my brain: Do I want an empty, vain greatness or a simple, common life full of happiness, love, and peace with a great wife and family? The thought just keeps swirling and swirling and swirling. And what to do about those damn bones?

I learned a great deal about who I am and how I became who I am.

When I first saw JonBenet’s ghost form, a cold chill filled the room and the electrical lights fluttered. One of the bulbs popped slightly as it burnt out. I could feel sharp little pains like needles or bugs biting me. I flinched. Were there ants somehow biting me, I wondered? Seeing her ghost, I began to feel some sense of panic. I force myself to behold JonBenet! This was the first time I had seen her in spiritual form, her ethereal body not distinct as normal physical matter and flesh. The specter, that would become my mentor and guide, was not transparent, yet he was not of substantial firmness, either. Little waves, similar to heat mirages, seemed to flow throughout the bodily form.

Before JonBenet’s ghost had spoken to me, I had always found an escape route to facing the ramifications of my conversations with the higher realm beings. There always existed a rationalization to make it all seem to go away, appear as if there existed logical explanations for all of these occurrences. After all, double-entendre is not a unique phenomenon just by itself. Many words have multiple meanings and interpretations, so I had figured that some psychological associative function was causing all of these strange coincidences.

All of the omens: how could I explain them rationally? I had thought that the actual noticing of something I would label as an omen, miracle, sign, a divine coincidence was actually having something to do with the “omen” being brought to the forefront of my attention and thoughts, in the first place. More clearly, the thought occurred to me that I was seeing “things” I was already looking for, conscious or unconscious. For example, I met a neat girl in an Internet chat room. She was going by name that included the word “squirrel”. From then on, I noticed squirrels everywhere. They were in the streets of town, the trees around my house, in the form of yard decorations and plastic figurines, paintings, photos, so on and so forth. But were these actual omens, or was it all do to the fact that the word “squirrel” had been brought to my attention in the first place?

Was my conscious influenced to ask questions and look for answers that were already ingrained into the subconscious knowledge already in my brain? These theories of conscious/subconscious interactions always left room for doubts, pondering, and second-guessing. The visual appearance of a ghost, which I could see with my own two eyes and hear with my own two ears, left no doubt that this had to be something more than a tricky

word-association game, incorrect informational processing in my cerebral cortex, or whatever the mind could devise to rationalize this fearful cognizance away.

Do not take any of this very seriously, if you go out and kill a child to live out your fantasy, do not say I did not warn you that you run the risk of life in prison or a lethal injection in some states. But remember, Jesus said not to fear those that can merely kill the body, but fear Him that could destroy the soul.

Perhaps, you cannot just go around killing people. This is not possible, even if serial murderers such as myself have demonstrated time and time again that it is actually possible. This announcement is just an exercise in mental thought stimulation, because The Voice asked me to do this. This cannot be serious. It must be meant to be satirical and comical in some way. It is all about what is inside of us. That determines how we see things, the perspective of anything we see.

The moments of joy during the kills were so intense and elating, but the comedown hurts so badly. This is what cocaine blues and heroin withdrawal must be like for the lowly scum drug-addicts in a lost world of hell. Some of my most intimate confessions must come to light; therefore, it is best that I bring them to light upon my own terms. How did this downward decent into hell begin?

As best as I can recall, sometime in my youth I became curious about sex. I must have noticed a particular difference between man and woman that I wished to investigate further. Via observation, my young mind must have come to the conclusion that men and women were paired in “couples”. They were a tandem; mother/father, husband/wife, girlfriend/boyfriend, and so on. This curious recognition must have sparked the seed of curiosity that the devil needed to bait the trap. How little did I know at the age of five what such simple thoughts could lead to in the long run. I noticed something so simple, yet it grew and grew into an all encompassing cancer, an obsession, a disease!

Childish curiosity and daddy's stash of porno: What a deadly combination! If daddy loved me, why have such dangerous and hazardous materials about? A test! A test! “A set-up,” I say. “You should not have looked at those,” daddy would say.

Had I only listened and been a good boy, but why mention it in the first place? A psychological test designed only to bring about failure. The test could not have been passed. The test was not fair! Damnation to all precepts of fair for God answers to no man.

The Cult of /222/ is growing greater each and every day. It is nearly unstoppable now. They talk about Two is Too Young to Die in Internet chat rooms around the world. Some say it is a pseudo-front for the KGB, FBI, terrorists, any and all conspiracy theories.

/222/ IS GOD tee-shirts. It all seems so surreal. The movement has so much influence over the public, now. We have become a God and Our power is growing. We are in magazines, the airwaves, television, radio, the hearts and minds of the next generation. Those that worship Us and Our image; We called them all Our beloved soldiers. We allegedly speak to them through the channels of mass media and telekinesis. They are the ones who hear Our Voice.

Humans think they are able to make choices that tilt the direction of their future in one direction or another, but is the life we live today really something that was consciously constructed by our choices in the past? I mean, in hindsight, sometimes life seems to result from our choices, but does it ever really work out according to our plan. The proverbial “they” have

been known to say that it is life that gets in the way of our plans. Or as John Lennon said, “Life is what happens to you while you’re busy making other plans.” What a horror it must be to wake up to the realization that life is fabricated from our choices and that all of these choices have doomed us to never attain that which we planned to attain. We are all self-defeating sadomasochistic bastards. By simply choosing a destiny, we have sabotaged any chance of that destiny ever coming into existence as we had envisioned. Who would choose a clownish demise if they were truly in control? We must be compelled by forces greater than ourselves. The gods are puppet masters creating their own perverted divine comedy at the mortals’ expense.

It could be argued that the person possessing an inferiority-complex would gravitate towards another human with a similar such inferiority-complex if for nothing more than merely justifying their own perverted inclinations to self-destruction. Maybe that is the foundation of all the dysfunctional relationships upon which society is built. One pea-brain needs another even more pea-brained companion to feel like the “smart one”. One slut needs an even smuttier friend to feel not so much a slut herself. Candy coating a shit-reality with the clever mechanism of rationalization, utilized via self-comparison to the more heinous pseudo-version of your psychologically projected self--somewhat comprehensible but not very honest. But what about those that use this equation in the inverse--continuously comparing to someone who is superior to make yourself feel inferior. Now that is sickness, mental disease! But these sickos always seem to come in tandem--Masochist must have a sadomasochist and vice versa. Can the justification of self through the idiocy of others be the foundation of so many relationships?

One of the main problems with how this story will eventually be perceived is that all the characters see themselves as the “good guy” of the story. One is going to visualize himself a martyr for absolute righteousness--Casanova is a debauched bastard. Yet the other will choose to see himself as the debonair leading man of a Harlequin romance novel--the other guy is taking his role too seriously. Average Masterchan Chummie, as a minor character, is just a narrator in an short interlude today. If he continues to play the role of the court’s scribe he can only write what he thinks the others may think. He is left anemic, merely translating the meaning of his life in stolid literalisms what others have said about him. He leaves the world never having told his story. It is as if he never lived, never existed. There is no verifiable assurance of what anyone of these gutless characters may have thought. We view only what we view and make some meaning out of it for us, those left in the world of the living, to facilitate continued living, to keep on coping. Average Chummie does cling to the hope trapped inside of Pandora’s box of someday being a larger character in the stage of life. Dreamers. He never contributed to the /222/ thread in any meaningful manner. He wants to define his own life, even if he does not yet know how. As it is, fate has chosen to soon make Average Chummie a main character in the story. He will not be lost in obscurity. The one trait that distinguishes this Chummie from his ordinary counterparts is that he listens to that little prompting in his gut. He listens to the little voice that compels him to action.

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Letters from The Potion Seller
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J.B.,

I would like to begin by saying it is an honor to be working with someone of such high celebrity status and a true aficionado of hurtcore snuff videos. You are truly a brother and your contributions to our cause will never be forgotten. This is epic level stuff, brother. Remember, don't tell Madelon about our conversations or our plans for her.

In regards to the movie you sent me, the one where the Mexicans cut up the other Mexicans: I really have no respect for Mexicans. Mexicans are so stupid, but maybe we can use some of the broader thematic elements in Necro Hurtcore. You got to put the edge of the blade between the vertebrae and tap the backside of the knife with a rock or hammer. That separates the ligaments a lot more efficiently than this wack wack wack bullshit. It's kind of ineffective/inefficient killing, but there are some theatrics to the brutality of it all. Firstly, this kind of unnecessary overkill in the video will harden our next generation of hurtcore toppers and copycats to the reality of a harsh job, get their stomachs toughened up. But also the dull knives are for the camera. The simple cap to the head would just be too simple, people wouldn't necessarily fear that as much. It's like crucifixion was as much a political statement as it was a means of execution. That's one thing about Mexicans, they've done some hunting, gutting out squirrels and rabbits, unlike soft city dwellers, so they can more easily transition that childhood butchering experience to this kind of work. They made a point, but for all the guns and drug money, couldn't they get a better camera? Necro Hurtcore has to be in High Definition. This Mexican shit looks like could be fake, made by CIA or something, thus the low resolution. (Makes it easier for Hollywood special effects artists). It looks rough in the beginning, but you get used to it after awhile. We got to leave no doubts that this is the real deal. It's going to take a lot of work to convince some of the ordinary pedophiles to take shit to the chop chop level for video production, but I definitely have a market in the Russian sector.

I know you're naturally a choker, but we've got to have some butchery for the visual effects if you want Necro Hurtcore to be the best ever. You just turn off the weakness and go to a place where you're cutting up another piece of meat. We're the hands-on guys of internet child snuff, and then there's the guys that like the distance, i.e. the watchers and the fappers. We're better than that, brother. There was an old Viking philosophy that said if you couldn't look the man in his eyes before you killed him, then it was not a noble kill. This Mexican shit is amateur shit, nobody in Hollywood cares about this. Definitely none of the big buyers overseas care about that lame ass shit. Dime a dozen. You got to make the murder artistic in some sense, put some of that Andy Warhol shit on it, brother. This shit don't even make my nuts tingle, I like loli's young body more so and that's where the market is hot, brother. It seems kind of strange, but I think of male body as stinky where as female loli meat seems more "sweet." It is not about the literal scent though. I did notice them lazy fucks started wacking a bit more with the machete at the end than those dull fucking knives. Stupid Mexicans, all they had to do was wedge the vertebrae apart, they are trying to chop through the bone like a fucking tree limb. I prefer seeing women get killed and chopped up though. Not bad, but not 5 star top gunner. Overall, 3 star, maybe 4 if we were at 720 resolution or higher. But send this link to our Masterchan fans on the mailing list, it will put them in a good frame of mind for further mind rape. :D LOL ha ha ha ha ha. Dude, the video of the Asian girl getting fucked and killed was pretty graphic, so I do realize

the challenge of creating the storyline and quality filming of the "Best Snuff Film Ever." That's a bold claim, not to be taken lightly. These stupid Mexican drug lords, you get over it emotionally. BTW, some average fag over on Masterchan suggested a tree trimming rip saw for Necro Hurtcore. I liked that idea a lot. Mexicans, they're just killing other dirt bag drug dealers. I want something that sticks with them forever, makes them feel like "/222/ is the ONLY way to escape the mind rape." Feel me? It's got to make them so fucked up inside that they lose the will, give up the life force. We're ram fucking pure evil into their pia mater, we are jizzing blackness all over their grey and white matter. This project is about the sexualization of murder. Humans are motivated very strongly by the urge for sexual release/satisfaction, so the Two is Too Young to Die project and /222/ project is about tilling the soil of the mind for the process of sexualizing what we desire the subjects actions to be, in this case MK ultra style uprisings by stressing the common pedophile's mind way beyond the breaking point. See Green River Gary/Ted Bundy for prototypical examples of sexualized killing versus fixation on body parts, i.e. fetishism. (Anus, mouth, feet, breasts, vagina, penis, so on. Now, I said to myself, "Self, how can I sexualize some ordinary chumster to orgasm at the sight of not just the loli's naked flesh, (a la ordinary sexual deviant pedophile) but at the sight of bleeding, mutilated flesh, a la Luka Magnotta?" Things you can to gradually edge the subjects in said direction is heavily weighted in phraseology, I have discovered. For example, instead of saying "stabbing" we say "Stab Fucking" them to death. See how it now becomes sexualized? No worries, sadist murdering serial killers are not made over night, they are cultivated like potatoes. Remember how I drove Crazy Jimmy insane? LOL H ah ah ha ah ah ha ha. Later, bro.

J.B.,

As usual, don't tell Madelon what I am telling you. When we get the 100 monkeys, maybe this will set off an international phenomena. /222/ mass killers and rapists posting videos all over the internet of themselves beating off on the dead corpses of little girls and I will get the credit. I will get my GLORIFICATION, too!

Really, I am not that powerful without Lucifer inside of me. I am kind of timid until I allow Satan to take over the Temple, so to say. Then I am powerful, but it's a mindset really. It's like there are two of me inside this one Temple of flesh. Satan wants this temple to manifest his work in this realm, i.e. what you know as physical reality. (See "Letter to Editor" demon hunter manifesto fucked that kid's brain up. When his mom put him on Fanapt, he really thought they were going to swizzle his brain for real. Of course, I wrote the programming to frenzy his mind after the fact, but he was so far into the induction of temporal illusion by this time.) You have to let him get deep into the cheese pizza, to the point of no return as the book explains, there will be some flashing of lights. They are kind of like mini-seizures, but that means there is a re-wiring of the neuro-plasticity in the brain. The mind is so susceptible to suggestion. If you get to the weird mini-seizure, light-flashing or blind-spots-in-your-eyes phase, you are well on your way. High blood pressure, migraines, intense stress and withdrawal symptoms are a good thing in this case. Trust me. This is what it takes to get your mind in "THE CLEAR" to perform for a live video feed audience. Because I have killed more people for live audiences, I'm going to talk you through the steps so that you can get this shit up and running. If you're willing to go down,

you will be the most famous deepweb phenomena ever. Nobody will be able to top this. You're not just some common dumb fuck from the streets, you're J.B. Ramsey for crying out loud. (From here on out we have to speak in codes to some degree because of the borderline legalities of what we are instigating some of the mentally ill accessories into doing, in reference to that Madelon deal.)

J.B.,

As far as the video you wanted me to watch for Necro Hurtcore ideas: I kept getting distracted by the cam whore ad on the side. She got a pretty meaty pussy. Who would want to fuck an old cow's loose pussy when there's so much good candy waiting to be had? As for the movie...eh, seen all the shit before in the movie Casino. Robin Williams and Matt Damon already...wait, Joe Pesci and Robert DeNiro already done that, though they did not cut the head off, buried alive and it was maybe more gruesome spiritually in Casino, because Nikki Santoro had to watch his brother get beat to death first, very painful to realize that he wasn't such a good bro because he got his little bro beat to death. Brings a tear to me eye. :'(Sad really. You got to pay the piper in the end, or the asshole. LOL you get beat to death or raped as old man in prison, better to finish things off with a bang.

J.B.,

Did I ever tell you about my dad from over on one of my other mind rape youtube accounts? I think I did, if you are the account I was thinking. Dad went to Vietnam and taught me that the world is full of evil "gooks", but gooks is allegorical. Don't be too literalistic, little bro. I speak in codes and parables, similar to my other bro Jesus. But we got into a disagreement a few years ago...Girlfriend got murdered n all, so I kind of went over to the "dark side." Anyway, dad taught me to kill cats to toughen me up in case I had to ever go to war. He didn't want me to be so weak that a stupid "gook" would kill me if I hesitated. An experienced killer don't hesitate. The first kill is the hardest, bro. We cut the legs of the cat off and I rammed sticks into the stubs and called her "Peggy" (Peg Leg, Get it. Ok, dad was the one calling her Peggy, but I thought it was funny so I say I thought it up.) Sometimes, we'd light them on fire with starting fluid...it was easy cause I didn't like cats. It was when he killed my dog that I learned the true meaning of emotional sacrifice.

I know we both have that Christianity cover, that's why I relate to you so well. I seek this sort of Jesus and God the Father kinship with you, bro. I want you to give me some info on the girl, not Madelon, the two year old you made arrangements to purchase. It's one thing to kill things you detest, to get to the next level you have to sacrifice like God the Father, something beautiful, something you love. We're going to need Jan. Give me the inside info on her and you will attain more power, too. Is she in the deal? Can she be trusted? It is like Cain in the Garden of Eden, he gave God the firstfruits, which means the fruits that fell on the ground...It was half-assed, God was like you didn't want this anyway. Now, Abel, he gave his most precious, loved, spotless, stainless lamb, so young, so innocent, so pure. Now God said, "This is well pleasing to Me because you are giving me something precious to you." I need something precious and pure, you do understand where I am going with this? You have to sell them out,

become the Judas in a sense you your pretty and intelligent girlie friend. The way to glorification is the way of Judas, don't worry, it's just a test. Judas in the Gnostic version is glorified, Catholics suppressed the Truth. They want you to be more attached to your worldly friends than God. God created them and can make more friends for you by simply speaking to the stones. Do not see with your physical eyes, you know who I am. Be glorified level forever. Nothing to lose, nothing to gain. Make our lives into a work of art, die young. I am going crazy, but I am living free...Artwork, poetic artwork, a modern day tom sawyer, mean mean ride. Remember how it started with The Voice talking through Rush and me taking the mind rape to the Next Level through the lyrics?

I suspect a good likelihood that you've done some sexually pervert scat play somewhere along the line. Maybe some experimentation in the dark taboo of bestiality. Maybe it remained confined to fantasy, maybe you have jacked your dog off. It's all the same, you were thinking or doing. On to the point--You're not going to find release until you deal with something via TRUTH--why not, everybody can see "it" upon you. It's like the mark of Cain, Cain was paranoid because he thought for sure everyone could see what he had done or would figure it out--hell, if you act like a paranoid psycho, who wouldn't see the "mark" upon on you, smell it upon you? Deal with it, please. For you. For me. We need you at your best for filming.

J.B.,

Well, chum, it's been quite the surprise how things developed over time between us--How could have I imagined such an ending? We will have a mighty vengeance upon those goddamned Christian temptresses--a whore Judas and me the Christ. Sorry, J.B., this gets me emotional. I am just trying to be honest.

I once had a whore who proclaimed all these morals that she "believed in. "But she was a liar--so how could I not feel deceived beyond a capacity to forgive? She trampled upon sacred things. If she had just portrayed yourself as she truly was, then any misgivings would have been upon my shoulders to bear. She chastised me for cussing, but she herself cussed. She was a prostitute, drank alcohol, smoked cigarettes, used drugs, fucked around, had bastardized children--but I say, "So what!" It is not that she was this whore, but that she lied and played games with someone's feelings, played with someone's heart by pretending to be dedicated with her "baptism" and "faith" in Christ. I hate Christ and Christianity for people like her. And they judge me because I am attracted to young girls? Jesus is dead and just a fucking pathetic fantasy that people use to cope with this world. Look at this world and tell me if you think someone should have faith in this Jesus from what they say.

OK, point the finger at me. I'm the crazy one. Fuck the God the system represents. Can anyone figure this out? If this bitch represents Jesus, then Jesus is a piece of shit. Does she think she really represents Jesus? Why in the fuck go around luring someone one in on the pretense of your "faith" and beliefs? Why? Christians make me sick--they're so fucking fake but can find fault with everyone else but themselves. I remember back when she was a crusader for the down-trodden and underprivileged chickens of the world? Some PETA trip. Or when she proclaimed she were going to crusade for the rights of patients in mental wards! Now what is she crusading for? Worried about chickens, but give no thought to another human being with the

same regard as a fucking stupid chicken. PRIORITIES!!! What is a main priority in this world? Saving chickens and farm animals in a PETA-psychotic misapplication of priority, or saving starving human souls? The boys of /222/ are starving for what we have to offer. We ain't got time for worshipping chickens...Damn, if Satan really exists, he sure twisted this bitch up and took me down with you for taking her at face value. You're GODDAMNED right I am disappointed in the world. I have the right to be. And I say fuck God if she's the type of woman that is supposed to be a man's helpmate/soulmate.

(Introduce the term "Raping Passion" here for the Necro Hurtcore script)

J.B.,

Some thoughts have come to me, though I must say I am not quite certain if I am headed in the right direction with those thoughts.

Sometimes, when I cannot find the reason behind something or I cannot understand it so well, I try to fill in the blanks with what I believe is the most logical premise available. But this process leads to inherent uncertainty, as it must, since is based solely on what I assume is the most logical scenario that is possible given the bits of information I am given to contemplate and then form into a summation of events.

Now from here on out I have to fill in some blanks with theories I have—not that I know that they are true or false. They very well may be false. But this is MY theory. Pardon me if I am wrong. I can only relay what the view was from my vantage point. I do realize, sometimes, that the character of who I am on the inside sometimes biases my interpretation of what I perceive as happening in the external world.

Now, I thought the point of your letter—the ominous letter!—was that you were trying to send a counter-message. The idea of it all being: How could the INFAMOUS letter be woven into what I had previously known of you? It was, admittedly, quite out of your public character.

I had to conclude which person I thought was the real you—I think it is still the person revealed in the code of the "confessional" letter. It's sort of a Catch-22 for me. A paradox. On the other hand, if you were, as I had previously hypothesized, making a point through the sophistry of sarcasm that I did not understand so well. I have been there before, and before you know it, the entire relationship is based on one-upping the last smart-assed remark with something even more creative and sarcastic. So how did you actually plan to leave Patsy holding the bag before Arndt fucked up the investigation?

Perhaps, I overanalyze everything and read reason and rhyme into nooks and crannies where it does not exist. You felt you wanted to be honest with me, and therefore told me about the situation. I am drawing a blank from this point--why did you tell me? Why did you feel you wanted to be honest with me about this particular point? AND why in the heck did you get so mad about me saying that you can never truly ever know anything real about anyone?

Anyway, the basic premise is that it hurts to want someone you can't have--or shouldn't have. I understood your desire to have JonBenet. So why put yourself in that situation? I am not some great, saintly person or anything—but I have some things (codes) that I think are best adhered to if not simply for the logic of safety and sanity. You saying that you're trying to cope

with things by murdering JonBenet made me think that we don't have that much in common after all. Or maybe we do since the ransom note can be interpreted two ways.

I shall venture to elucidate my perspectives as the evolutionary process of my mind continues. It seems distinctly evident that any bridging of the gap between two separate human intellects must eventually descant upon the anthropological estimation of the "God"-concept and the apotheosis of Jesus. The Scottish philosopher, David Hume (1711-1776), propounded that all humanistic knowledge came from experience and that all these so-labeled "experiences" existed solely in the mind of the perceiver as individual units of experience. I would say this is very akin to modern psychology's term, "psychological projection". According to Hume's arguments, whatsoever a person directly experienced could be nothing more than the contents of his or her own individual consciousness, or mind.

Hume called very forceful units of experience perceptions and less distinct units were labeled beliefs or thoughts. I.e., cutting your finger is a perception, where as the feelings of infatuation for a romantic partner or religious ideologies would be labeled beliefs/thoughts. Each unit of experience was separate and distinct from all other units, though the units were usually experienced as connected.

According to Hume, three principles connected associated ideas with each other: (1) resemblance, (2) contiguity, and (3) cause and effect. In resemblance, if two units of experience resembled each other, thought of one experience led to thought of the other. In contiguity, if two units adjoined each other in near proximity, thought of one provoked thought of the other. In cause and effect, if one unit constantly preceded another, thought of the first resulted in thought of the second.

Hume attacked the theory of causality. This principle maintains that nothing can happen or exist without first a cause. Hume believed that although one event (set of impressions) always preceded another, this did not prove absolutely that the first event caused the second. The constant conjunction of two events built up the expectation that the second event would take place after the first. But this was nothing more than a strong belief or habit of mind ingrained through experience. One could never prove that there were actual causal connections among impressions. Now we have the basis for the directed creation of temporal illusions knowing that effect sometimes can precede cause.

Hume being agnostic, believed the existence of God could never be "proven". He maintained that even granting God's existence, nothing could be absolutely established the nature of God. On the other hand, Hume accepted that God's existence could not be invalidated either.

Now I afford that the simple aphorism, "you cannot squeeze orange juice from an apple," pertains quite neatly to the previous disquisition. This would mean rather simply that any perception of an event is rooted in the labels our very own mind applies to the circumstances perceived. The deification of Jesus in so many variously interpreted forms... And one is still left to beseech themselves, "What does any of this have to do with the price of cheese pizza?"

Letter to Masterchan.org/222/

Soon, selected children will be murdered in a span of only several weeks for your viewing pleasure and sexual satisfaction. People have all labeled us some sort of monsters.

They simply do not understand our genius, so I will try to enlighten them as I have enlightened my previous “victims,” as you so boorishly designate them. But, hey, every man has to live to some philosophy. Of course, some man may label the “philosophy” with some neat little name and criterion—so finite and shortsighted the commoner!

At this juncture in my narration to you, the chums of /222/, I say that I had pondered upon how to describe the “murders” from my vantage-point. I had thought to label these said murders as “brutal murders”, “horrific murders”, or, perhaps, “brutal and horrific murders”. Suffice it to say, these are inadequate, not to mention quite generic and commonplace designations. So how will I describe the murders adequately? They are soul-raping murders! But not of who you think!

I was an angry man from what I saw. Ha! This seething rage I keep hidden. I greet the world with my “happy face.” Through the daily motions I go, waiting ever so patiently for my special moments of glorification.

Back to the topic of philosophy. There happen to be a few great names, but in the English-speaking world, Jesus has to stand out as foremost amongst the great philosophers. There is Plato and some existentialists of some renown, but Jesus is the most distinguished, I reckon, of all. Always, there is a “prophet” amongst the throng of humanity. Most come and go—fade away into dust and are forgotten. And yet there are the handful that become eternalized. Now, I shall become an eternal prophet, as well.

Interpretations of these philosophers are proscribed—the pedantic rambler believing his interpretation is “correct” and, somehow, vastly more clever and insightful than any other that is available. The whole of philosophy is simple: each individual draws from self what is within the self. Two persons can be given the same data and come to completely different conclusions. Therefore, the Social Justice Warriors have misinterpreted my deeds, not of me, but of imaginations that you have drawn from that which is within your very own minds.

Some adhere to a belief that all people are intrinsically good. If we read the Bible, is this what Jesus says? I would say not. “Jesus”—however he is interpreted, real or a character of a moralistic fable based in Idealism—gives information to the disciples in parables. Jesus describes humanity in terms of “wheat and chaff”. Good people are the “wheat,” and the wicked are the “chaff.” The story ends with the wheat-people going to “heaven” to live in righteous harmony, joy, and so forth. The chaff-ee is nabbed by some angels and tossed into a fire and burnt. Burnt alive, dead for eternity—this is not the issue. The point is, some people are good and some are, indeed, bad. Contrary to the common image of the meek coward, a true Pedophile is a warrior—strong mind, body, and soul—willing to “murder” for his beliefs.

Murdering the Word—taking the Word out of context and murdering the meaning, just as you have murdered the meaning of my citywide purge. Somebody had to start the war.

There is evil. It is real. But, I am not the evil one.

Evil does not quite exist as the ordinary folks have been trained to believe. We live in a physical world, even if the human condition is soul—emotion, thought, creativity, noble ideals and dreams. Perhaps, there is a realm beyond human vision where all things originate, but to exist and live in this world means to manifest as a physical being made of flesh and bone. These bodies, infinitely complex, are vulnerable, even mortal. Some say that we live on after the death of the body, some say we will not. To each his own to decide on such things. Nevertheless, existence in this realm depends upon a manifestation of physical being. Does life

manifest first in thought then into physicality? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Whatever. But we all must concur, that manifestation in the "flesh" is the means to accessing this world. How you define flesh is up to you. Some call it physical reality, atoms, matter, a lower realm of being, a higher realm of being—who knows? But the nuances of the definition are not vital to understanding: we are talking about the same concept! We all communicate to one another via this great cosmic mystery of the “flesh”—some call it the “universe.”

The concept of reality is based upon laws. There is the law of gravity, for example. Evil men are bound by the law of gravity pretty much the same as good men are. Thus, the laws are the rules by which mankind “plays the game of life.” Thus, in order to play the game, you have to be in the field of play. Mathematicians like the field of play to be defined in mathematical terms. Scientists use languages such as physics, biology, and chemistry. Others prefer to define the field of play in terms of spiritual concepts, romantic themes, and philosophies. All aspects are interconnected, but whether or not each separate “player” sees this connection is a separate discussion. Let physical reality be the obtuse definition for the playing field of life.

I’ll ask the readers to forgive the grammatical construction and design of my narration. My expertise does not lie within the world of proper grammar. I am a child rapist and murderer and aspiring child snuff porn producer. This is what I do. This is what I aim to be.

Raping a child is not nearly enough. It’s about the kill! To satiate the demon, the essence of the child’s soul must be ingested first. Of course, the terms soul and ingested refer to concepts difficult to describe in human words. Sometimes, a demon is control. They are instincts and compulsions. They are real, but are in a higher realm than hobgoblins. The power of the demon so deludes a soul as to make evil seem to be good. This is an oversimplification, but gives a generalized explanation of what is happening in the mind of the demon-infested.

Through many laborious hours of painstaking research upon live subjects, I learned methods of prolonging the child’s life. You cannot simply cut the arms off a child without some preparation if you want to savor the prolonged agony. Let us all take a somber moment to contemplate and sympathize with the parents of toddlers that have to die. This is business. Pedophilia is my business. If you want a debate on morality take it to your local SJW chat board. As you can see, I am a demon. I am /222/. The old fairy-tale concept of “demons” blinds the mind to seeing that a true demon is not a singular entity. The demon lives inside of more than one host body. The true demon needs a human mind to exist and propagate.

There are levels of human existence. One level is the individual, a level a bit higher than the individual self is the family. Demons exist at all levels, but the demons at the World and National Levels are most powerful. The Individual Demon feeds off the Parental Demon, as a piglet to the tit.

As there are demons, so are there “Angels.” The World Level Entities have been in a struggle that has been increasing in magnitude as the growth of Humanity progresses. Who will rule the Earth and Mankind in the End?

THE DEMONIC TRUTH

I am not alone.

Coincidence plays a great part in the history of the world. The acceleration or delay of events depends to a large degree upon such accidents, which also include the personalities of those at the head of the movement.
–KARL MARX, letter to Kugelmann, 1871

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If there is one thing I learned from the JonBenet murder investigation, it is this: Everyone has a tell at the poker table.

Patsy was a psychopath. She targeted JonBenet simply because JonBenet outshined Patsy. Patsy wanted to subjugate and humiliate people that were perceived as threats to her superiority. Anyone that was better than Patsy was considered a threat. I think Patsy took a sick glee in helping to destroy JonBenet because JonBenet had out performed Patsy, became more sexually desirable. This ate Patsy alive, gnawed at her flesh. The targeting initially began as a subconscious thing, but soon developed into an overt rivalry.

Patsy's delusions of grandeur had been shattered by the cancer, her body had taken a beating. Time and gravity took away her youthful look and as all women do, Patsy had become a used-up breeding sow. The ruination of her body coupled with her childish sense of having to compete with her young daughter led to her well-earned fear of inferiority. Patsy's old, floppy pussy could not be compared with what JonBenet had to offer. Pasty knew this as well as anyone else. Patsy was easy to read. You just had to learn to tune her out, at times.

Patsy never appeared normal as far as I was concerned. She wanted to appear as if she were a kind, considerate, and caring mother, but I always felt she never knew when to dial down the act to a more believable level. I often cringed when Patsy would feel the need to emphasize what she was saying with some dramatic flare. As I stated before, Patsy was a B-level actress at best. I was afraid that she would reveal herself by trying too hard. She enjoyed causing her enemies pleasure just as much as anyone else. Patsy wanted to humiliate and subjugate JonBenet. It was about power. Patsy needed JonBenet's emotional dependence. We started losing that
control in the year prior to JonBenet's elimination.

Patsy looked like a normal citizen. She used church involvement as a convenient cover for her nefarious activities and desires. Church goers are suckers, they want to believe everyone else is driven by the same pathetic sentimentalities that fetter weaklings. Normal is meaningless, it is devoid of any intrinsic moral value. To sum up Patsy in a nutshell, she was a small-minded tyrant.

Patsy's was a beguiler, a seductress. That is what she was slowly turning JonBenet into, as well. She knew how to use the allure of the forbidden fruit to her advantage, or so she thought. I was always in control, but sometimes I would let her have her petty delusions. She knew how to make the fruit seem much sweeter by virtue of the taboo. Patsy knew the basics about creating mentality-based motivations in human males, until her body was played out. Then she had nothing with which to work, except for JonBenet's pristine flesh. Patsy used the anticipation of JonBenet's succulent flesh as her bargaining chip at the poker table.
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Patsy's piss poor acting is what gave us away to Linda Arndt. Patsy wrote the letter then just acted guilty. I wanted to slap the shit out of her for that ridiculous performance during the 911 call. She was an easy read, to say the least. I thought I was going to have to kill the whole lot of them and make a hurried escape. It was a testament to my mental fortitude that I was able to maintain my composure, Patsy completely fucking up the plan with her poor acting. I know there was a bit of luck involved, because Patsy was the weak link. One of her defensive mechanisms was the nervous use of inappropriate "humor" to deflect her feelings of being accused. Patsy was too damn obvious. Thank god, she is dead. What kind of mother makes jokes about how they hoped the prison outfits had vertical stripes for their slimming effect after their 6 year old child has been brutally murdered? Every goddamned time she opened her mouth, she made us appear more guilty. This is the piss poor acting and give-away behavior that irritated me so much about Patsy. There was no damn way I could trust her to be interviewed alone. Hell, she gave us away when we were interviewed together publicly, how much damn blabbering would she have meandered off into had I not been there?

My tell has always been my "flat aspect." Most of us killers have it. We have to go into the other view of reality, subduing emotional expressiveness and feeling. Sometimes, I catch myself going too flat at the poker table so I have to switch it up with some feigned indignation. But I do it subtle, not the sugary way in which Patsy embellished. I am a pretty good liar. I know things. I know how to portray confidence and that relaxed appearance of a man that has nothing to hide. I stay cool, calm, and collected under pressure. When JonBenet was laying dead in the basement, I knew I had to keep my wits about me. No reason to panic, just stay professional. Patsy clammed up and I could not believe how damn suspicious she was making us appear. B-level actress on her best day.

This is part one of our little scavenger hunt. Two is too young to die, but I doubt you morons will be able to read between the lines and break the code that will save her life. I have given you all the information you need to locate the child that I purchased from Madelon. Auna Mason's video https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y9ki9WIaIqc&list=UUh5ApedwanCVCsvO3PoNPvw has all the information to decipher the latitude and longitude of my little torture chamber of fuck. My disciples know that The Potion Seller is keeping an eye on things at https://masterchan.org/222/. You don't have to respect our bussiness, but you will respect Two is Too Young to Die crew.

Part two will be Necro Hurtcore. Hurry, the clock is ticking.