

Tchikatilo's Calvary

While life still remains incomprehensibly eternal, human hopes and knowledge are centred on love. But true knowledge correlated with eternity, aimed at conquering mortality and providing man with the opportunity to dispose of the Universe at his own discretion, can only be obtained as in past centuries, at the climax of bloody, barbarous acts with the bodies and souls of other favoured mortals...

Ah, shit. There is no melancholy in the world that snow cannot cure.

Ah, shit. Boris Leonidovich Pasternak, that clever Jew with his dacha, died in his own bed, but gave Tsvetaeva a rope to hang herself in his native Yelabuga.

Nor could he use the Russian language to save Mandelstam from Stalin...

'I loved you and perhaps this love

Still burns deep in my soul;

But let it not disturb you further,

I do not wish to cause you pain.

I loved you silently, hopelessly,

Tortured by shyness, then jealousy.

I loved you so sincerely, so tenderly,

May God grant you such love again.'

Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin. My favourite, unsurpassed poet - the World's Harmonist.

Forefather of the Russian Revolution. He simplified the language, condensed consciousness and the mind, after him Lenin had nothing to do but reduce the alphabet from 40 to 33... with human blood.

Lermontov, with his animosity, shit, paced to and fro, raised the Narodniks against the people.

Once on Sunday Lenin fucked his wife from behind. Afterwards he wrote his treatise 'One step forward, two steps back'.

They still don't celebrate Lermontov's anniversaries, whatever the fucking idiot did to curry the people's favour and toady with his intellectual animosity.

The people like their own animosity - ingenuous, clear and accessible. Pushkin didn't put on airs with his intellectual animosity, so the people love him.

So, Alexander Sergeyevich, we go on living with your love in the name of the World Spirit for Russia's evolution.

Ideas are immaculate, no dirt sticks to them. To enter into the idea is to become really human.

Sin is a structural axiom of life, like words it must be redeemed at once.

The world is diversified by sin - by the Jews. All our human steps are Jewishly fragmentary and mercantilely discreet.

So the snake lies at our feet and bites at our gills with the dollar.

When I speak of the Jews I mean philosophy, concept. I'm not a nationalist, I should say at once.

You'd simply like to see, in a Russian contemplative manner like Oblomov with both slippers at once, without opening your eyes, what you've done in your petty-minded Jewish life based on false axioms of Jewish feelings in Russia.

It was Jews that generated fascism so Hitler could play God's Chosen One.

Jewry is a concept of Time that embraces Eternity and is equal to Eternity, but it is manifests itself discreetly at the present moment of relative Time due to our Consciousness and Life's limitations.

The entire fucking Human Tragedy is here! We see the Wonders of the World, but not the Light!

That's the way people are, hairsplitters and rolling stones - I escaped from from this or from that.

Where can you go, motherfucker! It's like the anecdotic, deathly-tired prison roll-call: Is Chikatilo here?

Well here I am, Chikatilo. And the fucking jailer: Sure you're here, where else could you be? And me to the jailer: There he is, the jailer, shit.

And where could you fucking go, Styopa, you fucking asshole?

So all of us fascist Jews lived in an Antiworld and still do.

Where can we fucking escape the spirit of universal evolution?

Yes, if the spirit can save millions, life on earth will fucking die.

Because the heavens aren't human. No prayer is heard.

There haven't been any saints to this day, shit, not a single one.

If God will only fucking grant someone eternal life for free, lots of parasites will get it, everybody will stop working and nobody will try to get where you should try to get intuitively, internally, Jewish-like - to God's Immaculate Idea, as you stumble round with your big prick.

Ignorance of laws does not release us from responsibility!

Shit, it's cold.

Stalin was a Jew internally, sought to reach the heavens. Sacrificed millions of his compatriots on Russian soil in an externally, physically, orientally despotic manner, in the name of Lenin's but primarily Pushkin's intrinsic idea - with the simplification and compression of language, and the logic of consciousness.

Just as fucking Joseph compressed millions in his gulags and simplified consciousness: all according to Pushkin, to the holy document, in a brilliant and sacral manner.

But the Spirit of the Divine World's Evolution couldn't care less - the fucking Spirit evolves through these mass slaughters, although we don't know in what direction!

Who was there - Cain the first son was a maniac, a Jew, a murderer for the Idea, killing a man like himself was really Something!

In Jewish to-ing and fro-ing, piff-paff and shit, universal truth doesn't exist.

No, in the pure state the Jew is a brother to the Russian. The two strongest nations in the world.

They make a pair. Russian people are a dream, a contemplation, and therefore Godbearers.

Jews are physics, movement, the Chosen People of the Russian Godbearers, you can ride them the best, shit.

And so metaphysics is who's fucking whom.

Is the woman fucking the man or the man fucking the woman when they take their pleasure together.

Any fuck, like any death, engenders hope and beauty.

'O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem by that sweet ornament which truth doth give!'

William fucking Shakespeare didn't understand himself he was a genius, son of a bitch.

'We' should be understood through the letter of the prick crack, the letter minus Zero where the muzzle meets the ass, then you understand what 'me' means - the fucking prickhead!

And you understand this nowhere better than in prison.

There everything is regular and monotonous.

They bring meals on time. They don't shout, swear or offend you.

Soldier guards are even more respectful than the idiot lawyer, the Jewish bastard.

I don't need this lawyer, shit, I'm my own lawyer.

They forced him on me. They understood I'm a trouble-free kind of person.

They imposed a Jewboy lawyer-wrecker to act against me on behalf of the fucking cops.

They've sentenced me to death and they think they've won the case, huh?

Shit. Yes, that's the way you go, shitass.

I've been judged? So what? They judged themselves without the death sentence, they condemned me to the gastric death penalty!

I've sentenced myself to capital punishment - another Cosmic Calvary - the Chikatilo Calvary!

Where did all the victims come from? Every day they're different: different mummies, daddies, aunts, uncles, friends, whatever...

They get a heart attack at the trial, get an injection and make way for the next lot.

People have got weak, worn out by life.

Shit, they'd be no good at reconnaissance. Only get to the first corpse!

The soldier gets a heart attack at the sight of an enemy corpse or his dead companion.

So what, should you drag the guy with a bad heart to the home dugout on your back?

No, you can leave the bastard on the enemy side with his fucking heart attack, shitass.

And so long, shitass.

Later on he might recover on the enemy side, fuck, give himself up instead of shooting himself!

What should you do with him?

Carry him on your back and risk aborting the military mission of a whole nation?

While the enemy sets fire to our homes?

Set fire to and rape our cherished kiddies and beloved wives?

No, excuse me please, my dear comrade with the dicky heart - you see, we too have a heart, we've no right to endanger the survival of our beloved people,

no right to risk the whole nation's combat mission, especially in reconnaissance...

We should gently bayonet our comrade, right in the heart. Strike and rotate the bayonet anticlockwise.

In the cardiac area rotation doesn't cause suffering - you die more quickly.

The bayonet rotating anticlockwise tears the lovely heart to shreds.

Well, you can turn the bayonet clockwise, shit.

Of course you can turn it clockwise too.

Everybody should do his work as he likes. There's righthanders, and lefthanders. In fact you can do it clockwise or anticlockwise.

As mother nature put it in the genetic code - it all continues naturally in a black-and-white world, gentlemen.

What do you want? A homo bastard, or a murderer, a fool or a poet? Shit, all in one, born open-hearted like me!

At the trial, shit, these heart sufferers, there's lots of them, battle comrades like cockroaches,

every day they swarmed and crawled.
On the one hand, we shouldn't pass by, shitass.
On the one hand, the heart sufferer is certainly good to look at and admire.
We passed by, shitass,
when he was jerking with a heart attack...
Too many trees planted here, shit.
Yes, on the one hand, certainly, the heart sufferer's good to look at and admire as he's jerking...
Too many trees planted here, shit, in this forest.
Shit, he's pleasant to look at and admire as he's jerking his paws having a heart attack, the prick.

But on the other hand, I only terminated 64 sons, daughters, babies.
And I understand that all children have two parents!
Well, uncles, aunts, friends - I understand this. But not thousands of blood kin, shit, the fifty naked kids I snuffed can't have that many parents.
I'm not Boris Godunov, shit, I wasn't killing princes of the Russian dynasty.
I'm not Ivan the Terrible, shitass, not fucking Uranus.

I'm not the funnyman Joe Stalin, shit, when he quipped that women will produce lots more!
Everywhere, always, there is one problem - Power!
I gave a blissful death to their darling kids, they remain innocent for time immemorial.
For some reason they can't understand and appreciate that their kiddies went to a golden heaven, bypassed the sheer hell of life.
Shit, they were only in the 4th form and they got to golden heavenly paradise.
Certainly they suffered before dying. But tell me, who in this cosmic vale of tears dies without fucking suffering?

You have to earn the ticket to paradise, by great torment.

When I turned the knife in the body - in a safe place nowhere near the heart - I turned it anti-clockwise and then clockwise too.

The kiddies screamed, they sobbed and wept, splashing in their royal blood.
You think it was easy for me to suffer all this? Though it was pleasant, too. Oh yes, very pleasant.

And it was better for the kiddies themselves to live another five minutes in this world which isn't white but black, ladies and gentlemen.

Then off they went, shit, in the Spirit of World Evolution!

Read Dostoevsky - the most Jewish soul investigator, the standard-bearer of all Jews who are Western in spirit.

He wrote clearly: give a man a ten-centimetre spot on a rock and a wild eagle, terrifying and bloody, comes to peck his liver every day.

So what, how do you fucking like it, the man accepts even that tortured life with great pleasure as an alternative to dying.

And Dostoevsky was a prophet.

He wrote about us: feeble, utterly dissolute Soviet Jew Russians.

He wrote in advance all that would happen to us, miserable revolutionary Jewish creatures.

What Marxist happiness-unhappiness would trample on our heads, shit on and crush our souls!

So did you listen to the genius, the prophet, you fucking bastards?

My ass if you listened. Yes, shit, you sentenced me to death, you fuckers.

But for Dostoevsky, mortal punishment was fucking replaced by prison five minutes before the execution.,.

And what that man went through in those five minutes before the execution, fuck.

The greatest Russian writer - it doesn't matter to you pricks.

After such a human shock, shit, he started writing those heartfelt novels about Sonechkas, sluts and supreme murderers.

Prophets, geniuses - hearty guys

just because they're geniuses and prophets.

And people don't forgive geniuses their heartiness.

Pushkin was terminated by Dantes.

Lermontov, well yes, he himself rushed at the Russian Martynov.

They fucking shot Gumilyov without a trial. Mandelstam, the pastoral poet of the Future, perished on a plank bed for typhus victims.

Lorca was flushed out in an orange grove. Perversion.

I'm a heart sufferer, they'll shoot me in prison, shit, riddle me with bullets. Like Gumilyov, Mandelstam.

Russians and Jews, physically interrelated... Destiny of the Russian Jewish herd.

What can I say? To whom can you prove you're the higher truth, benign contemplator?

They kill for the truth.

Especially for the Jewish-Russian truth.

They're shit, animals, backstreet brutes, the beasts kill themselves as painfully as they slaughter the prophets of compassionate Mother Russia!

And you want your kiddies, innocent souls, to become beasts like yourselves, like me, backstreet brutes?

Want them to be businessmen, fucking stray racketeers? After they knife one another for dollar kopecks?

Yeah, fucker?

You haven't learnt about Chichikov with his godless church that wouldn't let Gogol get to Optinaya Pustyn, so he burned his novel and died with the help of a monk?

Not one Tsar allowed himself to philosophise and grant life to Dostoevsky the prophet, scoffing graciously!

And who excommunicated Tolsoy because of his ideological Authority? Here, shit, you risk becoming historically nervous, it's untreatable...

And what if later on one of your damned kiddies grows up to become a maniac like me, and begins open-heartedly delegating your kiddies, innocent kiddies, to paradise?

You don't object to me dispatching future heartfelt maniacs who are still innocent embryos to God in paradise, out of the goodness of my heart?

That fucking Jewboy lawyer with his fucking backstreet Ukrainian face hasn't told the exact and very human truth in my defence...

What does this fucking Jew lawyer get paid extra money for? I was sentenced to death.

And why did I have to remove my trousers in court and display my prick to them, in the cold?

All the time at the trial there was this fucking draught.

The door opens, the door closes: doctors and nurses coming in, letting in a draught that stank of medicine.

It's the people's State court, but there's no order there - and they're still surprised.

Stalin put things in order, but they didn't like it. They smeared Lenin with shit, soon as they could, let the dissidents in the gulags foulmouth the clown.

Of course Lenin was a arsehole, but also a conductor of the Pure Universal Idea, the Evolution of the Russian Language in Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood.

Take all for nothing.

Stalin devised a new communist slang and whoever got in the way was laid to rest in no uncertain fashion.

In the physical world Stalin and Lenin are like stray bisons.

But the Freebie of Communism - shit, the Idea of Laziness without remorse - I really like that.

And about inspirational ideas that give us guidance...

The word 'nothing' was engraved on Bismarck's cigarette case in Russian.

He studied in Russia, understood that for Russians the main Idea lay in their fucking wind tunnel, in their incontestable territory of the Spirit.

In Russia 'Nothing' is always equal to 'Everything'. 'All or nothing' - our Russian ideological solution.

That's why nobody should go to war with the Russians. Because of this 'nothing' that means 'everything' we're invincible.

But they came just the same. Those mute Germans sensed what it's all about, that Russia is the poetry of the Earth,

they got fucking nothing in the trenches.

Now the Western Chichikov our very own Jewboy bowls along in physical vehicles, a broken axle 'without ideas' on fucking countless jeep wheels, he feeds on our universal dead souls. Once again they'll get 'nothing' in the long term.

Exactly like fucking Ninel in the snow by the door - it's like masturbation.

It's like that with a woman whether you fuck her or not - like knowledge: you've either got it or you haven't.

There's such disgraceful goings-on, fucking shit, such hypocritical non-metaphysical outrages in the Universe when you're not fucking.

No knowledge either, nothing's clear, shit.

Three hours you spend in the snow outside the door, shit, embracing her - and she still won't go upstairs to your place to fuck,

even though you've got Prophetic feelings for her - you got an erection, shit.

Fucking Ninel, the forget-me-not, awoke the sadist in me, excited me, shit, my prick stood up, shit, she awoke the beast in me.

For three fucking snow-white winter months I gave her flowers, crimson carnations, the colour of love, violence and blood.

And she didn't let me fuck, didn't let me make the Jewish movement backwards-back-forward-up-and-down.

She fooled me non-stop with her Platonic Russian fucking loving love.

She beat my most sensitive intimate parts, shit, kicked me in the balls and prick.

Only once I got into your slit and touched your cunt! Feastdays come but once a year!

I even quoted Voznesensky, my favourite poet on TV - 'Remove Lenin from our money - he is for flags and banners!'

And Brodsky, that erudite masturbating fucked-up poet, the pretentious Jew gets a Nobel Price.

And Andryushka the buffoon, the quick-handed prick with fried-egg eyes, masturbates in the Russian snow with his right paw on the TV, and with his left-right Leninist fore-eye makes fellatio poetry in the Longjumeau position, sex to the green-buck Nobel Price tune.

And they don't fucking give it to you, dear old Andryushka Voznesensky, they give it to Brodsky, to that phrase-mongering poet, on behalf of the American elite, in that huckstering English language. But when you, shit, wrote that entering the Mausoleum's like entering an X-ray room, you were metaphysically closer to the Universal Truth, shit, than when you fucking rejected those dreams for venal green bucks. But the supreme truth of the world, fucking academicians, is that Lenin's Tomb is the cradle of all Mankind.

Laziness is the freebie of life, like a red raspberry smeared over us bastards when we're born.

And those revolutionary fools that buried Lenin were sincere in those very sincere times

when they carried slogans that Lenin's tomb is the fucking cradle of all Mankind.

Geniuses don't live long on Earth - especially in this genius that is Russia.

If only they gave the Nobel Price for sadism, shit, lots of geniuses would appear in Russia.

I plucked red flowers in the red dawn and poured the blood of love on the ground when I killed them with tender love.

You can, must, live on Earth only ten years.

Then, if you're a wonderful World Spirit poet, you'll feel, you'll understand, that you should, can, live only ten years on Earth.

And if you're a lofty genius and the very first friend of Cosmic Nature, if you've lived on Earth for forty whole years, then Nature herself will summon you to help her shine, to pluck baby flowers that are forty years old, no, ten years old, and set free their innocent angel souls, and wait for the grey-haired boy that will save us and destroy everything.

Christ is Risen, you should Understand this.

And now those fucking backstreet brutes will shoot me down for my truly primordial metaphysical poetry.

Kolyukha my former cellmate told me: there's a gun fixed to the surveillance camera.

One day you go down the corridor for a walk and the tele-relay starts, the tele-gun perforates your pate.

So it seems like nobody pressed the trigger and nobody bears any responsibility...

No fucking need to repent afterwards.

What does my darling wife Svetlanka think of me now.

She should have stopped to think before. She's no good at fucking in the bath.

I wanted to teach her but she didn't want to learn. Asked her to give me a blow-job. She hurt me, fuck, said my prick's too salty.

A prick that's too salty is like the Divine World Spirit of the Universe being too salty. Evolution, fuck! I say nothing about my own prick, out of modesty in such a context...

It's all her fault. She had to fucking leave.

Took our darling kiddies Stepushka and Lidochka far away

or those fucking gits will get their backstreet revenge and kill my innocent kiddies.

Kill them with their stares of contempt, those materialistic backstreet beasts.
Me, I stabbed and fucked in the spiritual plane
to get the energy of the Cosmic Soul!
You can't understand that, you dirty bastards, snakes and worms, fucking Jew Masons.
You live in this fucking bloody mother matter, earthly and Jewish, like there will be
no death. In vain.
Know what Death is, shitass?
I already fucking told you - Death is given us so that Life fucking goes on forever.
You bastards haven't the right to spoil Life by your fucking grey vampire mediocrity,
when there's no place on Earth even for geniuses.
Did you save Velimir Khlebnikov? No, you pricks wouldn't save the man who
penetrated to the very syllabic basis of the language and gave you stars in the language.
My people make me crazy.
I make myself crazy, and my country, my people drive me fucking mad.
Everyone sticks to this electronic out-of-the-box religion by satirical Jews from Odessa
now.
It's enough to show them the finger - that's terrible! They all laugh like someone
stole something remarkable.
They stole the election results or some foreign currency.
Already you don't understand what has been stolen anymore, but you know for sure
something was stolen at the beginning.
Because in Russia there are two businesses they can always carry out ingeniously and
infectiously: stealing and then laughing themselves sick at such an ingenious theft.
No, when you steal something brilliantly you must know what you're stealing,
naturally.
But when you're laughing because someone stole something, you don't need to know
what was stolen to laugh heartily.
My Jewish country makes me crazy. They laugh, the Jews, because they're stealing and
make fun of it in their Jewish way. It drives me mad!
They sparkle with their backwoods tricks and stink with their pea farts, those discreet
Jewish fools. Makes me mad. But he laughs best who laughs last.
It's impossible to steal a language, it belongs to all, it's genius.
And when a baby croaks in terrible torment under your rotating knife you too are an
artistic genius, you die too in the same terrible torments and comprehend the fatal taste of
Russian life in the Jewish way:
there is no more brilliant country than the one that sweetly consumes itself like a maniac
and leaves nothing behind.
In fact you stab and kill the snivelling kiddy a maximum of ten or fifteen minutes.
Well, you rape him then for an hour and a half.
If you multiply fifty times by two hours, you get one hundred hours.
The trial fucking lasted seven years - you can calculate how long the high lasted for
yourself!
My high and your high!
They sentenced me to a particularly Jewish execution, without a painful high,
a Russian people's high. A remotely-operated rifle and Andryusha's no more.
What executions they used to have all over the world! They impaled prisoners, planted a
sharp stick in their sweet little arses.
Quartered them, fucking broke them on the wheel in public.

In China, the most ancient fucking culture in the world, they executed people with bamboo, a wanton wild shoot rises towards the sun,
your belly's slowly torn apart,
or else they threw them on an ant hill, for the ants to devour.

And everybody was so pleased with each passing year - the executioners, the victims and the people.

Well, sure, our kind-hearted, clever and sincere people came to look at me, too, with enthusiasm.

Unfair to complain - it was a great success.

They came from many Jewish countries to film the daredevil, to get an electronic thrill through their bodies by watching me.

When I exposed my prick, live and fresh, to their cameras to film,
to dirty Semitic mankind, I tried to give more live erotic thrills than the coals that raise steam in the traditional Russian bath.

The lawyer told me to pretend I was mad.

Comrade Jew lawyer, if you want you can do it yourself, pretend you're mad or whatever. I've nothing to do with that burned-out schizophrenia, nothing at all.

I exposed my cock to the camera for our dear Jewish mankind - just for fun.

Heard about altruism, Jews?

It's only on TV you can brainwash everybody with your Jew sperm and receive the fucking Nobel Prize for your total corruption of people with blue bullfinch eyes pure as children.

It was only Ninel I irrevocably kissed in the Russian altruistic frost, but she wouldn't fucking let me dip into her practical emery-sharp little cunt with the Jew melon taste!

The last time I hugged her close

my naive penis suddenly ejaculated 300 grams of sperm on her boots.

The bitch reacted by puking on the snowy footpath.

When she gave blow-jobs to Koshkin the world champion KGB weightlifter she didn't throw up! And when by accident I ejaculated some chromosomes on her boots she spewed all over the snowy path.

Koshkin's prick is 45 centimetres long, she said.

She met Koshkin at some wild beach near Moscow.

He hypnotised her with his snakelike prick, stuck it up her ass.

He told her stories how he lifted weights in the Jewish West, said the bodybuilders and weightlifters lie naked on the beach and girls like Ninel go round measuring their pricks with rulers.

They fuck the girls on the spot, long Assyrian pricks with pink balls.

While I just kissed my sweetie in the frost for three winter months, gave her flowers from the market, gave her the best extramaritally.

Okay I'm not Koshkin, not a fucking weightlifter and I don't have a half metre Assyrian.

But people don't fuck with their pricks.

They fuck with their soul, Ninel my darling fuckwit, in correlation with Universal World Evolution.

It's because of you, slut, I lied to my dear wife Svetlanka, said I was taking extra courses at the technical training college, that I was monitoring a circle on Western literature about the existential Nietzsche and Camus!

That slut Ninel couldn't appreciate all this.

Thought I'd kill her with a rotating knife,

then my bitch mistress would appreciate
my love and my soul that reached to the heart of sin,
strike it at the root and defeat it, to repent afterwards with the Supreme Truth
with the hell, souls,
that will stab you through and through!
Oh how young people loved me! I'm not lying!
They appreciated me in the college both as a person and a clever teacher of Russian
language and Russian literature.
You wondered how I seduced the kids into the forest?
A forest like this. Yes.
Here it's impossible to play the Life of the Human Spirit
like an actor versed in Stanislavsky's system.
Here the soul must be angelic and tender by nature to persuade 54 persons into the
forest for sacrifice, telling them tales!
He must be an epic hero! Svyatogor!
Not that Ilya of Murom who took only half a breath.
For the Russian it's all or nothing.
It's not thirty pieces of silver that create Life, it's the Thirty Three.
Add 3 to 30, fucking little, but it's God's trinity.
No, they can't take it, getting it isn't that simple.
'I lay like a corpse in the desert
And God's voice called out to me:
Arise, prophet, see and harken,
Carry out my commands:
Go forth over land and sea,
And with your word ignite men's hearts.'
I just added a useful fucking knife.
Once at the very beginning something magic happened to me.
When Gennady the convict seduced me, fucked my tender arse, he told everybody
about it.
The vermin began laughing at me.
Not at Gennady - he was active.
And then the passive killed the active.
There's fucking nothing to eat in the forest in winter.
He fucked me to his death. I'd calculated the system - everybody thought it was convicts
that settle scores after close and fatal relationships in jail.
But it was your servant.
With Gennady I felt a rush of adrenaline that tingled down my spine
when I stuck in the screwdriver up to the handle,
and Gennady the parrot gasped for breath, fucking got you now!
I thought he'd come alive again as a werewolf, Gennady the fucking con, thought he'd kill
me now in revenge.
I really got the shivers when he snatched the screwdriver handle with his enormous mit,
pulled it out of his body.
A Versailles fountain of blood gushed from the wound.
But fucking Gennady didn't revive like Rasputin after that rusty wound, he collapsed and
the screwdriver stuck in the ground!
This improved my mood a little and I called Ninel right there, with Gennady lying dead.
In half an hour Ninel came to meet me.

Naturally I was up in the clouds - that's why my sperm splashed on her earthly boots.

When she spewed all over the path and her puke steam began rising to the sky I naturally came down to earth a bit. And the idea flashed before me, why not disembowel Ninel after fucking her first in all possible holes.

Such a bitch, her puke stank so bad I nearly spewed all round her!

So I made a firm decision to get away from Ninel there and then!

The next day everything went smoothly, in the train I met little Vitenka, the boy nymphette.

I took the little catamite to the wood.

There I told him the tale of the Grey-Necked Duck and as a reward I fucked and killed him, turned the knife in him.

What was puky Ninel compared to this impact on my prick and mind.

Then there was the little lad Dimotchka, 4th-form fucking schoolboy. And the little 5th-form girl Oksana.

Then Yegor, 4th form. Shit, further and further, more and more.

Ninels are nothing compared to the nymphettes.

I can't fucking complain about my destiny - I tasted 54 nymphettes, thrust deeper than Volodya Nabokov, tasted more of the vivifying nymphette Earth Cosmos drink from children.

Where are you, my suburban trains where I caught innocent moths with the fire of my immensely human soul, for World Childhood's Sake.

Ah bastards, if only they'd let me choose how I die.

I could die like I executed those kiddie-princes - they could execute me with imperial torment!

Only where would they find a fucking executioner like that, who would fuck me first up my tender ass, then turn the sadistic knife in my body.

Gennady could do it. But I killed him with a screwdriver!

How I'd groan and yell and weep, cry for help,

but most of all I'd groan dumbly at the slow turn of the knife,

the infinite duration of this most cruel torture! My last royal torment!

God help me, my brave God, to die in the name of Nothing-Everything, in infinite torment!

If you exist, my brave God!

Oh God, my brave God. You rose from the dead, I don't ask that, I only ask to die in this cosmic Russian shit.

To die most painfully and abominably - die in the letter, fuck, minus infinity zero!

There are 33 letters in our bloody Lenin's alphabet, but there's still 40 in the church alphabet - one more difference for the future explosion.

To reach ecstasy in my own abundant blood

They don't appreciate the Letter Minus Infinity Zero,

when you give them the truth of the Earth for nothing, by murdering kids.

The only simple consolation is, I'm not the only one to die as a prophet in this lunar pro-Jewish mercantile commercial Judaic world.

They'll clean me out calmly with a remote-controlled gun, as if I never existed.

Children will sleep peacefully, happy dreams. As if I never existed.

None of us fucking exist, we're Platonic shadows.

There's only the forest, and the steppe covered with snow.

There's no Morality, only the truth that shines on us from the cosmos.

Life only exists in Absurdity - of the female and male elements.

As Tertullian said, I believe because it's beautiful and absurd!
You shouldn't tease, just fuck, you only believe when you're fucking, only believe what you're fucking!

I support the indictment and the prosecutor.

Get rid of me soon as possible, that's all, as if there was nobody and nothing.

I don't understand why the trial went on so long: to give me this prolonged philosophical pleasure, these contemplative reflections?

I don't think so. Just for themselves? For themselves. Who else, shit!

Pleasure at public expense, shit.

Your rotten Soviet system made me what I am - a mighty philosopher!

Yes, dear capitalist comrades, the rotten world Soviet huckstering life, Jewish huckstering!

Hell, what can I do with our backward Russian mankind?

I've tried, as experienced senior comrades taught me, always acted according to the morality of our brilliantly maniacal country.

If your country has a bloody morality, being a sadist and an executioner is moral, human, evolutionary.

Stalin and Lenin created millions of victims.

They gave an example of shocking maniacal deeds without grief, they hit the Communist bull's eye without glasses.

The Jewish time's to blame, not me.

I'm a normal man, heartfelt. I'm sanguine, living in my time,

as a Jew respecting the law, not a schizo with complexes, like many others.

And those alcoholic schizos have sentenced me to the grave.

The fucking grave is the work of God.

God's work can't be changed!

I say to them: repent, repent you bastards!

I repeat: when I killed those royal kids I acted for their sake.

I fucking tortured and executed myself first of all, that 'We' of yours!

I voluntarily accepted my soul's self-immolation, felt the intuition of the Universal Spirit, how I must act.

But shit, it can't be done, because this mercenary pro-Jewish world of yours turns everything into shit.

Nevertheless I have Acted!

How can you pass that by? It's an impasse, fuck!

I passed on with the kiddies.

Those royal kiddies died naturally, not like Abraham's sacrificial lamb.

It's only you, royal Soviet Ukrainian prick, that went on living in this foul world of ours, the black Soviet world,

continued demonstrating the Pure Idea in the Leninist mode, that it's impossible to go on living and shedding blood so foully, so Jewishly!

Seems impossible to live otherwise - only in the Jewish way, shedding blood!

Nowhere on the Earth, on land or sea, is it possible to live any other fucking way than the Jewish way, in blood!

Because man is the devil's race, there's no other devil, you'll never see him. Same breed!

The real man is the memory of the Future. The Face of Eternity. Conscience and the essence of Being, understand, you brutes? That's the measure of all things.

We fucking Jew bastards only appropriate these names and take the imaginary for actual.

Everyone considers himself a matchless righteous sod when he's only learned to chirp, not speak.

Nobody raises his head skywards so he doesn't eternally fall and weep.

Many Russian-Jewish royal kids didn't even cry.

Of course they gnashed their teeth like young heros, but sometimes they didn't cry at all. With divine gratitude they stared into my good-natured eyes; I was lost in their angelic eyes.

We felt so good on this sacrificial altar, everything became clear.

Then, shit, I dressed them in their royal kiddie clothes, dug a hole in the ground and buried them royally and humanly - I did it all so decently, so fucking royally!

So they would fly straight to God, to the heavenly paradise, so they didn't become foul Jewish mugs, so they didn't let their eternal souls rot for years and years on this infernal lost earth of ours!

I never touched those nasty mugs, except Gennady, my dear judges. Hell's already overcrowded, with fucking brutes like you.

That's how the devil crawls across Russia, just the same as God, the Universal Evolutionary Spirit of Nature never has bad weather.

My only fault is being born human and altruistic, that I allowed the World Spirit to pass through me without first becoming a fucking secretary general by subordination.

If I had I could show you millions of Jew scroungers what the word Stalin means in our mercenary Judaic world.

Yes, if someone's good to you, you kill him like fucking Christ.

And what's Christ - a fish to eat.

You'll gobble him up, entrails and all, without choking!

That graphomaniac St Augustine imagined a simplified image of the fish as Christ, diving deep.

But the fish is probably the eternal masters and slaves.

And David said: rich man or poor, all were created by God.

That has more truth in it than what St Augustine said on the nature of Christ.

Christ is a fish that dives deep - that's true, too.

Someone always drives the others, someone always has to kill!

That's what you always fucking do! Slaves are mute! At the beginning of that century they protested. Now we are all that remains - the bosses, the murderers from the darkness!

And if I'm right, you dirty bastards?

If I'm right before your Judaic God?

If 'I' is your 'We', you bastards, you mercenary Jews?

Shit, for just 50 kiddies, just to give you something to think about, your Jewish relative thinking, you sentenced me to death - forever, in a complete, not at all relative sense, me the fucking epic hero!

When there's a complete foul absence of thought all around, in all your our Jewish non-Jewish mankind, terrible obscenity in the non-evolution of the fucking World Spirit.

And if I'm right before God? And before you in particular!

If I'm right? What will you fucking do then?

Shit, I'm tired and cold.

You fucking bastards, impossible to make you understand anything that makes sense.

There is no melancholy in the world that snow cannot cure.
'I loved you and perhaps this love
Still burns deep in my soul;
But let it not disturb you further,
I do not wish to cause you pain.'