

Writing Samples

Sample #1

These two assignments were written by a 16-year-old boy. His name has been changed to John Jones.

The assignment was to write about an incident that upset his parents.

“I’ve never really done anything that bad, so I’ll make up a story. One day I killed a guy and shot his dog in the butt with a big friggin pellet gun. Then, I went to a phone booth and robbed it by yanking the little coin box out of it. Then I threw water balloons at some nuns, and I went inside their church and set the priest’s wig on fire. (It was the first time I’d heard a good Catholic person say G.D.). Then I burned the church down, then, danced around it and sung 2 Nine Inch Nails songs, one called “heresy” and another called “terrible lie.” Then I robbed a bank and set it on fire. I love to set things on fire, and killed all the tellers. When the police came I killed them all and when the National Guard came, I killed most of them but they finally caught me.”

Students were asked to write about how they would spend the day as their teacher, Mrs. Neal.

“If I could spend a day as Mrs. Neal, I would be very, very nice to John Jones and pass him for the year. Then I would knock the crud out of the 'omniscient dork' for putting junk on my computer. Then I would go crazy and kill all of the other teachers. Then I would slowly and very painfully torture all of the principals to death. Then I would withdraw all of my money in the bank and give it to John Jones. Then I would get all of the other teachers and principals' bank account numbers, withdraw all of the money and give it to John Jones. Then I would do acid. Then I would get a gun and blow my brains out all over the dog-gone room and leave my house to John Jones.”

Sample #2

The following writings appeared online, along with 51 photos of the person posing with a gun.

Profile: He has met a handful of people in his life who are decent. But he finds the vast majority to be worthless...Life is like a video game, you gotta die sometime.

How do you want to die? Like Romeo and Juliet, or in a hail of gunfire

Likes: Reb and V (Modern Day Saints)

Epitaph: Lived fast died young, Left a mangled corpse

Vengeance is coming It will be a quiet and peacefull morning. A light drizzle will be starting up. The clouds will be grey, so grey. Just the way I like it. Disembowled bodies litter the streets. Some have been decapitated, others hung off bridges and over-passes. Yet, others still lie burning. Flames slowly ebbing away at their putrid flesh. Glorious. HA HA HA HA HA HA HA. They have paid this day, they truly have paid. HA HA HA HA HA HA

Demon Lord The great demon warrior crushed all who opposed him. He ground their bones

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into dust, drank their blood, crucified them beside their false savior. HA HA HA HA. His might was so great, that all he would have to do is look at the humans, and they would cower and hide, like the dogs they are.

Blood Let the blood flow Let the streets run red with blood Blood of mine enemies HEIL HEIL HEIL

Jocks and preps Why does society applaud jocks? I don't understand. They are the worse kind of people on earth. And the preps are no better, they think they're better than others.....but they're not.

Bang, Bang, You're Dead That was a good movie. Inspirational you might say.

My Own Prison I am locked in an invisible cage within my head. There is no chance of escape.

Undercover police officers The police are watching me. They actually think I don't know this. They are monitoring my movements.

I am not amused I know you're watching me motherfuckers I laugh at thee
There is nothing you can do to stop me HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Ich Bin Gott Ich Bin Gott

Germans The people of Germany and Austria. Their men have an iron will. They are brave, courageous, fearless, and determined. This makes the Aryan men the greatest warriors of all time.

I love guns I love guns I really do. The great equalizer.....wouldn't you say?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA MUHAHAHAHA

Shut up I wonder why my household has been under surveillance by law enforcement for 6 years now? Makes no sense to me! Oh, you're wondering how I know? lol Bet you little monkeys are Hey, assholes!! Everything everyone says or does against me is shown to me in my dreams, I see everything. You fucking monkeys. God, you humans are so inferior.

Sample #3

Short story by 14-year-old Caucasian student named Michael; names changed from those of peers; story is abridged.

One day a kid named Mike was on his way home when a gang of about 5 to 10 preps walked up and pulled out tire irons and crow bars. The next thing he knew he was lying on the ground and the preps were hitting him with the weapons. Then the head prep, Jake Streeter, and his girlfriend, Allison, pulled out these huge chrome Berrettas and shot Michael in the leg about 10 or 12 times.

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Michael heard a loud squeaking noise. When he looked up he saw his little brother Robert riding an old tricycle, speeding around the corner then he cut the engine and pulled something out of his trench coat. It was a sawed off shotgun! Robert cocked the gun then opened fire on the mob of preps.

Since half of the preps were dead or severely wounded and the other half had no idea what was going on we decided to ambush the girls. Michael and Robert jumped into their truck that was filled with uranium, and took off for the woods where all the preps were having a Halloween party...

When he finally got there he hid in the bushes and spied on them. Then he gave Robert the signal and they jumped out and went trigger happy with the MAC 10s and hit Tracy in the leg which made Allison very angry. So she picked up a Glock and shot Robert in the shoulder. Weak but not defenseless Robert picks up a grenade and tosses it at Allison. It explodes and sends fragments flying not only in Allison's neck but also in Natasha's arm. With Natasha's pain overcome by adrenaline and anger, she picks up an ax used to make fire wood and cuts Jean's head clean off, But it's still resting on her neck until Natasha flicked it and it fell to the ground...

The next day everybody wondered where the preps were but nobody cared about Michael. They all marched down the halls with Robert leading on his tricycle. When they turned a corner they saw the preps. The next thing you know there's a big fight...It was like a riot. Lockers ripped up, teachers being drug from their 18 wheelers and beaten and looting. R.I.P. Robert Wheeler. Died of a pipe bomb. off his tricycle. But the revolution wasn't over and Jake Streeter was still alive. With both of the revolution leaders dead the followers needed a new leader. Who would it be?... His name was Mark Capstone. He was determined to kill all the preps. The next day Mark gathered up all of his weapons and headed for the preps hang out.

When he got there he grabbed a couple of AK-47s out of his backpack and busted down the door and wasted a whole clip on Ethan. Then Ethan just stood up and his arms fell off. Then he started walking towards Mark so Mark got a rocket launcher out of his backpack and fired at Ethan. There were body parts everywhere. A leg here and a nose there... Millions of people were dead, dying or had been infected with cancer. "But at least all of the preps are dead! Along with everybody else." Michael mumbled to him self...

Michael's Mom's birthday was the next day so he decided to get a present from the "Your Mom Has a Birthday Only When There's a Riot" store. But it was still Halloween and he wanted to get his Mom a good surprise. So the next day he found five preps. The first one he crucified on a metal cross that had been heated up to a glowing red temperature. The second one he tied their hair to a huge bungee cord that just happened to be too long and made them jump off a bridge. The third one he heated up a drill bit and drilled it into one of his eyes and then put a pin hole in their wrists and Chinese water tortured them while they bleed to death very slowly. The fourth one he shot their knee caps four times each. Then do the same to their elbows then make them wrestle an alligator then throw them in the salty ocean to drown. And the fifth one he will drive a very long pole up their buttox and stick the other end in the ground so they ride the pole. Then hook wires tied from their legs to winches on the ground and make them pull the preps feet. Then he gave the bodies of the preps to his mom for a good Halloween surprise.

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Sample #4

These are online postings from an 18-year-old student.

Natural Selector's Manifesto

Hate, I'm so full of it and I love it . . . I'm the dictator and god of my own life. And me, I have chosen my way. I am prepared to fight and die for my cause. I, as a natural selector, will eliminate all who I see unfit, disgraces of human race and failures of natural selection. I have had enough. I don't want to be part of this fucked up society. Like some other wise people have said in the past, human race is not worth fighting for or saving... only worth killing. But...When my enemies will run and hide in fear when mentioning my name... When the gangsters of the corrupted governments have been shot in the streets... When the rule of idiocracy and the democratic system has been replaced with justice... When intelligent people are finally free and rule the society instead of the idiocratic rule of majority... In that great day of deliverance, you will know what I want.

Today the process of natural selection is totally misguided. It has reversed. Human race has been devolving very long time for now. Retarded and stupid, weak-minded people are reproducing more and faster than the intelligent, strong-minded people. Laws protect the retarded majority which selects the leaders of society. Modern human race has not only betrayed its ancestors, but the future generations too. Homo Sapiens, HAH! It is more like a Homo Idioticus to me! When I look at people I see every day in society, school and everywhere... I can't say I belong to same race as the lousy, miserable, arrogant, selfish human race! No! I have evolved one step above!

Majority of people in society are weak-minded and ignorant retards, masses that act like programmed robots and accept voluntarily slavery. But not me! I am self-aware and realize what is going on in society! I have a free mind! And I choose to be free rather than live like a robot or slave. You can say I have a "god complex", sure... then you have a "group complex"! Compared to you retarded masses, I am actually godlike. I am ready to die for a cause I know is right, just and true... even if I would lose or the battle would be only remembered as evil... I will rather fight and die than live a long and unhappy life. And remember that this is my war, my ideas and my plans . . . one man war against humanity, governments and weak-minded masses of the world! No mercy for the scum of the earth!

HUMANITY IS OVERRATED! It's time to put NATURAL SELECTION & SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST back on tracks!