

Dylan Klebold's Journal and Other Writings

transcribed and annotated by Peter Langman, Ph.D.

This transcription has corrected Dylan's writing to some extent in terms of spelling, punctuation, and capitalization (the words Dylan invented or used in unusual ways are left as he wrote them and have been set in bold). The correction offers two benefits. First, it makes the text easier to read. Second, the corrected spelling is an asset for anyone who wishes to search for a particular word. Despite my effort to decipher Dylan's handwriting, there are places where the journal is hard to read. In some places I have made my best guess as to what a word might be; in others, I have refrained from guessing and marked the words as illegible or used a question mark in brackets to indicate an illegible word. The parenthetical phrases are Dylan's; words in brackets are mine. Note that Dylan dated his entries at the beginning, whereas Eric dated them at the end. The numbers in the left column refer to the pages in the Jefferson County Sheriff's Office (JCSO) Columbine documents. JCSO has blacked out names other than Eric and Dylan; these are indicated thus: [REDACTED].

Dylan often added "z" or "zos" to the ends of words. This usage has been preserved. He also drew what he called "thought pictures" or "thought boxes" on several pages. These boxes contain small drawings that must have meant something to him, but which remain obscure and have not been duplicated. He used various symbols in his journal; these have been duplicated when possible. Sketches that appear to be significant in connection with the text are noted, with a brief description. To see the thought pictures, symbols, and other drawings or graphics, please refer to the original pages.

p. 26,385 Fact: People are so unaware.... well, Ignorance is bliss I guess.... that would explain my depression.

[SKETCH: cover of journal]

A Virtual Book
EXISTENCES
by: Dylan

Properties: This book cannot be opened by anyone not Dylan (some supernatural force blocks common people from entering).

<<-VoDkA->>
<<-Dylan->>

p. 26,386 [SKETCHES: four concentric boxes titled "Existence." The four levels are labeled "most," "some," "few," and "none." "Me" is placed outside all the boxes. There are also drawings of a double-barred cross (‡) and ankhs (an Egyptian symbol: ♀), or possibly female symbols. "Cut here" is written with lines to the cross.]

p. 26,387 [SKETCH: repeat of four concentric boxes titled "Existence = The Box," with the walls of the boxes labeled "limitations"]

[?] THOUGHTZOS

Ah yes, this is me writing ... just writing, nobody technically did anything, just I felt like throwing out my thoughts – this is a weird time, weird life, weird existence. As I sit here (partially drunk with a screwdriver) I think a lot. Think ... think ... that's all my life is, just shitloads of thinking ... all the time ... my mind never stops ... music runs 24/7 (except for sleep), just songs I hear, not necessarily good or bad, & thinking ... about the asshole [REDACTED] in gym class, how he worries me, about driving, & my family, about friends & doing things with them, about girls I know (mainly [REDACTED] & [REDACTED]) how I know I can never have them, yet I can still dream ...

I do shit to supposedly 'cleans' myself in a spiritual, moral sort of way (deleting the wads¹ on my computer, not getting drunk for periods of time, trying not to ridicule/make fun of people ([REDACTED] at school), yet it does nothing to help my life mostly [?]. My existence is shit to me – how I feel that I am in eternal suffering, in infinite directions in infinite realities. Yet these realities are fake – artificial, induced [?] by thought, how everything connects, yet its all so far apart.... & I sit & think ... science is the way to find solutions to everything, right? I still think that, yet I see different views of shit now – like the mind – yet if the mind is viewed scientifically ... hmm

I dwell in the past ... thinking of good & bad memories

p. 26,389 A lot on the past though ... I've always had a thing for the past – how it reacts to the present & the future – or rather vice versa. I wonder how/when I got so fucked up w my mind, existence, problem – when Dylan Benet² Klebold got covered up by this entity containing Dylan's body ... as I see the people at school – some good, some bad – I see how different I am (aren't we all you'll say) yet I'm on such a greater scale of difference than everyone else [illegible parenthetical phrase on side]. I see jocks having fun, friends, women, ALIVE.³

Or rather shallow existences compared to mine (maybe) like ignorance = bliss. They don't know beyond this world (how I do in my mind or in reality or in this existence) yet we each are lacking something that the other possesses – I lack the true human nature that Dylan owned & they lack the overdeveloped mind/imagination/knowledge too [?].

I don't fit in I've been thinking of suicide gives no hope, that I'll be in my place wherever I go after this life ... that I'll finally not be at war with myself, the world, the universe – my mind, body [?], everywhere, everything at PEACE in me – my soul (existence). & the routine is still monotonous, go to school, be scared & nervous, hoping that people can accept me ... that I can accept them ... the NIN [Nine Inch Nails] song Piggy is good for thought writing ... *The Lost Highway*⁴ sounds like a movie about me ... I'm gonna write later, bye <<VoDkA>>

¹ Wads are new levels to computer games.

² Dylan misspelled his middle name, Bennet.

³ This word looks like it has a "z" on the end; what looks like an "a" at the beginning could be "&," and the final word might be "livez" (i.e., "lives"). Alternatively, the "a/&" might be a mistake that is crossed out.

⁴ A movie by David Lynch. A friend who worked in a video store said this was Dylan's favorite movie (p. 6,400), though at the time of this entry he apparently had not seen it yet. The film is notable for the way it shatters reality and identity; Dylan's statement that the film sounds like it's about him suggests that his identity and grasp of reality were deteriorating. Eric also identified *The Lost Highway* as his favorite film (p. 26,859).

Da Thought Z [?]

Well well, back at it, yes (you say) whoever the fuck 'you' is, but yea. My life is still fucked, in case you care ... maybe, ... (not?) I have just lost fuckin 45\$, & before that I lost my zippo & knife (I did get those back) Why the fuck is he being such an ASSHOLE??? (god I guess, whoever is the being which controls shit). He's fucking me over big time & it pisses me off. Oooh god I HATE my life, I want to die really bad right now – let's see what I have that's good: A nice family, a good house, food, a couple of good friends, & possessions. What's bad – no girls (friends or girlfriends), no other friends except a few, nobody accepting me even though I want to be accepted, me doing badly & being intimidated in any & all sports, me looking weird & acting shy – BIG problem, me getting bad grades, having no ambition of life, that's the big shit. Anyway ...

I was Mr. Cutter tonight – I have 11 **depressioners** on my right hand now, & my favorite contrasting symbol, because it is so true & means so much.⁵ The battle between good & bad never ends ... OK enough bitchin ... well I'm not done yet. OK go ... I don't know why I do wrong with people (mainly women) – it's like they are set out to hate & scare [?] me, I never know what to say or do. [REDACTED] is soo fuckin lucky he has no idea how I suffer.

p. 26,391 Okay here's some poetry... this is a display of one man [?] in search of answers, never finding them, yet in hopelessness/helplessness [?] understands things ...

Existence... what a strange word. He set out by determination & curiosity, knows no existence, knows nothing relevant to himself. The petty declarations of others & everything on this world, in this world, he knows the answers to. Yet they have no purpose to him. He seeks knowledge of the unthinkable, of the undefineable, of the unknown. He explores the everything⁶ ... using his mind, the most powerful tool known to him. Not a physical barrier blocking the limits of exploration, time thru thought thru dimensions ... the everything is his realm. Yet, the more he thinks, hoping to find answers to his questions, the more come up. Amazingly, the petty things mean much to him at this time, how he wants to be normal, not this transceiver of the everything. Then occurring to him, the answer. How everything is connected yet separate. By experiencing the petty others actions, reactions, emotions, doings, and thoughts, he gets a mental picture of what, in his mind, is a cycle.

Existence is a great hall, life is one of the rooms, death is passing thru the doors, & the ever-existent compulsion of everything is the curiosity to keep moving down the hall, thru the doors, exploring rooms, down this never-ending hall. Questions make answers, answers contrive [?] questions, and at long last he is content. TTYL [talk to you later] <<VoDkA>>

Thoughtz

Yo ... whassup ... heheheheh ... know what's weird? Everyone knows everyone. I swear – like I'm an outcast, & everyone is conspiring against me ... Check it ... (this isn't good, but

⁵ There is an arrow to a double-barred cross in the margin with the word "cut." Dylan also drew triple-barred crosses on other pages.

⁶ Dylan uses the phrase "the everything" numerous times, often in grammatically awkward ways. What this meant to him is unclear.

I need to write, so here....

Within the known limits of time ... within the conceived boundaries of space ... the average human thinks those are the settings of existence ... yet the ponderer, the outcast, the believer, helps out the human. "Think not of 2 dimensions," says the ponderer, "but of 3, as your world is conceived of 3 dimensions, so is mine. While you explore the immediate physical boundaries of your body, you see in your 3 dimensions – L, W, & H, yet I, who is more mentally open to anything, see my 3 dimensions. My realm of thought – Time, Space, & THOUGHT. Thought is the most powerful thing that exists – anything conceivable can be produced, anything & everything is possible, even in your physical world." After this so called "lecture" the common man feels confused, empty, & unaware. Yet those are the best emotions of a ponderer. The real difference is, a true ponderer will explore these emotions & what caused them.

Another ... a dream.

Miles & miles of never ending grass, like a wheat. A farm, sunshine, a happy feeling in the presence, Absolutely nothing wrong, nothing ever is, contrary 180 [degrees] to normal life. No awareness, just pure bliss, unexplainable bliss, The only challenges are no challenge, & then.... BAM!!! realization sets in, the world is the greatest punishment. Life.

p. 26, 393 Hypnosis place – It is a sky – with one large cloud, & sort of a cloud-made chair – the sun is at the head of the chair ... 10 o'clock up into the sky ... Below, I sometimes see myself, & the green (forest green) earth – sorta a city, yet I hear nothing. I relax on this chair – actually like a chaise – & I am talking ... to what? I don't know – it's just there, I have the feeling that I know him, even though I consciously don't ... & we talk like we are the same person – like he's my soul.

The everlasting contrast....

Dark. Light. God. Lucifer. Heaven. Hell. GOOD. BAD. Yes, the ever-lasting contrast. Since existence has known the 'fight' between good & evil has continued. Obviously, this fight can never end. Good things turn bad, bad things become good, the 'people' on the earth see it as a battle they can win. HA fuckin morons. If people looked at History, they would see what happens. I think, too much, I understand, I am GOD compared to some of those **un-existable** brainless zombies. Yet, the actions of them interest me, like a kid with a new toy. Another contrast, more of a paradox, actually, like the advanced go for the undevelopeds realm, while some of the morons become everything dwellers – but exceptions to every rule, & this is a BIG exception – most morons never change, they never decide to live in the 'everything' frame of mind!

Later

<<VoDKA>>

p. 26,394

7-23-97

A changing time

<<VoDkA>>'s Thoughts

The ████ Situation

It is not good for me right now (like it ever is) ... but anyway ... My best friend⁷ ever: the friend who shared, experimented, laughed, took chances with & appreciated me more than

⁷ This is likely a reference to Zach Heckler, who went on missions of mischief with Eric and Dylan and got drunk with Dylan (as he describes in this entry).

any friend ever did has been ordained ... "passed on" ... in my book. Ever since [redacted]⁸ (who I wouldn't mind killing) has loved him ... that's the only place he's been with her ...if anyone had any idea how sad I am ... I mean we were the TEAM. When him & I were friends, well I finally found someone who was like me: who appreciated me & shared very common interests. Ever since 7th grade, I've felt lonely ... when [redacted] came around, I finally felt happiness (sometimes) we did cigars, drinking, sabotage to houses, EVERYTHING for the first time together & now that he's "moved on" I feel so lonely, without a friend. Oh well, maybe he'll come around.... I hope.

That's all – for this topic – maybe I'll never [?] this again.

ô = - [redacted] = ô
<<VoDKA>>

p. 26,395

My 1st Love????

OH my God ... I am almost sure I am in love ... with [redacted],⁹ Hehehe ... such a strange name, like mine ... yet everything about her I love. From her good body to her almost perfect face, her charm, her wit & cunning, her NOT being popular. Her friends (who I know) – some – I just hope she likes me as much as I LOVE her. I think of her every second of every day. I want to be with her. I imagine me & her doing things together, the sound of her laugh, I picture her face, I love her. If [crossed out] soulmates exist, then I think I've found mine. I hope she likes Techno ...

[redacted], I love you
— Dylan

p. 26,396

<<VoDKa>>

9-5-97

Life, sucks

My thoughts

Oooh god I want to die sooo bad ... such a sad desolate lonely **unsalvageable** I feel I am ... not fair, NOT FAIR!!! Let's sum up my life ... the most miserable existence in the history of time ... my best friend has ditched me forever, but in bettering himself & having/enjoying/ taking for granted his love.... I've NEVER been this ... not 100 times near this ... they look at me [redacted] like I'm a stranger ... I helped them both out thru life, & they left me in the abyss of suffering when I gave them the [?] The one who I thought was my true love, [redacted] is not. Such a shell of what I want the most ... the meanest trick was played on me [redacted] a fake love ... she in reality doesn't give a good fuck about me ... doesn't even know me ... I have no happiness, no ambitions, no friends, & no LOVE!!! [redacted] can get me that gun I hope, I wanna use it on a poor SOB. I know ... his name is vodka, dylan is his name too. What else can I do/give ... I stopped the pornography. I try not to pick on people. Obviously at least one power is against me. [redacted] ... funny how I've been thinking about her over the last few days ... giving myself fake realities that she, others MIGHT have liked me, just a bit ... my [?] I have always been hated, by everyone & everything, just never aware.... Goodbye all the crushes I've ever had, just shells ... images, no truths ... BUT WHY? YES, you can read this [illegible words].

⁸ This likely refers to Devon Adams, Zach's girlfriend in the summer of 1997.

⁹ Dylan may have been referring to Sasha Jacobs. Her name is somewhat unusual, and Sasha reported dating Dylan a couple of times in October, 1997, which would have been shortly after this entry was written (see p. 17,411).

[next to a small picture:] A dark time, infinite sadness, I want to find love.

p. 26,397 Ignorance is bliss
Happiness is ambition
Desolation is knowledge
Pain is acceptance
Despair is anger
Denial is helpless
Martyrism is hope for others
Advantages taken are causes of **martyrism**
Revenge is sorrow
Death is a reprieve
Life is a punishment
Others' achievements are **tormentations**
People are alike
I am different
— Dylan

[next to the above]: Goodbye, sorry to everyone ... I just can't take it ... all the thoughts ... too many ... make my head twist ... I must have happiness, love, peace. Goodbye

me is a god, a god of sadness
exiled to this eternal hell
the people I helped, abandon me
I am denied what I want,
To love & to be happy
Being made a human
Without the possibility of BEING human
The cruelest of all punishments
To some I am crazy
It is so clear, yet so foggy
Everything's connected, separated
I am the only interpreter of this
I'd rather have nothing than be nothing
Some say godliness isn't nothing
Humanity is the something I long for
I just want something I can never have
The story of my existence. — Dylan

p. 26,398

Fuck that → ~~Dylan Klebold~~
Me
10-14-97
fuck [?]

thoughtz

Me. sorry I didn't write, A SHITLOAD in my existence ride. ok ... hell & back ... I've been to the zombie bliss side... & I hate it as much if not more than the awareness part. I'm back now... a taste of what I thought I want ... wrong. Possible girlfriends are coming [?] ████ I'll give the phony shit up in a second want TRUE love ... I just want something I can never have.

True true I hate everything, why can't I die ... not fair. I want pure bliss ... to be cuddling with [redacted], who I think I love deeper than ever ... I was hollow, thought I was right. Another form of the Downward Spiral¹⁰ ... deeper & deeper it goes, to cuddle with her, to be one w her, to love, just laying there. I need a girl. This is a weird entry ... I should feel happy, but shit brought me down. I feel terrible. *The Lost Highway* apparently repeats ... itself. I won't drink [?]. now [redacted] [redacted] lucky bastard gets a perfect soulmate, who he can admit FUCKIN SUICIDE to & I get rejected for being honest about fuckin hate for jocks. From the wrong [?] ... [redacted] & [redacted] Anyway ... here are 2 poems.

Fuck me die me

p. 26,399 Awareness signs the warrant for suffering. Why is it that the zombies achieve something me wants (overdeveloped me). They can love, why can't I? The true **existor** lives in solitude, always aware, always infinite, always looking for, his love. Peace might be the ultimate destination ... destination unknown.... I want happiness ... abandonment is present for the martyr. My thoughts exist in, want to live in. I want to find a room in the great hall & stay there w my love & never. Sadness seems infinite, & the shell of happiness shines around. Yet the true despair overcomes in this lifetime. How tragic [?] my [?] dumass shithead [string of illegible words]

No emotions, not caring, yet another stage in this shit life. Suicide ... Dylan Klebold

p. 26,400

this
11-3-97
fuck all

Thoughts

Farther and farther distant ... that's what's happening ... me & everything that zombies consider real ... just images, not life. Soon I will be at peace I hope ... "with all your life fucked up around you" [this quote is bracketed by musical notes and a word in the margin that looks like "burn" with an arrow pointing to the quote]. I get more depressed with each day ... more shit.... & I can't [?] stop it!!! [?]

Some god I am.... all people I ever might have loved have abandoned me, my parents piss me off & hate me ... want me to have fuckin ambition!! How can I when I get screwed & destroyed by everything????! I have no money, no happiness, no friends ... Eric will be getting further away soon.... I'll have less than nothing ... how normal. I wanted to love ... I wanted to be happy and ambitions and free & nice & good & ignorant.... everyone abandoned me ... I have small stupid pleasures ... my so called hobbies & doings ... those are all that's left for me ... clinging onto the smallest rocks ... many people climbing up a never ending vertical cliff.... [redacted] & [redacted] found a plateau to exist on...they walked up me to get to it. Nobody will help me ... only exist with me if it suits them. I helped, why can't they? [redacted] will get me a gun, I'll go on my killing spree¹¹ against anyone I want. More crazy ... deeper in the spiral, lost highway repeating, dwelling on the beautiful past ([redacted] & [redacted] getting drunk) with me, everyone moves on, I always stayed. Abandonment. This room sucks wanna die

p. 26,401 everything is as least expected. The meek are trampled on, the assholes prevail, the gods are deceiving, lost in my little insane asylum with the outhouse [?] redneck music playing.... wanna die & be free with my love ... if she even exists. She probably hates me ... finds a red-

¹⁰ This is a reference to *Downward Spiral*, an album (and song) by Nine Inch Nails. Dylan refers to this elsewhere in his journal, and often drew spirals as well as "DS." The album depicts a man who is psychologically deteriorating; Dylan apparently identified strongly with this album.

¹¹ This is Dylan's first reference to murder.

neck [?] or a jock who treats her like shit. I remember details ... nothing worth remembering I remember. I don't know my love: could be [REDACTED], or [REDACTED] or [REDACTED], or [REDACTED], or anyone. I don't know & I'm sick of not knowing!! To be kept in the dark is a punishment!! I have lost my emotions ... like in Hurt the song. NIN.¹² people eventually find happiness I never will. Does that make me a non-human? YES. The god of sadness.... [REDACTED] church was so fun ... the rec thing with [?].

[SKETCHES: *elaborate numeral 5, spiral with "never stops," highway/hallway with "hell: existence" (?)*]

p. 26,402

1-2-98

Beerr ... Man I don't know what's up lately ... never do in existence. All this shit with [REDACTED] & [REDACTED] friends ... so weird & different from past... yet again, that's the way in existence. I wonder if I'll ever have a love ... my love. [REDACTED] got his, I don't, won't ever get mine. Here's all the people I've loved, or at least liked (or thought I loved) – all the same meaning

[A list of 18 blacked-out names, three with hearts next to them. The third heart has an "R" inside it.]

[REDACTED] is the newest ... the purest (for now) ... seems perfect for me ... I seem perfect for her. I was delusional and thought she waved at me the last day of school. Oh well ... my emotions are gone. So much past pain at once, my senses are numbed. The beauty of being numb.

One of my symbols → ○

p. 26,403 [diagram with comment:] the cliff theory ... everyone trying to get higher & stable

p. 26,404

I

2-2-98

the everything

Existence ... to understand

Well well ... so much changes ... (like existence). I understand almost everything now ... so close to my love – [REDACTED]. The runes have shown it, she has shown it, I have felt it. I know the meaning of each life: to be loved by your love, & to be happy with ones self. Only for the gods though (me, [REDACTED], etc.). the zombies & their society band together & try to destroy what is superior¹³ (what they don't understand & are afraid of. Soon.... either I'll commit suicide, or I'll get with [REDACTED] & it will be NBK¹⁴ for us. My happiness. Her happiness. NOTHING else matters. I've been caught with most of my crimes – [?] drinking, smoking & the house vandalism, & the pipe bombs. If, by fate's choice, [REDACTED] didn't love me, I'd slit my wrist & blow up Atlanta¹⁵ strapped to my neck. It's good, understanding a hard road since my realization, but it gets easier. BUT IT DOESN'T! that's part of existence. Unpredictable. Existence is pure hell & pure heaven at the same time. I will never stop wondering. The lost highway will never end, the music in my head will never stop ... total [?] part of existence. The hall will never

¹² NIN is Nine Inch Nails. "Hurt" is the last song on "Downward Spiral."

¹³ Eric and Dylan were arrested on January 30, 1998 for breaking into a van and stealing equipment. This entry was written three days later and appears to refer to their arrest, though Dylan's writing suggests paranoia.

¹⁴ *Natural Born Killers*. The initials of the film were Eric's and Dylan's code name for their attack on the school. This may be the earliest use of the initials for this purpose.

¹⁵ Eric named the bombs he built. "Atlanta" was one of his bombs.

end. The love will always be there. GOD I LOVE HER!!! It's so great to love.

p. 26,405 Society is tightening its grip on me, & soon I & [REDACTED] will snap. We will have our revenge on society, & then be free, to exist in a timeless spaceless place of pure happiness. The purpose of life is to be happy & be with your love who is equally happy. Not much more to say. Goodbye.

Almost happiness is slavery – to be real, people (gods) are slaves to the majority of zombies, but we know & love being superior.

I didn't want to be a jock. I hated the happiness that they have – & I will have something infinitely better.

I love her & she loves me.

(By the way, some zombies are smarter than others, some manipulate ... like my parents.)

I am GOD, [REDACTED] is GOD
the zombies will pay for their arrogance, hate, fear, abandoned, & distrust

[SKETCH: *highway leading to vague shapes on horizon (Lost Highway?); road sign: "666"*]

p. 26,406 I love you [REDACTED] that's all I think about anymore ... I know that this humanity is almost over, that we will be free. We have proven to fate that we are the everything of purity & **halcyon**, & that we deserve, need, love, can't exist without each other. It's hard, I think that I might not be enough, my mind sometimes gets stuck on its own things, I think about human things – all I try to do is imagine the happiness between us. That is something we cannot even conceive in this toilet earth. The everything, the **halcyon**, the happiness is ours, there will be no notes from me. Let the humans suffer without my knowledge of the everything. I am trying not to think about the happiness, somehow thinking that ☒¹⁶ will destroy it if I conceive/relish in it when I'm a human, but I love her. We are soulmates.

p. 26,407 [SKETCH: *heart with triple-barred cross (‡) against background of barbed-wheel symbol (☒)*]

p. 26,408 [hearts] I love you [REDACTED]

[REDACTED],

You don't consciously know who I am (please don't skip to the back: read the note as it was written), & doubtedly unconsciously too. I, who write this, love you beyond **infinince**. I think about you all the time, how this world would be a better place if you loved me as I do you. I know what you're thinking: "(some psycho wrote me this harassing letter)" I hoped we could have been together ... you seem a bit like me. Pensive, quiet, an observer, not wanting what is offered here (school, life, etc.) you almost seem lonely, like me. You probably have a boyfriend though, & might not have given this note another thought. I have thought you my true love for a long time now, but ... well ... there was hesitation. You see I can't tell if you think of anyone as I do you, & if you did who that would be. Fate put me in need of you, yet this earth blocked that with uncertainties. I will go away soon, but I just had to write this to you, the one I truly loved. Please, for my sake, don't tell anybody about this, as it was

¹⁶ Dylan used symbols that seemed to represent fate or some power that controls events. The symbol ☒ may be the same as the later symbol ☒, written hastily.

only meant for you. Also, please don't feel any guilt about my soon-to-be "absence" of this world (it is solely my decision: no one else's) oh ... the thoughts of us ... doing everything together, not necessarily anything, just to be together would have been pure heaven. I guess it's time to tell you who I am. I was in a class with you 1st semester, & was blessed with being with you in a report. I still remember your laugh. Innocent, beautiful, pure. This semester I still see you – rarely. I am entranced

p. 26,409 during 5th period, as we both have it off. To most people, I appear ... well ... almost scary, but that's who I appear to be as people are afraid of what they don't understand. I denied who I was for a long time. Until high school... anyway, you have noticed me a few times, I catch every one of these gazes with an open heart. I think you know who I am by now. Unfortunately ... even if you did like me even the slightest bit, you would hate me if you knew who I was. I am a criminal. I have done things that almost nobody would even think about condoning. The reason that I'm writing you now is that I have been caught for the crimes I committed, & I want to go to a new existence. You know what I mean (suicide). I have nothing to live for, & I won't be able to survive in this world after this legal conviction. However, if it was true that you loved me as I do you ... I would find a way to survive. Anything to be with you. I would enjoy life knowing that you loved me. 99/100 chances you probably think I'm crazy, & want to stay as far away as possible. If that's the case, then I'm very sorry for involving an innocent person in my problems, & please don't think twice. However, if you are who I hoped for in my dreams & realities, then do me a favor: leave a piece of paper in my locker saying anything that comes to you. Well, I guess this is it – goodbye, & I love(d) you.

Dylan Klebold [with locker information]

[SKETCHES: a heart labeled "DK" and one with blacked-out initials; highway]

p. 26,410

6-8-98

Our **halcyon**

I LOVE [REDACTED]!! I love her to **infinince**. I look back on my awareness journey, see the parts & sections of my understanding ... it's almost done, yet it is never done, I love [REDACTED]. She is my soulmate, my [?] all the imaginative **halcyons** & pure existences I have with her (to me) are almost happiness ... I just wish I could call her...something blocks me from calling her, my human side is putting up a wall to prevent me from calling her, like a fear of "its" truth. BS. I will overcome all fears, doubts, & zombie-based thoughts (oxymoron) ... I will follow our hearts to the **halcyon**, loving her. I love you [REDACTED]

p. 26,411 [SKETCHES: hearts with blacked-out text or pictures, triple-barred cross, highway]

p. 26,412

me

6-10-98

I think

don't care (?)

Forever fate, up & down spiral

1.5 human years ... so much changed in small time, my friends (at my choice) are depleting & collapsing under each other (Eric & [REDACTED]) like I thought they would, I am ready to be with [REDACTED]. The ups & downs of fate are forever, good & bad, equal me. The lost highway, & downward spiral never end. Existence is like infinity times itself. ∞∞ [symbolizes infinity to the power of infinity] I have passed thru this much of the ever existence, this is almost a

checkpoint. The zombies have set their [place? plane?] in my mind for the cliff theory I've [?] off with [REDACTED] & we've floated away to the **halcyon**. The zombies will pay for their being, their nature. I know everything, yet I know nothing. I am a true god. My infinite memories, thoughts, **perceptions** of purity come a lot more with her, there is pure pure happiness – the purpose of our existence. I hate, love things, hate everything, love me & [REDACTED]. I understand that I can never ever be a zombie, even if I wanted to. The nature of my entity. Soon we will live in the **halcyons** of our minds, the one thing that made me a god. Things are so simple, now that they are infinitely complicated. HAHahaha.

[SKETCH: *rising and falling line (“ups & downs of fate”) with the word “fate” and ✱*]

p. 26,413 I understand whatever of everything. I am the god of the everything.

Fate is my only master.

This is probably my last entry. I love my self close second to [REDACTED] my everlasting love. Good-bye.

I will never stop learning

Dylan Klebold

[SKETCHES: *road, road signs with “5” and triple-barred cross, and cover of journal*]

p. 26,414

Dylan
1-20-99

This Shit

This shit again. Back at writing, doing just like a fucking zombie. Lately I can't change my mind from the fucking deeds of zombies. Earth, humanity, HERE. That's mostly what I think about. I hate it. I want to be free ... free ... I thought it would have been time by now. The pain multiplies infinitely never stops [yet?] I'm here, STILL alone, still in pain, so is she. The thing I have concluded is that [appears to be the word “fate” crossed out] ✱ will decide when we should be together. ✱ decided when our existence started, it should end the same way, with us unknowing, in limbo. I love you [REDACTED]. Always have, will. The scenarios, images, pieces of happiness still come. they always will. I love her she loves me. I know she is tired of suffering as I am. It is time. It is time. I love her the journey, the endless journey started, it has to end. We need to be happy to exist truly. I see her in perfection, the **halcyons**. I await endless purity. I exist as less than nothing without her. –O. my humanity, –O. I don't know if I should call her, or wait for ✱ to act. Yet, calling her is a state of humanity. I'm forever sorry, infinitely, about the pornos. My humanity has a foot fetish & bondage extreme liking. I try to thwart it sometimes to no effect. Yet the masturbation has stopped. I'm sorry [REDACTED]. Always I feel the [O?] happiness here, thinking of her for brief moments. That's how I know the everything is true.

[SKETCH: *triple-barred cross*]

p. 26,415 I hate this non-thinking stasis. I'm stuck in humanity. Maybe going “NBK” (gawd) with Eric is the way to break free. I hate this.

[SKETCHES: *heart, triple-barred cross, “5,” spiral with rays and infinity symbols?*]

The weather is a replication of our thoughts. The happiness is possible, imminent, I [?] on

■.

The happiness is close visible ending, end of the beginning of the **halcyons**.

The humanity is blocking me again. Time to go. HAHAHAHA fuck all. Hate this shit, need to be me, [?], love her.

- p. 26,416 The framework of society stands above & below me. The hardest thing to destroy, yet the weakest thing that exists. I know that I am different, yet I am afraid to tell the society. The possible abandonment, persecution is not something I want to face, yet it is so primitive to me. I guess being yourself means letting people know about inner thoughts too, not just opinions & fashions [illegible word in parentheses] I will be free one day, in the land of purity & my happiness, I will have a love, someone who is me in a way. someday ... possibly thru this life, maybe another, but it will happen ...
- p. 26,417 Love is more valuable than anything I know. To love is to enter a completion of oneself. I hate those who choose to destroy a love, who take it for granted. love is greater than life even. As I look for love, I feel I can't find it. Ever. But something tells me I will, someday. Somewhere. As my love will find me, she feels as I do right now, I can feel it, we will be inseparable. Her & I. Whether it is ■ or not, I think I'll find it (my love). We will be free, to explore the vast wonders of the stars. To cascade down everlong waterfalls, & thru the warmest seas of pure happiness ... no limits ... no limits. Nothing will stop us.

Separate document: JCSO-26,484 to JCSO-26,487

- p. 26,484 The humanity of here & now clouds all that I see. Yet the me, the one, can now control the pain, & it is done. 5 more days. 5 a very influential number, another brick in my journeyed wall. Humans are zombies, they scratch for acceptance & greed & kill themselves thru each other. They will never learn, or maybe they will, but wont have the strength to learn to be aware is not a trait, it's a godlike thing. Blessed God, not a Christian, Jesus, Mt. Sinai, Abraham, David, Bible gay shit god, but a true controller of existence. ✨ was to make us this way. These moments will be lost in the depressions & caverns of the human books forever, like, tears, in, rain, but the thoughts will be eternal. To explain the happiness is impossible even for fate. It's just a pure **halcyon** set to last more existences than a conceivable number. Stupid gay nigger humans think I'm "crazy." Or they think I'm childish. Hahaha, because I can't solve [math equation]. That makes me dumb! Because I can't stay thinking in a 2nd dimension, I go to the 5th!¹⁷ Haha. So I wait 5 more days. 5 more days. 5 eternities, & I know her & I are all conceived from ourselves & each other, every night of the self-awareness
- p. 26,485 journey, every thought we conceived, we have finished the race. Time to die. Everything we knew we were able to understand it, to perceive it, into what we should. Everything we knew, we know & use. An understanding of the everything. An Einstein stuck in an ant's body. We are the nature of existence. The zombies were a test, to see if our love was genuine. We are in wait of our reward, each other. The zombies will never cause us pain anymore. The humanity was a test. I love you, love. Time to die, time to be free, time to love.
- p. 26,486 1. One day, one is the beginning, [?] the end. Hahaha. Reversed, yet true. About 26.5 hours from now the judgment will begin. Difficult, but not impossible, necessary, nerve-wracking & fun.

¹⁷ Was Dylan fascinated by the number 5 because he thought he lived in the 5th dimension?

What fun is life without a little death?

It's interesting, when I'm in my human form, knowing I'm going to die. Everything has a touch of triviality to it. Like how none of this calculus shit matters. The way it shouldn't. the truth. In 26.4 hours, I'll be dead, & in happiness. The little zombie human fags will know their errors, & be forever suffering and mournful. HAHAHAH, of course I will miss things. Not really.

p. 26,487

Dylan Klebold
?--?
will

WILL

Ok, this is my will. This is a fucking human thing to do, but whatever.

█ – you were a badass, never failed to get me up when I was down. Thx. You get

[large illegible word]

Dylan's Comments in Eric's Yearbook

p. 26,235 Book 1: Knee deep in the dead.

REB!

Hoooly shit ... it would take the whole fuckin book to recount & laugh at everything this year, so just the main things I'll have to cover. Us & Zack got the BEST fuckin [?] haha fag jocks have to get their doc martins wet. DIEEE. This is next year's section. BIFF¹⁸ will be fuckin chaos, video productions – I still have the list of our videos. I can't wait to dub the new freshmen, & the holy April morning of NBK ...

p. 26,237 Book 2: HELL ON EARTH¹⁹

Ahhhh, my favorite book. We, the gods, will have so much fun with NBK!! Killing enemies, blowing up stuff, killing cops!! My wrath for January's incident²⁰ will be godlike. Not to mention our revenge in the commons. GAWWWD sooo many people need to die. & now, a fun look at the past: (science-desk style) ((You know what I hate??? PEOPLE!! YEAA!!))

p. 26,238 Book 3: Infernal Sky

Man... let's sum up junior year – the kool shit at least: sitting in the commons dubbing & laughing at fags (wood-ja!) HAHAHA frisbee fags... orange mortars for them. All the mid-night bowling & pool, the KMFDM & RAMMSTEIN concerts, the RM3²¹ when shit went off, ALL over deathmatches & Quake²² serving [?]. I've found that, over the years, we can't beat each other: its equal as a nigger to a spade. *Waterworld*,²³ EVERY year we get [?] ... of

¹⁸ Biff was a game played in gym class (see p. 1,290).

¹⁹ Hell on Earth was part of the video game Doom (Eric's favorite game).

²⁰ Probably refers to being arrested in January.

²¹ This could refer to Rebel Mission #3, but that was back in 1997.

²² Quake is a video game.

²³ A movie.

