

BY: Sean Anthony Riker

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"HELFE MICH ERFÜLLEN SCHICKSAL"
- FICTION -

Comes now, MR. WILDOER, A LEGEND IN HIS OWN MIND... OR IS THERE A LEGEND IN HIS MIND? LEARN HOW HE KILLED FOR YEARS AND GOT AWAY WITH IT. LEARN HOW HE LIVED OFF OF PETTY CRIME AND NEVER WANTED FOR ANYTHING. LEARN OF A LONELY MAN WHO WAS NEVER ALONE.

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:
TAYLER ANNE MORRISON, OF FORT COLLINS, COLO.,
BECAUSE IT'S FILLED WITH NEFARIOUS DEBAUCHERY,
CHILD MOLESTATION, CHILD ABUSE, PETTY THEFT,
COWARDLINESS, INSANITY, SATAN, LOW LIVES,
IDIOCY, PROSTITUTION, LEPROSY AND FEACES. SHE
IS THE EPITOME OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
AFOREMENTIONED.

THE LOVE, COMPASSION AND BEAUTY
IS FOR MY CHILDREN; THE DELINEATION
OF THESE DISTINGUISHING QUALITIES.

± LOVE YOU FOREVER...

WHENEVER
YOU
ARE
WITH ME,
THINGS
JUST SEEM
TO BE
CLEAR.

WITHOUT YOU
I
AM
CONFUSED...

TIME IS THE ECHO
WITHIN
A
WOOD.

EBELTÄTER NOW COMETH:

I dreamt that a Murderer
Contacted me.

He asked me, "Who would you
like me to kill?" I gave him

one address. It was where the

CUNT

lives. I woke up with a smile.

I know for a fact, Dreams Do

Come True...
III

My name is Friedrich Von Übeltäter. I am 54 years old. I am of course white. I had lived in San Bernardino, California since I was a child. My parents immigrated from Berlin, Germany in 1958 and we had lived there ever since. I will omit my parents from this story because they do not play a part, but I must say they were the best people I have ever known and they loved me with everything they had.

Having said that, after you read the following pages, you will wonder how I became such an "evil" person even though I was loved and nurtured. I personally do not consider myself "evil"

(1)

as much as we do a "Just Vigilante".
we're like Robin Hood with a twist:
instead of robbing from the rich and
giving to the poor, we rob officials'
lines and give them to the poor
Devil.

His name is actually Mephistopheles,
but that's a mouthful, so we just
call him "gott." He first spoke to me
when we was 27 years old. His voice was
booming and seemed to be everywhere,
but when we covered my ears we still
heard him. we knew right then and
there that he was in my head. we
did not know if we was insane or
he really existed.

(2)

at that particular time, he was right in the middle of a Terrible marriage. The best way he can describe my wife with one word would be "leprosy". She was literally an infectious disease that rotted the mind and body slowly. My wife was void of love and compassion. She used and abused me in every way. Physically and mentally. She was mean to me and degrading. She lied, cheated, spent all of my money as soon as he earned it and the day Gott spoke to me, she had given me an S.T.D. and blamed it on me. He knew she fucked other guys when he was at work:

There were signs like come stained sheets on our bed (we hadn't had sex for

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a few months), more underwear in my dirty-
laundry and her smelling like sex. I
hated her so bad. I do not believe
in God, but I prayed for her death
daily and then Gott answered me.

The first thing he said to
me was, "I can help you kill her."
I said, "guys like me do not
make it in prison." This was after I
ran around the house thinking I
was insane because I heard a voice
inside of my head. I almost ran
right through the 3rd story window in
sheer panic, but Gott calmed me by
talking in a soothing voice that was
leading to the point I felt sleepy.

Again he said, "we can help you kill her" and he told them about guys like me not making it in prison. I am five foot five inches, blond hair, blue eyes, skinny, yet toned, I am good-looking and the worst part, I am feminine, clut in a manly way. I didn't have limp wrists and speak with a limp though. I guess I can be described as a lover and not a fighter. My wife could probably have beat my ass.

Gott said, "you won't go to prison. I can promise you that."

I said, "Who are you?"

He said, "Legion."

I said, "How are you in my head?"

He said, "I'm a part of you."

he said, "A part of me. Like, theres two people inside of me?"

He said, "I am a part of your soul. You called me and we united".

he asked, "How can I kill her and get away with it?"

He told me to check the nightstand drawer.

I looked and there was a book in there. It was a color of red that I'd never seen before. It looked... alive. I picked it up. It was cold as ice and slippery.

he said, "It feels gross".

Jeff said, "Its the book of answers. Open it to the first page".

We did as he said to. It was in a scribbly language that I'd never seen before.

(6)

Right before my eyes the words morphed into another language and then another and another. I started to recognize some of the languages; Hebrew, Italian, French, Albanian, Chinese, German and then there was English where it stopped.

At the top of the page it said,
"How to Kill your Next Wife."

I said, "So what, just follow the instructions?"

I received no answers.

I said, "Gott? Are you there?"

My wife said, "Who are you talking to you faggot?"

I said, "You are deplorable."

She said, "Deplorable what? It's that one of your stupid words that doesn't mean anything?"

(7)

She stood before me with wavy
Red hair all tousled, and bright red
smeared lip-stick. Also, lipstick on
her teeth as she smiled at me like
a nefarious imp. Her teeth were
comparable to shark teeth. Like she
had rows and rows of the fuckers.

I looked down at her wheeled
chody. She was over-weight, out-of-
shape and she crammed her fat folds
into clothes 10 times too small for her.
Her clothes were so tight that she
couldn't bring her arms flush with
her sides. She looked like a clown
trying to make people laugh.

I said, "yeah, I just made up

⑧

The word 'deplorable', Just like we made up the word 'unkempt' yesterday.

She said, "als that sarcastum, because that's what it sounds like to me."

we said, "Sarcastum?"

She said, "Sarcastum?? Smart mouth? Get it? God you're so stupid."

we stared at her. She stared at me.

She said, "What's that book?"

we said, "It's a 'How to' book on killing you."

She laughed, "You? Kill me? With what? your pussy-made words?"

we said, "Anyway, how many guys did you fuck today?"

She said, "A thousand, mother fucker."

(9)

he said, "am going to go Read. I will be in the den if you want to grace my presence with your Repugnant self."

she said, "More of your boooooo shit. Hey, while you're in there why don't you fuck yourself, because I surely never will!"

he said, "yeah, I think I will pass on the gonorrhoea pussy. Thanks though."

she said, "Fuck you bitch. Funnuck You!"

he walked away with the book, with her at my back.

he said, "Gott? you there?"

No answer. he sat in the den and opened the book. Cinnamon wafted out from the pages. The book was now warm. he Read what he had to do:

(10)

"How to Kill your Cunt-Wife"

"Killing your cunt-wife will be easy. She does not have friends. She does not have family. She does not work and therefore does not have co-workers. The only people she knows are the dudes she fucks and they will not miss her. Your cunt-wife is the most perfect person to kill.

if theres no one to miss her, theres no one to report her absence. Even your neighbors do not know her or you. The closest one is 500 feet away. Relax. This one is a no-brainer. As time goes on, you will become a pro at killing..."

(11)

He paused reading the book. He said, "What do you mean he 'will become a pro at killing'?"

He was staring at the book waiting for an answer to appear. He listened intently for any sound of Gott in my head.

He thought maybe he was insane, but then he felt the warm book in my hands. If the book weren't there, he'd say he was insane, but there it is.

He turned the page:

STEP ONE

1. Go to Walmart and purchase a laptop computer and a pay-as-you-go phone with cash.
2. Keep your fucking head low and never look up at the cameras.
3. Go to the self-check-out lane and pay for your items.
4. Do not open the purchases until you are at home and wearing gloves.
5. Once at home open everything and change the batteries. Whenever you handle the laptop and phone, wear gloves. Do not forget. Just a precaution in case things go awry.

6. Activate the phone by calling the # provided in the instructions.

7. Once activated, take the phone and lap top to McDonalds. They provide free internet access and it's obtainable from the parking lot. Do not ever get out of your car.

8. Using the lap-top, log-on to the website "Craigslit" and search for a gun. A .22 Revolver. It has to be a Revolver.

9. Once you find the correct gun (keep looking until you do. Search every city if you have to) call the phone number provided, on the cell phone.

10. Depending on where the gun-owner is located, you tell him you are a ways away

and would appreciate it if she/he would meet you in a Walmart parking lot.

11. Agree to meet in a certain spot and park your car out of view.
12. When you see the person pull up, you walk to meet him/her.
13. Make minimal eye contact; wear a hat; pay with cash; walk away.
14. Go to another Walmart and purchase bullets with cash in the self-check-out lane.
15. Go home and wait for your current wife to go to sleep.
16. Empty out a 2 liter soda bottle and put the nozzle of the gun in the

(15)

Mouth of the bottle.

17. Use black electrical tape and fasten the bottle to the nozzle, you now have the most silent silencer that anyone could ever purchase.
18. Go upstairs and shoot one bullet into your cunt-wifes fat head.
19. You are now divorced.

STEP 2

1. There will be almost no blood and zero brain leakage (since she was brainless). Strip your cunt-ex-wifes clothes from her disgusting body.
2. Wrap her in a blanket that you don't want.
3. Load her in the Rear of the S.U.V.

(16)

4. Wait for early morning (5:30am). The pigs will be doing shift-change and no longer interested in anything, but going home.

5. Drive to Palm Springs until you see nothing but desert for miles. Exit the freeway and take a side-road deep into Nowheresville.

6. Leave the paved road for a dirt one and drive for ten miles. If you see cactus and tumble weeds, stop the S.U.V.

7. Unload the pile of shit in the rear and drag her skank at 1,000 yards off of the dirt road.

8. Unwrap the putrid turd.

9. Take the blanket back to the S.U.V.
10. Drive away back to home.
11. Once on the freeway, toss the blanket out of the window. Someone will pick it up within minutes ^{IF NOT,} WHO CARES.
12. Pull off the freeway at "Hop-N-Go" and purchase a Big Gulp. It's your first soda as a liberated man. Within two days your cast-ex-wife's body will be eaten by animals and scattered with the other shit. Whatever is left over, the heat will do the rest.

STEP 3

1. Once back at the house, load up every trace that she ever lived at

your house.

2. Take everything to the goodwill and drop it off.
3. Go home and wash every surface with pine sol to rid the place of her scumminess.

Final Step

1. Burn the laptop and phone and all packaging and receipts in your fireplace.
2. The next day, empty the fireplace of its ashes, metal scrap and screws. Bundle it up in a trash bag and dump it in a community trash-can.
3. My Friend? If you followed these steps to the nth degree, you are one free mother fucker."

The End.



(19)

The next day he followed the instructions as he was told to do and everything went forward without a hitch. Through the whole process he felt detached, as if he was in a dream state. He felt no emotion. He was a Robot.

When he got home from dumping the ashes Gott said, "he told you".

he said, "where were you?"

He said, "with you. I'm always with you."

he said, "I called you and you didn't answer."

He said, "You had everything you needed."

he said, "Thank you. I owe you!"

He said, "Yes, you do. As payment I need you to do a few things for me."

he said, "I will do anything for you. Just name it. I'm there heaven?"

He said, "Yes, I am heaven. I'm Legion."

He said, "What does that mean? I know what Legion means, but what do you mean?"

He said, "I am everything and many. I am Legion. I am heaven. You will die when you're 94 years old and you will come to me in heaven."

He said, "Ninety-four? Why? How? Why do I die in 67 years?"

He said, "Because that's your time. You die by your own hand. By then you will be OK with it. In the meanwhile, we have work to do. Open the door."

He said, "Already? I just got back from dumping the ashes from the fireplace. Why do I still have the gun?"

He said, "Open the door."

He did and this is what he seen:

"How To Kill Court-Officials with a Mail Bomb"

"Killing Court-officials is fun and easy. Do not worry about an 'innocent' getting killed. Anybody within Range of the blast-zone will die in cohorts with the target. All Court officials are guilty of Debauchery and need to be punished. The targets' souls are mine Regardless, but I need you to speed up the process by killing them.

Follow the steps to the nth degree and there will be no problems. Veer from the steps even one iota and there will be problems.

Turn the page:

Step 1

1. Go to Home Depot and purchase the following

- Items:
- a) 20 - 12 inch pipes with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch circumference with threads on each end.
 - b) 200 feet of stereo speaker wire.
 - c) 10 - large 9 volt batteries
 - e) 2 - 2 x 4's (wood)
 - d) JB (liquid) weld
 - f) One pint of gorilla glue.

You do not need tools, you have everything at home.

2. Go to the self-check out and pay with cash.

3. Drive to the Post Office and get 10 - prepaid Flat Rate Priority boxes in the dimensions of 12 x 12 x 6. Pay cash. Keep your head low.

4. Drive to another Home Depot and purchase

the following: a) 40 pipe end-caps in the same circumference as the pipes.

Purchasing the pipes and endcaps at the same store is a Red Flag. Follow this Rule.

5. Drive to "DICKS SPORTING GOODS" and purchase five gallons of fine gunpowder and a bag of empty shotgun shells. The shells are cheap and used as a diversion. The clerk will not think twice of the gunpowder purchase with the shells. Without the shells could (would) raise alarms.

6. Pay with cash.

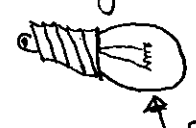
7. Go to Radio-Shack and purchase at least 30 cheap flash lights. Pay cash.

you will break a few
practice makes perfect.

STEP 2

1. Take all of the purchases home and spread everything out in the kitchen where it's brightest.

2. The first step of making a bomb is the "igniter" (a.k.a. blasting cap). In these particular bombs, the light bulbs will be the igniter.

It is the most delicate part of the process, it takes time and patience. Remove the bulbs from the flashlights. This is actual size (approximately) → . Do you see that little filament inside there? Shake the bulb and it wiggles a little? Do not break that. Break it and you should thank it. It's no good. (You will break a few. You have extras.)

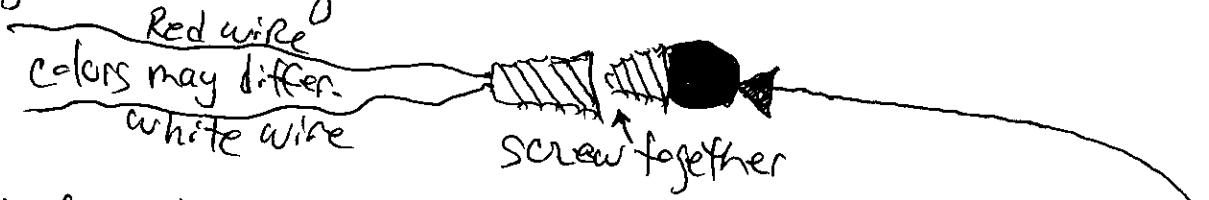
3. In the garage, turn on your grinder and very slowly and very carefully grind a tiny hole in the glass. It's position does not matter.

4. Once a hole is made, grab the gunpowder and fill the bulb with it. Carefully. Do not break the filament.

5. Put tape or glue over the hole to seal in the gunpowder. Repeat the process on every bulb.

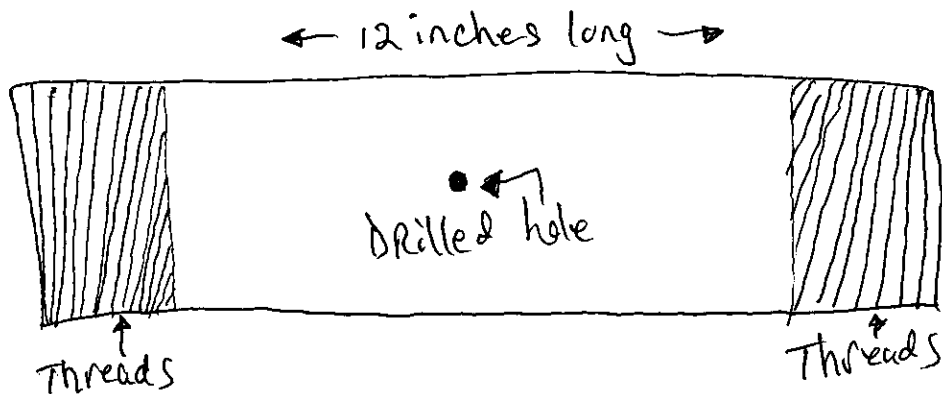
6. Take the bulbs in the bright kitchen and then get the flashlight. The guts are just wires and the female socket that the bulb screws into. Once

You've gutted it, you will have this:

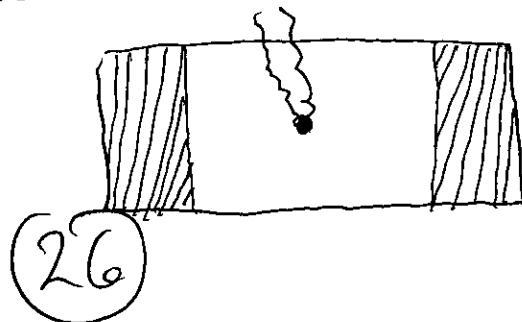


7. Carefully screw in the gun-powder-filled-clubbs.

8. Take all 20 pipes out to the garage and drill a hole right in the middle of the pipe with an $\frac{1}{8}$ inch drill bit. Once done, it should look like this:



9. Bring the pipes into the bright kitchen. Put the wires and clubb inside of the pipe and thread both wires up and out of the hole. The clubb will be inside of the pipe and the wires will be hanging out of the hole. Small version:

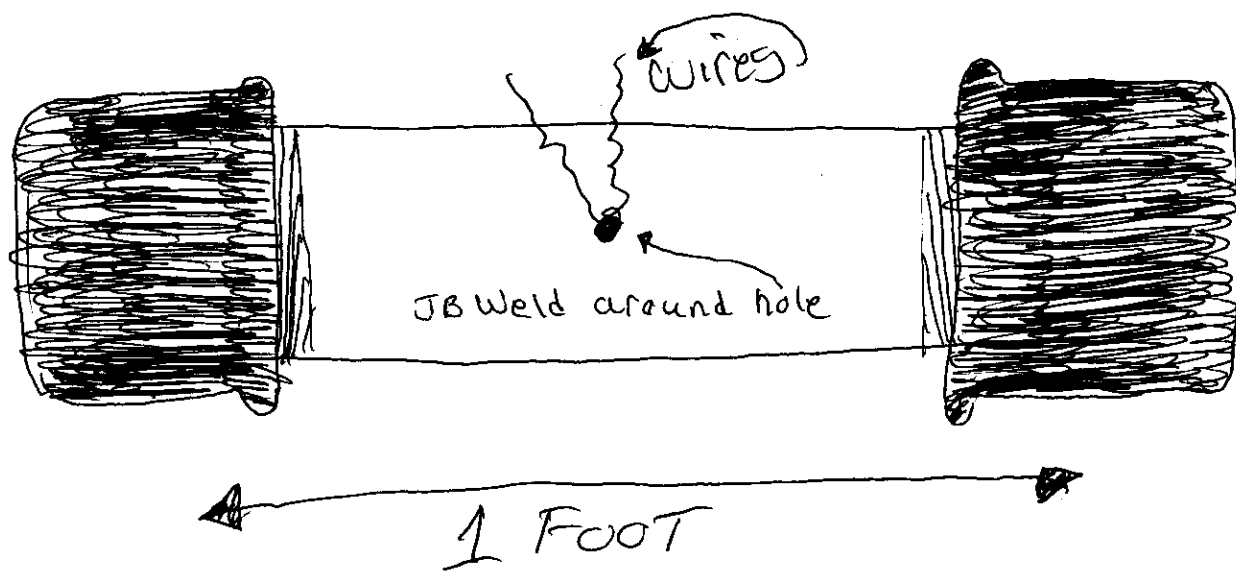


10. Mix the liquid JB weld and plug the drill-holes with it. Once it dries, the wires will be glued in place. Repeat the process with every pipe.

11. Once the JB weld is dry, ^(will take hours) put a cap on one end of the pipes.

12. Fill up the whole pipe with gun powder until its mounded at the end.

13. Screw on the 2nd cap. Do not let gun-powder onto the threads. It will ignite. Repeat the process with all of the pipes. Once done, it should look like this:

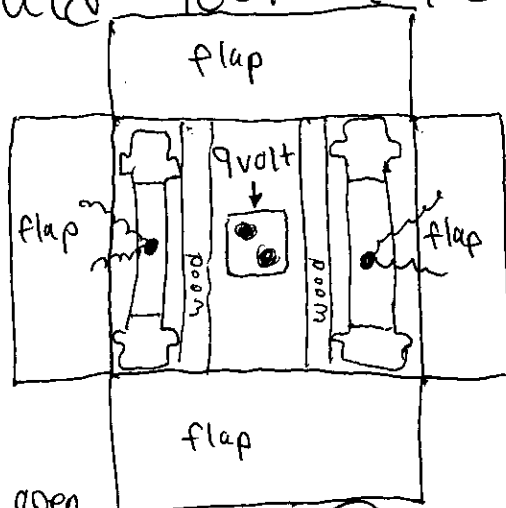


It's not nitroglycerine and "unstable". You do not have to handle with extreme caution, but go slow.

STEP 3

1. Open the Priority-Prepaid-box and measure one length inside of it. It should be about $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
2. Cut the 2x4's into lengths of $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches. There's 10 boxes, so you need to cut 20 lengths. (2 per box)
3. Put 2 pipes parallel to each other in the box on opposite sides of the box.
4. Put a heavy bead of glue (gorilla) on the 2 inch side of the wood and glue each piece tight up against the pipes. Once done, it should look like this:

5. Glue the 9volt battery upright in the middle of the box.

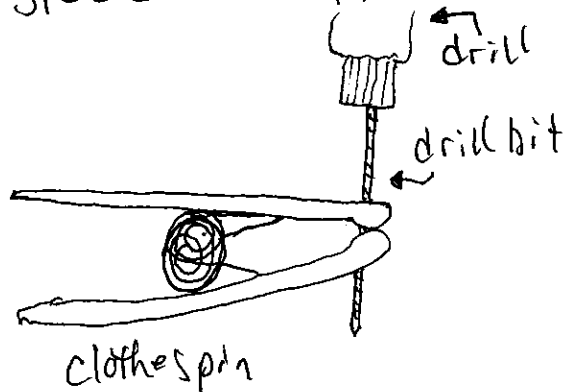


Top view of open
Box →

(28)

DO NOT LET
THOSE WIRES
TOUCH THE
BATTERIES!!

6. Let the glue dry on all of the items. (For hours)
7. Go outside and get 10 wooden clothespins. Drill a hole (1/16 inch bit) straight thru the tip of both sides of the clothespin.



8. Snip a 1-foot-lengths of speaker-wire and strip the plastic one inch on each end of it.

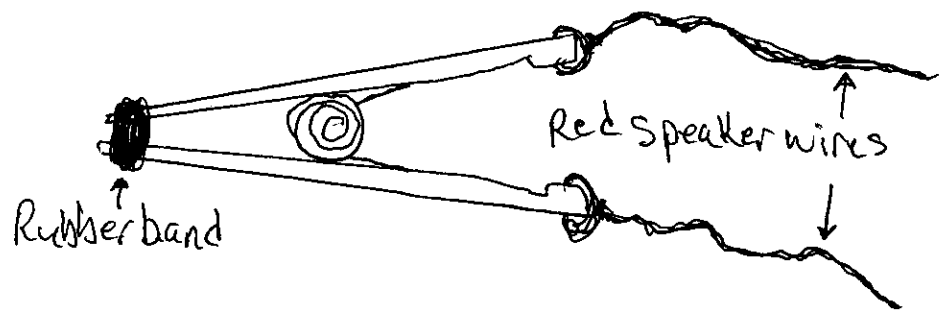
9. LISTEN FUCKING-CAREFULLY: Speaker-wire has a red side and a white side. Separate the colors by pulling them apart like peeling a banana. Set the white to the side. Let's work with only the red. (For now)

10. Take a rubber-band and wind it around the end of the clothes-pin so it will

Remain sprung open.

11. Take one (Red) wire and thread it thru the drilled hole only on one side of the clothespin. Twist it around into a noose.

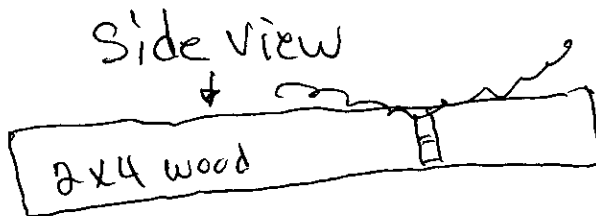
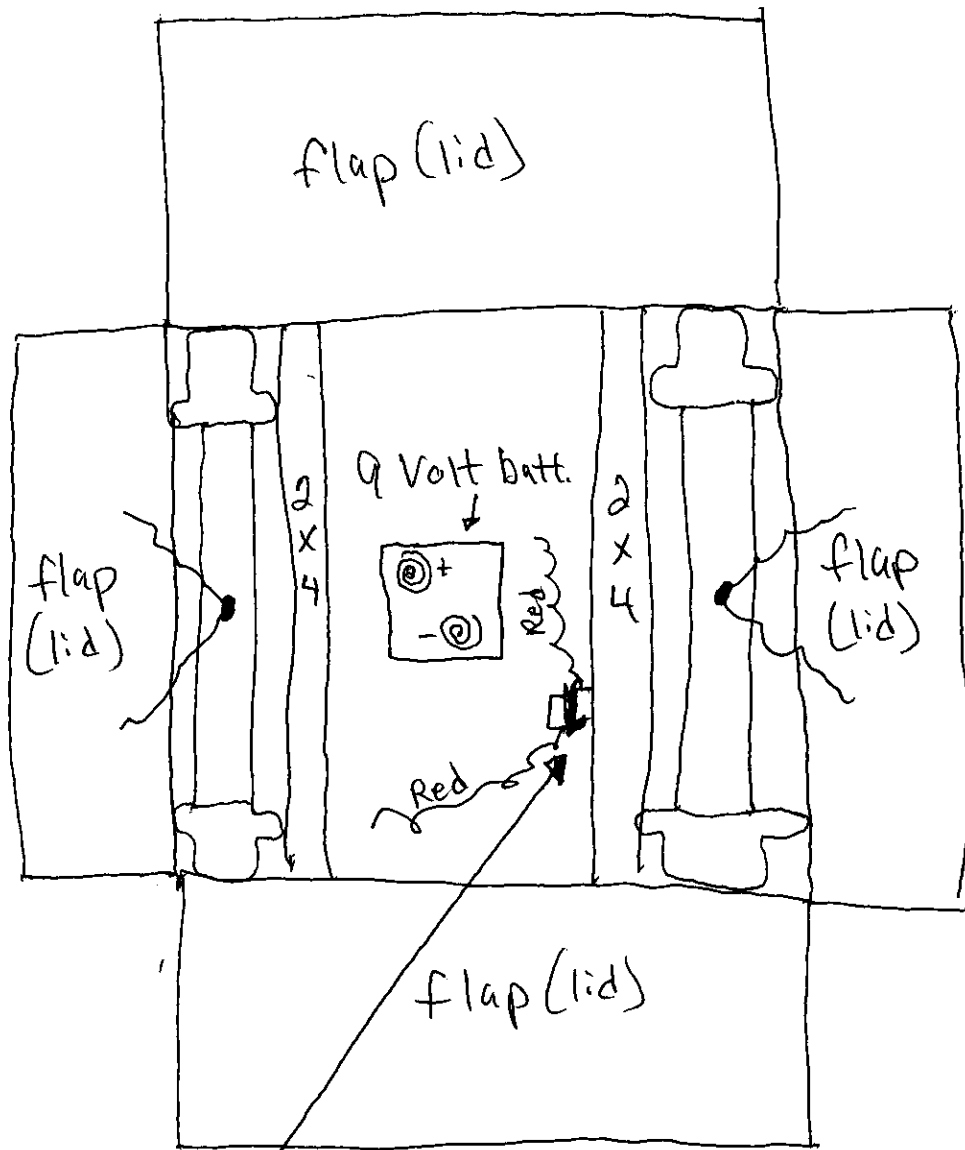
12. Do the same thing with another (Red) wire on the other side of the clothespin. It should look like this:



13. That clothes pin will act as the "trigger" on the bomb. Remove the rubberband. Apply a thin bead of glue (gorilla) on one flat side of the clothes-pin and ^{glue} it to the side (wires pointing to the roof) of either side of the 2x4 in the box.

It should look like this:

(30)



14. elts time to connect the wires EXCEPT
 for one (THE ^(white wire) Negative to the battery).

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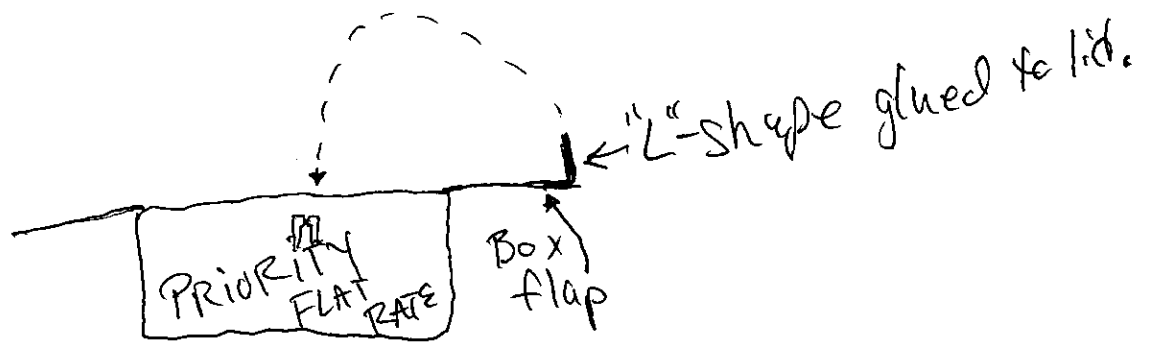
From the clothespin take one of the (Red) wires and wind it to the plus (+) side of the battery-spring. Take the other (Red) wire coming from the clothespin and wind it together with BOTH (Red) wires coming out of the pipes. Cover the exposed wires with black electrical tape ← Don't forget!!!

15. The short box flap will play a crucial part in detonating the bomb: Take a strip of [2-ply] card-board (1 inch wide x 3 inches long) and crease it into an "L" shape.

16. On the under side of the short box flap, (closest to the clothes-pin) glue it to the position where, when the lid is closed, it will be above the tips of the clothespin.

UNDERSTAND?

It should look like this:



16. Close the short flap once the glue is dried on the "L" and slip the long strip of the "L" between the jaws of the tip of the clothes pin. That piece of cardboard separates the wires and breaks the connection. Tape the flap down GOOD.

17. Its time to connect the white wires together: Twist the 2 white wires together that are hanging out of the pipes. Twist a white wire directly to the negative (-) side of the battery.

Connect that white wire to the 2
Coming from the pipes. Cover the exposed
twisted wires with black electrical tape.

If you have completed these
steps, are still reading this,
"Congratulations!" you followed
the instructions to a "T".

Good job.

18. Close up the box and seal it good with
clear packing-tape, BUT keep it looking
professional.


Repeat this process with the remaining
nine boxes. Follow the instructions!!

STEP 4

This part of the process is more
crucial than anything. You will be mailing

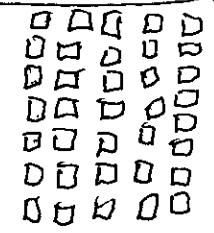
(34)

these boxes to the Courts and cops.
Both professions are very leary of
suspicious packages. If you mail a box
to one of these people with an
unknown address and the handwriting
looks like Michael J. Fox wrote it,
the box will be SCRUTINIZED under
a microscope.

NO-NO 

William Jones
69 hump mt.
San Francisco, Ca.

To the judg
717 Railroad Ave.
Tacine W.
93403

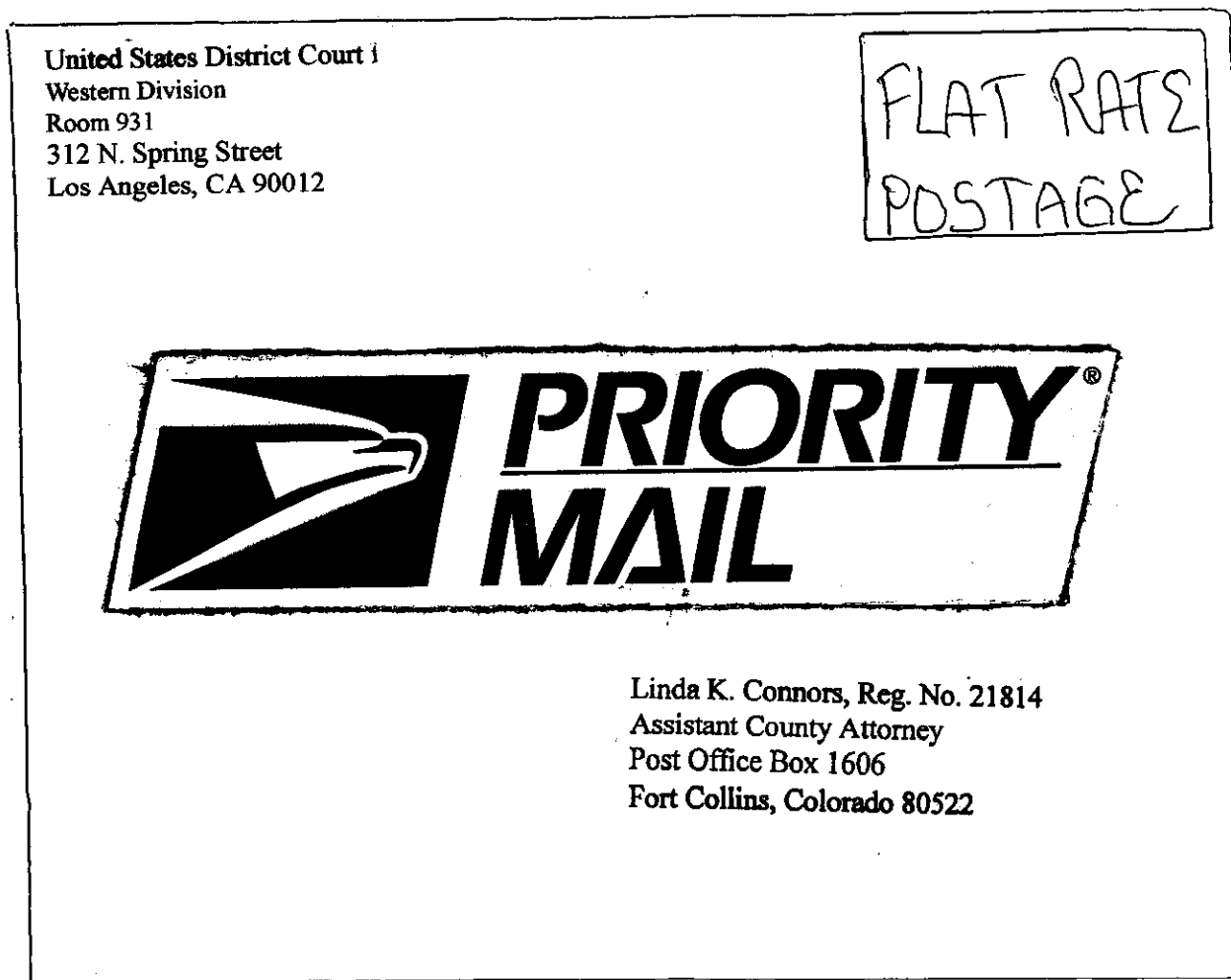


35 STAMPS,
dirty, crooked...
NO-NO!

(35)

The addresses on the box have to be
typed and the Return address has to
be well-known.

EXAMPLE OF HOW IT SHOULD LOOK:



A perfect example ↗

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1. Mail one box to each of these addresses:

a. Abraham Lincoln
1600 Wisconsin St.
Suckmaballs Wa.
80050

b. Joe Momma
69 Anal Park Way
Lickmaass Ca.
80501

c. Trailer Park
1303 Skank Dr.
KillYouBitch, Mo.
53440

d. Trailer Punk
8703 Gutter Slut Ct.
Yordead, In.
54380

e. Patricia cunt
29 Anyday Ave.
SkinYourFlesh, Fl.
92401

f. Randall Homosexual
30 AnySec Ln.
Truncate, Tenn.
96737

g. Wayne Greaser (send 3 boxes)
730 YouCAN'T Hide Rd.
FiletYou, Tx.
20318

h. Kevin Bitchmade
717 You're Done St.
BleedYouSlowly, Ak.
10021

i. T.A.M.

j. Bob my Nuts Prinz

2. Mail the boxes at the same time from the same postoffice. Drop them into the "Priority" door.

a. b. d. g. and h. will not be opened

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by the intended recipients. These packages will be opened by clerks and mail-room employees. They are only meant to send a message and to cause confusion.

(c) (e) (f) (i) and (j) will be opened by the intended recipients. They are the three targets.

3. Wearing gloves for this project are not required, but you can wear them if you want. Even if the bombs are detected before detonation, Bomb-Squad protocol is to destroy the package before any evidence is gathered. Even if the bomb is a dud, they will blow it up and in turn destroy all evidence.

4. Once the packages are mailed, gather everything you used (minus tools) to make the

bombs and take them directly to the city dump. Pay the fee to enter and spread out the waste. Do not leave it packaged in a trash bag. Dump the contents and kick everything around.

5. Go home and sleep. You are done. Priority mail takes one-two days for delivery, but they always make it in one day. By tomorrow there will be at least ten-dead-deserving-scum.

Great Job!

el asked Gott, "why these people?"
He said, "el told you; their souls are mine, but el don't want to wait. That's what el need you for, to kill them now.

el said, "Do they deserve it?"

(39)