

Addressing the horror community factions and the faceless fornicatresses who got an illegotten copy of the book I am getting the final touches on...especially those who are actually in retirement age and should know better.

What you did is equal to walking into a picture palace without paying the admission. Then using the video mode on your smart phone to bootleg the release by recording it as it plays on the big screen and then adding insult to injury talking loudly on your phone while others who honestly paid the admission to get in. You're fucking corrupt. Bullying and copyright infringement seem to be a perfect marriage -- especially when the bullies pirate copies of a release. Pirate here -- I am not talking of one like what Johnny Depp played, but you're stealing...you may as well plagiarized me there.. Brian Keene and Karen H. Koehler are pretty much plagiarists in this sense of the word.

Okay this is an open speech and an explicit statement in defense of what I wrote in CONFESSONAL as I am on the final touches of the project. Those of you motherfuckers who are calling this book "libel" -- I am going to clear the air here. What I've written, it is based upon what I had Google'd of some of you and one's track records. I did the actual actual research about your track records with authors who choose to be independent of a mainstream publisher.

I don't practice intellectual piracy when it comes to rival authors. I won't hijack their pseudonyms like the terrorists who rammed planes into the Twin Towers on September 11, 2001. Nor I will make something they just wrote available and previously unreleased material they've done for free without their permission or consent. I am not that low and be a By-Blow and do that.

In my eyes that's bad sportsmanship. Copyrights, including intellectual properties are meant to be honored, that also includes my intellectual properties. What some of you do just in the name of bullying and harassment, is intellectual piracy -- that, makes you a goddamn scumbag.

The book is not entirely about the industry, as I wrote this for my longtime friends as I wrote AN EYE IN SHADOWS for the entire Lake Fossil Press roster to show them where I came from. Quite a few of you pretty much did the same thing as the people in high school done. That being brutally bullied me like used to be when I was in DLP classes and Special Education throughout my middle school years into high school. You collectively treated me like a fucking leper, and some of you do it as thinly veiled criticisms. I was

A few of you tried to blackball me because of my political viewpoints and social stances. As one of you called me a "Log Cabin Republican," on a message board -- implying

I am some kind of faggot from Michigan who claims to be republicans. I am not a "Log Cabin Republican, but just a Republican in the vein of The Great Communicator. I see the shining city on the hill as I work within the industry as I am changing the rules and challenging what is the Liberal state of affairs.

Aka the bullshit that the Roger and Me film-maker and the whoreson in the White House forcefully feed and brainwashes the mainstream; that is the part of me where I mirrored some of my punk friends do when they criticize the Conservative viewpoint.

I applied the punk rock attitude to a Conservative viewpoint -- as I also have the Do It Yourself ethic that the punk rock fanzines had from the 1980s, as one had called my magazine a fanzine. Well I am refuting that, though it carries the traits of one being the kind of artwork I accept for the magazine.

It also carries the traits of a professional magazine in the way I done the presentation. A fanzine will not be able to do something that my magazine does -- as the technology and the Open Source software I use to publish

As for the ones who are calling me a "heavy metal groupie," on twitter -- one of them, a pair of shirtlifters named The Silent Order, calls themselves a "heavy metal band."

What will piss them off is I consider them to be a walking punchline. A punchline to anyone who has long hair, black clothing, silver jewelry, denim battle vests, bullet belts or the long 11 inch spiked wrist bands.

I do consider that rather duragatory as I am not only a horror author, a science fiction writer, a memoirist, and an independent publishing outfit. As all these things, stemmed from me listening to heavy metal. Because of heavy metal, I have a career as an author, and when I first announced my beginnings as a published author in print, I actually e-mailed a heavy metal magazine in 2004.

My nickname within circles of the Chicago heavy metal community is "The Heavy Metal Author" as I got this nickname from the lead singer of a black metal outfit. This Chicago based outfit, whose lyrical subject matter overlaps what I do as a horror author when I write Ghost Stories.

I am also a subculture historian as I was getting noticed for the indepth reviews I've done on the dark subculture social networking website for the freaks of society, Vampirefreaks.com. Especially the one patricial individual who is photo-graphed in their author's photo wearing a hoodie from one of the Big Four of Thrash Metal. You lost that privelege to listen to that style of heavy metal and we're taking turns applying Nair to your head.

The brotherhood of denim and leather had been more than kind to me here -- while the factions are a bit unforgiving. The same person who called me the "heavy metal groupie" and suggested I took up knitting -- I dare you to say that at a Slager show and see how long you will last. Those words are an invitation to a mauling.

Then the one who runs a blog in the United Kingdom making claims what I say on twitter and my blog is "hate speech," well that is Liberal gibberish. The faggot who called me a "heavy Metal Groupie," I think he jacks off to naked pictures of male diva Elton John or that boy band faggot, Lance Bass. I dealt with whoresons like this all my life -- as I was harassed for listening to heavy metal when I first moved to Glendale Heights, Illinois, and a few of them who did this openly listen to the music that has a word that you take the "C" away from crap -- as it is crap.



it. I could not do the larger page counts for a bookshelf magazine.

The magazine, well it is more of a literary journal as a UK Royal Trade Paperback with influences of *Weird Tales*, *Morbid Outlook*, *The Mick*, *Gothic Beauty*, *Reader's Digest*, *Omni*, *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Cemetery Dance*, *Amazing Stories*, and *Twilight Zone Magazine*. The current authors must be well read in the old guard from the mid-into-late 19th Century Gothic Horror, Early 20th Century Supernatural Horror from the Bloody Pulp Era and Arkham House Roster, Contemporary Horror, and traits of Rod Serling and RBM (*Twilight Zone's Original Cycle* and *The 1980s Revival*. As sometimes where I write a story where I call the term stepping in and playing the role of the narrator introducing the story I love to call it, "Playing Rod." *The Statue* as some of you who try to call it fan fiction – this story actually sparked a huge debate among both the original fiction circles and fan fiction circles. "Is it original or fan fiction?" It had traits of both as I borrowed the way I presented the story from Rod but the characters and settings, along with the story – all mine. It is an original story where I borrowed from *The Twilight Zone* fandom on *fanfiction.net* as I scout that area for contributors often for the magazine because that one the writers exploit its loophole. That opens the door for originality to really sneak into it – this fandom, is the gateway to being a published author if done and timed right. If you have someone like me scouting a writer like this, they will be published. I did the "Playing Rod" originally as a joke on a blog when I presented the photograph I took on a night out in 2004 from coming back to my hotel room after being at a Goth night – that actual photon, is my second collected works cover. The story's setting my old neighborhood in Glendale Heights based upon the street I lived on, I picked the date of the story around the time I first moved there and the house in the story. Well it was my family's house as it was before we painted it crimson in 1990. The traits I share with author RBM is I use real places and real neighborhoods as well.)

Along with aspects of the movies by Wes Craven had written and directed the horror films himself, and John Carpenter's supernatural horror movies in the horror genre (as I was a kid from the 1980s and a teenager from the late-1980s into early-1990s coming to age in the mid-1990s. As I might had grown up watching slasher movies, I wanted a genuine intelligence to the genre – Wes Craven gave the genre a philosophical element. The age where the younger real headbangers emerged and heavy metal became accepted by the Gothic subculture) yet they have an original voice that is distinct. Think a literary journal for the subculture friendly set – underground horror and modern day science fiction along with eerie creative nonfiction. (*The memoir delivery being the blueprint then where they go with it are uncharted waters. Since Creative nonfiction is a young genre and hard to classify – as this aspect must have the Gothic Horror traits where it has the gloomy atmosphere.*)

When I speak openly about my Conservative viewpoint and Christian convictions about the scars of society. Meaning I think that the marriage equality issue, civil unions, and same sex marriage are a fucking blasphemy, a sick joke defined by the state therefore by man as man is wicked in nature – polity saying it is morally wrong. I get crucified by the knob jockeys when I elegantly disagree with it. I made my stance on marriage clear since my days when I was the second generation maintainer of *Caligious Thoughts* on *LiveJournal.com*. As it was in that community I had opened up about my change in political stances – being I am an Ex-Liberal and realized their viewpoints, all lies. I am a Liberal's nightmare because I know all their methods and their tricks.

Calling me a racist, a misogynist, a homophobic "smoldering bigot" (*just because my viewpoints about homosexuality are actually Biblical* – as I make references to this in the pages of CONFESSONAL,) a con man, a thief and a fraud then calling me a goddamn laughing stock.

Well the laughing stock thing, only because you assholes collectively want me to be.

As some of you – I could very easy been a classmate of yours in high school or middle school for that matter. When some of you say, "you are not a peer." I am your peer and that is your reality – the actuality that all of you who don't call me a peer is your fantasy world aka your motherfucking Never-Never Land, sad but true there. What I wrote being it is my statement of faith before an Almighty God, it is also a mirror showing the detractors a reflection of themselves they don't want to admit they see. I haven't really submitted out anywhere because everything I've written is too long for their submission guidelines. Then in an e-mail one of you had stated for fact (*or as I call a fist-fucked fabrication*) that I've been "blacklisted."

Well that is entirely untrue, though I might had been thrown off Shocklines for making radical and offensive statements – I am not going to apologize for it. As I am not apologizing for either CONFESSONAL or AN EYE IN SHADOWS, those of you who felt the sting at the receiving end of this book because I painted an illustration that is unflattering. The ones who are calling this book libel are the ones who felt like I hurt their feelings in a way where the rude words are a little more offensive than the normal rude words – as some of the disses are suggestive. As if you pricks and claim to be "professionals" using the term loosely, really don't have any feelings to hurt to begin with. I would never threaten to take a rival family's house or make it impossible for their family to find work to pay the fabricated legal fees. Making a threat to make one's family homeless, that's beyond evil and lower than inhuman – especially since I've been homeless.

I wrote the book as I was talking with my friends outside the industry, as I would be hanging out with them

in the Carol Stream Denny's at 1 in the morning from a night out. The friends who stood by me when the factions of the industry are collectively a toilet and the individuals doing it are either whoresons or strumpets. Those of you who say I don't have friends, well this will be a huge misconception there as we live in different area codes. As I am also addressing the ones who are lifting my family's business cards from their private social networking profiles – leave them be. I didn't mention them by name in the book, but had mentioned the last name because I was asked if I wanted to change my last name. The pseudonym I came up with, Lloyd Phillip Campbell, was an answer to that question asked when I was 18 in 1995.

Also those of you whom flooded my private facebook.com profile when I removed your comments repeatedly – I am sending you a message here, take the fucking hint already. If you are going to flood my private facebook.com profile, my public author page, or my imprint's page with the same comment like you are elegantly talking down on me as if I was mentally incompetent. Then you've worn out your welcome. Actually accepting an ill-gotten .pdf file when you are professionally published and said to be a figurehead within the horror genre, you fucking know better. As some of you who boast about being professional horror authors, in truth you write the genre for dollar signs as your God is Avarice, putting it in blunt terms and a language you understand, greed – and your heart is not in it.

I am content with being an independent artist – but getting a market that would be just the right one will be pretty damn cool. As the kind of things I also became known for – such as blackened creative nonfiction, is a hard thing to place as the creative nonfiction markets ask the writer to plunk down some hard earned money for an upfront reading fee before one sets their foot in the door. Then they give a writer a set subject matter to write about, not the subject matter the author chooses to write about or subject matter that is close to their heart. Those who know who they are here, are calling a book of this kind “libel” just because they felt like they just got mauled. I am not exactly writing like I was in a knock-down-drag-out fight, but AN EYE IN SHADOWS, I actually get detailed about all the fist fights I actually been in. The fucking shirtlifters who say I am an insult to authors, they are an insult to human beings.

The ones who made the fabrication up about the “new ownership” – I bring that to light too as I didn't mention the bullshit that Christine Morgan caused on places like fanfiction.net saying to people not to submit to my anthologies or imprints.

The cuntwhore has the nerve to do an anthology called “Fossil Lake” and contributors blatantly lift my titles and pseudonym to fucking insult me. AS well as one portraying my pseudonym as a male model scantily clad dressed up a disgustingly pink unicorn. (What is it with you faggots and unicorns? Do you have a sick fantasy about a unicorn sticking its horn up where fecal matter exists?) Along with the faceless by-lows whom hijacked the pseudonym to write shitty fag poetry and published it in an abomination he called a “book” then selling the motherfucking thing on smashwords.com (with shit titles like “I Love Hats” and “Why Are Men Like Unicorns then blatantly lifting the title of my third collection for one of the titles. I. AM. GOING. TO. KICK. YOU. ASS.) If I find out the identity of the person who lifted my pseudonym, they better hope to God they don't find out that I will look for where they live and show up at their front door to pummel them.

I am not producing “fan fiction” stories from your respective titles, and when you assholes do it because it is your amusement you lost the privilege to be called an author. I am not sending harassing post cards or making libelous fliers saying you are a child-fucker. As some of you libeled me as a subject of To Catch A Predator, I will never have sexual intercourse with a female minor under the age of 19. I prefer the opposite sex between the ages of 28-41 years of age – as my track record I always seem to have an older woman, but nothing like Ashton Kutcher and Demi Moore though. That age gap for me – it's just a little weird.

Well one of the people who used to be guilty of this herself had looked me up on a sex offender's website and learned the truth, as she became one of my advocates – I am not a sexual predator. Some of the things I come up with are a little bit beyond ghoulish, and a sense of humor that is somewhat wrong – but I am not a sexual predator, or had access to the HWA directory as some of you claimed. As the Horror Writers Association had also libeled me a stalker also there, too in 2006 – I demand of them a formal public apology for that statement. I could really care less for a reinstatement of my membership with the organization because I didn't play by the rules or refused to conform to the bullshit that is called a fucking privilege.

Those of you calling publication a privilege for the upper crust in the business, fuck you, publication is a democracy for the people by the people. Those upper crush formal stuffy bastards need to wake up and realize this is the era of the independent artist. Create your own breaks and take a few risks professionally and personally, if there isn't a market for something – create one (the latter statement pissed the HWA off royally. As Mary Sangiovanni actually stifled TABLOID PURPOSES since year one and when it was just a submission call on Carnival of Wicked Writers. Even in 2004, she was a snobbish adulteress who can't keep her legs shut – *close your legs they smell*.

I never stalked the whore, but the things she said on The Other Dark Place about my first collaboration and sale of a larger scale novella, I really wanted to make an example out of her. Show the world the raging mentally unstable bitch she really was, as the things she says about people with a mental illness an unfit mother would be

the nicest thing said of her. One claims now Anyone has a way to become published as Joseph Locke gets paid for masturbating on the Buffyverse.

Smut wrangler, J.L. Benet, pulled up the directory to use as evidence of stalking and the false accusations. He didn't want to man up to the deed of posting every link to every story in the table of contents of my first anthology as it was almost ready. Being it took him as long to get his first novel published and with a false God praying who never answers back dumpy cow claiming to be a real life vampire. The cunt who was one of my rival publishers from 2008 trying to get one of the writers who appeared on her anthology to bow out of the lineup. This same person worked with someone who did a hostile takeover of a publisher whose original owner personally invited me to submit to a magazine.

As this corrupt regime, had treated the grandfathered roster like they were imbeciles the roster who were published by the original owner. The person who had the company before them is honest and looked out for the underdog although she had got my name spelled wrong in the byline, as I too had done this – will openly admit, I suck with names. I wish she stayed in the business because her response to one of my works on the site I called home for 11 years was one of the funniest and made me laugh, as one of my future roster members now roster member did. If one can actually make me laugh with a review and be very encouraging with it, as in swear a little bit when doing it.

It is a good chance it is people like that in real life, I would actually drink a domestic brew with at my watering hole in the city.

That action he pulled, I didn't only want the pillow-biter's career as an author on a platter but his teaching career too – I wanted to end both his careers for that stunt and hand down a little street justice. He actually went as far to send a fucking cease and desist letter to my apartment in Justice.

It was fabricated on his personal computer like when I do my anthologies I edit, the magazine and my solo titles – I do everything from a personal computer. If you have more than one word processor that you use in the publishing process, and know how to do it. It will look much cooler than anything the corporate whoresons in New York (aka the big name publishing houses) will produce. Well I used that cease and desist letter to line my parakeets cage, as it was known in 2006. When I was living with my flat mates I had two parakeets up to February of 2007 where I was forced into giving them to a childhood friend. This childhood friend who at the time moved into a house that was one street over from where I lived during the time of when AN EYE IN SHADOWS took place. The one who said, “You only need one word processor to do everything.” Well the method I employ to publish a book – one word processor alone is not compatible with my techniques and with the place I release my titles with.

The one who calls self-releasing titles masturbatory, they are not with the times as a few heavy metal bands are now independent of record labels. The 2010s is the era of the independent artist. They gained access to their entire catalog and released it themselves or had retained the publishing rights to their catalog. Calling what I do as a publisher a sham and preying on the young authors, well it is not – and as I was always the publishing industry's equivalent of a talent scout.

Where I go out and actively scout writers on places like FictionPress.com and Fanfiction.net, I give them a proving ground.

Lake Fossil Press is like a junior college in the industry, a few authors graduated to the bigger places. A few of them as they sometimes return and work with me on another level as a few of the founding writers of the mark one line up are the think tank on the direction I will take for an anthology. CONFESSIO inspired the direction for two of the sister anthologies as I wrote a brief sense of the guidelines for both projects, I am writing up my personal notes on every aspect of the project in more detail of what I want there. I adopted the payment style of the contemporary of my imprint and its statesmen known as the Editor's Choice payment – that means one author overall is going to see the cold hard cash given to them on PayPal.com.

Some of you for years claimed I have been the thorn in the side within the industry – that is actually bullshit, because I learned how to do it in a way where I've been up front with everyone about my expectations with the publishing moniker. When I ruled out sexual content of any kind, I gave the writers a brave new world to work with. With the one sister project, I am not looking for the seasoned author with it. I am looking for the average Joe who has an interesting story to tell about something within their real life as long it is quite ghoulish in nature. As my whole career – I consider myself an average Joe who can scare Goths, Christians, and Satanists alike. As someone who did their actual research with me, not from the smear sites or gossip bloggers vilifying me but actually looked at my reputation before entering the industry – they made the observation that I've drawn from my real life for the dark atmospheres. As the Gothic Horror stories I write, the characters in the story are in a way like the people I know in real life. Sometimes I will get an unique idea from either a movie I've watched, books, magazine articles or newspaper clippings I've read, encyclopedias consisting of ghoulish subject matter, medical dictionaries, lines from a heavy metal song lyric, a documentary on CNN, and shows about real haunted places.

As my trademark style is when I write fictional ghost stories in the horror genre, I use real haunted places for

the settings. That is how you can tell a ghost story by me from others in the field. I make people pick up the books about the real haunted places as some of them in Chicago, I actually been to them –that I am a ghosthunter on the side. I have a very diverse friend base over the years – ranging from the outer fringes in the Dark Alternative to clergy. Some of these friendships, made me a little well known in genre circles. FanWorks.org, actually documented two of these friendships as I ushered a friend from high school into the publishing industry as an illustrator but the publication he was stated as the cover artist got canceled.

Well as it is public record and documented online, and no I didn't write this – Karen H. Koehler does have a reputation of adding real life friends of rivals on MySpace.com to get actual dirt on them. She did this with my best friend from college. Then with a former friend who I did shows with in Chicago as I helped some with my ex-room mate as she was a show promoter. (This is my part time job as I sometimes book shows but never found the time these days.) Then finally she did this with a friend I finally met face to face during my signing in 2005 in Villa Park, Illinois, who also has DuPage County ties who played in an Industrial act where he sounds like Marilyn Manson fronting Megadeth with the lyrical subject mater stemmed from H.P. Lovecraft's collected works.

You wonder why she changed her professional name from Karen Koehler to K.H. Koehler, I will give plenty of insight why she changed her name from Karen Koehler to K.H. Koehler on that within the pages of the book. As she had called CONFESSIONAL “a piece of shit book full of libel,” as what I relate in the book, is the truth akin to a hard hitting investigative journalist as I moonlighted doing this kind of journalism. Of her actual fame, not because of her talent –but from her harassment of rival publishers and encouraged piracy of rival author's published works then harassed one of my publishers because they are my publisher.

Her damning words of “snake-oil salesman,” she said them before on her dominion known as The Covenhouse in 2007. Well The Pacione Collective actually put the hammer on her when they helped me uncover the truth about her publishing history before her first book was actually published. As I did the digital version of pounding the payment to get dirt on her, I was beating her at her own game. Her entire body of work before her first novel was written was all fan fiction of Vampire Hunter D, and she lied about me submitting to “The Blackest Death” anthology series when I was unaware of these anthologies until I was editing the second Tabloid Purposes – only heard of them in passing when I first planted the seeds of what became Tabloid Purposes One. When one goes around getting a pirated copy of an e-book, an entire release from a band, or going around bit-torrenting a Hollywood release and obtaining a burned DVD-R of the release just as it is in the picture palaces.

Or receiving such things, it is like walking into picture palace without paying the admission to watch the film legally and making an illegal copy of the Hollywood release with the video mode on your smart phone then talking loudly on fucker when everyone else who honestly paid for the ticket to get in and enjoy the movie. Also when factions of you mock me and say my work is equivalent to a steamer that a dog makes on a lawn then make fun of the people who actually enjoy it – making like you're the voice of the majority aka the voice of everybody. You are acting like someone who talks loudly through a movie theater while everyone else is trying to enjoy the movie ads they honestly plunked down their hard earned money for the ticket. You are not the fucking majority – you a minority.

Speaking on you blog ill of me like you hate me personally in real life – well people like you, I urinate on as a person. All of you who fucking flood my blog comments with the same fucken thing, the same comments that more or less equating me to a fucking retard and saying you are above me. Then bragging about your one and only professional sale with a short story – one fucking professional sale, you are a one trick pony.

You, asshole, are not the fucking writer here, but a shitty little wannabe gossip blogger aka a piss blogger in my eyes – you are lower than worm shit. In truth and actually you are a self-righteous fuck, you suck and are less than human, nothing but a male cocksucker and a cockroach with two legs. A whoreson hiding behind the mask of being a Christian to tear someone down, fuck you, you fucking fake saint. Eat shit and destroy yourself there for doing that because it is just as bad as someone who calls himself “JumpsHigh” telling people all heavy metal music is evil.

I am not just berating the industry, I was playing pranks on friends in the business by making references to what they write in dialogs of what I was like when I was eighteen and given my first dirty magazine. As my real life friends know that I am actually a jester, where I will play an elaborate prank – but you will not catch me photographing my anus for a cover photo.

Then making the statement how I am not controversial, well in this address alone I made several controversial statements berating the high school cliques in the industry. As I equate two of them to cheap dime store sluts who has their crusty granny panties dangling on a tour bus for a hair metal band on the Sunset Strip. Collectively you all suck equally as a human being because you bastards pick on people who have a mental health diagnosis who use their creativity to express it – it would be hilarious that the ones who are sadly in my age bracket are found beheaded in a car crash. Then when you are dead, if there is a place worst than hell – that is where you belong, you fucking counterfeit bastard. I tried to protect my younger roster from the corruption in the business, where I was told about the dirty side of the business in 2003 and when I thought about entering

publishing when I was 26. While some crybaby Liberal faggot blogger was picking on my website saying I will never be published without the knowledge I was published online since I was 20. The reason I was thrown off LiveJournal.com in 2003, is I made the statement of how there is a huge line of people waiting to beat him up and I just took a number to be in that line.

Saying my insults are childish, well my best ones were saved for CONFESSIO as I berate Mormon Doctrine and factions in the industry that act like a cult. (*I am speaking of a cult here akin Jim Jones and Jonestown, The Branch Davidians of Waco, Texas, or The Heaven's Gate Cult in California*) or The Church of Scientology. (*Can we say L. Ron Hubbard and all his dead ringers anyone?*) Well with this response and in the defense of writing Confessional here, it is done from actual research, conclusions I've drawn from e-mail correspondence, blog comments, blog postings one had made, twitter tweets, and message board postings the guilty parties had made. I am just illustrating as what Daniel Willow wrote, we all suck and deserve the darkest void in the abyss. The claims that my projects are not in the library of the museum are debunked and the claims that a rivals novel was planted there by one of his F.U.K.U.'s – well my projects were not planted by my GraveDiggers (these are the old school fans from 1997, pre mid-2000s era.) As my readership is spanned across the industry and a lot who are outsiders to the rotten politics within the business. I did not lie about certain blurbs, as I actually got them in a private facebook.com message exchange session – but I can't recant the exact date when I got them though. Some of the readers I have, I sometimes think they were characters from the contributors from my imprint's magazine because when I look up the reader on social networking sites they are a bit larger-than-life.

If you assholes want to insult or damage my reputation public-ally, grow a dick and write a full length book. Either that get some of your so-called “friends” together who think I am a fucking pariah and publish an anthology full of stories that berate me with the actual informative research done with that prolapsed rectum called createspace.com. But when you actually collect the bollocks to do this kind of book, do your actual research because I am really a person you really don't want crawling into your head and using it as my private playground. When you mutants say you joined Createspace.com to laugh at the place I have a working relationship with pretty much a majority of my career – aka my print home. It is quite similar to you walking into your neighbor's domicile dropping your drawers then defecating on their coffee table.

As they were my ex-publisher under a different name, and did a shitty job of the layout on my first collection. The back cover of the book was quite generic for a book as cool as what I did – so I re-designed it and repackaged the book cutting out the final entry of it. I did that because I actually thought it was too controversial and personal. It was one that got me recognized for doing creative nonfiction akin to what either Edgar Allan Poe or H.P. Lovecraft does with their respective short stories in horror. I am more than a self-published author – I proved I can hold my own with some of the best in the business and went the distance with some of them as I've sold to semi-professional and token paying marjets. These markets are where the mass market snobs turn their nose up at them – they are like what Danielle Steele writes about, the genre's version of “High Society.” Fuck you there too pal, I am underground to the core here – as my readers are from underground subcultures and tend to be the outcasts among the outcasts What I write and the subject matter I choose – takes a lot of balls and bravado to be elegantly spoken with the ghoulish brutality within a territory where the stances are similar to Rush Limbaugh or Anne Coulter.

When I write about my actual nightmares in the recent years, I actually included dialog in there as the previous incarnations were sort of like a narrative as they were right from a journal because I wrote those on a journal writing program I had in 2002. Then when I made them as a freebie read online, I had to write up all the raw HTML coding for it to appear right on the place – as a few of you entirely rely upon blog sites as your author sites. Some of you forgot what it is like to develop a website from scratch – as I prefer having an actual website but the host I work with is sort of wonky right now. The current incanations of the nightmares – well they have elements of my faith in God thrown in there, and those of you who subscribe to false doctrins or ideologies that are a bit off what I will say might piss you off. As that is the response when each of you, as you know who you are here obtained ill-gotten copies of a book I am still waiting on the cover art and the introduction for.

When those of you had slandered me by calling me a “fan fiction writer,” if I wrote fan fiction exclusively I would not be able to work with who I work with as they have the no fan fiction policy. As those of you who insulted the stipulations I made when it came to fan fiction based off my stories and the only place I will allow it, being my magazine. The only way I will allow it is if the writer stays true to the original vision I intended the story to be. Only attempt it if one actually took the time and read my catalog with the utmost respect, and not be this faceless cunt who calls herself “StinkyCat” or the loose woman known as ZombieDiva who portrayed my now teenage son the fag lover of my pseudonym. Don't be like the androgynous knucklehead who tried to attempt the idea of writing a real person slash story between me and my son, the knucklehead was my ex-roommate's former fuck buddy.

I nearly went looking for him and so I could toss the amoral faggot over the North Avenue Bridge. It was what that same faggot said to me in 2003 that had me making a radio appearance in Joliet on the local hard

music station's morning show – the prick libeled me a LGBT author with my five year memoir. It is assholes like that when God is laughing at their demise. They are restricted from doing the number titles being the other writers doing this are prohibited doing so. (IV, V, VII, etc...) being those are reserved for me when I decide to give a particular creation the sequel treatment. Being that some of my work in the catalog, I've actually given a sequel treatment and a sequel for me as I see right to do the. They are longer and more cinematic than the original story was or interweaves with other short stories I've done in the respective genres I've written in.

CONFESSIONAL is not a sequel to AN EYE IN SHADOWS, but there are parts of the book that show sketches of the period as when that book was written about. As this book I've wrote how the seeds of my career were planted, and some of you want to end my career as the argument that I never had a career as an author to begin with. Well my smashwords.com profile, documents my early career – the online career going back to when I was just 20 years old. The seeds came under the advice of a doctor of psychiatry in Evanston, Illinois, as I was prescribed Ritalin being I am learning disabled, as this book chronicles when I was first diagnosed and when I was an entry level separation. I am on record saying I wasn't discharged because I was fellating another in the barracks as I am not a shiftlifter. The same person who made this extremely libelous statement of me also made the accusations of me beating my special needs son when he was an infant or got aroused watching my younger sibling in the bathtub – as he was one of the whoresons from the libel group, SomethingAwful.com. He got mad because I did turnabout and suggested he got excited touching his daughters in their naughty bits – I was elaborately saying “FUCK YOU!”

A person impersonating me using the e-mail address nickolaus_pacione@rocketmail.com at the time was e-mailing him saying that his dead mixed raced son was a “mongrel.” While a few of you would make the accusations of me being a “racist.” If I was a racist, I wouldn't have six authors of color and have authors who are from the international backgrounds. As I was known as an internationally diverse imprint – as much as I don't allow homosexuality to be glorified in the pages of my publications the publications have contributors who are rather diverse from different walks of life. I am not apologizing for the disgusting jokes I make at the expense of the peanut gallery who make the accusations of me plagiarizing the horror stories released in the public domain.

I will admit that I had used an ethnic slur for a Latino with one response to an asshole calling me a plagiarist but I am far from being a racist, as my best friend from the old area is African-American.

The accusations of being a compulsive drunkard and spending my money on cheap beer is also debunked too as I rarely drink as I am a social drinker – but I hardly drink, and when I do I don't drink to get wasted. In CONFESSIONAL I explain why I am like this; and also talk about why I get pissed off when people go and call me “Nicky.” When males do this – I want to up and beat the shit out of them, when it comes to a female doing this I say degrading insults with a lot of rude words equating them to an adulteress. As I write this book, I am talking as my friends know me as – that being Nick though I go under my professional name for the main book but have the story as my pseudonym which is a ghoulish supernatural satirical horror story.

When I write the horror fiction or science fiction stories, I am my full name as it appears on my birth certificate aka my professional name or under my pseudonym. When I do the shorter creative nonfiction, I am known as the name that I haven't used since I was in boot camp for USN (as I was employed by Uncle Sam.) Then those of you who claim that I never left the small town of Morris, well this book will refute that claim – as some of you say I have no culture. Well I am extremely cultured as a doctor of internal medication said to me while at a doctor's appointment during the time I lived in Mason City, Iowa, said I have a cultured accent.

When my son was born, I wanted to bring him back to Chicago because I wanted to give him the thing I was blessed with – and that is a sense of refinement with an appreciation for the arts. (literature, the art of the written word, music, films, paintings, photography, and drawing) as I was raised to appreciate these things myself. As some of you had convinced the first woman I had a roll in the hay with that I actually lifted a hand to harm her, and edit my comments to make me less than intelligent. *(As she portrayed me as a fucking plagiarist and a woman abuser in the comments she altered of mine her blog. The embonpoint red-headed adulteress had originally been a huge advocate for my becoming an author. I was just known for my website at the time and my screen name being my first name only during that period. Now she wants to become an author but the only fame she has is being the first woman I fucked. You bastards taught her how to do character assassination and have no respect for someone's intellectual properties – it is bad practice to lift another author's signature short story for a titel for their own story. As some of you claimed I snagged John Carpenter's movie, The Ward, well the blackened creative nonfiction entry is something entirely different.)*

As you collective of whoresons and adulteresses say I need to be locked away under doctor's care, heavily medicated and decades of therapy. You know who you are who said this as with that comment, you assholes contributed to the fucking stigma that I already had to put up with, and it was a huge reason I walked away from the church in 1999. I am going to use that to have you hang yourself with those words so to speak – those words, are career suicide. The devotees you had reading your work after they see *The Ward* and the infamous comment as the opening quote, those devotees you have are going to abandon you. All your friends, considerv

them gone and nonexistent – not even God could save you from the hell of your own making with a comment like that.

A snarky remark like that, you deserve every disgusting rude word someone can write an entire book about. As a comment like that, you might as well bend over because you are going to get a shitload of anal like the strumpet you are. In other words, the insult of “whore” will be the most polite they will call you when they catch wind of what you said – you opened the yourself to a torch and pitchfork party and you're the guest of honor you self-righteous bitch. One reader of this story along with reading the blog entry where I made your hatemail public, the comment like that towards me –this reader actually calls you evil my closing author on the first namesake wanted your blood for a comment like that. Every snarky cunt who smeared me. Yeah I am talking to them here too as they screencapped only the small town newspapers who had covered me. They had completely ignored the one who did the actual research of me though they got my actual writing period wrong, you fucking smeared them calling what they wrote about me – a “fluff” piece. In other words, you called them having a slow news day

Then some of you sub-human whoresons who started the fued with me when you stuck you nose into a fued that didn't concern you – that fued was just between me and Poppy Z. Brite. And I am sending the message home to the fucks behind HorrorWorld.org here, I can't be ignored forever and refuse to be denied my proper due – as I should be spoken to with a little bit of respect and decency as I am an online pioneer. The snide remake of you can go pull a rabbit out of your ass still holds true today, as the people involved who made mockery of the first anthology I actually closed the book out. Within my eyes, you are considered a failed abortion when nearest immediate blood relation copulate. Then pair that with an attitude towards someone who took a different path to become published, attitudes of the pharisaic pricks reeks like a snatch on a cadaver in the advanced stages of decay.

I can see you saying right now, “Did this lunatic just call me something worse than an asshole?”

Well to be polite here I can say two words and they are “**FUCK YOU!**”

As the reaction some of you got during a venom filled interview I took part in back in 2007, this response is going to have the same effect as you got ill-gotten copies of a book that isn't quite ready. Then fucking make the threats to having the thing pulled, I liken this to what Marilyn Manson had to put up with or Slayer when they released the song “Jihad.” The response to CONFESSIOAL, as some of you called it “libel,” acted like I actually committed Jihad on the industry. As in I invoked a Holy War with the things I had said of the parties guilty of slander and bullying, then ostracizing someone because they have a CONTROVERSIAL stance and fight for what they believe in. All I did was I gave people who have been in special education classes and were also treated like a pariah a voice. I use writing horror as my mouthpiece show the ghastly nightmares from the wrongs of society that the Liberal whoresons invoked. In turn, I attracted the fringe ends of the Conservatives within the subculture with the things I express as other Conservatives might see the crass treatment and bleak delivery a bit shocking. Reluctantly, I became a role model because I introduced a moral compass and an integrity into the genre – and in 2003, I took to this role as I joined FictionPress.com. What you bastards hate about me is I give the genre a guilty conscious, as this is sometimes a motivation for me because of the sacrilegious cracks I made in 2000 in a chatroom.

The ones who are old enough to live in a retirement community I am going to address here, as I am taught to respect my elders – but what I am going to say is going to really cut to the bone here. The things one had said, is like a 40 year old picking on a 16 year old on a social networking site. I.E. where the 40 year old made like a 17 year old boy and harassed the 16 year old to introduce themselves to a noose in the basement of their home. Saying that I am not more talented than the author I said I was more talented than, and saying that I have no talent or intelligence at all.

I am going to prove here that my subject matter is wider ranged and my intelligence is in full display here – and will face social stigmas like Christ had faced the depths of Hades. I was broader ranged as a horror author as it is as I am a broader ranged author than a lot my much older counterparts in the industry. All the while my professional rival, Poppy Z. Brite, got away from writing horror then publicly retired as a writer period. When she wrote *Liquor*, as I crossed over to Science Fiction in 2004, but horror is where I am always going to come home to being I do switch off between the two seamlessly and 2005 I started merging the two. In 2002 I was merging creative nonfiction with Gothic Horror, but there wasn't a coin for this – so in the recent years I coined this sub-genre Blackened Creative Nonfiction.

In CONFESSIOAL, I explain this in greater detail.

It is an umbrella sub-genre for Creative Nonfiction that bridges the fence between Creative Nonfiction and Extreme Gothic Horror. Being it has dismal mental imagery, harsh language, disturbing descriptions, and ghoulish atmospherics like Gothic Horror, Descriptive Horror, and Atmospheric Horror, except the difference between the the two is that this would be true. The kind of shit that would be frightening over some punishing doom metal. This sub-genre is of creative nonfiction's origin is unknown but I coined the term as I coined the sub-genres Gothic Literary Fiction (*this is literary fiction with Gothic Horror traits where the Gothic Horror*

aspect is not the forefront of the story,)

Storm Menace (*Weird Menace sub-genre spin off that uses the carnage of natural disasters,*) Storm Horror (*horror fiction that uses natural disasters to create the dark atmosphere s it will also carry traits of Supernatural Horror and Gothic Horror. As I became known as the author who can harness a storm in a horror story – this kind of horror, it is unique to The Midwest. As this will have origins from Tornado Alley or Florida as it plays off the black humor both areas have about their natural disasters for their regions. When I hear my relatives making grim jokes about hurricanes I am going you “sick [insert the rude word that follows this.....]”*.)

Extreme Gothic Horror (*this one is self-explanatory blending Gothic Horror with traits of hardcore horror, sometimes the traits of body horror. It is a coin that was adapted from Extreme Gothic Metal as metal-archives.com had coined Cradle of Filth. It is what I describe my core style of horror as I am rooted in hardcore horror. This is a sub-genre the sick fuck behind The Human Centipede trilogy would thrive in doing.*)

Docuhorror Fiction (*this borrows traits from Reality TV Shows – the term that I used to describe the anthology first introducing me as The Blair Witch Project is the blueprint for this sub-genre it is an umbrella subgenre where the video camera is employed in the story as the unspoken narrator.*) Cross sub-genre horror (*as in it blends Gothic, Supernatural, Atmospheric, Psychological and Surreal Horror much as I did with my first novel. Or blending traits of a ghost story, vampire fiction and traits of a zombie story as I did with Evangelical Extreme Gothic Horror novella, The Midnight Diner. A dark study of professional rivalry taken to horrifying extremes – it came from something I became very good at, and that is becoming the competition was my cross sub-genre horror story as it is related to cross-genre fiction.*)

There is a reason I am called the youngest veteran author as I've been writing almost as long as some who are in their fifties and started writing when they turned 30. Horror is not a genre you can learn from the blank pages known as Stunk and Whites: Elements of Style. That book doesn't teach jack shit about writing the genre I love and recently became a historian in – horror is done by doing and watching others do it. In other words all you self-righteous pricks shoving that book down my throats with your comments that are not very well thought out or organized.

The broken record comments well they are getting on my nerves. I will be tempted to put your e-mail address on she-male hook-up sites being your future wife will be a fucking lady-boy. Enjoy your new wife as she has something longer than yours, queer-bait. Then you cowards who use fake names to leave comments and hide behind fake e-mail addresses or not having an actual face on the internet, as one bitch from Montana does this who lifted my anthology titles and one of my characters to insult me. She is a faceless whore who brags about being a professional author. Just a professional in name and an author in name, as she doesn't put her money where her mouth is and toss up actual freebies that don't fucking hijack my catalog.

If you read this and realize that the details I relate, well the bitch vehemently is on a crusade to tell people to “Avoid Lake Fossil Press and Nickolaus Pacione.” She is not the voice of the majority but a fucking minority. If you are reading this find a new hobby, you nasty \$1-a-fuck prostitute because that is no one will ever touch you, unless it is your Daddy when you were a teenager – fuck you. As I am an Edgar Allan Poe vein author, and if Poe was a third generation Italian-American born in the Midwest with a crass attitude – then you might end up with someone like me. Being that I am a minority.

I am self-educated when it came to horror it is a genre where I am changing my styles often and no story is alike. When I wrote my Christian testimony out as a full length book, I also brought on some educated arguments as well. Meaning I don't like replying in comments on my blog because I like to put a lot thought into what I am going to say – where it makes the person think about how they would respond to it. As a few of you with the broken record comments, come up with something new to say and stop calling me out of name -- (“Nicky” *it pisses me off and my number one pet peeve*) like your mother's pet names. As one of you is quite fond of formality, fond enough of formality that you want to have a roll in the hay with it – formality is too damn stuffy and makes me uncomfortable. I write on my standalone blog like I was talking good friends – meaning it includes the course joking and rude words, including the disgusting terminology I have for shirtlifters. I find the act of two people of the same gender (either male or female,) copulating or getting hot and heavy rather disgusting.

As two authors said the same thing to me at different times, “Remind me never to piss you off.”

Well you bastards – what you fucking done when getting and boast about receiving an ill-gotten copy of my book, as in it is a pirated book. I'm pissed. Consider this as a warning – if you get this book pulled, there will be a huge backlash upon the part of groups who are diagnosis with a mental illness or have an intellectual disability as you are attacking these groups with threatening to have the book pulled. Do not contact my immediate family via social network, give them harassing phone calls, or lift their business cards – as I will take this story to the press.

I will start a fucking media circus if that is what you ask for, as one author actually contacted Dr. Phil – saying I was too much of a coward to go on the show. Well I wanted to do something that will give a lot more

strength and weight to what I was going to say; CONFESIONAL, is that strength and potency for a thing like Dr. Phil. As I didn't want to go on ill-prepared like some of some journalists who offer to interview me are; when they approached me on my Tabloid Purposes yahoo group – that is the reason I am selective who I do an interview with. If I was going to do something like going on a show such as Dr. Phil, I would do my preparation as much as I hated to do my homework when I was in middle school and high school.

I didn't cause the scandal here but the things each of the guilty parties said of me as I recorded them down in the pages as they are my words before God and my hand is placed on the Good Book. You had put God on trial, now are you prepared to take the stand? In some ways CONFESIONAL is a cautionary tale like Media Darling, The Fandom Writer and its sequel. The cautionary part is to the people who mistreat those who have a mental health diagnosis or learning disability they would be in a hell of their own personal making. Much like the end of The Book of Revelation, not to add or take away any part of the book – CONFESIONAL is similar in that sense.

It is a dark book, but it is written with a lot of heart. For as rude humored, grim, caustic, candid, a times a little ghoulish, and containing a host of rude words it has a consciousness of there being the Messiah had been there for those who are royally fucked up and did things they thought they would never be forgiven for. I have a lot of balls for saying the things a lot of those in the masses wish they were able to say. It took a lot of balls to actually write CONFESIONAL the way I did though a few Christians within my circle would not approve of the hardcore use of rough language (aka rude words.) Then a few on both ends would picket the wry treatment of dark subject matter or ideologically sensitive material such as calling Obama a Socialist Whoreson.

It was done in a vein as Daniel Willow had the balls to do *In The Depths Of Sodom* in the 10th issue of my magazine. Well some of you say writers have a thick skin, and make the claims that I am really thin-skinned – with this, I uncovered how the factions addressed are the thin-skinned pussies here where I am just making them look at the reflection in the mirror as in truth they are the monster amongst man. I not only berate the industry but internalize the use of rude words at a religious leader on the pulpit. The ones where other Christians wish they were able to say “**FUCK YOU!**”

Did I piss you off here?

Has what I said sank into your thick fucking skulls?

Well if you were offended and felt like a dog with its tail between its legs then I made you realize you are a fucking monster who peed on every aspect of the entertainment industry with your collective act of intellectual piracy. As some of you sacrilegious jerks when you said you were going write a version of the Holy Bible under a pseudonym, you just peed on Calvary.

The asshole gossip bloggers who blatantly commit intellectual theft, I see them in the same light as I see someone who is a child-fucker. The ones who claim that don't support copyright infringement and have this book in your hands without my authorization, then there is hypocrisy floating afoot like a turd in a toilet that failed to be flushed. You sects within the fiction side of the industry (*as in Jim Jones complete with the poisoned punch drink or The Church of Scientology*) had treated me close to the way some animals are treated as they are experimented on or a pet to be gassed because the owner thought they had the pet past its prime. What some of you done, if others more famous who are diagnosed with a disability or are friends with people who are disabled seen what you whoresons say – it would be a perfect day for a hanging, and you are going to be on the receiving end of the gallows.

You bastards aligning yourselves with the first female I stuck my dick into and shot a load up in her snatch had made this personal. As you might go to her to get dirt on me – well all the information I wrote myself and beat you inbred pricks to the punch. A few of you might respond in a way like the ex-editor-in-chief at Gothic.net did when I used his photograph for a urinal cake. My combined career as an independent author and a publisher is not your personal toilet where each of you are taking turns verbally dropping your fecal matter on everything I've written, edited as an editor or published – making claims that I can't edit or write. You are the fucking morally bankrupt subhumans here – you inbred cunts peed on everything that I stand for, treating the traditional marriage as the mockery and portraying someone who doesn't subscribe to the Liberal propaganda as criminal. Calling people who have the courage to speak about the wrongs that the homosexual agenda done which poisoned society evil or misguided. I commend those people who have the courage to speak the truth about it and do support them as well as their cause – as they speak up that marriage is not defined by the state therefore defined by man, but defined by God. As I also speak up for people who have a mental illness who are ostracized by those who suggest they need to be pumped with a load of medications and locked away in a mental institution needing decades of therapy – I used those damning words against you. I will make a body of work where I will use those words against you wishing someone had crucified you in the process for saying it.

When I address the factions within the horror fiction community – aka the high school cliques whose minds are that of middle school student in an adult's body. Who the fuck died and made you God? The one who said, “*I am going to send a nice e-mail to your Mommy and see to it you are sent away,*” those words had damned you to a hell that you created yourself. You wanted fame, well the fame you are going to earn was reserved for plagiarist David Boyer as this is a double-edged sword – the fame you earned with those words as the one who

said I needed “to be locked away and need decades of therapy.”

The fame you both earned with those statements – suicide will be more welcoming as the torch and pitchfork party where the both of you are the guest of honour because those kind of comment. A cunt will be just be the nicest thing both of you are being called because the backlash of those kind of comments. Just made you both nothing short of something worst than a demon. Meaning if there is a more offensive word than a cunt it is going to be the new legal first name for the two of you, and the way I am wording it here – I am being polite. All of the libel you fucks collectively thrown at me over the past 10 years with some of you. It is like come one come all to the judgment ball because you are presenting your sticks and stones. Especially when I found out that you're a fucking cashier whose parents are also trolls too While what I present here – as much as I believe in God, I am bone, brain and cock then unafraid to show a vulgar display of power with what I say here.

I am waiting for you whoresons to do that anthology that smears me without lifting my titles or kidnapping my pseudonym. Portray me as getting punched in the fucking head, have me lined up before a firing squad, or you can use that picture that libelous faggot, DumpsterBaby, has on a blog he did which is a gross misconduct of intellectual piracy. The faggot stole a picture from me that was taken by the guys who organized the event that introduced me as a published author and publisher to my hometown area. *(No I am not talking about the area you assholes call my hometown or my adoptive public life hometown of Joliet, Illinois. As I am not born in Morris, Illinois, I was born around the Schamburg area, in Elk Grove Village, Illinois. But the area where I grew up as a preteenager into a few months after I turned 21, and in the county I grew up most of my life – Du Page County, Illinois. Though I had left the area for 15 years, that area to me I still call it home as that is where many of my friends are from.)*

As I am addressing that amoral fornicatress, Christine Morgan here – really you should think about who you libel and who had published you because you may never know they could be part of the Brotherhood that is my imprint. That little anthology “Fossil Lake” you deserve to be drawn and quartered for even thinking about an anthology that bastardized “Lake Fossil.” It might be your worst nightmare come true that your kids might be my fans or have a book of mine in the household.

Some of you might think I threatened or claimed that I threatened to show up at the front door of your domiciele and kidnap your kids here. I said something worst in your eyes – they could be a member of The Pacione Collective or fans of The Disciples of The Collective. It scares you that my confrontational attitude will rub off on them – or paint the picture like I said of S.E. Cox suggesting her offspring would end up inheriting her traits of being a bully. The subject who they bullied end up bringing a gun to school then decide they are going to play God with the bully; as in the withered whore would have to make funeral arrangements from the outcome having to bury the hollow-point riddled corpses of her offspring. Well when it came to bullies when I was a teenager, I would actually find great sport in beating inbred little whoresons like that up.

If you fuckstains actually sat down took the time and actually read An Eye In Shadows by getting the book the honest way, meaning you actually paid for it. You would understand that I actually punched a guy who made an unwanted pass at me. Well some of you claim to be the bad boy or have a bad boy image – I am the living breathing entity of what inspires a bad boy. I am not called the renegade for nothing, well Confessional is how I developed into my renegade reputation and coined a maverick. I was sick of the fucking Status Quo in the industry where every publisher wanted to publish a faggot, well I pissed people off b y saying no GLBT content period. A lot of people in the business wanted my ass in a sling for this, as they wanted to really crucify me over this – they wanted blood, otherwise burn an effigy of me over it. As much the way the faggots want the blood of Sarah Palin, being I amire the courage she has to speak exactly what she thinks being she is not afraid to throw down the hockey gloves.

What you tools pulled with this fucking stunt distributing my book before it is even ready – it is an invitation to a brawl. As some of you are detailed when it comes to faggots in heat, well I am detailed when it comes to writing a brawl such as what you assholes did by starting an online version of a bar fight. Calling a published author a plagiarist is just like calling an African-American the n-word. As I will reject a story that makes use of that word, and I will never say that word. Being as confrontational and controversial as I get as an author or when I publish, but when I see the n-word in a story – I will get pissed off and tell them that is where I draw the line. Blatantly using the n-word, is crossing that line for me because I do have African-American contributors on the roster. I wanted to publish African-American authors since year one because Chicago has Jet Magazine. That is like calling me every derogatory name for an Italian-American as Timothy Leider did when I addressed him as “every religion has their douche-bag, and with the Jews, Timothy Leider is theirs.”

He was pissed with that remark as he thought it was a slur to the Jewish. He responded like I actually called him Adolf Hilter. As you bastards threatening to have this book pulled when it gets published, you are worst than Adolf Hilter in that sense of the word – you might as well sent hundreds of thousands to death camps there. As Hilter not only horribly destroyed the Jews, but he killed the mentally ill as well. If you thought what I said of some of you was fucking libel – what I say here in this response to you assholes who committed intellectual infringement, in the book I was being well-mannered compared to what I say here.

In this response I've made a shitload of statements that would cause a shitstorm of controversy, where you say that Confessional was scandal inducing. The thing you fucking amoral tools said on your blogs, message boards, twitter tweets and flooding my facebook.com wall – talking down on me like I am a fucking child or less than intelligent. Hiding behind the mask of formality when you are really saying *“Fuck you and give up with the pursuit of a career as a author. You are better off working in a cubicle or a mail room – cut your fucking hair, shave off your goatee because you look like The Black Pope. and put on bright colored clothing, stop listening to that jungle crap called heavy metal. If you call yourself a Christian then dress like a Christian.”* You assholes actually are bearing false witness with the statements you say – my statements in the book, they were true and I stand by what I said. They will sting long after I am dead and gone where I shall belong to the ages there – but I live to be here as I have no plans on meeting thy maker anytime soon.

As it was stated that two have a reputation for slamming the door on careers of authors, don't let it hit you in the ass on the way out. You bastards who are threatening to have this book pulled from publication, you are the contemporary version of the Hilter Youth. As regimes like that crumble at the feet of Democracy – the way you bastards play the filthier than dirty politics within the industry, what I say here and you get pissed off treat the fucking industry like a Communist Country. If you get offended by what I say – this is the Stars and Stripes, either like this country or get the fuck out you fucking traitor as you peed on the First Amendment.

I don't threaten to go after the houses of your families when you faggots degrade me, and I will never call out a pet lawyer on you there *(as you assholes want to take me to internet court.)* The thing is with some of you – are too cowardly to settle it man-to-man, or not man enough to talk to me privately unless they would write 5 sentences talking down on me like I am a fucking “retard.” Especially, when they see something I said really touched a nerve. Nor will I impersonate one of my key influences to insult some – as a certain person on their blog did when they impersonated H.P. Lovecraft. Portraying him doing a mock interview with me – well I hate to say this but you have a son where his mother is the same one who brought you into the world there. Your son's mother – well she's also your mother too. *(If you whoresons haven't figured that one out, I implied that you just fucked your mother and she birthed a fuck-baby – motherfucker. I elaborately called you a motherfucker without actually saying motherfucker.)*

Go clone yourselves so you can go fuck yourselves. I implied another taboo there, human cloning. What would scare you bastards will be what if I was actually a twin and that twin is equally caustic as I am? Also making the crass jokes and abrasive insults – where they borderline offensive and disgusting.

As the first woman I fucked said when I made this joke, “oh shit there is two of you.”

Now some of you bastards who are my age and hate my guts implying that I was a fucking plagiarist – would assume that I have naked pictures of your wife on my hard drive because she took them for me while we were in a seedy hotel room. No, I didn't stick my dick in your wife's smelly snatch. What I said is similar to what a friend of mine said on stage when her band got heckled, “What I didn't fuck your boyfriend.”

In other words, I didn't fuck your wife so I kindly ask you bastards to stop treating me like I got your wife pregnant. Especially the asshole whoreson who has a fascination and an obsession with chocolate milk where he tells me, “Shut up and drink your chocolate milk.”

Sorry, I am 37 years old – an adult, I prefer caffeine or an adult beverage.

So whoever said that shut up and drink your own pee from a 16 oz pint.

I am not talking like a teenager with the way I insult the group who did the online version of walking into a picture palace without paying the admission for a ticket to legally watch the latest Hollywood release. What if that movie was something a friend of yours actually wrote and filmed? As in a few of you might actually have friends who work in sectors of the Entertainment industry. Well, walking into that movie either being his friend or not without paying for the ticket to get in then running your smart phone on video mode capturing the latest Hollywood release he wrote – you were stealing food from his dinner table or the money for his light bill. If you were willing to do something like that, you were never considered a friend because friends will actually spend the money and honestly pay for the admission. Or if your friend is in a heavy metal band, paying the cover charge at the door to get into the nightclub.

Walking into that picture palace and making a pirated copy from your smart phone, you peed on his creation by committing an act of copyright infringement. Piracy hurts the entertainment industry as a whole – and I am talking about everyone in the film industry, the music industry, and the publishing industry. It hurts the independent artist even more because that is either food on their table or next month's rent – as a lot of independent artists, they have to hold down a second job to pay the bills. Well my second job is I edit books, format and do the typesetting for other writers as long they are willing to work with the place I work with to release my catalog in print. I charge by the job a flat rate – as it is something that works within their budget, the programs I use to design a book. Employing the use of a place like createspace.com is not going to work with my system of segmenting the worm.

I call my publishing method the worm method, as I do the body of the book first and it starts at page one. Then I have separate document files for the table of contents, as I take the TOC template modeled from a

storybook template from Alt antis Ocean Mind, I will edit submissions in MS Word 7.0, and then I do the actual magic in Open Office (this is where the fun happens.) If I want to do what I did with The Condensed Volumes, I use Atlantis Ocean Mind to start at a certain page number That being after when I do the page counts in Open Office then I had the numberless pages for each section and gave them their own table of contents.

So I refute the bastards who say, "I can't edit."

Or the prick who said, "I've seen other titles published with the place you work with look better than yours."

The thing with others who work with the place is they don't know how to do the intricate aspect that I do – where I pay attention to detail. Then I am going to refute the cuntwhores who say I use stock cover art that I manipulated, the covers – well a majority of them actually came from my camera.

As a few people know, I am a photographer and a good number of my author photos. (*Two pictures were shot by a first cousin and a bloodline cousin. Then four are actually shot by friends in the industrial scene.*) I actually shot them myself using the self-timer, I don't fuck around with a web camera or a camera on a cellphone (right now I don't really have a good camera to play with for the time being. As I use Lake Fossil Press as a vehicle to showcase my talents as a photographer; I was doing this since I was 16 years old. Every aspect of what I do – write, illustrate, and do the photography – I've illustrated since I was eight years old but it is the lesser known thing I do as I very seldom publish my illustrations because they are something I've done sitting at a diner or in a computer lab. The illustration that might be my most well known – is the KKK hanging from a tree as that was passed around in chat rooms. It was drawn entirely in blue ink without any guide marks or skeletons that are used with drawing in pencil when one is trying to draw people. My main medium as an illustrator is pencil, as I ask people submitting artwork for the magazine to send pencil drawn artwork because it will look like the way it does when they originally did it.

So those of you who are saying I have no creativity – I am more creative than a lot of you think. The reason I went independent for my vehicle is because I wanted to showcase my triple-threat talents. As you bastards mock me, I am laughing at you assholes because none of you pricks actually have the patience to do it yourselves and take your career into your own hands – then as some of you enter self-publishing. Some of your titles now after you were making fun of me for doing this a majority of my career, you're now a fucking hypocrite. I didn't plunk down a one thousand or a half a thousand to publish a title as one of you did. History will back me up on this; then made the entire piece of shit available for a free download because nobody will read the fucking thing. Everyone in the business take their turns peeing on the vanity press.

Well I became the vehicle for writers who got their start self-publishing their titles employing websites that are book publishing services – I was their foot in the door within the small press. Those places that the writer has to plunk down their hard earned money to publish their book like to make a profit off writers. What I work with – they get a small commission and I really don't mind that they take it because what they are doing for writers.

I compare what CDBaby.com does for heavy metal bands, Goth Rock acts, or hard music performers – it cuts out the middle man. What I want is what other authors sacrifice when they want to get published and I have, that's full creative control over what I release. It is a trait that a lot of heavy metal bands who go as independent artists do or they were independent of a record label all along as they have their own studio and the means to do it themselves and better than a record label. As they might not have the mainstream funding, so they work with kickstarter.com to obtain the funding and the sponsorship to do the release.

As one of you said making brown bubbles on my imprint's apex, you "pity" my contributors and saying shit like "the prose." Fuck you and kiss my ass because the project is a labor of love on my part. Every title has a personal touch, and if you bastards use what I've done as your personal toilet. Then say adding insult to injury I am not a fucking publisher or a writer.

One of you obsessive slanderous pricks have been suggesting I telepathically steal ideas, implying I plagiarized stories from the author of Nightshift. YOU CAN GET FUCKED FOR A REMARK LIKE THAT YOU LIBELOUS CUNT. ***Do you realize how much you sound like a fucking imbecile when suggesting something as that idea?***

Then you are in a controversy with me you are not going to win. You bastards started this fight by making it personal, well I am going to finish it. I will then put the last nail in the coffin of anyone who contributed to the stigma someone with a mental illness already has. There is a special place in the nether region for people who contribute to bullying people who have mental health problems. When it comes to assholes like-minded with the mentality to add to that where the scars had been reopened as it is. They truly belong in the same category as a child molester. You assholes, are fucking done in this business. I am not going to the pet lawyers with this but the court of public opinion as I was a subject of this my who career as they placed me upon the stand. The pet lawyers and threaten lawsuits because I had my feelings hurt, not my style.

I will not back down when it comes to intellectual property theft; as when my anthology was pirated a day before it came out – I decided to become a copyright activist. I am not a fucking militant though about it as some of you are Militant Feminazis when you call me a fucking misogynist.

The only thing I am guilty of is I am a very caustic grouch as a few in the industry gave this grouchy vulgar sarcasm a name – a barbed wire mouth, a grumpy Conservative. It is public record I am ill-tempered, and AN EYE IN SHADOWS actually writes in detail about this temper. I offend people equally as being I might be a Christian, but I find a picture of Christ giving an obscene gesture amusing. So some of you who read the ill-gotten versions Confessional and are a sect within the horror industry call the book a wall of libel, no I am not besmirching the industry as a whole. As I met a lot of cool people in the business and worked with them, and speak highly of them because they kept the business honest and are beacons of integrity. I am reproofing the industry's variation of the high school cliques for their blatant glorification of vast perversion and peeing on something representing virtue and integrity. As when I wrote AN EYE IN SHADOWS in 2007, I exposed these types and equated them to the cliques who belittled people who are the result of the special education system in the public schools – being coined my version of THE CHOCOLATE WAR, where I do see the similarities as that author is one of my early influences and did quote him in the book. The difference between my book and Robert's novel is this and if you actually sat down reading both books back to back.

THE CHOCOLATE WAR is a work of fiction and set in a private school environment, where my five year memoir is the public school spiritual cousin of that book and it is entirely true with speculative parts. The speculative traits I was playing a role of one of the bizarro writers with some surreal metaphors such as a fish bowl environment and people without faces. As original an author I am – I can also take on traits of my contemporaries in the genres of horror, science fiction and the site bizarrocentral.com; then do it in a way where it is all me. Referring to the latter will have phantasmagorical mental imagery which had been revisited within the recent shorter works I've done within the 2010s. Of these are such as the first entry I came live with Codexed.com and again the cinematic Gothic Meta-Fictional Horror story in the second namesake anthology. The only way the story like that will make sense is on has to have read both the first collection and the memoir so it would not appear confusing to them. If my work was garbage, then a cast of talented illustrators wouldn't had been able to give them personality over the years – for an artist to capture the cinematic broad-scope I've done with a particular short story, then they are my creative equal.

CONFESSIONAL talks about my transition from the high school nerd to the horror fiction version of Ozzy I've known as today. As I wasn't comfortable expressing the side of me that became rather ghoulish, at first, especially when I wrote my first ever horror story when I was 14. The fucks like you doing this childish bullshit, such as pirating my book and threatening to have it pulled when it gets published – you fucks are adults in your thirties and forties, take what I dish out like a man.

The bastards who are accusing me of being the things mentioned above, you have a pink sock because you were someone's prison bitch. The way you bastards responded to CONFESSIONAL as you got harshly berated – you acted like you just got ruined.

In truth, you bastards violated me professionally and personally – when you threaten to e-mail my family because something I said that was disparaging, you lost the right to be called an adult. Confessional separates the men from the boys – as I came to the faith as I was just becoming an adult, so I use a lot of adult language and has adult situations. I was writing for mature young adult and adults – the 17-34 demographic as this is my readership when I was 20. I still get this crowd these days but my readership actually got a much older demographic. A few of you who got the ill-gotten copies say you “ended” my career years ago – how did you end my career you little bitch? FUCK YOU, you didn't end shit you uneducated white trash little fuck who claims you teach in a university calling themselves “saten.” (Does that alias ring a bell? Hailsaten at blogspot?) When I was addressing in An Eye In Shadows that “Saten has no dominion here” – yes I was talking about your sorry ass, and kiss your career goodbye.

Repeatedly saying that you are going to sic your pet lawyers on me – saying it is going to be fun shutting everything down I care about. Silencing my digital footprint trying to gag a mouthpiece that refused to be gagged.

You are repeatedly saying “Fuck you,” and saying my anthologies are not where I say they are when I know that is a fucking lie – you asshole are a liar and thief, as I wrote in Confessional, the things you call are libel. No – I used the truth to besmirch you, and the past of bullying the independent artists is coming back to haunt you as this book is that mirror and the reflection that shows you, is the monster the world doesn't want to see.

No, fuck you, and while you are at it, go produce another bastard with your female parent.

The ones who are suggesting I need to be locked away and need decades of therapy; your careers have a noose around their filthy little necks as I am making their funeral arrangements. Karen H. Koehler, I've ended your career as your original name because of the controversy that you caused and could not handle the backlash – and if you get this book pulled, you're done one more time you false God whoreshipping bitch. Those multiple Gods you pray to – they are not going to save you from the damnation of your own making, as you unleashed a righteous anger with vulgar magnitudes. You assholes are looking for a war well you bastards invoked a Jihad with your actions and accusations, as I was originally known as The Illinois Bastard Son – you assholes like to call me a bastard. As some of you would call The Virgin Birth that – as you would say that of The Nazarene.

That asshole who said I should give up as an author and take up knitting, I haven't even begun to hammer into him yet here. The knob jockey from across the pond here as he called me a "heavy metal groupie" – go masturbate to naked pictures of that American Idol faggot, Gay Akin. Murder is too good for him, humiliating him is so much more fun – as I am also going to berate the two engaged in a "Boston Marriage" who called themselves a "heavy metal band."

A song like "Feminist Boy" if played around a group of Conservatives who have long hair and wear biker jackets, we're going to suggest that you were a failed abortion when nearest blood relations copulate. I use the term "heavy metal band" loosely here when I about a pair of pooves like that. As much as Anne Coulter can't say say "faggot" because she would be talking about the fornicator, John Edwards, who produced a By-low with a mistress as his wife dies of cancer. He's a fucking high profile scumbag who happens to be a politician just as fucked up as our past jailbird Governors in Illinois (Republican and DemoKKKrat alike here.) I took that crack one step further by calling him a fornicator.

You little cunts who copulated punk rock with grunge and glam – you are just like Fred Durst with Limp Bizkit, a fucking punchline aka a mallcore pussy. Something worst than being called a poser (you know I am from the heavy metal community when I know what that word means.) Calling me out of name in my private e-mail, that is not very bright – slow-minded if you will; you whoresons are nothing but counterfeits.

The one who suggested I take up knitting along with that brummie feminist whore who runs The Horrifying Blog – telling me to "Get a job" along with Karen H. Koehler who runs with a plagiarist cuntbag like Lewis Unknown. The thieving little cunt likes to rape my titles and steal my characters along with my concepts – as he is a spineless little bitch who can't come up with an original idea or a cinematic concept. He goes and bit-torrents child pornography. As you spineless cowards known as a failed abortion who gone out of your fucking way to harass publishers who have the courage to publish me and speak up about how they are keeping me. They have a lot of heart and look out for the little guy – I treat those publishers like a brother in arms there, like blood brothers.

It is like one editor said, "As it comes to my more controversial contributors. No editor is going to turn away an author based upon their reputation."

When he wrote that line, he was talking about me. As there were those among the watchdogs who called me a fucking homophobic asshole when I just have viewpoints that are not democratic with the Status Qua wanted the publisher to reissue the anthology, cutting out my story at the end. I am published but you fucks want to see me become unpublished again for the rest of my days when one coward says it, "I just made you a nobody again." I am published and been published respectively – as a fuck who hides behind a dark ages knight with a mullet claims I am not a writer, when he is not a human being.

As for that by-low prick who said that publisher wanted nothing to do with me, they are more than wrong. When they did their recent incarnation I wouldn't be a good fit because I would be too controversial, and piss off her contributors who subscribe to the things I speak the truth about, as it is a death trap and a dead end. As that publisher in their run from 2006-2009 when they were working with the place I worked with, billed me as Controversial. It wasn't just my title that went out of print but the titles that had the over 300 page counts as well. So claiming it was just me there – that is a misconception as I've worked with alumni from that publisher on my projects and magazine. Just because some Brummie whore from the UK with a MySpace.com entry that caused a scandal that I am just now recovering from as it crucified my credibility. That scandal nearly ended my publishing career for good, as you fucks who are calling me a thief and a con man, as well as the "snake-oil salesman" remark. Those three things had opened old scars from that Brummie whore did as her new career is a telephone version of a prostitute, getting paid to have men masturbate while she talks dirty to them.

As one said, "With you having no submissions, you have no choice."

Because of what that shriveled bitch did, I had to change my methods and vehicle of getting submissions – going old school how I got my manuscripts out there, what you assholes called insulting was how I got my name out there in the beginning. Something that is closely associated with me as it was part of why I am coined one of the pioneers – manuscript trading is unique to me. Those of you who urinate upon this practice, you really are living under a rock or say that keeping an actual website that uses raw HTML and a guestbook – saying its so 1997 and dated when everyone and their mother uses a blog as their website. Fuck you because I am calling that going old school. This is something I am going to have to do to get the word out about my submission calls as you high-and-mighty whoresons go out of your way and call my publishing outfit a fraud a scam – I find that an insult to everyone who employs a publishing moniker to be an independent author. As I got my early following entirely the way Metallica got theirs in the 1980s – word of mouth and being in chatrooms. If they had HTML based chatrooms now, I would return to them as they were my roots.

Manuscript trading I compare it to the tape trade in the underground heavy metal scene of the 1980s and the CD-R trade of the 1990s-2000s – its our version of the demo tape trade. But what you assholes did by gaining an ill-gotten copy of Confessional, it is like what people did with Napster in 2001-2002 where they got ill-gotten copies of Metallica's I Disappear. After my five year memoir got pirated, I saw where they came from – and

why they are protective of their catalog, as I am protective of mine and publish in a way where I retained my original copyrights.

Like what I do when I publish anthologies and the magazine. I am upfront with the contributors as they keep their original copyrights. When they send it to another publication they must inform the publication it is originally published. It had been that way since year one. You bastards say I am taking advantage of authors with that kind of policy, no, that is a smart business move – it also challenges the mainstream aspects of the industry, as I brought the punk rock DIY aspects to the table and a blue collar work ethic. Such as calling myself a foreman instead of an editor, as the contributors are my work crews – I take to designing a book or anthology like Orange County Choppers take to designing a chopper.

Meaning you assholes are blackballing me to the point that you want to strangle me out of the business – as what one bitch who made the libelous claim that I had made the threat I was going to kidnap her offspring had said, aka a Media Black-out. That same bitch is the one I said just because she fucks and sucks the moderator and didn't get her way with having me pulled from a publishing roster, taking her anger out on the first project that was my endeavor as an editor. I hate to say it, she overstepped her bounds with doing that – and when I called her on it, she had my deadjournal home pulled. The one who mentored me warned me about her true nature – as she is a demon on the inside who hides behind the mask of being the Christian woman.

I don't write horror to fucking appeal to a focused audience, as in I don't submit to particular markets that jump on a bandwagon – I hate trends, trends kill the genre. As one author out there in the genre loathes to be called a horror author, being she is a paleontologist by trade. I really don't mind being called a horror author as that is my roots – but I refuse to be pigeonholed as one as I have been a crossover for nine years within Science Fiction. Writing science fiction, for me doing it – I still consider it a parlor trick. As I wrote my first story in a half-joking debate with one of the writers who planted the seed for my fist anthology, being he also wrote Science Fiction and horror. Horror for him is a parlor trick and does the genre quite well for as small of a catalog he has for horror fiction. I did the first science fiction story to show him I also had the chops to write it – it is a little known thing, I am rooted in horror and science fiction equally. I have my horror influences then I have a different set of authors as my science fiction influences, then when I do the dark memoir tinged creative nonfiction. The horror influences creep in as that will be my own distinct voice. Not only I can echo these influences, but I can take the traits of contemporaries. Giving it a trait that would have their respective audiences turning heads saying, “He's a horror writer, but he can actually do this? Holy shit – this guy is really fucking cool as he can do things that are original.”

In other words when you amoral and immoral pricks call me a fucking fan fiction writer in front of a potential magazine interested in publishing of mine or a publisher who almost published me. You, in turn, just fucked me over.

You pretty much did what the double-chinned pretentious fuckhead, formerly known as an editor-in-chief, had done when he insulted my return to writing *The Cthulhu Mythos*. The things he did gave an editor-in-chief a bad name. I strengthened my resolve to have the whorson canned from his cushy job as an editor for his his repeatedly bullying and mobster like demeanor as he would send his goons to harass me. The sole reason my first collection got the shit reviews on Amazon.com lay entirely upon that washed-up whorson's head. So some of you wonder why I used the best photo he had as my urinal cake, that would be the reason why.

I still have a sense of humor about peeing on his photograph and uploaded the photo of the aftermath. Some readers will not let me live it down because that really showed the cults within the industry I am the true bad boy – I am the breathing embodiment of the bad boy. In other words, don't fuck with me because when I really want to fuck with you. I get hardcore with it as I will treat you bastards like the groupies who do hero worship to the pricks who shot up Columbine High School in 1999 – I was one of the subjects of a fucking witch-hunt over that as the media blamed one of my correspondents and supporters like he was a criminal.

The motherfucker who fancied himself as a journalist had committed an act of intellectual piracy to vilify him trying to associate him with the pricks who did that horrific act. I hold no quarter to those types – as that is the only time where I really become a troll is when I see message boards who treat those pussies like heroes. As I do like to make my friends blush by retelling one of their blue humored jokes implying the joke is a little dirtier than when told it, you would hate to see what I do with enemies as much as I was taught to love my enemies. I have no problem making them squirm a little bit with some of the rude and darkly implied insults I throw at them combined. It is not like I actually called you a prolapsed rectum, but the one who called me a little fuck and said I wanted to play hardball. I played hardball my whole career; especially with the collective rejects who are itching to blackball me because what I say really irks them and burns their ass – much like what I've written in the pages of CONFESSIO as you egomaniacs don't realize the book is not entirely about you.

As I also speak highly of my good friends outside the industry and of the cool people in the industry I came in contact with as they know who they are here – as I have written about my family but not addressing them by name and the step-relatives by their first name only. While some of the things I've written about in the book of some of the ways they had disciplined me are a little unorthodox – I would not restrict my kid to three channels

if the did something really vicious. I do give my mother a lot of credit for that one to this day because it is creative, I mentioned that one to one of my readers – she said, “No wonder you have a very disciplined approach.”

As mean as I get with the factions, I do have a blunt reflection on the unusual and creative punishments my parental figures had when I did something that was grossly disparaging or did something in school that caused a real outrage. I started drawing more as I used to spend a lot of time in detention and actually been a part of The Breakfast Club as my mother joked. When I had to go to a Saturday School Detention four times in high school – the first two times when I was a freshmen and two times as a senior in high school, both times because I got into a really brutal fist fight. As I had actually jumped up with a free leg balancing on a hand and kicked him in the face when he had my other leg when I tried to spin kick him. I actually learned how to do this from reading a martial arts magazine – reading actually taught me how to fight. The senior year one, the first day of when school started I got into a fight with the asshole who made unwanted passes at me – this asshole is when I made my first really black humored insult about peeing on his father's headstone. When I was fourteen they actually used reverse psychology and when I was 15, I had to earn the time to watch television by reading books then doing a book report on it. I do rib on one of the step-cousins for his indecent exposure as he is now in his late 20s and would laugh a little bit about the ribbing as he listens to Lamb of God/Burn The Priest.

You want to know what I am like when I really want to be cold and calculating, look up Steve Corbiel or Anthony Cozzi as I actually cold-cocked both these bastards in the head because they were making unwanted passes at me. One got a right jab in the jaw as he was a glass jaw and the other got a right hook. When I got into fights, they were either a martial arts scraps or ended up doing something the Marquis of Queensbury pioneered (I would fight them similar to Iron Mike Tyson.) As I joke of my first novel – it is a Gothic Novel as it would be written by the Marquis of Queensbury. Being I had the aspirations of taking up amateur boxing in my 20s, being in basic training a shipmate taught me how to box. Instead of pounding someone, as I am older – I use traits of an investigative journalist to fight back. I actually employ actual journalism and research to take down a rival now being I use my– as some of the insults might be brutal, black humored laced with terms that are not exactly politically correct, and crass, but combine that with someone educated and intelligent the combination especially with my viewpoint.

Some might be a crybaby and scream the terms “racist,” “homophobic,” “Trans phobic,” “plagiarist,” “con man,” “mentally retarded fraudster,” “snake-oil salesman,” “Right-Wing Nut Job,” “misogynist,” “Tyrannical,” “Evil Empire Supporter” (*Rage Against The Machine's slur for Conservatives*) “Interloper,” “bigot,” “psycho,” “lunatic,” “Right-Wing Extremist,” “Revolutionary,” “asshole,” “Redneck Prick,” “Hate-Monger,” “Religious Whack Job,” “Bible Basher,” and let's throw “retard” in there. As some of you see these words – *do they sound like you saying them?* All you prolapsed rectums are doing the very things you only accuse me of and peeing on my wishes to keep things I say off-the-record in private and make the public, I am referring to the oldster here who zeroed in on me because he learned I insulted that it of a bitch formerly known as Poppy Z. Brite.

I do respect my elders so I am keeping my use rude words a little tamer toward this one. Well he does slam doors on the careers of authors, especially if they are different with their ideological viewpoints. I don't post my rival's phone numbers one number at a time on my blogs nor do I post their physical address as someone once did to me in a chatroom when I was 21, and got my first obscene phone call because I did a chat room prank called handle sharing. It is when you loan a friend one of your other aliases and you both heckle the prick with a similar sense of humor. All these tricks the trolls do these days, I know all of them because I actually did a few of them – I with the help of a reader turned a client's website into a disgustingly preachy Christian website as a prank because she turned around and stabbed me in the back. I remembered how she had given me her password to install a code into her website – being that she was a neopagan, turning her website into a preachy kind of site similar to what “JumpsHigh” would have. She wanted to stick me in a box and bury me alive for that one.

As in CONFESSIOAL I address her by her given name – being I actually called her by her given name when I told her more or less to shut her fucking mouth. One of my roster guys actually told me she has a reputation for being a bitch and one of my confidants said she's lawyer happy along with being full of herself – when a former friend found out I insulted her quite hard, he said that anything with my name attached I might as well go fuck myself. In her eyes, I am pretty much a threat to her worldview on society. On The Other Dark Place it was her who threatened to have AN EYE IN SHADOWS pulled, as it was my birthday on 2004 a little more than a year when the gender traitor said, “I really doubt you are a writer to begin with.”

My 28th birthday, her nightmare of my becoming a published author came true – as I fucking hated her as a writer since I was 20, when I was 26, I hated her as a person meaning I could care less if she is Plastic Surgery Born. That is politely saying of the argument of someone born in the wrong body. I actually use scientific explanations and medical encyclopedias to debunk a transsexual because one of my friends from the site melodramatic.com and am not mentioning his name was tricked by one. My argument against it is God cannot change the gender one had been created with, and a plastic surgeon is not God. One might appear the gender

they've been reassigned but if you do a medical ex-ray, their bone structure gives them away of what they really are. The Plastic Surgery Born – that is someone who says they were born in the wrong body and were Frankensteined by man who uses medicine to go against God's plan. Those of you who use the insult of calling me a bigot and subscribe to intellectual property theft, the corruption of youth, Leftist Utopias, copyright infringement, intellectual piracy, and every fucking amoral act of shit you would do for your sick amusement. The idea of a world filled with virtue and traditional family values really leave you unnerved as I use the same terms the Leftist propaganda machine force fed and brainwashed into secular media. The world I represent and my viewpoints I speak strongly for, as your nightmare being everywhere you walk.

Everyone is carrying a high-powered rifle or a handgun, where Dave Mustaine actually did become President of the United States. Fuck, he's got my vote if he does run for office because I think he would make a damn good leader of the free world with Blitz as his Vice President as they are both equally as critical of the Socialist Whoreson who is in the White House – a friend to terrorists and sodomites alike. The Great Compromising Socialist Prick as I like to call him because he fucking compromises too much as he compromised his Christian beliefs in favor for marriage blasphemy as he tries too hard to please everybody. This thought will scare you bastards even more, what if I was to run for the most powerful seat in the free world? Gay Marriage and civil union will be null and void, as they are fucking blasphemies defined by man – as this trait I do share with O.S. Card, but we have a difference of a viewpoint on a lot of things but the issue of the bullshit known as marriage equality, that is where we agree. It's morally wrong, and you assholes who are calling me homophobic because of this and make pathetic attempts to blackball me for having this stance, look it up in the CEV version. As some would argue that I am invoking the hate-monger, I am really not there though when someone who speaks with a sincerity and a bit of hardcore rude wording – I am just driving the point home.

When factions of the industry want brainless Leftist rhetoric infused mind candy – those factions are the greed regime there and their idea of the horror genre is something akin to what that pussy Marquis De Sade would dream up. As someone like me emerges – the madness and descriptive elements of Edgar Allan Poe, the supernatural darkness of H.P. Lovecraft, blurring of nightmare and reality much like Wes Craven, the use of real places like RBM, the awareness of a Jealous God like Frank E. Peretti, the wry treatment of the macabre of Robert Bloch, a shock jock personality of Mancow Muller, the caustic anger of the Master of Puppets and AJFA era Metallica, then the politically ideological viewpoints of Anne Coulter, George W. Bush, The Great Communicator, Rush Limbaugh, Ted Nugent, and the cinematic delivery of Alice Cooper. That combination of things you have Michael Moore's worst fucking nightmare or someone who will truly scare the shit out of Leftist Extremist Cocksucker become flesh incarnate. As I am a living embodiment of a H.P. Lovecraft story – being I was coined the hybrid.

My practice of not infringing on someone's written content or stealing someone's artwork as R.J. Sevin did in 2007 when he lifted and doctored my photographs – he had a new asshole ripped into him for that as intellectual and visual piracy is unprofessional. Speaking as someone who was a high school jock, unsportsmanlike conduct on the parts of the people who got ill-gotten copies of a book anyone wrote. If you have a record of bullying someone online, then you also have a reputation for stealing someone's creative properties. Using intellectual piracy to bully someone, you might as well put your fucking name on a byline because that is the same as plagiarism. The way all of you respond to me and my blog, you treat the world wide web like I live in fucking North Korea – you all are from a Communist Country there. If you go and get my book pulled, you are a fucking Commie whore. You may as well put the symbol on the flag of the failed Soviet Union on your webpage or blog then call yourself a traitor to this country tis of thee.

The term that publication is a goddamned privilege to just the few in the business is dead like the government of the Soviet Union. That mindset you are reconstructing the Berlin Wall and turning the industry something akin to what used to be West Germany. This is the era of the Independent and I am leading the charge. In close of my educated argument, you pull this book you are basically pulling something that George Orwell had written with his novel 1984 – endorsing a regime where it is nothing but a fucking perversion passed off as the gospel truth. Where everything that was defined by man had become acceptable and those who speak from an authority that is not of this world, that of the One who came to this world to save it – not condemn it. As I am not condemning the industry as a whole here, but I like to play the role where I have the voice of reason. Think of me as the motherfucking conscious whispering in the ear with the industry when when they blackball someone who has an opposing viewpoint is wrong. Contributing to a thing where one already had been treated like a leper before in their life – they are opening old scars.

If those who got an ill-gotten copy of this and what I said here burned your virgin ears, then it sank in. Then if you are reading this and you have that ill-gotten copy then threatening to have it pulled then you are the equal to those from the failed Soviet Union or the struggling Communist country waging war on the free world all over again. Intellectual theft and piracy can sometimes be grounds for a Jihad. Consider what I wrote here as my warning as I am not going to repeat myself with this written statement – there are no apologies with what I wrote, and you bastards who are strong arming me into an apology for something I said and was in the right for

saying. Suggesting anything I wrote goes into a fire immediately after it gets published or saying you are going to buy a copy of a publication then demand them to give you my money back. I had read some of your whoreson's catalogs (*the same age bracket as me,*) and I am saying is give me back my \$15.00 for the price of the blank pages it cost to murder the trees to produce it. Still think I am slow? Still think I am a fucking imbecile now?

Some of you just realize when you come to the end of this is I just took you out with the trash without even taking a physical swing at you. As for the bastards who got ill-gotten copies of the five year memoir then having the balls to still call me pretender as an author. This address you too here being this happened before and with almost every title I published some vile cocksucker on a crusade to end my publishing career always tries this. As I wish I can play God with the pricks who say the shit they say about people with a learning disability, and shoot you assholes myself – but I would be going against what I was taught about killing someone. Whoever said they needed to find a nice cage in a zoo to stick me in, well those words seem to fit you better than me you fucking pharisaical shit. Now I am done pissing each of you vile pricks off, I am going back to outlining the further details on the two anthologies as one of them I was very vague in what I wanted in the delivery. The administer of agitation had spoken and you are entitled to my viewpoint, and that is the reason why I decided not to blow up the world.

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