

This Age of Decayed Everything

---May 14---

Let this stand as my Manifesto, my memoir, a declaration to a slumbering world. Wake up! After June 1st you will all hear of my great deed and come to some kind of awareness of these great words I chronicle for you. Everyone ought to read this. Everyone WILL read this! From hollowed-out, façade-ridden celebrity to assembly line robot, you will know the mind behind the deed. Let the sounds of my rifle be your alarm and let the memory of the carcasses I leave behind keep you from being lulled back to your meaningless slumber. ---I went to buy my rifle today and in ten days I will go and pick it up. I used to struggle to get out of bed every morning, but now I am too excited to get more than a couple hours sleep every night. I replay over and over again the enactment of my plan in my head each night and I relish in the sheer feeling of my noble bloodshed. Nothing in my life has given me more satisfaction, more of a powerful jolt than imagining myself pulling the trigger over and over and over and over again and watching you SOUL-SUCKERS fall one by one. I see now that I have finally found the purpose for my life, the meaning for which I was placed on this corrupt planet. Sitting here now in this coffee shop in this disgusting mall, I begin the Manifesto and will come here daily to continue it until June 1st, which shall be the day of reckoning.

---May 15---

I got absolutely no sleep last night. Never felt a tinge of tiredness, not a morsel of a yawn. I put my gear on and pounced around my apartment, enacting my glorious deed. Oh the rush! If any one of those bastards could walk around in my shoes for just one second, they'd understand! In my shoes!! Standing with angels awaiting to do my part in Armageddon. All my life I've fallen victim to the evil in this world, bullied endlessly as a young child, scared to leave my house. And later, alone in my room as an adolescent, devouring the lyrics of my music and the words of great tales told from great authors from Ancient Greece to our post-modern age. And even last month, cussed out over the phone by those who refuse to pay their bills and angry because someone like me, an innocent bill collector, should call them. Oh I'm done with that job! Quit! Yes, I'm going broke. But I pay my debt! I won't be able to make rent on the 1st, but I will do the right thing. And check out!! Four years of school, a degree in political science, and two years after graduation all I have to show for it is a bunch of fucking sloths cussing me out just because THEY refuse to pay their debts. And look at all these people with their department store bags, running up their

We just made eye contact. Rebecca's so beautiful. Always smiling. She smiled at me. I hope she's not working on June 1st.

---May16---

A stupid looking son-of-a-bitch bumped into me today right in front of the fucking Gap. He didn't say anything, just looked back at me and stared. He thinks just

because he looks like a rapper that he can intimidate me. Who does he think he is?!?! If I had my rifle I'd split his fucking skull with it! Who dos he thinkhe's messing with?!?! He doesnt knw who I am! Yeah, stare at me agin look at me like thatagain and see what I do sonofabitch!!!! You think im week that I wont stand up for myself that I WONT END YOUR LIFE IN A SNAP!! OH GOD! I HATE THESE POEPL! IM ABOU READY TO PUNCH A FUCKIN WALL!! YOU THINK YOUR IMORTAL THAT YOU CANT DIE LIEK ALL THE RESTOF US?!?! I'LL SHOW YOU I'LL SHW THEM ALL ALLOF YOU GODDAMN SLEEPWLKERS!!

---May 17---

I divert my eyes yet again and I see you, dear lady. I see you see me, but I'm not here, I'm gone and yet you wish me to speak, but if I do the result will not be good. Your worries are mine, sweet lady. A worry cares nothing for gender, shoes are shoes and we wear the same size, here, in this age of decayed everything

---May 18---

Rebecca. She's the barista. She talked to me yesterday and again today. I think she's making me soft. I felt afraid last night. My righteous anger deflated. Just a few nights ago the old lady beneath me threatened to call the cops if I didn't stop making so much noise. Not last night though. I cried last night. Quietly. My stomach problems returned. Maybe I shouldn't come here anymore. Maybe just sit out on one of those benches and watch the sleepwalkers blindly bounce about oblivious to anything true and noble and beautiful. My whole life all I wanted to do was just live

and perceive the beauty of this life. All my life stupid self-righteous pricks have constantly stolen that from me. Sneering Cackling Poking-fun Threatening PowerPlaying Intimidating Stealing my energy from me, my soul, my spirit, my vision, my focus. They must pay. I can't let it go. I can't go on unless they pay. Yes, you, you silly looking man with your fancy glasses and receding hairline reading that Russian novel and sipping your latte. Dostoevsky. Crime and Punishment. Punishment. You need to pay for the injustices of this world. No one is innocent. No one. And once it's done, I will gladly end my world, slip into that everlasting slumber that is more awake than any wakefulness here in this life, here and now. Everyone will read of me, will know of me, will know my name. I wish Rebecca knew my name. God, she's beautiful. I'll make you famous too. No, Stop!

---May 19---

I haven't slept in I don't know how long. I played with bullets last night, imagining whose body they will enter in a few days. I felt so alive. Like a child with toy airplanes, my bullets flew in slow motion all night long. During the day I walk tall, looking around at all these sleepwalkers and wonder if they know that amongst them, like a thief in the night, walks an awake person who will be on all the tips of their tongues soon. They will speak about me. I will be famous. Can you believe what happened at the mall? Yeah, he was there almost everyday writing that Manifesto of his. He looked so pleasant and was always so quiet. You hear he had no friends? The lady in the apartment beneath him never heard a word but heard him stomp around and punch walls in the middle of the night. They will talk about

me, be curious about me, wonder about me. ME! They all deserve to die for the life they've lived. I have no sympathy, no forgiveness----I will have no mercy

---May 20---

Life is so hard so unforgiving so relentless. People will never think and look at me like I'm weak ever again. People are so cruel so self-absorbed. They only care about themselves. If they only knew. When they look at me passing me by on the street--- if they only knew the power that is within me, what I'm capable of. But they will. They will soon. I'll wake them up.

---May 21---

Rebecca has a daughter. A toddler. Rebecca's mother brought her by the coffee shop yesterday. She talks so adult like. Something very odd about it. My stomach hurt and I vomited in the bathroom of the coffee shop. I felt drained last night. I thought I should try to sleep, but I couldn't. I thought about calling my parents, just to say hi. But I knew they'd be asleep. I just stayed up all night reading Atlas Shrugged for the thousandth time. I can't wait until I get my rifle.

---May 22---

Two more days until I can pick up my gun. I need it. I'm becoming so sad and depressed. My body goes through periods of the shakes, like I'm cold. I'm beginning to think bad thoughts, like I am weak like they think I am, that I'm nothing, that I'm small. I'll show them, though. Two more days.

---May 23---

Wind-beaten birds seated above the hurricane propel metallic pellets down the whirling funnel onto the destitute and the deserving—who isn't deserving? —surely me, surely you, surely Ahab's whale, surely those three fucking guys, surely that green man-eating mermaid; all are deserving, for we have all lost our way

---May 24---

I have it! Got it today! Cradled in my arm like a toddler, the heel in my palm, the shaft against my shoulder, my body erect to the point my spinal column stretches, pressing my head up to the heavens----- my salvation and my posterity has arrived.

---May 27---

That first night—the night of the 24th—was the most beautiful night of my life. I have never beheld such beauty, such majestic power, such life saving messianic light as the light that shined so radiantly off of my great new love. Oh forgive me father for it has been two days since my last confession. For I do confess that I have been neglecting this memoir, spending my days preparing, popping off round after round at the range, in the wilderness, in my ultra rich imagination. These memoirs, this Manifesto, can be sacrificed for such things. And to be honest, I had so much trouble leaving my new love alone! I couldn't dare tear myself away to come up here. I feel so anxious if we're apart for more than a few moments! Oh how I love to hold it and feel its cold metallic smoothness. Oh there'll be a reckoning. Oh yes, there'll be a

reckoning! I feel more alive the last couple days than any other in my entire life. If I ever doubted, if I ever did, I don't anymore. These memoirs, this Manifesto attests to my moments of doubt. Let me not hide it, but be bold in my honesty. Yes, I doubted, and I felt at times I couldn't do it, that I shouldn't do it. Everyone will read these memoirs someday—EVERYONE—and let it be known that I did doubt once upon a time. But no more. I doubt no more. I stand firm and rigidly resolute. I know my destiny.

---May 28---

I only have a few more days on this planet. Live like there's no tomorrow, they say, they sing, they chant. Oh I am, trust me, I am...

---May 30---

Rebecca came in on her day off yesterday. She looked good out of uniform. Something terrible happened. Her daughter got free of her mother's hand and walked around looking at the seated customers. Looked at me. Looked at me for an eternity. What's your name. It sounded so adult like. Sebastian. What's yours. Samantha. I'm three. Do you like mango smoothies. I love mango smoothies. Come on, Samantha---stop bothering the customers. Her mother took her away. The old lady next to me spoke to me. She likes you---children are a good judge of character. I felt like vomiting. Last night was-----ah hell

---May 31---

Last night was the worst night I've had in I don't know how long. I put on my uniform and all my gear, held my baby tight in my hands, squeezed the trigger a few times, hearing the sharp click. My revenge fantasies that have filled my nights before with such passion and adrenalized excitement failed to reach climax. Her eyes. Her eyes kept interfering. She kept showing up. Every time I zero'd in on my deserving target she would appear. I became frustrated by my impotence, embarrassed even. The rifle and my outfit. It was all slipping away. I couldn't let it! It was all I had, all that saved me from the abyss that constantly called me. I convulsed a couple times. I swear it felt like a seizure something misfiring in my psyche. Those damn eyes, they never hurt anyone never looked at anyone like they were stupid or less than. What happened?!? Every goddamn person in my imagination became a child just before I pulled the trigger. I must have gone crazy, a temporary moment of insanity. I couldn't control my mind!

I feel like vomiting. My fuckign body is shaking again. I couldn'

---June 1---

I couldn't stop shaking yesterday. I became so pale and sweaty that people began asking if I were okay at the coffee shop. I left. I got home and couldn't look at my rifle for more than a few seconds before I felt like vomiting again. Such awful things were in my mind. Horrific things!! I didn't realize it but I was terrified down to my very bone marrow. It became intolerable. The damn shakes. My teeth chattering when I opened my mouth just slightly. I bagged up my dream, every last piece of

camouflaged garment, boots, socks, ammo, and the rifle. I staggered to my car and drove to a dumpster behind a grocery store. I threw it all away. That which has been the only thing that has kept me alive this long, I threw it away. My fantasy. My great deed. My great whale. My vengeance. My very Self. When I got back, I sat on the floor facing the open window. The shakes remained for a couple hours then slowly subsided. I thought about her. Both of them. They are both so beautiful. The way she jutted out her left hip to give her little one something to sit upon. The way she smiled as she took her little one's forearm and waved at me, hoping she'd use her clumsy speech and say hi. But she just stared at me. Deeply. So deep. Sitting there thinking about that. Couldn't get it out of my mind yesterday. Nothing else came. Could think of nothing else. I began to yawn. I yawned and yawned. My head heavy. Rolling on its pivot. I fell asleep. I slept so long. Dreams overtook my fantasies.

This is my last entry. I'm done with this journal and will start up a new one, a different one. I will lock this one away. Those piercing eyes will never read such words. Will never be dirtied and soiled by them. No, nobody shall ever read this. Nobody. Ever