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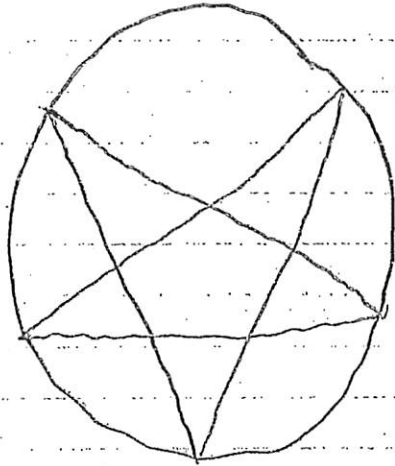


**1** Subject Notebook

**70**

10 1/2" x 8"  
**SHEETS**

**COLLEGE RULED**



God betrayed them like he betrayed  
me

5/27/14

Sometime by the end of this week or the beginning of next week, I will express how I really feel about humanity, America and the world it's self. 2 and a half years in psychotherapy and 2 years in psychiatry and didn't help. I had a high level of stress that made me a little crazy and not myself. Ever since I took the medication I became more calm, more patient and more confident. If my routines, my belongings and if my life was respected I wouldn't be so goddamn miserable! It's true what they say, when you go through a lot of stress from humiliation for quite a while, you can lose sense of emotion. It's easy to get around people without worrying or thinking about being suspicious. I wasn't able to a few years ago. It's now a part of me.

5/28/14

I was diagnosed with OCD, but I know that it's at a higher level than people think. If my family wanted me to go to therapy, then they should have worked with me on it instead of trying to force me to go. That caused me depression and problems. I gave therapy a shot, but the biggest reason that I went was for to get everyone off my back. Therapy, counseling and help are the three words I hate the most because of that. Even my friends were



bugging me to go. No body would listen. I knew something was going wrong and I knew therapy wouldn't do anything.

5/30/14

If I have time I will try to get my revenge on some of the guys I hate. The shit talkers at the Getaway! The first one will be the fag in the cowboy hat, that cowardly ungrateful son of a whore! You don't run your mouth about me and try to make me look bad when I did nothing to you. If I get a chance, I will poison your beer when you and the others are not looking. Now let's talk about J [redacted]. The junky who robbed our house when my brother wasn't doing to good. My family said they wouldn't help me because of J [redacted] robbing us. J [redacted], J [redacted], J [redacted]! I would hear his name all the time. I want to cut him up and secretly sell him to Super markets. Before my problems happend, K [redacted] M [redacted] took something that was a part of me and a part of my routine. I wasn't able to get him yet, but he still has a price to pay even though I forgave him because it didn't matter anymore. I've been wanting to bash a rock or a hammer against his head and face a few dozen times to be brutal and bloody. Right now he is the least of my worries. I just want to get him because I can and I don't care. Drugs or no drugs, if he would have been a lot nicer to me, respected me and not bug me,

I would have helped him out more. You don't steal from me!

6/2/14

I use to always hate violence towards women, but there is no doubt that I'm going to kill quite a few in the shootout. I don't care anymore. There are a few universities in the state to pick from that I'm planning to attack. Washington State is the main target. I can't make it there with out any suspicion, my parents will keep wondering where I'm at and plus I'm not yet prepared for it. ~~and~~ I have plan B's Central, Eastern and Seattle Pacific. I was focusing on Central but not prepared for that either. Didn't think about Eastern because I'm only prepared to be local. I picked Seattle Pacific because I'm less familiar with it and I can see that University of Washington and Seattle University represent Seattle more. I didn't want to have to attack my own city. I went to the SPV campus to get info and to find a good area to attack. A couple Mondays ago I was trying to give myself a tour and asking where certain buildings were, acting like a transfer student. I asked this nice black girl where the history building was. For about ten minutes she showed me around some of the places she knew. I forgot how to say her name. Minutes later I met a cute white girl named K [REDACTED]

She offered to show me around for about fifteen or twenty minutes. These girls were very nice and and they treated me well. Because they showed me around the campus without me asking them to, I will single them out of the shooting if I see them.

6/3/14

I love my friends, I love being there for them and we have such great times together. Except my life is now coming to an end. I like my co workers and bosses and customers I like talking to at the gun range, LA Fitness and Fred Meyer. Also including Kemper. I like my bar friends and the girls at coffee shops and espresso stands. I love my family and I understand that they want to understand now, but they should have been there for me when I needed them at the time. My friends, my family and the others, I'd hate to do this to them but it must be done. Everybody else in the world, I just want to blow their faces out with a 12 gauge shot gun blast!

6/5/14

This is it! I can't believe I'm finally doing this! so exciting I'm jumpy. Since Virginia Tech and Columbine, I've been thinking about those a lot. I use to feel bad for the ones who were killed, but now Eric Harris and Seung Hun Cho became my Idols. And they guided me to today. No matter how cute the girls is and no matter how cool

the guy is, I just want people to die! and I'm gonna die with them. I'm not asking for forgiveness because there won't be any. But it is what it is. I'm doing some people a favor by sending them to heaven. But those who are sinners like me, I'll see you in hell.