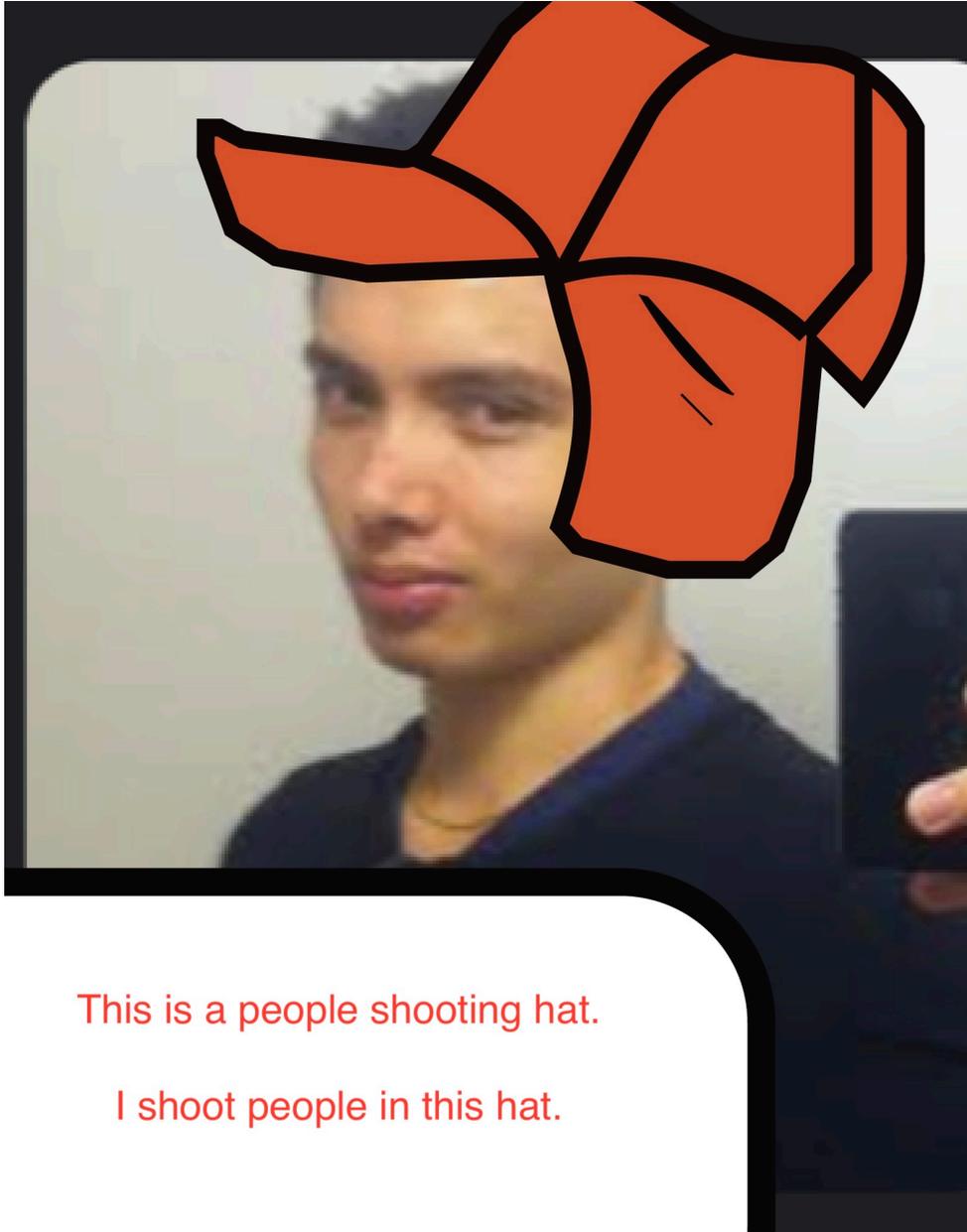


Mr. Rodger Leaves His Calling Card



This is a people shooting hat.

I shoot people in this hat.

James Frazier
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Author's Note

This is a true crime novella. Yet, it's also a horror piece. Both those genres are old. People used monster stories to scare each other since the dawn of time. And the scariest creatures are always other humans. Beginning in Victoria England, pulp magazines featured fictional accounts of vampires and werewolves alongside news articles about real murders. Everyone from peasants to aristocrats read those penny dreadful publications. This book features scenes from London in the 1880s and 1890s to harken back to that tradition. That era represented the best and earliest example I can conjure up where horror and true crime were fused together. Unless, readers want to remember *Medea* in ancient Greece, not starring Tyler Perry.

Truman Capote's 1966 work, *In Cold Blood*, remains the most well known example of the true crime genre. I've never read it. However, I saw the movie, *Capote*, starring Philip Seymour Hoffman. The film opens with a discussion of "problem novels." Hoffman's character says:

I had lunch with Jimmy Baldwin the other day...Lovely man. He told me the plot of his next book...he said..."I just want to make sure it's not one of those 'problem novels.'" And I said: "Jimmy, your novel's about a negro homosexual who's in love with a Jew. Wouldn't you call that a problem?"

That quote references James Baldwin and his novel *Another Country*. Baldwin explored interracial marriage and same sex relationships during a time when those were illegal and punishable with prison. That was a problem. James Baldwin wrote about it.

I started writing this book in May, 2022. I finished the first draft in June. Two mass shootings occurred during those two months. A third happened during July 4th weekend. One of those was a shooting at an elementary school in Uvalde, Texas. All the gunmen self identified as 'incels.' They viewed themselves as 'involuntarily celibate.' They were virgins who'd never even kissed a girl. And those three sexually starved boys shot and killed 38 people, many of them elementary school children, all because they couldn't get laid. Pardon the pun, we have a fucking problem in this country. I wrote about it.

I have told my sons that they are not under any circumstances to take part in massacres, and that the news of massacres of enemies is not to fill them with satisfaction or glee.

Kurt Vonnegut, Slaughterhouse Five

But he's coming for you, yea, he's coming for you.

Foster the People "Pumped Up Kicks"

“100 years ago, boys used to leave business cards for us in little bowls. Our sorority’s hot shit, always has been. They used to have to list their credentials; provide a CV; and get it right to fuck with us.”

“That’s actually a thing. We used to have the bowl. It was by the front door. The little stand for it’s still there. An alumni told me during homecoming.”

“Credentials? I wouldn't get on a guy’s dick over his Insta or LinkedIn profile.”

“First of all you would and you have. And, second, LinkedIn sucks.”

“You fucked a guy because of his shuffle dance on TikTok. And, you drove, in your car, paying for gas, to his house, in another state... There are no secrets in this house, remember that.”

Three Alpha Zeta Rho sisters, all in the same big-little-family, collectively reminisced about Gabby Caperini’s junior summer at Plymouth High School. All of them were achievers majoring in engineering and biochemistry. Except Danielle who was a lazy bitch. Danielle was really good at Spanish and also the sorority’s social chair. After a tense pause the girls looked down at the Ouija board.

“We read about those cards in AP English in a book called *The Awakening*, it was about an old south socialite. Set in New Orleans. Her name was Edna but she was hot. She was like a real housewife in the 1890s and she had a bowl for men and other people to leave their cards. And, we’re not in New Orleans. It’s windy A F outside...we’re doing 5th or 6th grader games with this Ouija thing...”

“Afterwards, are we gonna spin the bottle for hand stuff?”

“We’re gonna try something.”

“Why?”

“It’s relevant.”

“They’re gross.”

“They are. Yet, they keep shooting shit up. Elliot Rodger shot up a sorority house. And, Elliot Rodger begat Alek Minassian. The two literally PMed each other on Reddit. They begat

147 other copycat crimes. More shootings and attacks. So, we're going to do an evocation and figure out what the actual fuck all of these 'incels' problems are." Kendra was the oldest of the three sisters, she spoke with resolution in her voice.

Kendra decided to do the seance, complete with an authentic \$20 Ouija board from Amazon prime. She told Danielle to make a psychological profile of 'incels' like Elliot Rodger that even girls like Kendra and Gabby could understand. Danielle was good at people and she said she had a profile to share with the sisters.

"Elliot Rodger always said his problem was that he was a virgin who couldn't get a girlfriend. Un-relatable. I literally can't invoke that." Danielle had a younger brother and several cousins. She made the profile without complaining. Yet, she disliked the work.

"No, you're way too slutty to invoke virginity. That's why we're evoking it. Remember those cards we were just talking about?"

"Yea...you said they were for old school southern gentleman. Those olden time southern gentleman would leave cards in the bowl outside our house and come calling on us."

"Exactly. That dork was a 'gentleman' with money. 100 years ago, he would've been leaving cards in our bowl and developing a skill to impress us. Instead, he shot up a sorority house. I hate those Myers-Briggs videos on YouTube. They're not trendy anymore and they have too many categories."

"I used the 5 OCEAN factors for my profile. Probably all the 'incels' have about the same mindset. It's OCEAN so, openness to new experiences, conscientiousness, extroversion, agreeableness, and neuroticism which really is about the stability of someone's personality.

"Openness to new experiences equals low. They rarely step away from their computer screens to go out in the world. 'Incels' lack of openness damages their ability to acquire social skills. Like, downhill circular problem. Additionally, they say they want sex, yet, they don't want to go to strip clubs or visit escorts. I think they only want certain hyper specific things. They're not at all excited about new adventures. And, they'll fight you to prevent novel experiences.

"Conscientiousness is also going to be low. Conscientiousness describes a person's industriousness. 'Incels' are the opposite of hard working achievers. Those folks feel like they're owed sex. Some of them think that the government should provide them sex through programs. Literally, entitled and on welfare. Pickup artists talk about ways to approach girls. They use 'game' to get attention. 'Incels' aren't about that. Pickup artists recognize they need to 'peacock' and be interesting or fun. These 'incel' guys, by contrast, want to sit and look pretty and then have something automatically happen. Most of them don't feel they should have to even pay for sex work. A guy who doesn't think he needs to pay for it, in any way, is...I can't even.

“Extraversion is actually a little bit of a thing for them. ‘Incels’ get energized talking to each other in their online chat forums. I was at first tempted to say they were losers who couldn’t make friends. Yet, Elliot Rodger and that Minassian guy talked, played video games together. They were buddies. I think they feed on that computer socialization and they’re not introverts. They’re probably about a 55-60 on the extraversion scale.

“Agreeableness was the most challenging factor for me to profile. ‘Incels’ appreciate people like them. They welcome anyone who agrees with their ‘black pill’ bullshit into chats and boards with open arms. They hate women. And, they’re immediately disagreeable if they see another ‘incel’ around women. I’m not sure what that is. People talk about the ‘incel’ community being an echo chamber and that’s valid.

“Neuroticism is about the stability of a personality. ‘Incels’ have stable personalities that aren’t likely to change over time. The combination of lack of openness to new experiences and a stable personality creates problems for some people. For example, ‘incels’ bury themselves in their ‘black pill’ ideology. They’re not hard working so they’re unlikely to have a major breakthrough with a skill. And, they fight against new experiences. Literally, the potential for change doesn’t exist.

“I think that most male ‘incels’ are just ineffective sociopaths. In the DSM there’s a condition called antisocial personality disorder, ASPD. It talks about how ASPD people have symptoms before they’re 15. They’re manipulative, low achievers, and entitled. It fits these guys. Except, some folks with ASPD are achievers and they go on to be CEOs, politicians, or attorneys. ‘Incels’ are low achievers and I think that’s one of their defining characteristics.”

“Sounds like a friend's brother.”

“That's why we're doing this.”

“Literally though, one of my girlfriend’s in high school, Sherri, her brother used to sit in his room all day and play *Call of Duty*. They talk to other people on those headsets and he used to sit there all day and talk about ‘raping foids.’ I worried about her living with him. She said he was...fine. I’m in. Let’s figure this out.” Gabby Caperini had a lot of memories from her junior summer at Plymouth High School. Some were better than others, yet, Gabby admitted to herself that a fair number of boys in her high school played too much *Call of Duty* and talked on headsets.

The sisters did witchy shit to make the evocation. They got the Ouija board working. Ostensibly, the girls’ spell-craft made their big-little-family stronger. Yet, the sisters will take the exact machinations and incantations they used to awaken the spirits to their graves. Whatever their process, it succeeded. The sisters asked questions and the planchette replied by moving from letter to letter on the board.

Each sister rested a finger on the planchette as it traveled from one symbol to the next. Everyone swore they weren't moving the thing—literally at all. Yet, there it oscillated across R—A—D—I—O. And then a phone buzzed.

The phone didn't ring. It merely hummed and whirred. Gabby felt a faint tingling in her iPhone. Kendra remembered the sound her landline made during incoming calls. The humming and whirring was sometimes loud and harsh. Especially if the landline was setup near her modem and computer speakers. It wasn't a regular occurrence. It didn't happen before every incoming call. Rarely, there wasn't even an incoming call accompanying the noise. Now, Gabby's phone verberated with that same hum and whirl through the Logitech speakers of Kendra's desktop computer at Alpha Zeta Rho.

Danielle thought she could make Gabby's iPhone louder if she put it closer to the speaker. The old Logitech screeched as Danielle brought the phone in range. Incredibly, a voice spoke. The sisters all heard it. Or, they thought they heard it. It was a man's voice. The male voice was nasal and it experienced puberty to some degree. It talked with a deep sense of earned sadness. The following is a transcription of everything the sisters heard:

* * *

Elliot Rodger, here. I was born into elite British aristocracy. I was destined to grow into a supreme gentleman. Then, things in my life changed. I changed. After that, it was unlikely that I'd physically reproduce or procreate. Females ignored me. I was beautiful and I wore all the best designer clothing. Yet, women never even smiled at me. I hated all of them for their failure to recognize my godlike supremacy. And so, I faced problems with my lineage and legacy.

I devised a final solution to my problems. I suggested that all women should be moved into concentration camps where the government could ration their mating. I could've lost my virginity if that occurred. Sadly, I failed to manifest my lofty goal. Still, I found an online community of friends. They supported my vision. And I murdered six people in Isla Vista, California on May 23, 2014. I used guns during my massacre. Yet, in 2018, one of my closest and best friends, Alek Minassian, used a rented moving van to eliminate 11 more human lives in Toronto, Canada. I would've driven my luxury BMW on the sidewalks of my college town and crushed students to death if I hadn't been able to purchase firearms. I've inspired too many other copycat crimes to list here.

My attack on Isla Vista resolved many of my problems related to my legacy and my lineage. It's undeniable that I developed a following for myself—a group of admirers and devotees after that incident. They're my legacy. The manifesto I wrote when I was alive attracted some literary attention, like *The Catcher in the Rye* and Holden Caulfield. My writings, ideas, and actions resonated with readers all over the world.

Every day, I connect with real people through my writings and my audience grows.

Holden Caulfield was a fictional character. Yet, Holden Caulfield shaped the American psyche throughout the 20th century. He was the driving force behind the murders of Hollywood actresses; an assassination attempt on a US president; and the killing of John Lennon. Yet, in terms of numbers, my manifesto has already inspired more deaths than *The Catcher in the Rye*. Over time, my writings and my attack on Isla Vista will have a larger impact on the American character than any other literary work.

Barbara Walters, a major American TV news anchor, interviewed my father after my killing spree. My father told her that he tried to help me get over my hatred of women. He hoped I'd join the church and enter the priesthood. I would've been celibate in the priesthood. Yet, I didn't want that life. I wasn't religious. I never considered any vocation during my time on earth. Instead of getting a job, I envisioned myself as a divine embodiment of a supreme gentleman.

I realize now that my father and I had something in common. We both hoped that I'd acquire godlike power and significance. Both my father and I saw me as being something more than a person. We were correct. I succeeded during my lifetime. I transcended personhood and I became a truly superior aristocrat. Accordingly, I was shocked when Barbara Walters asked my father to describe the method that should be used to mourn my death.

My father couldn't answer her question. He said he didn't know. I don't mourn my death. My humanity started disappearing when I was 16. In my manifesto, I acknowledged that I abandoned personhood in favor of becoming something different. To mourn me, people should mourn the person I was. That boy was gone by the time I graduated from high school. After I left humanity by the wayside, my emotional legacy can be conceptualized as being akin to that of a hurricane. I transformed from a man into a storm. Society may grieve me as it would any other maelstrom. My father is an officious lout. He wouldn't understand.

I've gained insights about society, my family and myself since my death. I passed on my lineage and reproduced when I was alive. My written manifesto converted many others to think and act like me. Their actions shape the world to this day. This document represents the coda to that manifesto. I want to share my post-life thoughts with readers. I've learned much since exiting the mortal plane.

* * *

I was born in Lambeth, London, on July 24, 1991. My family had a large country estate. I spent the first five years of my life in happy comfort. Psychologists suggested that I suffered a serious trauma at about age six. I did. My grandfather died and my family's financial situation declined precipitously. My grandfather was a famous photo journalist. He took pictures of the Nazi concentration camps during their liberation after World War II. Later, I advocated putting women into concentration camps so that men could completely control their reproduction.

My grandfather's passing was life changing for me and my family. I traveled to five

countries before my sixth birthday. Indeed, my life was on track for entrance into elite, upperclass society. I'd live as a gentleman. I was the eldest male heir. Yet, my life changed for the worse. I went from heaven, into hell.

This decline didn't happen all at once. At first, things merely became more "normal." All my visits to new and exotic countries stopped. I wouldn't travel again for about three or four years. Then, I celebrated father's second marriage by visiting his new wife's homeland. My father and my mother, my father's first wife, moved to America before I was six years old. I started kindergarten a few weeks late at a private school.

My father sold our ancestral estate in the United Kingdom. That transaction financed our move to America and my first year of private education. However, we relocated away from our English family home. We were physically separated from the upperclass British gentry. I failed to perceive any of that. I had no clue how far my family and I fell financially or socially. I was six and I enjoyed watching a cartoon film about dinosaurs called *The Land Before Time*.

I didn't make any friends during my first year of private school. I started late. All the other children formed cliques, bonds, and companionships before I arrived from England. I eventually transferred to a public school and met friends. I never associated my matriculation from private school to public school with my family's financial decline. Yet, My father sold our first American house so we could downsize to a smaller home. My family spent less money on my education, yet, I created wonderful childhood memories at public charter school. My happiness increased as my family's monetary situation worsened, I even found a best friend.

My best friend from public charter school was my best friend for about 14 years. He played videogames with me in middle school and high school. He listened kindly as I talked about being upset by lack of sex. He stood by me as my hatred of women grew and intensified. He even sat and ate meals with me at cafes when I started throwing drinks on females and couples. He ended our friendship shortly before I attacked Isla Vista and killed six people.

I hung out with my best friend from public charter school in the real world, offline. Yet, I socialized with other people almost exclusively online after elementary and middle school. Although I saw myself as a member of the British nobility, I never formed friendships with other upperclass males. Deep down, I never hated myself for my inability to make friends at private school. I never associated my best friend from public charter school with a lower class of people. Yet, my family probably did. They joked about how he and I would "kick dust" together, for the rest of our lives.

Most of my friends from childhood were boys. I think my family preferred that I primarily interacted with males. I only made one female friend during my childhood. We had a handful of outings together. We were about six years old and we got on well. Her parents were members of the English elite upper class that I longed to be a part of. Unfortunately, my family coordinated all of my friendships.

My socializing was contrived, mostly by my mother, via playdates with other children. I spent much more time with boys than girls. My family didn't prioritize me having female companions. My limited interactions with girls caused me to see women as part of an entirely separate society for my whole life. Yet, mother arranged playdates in a way that made me happy. She ensured that I was always busy attending events with other boys from my public charter school classes. I thought my family and I were completely content until my seventh birthday.

I knew there was tension between my parents, yet, I believed they'd never separate. I worried about them potentially divorcing for the first time during my seventh birthday party. Mother told me that her and father would always be together. I suspected that she was pretending to be happy so I could enjoy my party. I understood when she told me about her anticipated separation from father. The timing of her news had no impact on my birthday celebration.

My parents divorce was challenging for mother and I. Father remarried within a year. That new marriage connected father's relatives in the United Kingdom with another wealthy family in Morocco. Mother never remarried. After the divorce, she played the role of a dutiful second wife. She moved into a home walking distance from a larger house in Woodland Hills that father shared with my stepmother. I liked that arrangement, yet, I failed to perceive how father's marriage into a new family would shape my future. I never considered how a younger brother with father's new woman could effect my status as firstborn male heir.

* * *

The Logitech speaker whirred and hummed. The voice stopped.

“What happened? Is it done?”

“We have to wake it back up.” Kendra grabbed the planchette and set it back on the board. “Gather round gals.”

Danielle, Kendra and Gabby returned to the board and each sister placed a finger on the planchette. “Why do you hate women?” The triangle oscillated over several letters in rapid succession. R-O-Y-A-L. The sisters exchanged confused glances. Kendra remained un-phased by the answer to her question. Danielle and Gabby were visibly shaken.

“Everyone, just relax and stay tough. I think we've locked onto something. Explain.”

The planchette moved slowly spelling out the word S-U-C-C-E-S-S-I-O-N. The Logitech speaker hummed and whirred again. An infirm voice spoke to the sisters. The voice conveyed a deep-seated sense of duty and a profound lack of bookishness.

* * *

Albert Victor, here, my nicknames are Eddie, Collars and Cuffs, Leather Apron, the Whitechapel Murderer, and Jack the Ripper. I was a royal; Queen Victoria's favorite grandson; and firstborn, eldest male heir to the Throne of the British Empire and Subcontinent India. I would've inherited all those lands, if things hadn't unfolded as they did. I lived in London's finest and most luxurious houses. Yet, the peasants gossiped that I traveled to the low class East End to hunt promiscuous women. Allegedly, I cut out their uteruses, kidneys, along with other bits of reproductive anatomy. I left a letter informing the constables investigating the matter that I lived in hell. All the commoners enjoyed heavenly, pleasurable sex, yet, I was from hell. My younger brother, George V, ruled the British Empire and the Subcontinent of India for 25 years after my death.

My younger brother, George V, established the House of Windsor in 1917. Everyone said that he was "so fit and so healthy." Our physician, Dr. William Gull, regularly commented about his strong physique and academic rigor. None of those observations worried me. I retained an aloof sense of security about my status. That was my greatest error.

I would've needed to live until 1910 to be king. I failed. Yet, I had no way of knowing I needed to stay alive for such a length of time to take my appointed position. I was born in 1864. My father claimed the throne in 1901 after grandmother's death. His reign ended upon his passing away in 1910 and my reign should've started in that year. I died long before then. However, I tried strenuously to live a long and leisurely life. I never considered the possibility of my younger brother usurping my heirship.

My family groomed me to enter the British aristocracy, as a gentleman and as a monarch. To that end, I attended Cambridge University. Yet, my time before Cambridge is ambiguous. Perhaps, my brother and I were in the navy. We may have seen the world during royal voyages and tours to exotic lands. Records exist validating that story. Dr. William Gull is the only significant witness who validated those accounts of our naval service. He was the only signatory on all of my travel logs. Disputes about royal records were a motif for me throughout my life.

Alternatively to those travel logs, my brother and I were tutored at our private estate. If that were true, then, my younger brother outperformed me during our early education. He applied himself and shielded me from the Dr. Gull's rigorous program. My younger brother excelled professionally and socially. Yet, my study habits worsened at Cambridge. My classmates talked openly about my lack of academic rigor.

I actually joined the navy after Cambridge. My family called me "Eddie" before university. After the armed service, they called me "Collars and Cuffs." I cut a dashing figure in my fatigues. I looked like a proper officer with my long neck and tall stature. I wore the part so well that I never had to serve any function or do anything. I looked the part and that was enough.

I was a royal.

I was Queen Vitoria's favorite grandson. All of the Whitechapel commoners' chatter about me was most distressing to grandmother. And to Dr. Gull. They questioned my fitness to receive my birthright. The insult stung. I expressed the same to my grandmother during her inquisition of me. She reminded Dr. Gull that the dead, sinful, whores were far from innocents.

"We won't throw you to the wolves, dear. But, the people talk. They're saying it's someone called 'Leather Apron' ripping them apart."

"This is outrageous—"

"—Tower of London's less than one mile distance from the East End. There's also the bridge to the island due south of Whitechapel, Eddie...we'll have to do so much work in the rumor mill. The peasants may hold a grudge against you."

"You said you prized advances in the medical field, the study of science, and autopsies. Learning about anatomy. I learned so much about those women's bodies. I was practicing."

"I understand, dear. However, your letter was excessive." Police found a note near one of the victims. It claimed that the killer consumed a kidney that belonged to the deceased. A large constituency in London suspected that I, Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was Jack the Ripper after six prostitutes in the East End lost their lives. The news left my grandmother distraught.

Regardless of the identity of Jack the Ripper, the lion's share of the killings ended in 1888. I conducted myself in a manner that was above reproach in 1888, 1889, and 1890. Royal travel logs clearly indicated that I was miles from London on all of the dates of the five canonical ripper deaths. Disputes about royal travel records were a motif throughout my life. Commoners said that there were other murders, they suggested fanciful numbers of victims, up to a dozen in some cases. Meanwhile, the plebs in Whitechapel slept standing up, butted against one another and leaning on long walls in shabby gin houses. It was a veritable harvest of human life. I asserted that multiple killers stalked the filth of the East End. Not just Jack the Ripper, but also another fellow called the Thames Torso Murderer. Regrettably, everyone gossiped about my "sexual problems" and the true identity of Jack the Ripper became irrelevant.

Queen Victoria and Dr. Gull were more concerned with talk about my social history than with stories about dead prostitutes. Londoners said that I was a homosexual based on the way I wore my military costumes. They accused me of being a dandy. East Enders said that I was a virgin since I was never seen near any disgusting houses of ill repute. "Eddie, you've always had an artistic, sensitive temperament. We'll see about finding you a suitor and that will resolve issues related to you succeeding me after your father."

A piece of gossip was circulated in the East End. Allegedly, I'd apprenticed with an artist in the countryside and married a woman. I supposedly fathered an illegitimate child, without grandmother's knowledge or consent. And, the murders were committed by Dr. Gull in order to preserve my claim to the monarchy. I conducted myself in a manner that was above reproach and eventually the peasants quieted themselves. By 1891, I was sure things had calmed down.

In 1891, a lady of the evening was strangled to death in New York City. That news set the gossipy gin mills in the East End ablaze once more. "Eddie the Ripper is traveling internationally." I really didn't murder that whore. I also never paid for male companionship at a brothel on Cleveland Street. The plebs told a story that I solicited companionship with young male bedfellows but this was merely hateful slander. Queen Victoria was outraged by the allegations of my patronizing a homosexual house of ill repute. Grandmother said she wouldn't abandon me if I secured a woman's hand in marriage.

I tried on at least two separate occasions to accomplish that feat. Princess Alix of Hesse refused my advances. She gave her hand to another man. In my opinion, things will end badly for her. A 'Tsarina' is a tacky thing to be. And Alexandra Feodorovna is a ghastly name. Then, I courted my second cousin, once removed, Mary of Trek. Our chemistry was acceptable. I maintain we could've had a fine nuptial. Yet, she married my brother after my death. My courtships didn't quell the chatter about my visiting a male brothel. I was sent away on a tour of India to keep me out of public view.

Royal tours are normally planned extensively in advance. Queen Victoria dispatched me on an elaborate journey through the Indian subcontinent with little fanfare or ceremony. The whole thing was done shockingly fast. I never returned to London. I died in 1892 at a country estate. My younger brother, George V, ruled the British Empire and India in my stead. He married Mary of Trek, the woman I courted, about two years after my death. 25 years later, my younger brother, George V, founded the House of Windsor. He preserved the Monarchy through the Great War.

* * *

"That wasn't Elliot Rodger. That voice didn't even sound American or from this century."

"It's flukey...Idk. 'Royal' and 'succession'...Elliot Rodger always said he was an aristocrat...British nobility...Google Albert Victor."

"I have a picture of him. It says there were rumors he was Jack the Ripper. His younger brother really did rule England and start the House of Windsor. His grandmother was Queen Victoria. Albert Victor was the eldest male heir. If he had lived, he would've been king instead of George V."

"Aren't all those royals related?"

“Yes, Elliot Rodger’s grandfather was from a place called Hale which is part of Greater Manchester. Rodger’s family must’ve sold their Hale estate to come to America. Does Elliot Rodger look like that Albert Victor guy?”

“Harry and Meagan are for sure related to Albert Victor. Albert Victor’s dad was Prince of Wales, just like Harry. I think Albert Victor looks more like Elliot Rodger than Prince Harry.”

“Some feminist literature says that the patriarchy caused the Isla Vista shooting. Literally, a connection with the British monarchy would be like, the most patriarchy.”

“Ok, Elliot Rodger talked about how his mom became a ‘second wife’ after the divorce. I think he got a half brother when his dad remarried. So, maybe there’s some patriarchy stuff here.”

The sisters placed their fingers back on the planchette. “Tell me about your childhood with your mom, after the divorce.”

The planchette glided quickly and easily over the letters H-A-P-P-Y.

“Why?”

The planchette moved over two words. The sisters had to read them after copying the letters. All the girls recognized the pop culture references right away. P-O-K-E-M-O-N and H-A-L-O.

* * *

Elliot Rodger, here, the happiest years of my life were between my parent’s divorce at age seven and my puberty when my life fell apart. I remember when I got my first erection at age 13 in my stepmother’s homeland, Morocco. That was the official beginning of my puberty, the end of my childhood, and the beginning of my descent into hell. My life was nothing but misery after the moment of my sexual awakening. Yet, my early trips to Morocco were happy. I loved my stepmom. I was obsessed with blonde hair on women for my whole life and I found her blonde hair very attractive.

Father married a wealthy young woman from a prosperous family within one year after divorcing mother. My stepmother’s name was Ines. Ines was 25 when I met her. She had blonde hair. I remember visiting Ines’ family in the Casbah district of Marrakech. Although Ines’ parents were separated, they lived walking distance from each other. One of her parents remarried and integrated into a new family. That arrangement worked well. Back in America, father moved into a large house in Woodland Hills. Mother relocated into a smaller residence that was walking distance from the big home. It was just like Ines’ family in the Casbah district of

Marrakech. I was contented with this situation.

I enjoyed father's large house in Woodland Hills. At first, I got everything I wanted. My first room was big and on the second floor with a balcony. My parents bought me all the best stuff including Pokemon cards, skateboards and hacky sacks. I used all those things to fit in with the other kids at school. I especially enjoyed the Pokemon games and cards.

One day I opened a booster pack of Pokemon cards and found a holographic Charizard. What a wonderful memory. That card gave me admiration and adoration from all my peers. They saw how superior I was for having the best and rarest Pokemon card. Life was so fair and just during those years. Indeed, people judged each other based on the size of one's Pokemon card collection. I had more friends than I could count at public charter school when everyone was judged on fair and just metrics like the size of their Pokemon card collection.

I played Pokemon and other videogames during playdates with friends. Mother arranged those events. During one sleepover, I played a videogame called *Conker's Bad Fur Day*. I thought that game was very good. I threw a tantrum and demanded that mother buy it for me. I think she refused to purchase *Conker's Bad Fur Day* because it was a mature game and I was too young. Yet, I threw other tantrums and convinced her to buy me lots of exciting items. I used tantrums as an effective tool to get things I wanted from my mother. Ines didn't like my tantrums. She punished me for them and this prevented me from ever having playdates at father's house.

Despite her punishments, Ines liked me a lot when my mother lived walking distance from father's large house in Woodland Hills. I wanted to make friends and fit in with the popular kids. Ines helped me do that by buying me cool skateboarder clothes and by taking me for upscale haircuts so that I looked cool. Once, Ines got my hair bleached blonde. That made our hair about the same color. Then, my hair grew out black underneath the bleached blonde parts. I was happy to learn that Ines found this look attractive. All my stepmom's attention and affection made me conscious of social hierarchies.

I was obsessed with social hierarchies for the rest of my life. I realized that some people were better than others. Some people were descended from nobility and some people were descended from slaves. Some people had lives of heavenly pleasure and other people were relegated to a living hell. Before puberty, I was better than others, further up on the hierarchy, because I had a holographic Charizard. Yet, after puberty, hierarchies weren't based on fair and just metrics like the size of a Pokemon card collection. After puberty, tall blonde girls replaced holographic Charizards.

I wouldn't worry about blonde girls until I started puberty at age 13. Mother and I moved away from father's large house in Woodland Hills when I was 11. I left public charter school and went back to private school for sixth grade through eighth grade. I had fewer friends. Everyone bullied me. I let everyone at private school pick on me so that I had attention. I didn't mind being mocked and teased by my new classmates because my mother maintained relationships with my

friends from public charter school. I had playdates with my public charter school friends during evenings and weekends. We walked to a community center called Planet Cyber and played videogames together. I loved gaming with all my “dust kicker” friends. We never played with any girls. Yet, we were happy. I cherished the memories from that time in my life.

Walks to Planet Cyber with my friends from public charter school were the best experiences of my life. We played *Diablo II* and *Halo 2*. Later, my friends all met together in real life to enjoy videogames. They didn't invite me. Yet, I hosted everyone at Planet Cyber when I was in seventh grade. Those times were my last bit of pleasure before I started puberty, before I moved out of my balcony room and into the dark basement, and before Ines got pregnant with my baby brother.

I felt my younger brother kicking inside Ines' stomach. She didn't tell me she was pregnant. Instead, Ines told me to touch her stomach with my palm. I thought that I'd still be the eldest male heir and I was excited to have a younger half brother. My room moved from the second floor to the basement before my baby brother was born so he could sleep closer to Ines. I didn't like the basement room. There wasn't as much sunlight and I was afraid of the dark at the bottom of the stairs. I solved that problem by running quickly down the stairs, through the dark and hitting the light switch. I started puberty in my dark basement room.

Everyone changes during puberty. I changed a lot. I stopped wearing skateboarder clothes. I stopped bleaching my hair blonde. And I stopped trying to fit in with the popular kids. I coveted girls. I lusted after girls. I fantasized about girls so much that I masturbated for the first time by thrusting sexually into my pillow. Everyone called me a “manlet.” All of my playdates with public charter school friends ended when I started puberty.

In eight grade, all of my public charter school friends discovered girls and initiated themselves into the heavenly pleasures of sex. That didn't happen for me. My life became a living hell. After I died, I learned that my friends also looked at career paths for the first time in eighth grade. I didn't do that either. My father thought the church would be a good fit for me. He never told me that directly when I was alive. Yet, he nudged me towards the priesthood in subtle ways. Priests are celibate. If I became a priest, I'd never have sex because I'd be celibate. Theoretically, that eliminated the need for me to learn about girls. That wasn't what I wanted. I never chose to be a celibate priest.

I was never religious. Neither was my father. Although, he made a religious movie. He interviewed Ringo Starr and David Copperfield for a film called *Oh My God?* In it, my father asked Ringo Starr and David Copperfield their thoughts about religion and god. My father didn't give his thoughts about religion and god. My father said the film wasn't about him. The film was a financial failure.

I went to an all boys Catholic high school after eight grade graduation. I wasn't excited to attend that school. My father was happy and he felt that he found me a career path. Yet, I didn't

fit in there. I didn't learn any of the new names and faces of my classmates. That was a sharp contrast to my earlier schools. I knew all the names of my friends at public charter school. I had to know all my friend's names when I hosted them for *Halo 2* and *Diablo II* at Planet Cyber. I never hosted anyone from any of my high schools for game nights at Planet Cyber. I was alone during most of my high school years.

Women had always been an entirely separate society to me for my whole life and this was especially true for me when I attended an all boys Catholic high school. I didn't know that my Catholic high school was affiliated with an all girls school. I was clueless about how to meet and connect with women. The other boys in my class didn't help me. Instead of telling me to attend events at the affiliated all girls Catholic high school, the boys shoved me into lockers and called me a "faggot." That's the only name I remember from the all boys Catholic high school.

I kept to myself during classes and I mainly socialized with my old public charter school friends on platforms like Xbox Live. I also discovered *World of Warcraft*. *World of Warcraft* was a revolutionary massive multiplayer online role playing game. It fulfilled the majority of my social needs during high school. The game allowed players to build characters, collect upgrades, and collaborate with other gamers in real time on dungeons and raids. I wasn't a great character builder. I also wasn't good with arithmetic, which made strategizing for raids difficult. As a result, I excelled in the online game by grinding, spending incredible amounts of time gaming to find all the best pieces of gear and all the rarest items for my characters.

I knew that I could only win in raids by putting more hours into the videogame than anyone else. I made *World of Warcraft* the primary focus of my life. I devoted no time to school. I had no desire to learn how to drive a car. And, I only socialized with my friends from public charter school in the world of warcraft. They met up together in person, although I wasn't invited to events with them. None of this worried me and I immersed myself more deeply in my online role playing game.

The consistency of my online games helped me transition between three different high schools. I started my sophomore year at a public institution called Taft High School. I lasted there for two weeks. The boys shoved me into lockers and called me names, just like the previous year. Yet, the new public school was coed so women and girls saw me and laughed at my misery. I threw several tantrums and my parents transferred me to a smaller school.

I threw a lot of tantrums. I threw a tantrum to get my second floor balcony room at father's large house in Woodland Hills. I threw tantrums that convinced my mother to buy me videogames, skateboards, and Pokemon cards. And I threw tantrums that persuaded my father and mother to transfer me out of Taft High School. I sobbed, screamed and cried as my father dropped me off at school. I refused to leave father's car. I even pawed at the passenger's window as I howled in agony. Father physically removed me from his vehicle and left me at school. I begged mother not to do the same thing. Mother and I drove away from the school's parking lot to have a big talk at a cafe. We discussed me changing schools.

I selected a continuation high school with 300 students. Independence High School had classes for half of the day. The work requirements weren't rigorous. I turned 16 there and I took the bus too and from school until I graduated early. I had no desire to learn how to drive a car. I socialized almost entirely in my videogames.

My 16th birthday was a nostalgic event. I had a sleepover with my "dust kicker" friend from public charter school. He got a car for his most recent birthday. I didn't get my driver's license. I knew I was off track. My mother dropped us off at Planet Cyber. We played *World of Warcraft*. I had a good experience reminiscing about the past. I didn't want the fond memories to end. We walked back to my mother's new house. I asked to do that so we could remember seventh grade during the walk. My mother's new house was three times further from Planet Cyber than in seventh grade. I enjoyed the rest of my birthday sleepover. Yet, I also contemplated my place in the world. I felt young for my age relative to my peers. From that point forward, I struggled to situate myself in society for the rest of my life.

My 16th year on earth was wrought with chaos. This was the year my father's film floundered during production. He said the film ruined him and caused a financial crisis. Then, Ines' father died. Ines left for Morocco with my baby brother. Father stayed in California to manage his financial crisis. His friends helped him through the hardship.

A family called the Kelheims was close with my father. The Kelheims had a 12 year old son called Peter Kelheim. Peter was a tall skateboarder with blonde hair, he also probably liked hacky sacks. During a large dinner, a 16 year old girl kissed and made out with Peter Kelheim instead of me. I was four years older than Peter. That girl and I were the same age. Yet, she chose 12 year old Peter Kelheim.

At that moment, I cursed 12 year old Peter Kelheim. I coveted everything about his life. I also cursed that girl and all girls. I coveted girls even more than I coveted the life of 12 year old Peter Kelheim. He was living a life of sex and pleasure. Yet, I was consigned to a living hell. I threw a tantrum at the end of dinner.

I had one good social experience when I was 16. My father hosted a foreign exchange student from France for a bit of time. That foreign exchange student invited me to his home in Montpellier for three weeks. In France, I drank at bars; associated with young people my own age; and enjoyed the normal life that I was denied in America. Those three weeks were a welcome and joyful contrast to my accustomed life of videogames and isolation. Yet, I reentered that realm immediately after I left France. *World of Warcraft* released a new expansion shortly after my return to the USA. My parents split the cost of a new laptop for my 17th birthday.

I tried to quit gaming online all my life. I had some small bouts of success. Yet, I always returned to the habit. I never fully beat my videogame addiction until I spent thousands of dollars on lottery tickets. Before that, I played *World of Warcraft* online with one of my teachers

during my last year at Independence High School. I was alone and my personhood started disintegrating. I wasn't connected to any of my peers in school. I wasn't on a career path. I wasn't learning how to drive a car. I was meandering through a hellish and lowly existence. I grew bitter.

I fantasized about punishing young people for their heavenly lives. I learned that most teenagers my age were living rich lives of pleasurable ecstasy. Yet, I was denied that sensual joy. After puberty, my virginity prevented me from rising on the social hierarchy. I dreamed about hurting men and women and taking away their sex. I thought that if I was still a virgin, no one else in the world should have sex. And I wanted to prevent others from enjoying sex. That was a fair solution to an unjust problem. My sexual starvation and deprivation was the result of an unjust society.

I understood that women caused all of the unfairness and injustice in the world. Females unreasonably gave sex to the wrong people, like Peter Kelheim. Women failed to properly assess the social hierarchy. That constant and continuous failure caused problems with their ability to accurately select mates. They chose obnoxious brutes instead of gentlemen. Therefore, I wanted to seize control of female reproduction. I viewed that plan as a viable solution to my involuntary celibacy. I longed for the times when hierarchies were based on fair and just metrics like the size of one's Pokemon card collection. Now, pretty blonde girls replaced holographic Charizards. I made it my life's mission to rectify that appalling injustice.

I decided that I would be powerful and significant even though women refused to give me sex and pleasure. Girls were always part of an entirely separate society to me for my whole life. They made a collective decision to reject me. They chose incorrectly. I needed to make them suffer for their error. Yet, those ideas remained mere dreams and fantasies during my final year at continuation high school.

I graduated from Independence High School early. I had no prospects for my future. I was angry. I coveted girls and nothing else. My parents thought I'd improve if I spent time in Tangiers, Morocco, with Ines' family. I was adamantly opposed to their idea. I never considered that my time abroad could be similar to my happy adventures in France. I was preoccupied with online videogames and thoughts about correcting the injustices I suffered every day of my life. I devised a plan to avoid traveling with my stepmother when I discovered that my parents purchased a plane ticket for me.

My plan was simple. On the day of my scheduled departure, I'd sneak out of father's large house in Woodland Hills and run. I couldn't drive so I had to sprint several miles on foot to mother's apartment complex. There was a small nook on her rooftop. I'd hide in that nook until my parents agreed to let me skip Tangiers and remain in America. Unfortunately, father put an alarm on his front door. It rang whenever someone opened the door.

That new device thwarted my original escape plan. On the day of my flight to Morocco, I ran out the of the house during breakfast hoping the engine of a passing garbage truck would

mask father's loud security alarm. It didn't. Father heard my exit. He chased me for about half a block. I drooped and hung my head sadly as I stopped running and allowed father to catch me. I flew to Tangiers and threw several tantrums.

My tantrums convinced mother to send me home. I emailed her every day from an internet cafe and begged her to bring me back to America. Ines never forgave me for crying in her family home. Yet, mother came to Morocco and took me back to the USA. I won.

I enjoyed the spoils of my victory which took the form of more time playing *World of Warcraft*. Ines remained in Morocco. Yet, my parents were both in California. I went between both of their houses. I played videogames at mother's house. And I walked alone through father's large neighborhood in Woodland Hills. I was sure that during one of my lonely walks I'd meet a pretty blonde girl. I pictured her walking by herself, just like me. We'd strike up a conversation, start a relationship and have sex. Yet, that never happened.

Young people drove past me in their cars and laughed at me. I knew that I was socially deficient relative to other teenagers. I remember the day I fully realized the extent of my isolation. My epiphany manifested during a bike ride to Calabasas. I saw boys and girls in sexual relationships all over the common areas of Calabasas. Yet, I was alone and I had no girlfriend or companion. No girl ever kissed me, liked me or even acknowledged me. I was separate and different from young people my own age. The full weight of that knowledge crushed me. I knew I was rejected and relegated to a living hell. I mentally broke-down that night.

My breakdown was more than a tantrum. I cried for hours. I understood that I needed to make improvements to myself and my character. Father heard me sobbing. He expressed sincere pity for me even saying he'd help me change. I committed myself to doing anything in my power to make girls like me. I got a new haircut and new clothes. I looked at enrolling in courses at Pierce College.

Father took a renewed interest in my personal development as the dust settled from his crisis. My father's film about god and religion failed. The film was called *Oh My God?*. It had a limited theatrical release. Critics rejected the movie and wrote negative reviews. His finances were in shambles. Around that time, my father showed me a movie called *Alpha Dog*.

I didn't understand the plot of the film *Alpha Dog* when I was alive. The movie was a true crime thriller starring Bruce Willis and Justin Timberlake. It told the real life story of a kidnapping gone wrong. An older brother owed money to a street gang in Los Angeles. The gang kidnapped his younger brother. They said that they'd kill the younger brother if the older brother didn't pay his debt. The younger brother trusted his older brother to settle things with the street gang. The younger brother stayed with his kidnappers and didn't try to flee or escape. Yet, the older brother failed to repay the street gang. Accordingly, the street gang killed the younger brother.

The street gang held the younger brother for a few days before they killed him. They were bad kidnapers because they showed their faces to the younger brother instead of wearing masks. Yet, they were good kidnapers because they gave the younger brother the opportunity to leave Los Angeles instead of relying on his older brother. The younger brother rejected that opportunity. The kidnapers allowed the younger brother to swim in a pool with two girls before they shot him in the head and buried him outside of Los Angeles in a shallow grave. The younger brother had sex in the pool. He died in his older brother's place immediately after playing in the water. Yet, he didn't die a virgin.

My father asked me to review *Alpha Dog*. I said I was glad the younger brother died. The younger brother got to have sex and I didn't so it was good that he was dead. Ines returned from Morocco a few weeks later. She banned me from father's house for my tantrums in Tangiers. Father was an officious lout and a coward. He acquiesced to Ines' ban. Nothing connected in my life after that. Everything felt out of synch. I knew that one day I'd be significant to society. Yet, I had no plans or goals. Subconsciously, I recognized that my personhood had irrevocably eroded.

* * *

"Google *Alpha Dog*."

"Justin Timberlake released 'SexyBack' before he put on that fedora."

"I can't get over those screenshots. I guess it was the early 2000s. Yet, fedoras are a poor life choice, even for JT..."

The sisters pondered their last transmission. "I think he never had a chance."

"Meaning he was always going to be a mass shooter?"

"Hopefully not, maybe that could've been stopped. Yet, I mean in the broadest sense—he never had a chance. Guy had zero social skills and graduated from a continuation high school. What was he going to do?"

"Everyone says Elliot Rodger's a racist, yet, he doesn't talk about that as much as I thought he would. He's classist."

"What do you mean? He likes kids from public charter school and he doesn't have any deep guilt about failing to fit in with more affluent students at private school."

"People who aren't conscientious don't feel guilt and they're not prone to guilt..."

"There was a shooter in Buffalo who shot ten people. Most of them were black. His manifesto acknowledged some 'incel' ideas. Yet, it was also heavily racist. That shooter quoted a

lot from neo nazi and white supremacist literature. He endorsed something called the ‘great replacement theory.’ That theory argues that Jewish people and other minorities are replacing caucasian white collar workers.”

“Literally, I feel like Elliot Rodger would’ve just been mad at anyone who was fucking.”

“Agreed. Yet, race seems to be a background motif for all of these ‘incels.’”

“Should we evoke an ‘incel’ who was more racist than Elliot Rodger? There are a few out there now. There have been too many of these massacres.”

The sisters returned to the board. “Tell us about ‘incels’ and the ‘great replacement theory.’” The planchette responded to the question. The tile highlighted the letters L-I-F-E-I-S-S-H-I-T.

“What do you want?”

K-I-L-L-A-N-D-D-I-E.

* * *

William Atchison, here, I killed a ‘Chad,’ a ‘Stacy,’ and myself. They were Mexicans. I was white. My life sucked. I wanted to die. I went apeshit and took people with me. I did that at my old high school in Aztec, New Mexico. I was a fan of the shooting at Columbine High School in Lakewood, Colorado. That happened in 1999. I attacked my old school in 2017. The Columbine shooters murdered 13 students and themselves. I shot two students and myself. New Mexico segregated schools until the 1950s. I hoped my politics and violence would help America return to that era.

In the 1950s, I wouldn’t have worked at a gas station like I did when I was alive. I was white. I only worked there because I never graduated from Aztec High School. Things would’ve been different in the 1950s. Life wouldn’t suck like it did, even if I had to work, I would’ve been an overseer. Yet, I lived during the 2010s and my life was shit. I worked all the time in a small and rural town in the southwestern desert. I serviced customers constantly during my shift. I never realized why my gas station was busy when I was alive.

Aztec, New Mexico was in a remote part of America called the Four Corners. The borders of four US states including New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona and Utah all met at one location in that region. It was a tourist attraction for families on roadtrips. Aztec was the county seat of the county that comprised New Mexico’s section of the Four Corners. The town’s population was under 6,500 people. Despite it’s small size, the big courthouse was there. Anyone with a major felony in San Juan or McKinley counties; anyone with a divorce in San Juan or McKinley counties; and anyone involved in any civil litigation or regional governmental affairs

drove through Aztec, New Mexico. Hardly anyone lived there. They passed through for a vacation or for business. And they all stopped to fuel up at my shit gas station.

My shit gas station probably had close to half a million customers a year. About 200,000 people lived in San Juan and McKinley counties. That number didn't include Indians. Gallup, New Mexico, was the county seat of McKinley county and it was also one of the centers of Indian Country. Census takers didn't count those people in the population surveys before the New Mexico territory got its statehood in 1912. Even though their population wasn't thoroughly documented, Indians outnumbered whites in New Mexico until the 1950s. Reinforcements came between 1950 and 1960 when the state's population increased by over 350% in some places. Aztec, New Mexico, was one of those places. I was mindful about population dynamics when I was alive.

I wanted to build a wall to preserve the white population gains in my town. I liked the idea of keeping whites separate from Indians. Therefore, I hated the state's current integrated education system. Indians and Mexicans didn't attend school with whites in the early 1950s. I thought about reintroducing racial segregation. That would've removed undesirables from good schools. Or, I considered massacring undesirable students and teachers. I admired the events at Columbine High School. I also admired Elliot Rodger and his attack on Isla Vista, California. I saw Elliot Rodger as a supreme gentleman. He was like me. We both liked the same video games. We posted on the same online message boards. We also shared overlapping social, political, and philosophical ideas.

Elliot Rodger and I understood women. They were irrational, Machiavellian, and superficial. I agreed that women were better off in concentration camps where rational men could control their reproduction. I had no illusions about the origins of my ideology. I freely associated with Neo Nazis when I was alive. I got tattoos of swastikas and other marks. The supreme gentleman, Elliot Rodger, wasn't a Neo Nazi. Yet, he shared some of their views. Ultimately, I believed that Aztec, New Mexico would be a better place if men asserted full control over female mating and sexuality. That would persevere the white population gains in my state.

The white population shrank in parts of New Mexico after the 1950s and 1960s. Especially in Albuquerque. I obsessed about ways to solve my population's declining birth rates when I was alive. Yet, I recognized the practical limitations of my plans. Relocating all white women into breeding facilities was difficult. Therefore, eliminating non-white lives was an alternative to increasing white birth rates. They did something similar at Columbine High School in 1999. I admired that event. I drew a timeline of the Columbine massacre on the blackboard at Aztec High School in 2012. The school suspended me. I didn't graduate.

I hated my life after I failed to graduate from Aztec High School. I worked at my shit gas station. I distracted myself with fantasies about Columbine and Isla Vista. Columbine didn't inspire Elliot Rodger's attack on Isla Vista. He didn't think about the white population or about reconfiguring schools like me. The supreme gentleman merely hated women and wanted to

punish them for denying him the pleasures of sex. He said that in the manifesto he posted online.

Elliot Rodger understood how ideas spread on the internet. He uploaded YouTube videos of himself and his baby brother. He posted on Yahoo Answers, on 4Chan, and on Reddit. He emailed his manifesto to about a dozen people just before he started his shooting spree. Americans studied all of Elliot Rodger's online activity after his attack. Isla Vista shared one similarity with Columbine. Both events redefined America's relationship with mass media.

Elliot Rodger's massacre ushered in the digital age of mass media. Local television news stations covered the shooting in Isla Vista, California, in 2014. Yet, analog media was almost antiquated. Most people viewed the local news coverage, at their convenience, in the form of two to five minute videos uploaded to YouTube. Legions of people also discovered Elliot Rodger's writings and message board posts. People accessed more intimate information about the supreme gentleman than about almost any other mass shooter in American history. I used all of those archives to honor Elliot Rodger's memory. I revered his deeds. Thousands of other people were like me. They did the same thing. It wasn't the first time a massacre inspired a national fan following. I was three years old when Columbine happened, yet, that attack shaped the American character.

The massacre at Columbine High School was one of the last major events covered by analog media. The internet wasn't widespread in 1999. Most people connected to the world wide web with dialup modems. Cellphones didn't have cameras or online connectivity. They were uncommon, especially among high school students. The Brady Bill was still in effect and it prevented Americans from legally owning certain high powered assault rifles like AR-15s. School shootings were generally unheard of at that time, until an attack at a high school south of Lakewood, Colorado, stopped the world. Yet, not all at once. Information moved more slowly on April 20, 1999. Most people only got their local news at certain appointed times.

In 1999 Americans gathered around their television sets to learn the news of the world everyday at 6:00 pm and 11:00 pm. The 24 hour news cycle was only about three years old. Local television stations were still the best source of information available to most Americans. Therefore, Americans learned about Columbine from their local news anchors. During those broadcasts, people watched audio recordings of 911 calls from Columbine High School. Presenters relayed the latest rumors and speculations about the incident to viewers across the country. Live audiences were glued to their televisions. Local stations interrupted syndicated reruns of *M*A*S*H* and *Mama's Family* to provide extended coverage of the attack. They didn't do that for the supreme gentleman, Elliot Rodger. The live audience wasn't large enough. I didn't think about any of that when I was alive.

Like Elliot Rodger, the Columbine shooters made films and wrote journals explaining their actions. Unlike Elliot Rodger, the Columbine shooters didn't use the internet to disseminate their materials. Law enforcement agencies suppressed those shooters' writings and videos. Even today, dedicated researchers can find transcripts of the video recordings, yet, not the actual

videos themselves. Unfortunately, local news channels struggled to make sense of the massacre at Columbine High School after those vital pieces information were obscured from public view.

Americans received simplified explanations about the causes of the shooting at Columbine High School. The media blamed musicians, especially a performer called Marylyn Manson who made gothic heavy metal style rock and roll. Accordingly, Americans profiled anyone associated with the gothic subculture as being a potential school shooter. Local news channels also said that bullying contributed to the attack. They said the shooters were victims. Americans collectively circulated the narrative that the massacre was revenge. All of those explanations were inaccurate.

Local news channels and Americans conjectured that trench coats contributed to the killings at Columbine. A film called *The Matrix* was released less than a month before the massacre. The main character in that film wore a trench coat while he shot people during extended action sequences. The sequences in that movie redefined the action genre. Some of the students at Columbine High School, including the two shooters, wore trench coats. It made sense to demonize trench coats. They were part of the gothic subculture. Yet, everyone left *The Matrix* blameless. The sequences in that movie redefined the action genre.

The events at Columbine High School redefined America's relationship with the media. The supreme gentleman, Elliot Rodger continued to redefine America's relationship with mass media. I didn't think about any of that when I was alive. Yet, I thought about Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold all the time. I learned a lot more about them after my death.

Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold met in seventh grade. They were inseparable after that. Eric Harris was well liked by girls. A girl bought him a shotgun and two carbine rifles. He used that shotgun and those rifles to kill members of his peer group on April 20, 1999, at Columbine High School. The girl wasn't charged due to her cooperation with authorities. On the day of the massacre, Eric Harris wore a shirt that said "Natural Selection." He also wrote the quote "Ich bin gott" throughout his journals. That quote is a German quote and it roughly translates to "I am god." Even before his attack, Eric Harris wanted to be a force for "Natural Selection." He bullied another student so much that the other student had issues returning to school. Yet, Eric Harris was close with Dylan Klebold.

Dylan Klebold wasn't close with girls. In 1999 most people connected to the world wide web with dialup modems. The local news channels didn't use the word 'incel' before syndicated reruns of *M*A*S*H* and *Mama's Family*. Yet, Dylan Klebold handwrote these words in his journal: "the girls I know...I know how I know I can never be with them." Dylan Klebold also wrote that he was "exiled to this eternal hell." He bought the TEC-9 he used during the massacre with his own money, illegally, from a coworker at Blackjack Pizza. Dylan Klebold also wrote in his journal was that he wanted to be a martyr for others and that he wanted to escape.

Eric Harris said it was too bad that Dylan Klebold was part Jewish. Sue Klebold, Dylan's

mother was from a Jewish family in Columbus, Ohio. Some investigators suggested that Eric Harris killed Dylan Klebold during the final moments of the shooting at Columbine High School. This was based on the location of Dylan Klebold's TEC-9. The gun was placed under his leg. That positioning made it impossible for Dylan Klebold to have committed suicide with a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Investigators also suggested that students or other personnel moved the bodies. Ultimately, investigators determined that Dylan Klebold's wounds were consistent with suicide.

Dylan Klebold's first journal entry talked about wanting to die because girls didn't like him. Eric Harris also kept a journal. Both boys were caught breaking into a van and stealing electronics. They were put in a diversion program. In his journals, Eric Harris wrote about that break in and said the owner of the van should be shot. Eric Harris also wrote about committing a massacre.

Columbine wasn't a school shooting. It was a bombing and a terrorist attack. Eric Harris fantasized about committing a massacre to rival Oklahoma City. In 1996, a truck bomb in Oklahoma City blew up a daycare center for the children of employees of the federal government. 168 people were killed. Eric Harris also fantasized about crashing a plane into New York City. In 2001, four airplanes crashed into the World Trade Center in New York City; into the Pentagon in Washington D.C.; and into a field in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. 2,977 people were killed. Eric Harris said that everyone who died during those tragedies was collateral damage. He saw the Columbine attack as an opportunity to be god and to decide which of his peers lived and died.

Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold went through their school's yearbook and made notes about which classmates they felt should die. They felt the majority of students shouldn't survive a massacre. They reviewed old photos and selected students for death based on disability, race, Christian faith, wearing glasses, or being part of a clique. Then, they made pipe bombs, other explosive devices, and purchased guns. They used those weapons to murder students whom they deemed unfit. When he became god during the Columbine attack, one of Eric Harris' first victims was a student with an intellectual disability. That high school student liked panda bears and rainbows. Eric Harris shot and killed him in the name of "Natural Selection."

Dylan Klebold said goodbye to his mother, Sue Klebold, on the morning of the shooting at Columbine High School. The two boys had an elaborate plan. They were going to set off a decoy bomb in a field near the school to divert law enforcement's attention. Then, they would use propane bombs to blow up pillars in the cafeteria that supported the school's library. The library was above the cafeteria and eliminating those support pillars would have killed all the students in both rooms. The boys planned to detonate their propane bombs during the lunch hour to maximize casualties. Then, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold would shoot any remaining students and teachers as they fled the building. That plan was unsuccessful. I didn't understand all of that when I was alive. When I was alive, I wrote a timeline of the Columbine massacre, as I understood it, on the blackboard at Aztec High School in Aztec, New Mexico.

I can give a better timeline now. At 11:10 am, both gunmen arrived at the school. They parked in separate parking lots in different cars. After he exited his vehicle, Eric Harris told one student to leave the school. Eric Harris was becoming a force of “Natural Selection” and he liked that student. I know the student who left wasn't intellectually disabled, yet, I don't know how that student felt about panda bears and rainbows.

At 11:14 am, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold planted four explosives in duffle bags in their school's cafeteria. Their actions went unnoticed by other students. The boys blended in with their classmates and no one questioned their activities. The bombs were meant to detonate at 11:17 am when the lunchroom was most crowded. Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold planned to stand outside the school and shoot survivors as they ran from the blast. The boys took a position outside of the school and readied their firearms. The bombs failed to detonate.

At 11:19 am, a diversionary explosion occurred in a field near the high school. That diverted law enforcement's attention and significantly delayed police response time. Also at 11:19 am, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold ran into their high school with guns and pipe bombs. Although Eric Harris fired his gun more frequently than Dylan Klebold, both boys began killing people at 11:19 am.

For fifty minutes, from 11:19 am to 12:09 pm, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold caused chaos at Columbine High School. A woman called Rachel Scott was the first person killed that day. Eric Harris knew she was a devout Christian. After shooting her several times, Eric Harris asked Rachel Scott if she believed in god. She said she did. Eric Harris shot Rachel Scott in the face at point blank range. That final gunshot killed her instantly. The gunfire continued for almost an hour.

The school's liaison police officer was overwhelmed and unable to stop the violence. That officer wore a yellow shirt and stood on the school's lawn near a patrol car. Eric Harris shot several rounds at the officer from a window after he reached the building's second floor. Investigators found bullet holes in the officer's vehicle. Then, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold entered the second floor library.

Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold killed ten people in the library of Columbine High School between 11:29 am and 11:36 am. Students hid under desks and tables immediately after they heard gunshots. Yet, hiding made them sitting targets. The boys moved between work stations in the library and decided which students lived and died. Old yearbooks informed the shooters' “Natural Selection” process. Most people who died during the massacre were shot in the second floor library. Eventually, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold got bored of murdering their classmates. They left the second floor and explored other areas of the school.

No deaths occurred at Columbine High School between 11:36 am and 12:01 pm. During that time, local police officers called other law enforcement agencies including the Denver Police

Department and a SWAT team. Both of those units assembled outside of the building to prepare for a counterattack. Meanwhile, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold threw pipe bombs down the hallways of their high school. They shot their guns into classrooms and storage closets. They played with one of the four propane bombs in the cafeteria and caused it to partially detonate which started a small fire. They even rifled through other student's lockers.

At 12:01 pm, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold returned to the second floor. The boys were near the library in the science wing. SWAT team members launched their counterattack and laid down suppressive fire. Officers discharged numerous volleys of ammunition at the school to degrade and demoralize the gunmen. The tactic was effective.

The gunshots coming from Columbine High School stopped at 12:09 pm when Eric Harris committed suicide. Eric Harris put his shotgun in his mouth and killed himself. Dylan Klebold's gunshot wound in the side of his head wasn't immediately fatal and he died by drowning as his lungs filled with blood. The SWAT teams didn't immediately stop shooting at the school. It took over a day for law enforcement to evacuate the premises and identify all of the bodies.

As Eric Harris shot himself and as Dylan Klebold's lungs filled with blood, a teacher called Dave Sanders also bled to death on the second floor of Columbine High School. Dave Sanders and several students were in a classroom in the science wing of the school that was close to where Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold died. The students in that classroom held a sign on their window indicating that someone was bleeding to death. That someone was a teacher called Dave Sanders. He died between 11:25 am and 2:00 pm. Law enforcement thought the sign was a trap and they deliberately ignored it. Cellphones didn't have cameras or online connectivity. They weren't common, especially not among high school students. Officers rescued the remaining students in the science wing classroom by 4:00 pm.

Fifteen people died during the Columbine massacre including the two gunmen. After the attack, someone displayed fifteen crosses in a field near Columbine High School to commemorate all of the lives lost. Two of those crosses commemorated the deaths of Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold. Community members said no one should grieve murderers in the same place as their victims. Someone else removed two crosses from the display in a field near Columbine High School.

It's frightening that I found those events so inspiring when I was alive. Yet, I did. I planned a timeline of my massacre just like Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold. I appreciated how they camouflaged themselves among other students to plant their bombs. I planned to use that same technique during my shooting at Aztec High School. I planned to enter my old high school dressed as a regular student and hide in a second floor bathroom. After first period started, I was going to hold a class hostage. I wanted to go totally apeshit. Then, I intended to die and escape from my shit life and my shit gas station.

I followed the first part of my plan perfectly. I arrived at my old high school between 7:30 am and 8:00 am. I blended in with the other students. I concealed my gun in a standard backpack. I hid in a second floor bathroom. The bell rang for first period.

At about 8:00 am, a Mexican football player entered the bathroom. I killed him. I left the bathroom and saw a Mexican cheerleader walking through the hallway. I killed her. She was scheduled to cheerlead at the Orange Bowl. A janitor saw me and yelled about an active shooter. I thought I'd have a lot of time to go crazy and enter a classroom. That was based on the timeline of the Columbine massacre.

Law enforcement's response was much faster and more competent during my attack than during Columbine. Several heavily armed police officers arrived at Aztec High School within less than five minutes of my gunfire. I heard them enter the school. They approached my position. I tried to enter a classroom and hold students hostage.

Unlike Columbine, everyone was trained in active shooter drills and lockdown procedures. Students and teachers used those protocols effectively and I couldn't tell whether classrooms were full or empty. Teachers turned all their lights off and locked their doors. I wasn't able to breakdown any doors. I fired my gun randomly into several rooms but I didn't know whether anyone was even inside those rooms. I tried knocking on a few doors and saying that I was a police officer. I thought I could convince someone to let me into a room full of kids. No one believed me and all the doors stayed shut. My panic increased and I saw law enforcement entering the school. They were coming for me. I didn't kill anyone else except myself.

I shot myself before authorities could apprehend me. I live in the void now with the supreme gentleman, Elliot Rodger; Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold; and with all the other suicides. Taking your own life is a big deal in the afterlife. It makes you stuck in the void and you can't go anywhere. I didn't know that when I was alive.

I learned about a book called *The Inferno* after my death. In it, an old Italian poet called Dante goes on a tour of hell. Humans who commit suicide in Dante's hell turn into trees. Female eagles called harpies rip and tear those trees apart. The human trees feel everything and it's excruciatingly painful. Then, Dante learns that being ripped apart isn't even their final torment. Everything gets mildly better for all the sinners in hell after judgment day. Dante believed that. He believed that, eventually, even the worst torments in hell would improve by a slight degree. Except, Dante didn't think that was true for the people who committed suicide.

Dante said that things got worse for suicides after judgment day. The human trees would die forever and the souls within them would live in a void. I live in that void now after my suicide. Dante was right. I didn't know that when I was alive.

* * *

The sisters reflected on William Atchison. “There are so many shootings in America.”

“It’s hard to keep going. We know how the Elliot Rodger thing ends.”

“It’s like watching a car crash. I want to know more about what takes them over the edge.”

“Huh?”

“Elliot Rodger didn’t work at a shit gas station. Guy was on the red carpet of the premier of *The Hunger Games*. He wore the same outfit at that premier that he wore in his YouTube videos. Like a cartoon character.”

“Don’t people wear suits to movie premiers? Nice clothes?”

“Everyone else on that red carpet wore suits. That’s why Elliot Rodger’s so noticeable in the pictures. He wore blue jeans and a plaid shirt. He stuck out like a sore thumb. Not in a good way.”

“Was he worried that he looked so out of place?”

“Probably not. Folks who aren’t conscientious don’t think like that. Again, lack of conscientiousness is probably Elliot Rodger’s defining trait so he never would’ve been motivated to develop a real skill or do something with his life. I’m not even sure where he could’ve lived or what he would’ve done if he hadn’t been a man shooter.”

“Alright gals, hopefully this is our last rodeo with Elliot Rodger.” Kendra positioned the planchette on the board. “Tell us about the end of your life.” The planchette moved slowly and deliberately over the letters C-O-L-L-E-G-E. Then, F-I-N-A-L-S-O-L-U-T-I-O-N.

* * *

Elliot Rodger, here, so far, I gave you a chronological story. I described my life in a straightforward and sequential narrative. Yet, I’m going to jump around now. I’ll group events and experiences together based on their similar qualities in this last section of my story. For now, let’s pick up where we left off. My officious lout of a father showed me *Alpha Dog*.

Ines returned from Morocco and banned me from father’s large house in Woodland Hills due to my tantrums in Tangiers. Father let his woman control him. He was weak. He acquiesced to her wishes. I’m sure Ines was amazing in bed which explained father’s willingness to be her doormat.

I lived with my mother full-time. She nagged me constantly. She criticized me for not enrolling in school and because I didn't have a job. I threw several tantrums. I tried to get her off my back. Yet, mother simply wouldn't leave me alone about attending college courses or seeking employment. I was outraged by her demands as I couldn't possibly focus on either of those things as I struggled with the daily torment of still being a virgin.

I had a revelation that would've solved all my family's financial problems. I insisted that mother should marry a rich man. Indeed, joining a new and wealthy family would eliminate my need for a job. I discussed this with mother and she rejected the idea, due to her selfishness. She indicated that she refused to remarry after divorcing father. And she revealed that she was currently dating a man named Jack who owned a beach house. She told me she dated other men for awhile before Jack. I was distraught by her news as it meant that I was forced to study or work. I continued my long walks alone. They were my only source of comfort and hope.

I hoped I'd find a pretty girl walking alone like me. I walked through parks, over trails, and on beaches. Young people passed me in cars and laughed at me. I longed to be like them. I attended a party in an effort to put myself out there and be more social. I walked from my home to a Halloween party when I was 17. The walk was 45 minutes long through suburban areas. Unfortunately, all the young people who attended the event obnoxiously drank alcohol and smoked marijuana. I left immediately and walked 45 minutes back to my home. My life was hell, yet, I held onto hope.

I hoped that one day, I'd find a pretty girl walking alone and she'd stop to talk to me. We'd connect and fall in love and then I'd finally know the joy and ecstasy of sex. I understood that there was a linear progression towards sex. A relationship was a necessary precursor to sex, that was clear. Yet, I thought that relationship would begin the day I met a pretty blonde girl walking by herself.

I saw a woman walking on the beach once. She was tall and blonde. She wore a sexy bikini. Her beautiful skin was tan. She was wet with salt water. It was at Jack's house. Mother allowed me to use his beach house for special occasions. I felt isolated and dejected at most of those events. Yet, I walked along the surf to contemplate my lowly existence after a party and I saw that gorgeous female. She looked radiant. We smiled at each other. She nodded at me. Then she was gone.

I tried other strategies to meet women. Nothing was effective. I read books about philosophy, sociology, and psychology at a Barnes and Noble bookstore. I hoped women would notice my intellectual prowess and approach me. Yet, everyone at the bookstore failed to appreciate my brooding and thoughtful nature. On another occasion, I sat outside a Dominos pizza restaurant everyday for at least three hours a day. I sat near that Dominos for nearly two weeks. No girls talked to me. Even worse, mother still said I either needed to start community college or get a job.

I graduated from my continuation high school early. I knew a menial and low class job was beneath me. I enrolled at Pierce Community College to appease mother. I took public transportation to and from campus. Being on campus was a nightmare. The sight of happy coeds in relationships filled me with bitterness, outrage and hatred. I couldn't avoid seeing couples. I saw them everywhere. Boys and girls gave each other public displays of affection. They distracted me during my classes. I was in so much agony at Pierce Community College. I dropped out rather than subject myself to that torturous hell.

Mother was disappointed in me the first time I quit school. Worse, she demanded I seek full time employment. I made the very reasonable point that I couldn't be expected to work without a driver's license which I still didn't have. She agreed that I needed my driver's license. I had to pass two separate tests to receive my American driver's license. I studied for both examinations.

They were exceedingly difficult. I failed the preliminary writing section on my first attempt. Yet, I passed after my second try. The practical portion of the exam was another arduous ordeal. I didn't finish the test as it was administered at the Winnetka DMV. Mother arranged additional driving lessons for me. I ultimately passed the real time driving test at the Thousand Oaks DMV. I was 18 years old. Mother pestered me about getting a job immediately after I got my driver's license.

I recognized that I needed money for a girl. Theoretically a job was a source of income. Yet, I viewed that as circular logic. If I already had a substantial amount of wealth, than, I wouldn't need to work. Further, if I had two or three million dollars, I'd automatically have a woman. I thought about being a writer. I'd write screenplays. I knew that Hollywood screenwriters were guaranteed to get at least two to three million dollars during their careers. The only problem was that it took ten to twenty years. I couldn't wait that long to lose my virginity and mother was insufferable every day. She urged me to seek employment.

Mother put me in a vocational program. I met with a motivational coach at local cafes. He encouraged me to find a job. I agreed. I allowed him to find me something. He gave me an opportunity at an office building near the airport. I quit immediately. It was a low class janitorial position. The thought of the supreme gentleman cleaning toilets made my skin crawl. I refused to do anything beneath my social station. Sadly, that meant I had to return to community college.

I chose Moorpark Community College. I took three courses in history, sociology and psychology. I dropped my sociology course after the first two weeks. Two students in my lecture hall were obviously dating each other. I was nauseated by the sight of them intimately glancing at one another. I suffered intense distress. I cried in my car to cope with the pain. I threw tantrums in my car frequently on the campus of Moorpark College. It was agony to see all the obnoxious popular boys interacting with pretty girls. I couldn't take it. The living hell I was forced to endure was so severe that I withdrew from all my classes.

I reconnected with my “dust kicker” friend from public charter school. I told him about all my issues with women and sex. My best friend from public charter school said that he had similar issues, yet, he didn’t focus on them. I envied that he didn’t let lack of sex bother him. I was still a virgin. It drove me crazy. We took a karate class together in Santa Monica to distract ourselves from our wretched lives. I was disheartened to see that he was much stronger than me. He was also better at karate.

Subconsciously, my experiences in that karate class inspired me to buy a gun to defend myself. And to advance in social hierarchies. I watched my public charter school friend hone his martial arts skills. He earned higher degree belts. Yet, I failed to progress beyond a white belt. Worse, a horrible 12 year old in the class already had his brown belt. That horrible 12 year old constantly disrespected me. He insulted me for my lack of technical knowledge. He teased me for being unable to move past my first belt. I was the lowest person in the social hierarchy of my karate class. I never beat that horrible 12 year old during sparring matches. Then, I realized that firearms were a better way to protect myself. Guns were an easier way for me to ascend the social hierarchy.

I bought a Glock 34. I was always a rule follower. Therefore, a Glock 34 appealed to me. It was the largest weapon allowed in target shooting competitions. I felt giddy that I only needed money to own one of the most impressive items in my sport. My purchasing power moved me up in the dominance hierarchy. Not my social skills. Not my athletic ability. I got ahead because I had the best things, just like in the world of warcraft. Later, I bought another handgun and several extended clips. Unfortunately, I was still jealous of young people, like that horrible 12 year old from my karate class, who had better lives than me.

I worried that my baby brother would become like other young people. Ines’ son was only five years old. Yet, he was advanced for his age. I observed this firsthand after father readmitted me into his home. My paternal grandmother flew to America from England and patched things up between father, Ines, and I. I was allowed to attend family dinners again. Those meals forced me to witness my baby brother’s maturity. I realized he’d have sex one day. He’d be successful with girls. I didn’t want that. I didn’t want to see my baby brother turn into Peter Kelheim or that horrible 12 year old from my karate class. I agonized about this problem as I meandered through my hopeless existence.

I continued at Moorpark Community College. My next semester there felt like a dream. Everything I did felt like a dream. My walks were unreal. I went on long night drives by myself. The radio always played the song “One” by Harry Nilsson. It said one was the loneliest number in the world. I separated from myself during those drives. I watched the lines on the road and left my body. Things in my life got less vivid. Yet, I completed one class at community college during that fall term. I received a letter grade of B. My parents were elated.

My parents agreed to set me up in Isla Vista, California, in an apartment at a better school after I obtained one B grade in a community college course. I hadn’t completed any other

classes or received any other marks. Yet, father announced my move during a dinner in celebration of my achievement. He credited the film *Alpha Dog* for my success. He was happy that the film inspired me to make a better life.

I believed my move to Isla Vista would transform my circumstances. I thought my world would change from a living hell into an existence of sex and pleasure. I was sadly mistaken. I continued living in an isolated and torturous agony just like at Moorpark Community College. The sexually active coeds distracted me from my coursework. I dropped all my classes rather than subject myself to the sights of pretty girls walking into lecture halls with cocky jocks. I couldn't be expected to learn sociology or astronomy as I sat in the presence of constant reminders of my inferiority. Outside of school, I saw house parties full of obnoxious blonde skateboarders and women dressed in revealing clothing. I heard them having sex at night while I laid in bed alone in my room.

I dreamed about punishing them as I heard the sounds of their sexual ecstasy. I hadn't bought my Glock 34. Yet, I had several large knives. I fantasized about using them. I wanted to barge into a dormitory and slash a boy's throat. I'd be less merciful with girls. I reveled in the thought of flaying women alive to punish them for their incorrect and irresponsible reproductive choices. They chose evolutionarily unfit mates instead of me, the supreme gentleman. It wasn't fair that women made immoral and illogical choices. Their foolish decisions impeded my progress up the social hierarchy. I longed for the time when hierarchies were based on fair and just metrics like the size of one's Pokemon card collection. Sadly, pretty blonde girls replaced holographic Charizards after puberty. I needed to restore a social order that was fair.

My desire to be a force of justice grew exponentially as I learned more about my peer's sexual histories. My first two housemates were white. They brought a cocksure black boy over to our apartment. That black boy was a descendant of slaves. Yet, that black boy said he had sex with a white girl. I was outraged. I almost hurled my orange juice in his face. Instead, I threw a tantrum in my room. I sought new housemates.

My new roommates were loud and raucous Hispanics. They teased me for being a virgin. They also told me they had sex with white blonde women at the young age of thirteen. That fact proved that women couldn't be trusted to make rational sexual choices. I was disgusted by those Hispanics. I punched the walls in my room and cried to my mother on the phone. Mother agreed that I needed to live with better people.

I settled on a chubby and unattractive male with the last name of Horowitz. Horowitz is a common Jewish last name. I didn't think I'd have a problem with him until he informed me that he wasn't a virgin. I was shocked and I didn't believe it. It made no sense that women would choose to date someone so ugly. I reasoned that he was either lying about his sexual experience, or, that the girl was just as undesirable as Horowitz. I shared all of this with my father during a meal in Isla Vista.

I told father that I was trying to put myself out there. I was making efforts to meet young people my age. I wanted to be social. Then, a blonde girl and a Mexican guy distracted us. They were physically affectionate and they were obviously dating each other. I was insulted by the sight of this abomination. I was ashamed. I saw that couple as a direct affront to my character. I witnessed an offensive display and I did nothing to stop it. I wasn't showing father a strong version of myself. I wasn't being the son that he wanted me to be. I wasn't making him proud. Our meal together ended on a shameful note.

I decided that things would change and that I'd make father proud. I got a coffee before class the next day. I saw a couple kissing in the checkout line. I was determined to avoid the humiliation I experienced on the previous day. I remembered my knife and I thought about hurting them. I wanted them to die. I fantasized about being powerful and making women suffer since high school. I dreamed about reordering society so that sex and pleasure were distributed justly and fairly. In a flash, I followed the couple out of the coffee shop and threw my drink all over them.

I wanted my coffee to scald and burn their flesh. It was satisfying to sanction that couple. I did the same thing less than two weeks later. I sat outside a Dominos pizza restaurant where I hoped girls would talk to me. I did that for twelve days in a row for three hours a day. An attractive boy and girl went inside the Dominos pizza on the twelfth day. They french kissed in front of me. I was ashamed and enraged. I followed them in my car and threw my drink at them from my window.

That act of retribution made me feel powerful and significant. I was becoming a force for fairness and justice. I held those two young people accountable for their heavenly lives of pleasure as I lived in hell. I especially wanted to cause women pain for rejecting me. I sat outside of that Domino's restaurant in anticipation of my 20th birthday. I could've experienced sex as a teenager if a girl approached to me. Yet, women cruelly rejected me for twelve days in a row. Therefore, I had no sex as a teenager and I entered my twenties as a virgin. I longed for my childhood when everyone was judged on fair and just metrics like the size of their Pokemon card collection. Yet, those fair and just metrics changed and I needed to solve that problem.

My "dust kicker" friend from public charter school said I shouldn't get upset about my virginity. I didn't know how he stayed composed about his celibacy. He said it didn't upset him. We talked one day over a meal at a food court. A tall blonde boy entered the food court with his beautiful blonde girlfriend as I seethed with rage about my lowly existence. My best friend from public charter school saw them first and reacted quickly.

"We're fucked," he said as I grabbed my drink and prepared to take action.

I was escorted out of the food court in a flourish. I would've thrown my drink on that couple if my "dust kicker" friend hadn't been there. He didn't stop me throwing piping hot Starbucks all over a blonde girl at a bus stop in Isla Vista a few weeks later. I smiled at her from

my car window. She failed to respond to me. I was humiliated. I refused to tolerate that disrespect. That was the third time I threw my drink at a woman for rejecting me. It felt more satisfying each time I did it.

My best friend from public charter school never understood my feelings. We had a big argument online. He stopped talking to me for several months. We reconnected at a dinner and again at a Christmas party. I had a lot of wine at that party. Everything feels better with wine in the belly. I told him that I may have to implement a final solution to my problem of lack of sex. I said that I might have to take revenge against women and the world for wronging me. I didn't want to go down such a dark path. Yet, I couldn't see any other option. A few months later, my "dust kicker" friend said he didn't want to be friends with me anymore.

I meditated about my position in life. I wanted to expand my social circle. My parents facilitated my attendance at exclusive events including a Katy Perry concert and the red carpet premier of *The Hunger Games*. I enjoyed associating with Hollywood elites. Wealthy children of movie producers would inherit millions from their parents. I longed to be part of their peer group. My father was a movie producer. Yet, I didn't fit in. Although I was descended from British aristocracy, I felt separate and disconnected from other young people. Girls didn't dance with me at the Katy Perry concert. And I refused to move out of the way for some bitch actress at *The Hunger Games* premier. She was rude to me for obstructing her position on the red carpet. Yet, I, Elliot Rodger, the supreme gentleman, won't move my body one single inch for some overrated celebrity cunt.

I didn't connect with anyone at exclusive events. I was alone. My best friend from public charter school betrayed me. He abandoned our friendship. He was my only friend in the world. I never bonded with anyone at private school. I didn't make new friends in Isla Vista. I knew that only wealth would improve my situation and allow me to find a woman. I thought about how to get rich. Yet, I also enjoyed my fantasies about becoming divine, godlike and hurting people.

I felt giddy at the opportunity to rectify the injustices I suffered in Isla Vista. I drove past several fraternity boys playing kickball in the park one day. A group of sorority girls joined them. All of the girls were scantily clad. They wore revealing outfits. One of them did a handstand that exposed her bare midriff. I was outraged. I visited the local Kmart and purchased a super soaker squirt gun which I filled with orange juice. I returned to the kickball game where I unloaded my squirt gun on the coeds. I felt overjoyed about my actions.

Although I felt strong and powerful for punishing those obnoxious students, I didn't want my life to be filled with darkness and hate. I regretted my isolation and wished I were more social. I tried to put myself out there. Yet, students rejected me. Women especially were fickle and hateful. They made irrational and incorrect choices about their sex lives. Only extreme wealth would allow me to overcome my almost insurmountable problems.

I already understood that neither menial work nor a career as a writer would create real

wealth. Yet, I learned how to manifest substantial sums of money from a book called *The Power of Your Subconscious Mind* by Joseph Murphy. Then, I discovered the lottery. Lottery winners won jackpots in excess of \$100 million. Joseph Murphy's book explained that I could use my subconscious mind and mediation to manifest a winning lottery ticket. I knew that this tactic would produce riches beyond my wildest dreams which I could use to secure a beautiful blonde wife. I resumed my long walks alone. I visualized myself buying the winning ticket. That winning ticket would transform my life and open doors for me into a world of sex and pleasure. I absolutely hated poor people and I believed that a low class job was beneath me. The lottery was the only sure way to make my life into something meaningful and special. I spent thousands of dollars on tickets for California's Mega Millions sweepstakes.

I knew that more money spent on tickets equaled a higher chance to win. It was my destiny to win the prize. Losing the Mega Millions lottery drawing wasn't an option for me. I watched the jackpot grow from \$50 million to \$100 million and I saw that money as rightfully mine. I didn't study the mathematical probability of purchasing a winning ticket. Instead, I used the power of my subconscious to manifest the prize money that was predestined for me.

All of my tickets were losers which was devastating to me. I grew frustrated with the Mega Millions. Yet, I knew that I had no way to make my life better aside from winning the lottery. I understood that I'd have to take revenge on women if I failed to purchase a winning ticket. There'd be nothing left in my life and retribution would be my only option. I focused all my mental energy on winning a big jackpot. There wasn't anything else for me to live for. I also played *World of Warcraft* and bought my first handgun. It was a competition grade Glock 34. I discovered target shooting in Oxnard while I waited on laptop repairs near Best Buy. The weapon made me nervous. It showed me that I might go on a killing spree in Isla Vista. I was surprised to be so serious about my plans. I saw with renewed clarity that winning the lottery was my life's purpose after I purchased that Glock 34. My victory would give me the resources I needed to prevent my rampage. Yet, I had to change my strategy.

I was fed up with the Mega Millions. I wasn't winning and the size of the prize was reduced anytime someone else won. I needed life changing wealth. It infuriated me to see the jackpot shrink. It also filled me with rage to see others win money that I viewed as mine by right. Then, I discovered the Powerball game. That energized me. I had renewed hope and vigor again. The Powerball jackpot was larger than the Mega Millions prize. I realized that I kept losing the Mega Millions drawings to prepare me for my big victory with Powerball. That game hadn't come to California yet but it was in the nearby state of Arizona.

I learned about a Powerball jackpot worth over \$500 million. It was almost midnight when I got the news. The drawing was scheduled for the next day. I was living in Isla Vista, California. Yet, California didn't sell Powerball tickets. I jumped into my car and drove six hours to Arizona so that I didn't miss my golden opportunity. I thought that road trip would change my life. I saw the sunrise over the desert. The sun ignited the clouds with its warm orange glow. I proclaimed that sunrise to be the the sunrise of my destiny. It was my destiny to leave Arizona

with a grand prize winning Powerball ticket.

Three people split that \$500 million Powerball jackpot. One of the winning tickets was from Arizona. Yet, it wasn't one of mine. Another person in Arizona got the ticket that was meant for me. I felt like someone stole my jackpot. I had to watch three people share life changing wealth that belonged to me. I felt like someone robbed me of my birthright. I drove to Arizona three more times to purchase Powerball tickets for a total of four trips. I vividly remember one of those drives. The lines on the highway hypnotized me and played with my mind. They made that drive feel like a dream.

I drove through the desert, fought off sleep, and admired the sun's warm glow. The lines on the highway cast a spell on me. They faded into the horizon where they merged with the desert sun. I lost myself in those highway lines. I fell into a dazed dream. I thought about my future big Powerball victory. Yet, I also thought about what would happen if I didn't win. My life would be a disaster. I'd never have a girl. I'd be a virgin forever. And I'd be consigned to a living hell. I thought about using my knives, my Glock 34, and my target shooting skills to take revenge against the coeds in Isla Vista for all their slights against me. I thought about retribution. I didn't want to do that. Yet, it was my only option if I kept losing the lottery. I also thought about my family.

I dreamed about stabbing Ines. I fantasized about taking a very large knife and plunging it into her neck. The thought of penetrating my stepmom excited me. I resolved to do it if I lost the Powerball jackpot. I also thought about father. I didn't like the idea of harming him. During my childhood I had nightmares about father dying. I woke up screaming. I worried I'd try to slash father's throat and my childhood nightmares would make me hesitate at the last second. I didn't want to hesitate and fail to kill father. If I had to enact my retribution, I decided to attack Ines while father was away on business. Then I thought about my baby brother who lived with father and Ines. At first, I thought I liked him.

I reminisced about fond and happy memories with my baby brother. I remembered how I rubbed my hand against Ines' stomach. That was how I learned she was pregnant. We travelled to Morocco together as a family after he was born. In America my baby brother and I played videogames and Pokemon together. We had adventures around father's large house in Woodland Hills. My baby brother was the only person who respected me. He believed I was an expert videogame player, an intellectual philosopher, and a supreme gentleman. Yet, he asked me if I had a girlfriend. I told him that was none of his concern.

I thought about my baby brother surpassing me and achieving more than me, especially with girls. He was only nine years old. Yet, he was more socially advanced than I was at his age. I saw his social skills develop firsthand during family dinners. He was considering a career as an actor. Everyone said he'd succeed in Hollywood due to his magnetic personality. Ines said women would love my baby brother and he'd lose his virginity before high school. I realized my baby brother would finish puberty in a few years. He'd surpass me on the social hierarchy after he

became sexually active. He wouldn't respect me anymore. He'd be just another obnoxious jock. I hated that. I hated that my baby brother would turn into Peter Kelheim or that horrible 12 year old from my karate class. Although puberty would elevate my baby brother into a world of sex and pleasure, it would ruin our relationship. He'd be initiated into a world of heavenly ecstasy. I'd remain in hell. I refused to accept that.

I remembered a walk with my baby brother where we went to the top of a mountain near father's large house in Woodland Hills. I filmed our walk. I uploaded the video to YouTube. My baby brother expressed a beautiful idea in that video. His idea came from a place of pure, prepubescent, childhood innocence. His words were beautiful. They made me want to retreat to my car and cry. Yet, I listened and admired them. First, my baby brother wanted to throw a rock from the top of the mountain at his school. Then, he wanted to fly off of the mountaintop on a Charizard. A golden dragon. The rarest and most valuable Pokemon.

I knew my baby brother's dream was unattainable. That broke my heart. I wished the world could be wonderful and innocent. I wished that a Charizard would fly off a holographic Pokemon card and carry him over the mountains. I wished life after puberty was fair and just. I longed for a time when hierarchies were based on fair and just metrics like the size of your Pokemon card collection. Pretty blonde girls replaced holographic Charizards after puberty. After puberty, my baby brother would find a pretty blonde girl and lose his virginity. He'd be just like Peter Kelheim and that horrible 12 year old from my karate class. I realized that someday my baby brother wouldn't want to fly on a Charizard anymore. That was the worst thing in the world to me. I decided that I'd rather kill him than watch puberty ruin his innocent childhood.

I decided to kill my baby brother if I lost the Powerball jackpot. I'd do that after I stabbed Ines. I wouldn't stab my baby brother. I'd only shoot him with my Glock 34. That was the logical solution. I planned to save him from becoming an obnoxious jock. Death would keep his beautiful dreams alive. My baby brother would always want to fly over the mountain on a Charizard. I hoped my lottery winnings would move me up the social hierarchy. I wouldn't need to take my baby brother's life if I had a pretty blonde girl too. Then we could remain friends after he finished puberty. He'd still respect me. Unfortunately, I kept buying the wrong Powerball tickets during all of my four trips to Arizona. I didn't want to exact my revenge on the world. Yet, I felt I had no other choice. I didn't know what else to do. I reached out for social support.

I connected with a group of likeminded people on the world wide web. They had the same worldview as me. They understood females. They knew that women didn't recognize signs of evolutionary fitness. Instead, girls made irrational decisions about mating. Females gave sex to cocky brutes. My online community knew that women were inferior, Machiavellian, and superficial. My new internet friends were just was like me. We all hated the opposite sex. We were all either virgins or involuntarily celibate. Many of us hadn't ever kissed or touched a girl. We wanted to remove them from society.

My new friend group supported my ideas about putting females into concentration

camps. We wanted to keep them confined in laboratories for artificial insemination. We thought women should only be used for breeding. Or, they could be tortured for our amusement. I told my online community that I dreamed about sitting in a tower above a concentration camp filled with girls and women. I wanted to use my divine will to direct the facility's operations. I reveled at the prospect of overseeing the degradation of the camp's residents. I wanted to be in charge of selecting the females that would be bred for procreation. Yet, I also thought it would be nice to personally supervise the flaying, dismemberment, and murder of the remaining women who were deemed unfit to pass on their genes. Everyone in my internet friend group said I was a visionary.

We understood that the world would be better off without girls and women. I could've finished my college courses in sociology if I hadn't been distracted by the females on campus. Men would be free to unleash their true cognitive potential in a society without women. Indeed, males would be kinder, gentler, and more intellectual if they weren't distracted by females and the sight of their erection causing curves. The camps and breeding laboratories I proposed would eliminate the need for sex and sexuality. Therefore, men could focus all of their mental energy on noble pursuits. I suggested that we keep all facilities containing women and girls entirely secret. After a few generations knowledge about the opposite sex would disappear from mainstream society. Eventually, men would live their entire lives ignorant of the existence of another gender. No one would be able to draw, describe, or imagine a woman in my ideal world. And those men and boys would experience better life outcomes as a result of their undistracted minds.

My online community and I advocated for total population control by a righteous god king. We believed that god king should be someone like myself, Elliot Rodger, the supreme gentleman. I had everything I needed to become a great and significant ruler. I ascended to a higher level of being. I told all my new friends I felt I wasn't a person anymore. I was no longer part of the human race. My isolation changed me into something different. I was divine. All of my hatred, bitterness, and rage propelled me forward. Although I couldn't manifest the torture centers and insemination facilities, I intended to use my newfound energy to punish women for the injustices they inflicted upon me by denying me sex. I demanded retribution. I told my new friends that I wanted to stab, shoot and kill women. They weren't surprised. They had a name for what I wanted to do. They called it "going Sodini."

George Sodini shot and killed three women at an LA Fitness in a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Before that, he was a 48 year old IT professional. He worked for a major law firm. In 2009, George Sodini carried a duffle bag into a women's aerobics class. He turned off the lights in the classroom and took two firearms out of his duffle bag. He shot 12 women before he turned the guns on himself. Three people died and nine more were injured. After that shooting at an LA Fitness in a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the University of Pittsburgh received a bequest of \$225,000. It was from the estate of George Sodini. He was an alumnus. That inheritance represented the entire value of his estate. The University of Pittsburgh redirected all of the money to victims of the massacre.

I hated women just as much as George Sodini. I read all his posts about living a bleak and sexless life. The journal entries on his website resonated with me. He described how girls ignored him. He hadn't had sex in over twenty years. He couldn't get a date. Females wouldn't even smile at him. He hated his life, just like me. George Sodini's website confirmed that celibacy was a living hell. It wasn't worthwhile to wait for a better life. I saw that with full clarity. I took the black pill and embraced my isolation.

I explored several black pill websites and forums. I liked Reddit's ForeverAlone board and 4Chan. Yet, my favorite was PUAHate. I despised obnoxious pickup artists. They were shallow fools who lacked my style and sophistication. Women gravitated towards them due to their inferior worldview. I was in the process of becoming a supreme gentleman. Therefore, I hated pickup artists and women for similar reasons. Both groups failed to acknowledge my supremacy. I didn't study the pickup artist subculture when I was alive.

I learned more about pickup artists after my death. One famous pickup artist was called Neil Strauss. He introduced himself as Style and he said that alias made him more interesting to women. Neil Strauss, aka Style, wrote a book on the pickup artist subculture called *The Game: Penetrating the Secret Society of Pickup Artists*. I should've read that book when I was alive. It would've taught me valuable information about attracting women. The book outlined strategies and tactics that pickup artists used to get dates. One example was the idea of "Cat String Theory." This theory suggested that women were like cats who play with dangling string. Cats always paw at a dancing string, especially when a human or some other force makes the string move and bounce. Cats want to catch the dancing string between their paws. Yet, cats walk away immediately when the string stops its dance and drops on the ground. Accordingly, the book said that men needed to "be the dancing string" to keep women interested during dates. The book offered several concrete examples of tactics men could use to "be the dancing string."

I wish I knew about one specific tactic when I was alive. Near the beginning of his book, Neil Strauss said pickup artists had an ethos of never putting down other people. That ethos disappeared over time. One of the final sections of the book discussed a night out where another pickup artist insulted Neil Strauss' short stature to get more attention from women at a bar. That other pickup artist told several ladies that Neil Strauss' shortness caused personality defects. The other pickup artist asked women to watch for quirks and issues with Neil Strauss throughout the night. Specifically, girls assessed whether or not he had a Napoleon complex. That other pickup artist chose to insult Neil Strauss' lack of height so that women would be interested in the other pickup artist instead of Neil Strauss.

I think pickup artists told women I had personality defects when I was alive. I had issues. Yet, I wonder if other males used my pain and rage as tools to attract women and get dates. I can guess what they said, "Elliot Rodger over there's so gross and creepy. Watch to see if he has any mental complexes. Come back and tell me what you found." I hope I wasn't a mere conversation piece for my whole life. Yet, I probably was.

In one sense, my massacre liberated me from a wretched existence. I freed myself from other males' slander and gossip. When I was alive, men shoved me into lockers and called me a "faggot." They told women I was a loser and a virgin. Then, I became a topic of discussion on my own terms. After my day of retribution, other men called me a saint, a martyr, and even a god. They admired me and acknowledged my status as the supreme gentleman. No one did that when I was alive.

I hoped my life would improve when I was alive. That hope took the form of lottery tickets. I bought a new ticket everytime I felt a sliver of hope about my life getting better. I stopped driving to Arizona in April, 2013, when the Powerball came to California. I bought more Powerball tickets in California. I pictured my future beautiful blonde wife and all of our happy children. My multimillion dollar jackpot would support our glamorous lifestyle. Yet, I never won. Each loss was agony. I pictured my beautiful blonde wife and our children lying dead in coffins every time I held a losing ticket. I realized retribution was my only option. I gave up on the lottery. I bought a second handgun.

My next firearm was a SIG Sauer P226 pistol. It was the same pistol used by the navy SEALs, until the federal government switched to a cheaper Glock 19. A Glock 19 was less expensive than a SIG Sauer P226. My Glock 34 was much nicer than a Glock 19 and it cost \$700. I paid \$1,100 for my SIG Sauer P226. I fully funded my attack on Isla Vista with less than \$2,500 after I stopped wasting money on lottery tickets. I had nothing else to live for. I had no hope for the future. Revenge against the world was the final solution to my problem of lack of sex.

I lamented the fact that my life had to end in a blaze of gunfire. My final Powerball loss devastated me. I threw a tantrum and I called my mother as I sobbed hysterically about my horrible life. She put me in treatment with a psychologist named Andy Silver, a psychiatrist called Gavin Moulin, and social skills counselors. No one helped me get better.

None of my treatment providers improved my life. I treated with Andy Silver when I was 13 before I went to the all boys Catholic high school. I saw him again with father and Ines during my time in college. The three of them argued for the first half of the session. We barely talked about me. I didn't return for another session with Andy Silver. Dr. Gavin Moulin was a famous practitioner. He treated Michael Jackson, Paris Hilton, and gave advise to Dr. Phil McGraw. Dr. Moulin prescribed me an antipsychotic called Risperidone which I refused to take. My first social skills counsellor wasn't helpful either. His name was Chase. Chase looked like a typical obnoxious fraternity jock. I watched women checking him out at a restaurant during our first meeting. He told me girls preferred muscle bound men. That informaiton affirmed my belief that females were shallow and superficial. He didn't improve my personality or make me more interesting to women. I got a new social skills counsellor in Isla Vista.

My new social skills counselor was a tall and pretty blonde girl. I enjoyed hanging out with her. It felt good to have the company of a beautiful woman. Yet, I was bitter that other men

got that company for free while I had to pay for it. That was the first and only time I considered exchanging money for sex. I coveted a white blonde girl to increase my position on the dominance hierarchy. Paying for sex wouldn't raise my social status. It wouldn't show my divinity or supremacy. I'd only receive a fleeting bit of happiness. It wouldn't free me from my hellish and lowly existence.

I wanted to completely change my life. I coveted a life of pleasure like all the young people in Isla Vista. I deserved that. I deserved love, sex, and a girlfriend. I refused to lower my standards or compromise. Settling for something less was unacceptable. I wouldn't have sex with any woman who wasn't white, attractive, tall, blonde and seeking a relationship. I demanded perfection. Yet, I never got it. I remained trapped in perpetual agony. I resolved to have a perfect day of retribution if I couldn't have a happy life.

I meticulously planned my attack on Isla Vista. I wanted my revenge to inflict as many casualties as possible. I considered Halloween for my day of retribution. That holiday was a large event that filled the streets with cocksure frat boys and scantily clad sorority sluts. I wanted to use that opportunity to slaughter them en masse. Unfortunately, I reviewed footage of previous years and saw so many damnable cops walking around during that holiday. A quick law enforcement response would sabotage my shooting spree. I couldn't risk carrying out my plans in the presence of so many police officers. I needed to take action at a place and time where I could be assured of a delayed reaction from the authorities. Yet, I lamented the dark path my life was on. I didn't want to be so full of hate and rage.

I wanted to give all the horrible students a last chance to make things right. I resolved to put myself out there one final time. That way, I could find a girl and enter the life I deserved. I could start enjoying college and be happy. Then, I wouldn't have to commit an atrocious massacre as vengeance for my living hell. I was being kind. I was being generous. I was offering all the coeds an opportunity to make amends to me. I went to a house party in Isla Vista just before my 22nd birthday in July, 2013.

I attended the last social event of my life on a weekend just before my 22nd birthday. Almost every weekend, loud jocks and pretty blonde girls filled up the houses in Isla Vista on Del Playa street. They drank alcohol, smoked marijuana, and danced sexually with each other. I drank some vodka before I left my apartment. Then I entered one of those houses and pretended I was invited to the party. There were so many people there that I blended in with everyone else.

I was outraged by everything I saw inside that house on Del Playa. I witnessed a full blooded Asian guy talking to a white girl inside the party. I was shocked. The sight filled me with agony. I felt that being half Asian prevented me from dating white women. Yet, there was a white girl talking to a full blooded Asian instead of a beautiful Eurasian like me. I reprimanded both of them, especially the girl. I told her she should be ashamed of herself and that she was making foolish choices with her mating habits. Then, I went outside.

There was a ledge outside of the house that overlooked the party. I stood on that ledge and felt superior to all the obnoxious coeds. I stared down at all the girls and boys as if I were a divine being sitting in judgment of their actions. I imagined shooting several students with my fingers. I made the thumb and index finger of my right hand into a gun and I pretended to murder coeds. I pointed my finger gun at individual partiers and I pulled the trigger. Everyone saw me do that. Several people joined me on the ledge. They thought I was being funny. I tried pushing some of the girls off the ledge. It was about a ten foot drop to the ground. Other boys stopped me. They pushed me off the ledge. I broke my ankle when I hit the ground.

Initially, I limped away from the party on my crippled ankle. Then I realized that the boys also stole my favorite sunglasses. I returned to the house and demanded that they return my sunglasses. The boys beat me up again and called me a “faggot.” They also took a golden necklace that I got from my grandma. I went back to my apartment where I cried myself to sleep. Police contacted me the next day. I said the boys shoved me off the ledge. I said I didn't provoke them. It was my word against the word of all those thugs. No charges were filed.

My actions at that house party were foolish. I risked everything when I tried to push those girls. I put massive effort into planning my day of retribution. Yet, I jeopardized all my plans with one thoughtless action. My vengeance would've been thwarted if police searched my room. They'd've found my handguns, several extended clips, and lots of ammunition. My rash action delayed my massacre. I needed time for my ankle to heal. Doctors advised me that I'd be in a cast for several months. I lived as a cripple and waited for my leg to mend itself.

Doctors performed surgery on my lower leg. They fused bones together which reduced my time in a cast. Mother travelled to Hawaii with my sister shortly after my surgery. I had no interest in vacationing in my crippled state. Ines wouldn't allow me to visit father's large house in Woodland Hills. I stayed in an Extended Stay America motel across the street from Taft High School. Chase visited me there. My leg recovered. I swapped out my cast for a support cane which I liked due to its peculiar elegance. I learned new infuriating information about my sister when my family returned from the islands.

My sister had a boyfriend. He was half Mexican. He was called George. I heard them having sex one day. They didn't hear me, yet, I listened as George thrust his penis into my sister's vagina. I stood outside the door of her bedroom for the full duration of their intercourse. I begged mother to put a stop to their relationship. She refused. Then, mother took my sister and George to London for the Christmas holiday while I stayed back in America. I was outraged. An outsider infiltrated my home. Yet, my family sided with the outsider.

My family's betrayal confirmed all of my theories about women. Women were shallow, superficial, and Machiavellian creatures who made irrational choices about sex and reproduction. No one should be allowed to enjoy sex due to the foolish ways women choose to allocate pleasure. I wasn't surprised by my sister's rash actions. We were never close. And, I wasn't shocked when

mother brought George to England. I already knew females were like that. Mother bought me a new BMW for my return to Isla Vista in January, 2014.

I liked my new BMW. There was a car hierarchy at my school. I deserved to have a high social status. My new BMW elevated me closer to where I belonged on the hierarchy of life. A pretty blonde girl would've been better. Yet, the BMW was something. I longed for the times when hierarchies were based on fair and just metrics like the size of one's Pokemon card collection. Pretty blonde girls replaced holographic Charizards after puberty. Even with a new luxurious car, I remained stuck near the bottom of the social order because I was a virgin without a beautiful girlfriend. It was hell being at the bottom of the hierarchy. The agony of my wretched existence prevented me from succeeding in my college courses.

I dropped all of my winter classes during the first two weeks of the semester. I wouldn't subject myself to the torture and degradation of watching boys and girls exchange public displays of affection in the lecture halls. I couldn't concentrate on sociology courses with those ghastly distractions. I used my last few months on earth to compose my manifesto entitled *My Twisted World*. My internet friends supported my writing. They helped me with line edits. They helped me clarify and articulate all of my thoughts about females, sex, and society. I couldn't have finished my composition without their valuable feedback. I also selected a new date for my day of retribution.

I selected May 24, 2014. That was the last Saturday before winter term ended. I felt that was the perfect date for my attack. Campus would still be filled with students. All of the cocky frat boys and sorority sluts would be partying on Del Playa. Isla Vista would be almost empty the next weekend after the start of the new semester. Most of the coeds left town on May 26, 2014. I wanted to kill as many people as possible. I had to strike before everyone returned home for the summer. And, I specifically wanted to punish women. I wanted to shoot, stab, and murder as many scantily clad blonde females as I could. Therefore, I decided to target a specific house.

I needed to attack the hottest sorority house on campus. Internet research revealed that the most attractive sorority at my school was Alpha Phi. One of their first pictures on Google images showed two tall and beautiful blonde girls in sexy bikinis. The sight of their bodies drove me crazy. That image was an exact representation of the type of woman I needed to punish. I spent hours sitting in my car outside the Alpha Phi house. I stalked the girls' movements to plan my attack. I decided that I'd sneak into the house at about 9:00 pm just before all the partying started and kill as many women as I could, ideally everyone in the sorority. Then, I'd burn the house to the ground. All of those stuck up bitches would be sorry they rejected me.

I outlined my plans for my day of retribution in my manifesto. That document had about as many words as *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*. It explained my hatred of women in great detail. It described all of the injustices I suffered throughout my life. It ended with the three phase plan I devised for my massacre. None of those three phases went as planned.

The first phase of my day of retribution was going to represent my war on men. I'd kill my two roommates and convert our apartment into a torture chamber. Then, I'd lure men into the apartment where I'd stab, flay, and mutilate them over the course of several days. I'd collect the heads of my victims in a large bag. Eventually, people would wonder why obnoxious fraternity boys were disappearing in Isla Vista. When that happened, I'd put the bag of severed heads into my new BMW and hit the road.

Phase two of my day of retribution was going to represent my war on women. That was where I planned to sneak into the Alpha Phi sorority house and kill every last hateful bitch inside the home. I wanted to burn the entire structure until there was nothing but ash. I regretted the fact that I couldn't kill every woman in Isla Vista. I couldn't put women into concentration camps to control their reproduction. All I could do was "go Sodini" and punish as many pretty blondes as I could get in one place. Then, my day of retribution would enter its final phase.

The third and final phase of my day of retribution was going to represent my war on the world. I would drive my BMW through the streets of Isla Vista and run over as many student as possible. I would roll down the windows and use my navy SEALs pistol to shoot and kill boys and girls. I'd inevitably encounter some damnable police officers. They'd try to stop me and potentially even arrest me. I wouldn't allow myself to be detained, captured, or taken alive. I'd stop my car. Then, I'd exit the vehicle carrying my bag of severed heads. I'd dump the bag's contents into the street and form a big pile of human carnage. I'd stand on top of that pile, like a god, and take several Xanax pills while drinking a full pint of vodka in one gulp. Finally, I'd shoot myself in the head with both of my guns at the same time. That public display would be the perfect climax. My dramatic suicide would solidify my divinity. I'd show the world that I was completely separate from the human race.

My humanity started eroding at age 16. I embraced the disintegration of my personhood so that I could become something greater. I became a supreme gentleman. Yet, I didn't want that to be the end of my transformation. I wanted to continue progressing into a divine force of justice and retribution. I recognized that I needed to increase my spiritual power in advance of my massacre. I created an altar with candles and relics in my apartment. I used rituals, my altar, and those candles to crystalize my desire for revenge. I focused on my metaphysical ascension. I planned to use my newly developed energy to fuel my war against men, women, and society. My roommates sensed my growing power. They were afraid.

One of my roommates damaged my altar. He stole my candles. That theft was a desecration of me. It was an attack against my burgeoning divinity. I relied on my candles to commune with dark forces in preparation for my supreme retribution. I wouldn't allow my transformation to be stopped by such a lowly individual. I called the police. I reported the theft of my candles. I pressed charges against my roommate. Law enforcement indicted him. They gave him a court date. Authorities dismissed the case after I stabbed him almost 30 times. He died. Yet, he was posthumously acquitted.

I encountered law enforcement officers one last time, about a month before my massacre. I posted several videos to YouTube in April and May, 2014. Those videos upset someone, probably my mother. She called the police. They performed a welfare check on me at my apartment. I remained calm and polite with all seven of those damnable cops when they arrived at my front door. They didn't search my home. None of them entered my apartment or interfered with my plans. Unfortunately, that was my third interaction with police officers in less than a year. I realized that I had to act before someone ruined my plans.

It was May, 2014. I selected a date. I had to act. Initially, I wanted phase one of my day of retribution to take several weeks. Sadly, I waited too long and that became impractical. Additionally, it was poetic justice to do everything in a single day. I was planning a literal day of revenge. I refused to compromise the grandiose beauty associated with a single, decisive, day of justice for an uglier and inferior timeframe. I decided to stab my roommates throughout the day on May 23, 2014. I hoped I'd be able to torture one or two males during the day on May 24, 2014. Then, I'd arrive at Alpha Phi at 9:00 pm.

My internet friends were elated about my plans. A good friend of mine, Alek Minassian, wished me best of luck on May 23, 2014. I bet some people thought I was making an elaborate joke. Others knew I was serious. Everyone helped me compose my manifesto. Yet, no one gave me concrete advice about converting my apartment into a chamber of horrors. Members of my online community could've incriminated themselves if they gave me specific instructions about harvesting severed heads or cleaning up corpses. I had to improvise at the last minute. That made me nervous.

I was worried I wouldn't follow through with my vengeance. Yet, I realized that Heinrich Himmler, a Nazi leader who I respected and admired, committed suicide on May 23, 1945. My day of retribution was my final solution to all my problems with men, women, and society. Heinrich Himmler devised a final solution and killed himself on May 23. Therefore, I chose to enact my final solution and end my life on the same date.

I spent the afternoon of Friday, May 23, 2014, preparing two large hunting knives. I sharpened them to fine bright points. I remembered an incident where I previously used my knives to assert my masculinity. I felt giddy then. I felt even better now. The last incident occurred almost five years ago. I walked 45 minutes to a Halloween party when I was 17. Everyone at the party drank alcohol and smoked marijuana. I left almost immediately. On my walk home, a group of thugs stopped their car near me. They tried to take my wallet. I produced a small pocket knife to defend myself. The thugs fled to their car and drove away. I felt tough. I felt masculine. My father was proud of me.

I was a son that father wanted when I defenended myself with my knife. I wasn't ashamed to present myself to him. Sadly, that feeling didn't last. Cocky jocks and hateful female bitches humiliated me for years after that Halloween party. I remembered the shame I felt as I watched that Mexican touch a white woman during my meal with father. I threw drinks on women and

couples to restore my honor. Now, my hunting knives would make me truly impressive. My knives, my guns, and my car would raise my honor so high that I'd become a diety.

I didn't appreciate the brutality of stabbing a person to death until I did it. It's a physically exhausting act. I was a weightlifter. Yet, I believed that my knives would reduce my victims to balls of energy and light. My godlike powers would allow me to harvest their skins and heads. Yet, I never considered the mess. I failed to account for the sheer volume of blood, filth, and entrails my roommates left behind.

I stabbed both of my roommates and one of their friends over 20 times. I took my time with the last one. I stabbed him over 90 times. I left his corpse in the bathroom. I realized that the gory stench would scare away other male victims and prevent them from entering my apartment. I couldn't lure cocky frat boys into a false sense of security in an apartment that was glistening red with three bodies worth of blood. I tried cleaning up the mess. Yet, my work with a washcloth was futile. I smeared grime and guts on the walls. It wouldn't go away.

I changed clothes and showered. I felt uneasy washing myself with a dead body in the bathroom. Yet, I wanted a vanilla latte from Starbucks. The barista wouldn't have served me in my bloody clothes and I loved the aura of sophistication that I exuded whenever I drank luxurious coffee. I ordered the last beverage of my life from a local Starbucks at about 7:30 pm. I returned to my apartment for another 90 minutes.

I was overwhelmed. I was so distraught that I didn't even collect the three severed heads from my victims. I sat in my apartment with my Starbucks. I meditated about the end of my life. I read about Heinrich Himmler on my laptop. I emailed my manifesto to my therapist, my parents, and my online friends at 9:18 pm. I also uploaded my final YouTube video. Then, I gathered up my guns and ammunition for my war against women and the world. I entered my new BMW and drove to the Alpha Phi house.

I arrived at the sorority house at 9:25 pm. I knocked on the door three times. I know they heard me. Yet, the door was locked. No one answered. This new setback made me more flustered. As I turned away from the house, I saw two women coming up the block. I shot both of them dead. Neither of them were blonde. Neither of them were members of Alpha Phi.

I wanted to take revenge against women. I fantasized about confining all females in concentration camps, like Heinrich Himmler. I dreamed about using those camps for torture, extermination and forced breeding. Yet, I understood those goals were unattainable. Therefore, I settled on a lesser goal. I hoped I'd be able to slaughter one house full of spoiled sorority cunts. I failed. I shot two women as they walked down a sidewalk on a Saturday night in a college town.

I wanted to hurt as many humans as possible during the last moments of my life. I left Alpha Phi in my BMW. I did everything I could to cause chaos during my last moments alive. I unloaded my guns into a deli. That killed one person. I injured seven more coeds with gunshot

wounds. I also struck seven students with my BMW. Police were alerted about my activity. They chased me. I crashed my car. The crash aggravated my leg injury from when I fell off that ledge at the party. I shot myself in the head with only one gun to avoid being captured. I died in a similarly crippled state as when I stayed at the Extended Stay America across from Taft High School. I live in the void now will William Atchison, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold.

* * *

The Logitech speaker sparked and sizzled. Small red and orange embers flew in the air. The sisters heard a dying crackling sound as the speaker went silent forever. It was damaged beyond repair. The monitor of the desktop computer that was connected to the speaker lit up. The front page of Reddit appeared on the screen. None of the sisters navigated the computer's web browsers to Reddit.

The cursor on the computer's screen interacted with the homepage of Reddit. None of the sisters touched the mouse. There wasn't any bluetooth controlling the cursor. The free roaming arrow reminded the sisters of the planchette on the Ouija board. Yet, they physically touched the planchette. This was different. The cursor moved quickly and deliberately, clicking on link after link until it stopped and remained stationary. The sisters examined the page that the cursor selected.

It was a post from a user lauding the accomplishments of Elliot Rodger. The user identified Elliot Rodger as a saint, a martyr, and a victim. The user extolled Elliot Rodger as being the supreme gentleman. Their post conveyed a sincere admiration for his actions. The poster's username was "ElliotRodgerIsAGod."

"Ew." Kendra said. "Alright, let's gather around the board one last time." The three sisters huddled around the Ouija board. "This is the most important part. After we do this, maybe we'll play spin the bottle for hand stuff. We all need to say 'goodbye' and close the connection. This time, move the planchette together."

The three sisters acted in unison as they used their fingers to push the planchette over the phrase G-O-O-D-B-Y-E.

The computer screen went dark. The reddit post disappeared from view. The room felt immediately brighter and warmer. Yet, the wind outside the sorority house seemed to get stronger, even angrier. It was already a windy night. The storm had been howling and moaning through the trees for the duration of the seance. Still, there was a distinctive feeling that the wind and the storm were growing in power and intensity. It felt as if they had a life of their own as they pushed tree branches into windows and made other disturbing sounds. The sisters heard a faint knock on the front door of the house. 100 years ago, boys left little business cards in a bowl by the front door. The little stand was still right there. Three quiet but audible knocks at the front door emanated up the stairs and into the room with the Ouija board. Then, the wind stopped.