

# Dead-Emmett's blog.

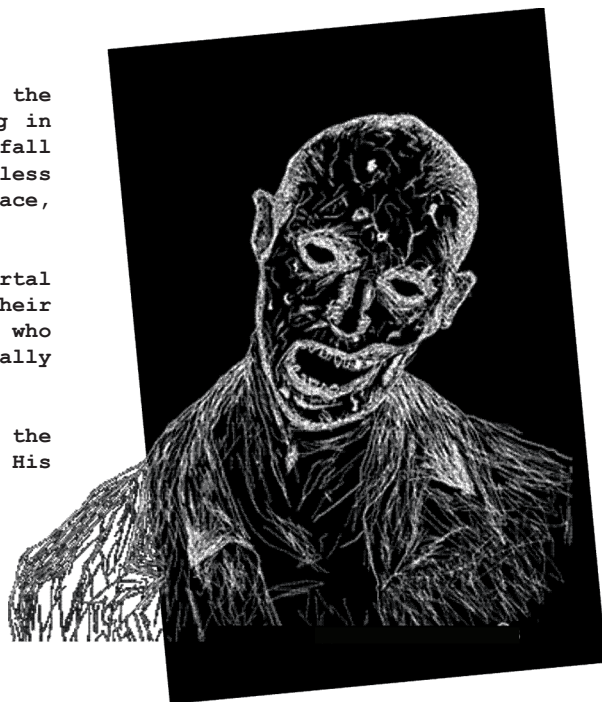
The AWFUL English Edition

part 1

How does it feel, when you fall to the Bottom? After you have lost everything in life, and as of 'unworthy of society', fall a long way down. Drop down to the endless landfill where from above, from the Surface, all the unwanted junk is thrown down.

In the Bottom are slouching around immortal skeletons, who are stuck in the past of their own selves. Endlessly wandering zombies, who are making their slow death and eventually joining among the soulless skeletons.

Follow Emmett's blog, his thoughts of the past life, his daily spiritual journey. His thoughts of being a zombie.



"That boy is crazy!"

"I bet he is using drugs as well!"

"We need to discuss how deep your mental problems are."

"I don't want him here, this is for family only!"

"Take all the trauma, negative experiences, mental health problems, cries, and satanic worship music and stay out of destroying our pastellic-coloured world. You are no good to society!"

"Why you are so sour?"

"Thank goodness we'll soon get rid of him."

"You're confused by the knowledge."

"Take look at this! I'll get a headache because of that evil boy. I bet the next thing he wants to do is murder me!"

"Don't stare at me!"

"Why you're ashamed of yourself?"

"You may suffer tremendously. You may hang in there until vultures or the sun will kill you."

To The Bottom →

I... II... III... IV... V... VI... VII... VIII...  
IX... X...

Writers comment: "Dead-Emmett's blog is thoughts about his life; now and past. Covered with irony, negativity, melancholia and black humour. This blog is full of metaphors and if reader doesn't understand them; Congratulations! Then you belong to the highest class of the society."

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT



## Dead-Emmett's blog.

I



I...

I hate this world even more; every morning I wake up and feel myself: what kind of mood I'd have today? After a while I realize that the same feeling as yesterday, maybe even worse.

II...

There seems to be something in my throat, as if I want to cry and vomit the rot out of me.

III...

There is nothing to help. Nothing is any use, even though I have tried all of the TV-shop products. They're hoax.

IV...

I don't want to listen anyone or anything, but still I have to. All external stimulus is bad, I hate everything.

V...

I hate to listen others' laughter, complaints, stories about life. I hate the sound of those teeth clattering skeletons. I'll punch them out!

VI...

They say I'm too juvenile and I don't know anything.

VII...

There is no place where I can be alone. Even to my secret and well-hidden nest is invaded constantly.  
I WANT TO BE ALONE!

VIII...

I hate everything where I have to be physically in front of. Why I wasn't born in some other reality?  
Why was I born to rot slowly away?

IX...

I've been dead mentally for ages now. I have now started to rot gradually away, since my internal death has crawl its way out.  
Soon I will be exactly the same, soulless skeleton as everyone else.

X...

Here, in the Bottom, has already come so-called spring. In practice, nothing else has changed, only that is: it's hard to walk outside because of the melted snow.

Nothing will be plowed away, let just make those skeletons muddle through it with their last strengths.

Upstairs people are sitting on the edge and keep looking at us. Laughing and throwing snowballs at us.

At times it feels like I'm exploding. My head swells up like a balloon, but then I go and walk onward and numb it out. I throw stuff away before me day after day.

How long I can bear this?

Nothing useful is in this landfill to be found, except for one day I found a nail polish, and I decided to try it. What does it matter? I'll die anyway.

I know it's close. I can feel it spying behind the corners.

I declare that I have seen it, too!

The big black reaper, will be able to hide into the shadows. Someday when I'm not wary - it'll come and kill me. Slaughter me like a fish. Cut the head off.

There are skeletons who think that they are still alive. Believe to be still teenagers, full of life.

I feel sorry for them!

They have lost their minds long before they rotted off. Got stuck in that weird illusion state of mind. Laughing as if they were still 13-year-olds who rebel against their parents.

This weird feeling of dying is getting stronger.

Death? What is it?

As far as I know: "There is no death. Life is just a dream, and we are imaginations of ourselves."



So, when I die, I wake up from this wonderful dream, which we call life?  
So, I'm here and alive only when I recognize myself in this dream?  
Life does not exist, it is like one of those TV-Shop scams that people are buying.  
Death is just one presence, at then am I one of those slouching skeletons?  
When I die, will I wake up to THE reality?

How many people are with me on the same wavelength? How many understands that recent conception?  
Anybody?  
Anyone?  
What if I offer the recent idea with a free coffee and a sweet bun?

When I lived on the Surface, there was no one who agreed with me. I'm very tempted to tear them down and show that this is all true!  
They would not believe anything what they can't see with their own eyes. All must always be seen and heard, and as an evidence it has to be recorded in video format and uploaded in Youtube. Otherwise no one will not believe you.

I'm thinking that maybe this dump, after all, is my home? I belong here?  
I was that 'unworthy of society' and they dispose me down here like a garbage.

"Take all the trauma, negative experiences, mental health problems, cries, and satanic worship music and stay out of destroying our pastellic-coloured world.  
You are no good to society!"

Those words echoed when I fell through the gap which felt endless. I have no idea how long did I fall. Was it a second or a year?  
At times it seemed that I was in weightlessness, that used to the drop I was.  
The one who pushed me down, whether there were more than one? I was not careful enough, and took care of my back. There could've been one, two, ten, or the whole damn society.  
But here I am, I have been for long time. At the Bottom; here is all the anger and hostility. No one is interested.  
Soon I'm also not interested anymore.

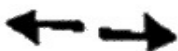
In my opinion, I think I won in the lottery. I checked many times that the numbers were correct, but as you can guess the seller decided that I have not won. Then I laughed myself: "Who here in the Bottom could win anyways?"  
I remember the seller's dirty teeth how they clattered in pace of her laughter.  
Sadistic humor.  
Sadistic world.



*"I don't hate you because you're so bad. I hate you because you're so good."*

Frontpage

Menu





I...

II...

III...

IV...

V...

VI...

VII...

VIII...

IX...

X...

Temptations. They're small, they can not be seen. They can infiltrate into you noticing. Take over you - you become a walking zombie. You're trying desperately to stop them, but in the end they will take over. After satisfaction you hate yourself, what have you done? Then temptations leave you, happily, fed.

They are parasites, using us unscrupulously. Many do not know their existence, thinking temptations are their own fault. They have not seen these parasites, but I am.

They can not, of course, be seen if you look them directly, because they can avoid the gaze.

But I saw them from the corner of my eye. Pretending to look elsewhere even though I was actually watching those unsightly creatures. They lurked around me like mosquitoes, waiting to attack.

This ground is so polluted, here's milling around who knows what organisms, viruses, bacterial strains, biohazards ... traps in which they are waiting for clamping skeletons or zombies to fall.

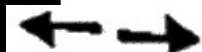
I hate narcissistic people, everything they say is only true in the world. By words they are trying to get others down. Shout comments and opinions and will not listen to any point of views of others. Take things into themselves and distribute them to others as if they were invented them. Wishing some attention and applauses which they can't have. At least not from me. Loudly proclaim their manhood and calling names, then turn their backs and walk away.

Something or other disease has struck them. Some huge nest is growing inside them, breeding its anthill endlessly. They do not realize the sick behaviour or speeches, that's why these parasites can keep going on within them. They get exactly what they want and the carrier doesn't know it at all.

The perfect symbiosis - two narcissist together.



*"I wanna strangle myself, since I'm about to choke anyway."*





# III



I...

II...

III...

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VII...

VIII...

IX...

X...

I have found new areas, new wavelengths. Same ones that I use. It's nice to listen same kind of opinions what I present. I can easily process that data what these so-called radios send. I understand their language and isms. Their dignity is self-evident to me.

The values of life are full of rainbow colours and all edges been honed away. It's pleasant to sit down and communicate with them. Although, I'll keep safety distance - I don't want to let anyone get over my firewall. I'm afraid to trust anyone.

Still, somewhere deep in my mind's cranny there are stumbling all those traumas of that sick and twisted world where I once were. I lived there forcibly; I didn't have any other choice. I had to follow others in their stream of life. I had to close and hide myself. Desperately I tried to run away from that physical state, away from that physically small room where they put me.

That wet, cold, colourless, tubular prison which was full of mould-like thoughts ready to rape my brains.

I had to be quiet, I wasn't allowed to leave my cell. No one understood me, my needs, emotions, hypersensitivity.

Nobody wanted to come closer to me, talk, ask. They preserve me as a bio-hazard, I was that walking dead which would give you a contagion. Even animals was took far away from me.

This was the way I were treated.

I didn't saw any reason to live anymore, at least in there.

I would've needed help, an uptake, comprehension, but all I got was opposite.

Wrath only increased inside me and I isolated myself completely. I went under a minus zero.

After this they're shouting loudly to everyone my mental illness, my scarieness, evilness.

I'm none of those. I have never been, you made me look like that. Are you that desperate attention whore?

You're the one who is sick! You need help, a place in mental asylum. But I think help is far gone for you. Pity.

Over 50-years you've been direct your drama show and act something that you aren't. You push your bad things to others. You're making others evil, bad and then you show how good person you are.

You're mirroring your own goodness to the evilness which you have created in the begin with.

How sick is that?!

It's so sick that help won't be any good for you. In the end everyone will leave you and you're all alone. You will rot off bit by bit. Teeths are falling one by one.

You're getting old and you will become as ugly from outside as you are from inside. This is the result of you being your whole life as vested interest. It will be served you from a plate.

You aren't willing to see yourself from outside. You're living in a narrow, makeup world, which smells like a cheap perfume, made by animal testing, and it also gives you a headache which makes you go to get attentions from doctor.

You're blaming others of your migraine, others' evilness makes it.

"Take a look at this! I'll get a headache because of that evil boy. I bet the next thing he wants to do is murder me!"

Yes. I want murder you, but I won't do it. I'll wait patiently for that moment when you murder yourself. A smile upon my face I'll stand beside you and watch your last breaths.

I'll watch how you suffer to death. That would be the most rewarding pleasure from all of the pain you caused me. From all of the lies, twisted words

and actions.

These traumas of injustice which feels like they happened a moment ago.  
Thank you for them, because I don't want to know you. I don't want to like  
you - I want to hate you and tell everyone what kind of beast you are.  
I want to spear others from you.

I feel like gang raped, my feelings of injustice is infinite. As infinite as  
this landfill.  
Agony gathers inside me, I can't get it out.  
In the Bottom is all the wrath and wrongness. All that has been drop-  
pen from the Surface. You have to be careful. Anyone could get killed or  
raped and no one will react to your cry for help. Like I cried when I was  
imprisoned in that witch's dungeon.  
Nobody came to help me.

Now I've learned, but does it matter anymore since I have dropped down  
here?  
I'm not letting anyone near me. Not let anyone get over my firewall. Every  
now and then I might listen to others' wavelengths, but that's enough for  
me. I don't want to see anyones face, I don't want to trust anybody.  
I don't need friends, I don't need anybody's sympathy.

I am alone on my journey, I hate everything that is inside me and I try  
not to stop. I want to be perpetual voyager until I find peace of mind and  
that eternal bliss where I can forgive every iniquity.  
Place where I can lie down on cotton and watch stream of life next to me.  
I don't have to obey it - it will obey me instead.  
I can be in peace, in silence, all alone.  
Don't have to be afraid anymore, don't have to be afraid of anyone trying  
to get over my wall.  
Everywhere is pure and all evil diseases are dead.  
There is no worries and darkness won't ever come.

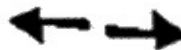


...

Oh, my bus just arrived. It was going to "Right There".



*"Pity themselves and keep blaming others."*





# IV



I...

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VIII...

IX...

X...

I look the crowd before me, searching for familiar faces. I'll try my best to find them. I'll see and think of myself "do I know him" over and over again. For my relieve I don't find any. I'm safe. They can't see me, I can freely spy on them. Here in the Bottom is so much junk that you can hide among them easily. For once they're in practical use.

Those boneheads! Dancing and flirting in front me as fucking with me. How irritating they can be, trying to test on their limits.

I want to go to a lifeshop. A shop where all the things are available like in candystore. They are presented in nice order, in nice, shiny glass jars. I can pick freely what I want in a bag. After that I'll leave the shop, that is resting on cotton candy, to home to eat my choices.

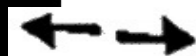
I still see very strange dreams. Everyday journeys, that I have to walk, makes me so tired. I see things; my mind tries to comprehend them but lots of things are left behind to run around wildly in my mind. They are faster than my mind that's why it's hard to catch them and so they are running around in my dreams. Creating scary and intimitading pictures.

Now those skeletons starts to decrease. The crowd is withered away. I was running so fast forward that I forgot about them. Now it is more space to breathe. Their demanding, space-consuming egos are not in my way anymore. Their stinky parfumes are not sticking in to my nose anymore. All the disgusting, chaos-making parfume combinations. They rape all the nature's precious ingredients and create illusion of something good. They forgot completely what nature really smells like. Creating a wrong impression of the world and existence. Throw away fresh berries because they do not smell like their strawberry parfyme. Declare that they're rotten, although they are the most fresh strawberries in the world. They have corrupted their mind like corkscrew.

Now the very last of the skeletons have gone away. I wrote them away. I shoo them away with their parfume and all. I objected them and put the air condition on. Now there is fresh air, I can breathe freely.



*"Dear sisters, we're all innocent in this prison!"*





I...

II...

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I try to capture every moment inside me and analyze it. At the same time I should live in that magical moment which is as thin as knife's edge and disappears in a blink of an eye. Sometimes I try not to blink but only managed to make a tear. I look outside and thinking what people want from me. I know what I want. I want to lock myself in a very small nest, but outside world is yelling me its demands. Are they thinking their own good? Whose best? Sometimes I watch outside and see exactly what they want and I see what I got to offer. Do they take it as it is? The truth is that when one person likes you - ten other hates you. Pleasing everyone is trying to be a perfect, which is impossible. I honestly wouldn't want to please anybody. Except myself and universum's creator-being. No matter if it was that smelly drunk on the bus stop or whoever.

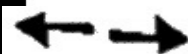
The more people I can irritate the better. As being myself in so many different level, in so many angle as possible. Even if I would put my face full of makeup or I would behave as self-conscious as possible - the irritation is confirmed. Others, insecure, fearful, in mold-living people are watching me "how dare you to be like that. And yet in this kind of society!" I can imagine how grannies faint in the streets and prosecution is raining in to my letterbox. "Prosecution: you are yourself. Forbidden!" And as a verdict: putting in to a mold by force, compulsory treatment, forced medication and rehabilitation classes: "How To Please Your Husband and Keeping Inside Your Own House 24/7 Forever and Being Fateful To Your Man (who anyways is cheating on you and everyone is OK with that). Or... others will see you as an example and start to raise their children as: "Look Billy, that boy over there is model citizen. He is just as he want to be not caring of other people's opinions. Learn from him."

Whatever it is, in between my mental and physical being is very good connection. Sometimes they are in conflict but the result speak for themselves. It is like my spiritual arts and isms combination. It is an answer to something which is bothering my mind that everyone can read without asking a thing from me.



Come out!  
Come out where ever you are!

*"What's done is done, but an illusion of something else can always be created."*



I don't have the axe. I promise!!





## VI



I...

I'm falling apart. Again.  
I'm so fragile. Touch-sensitive. This endless landfill.  
Soon I'll be powerless and there is nobody to help me. Why there should be?  
Others can only yell at me, but when is time to do some action, every skeleton goes silent.

II...

III...

Sometimes it's so tight in here. The skeletons have a habit to gather together. Gather together to talk shit. All the things they have done, or what they have imagined, to have done. It's useless. They should use their time to do something else.

IV...

Another zombie came and said his own depressing opinions. Chewing my gum I listened him but I tried slowly escape the situation. Let him decay himself!

V...

Let him die all alone, like we all do!  
I don't care.

VI...

All those artificially living people on the Surface just laugh at us all the time. They have sick sense of humour. They sat on the edge and with smug on their face they stare at us.

VII...

I don't need anything from them, not their pity, nor help, not even one tear.

VIII...

We are like those starving African kids who everyone feels pity of (and who are subject of bad humour, tho) and who are, as a matter of fact, not helped in reality.

IX...

Everyone thinks that their new facebook status update helps them and with that they are better than anyone else.

X...

"Look what kind of opinion I have!"

"Look how they suffer! Feel guilty!"

"But thank goodness I'm not a bad person since I have made these kind of status updates!"

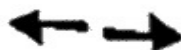
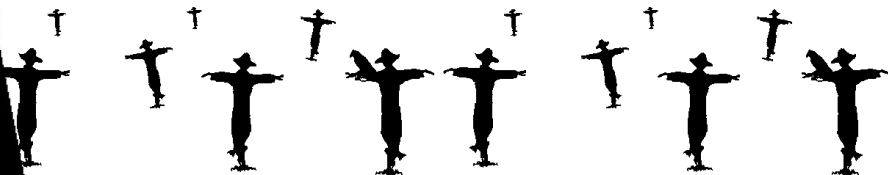
"P.S. Remember to take a look at my newest duckface-pictures as well."

Disgusting.  
They make me vomit.

I can't focus anymore. I need to move on. I try to run away from the skeletons, from other zombies and from the upstairs' pepsodent-smile, photoshop-made creatures.



*"You live in a plastic world, in a plastic life, with a plastic face, with a plastic smile."*





# VII



I...

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VII...

VIII...

IX...

X...

Have I ever felt this unworthy as I feel right now? Maybe I am, in matter of fact I have but it was so long ago that I can't remember it very well. In my mind there is one and only question: "How did I ended up to this point?" Many say that it is your destiny and if this is my destiny it's the shitties one I could have. Although I know that I am 'bout to move out of this dump, when I die, but still this pisses me off. Another question: "Is upcoming better?" From this point of view it seems bad. What I will become? A slouching skeleton!

It's very nice to hear how my friends have been. They are buying houses and cars and making babies. If I would have been patient, pleased, uncreedy, I would've been in different situation than I am now. Looking up from the Bottom the distance seems very long. As much as I sound melancholic, I'm not going to give up easily. I am so used to this pain that it doesn't feel anything anymore. In the Bottom, there are lots of same kind of people like me. Right next to me is lying a skeleton, maybe he had given up as well.

The best thing is that when you have achieved what you have desired, you can show your middle finger and smile back. "So, thank to ya'll who have kicked me down there! Look at me now!"

But the achievement is so far away. I can secretly tell you that the first steps have been taken. I have taken them many now! No one will notice it because 'what this kind of worthless boy can do?' I am completely insane and using drugs as well!

What all kinds of lies they're making up of me? Next thing is that I'm some kind of murderous rapist or something. Make up anything of me to help yourself.

Writing this is so pleasant; my thoughts don't differ from what I'm writing. But what will happen if someone (not you) would find this book and read it? I hope you would read it and I want you to read it well. I'll pray that you will hurt your feelings and start to cry you narrow-minded, selfish, schizophrenic, alcoholic, bitter, middle-aged old ugly hag! I hope that your children will abandon you to the nursing home when they get sick of you and nobody come to visit you (unless you die to that alcohol long before that \*fingers crossed\*).

Here, in the Bottom is very pleasant to lie on top of all this junk and bones. Writing is very difficult because here is no table. ANNOUNCEMENT: Next person who falls down to the Bottom: TAKE A TABLE WITH YOU! A lamp here is at least.

Today is my birthday and I didn't get any gifts. Well, of course I didn't get any. If I don't give any to others how in the hell I would get any? Makes perfect sense. That's how it works in this twisted world.

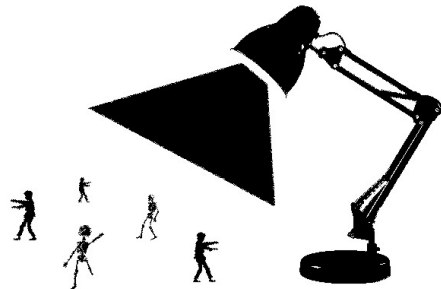
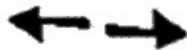
Emmett, out!



*"At first you kick me down and then I should be grateful when you take me back?"*

Frontpage

Menu





I...

II...

III...

IV...

V...

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VII...

VIII...

IX...

X...



What is the real life? What life is, anyway?

What life is; it is that when you are physically alive, you can be a braindead, paralyzed from the neck down, you lie in the hospital with a life support. Condratulations, you're alive!

What the real life is; it is when humans and the nature is in a perfect symbiosis. It is that when humans respects the nature and accepts his humble place in there. Example, it is when humans can raise a slaughter animal above him since it gives him its life. When humans treats animals and nature as their own child, respects its every need, its freedom, its holyness. Animals' godly essence, love it as you would love anybody else.

Example, it is that, when humans don't use animals as guinea pigs only to produce a makeup which is sold around the world with discount and all this made by child labor and feeding people's mind a wrong image of their true beauty. Trying to twist the truth by tout to people something that is a lie, which in turn, was a lie from the beginning with, unethical, unjust, un-everything!

It is that when human let a nature to grow in its peace, let corn to grow in its own pace, not rushing it in any way and harvest it when the time is right. And if someone comes to yell demands in the middle of everything, you need to tell them: "Wait. I can't rush the nature."

It is that, when human stops animal factory production. Let them be free in nature. Let them face their own fate and not determine their fate already when they haven't even born yet. Let them live their own life cycle until its very end. For a meal you need to make some work, with this I don't mean that you go and fetch a tuna and gottage cheese from near market and stuff it in your already overweight body. I meant that you don't raise an animal in a small cage without sunlight. Feeding them artificial food. Treating them as non-wanted child, who you wish to die as soon as possible. And by pressing a button, by torturing, you kill the animal. Rip off it's meat by machine and put all kinds of preservatives in there, already unethically contaminated meat. Pack it in small beautiful packages and sell twisted image of nature, freshness and life to idiotic people who go on with healthy diet and manly say "fuck off" to all vegetarians. "Meat it has to be!"

Yeah, you believe what you just ate from supermarket was real meat?

They should go to the woods to hunt animals in -30°C (-22°F). There it is, a real meat and manliness for all you can take. But as the wimp you are, you won't do that.

Change language to English

Change language to Finnish

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Last login: Thu May 3 12:30:52 on console
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page/CONTACTS_2html ; exit;
Jurils-Air:~ mooreair$ /Users/mooreair/ALL\ 0F\ EMMETT/ALL\ EXTERNA/my\ web-
site/kotisivumatskua/kotisivut/YHTEYSTIEDOT_2html ; exit;
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CONTACTS_2html: line 1: : command not found
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CONTACTS_2html: line 11: : command not found
logout
Saving session...
...copying shared history...
...saving history...truncating history files...
...completed.
Deleting expired sessions...14 completed.
```

Access denied... wrong human type.

[Process completed]



Oh, look all the fucks  
that I don't give.



```
<a>CONTACT:>
$_POST['name'], email=>$_POST['email'], message=>$_
POST['message'] ); foreach ($mail as $value) { if
(empty($value)) { die("Write your name, your e-mail
and message!"); } } $address = "youraddress@server.
login"; $title = "Feedbac of Dead-Emmettistä"; $message
= "Name: ".$_POST['name']." E-mail: ".$_POST['email']."
Message: ".$_POST['message']." juril.moone@gmail.com ";
mail ($address, $title, $message, "From: youraddress@
server.login"); echo "Thank you for your feedback!"; ?>
```

to be completed



9 789528 008583

let see if I bother to write some more...

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