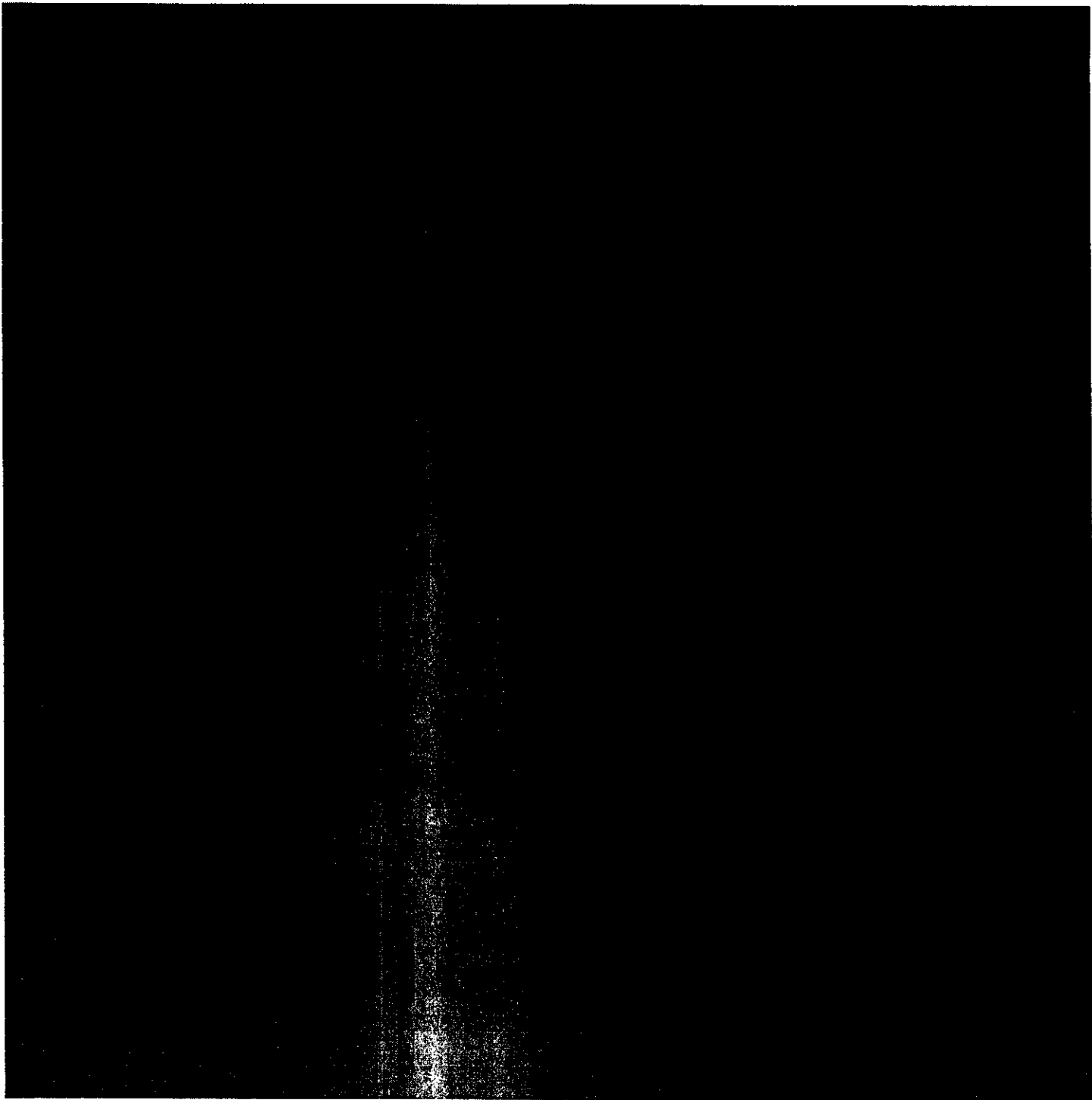


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-skill 4
-warp 1
-altdeath
-deathmatch
-com2
-dial 3039721105
-player 2

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numwads = 1
TIER.WAD

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-skill 4
-warp 1 -altdeath
-deathmatch
-com2
-dial 3039721105
-player
2
-net 63086



JC-001-026819

@²ynü+ÿF Guns! Boy, I loved playing ôgunsö as a kid. It is one of the few things I miss from childhood today. Living in a rural town in Michigan for three years, I played a lot in a forest. My brother, two friends and I would always be running around shooting imaginary bad-guys. The woods behind my house were vast, empty, and old. It smelled of a musty tree or maybe of pine trees most of the time in there. Those woods left so many memories in the mind itÆs amazing. Such as how scary they looked during hard rain storms or how dark they were at night. I was even afraid to go into the woods during nighttime, for fear of the unknown. For the most part, however, my memories are fond ones. My brother, Sonia, and I had countless missions in those woods, hunting for enemy troops and stopping invasions. We would set up little tree fort made of loose sticks and branches, and use them for our bases and camps. ôFire!ö I would scream, as we all made as many fast gun sounds as we could, waving our deadly plastic toys around. Almost every time we had a firefight, we would pretend one of us would be injured. We always would carry little bandages and tape with us to dress the wound. Luckily, the bullet would always go right through so we wouldnÆt need to perform surgery. Sonia, being her crazy self, would run right into the battle screaming and firing at all the bad guys, as we gave cover fire. It seemed to vivid, our fighting, and so real. Now that I have actually fired weapons I realize how unrealistic we were, but hey, we were just kids!

ôWhereÆs the air support?!ö my brother screams, as I reload my M16. ôHell if I know!!ö I retort. ôWe got more incoming APCs on our 6Æs, set those mines quick!ö Sonia hollers. The bad guys were surrounding us, but we had plenty of ammo to last us for hours. I toss a few stick grenades into the trees ahead, and duck as they go off killing the wave of enemy troops. Kevin was setting the mines for those trucks and Sonia was launching rockets at the platoon on our left. ôGrenade!ö I scream as I see a stick fall in our base. Sonia and I jump out over the tree trunks as the grenade destroys our base. ôWe gotta move, now!ö Sonia yells in my ear under all the shooting. We run right past my brother and he joins up in the evacuation. Just then our air support flies by overhead. ôThereÆs the gun-ships!ö says my bro., as we dodge tree limbs, bullets, and mortars. We stop at a group of rather large trees and turn and return fire. The air support is dropping napalm on the advancing troops, and launching rockets at the trucks. We pull out a huge machine gun and set it up on a stationary position in a tree. Sonia and Kevin start spraying bullets everywhere as I use hand-to-hand combat on a few bad guys that made it to us. By the time I finish them off with a really strong stick, itÆs time to go inside and do some homework, and Sonia needs to go out to dinner with her family tonight, too. All in a dayÆs work as a kid, I guess.

One of these days, real soon, I will call up Sonia and see if she still remembers me. And see if those woods, our forts, and our hide-outs are all still there where I left them over seven years ago.

Eric Harris
 Period 4
 R.D.

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+ The dream started out in my car. Dylan and me were trying to drive up a very steep hill to get to some event at the top. The road up was barely wide enough for 2 lanes of traffic and there were lots of other people that I recognized mostly from my bowling class trying to get up the hill also. The road was dirty, and the sides of the road sloped upward, so there wasn't much room at all. After lots of honking, yelling, aggressive driving and racing we made it to the top of the hill and parked my car. The next event I remember was struggling to get a bowling ball from an old rack sitting near the wall of a large, open room. If you have ever seen a movie called Demon Knight, it was like the main room in the hotel in that movie. After getting a ball, we ran up an open staircase. All the while people that I don't like in school were taunting us and I had a sense that things were starting to get very tense. At the top of the stairs we no longer had the bowling ball for some reason, and we looked over the railing and fights and brawls were starting downstairs. We ran over to the corner of the ledge and lots of gunfire broke out. We heard several people being shot and a lot of evil growling and yelling. We telepathically seemed to understand that we should stay where we were and wait for a SWAT team to arrive and help us out. A few times we peaked over the ledge and bullets shredded the railing and walls around us. The downstairs was empty, but had several shadows that seemed to have evil, demented inhabitants. After a long time of waiting a team of SWAT guys came in to the ledge from a door beside us and hurried us out of the building. Somehow we were on the ground level as we ran to a few cars and vans parked outside. We looked back and the SWAT team was being shot apart by gunfire. We knew that we had to rescue ourselves since the actual rescue-team was being destroyed. We hopped into a bulky white car and sped off down the hill, just as some sort of rocket flew out of the door of the building and nudged the SWAT van. Somehow I recalled some old sheriff guy in a bronco saying something about how he would escape the mountain roads by cutting across the switchbacks, no matter how steep they were. Next thing I knew we were in this bronco truck and we did a 180 on the dirt road and started to free fall down a few levels of the mountain. We landed on a road and sped off to a quiet little mountain town a few minutes down this road. After this my memory gets a little foggy, but I remember Dylan and I standing behind a large, senile mountain man who was buying a ton of groceries at a lodge. He left a sack of liquor and a pistol on the counter as he left, and I walked up and said something like to bad he forgot these, and paid for my things and left with all of the stuff. After that I can't remember much. And I am sure there were events in between some of those that I forgot as well.

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Ç#'+Z+aa_:B As I walked through the broken door entrance to the final military installation, I realized that this hellish experience was almost over. The invasion was stopped, all of the aliens were dead, and whatever wasn't dead was waiting for me ahead. While I was leaning against a granite wall in a large calmly lit room, I scanned over the dozens of marine bodies that scattered the floor in front of me. A last, futile, stand that wasn't enough to ward off the alien attacks. Bullet shells sprinkled the floor, on top of the carpet of blood. I must go on, to fight whatever waited ahead, I am the only one left on humanity's side of the battle. The bright room ahead suggested that I wouldn't have anywhere to hide once I showed myself. I almost laid down beside my fallen comrades and just went to sleep, as some of them appeared to be. But that would mean that they bad guys would win, and I just could not allow that to happen. So I gathered up all the bullets and superior firepower I could scavenge off of the dead soldiers, or what was left of them, and prepared myself for the last battle.

As I entered the last military base on the moon, I came upon a hellish sight. Bodies of my former marine buddies were scattered across the stone floor. The deathly dark glow of light from above provided barely enough light to notice the blood and flesh splattered on the large slabs of granite that passed for walls. The platoon had tried to barricade themselves in, but with the alien fire coming through two gigantic windows and with a blitzkrieg of monsters in the small doorway between the windows, the marines couldn't hold them. Arms, legs, and heads were tossed about as if a small child turned on a blender with no lid in the middle of the room. Some were burnt off, some torn, some eaten. Even though the mass of alien bodies outside the room was at least 10 times the marines', they still fell. I must be crazy to fight this war; I must be out of my battered mind. How could one soldier stop all of these monsters? There must be some way out of here that doesn't involve firepower. It is just too much, all the death and destruction. It's pointless, there's no way, no way at all. I can't fight anymore-let them take Earth-I'll stay here on my little moon-along with my squad of dead soldiers.

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@ä"fH+1.Ü This female, who I will call Betsy, is a sad woman. She spends all of her time in front of a mirror putting make-up on. She seems like a slutty, trendy bitch that people like to look at since she seems ôprettyó by the social standards. She feels very dense, she just smiles and says ôgosh, OK!ô in a cheerful but dumb manner. She just wants to be liked. She doesnÆt know she is different, she thinks she is normal and not different. Some words that would describe her are dense, stupid, shallow, and dazed. She feels happy yet uncomfortable. She is covered with pasty-tan make-up and has golden hair. She smells of cheap perfume and hairspray. I hear windàor the oceanâwhen looking at her. She remembers that she has an audition coming up for a cheap B-movie part where she thinks she will be acting. She feels smooth yet cold. The taste of polyester comes to mind.

Eric Harris
 Period 4
 Picture description.

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Trenchcoat Mafia
Hit-Men
For Hire

Eric Harris
Period 2
12/10/98
T-dog

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- 2: Map
- 3: Business Organization
- 4: Fund Raising
- 5: Advertising Campaign
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Product Overview

In this city, protection is needed. Day by day people grow more and more agitated with one another and become less understanding and forgiving. Even though programs made by anti-hate groups and police try to keep people from being prejudiced and having stereotypes, most people are still the same. The so-called "Trench Coat Mafia" is a small group of friends who generally wear dark clothes, military fatigues, and long black dusters. Most people usually just stare and whisper when they see us. We don't mind because we generally don't like people anyway. Now they have reasons to stay clear of us.

MAP

This map depicts our current locations. We are located in a few different houses in the Columbine area, along with a safe location in the mountains. We also have connections with people in Mexico, Germany, South Africa, and New York City. The locations in the Columbine area are strategically positioned so we can launch attacks in almost any neighborhood with a few minutes notice. We also have caches of weaponry and explosives located around the CHS area and in certain fields, all to serve you, the customer.

Business Organization

Now, with more and more violent fights and nearby gang activity at locations like Chatfield, we believed that we needed to start a business. The business is basically to kill people who anger our clients. Hence, the "Trench Coat Mafia Hit-Men for Hire" business was created. Several weapons, such as a sawed-off pump-action riot-gun, an AB-10 machine pistol, home made rocket launchers, swords, and daggers were gathered to help our business. Now on school grounds we can't be armed. Everyone knows that if someone is caught with a weapon they are suspended or expelled, which would not help my business at all. Therefore, using our resourceful home computers, we acquire the full name, telephone number, and address of our target. Then we hunt the target down and relocate him/her to one of several secluded areas, like the bottom of a lake.

Fund Raising

As far as costs are concerned, we can be pretty lenient. For underclassmen, the cost is \$50 a day for general protection. For upperclassmen it is \$20 a day. Now if you wanted someone so intimidated that they would not even get out of bed in the morning, that costs about \$100. Assaults and beatings can range from \$200 to \$500, depending on the severity. For relocation of problem targets, the price is usually between \$1,000 and \$10,000. It basically depends on the location and time of the hit, as well as if there will be witnesses or if it requires us to take out a whole group of targets.

We raised enough money to start our business strongly. Most of the money came from personal reserves. We also got money from relocated targets. Weaponry we already had, and ammunition isn't too expensive these days. Political contributions are the main expense.

Advertising Campaign

Our advertising campaign is quite simple. We don't want to start a war, at least not yet, so we can only help certain groups of people. We will help whoever is willing to pay the most for our protection. It is a first-come-first-served basis. My business will reach the intended audience by word of mouth alone. That may seem like we wouldn't get many clients, but we have already made \$20,000 since we started the business only a few weeks ago.

So if you need our help, just come up to me, or one of my associates, and tell us a little about yourself and your problem. We'll see what we can arrange for you.

Conclusion

The fact is that people need protection from the dangers of every-day encounters and the δTrench Coat Mafiaδ is willing to protect you. For a small cost, you can walk the halls knowing that you have your very own personal guards keeping a close eye on you. No one, no matter what size, will give you any trouble.

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@+.<(+-+ My last article is on the new Brady bill. The Brady bill that went into affect recently requires all licensed gun deals to have instant background checks from the FBI when selling a firearm of any kind. In theory this was a good idea. This would keep guns out of the hands of people who have felony charges on their police record, dishonorable discharge from the military and illegal immigrants. The background checks will take anywhere from thirty minutes to a few days.

The FBI just shot themselves in the foot. There are a few loopholes in the new Brady bill. The biggest gaping hole is that the background checks are only required for licensed dealers not private dealers. The number of licensed dealers dropped from 5,011 in 1993 to 1,715 in 1998. Private dealers can sell shotguns and rifles to anyone who is 18 or older, and they can sell handguns to anyone who is 21 or older, without background checks of any kind. Another problem with the bill is that misdemeanor crimes of abuse and violence do not show up, and sometimes police and mental health records aren't put into the FBI's database. Only about 50% of the needed information is there. Therefore 50% of the criminals who want guns have a pretty good chance of getting them from a licensed dealer.

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á_!i+aa_! The anger management class I took was helpful in many ways. I feel the instructors were well qualified for this class and the class size was not too big. I learned several things about how drugs and alcohol contribute to violence, and how to avoid using drugs and alcohol. I felt like the class was focused more on people who had committed violent crimes and people who use drugs and alcohol, rather than being more broad. Nevertheless I still learned what anger is, how to recognize it, and how to deal with it. Violence is expensive, along with anger. Committing violent crimes brings forth fees, bills, and punishment that have very deep affects on that person, not to mention the emotional turmoil it causes. I learned the four stages of anger; tension building, verbal escalation, physical escalation, and opportunity for change. I believe the most valuable part of this class was thinking up ideas for ways to control anger and for ways to release stress in a non-violent manner. Things such as writing, taking a walk, talking, lifting weights, listening to different music, and exercising are all good ways to vent anger. We also discussed the positive and negative results of anger and violence. Another thing we discussed was ôtriggers.ô Triggers are defined as warnings or symptoms that one experiences when getting angry. Things like quick breathing, tunnel vision, muscles tighten, and teeth clench. I feel that all of the suggestions can all be helpful, bu

t the main part of anger management comes from the individual. If the person does not want to control his/her anger, then it can be a problem. The person must want to control his/her anger and actually want to not be violent or angry. It all starts in the personÆs mind. I have learned that thousands of suggestions are worthless if you still believe in violence. I am happy to say that with the help in this class, and several other diversion-related experiences, I do want to try to control my anger.

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@eñ_D+Ç:öEveryday events can change a life significantly and we might not even be aware of it. Everything we do, say, and see and everything others do always will affect us, no matter what we think. Therefore, it is hard to say which event in my life has had the most serious, dramatic change. I do believe what happened on the last Friday night in January 1998 is the most significant event that has changed my life. My friend Dylan and I were driving around that night at about 9:00 PM with nothing to do. We decided to go to the a dirt parking lot off of deer creek canyon road to just kind of ôhang outö to kill sometime. We were planning to check out some movies, and go home to my house and just spend the night there, just another weekend night. We arrived there, and there were 2 cars, a large white utility van and a small red truck, already parked there. We were the only ones there so we just walked around, broke some bottles we found there, lit off some fireworks, and just talked. Then we began thinking about breaking into this van. No one was around, we had a clear line of sight to anything coming and going, and the van was stuffed with electronic equipment. We thought there was no way we would get caught, and everything seemed so easy. So we got a rather large rock, broke the window and Dylan started removing items from the van while I waited in my car keeping a look out for incoming cars. After about 10 minutes I said ôthatÆs enough, letÆs go.ö So we left the scene and went up to an open space in the mountains. We were sure we had gotten away with it all, so we started reviewing what we had stolen. I got out of my car to put something in my trunk when a Jefferson County sheriff shined his rather bright flashlight into my eyes from the other side of my car. Right then I realized what a damn fool I was for what I did. He had been watching us for about 5 minutes, apparently he had seen us far away, parked his car down the road, and walked up behind my car without us noticing him. We told him everything, and we were arrested. We spent that entire night waiting for the cops to finish searching my car, waiting at the station and filling out forms and giving statements to the cops, explaining to my parents what we had done and why, and then going up to Golden to get ôbooked.ö After a very unique experience in a real live police station being a real live criminal, I had lots of time to think about what I did. Remorse put it lightly. I spent about 4 hours there, only about 15 minutes of that was I actually doing something, like giving them any and every imaginable way of taking my fingerprints, or taking my picture. Actually, mug shot would be a more appropriate word. I waited for the rest of the time. Their computer chose that moment to break down, so they put me into prison-type bathroom to wait. As I waited, I cried, I hurt, and I felt like hell. We got home at about 4:30 AM that morning. My parents lost all trust in me, and were completely disappointed beyond belief. April is when our court date finally came around, and we were both sentenced to 1 full year of diversion. Which is a lesser charge since we plead guilty to all charges. So, the consequences of that night were; 1 year diversion which includes about 350 dollars worth of fines, a total of 4 full days of classes such as anger management and mother against drunk driving, 45 hours of community service, 2 months grounding, 120 dollar fine for getting my car back (it was impounded), and I am seein g a psychologist to help me with my anger problems. I am glad neither of us drink or do drugs, because that would have sky rocketed our already orbit-level consequences. My parents lost all respect and trust in me and I am still slowly regaining it. That experience showed me that no matter what crime you think of committing, you will get caught, that you must, absolutely must, think things through before you act, and that just because you can do something doesnÆt mean you should. To this day I still do not have a hard realistic reason why we broke into that car, but since we did, we have been set on a track that makes it mandatory for me to be a literal angel until March of Æ99. So that will hopefully keep me out of any trouble that I would have gotten into my senior year. Personally, I think that whole entire night was enough punishment for me. On the good side, I have had many new experiences that I am sure will help me with life as a result of being on diversion. So all in all, I guess it was a worth while punishment after all.

Eric Harris
 Period 2, T-dog.
 11/19/98

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JC-001-026833

_____ \$ ____ Nazism was a form of government unlike any other in history. Lead by Adoif Hitler, the Nazis had distinct beliefs and policies, severe racism and hatred, strong, new family values, and plans for future Germany and the world. The Nazi party came to power in the early 1930s, thanks to Adolf Hitler. Hitler was loved and admired by all of his followers. The Nazis derived many symbols from ancient runes and made code names for things like their concentration camps. They also formed several new laws and restrictions. Racist beliefs and violent actions were all part of everyday life in Nazi Germany. Concentration camps killed millions of people using gas chambers and firing squads. The Jewish race was considered inferior, and therefore extremely and harshly discriminated against by law. Family values were encouraged, education was reformed, the women's roles were outlined, the Aryan race was to be the only race, and law controlled breeding. Education was reformed in order to benefit the state, not the individual. The woman's main role was to bear children, cook, and clean. The Aryan race was the only "superior" race, so therefore Hitler wanted Germany to have all Aryan citizens. Only the elite would reproduce and inferior races were restricted from breeding with the superior race. Hitler had several plans for his new Germany, and for the world as well. Hitler wanted leaders in Germany. He also wanted to control what everyone saw and heard to maintain a working state. The youth of the world was to be under Nazi control, and Europe and Russia were to be conquered. Approximately eleven million people died as a result of the Nazis. The Nazis were one of the most racist forms of government ever.

The Nazi Culture

Thesis: Nazism was a form of government unlike any other in history, with their beliefs and policies, their racism and hatred, their very strong family values, and the plans they had in store for the rest of the world.

The Nazis

How they came to power

Hitler

Love for Hitler

Energy

Who they were

Runes

2. Code words

Policies

Censorship

Control

Euthanasia

Aliens

Racism and violence

Concentration camps

Doctors and wives

Shootings

Gas chambers

Reinforcement of hatred

Jews

Insults and racist comments

Inferior race

Family values

Education

What education would benefit

Textbooks

Science in racism

Women

Children

Discrimination

Aryan race

Mental

Physical

Breeding

Only the elite would reproduce

Jews as inferiors

Future Plans

Europe

Leaders

Freedoms

Censorship of the nation

World

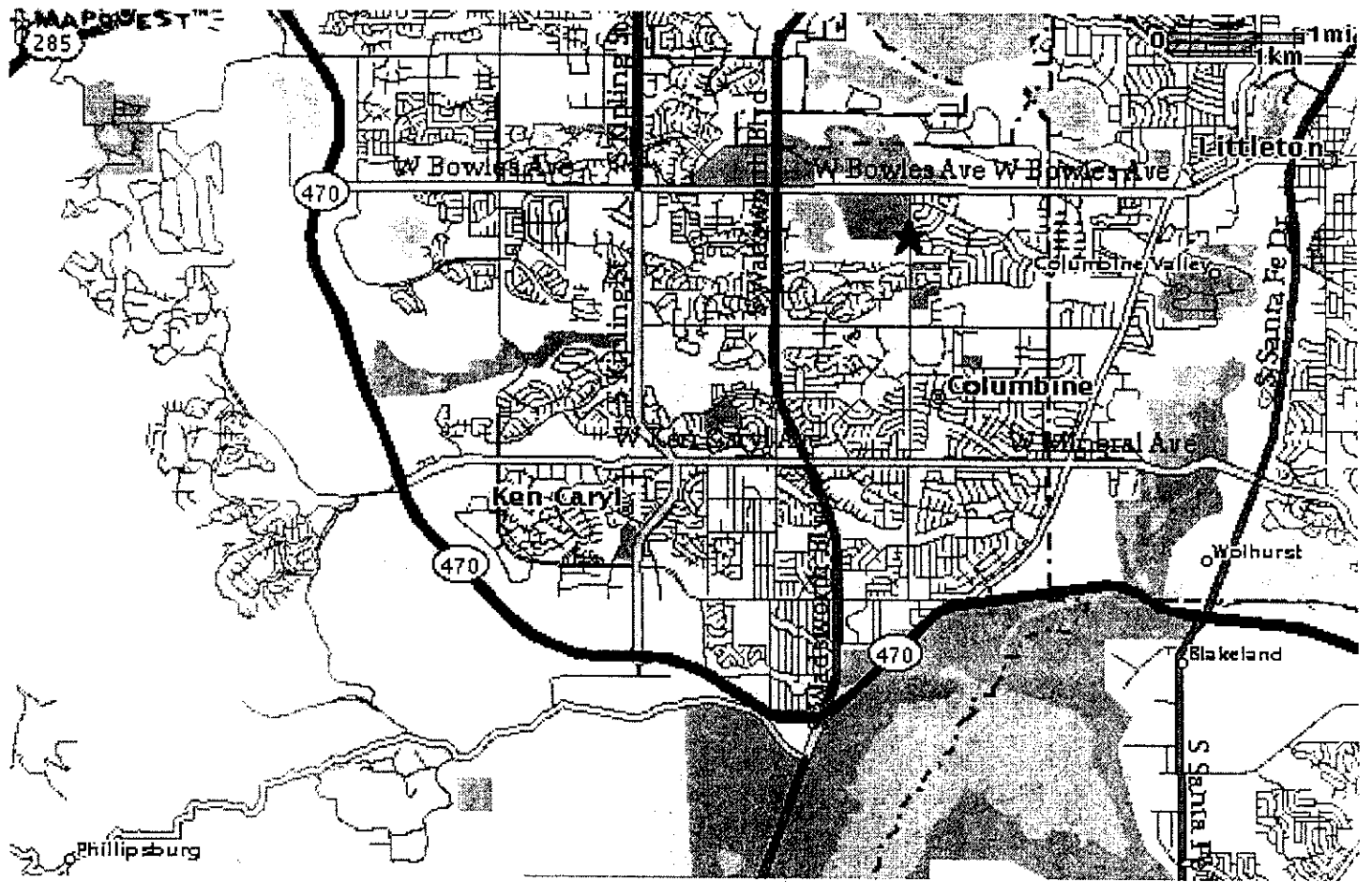
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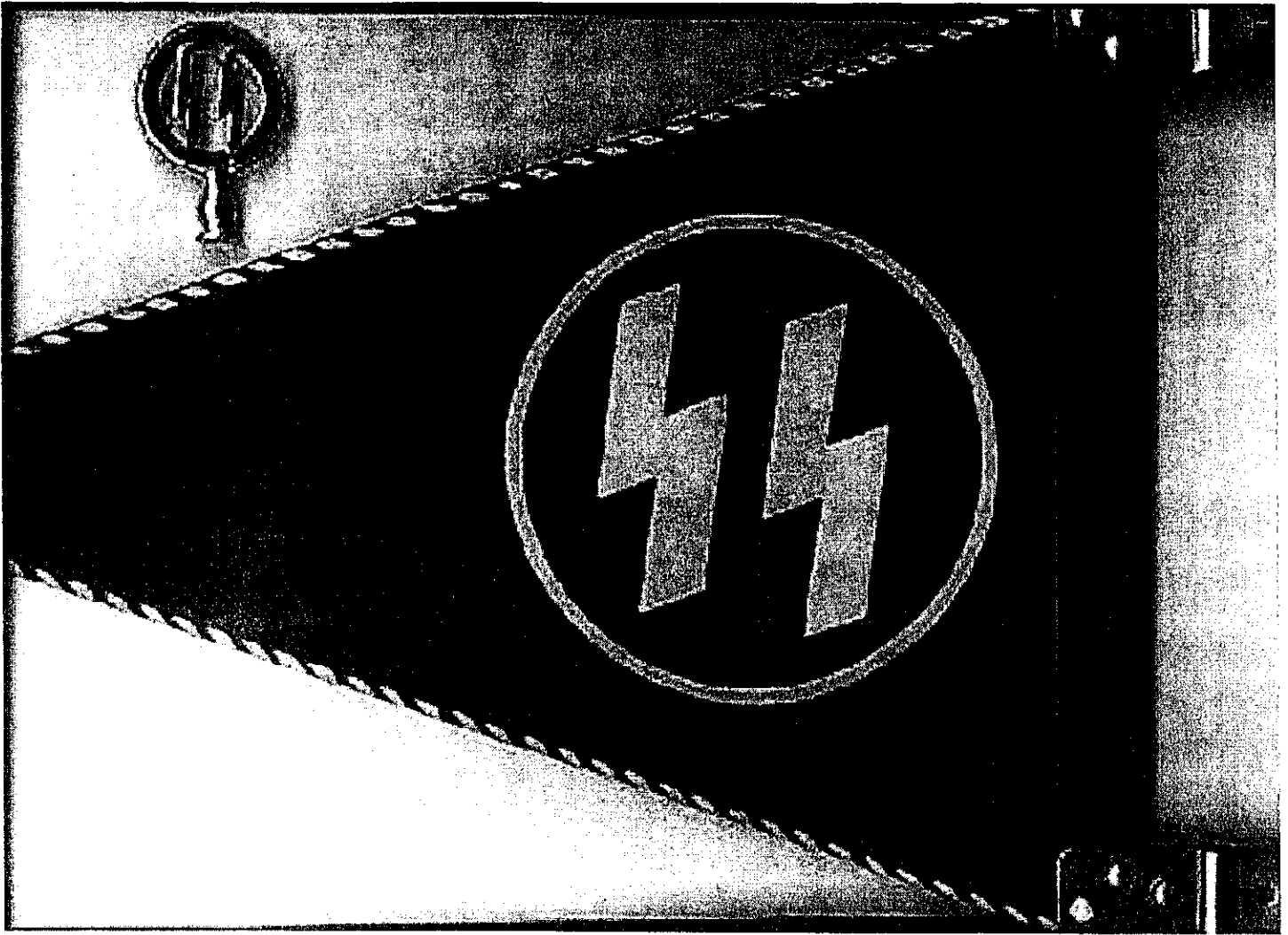
Russia

Space

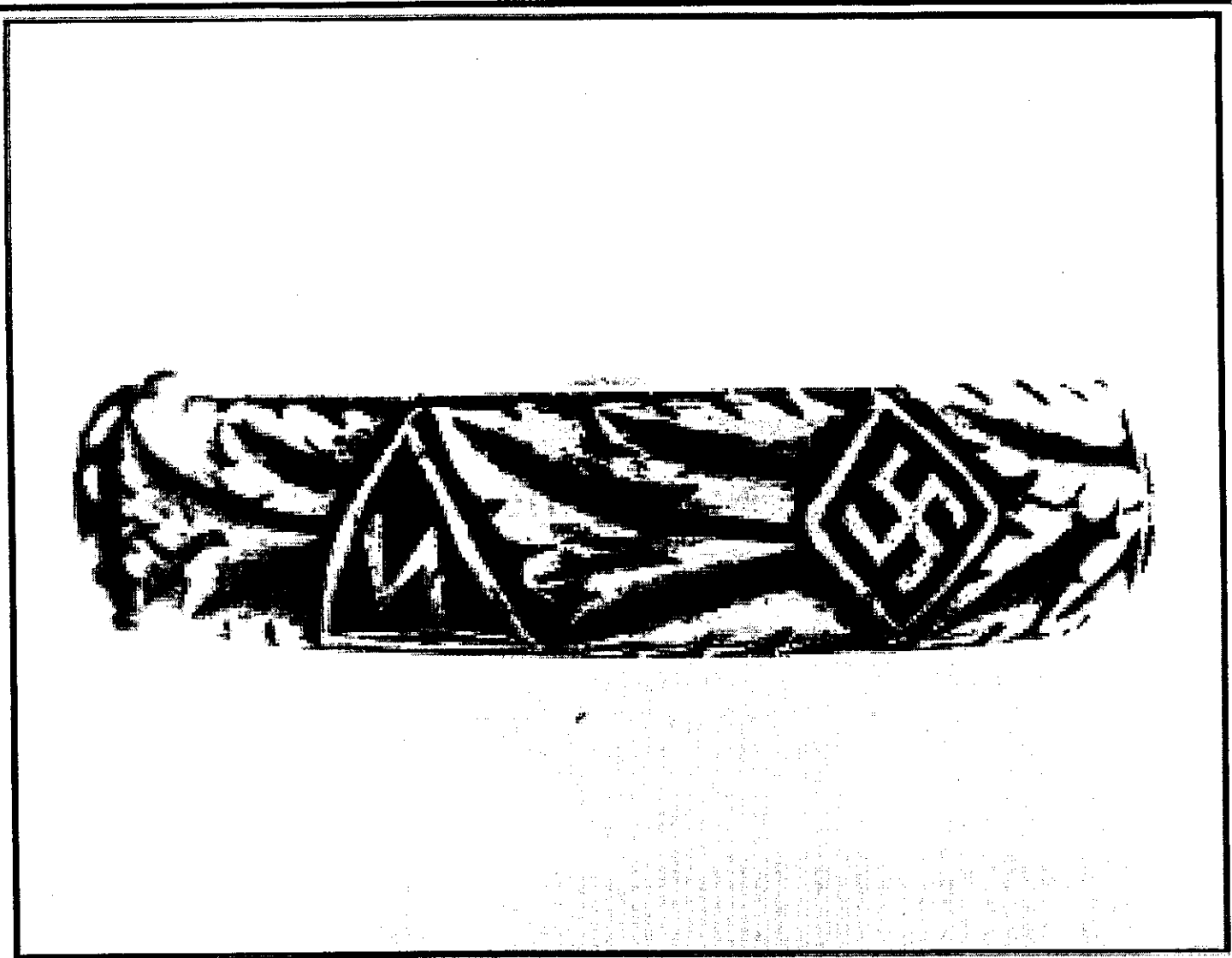
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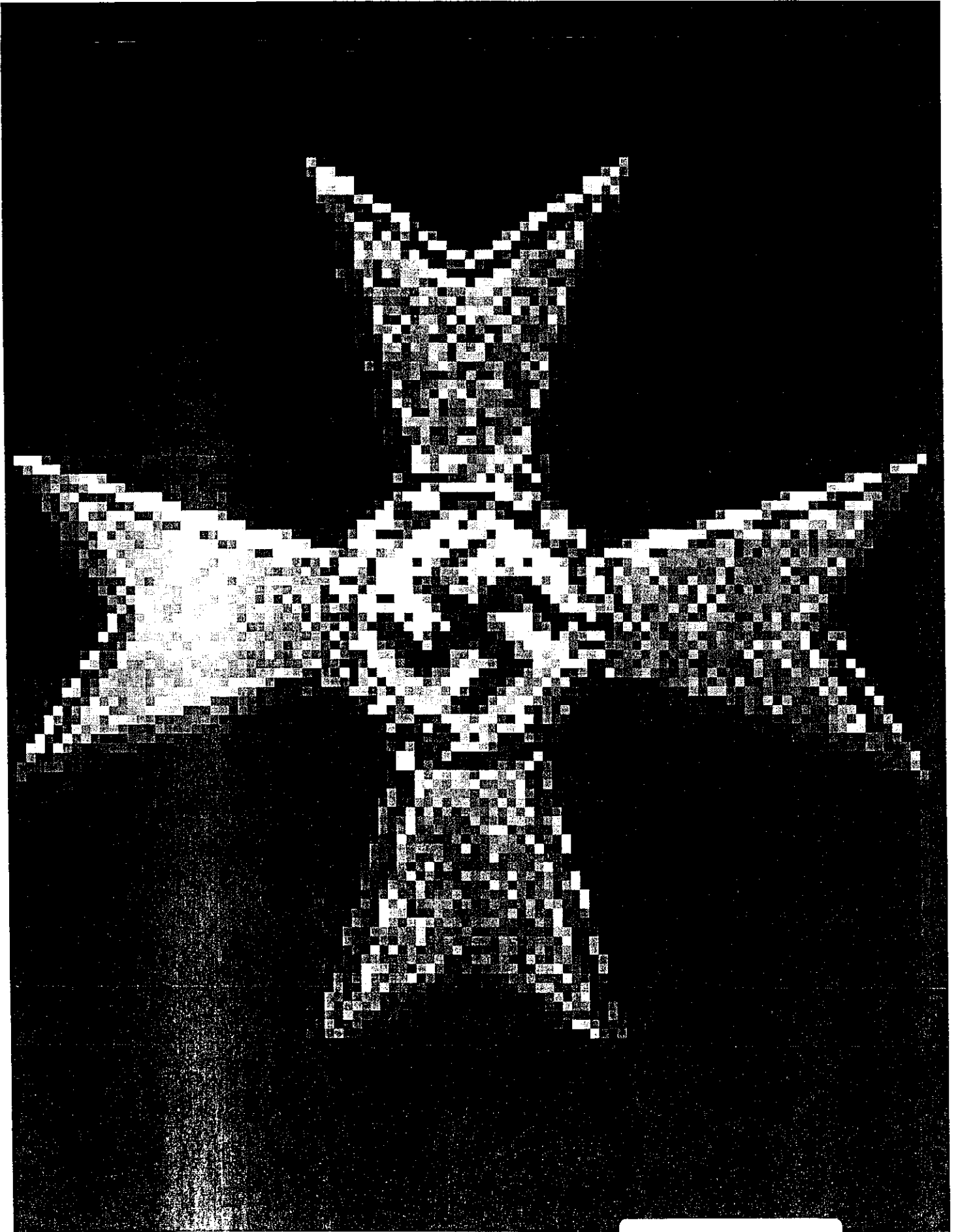


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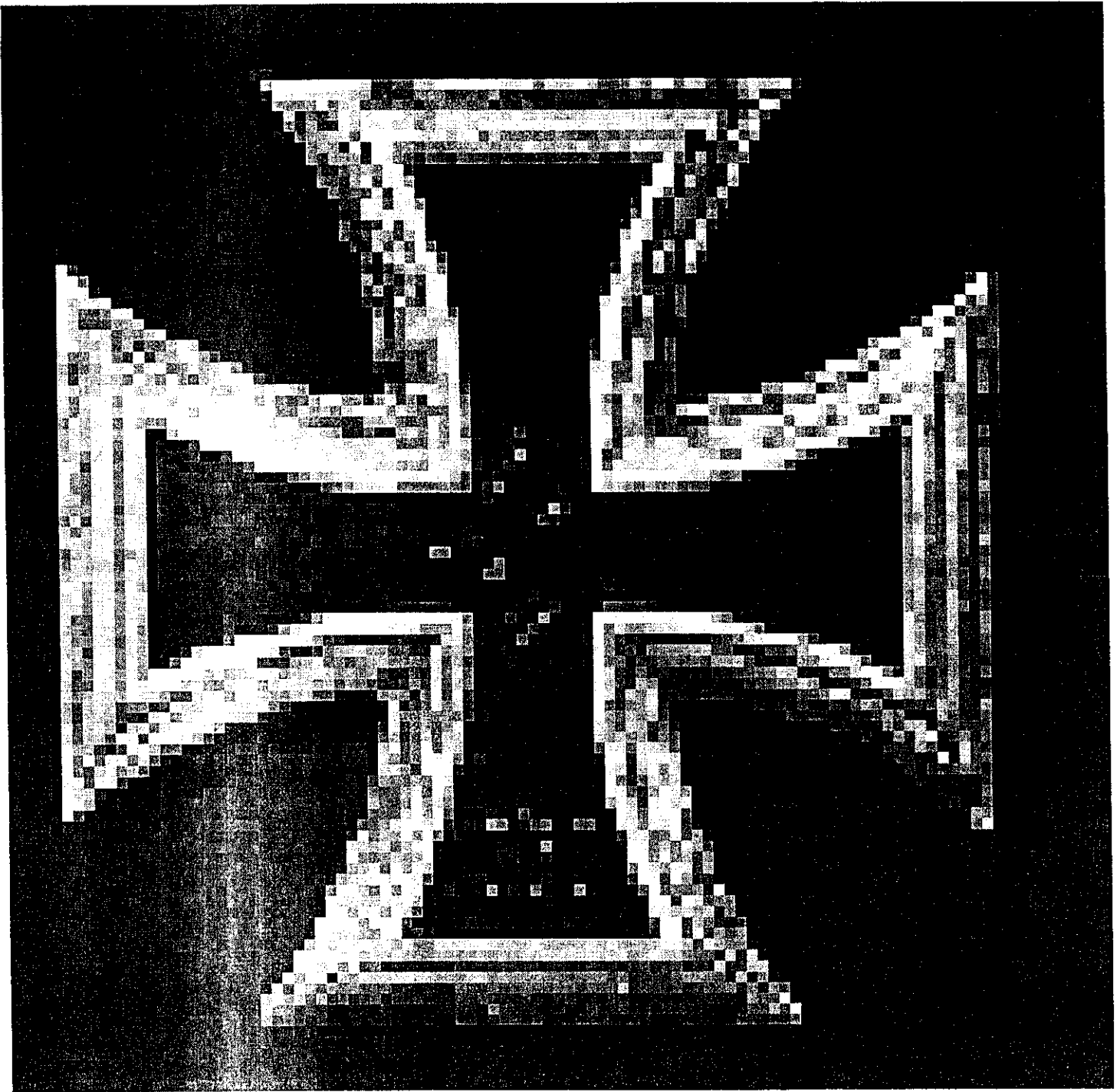


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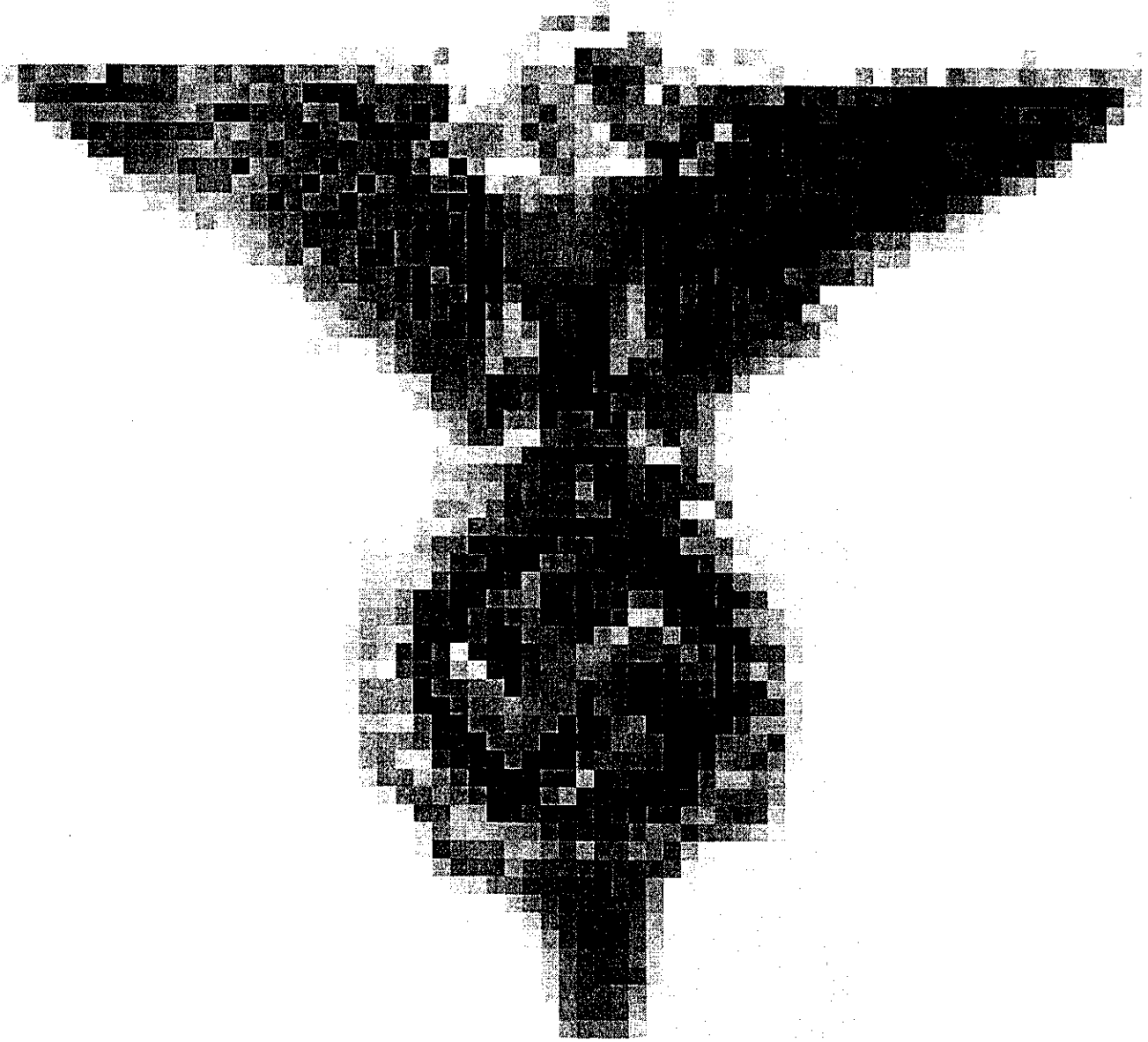


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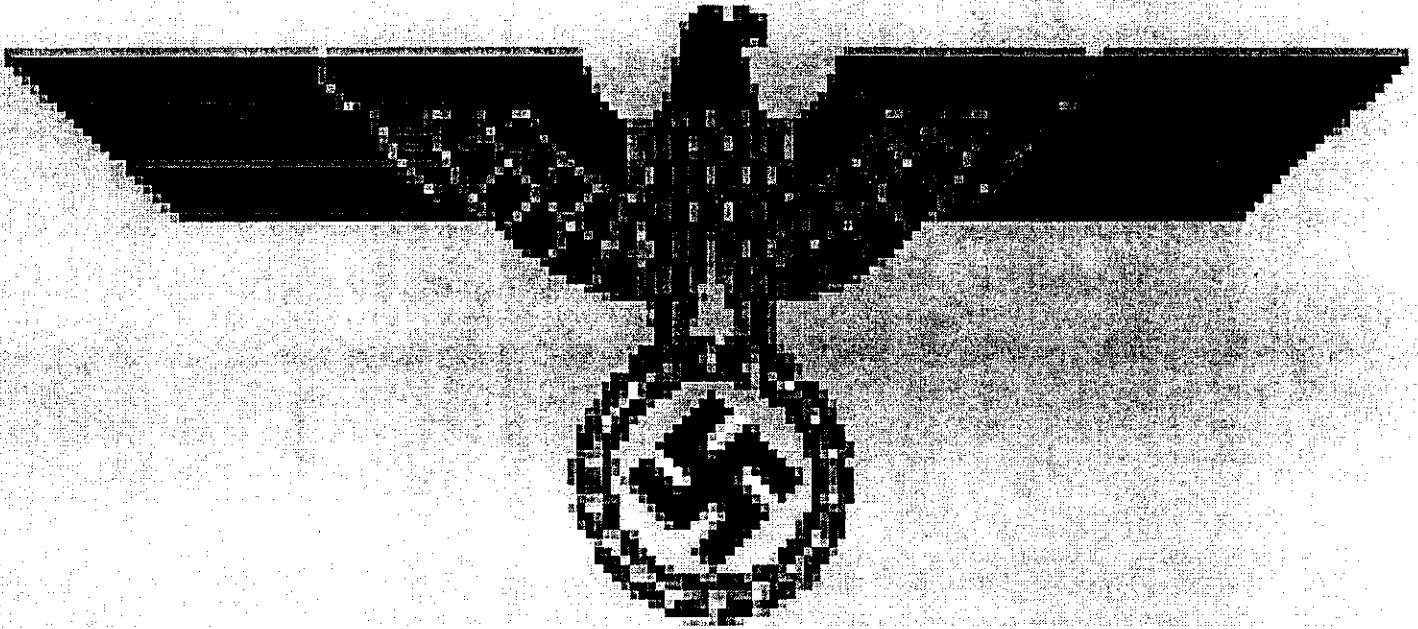


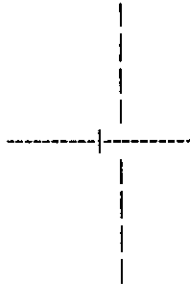
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Title       : TIER
Filename    : TIER.WAD
Author      : REB
Email Address : REBdomine@aol.com
Misc. Author Info : I have been playing doom since November of 1994, so it is
                    basically my life. These levels are better than anything you have
                    ever seen before. I don't want to brag about my own sh*t, but
                    these levels come from the Herrgott of DOOM himself...so just
                    play each one, and dont miss any rooms, and you'll see why I say
                    these are the best levels ever.

How to Play : Load up the de hacked patch and run "doom2 -file tier.wad -fast
                    -warp 01" and if you are using DM.exe to do a deathmatch or coop
                    game, run "dm.exe -fast". Anything else, you figure it out on
                    yer own.

Description : Tier is a 7 level patch for doom2. It has 6 new monsteres, 2 new
                    guns, 9 new gory sprites, a few new sounds, new music, and tons of
                    new textures. The theme for these levels is totally Phobos-base
                    post-war UAC lab type stuff. So just imagine returning to good
                    old episode 1 of doom with a ton of new twists. I even put in an
                    actual part of the orginal doom in the first level. It's very
                    nice, and not to hard to find. Lots of the rooms and secrets in
                    this place come directly from my imagination, so you are basically
                    running around in my own world. I live in this place. I mean a
                    person could write a freakin book on all of the symbolism and
                    double-meanings used in these levels. So show some respect, ya
                    bastages.

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Advice from REB:

First things first, use the f*ckin map. You will never find all of the secrets or atleast above 80% without it. Almost all of the secrets are visible on the map, and they aren't to hard to find.

Second: Each level has 4 symbols in it, locate all of them and you are Godlike.

Third: Watch the demo.

Forth: If you are playing with fast mode on, and you should be, you can NOT save your game, if you do save it some wierd ass bug f*cks up the game and some twecky stuff happens to it, so don't save when on fast.

Fifth: Remember this about the machine gunners: They have bad aim when you are more than about 5-10 feet away. So use that to your advantage. Plus watch the first demo to find out how to beat the blue key battlefield in map3.

Sixth: Do not try to use the cheat codes, except for idcleve. They have all been changed besides that one, so if you try to type one in the game will bomb you out. If you are having a hard time beating a level, then play it without fast mode on, so then you can save your game and it'll be easier. I want you people to

see everything in every level, not get your asses kicked every other room.

Story : Once the demon was destroyed on Earth the war seemed over for you. However, the re-taking of Earth had just begun. Helping out here and there with teams of marines to take over our lost cities, you grew tired of the same old battles. When you heard reports that Phobos was becoming an active base for demons again, you made a final decision. You will return to Phobos and finish the job. You will destroy every damn monster on the whole friggin rock and take over every base that you missed during the first siege. What do you have to live for anyway? Every friend you had was wasted on Phobos and your family was killed on Earth, so why the hell not? 7 installations were skipped during your first battle. You knew that a few teams made it over to those bases, but all of them were killed off before you even made it through the hanger. So you pack up a few things and head on back to Phobos. The 9 bases that were already passed through are basically in the same condition you left them in, which was only a few weeks ago. The new bases that you are going to have been "worked on" a little by the aliens. So expect some unusual architecture and probably some ambushes. They know you're coming. One other thing, keep an eye out for new weaponry. There are 2 UAC weapons that you saw training videos on months ago, but never found in the bases. One is an earlier version of the BFG9000, and the other is a modified plasma rifle. Both, as you remember, are very good at getting rid of enemies real damn quick.

Additional Credits to : VoDkA, DevilMan, Grunt, ID Software, the creators of EdMap, BSP, Wintex, PSP 5, DeHacked, and DCK. KMFDM, RAMMS+EIN, NIN, Orbital, The Orb, The Future Sound Of London, Steven Spielberg, Slim Jims, Salsa Sunflower Seeds, Coke, and the authors of the DooM novels.

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* Play Information *

Map Number : MAP01-MAP07, game ends after map7 is completed!

Single Player : Yes

Cooperative 2-4 Player : Yes

Deathmatch 2-4 Player : Yes

Difficulty Settings : Yes, don't wuss out.

New Sounds : Yes

New Graphics : Yes

New Music : Yes

New Weapons : Yes, the gun of God and the RFG

New Monsters : Yes, a red machine gunner, an unstable Former Human, a hyperactive Lost Soul, a new breed of Imps to play with the old ones, a sentry, and the spidermind had a few adjustments.

Demos Replaced : All

* Construction *

Base : New levels from scratch

Editor(s) used : EdMap, BSP, Wintex, Dehacked, and DCK to fix a few f*ckin bugs.

Known Bugs : The only thing I know of is that the game gets screwed up when it is saved while on fast mode. Other than that, it should be fine.

Authors may NOT use this level as a base to build additional levels.

You MAY not distribute this WAD file in any format.

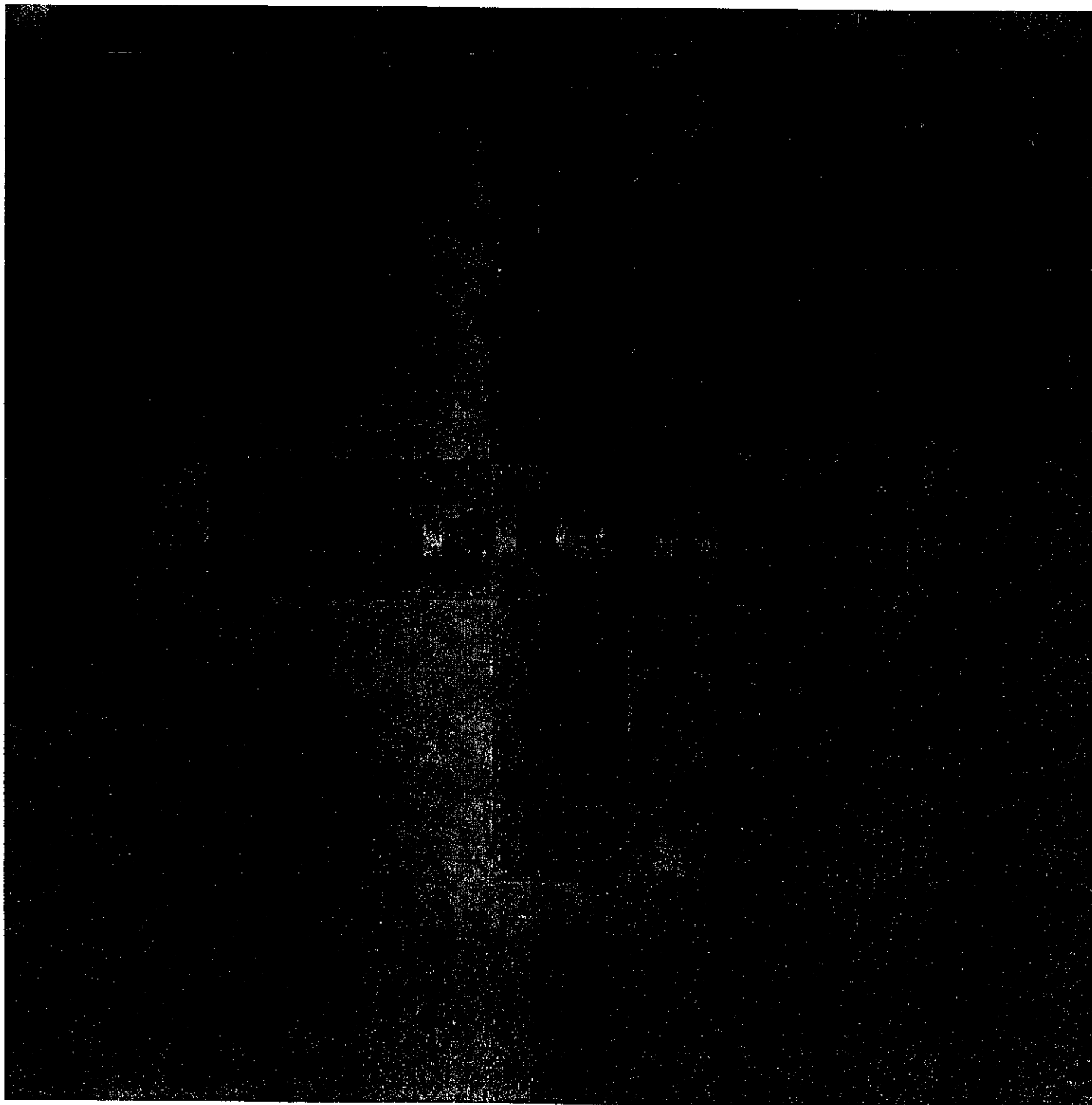
* Where to get this WAD *

From me. You must either have my permission to have a copy of this or have actually purchased a copy from me.

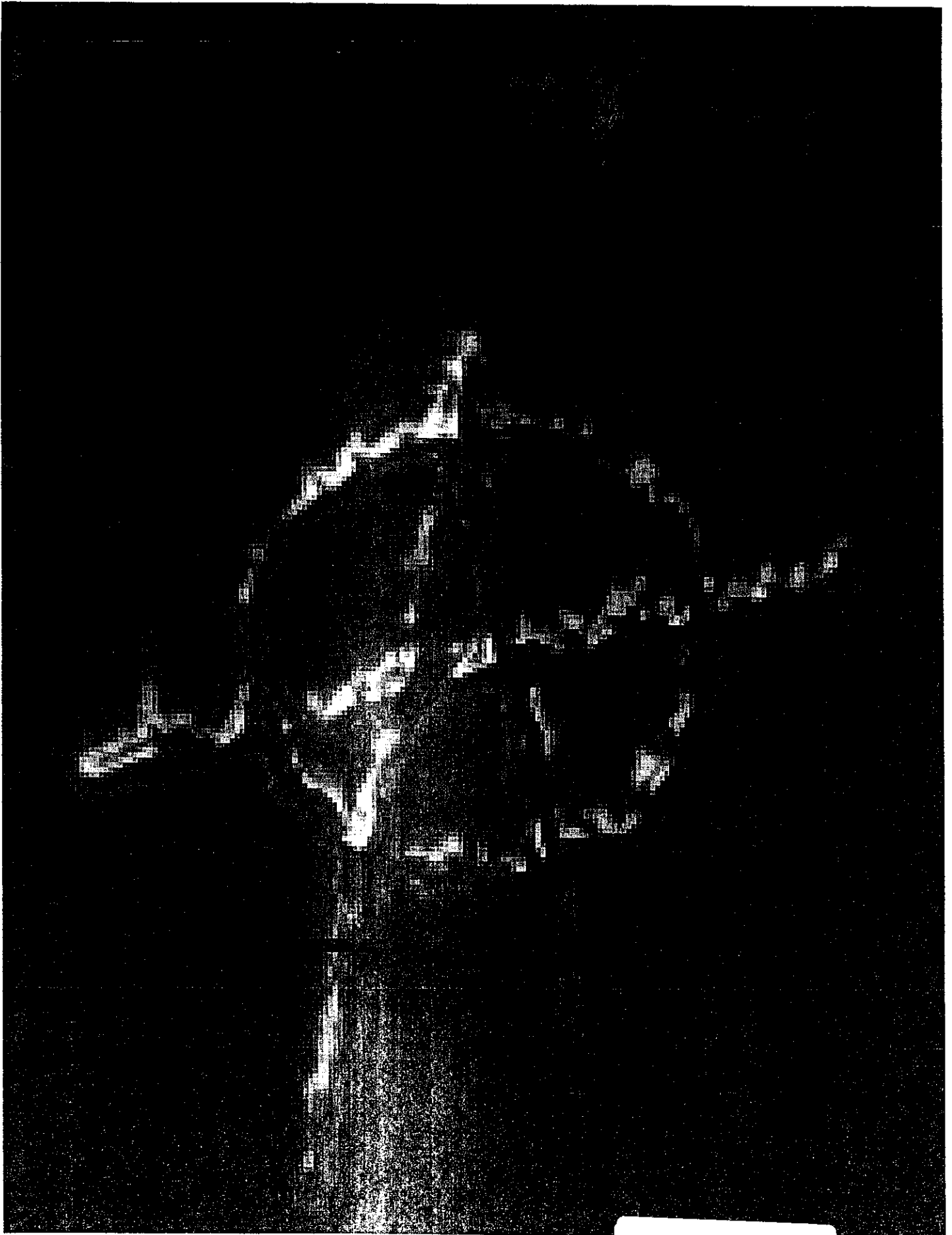
X2_g+++|"Kein mitleid fur die merheit"
The shit list



.....10JQJ



DELTA FORCE IS IN MONTANA. FUCK BICH.
TODAY. HELP LIGHT US SAVE US.
MEGALOMANIACAL. INSANE IS ONLY A
WORD. AUSLANDER. CHICO.
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Ft. Walton Beach, FL 32547

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Littleton, CO 80128

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Hayden, ID 83835

[REDACTED]
Parker, CO 80134

[REDACTED]
Parker, CO 80134

[REDACTED]
Pleasanton, CA 94566

[REDACTED]
Dayton, OH 45419

[REDACTED]
Lakewood, CO 80228

[REDACTED]
Denver, CO 80222

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Parker, CO 80134

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Lakewood, CO 80228

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Denver, CO 80222

[REDACTED]
Poquoson, VA 23662

[REDACTED]
Littleton, CO 80122

[REDACTED]
Highlands Ranch, CO 80126

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Denver, CO 80231

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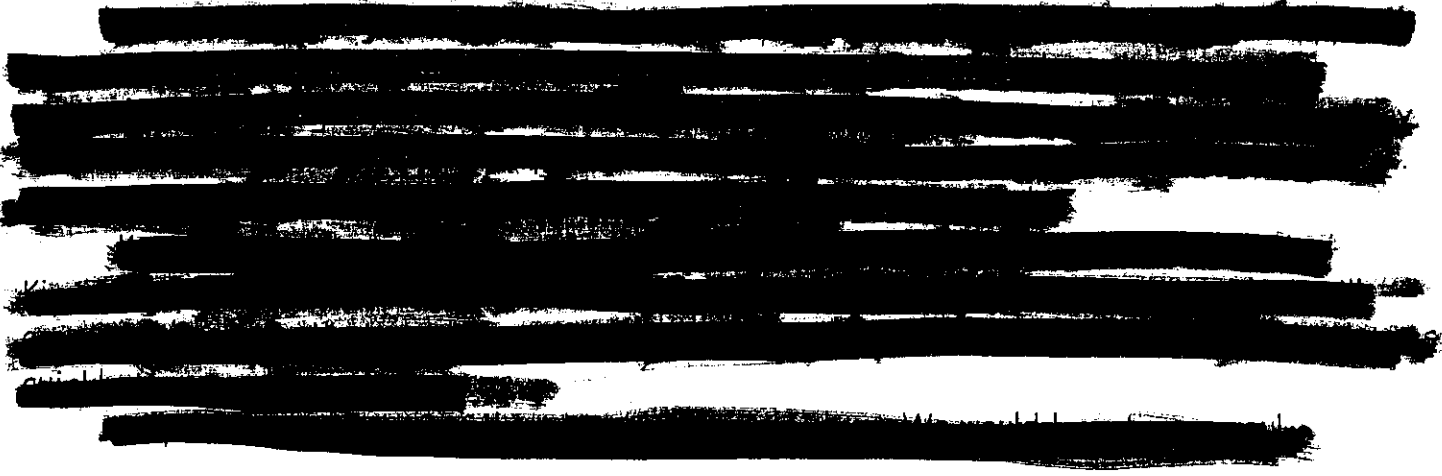
[REDACTED]

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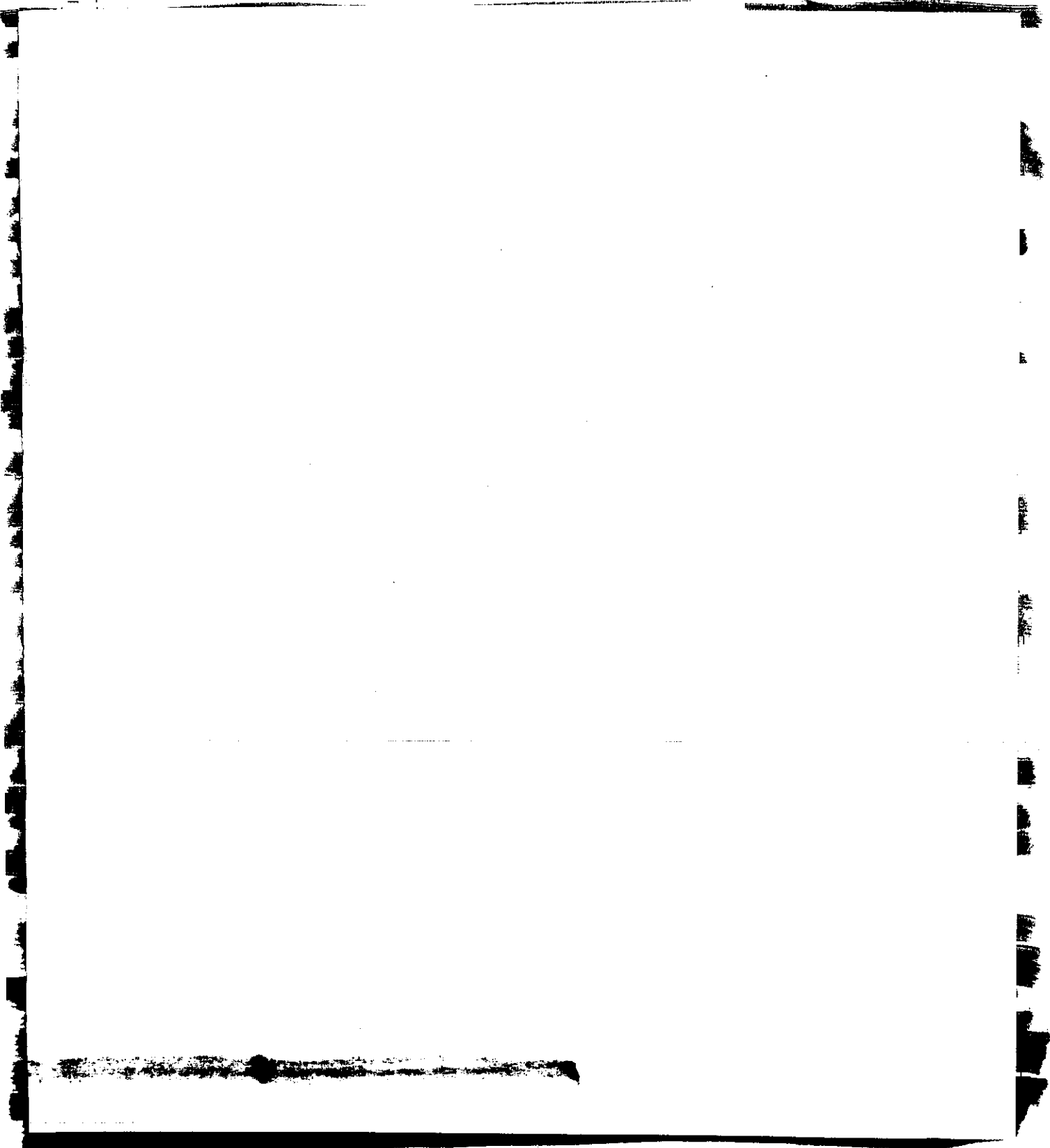
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]



It would be great if god removed all vaccines and warning lables from everything in the world and let natural selection take its course. All the fat ugly retarded crippled dumbass stupid fuckheads in the world would die, and oh fucking well if a few of the good guys die to. Maybe then the human race can actually be proud of itself. World war II is the last time I bet America was proud of its self. We beat the fuck out of the damn zipperheads and the nazis. We came back, from being bombed and loosing major battles to nuke that little piece of shit island and to take over that cool place called Deustchland. I say its cool because I love the German language and "BRUTE" stuff. Kein mitleid fur die merheit. Put everyone in doom I and see who can get past atleast level 1. Actually, then put them into MY worlds. Like Thrasher, Whiskey, UAC Labs, und TIER. I would love to see all you fuckheads die. NBK. I love it! sometime in april me and V will get revenge and will kick natural selection up a few notches. Armed with the following; a terroist bag full of noisey crickets, noisey crickets strapped to WD40 cans, pipe bombs with a shit load of shrapnel, fire bombs, chlorine gas bombs, and smoke bombs. Fire arms we arent sure of yet, hopefully V will have his #3 and plenty of ammo for it. thats another thing, ill fuck around with some shotgun shells for more bombs also. For me, I don't know what weapon ill have. I just want a firearm that can hold lots of bullets and that wont jam on me. So ill need lots of clips to. Ill have those strapped onto my chest. Maybe a bullet proof vest too. We will be in all black. Dusters, black army pants, and we will get custom shirts that say R or V in the background in one big letter and NBK in the front in a smaller font. We will have knives and blades and backup weaponry all over our bodies, I will have a tattoo of REB on my right arm. Once we start we will wear balaclavas. First we will go to the house of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in the morning before school starts and before anyone is even awake. We go in, we silently kill each inhabitant and then pin down [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Then take our sweet time pissing on them, spitting on them, and just torturing the hell out of them. Once we are done there we set time bombs to burn the houses down and take any weaponry that we find, who knows we may get lucky. Then get totally prepared and during Alunch we go in and park in our spots. With sunglasses on we start carrying in all of our bags of terrorism and anarchism shit into our table. Being very casual and silent about it. its all for a science/band/english project or something. Then, we sit down, play some pumpup music, light a 50\$ stoge, and get ready to start throwing out the first wave of crickets. Then, we light them, and throw them as far as we can, once the first wave starts to go off and the chaos begins, V opens fire and I start lobin the firebombs. Then I open fire and V starts lobin more crickets. Then if we can we go upstairs and go to each classroom we can and pick off fuckers at our will. If we still can we will hijack some awesome car, and drive off to the neighborhood of our choice and start torching houses with molotov cocktails. by that time cops will be all over us and we start to kill them to!we use bombs, fire bombs, and anything we fucking can to kill and damage as much as we fucking can. if it comes to the time when we are trapped with absolutely no way out, we eat crickets along with a ton of chlorine or some other deadly gas. so when we die, so will anyone close to us. if we have figured out the art of time bombs before hand, we will set hundreds of them around houses, roads, bridges, buildings and gas stations. anything that will cause damage and chaos. if you have ever seen the first few clips of violence in INVASION USA youll know what im talkin about. itll be like the LA riots, the oklahoma bombing, WWII, vietnam, duke and doom all mixed together. maybe we will even start a little rebellion or revolution to fuck things up as much as we can. i want to leave a lasting impression on the world. and god damnit do not blame anyone else besides me and V for this. dont blame my family, they had no clue and there is nothing they could have done, they brought me up just fucking fine, dont blame toy stores or any other stores for selling us ammo, bomb materials or anything like that because its not their fault, i dont want no fucking laws on buying fucking PVC pipes. we are kind of a select case here so dont think this will happen again. dont blame the school, dont fucking put cops all over the place just because we went on a killing spree doesnt mean everyone else will and hardly ever do people bring bombs or guns to school anyway, the admin. is doing a fine job as it is, i dont know who will be left after we kill but damnit dont change any policies just because of us. it would be stupid and if there is any way in this fucked up universe we can come back as ghosts or what the fuck ever we will haunt the life out of anyone who blames anyone besides me and V. if by some wierd as shit luck my and V survive and escape we will move to some island somewhere or maybe mexico, new zelend or some exotic place where americans cant get us. if there isnt such place, then we will hijack a hell of a lot of bombs and crash a plane into NYC with us inside iring away as we go down. just something to cause more devistation.

0.
è+..+^_Pipe bombs.



Napalm.

