

Twilight of the Gods: The Erik Wulf Experience

For a long time I've hated the world. Not that simple edgy nihilistic hatred that every 12 year old on tumblr feels, but a genuine disdain for the modern world in all forms. Interacting with lemmings and listening to them drone on and on about their petty issues is grating beyond belief. I have no interest in listening to stacy gold digger whine about how she can't get Tyrone to fuck her. Or listening to cuckold mcclastname talk about how good fortnite is and how he's hoping Pewdiepie will beat T-series. The perpetual whining of the lemmings about utterly inconsequential issues whilst their entire world falls down around them is at best, some excellent dramatic irony, or at worst completely infuriating.

Attempting to fit in from a young age never quite worked. I was always the aggressive one, and I never quite understood the problems with being that way. When I wanted something, I actually sought it out and made an effort to get it as opposed to asking mommy or daddy. Such is the life of growing up poor I suppose. The kids around me would constantly state that I took things too seriously and that I was too bossy, however I simply viewed it as being willing to take the necessary action to get what I not only wanted, but deserved. This trait has carried with me for the rest of my life. No matter what it is, big or small, I am always willing to go the extra mile in order to accomplish my goals.

When I was around 10 or 11, I started getting into a proto form of "politics." I use the quotation marks because I wasn't entirely sure about what I was saying, and my political thought largely revolved around my edgy militant atheism and wanting to seem more logical than anybody else. I was largely a liberal, due to my lack of understanding of the real world and youthful naivety. I believed in just about everything at typical sanders supporter would have, and for many years I was perfectly content with leaving it that way.

By the time I was into my teenage years, I started to genuinely have an interest in the world. The hatred I had felt for the world had coalesced into acts of violence and multiple suspensions from school for assaulting kids who seemed too normal to me. Call it autism or call it... well... autism, but either way it was a short thing. I realized soon enough that behavior like that would only end up setting me back in my attempt to not be ostracized by whatever community I was a part of. Moving on from 13 to 14, I started to enter my true edgelord years. It started normally, with just doing and saying things that were unpopular to most in order to get attention, but then it grew. I started killing small animals. At first it was because I just thought it was cool, then I realized that I truly loved the power that it gave me. The pleasure I felt went a bit beyond the excitement of taking another life. I suppose it could be described as sensual. I began to crave that feeling like other boys my age craved sex.

I was ashamed of it, at first. I knew it was looked down upon. I knew I would be vilified were anyone to find out. By that point in my life I didn't care. I never could relate with anyone on a personal level anyhow. That didn't stop the guilt after the fact. It was only later, when I realized that my bloodlust was a sign I was beyond the morally inhibited layman that I learned to be

proud of it. I was beyond them and they could never comprehend it. While the rest of the masses are sheep, I am a wolf.

In 9th grade, I was resigned to kill something larger, a human. I bought a knife, kept it in my backpack and took it to school every single day in case an opportunity presented itself. However this was where my youthfulness took over. I still had a couple of people who I thought were my friends. Upon later reflection it is clear to me that I was merely the jester of the group, somebody that wasn't respected and was only kept around for laughs. However I grew close to a particular member of this group, Charlie. I genuinely trusted him with the truth of this matter, so one day before going to class, I opted to tell him. I showed him that I had a knife in my backpack, and I told him about my pension for killing small animals, and while he played it cool, he was visibly shaken. By 2nd period, I was brought to the principal's office by a police officer and told that somebody had informed them that I had kept a knife in my backpack. For this, I was promptly kicked out of school and sent away to a nigger school for the rest of the year. In Charlotte, there are disciplinary schools that are akin to jails. You'd get searched every morning, had to wear a uniform, and it was less than 2% white. Not an exaggeration.

While I was at this school, I learned a great deal. Not only that niggers are absolutely barbaric and disgusting, but also about the world. I learned that no, you can't simply trust people, I learned that getting attention is generally not a good thing, and I learned that in the real world, all you have to do to do succeed with lemmings is appear smart and pretend you're confident. Niggers are the ultimate example of a normie, they have a hive mentality in that if you make one think you're cool, they all think you're cool. This led to the realization that they are ultimately lesser beings and that their lack of independent thought would be their downfall. By now, I was already an ardent republican. Trump's election having been the year prior, I was not fond of liberals and I already had a generally decent understanding of the mainstream political landscape, but the hatred of nonwhites introduced me to a whole new world of politics.

The way I discovered Fascism is a bit ironic. I was an avid user of 4chan. I was a massive /r9k/fag in part because of my crushing loneliness, at the time I did wish to belong, even though no one was really suitable to relate to. In retrospect using the site in my developmental years was perhaps bad. There was a lot of faggotry, especially traps. It was disgusting, then not so much. Then, it became something else. I began to be aroused by it. This was part of a bit of descent. I came to only be attracted to traps. Then they implanted the idea that it would be fun to be one. I didn't get attention as is. I guess the idea of lots of people wanting to associate me was used in a perverse way. Fortunately the 2016 election changed everything.

If you know anything about /r9k/, you know it was prone to crossboarding. I of course knew about other boards but never really used them, aside from /b/ for it's assortment of trap pornography. The election year resulted in a surge in crossboarding so of course I went to see why. I was drawn into /pol/ like many others. I was very much still a moderate at the time. I didn't care much about political issues. /pol/ changed that. I went from an alt right magapede to learning more and more about the alt right. I quickly became disenchanted with it all after the

strike on Syria. It became apparent everything I hoped for wasn't going to happen with Trump in office. The democratic process couldn't change what had to be changed. I soon was within the alt right spheres and was discussing balkanization and the gradual shifting of the overton window so that we could climb out of this degenerate cesspool.

While most of my political thought was a product of my rage at the rest of the world and not much else, after Trump's election I had genuine hope for the world. I thought that with the election of a candidate who addressed real world matters as opposed to if transies were happy about which bathroom they could use, that maybe things would get better. I trusted him to remove us from the wars that I hated so much and to start spending the money on the American people.

As a bit of an aside, late in the summer of 2017 while watching alt right youtube videos, I discovered a channel which I quite liked. At the time it was called Stell Bell. Seeing this, I wondered whether or not I was going to be able to pull myself out of my love for traps and male genitalia with the love of a true traditional woman. In an attempt at to catch her attention, I donated my money to her patreon. Shortly after, she contacted me over instagram in order to simply talk to me. I was interested in doing an interview with her and she suggested that we talk over Skype. After talking, we realized that we had a lot of similar interests, and we ended up talking for exactly 7 hours at which point we decided we should go to bed. I went to bed hopeful that maybe my degenerate ways could be changed. That next day, we both admitted that we wanted to be in a relationship and I had my first girlfriend. Within a few days, I realized that I was very insecure about myself, my looks, and just about everything else honestly. Because of this, I constantly made attempts to garner compliments about as many things as I could, and it likely had its negative effects on our relationship. Towards the end, she ended up cheating on me by fucking a guy from her school, and me being the beta autistic I was, I ended up comforting her for hours telling her how much I love her. Less than a week later, I was on my own again because she said she said she wasn't a lesbian and she wanted to be with an actual man. At this point, I had quickly lost all interest in trying to change my sexual interests from traps to real women as I learned how evil and vile they were, not only for treating me like dirt, but also for depriving me of the simple pleasure of security in a relationship. From now on, I vowed, the only attachments I would have would be to the political groups I was a part of.

I first joined Anticom in September of 2017 right after breaking up with Stell Bell, and quickly made friends with the leader, Seth Vitco. He and I went on a postering run, and grew quite close. In October of that year, we were about to head to the White Lives Matter rally, when I was suspended yet again from school. This time due to a nigger attempting to rape my sister, and me assaulting him on school grounds. This will come into play later. While I was waiting for Seth to show up, he ended up having to get called back into work the next day and had to bail. I dejectedly walked home from our meetup spot, utterly discontent with politics as it was and still fuming from my experience getting kicked out of school yet again.

Shortly after this, while I was browsing the Anticom discord server, a user named Dangerlurking invited me to the FashLash server. At this time I was still incredibly alt right tier, and Vex, who would grow to be very important to me was forced to put up with my bullshit. Within a month, in order to get attention, I had faked a suicide attempt which ended up getting me kicked out of Anticom. From then on, in the alt right circles I was in, I pretended that I got assaulted by niggers in order to get attention and someone named Bruno the Based Doberman caught on and called my bullshit. I thought I was alone with him and cried profusely in the VC, saying how sorry I was and how pathetic I was the whole time, but it turned out he was streaming the whole thing. I won't tell you where it is to save any last shred of dignity, but if you're really desperate I'm sure you can find it. This resulted in my prompt excommunication from the entire alt right circle of friends which I had built up. From here on out it was nothing but a deep plunge as every blow I took ended up causing me to further the behavior which was causing the problems in the first place. I finally grew sick of going to that nigger school and ended up calling the teacher a nigger and being formally expelled from the school system.

My time in fashlash was riddled with nonsense. It started out with that faked suicide attempt to get attention, then when I attempted to make good with the leadership, I ended up making that into a disaster when my attempts at being funny by jumping up and down in the seat, calling black people niggers on the sidewalk, and telling people at the gun range that I was gonna make Dylann Roof look like a joke ended up backfiring and making Will think I was some kind of autistic. This was completely unfair as I was laughing the entire time, and I think he probably was too internally, but he just wanted to act tough to impress me. Further down the line, someone named Manimalia was questioning my sincerity about some of the things I had stated, such as my high IQ. While it wasn't proven, I knew I was a genius so I told him the fairly conservative estimate of my IQ at 150. This happened repeatedly actually, people doubting my intellect. Someone named Silver for example, a Georgian, consistently questioned me. However after a good deal of effort, I managed to convince the Fashlash upper mods (Will, Vex, KKKam, but not Greg) that I was smart enough and dedicated enough to be included in some of there more esoteric plans. That was when I was invited to WLF.

White liberation front was a group dedicated to the destruction of jewry within the United States by means of terrorism. We ended up making plenty of plans to bomb ICE buildings, but simply never got around to them. Stain ended up actually making bombs as he later told me, but was unable to use them for any useful purpose. I constantly reassured them I knew what I was doing, and made sure to tell them that I was a genius and that I would be able to make a master plan that nobody would foil. However before that happened, my intense ptsd/depression kicked in one day and I immediately lost sight of victory. I grew convinced that there was no way that we could win, and I made sure I knew my point of view known within the group chat as I knew my opinion would likely be well respected and I wanted to make sure it was public. This swiftly caused defeatism to sweep through the ranks, and vex had to shut it down.

From this point, I'm not sure what happened to Eins after he left discord, but I know that Stain was banned from the Fashlash server and accused of starting everything. I made sure to go

along with this as it benefitted me and I didn't really care about Stain. However I was found out, and unfairly banned from the server for practically no reason. I later started talking to Stain about it, as well, if anybody would understand the feeling, he would, and I vented my frustrations to him. I told him about how much I hated our race, how I truly couldn't stand the fact that I had attraction to men, how I hated the type of person I was, and how I wished I was a Jew so that at least I could be on the winning side. My righteous fury was soon turned against me however when it turned out that Stain had unfairly taken screenshots of my rantings and sent them to all of fashlash, thus turning me into a laughing stock. For months afterwards, I would have no contact with them.

Soon enough, I had discovered a new community called Rapelash. This group was full of some of the more hardcore people, and I fit in better there as they didn't look down as much on certain things I was fond of. I took a liking fairly quickly to a prominent member called Autokrator. Between his soothing voice and his understanding personality, I grew very attached to him. I'd talk to him all night, whether he responded or not, and I'd make sure to tell him goodnight and good morning every day as well. After a while, I soon figured that I simply wasn't doing enough for him, so in order to please him I decided to act like a trap. I had heard a lot of talk about how much he wanted to see people's twink assholes, so after much hesitation I decided to show auto mine. I remember the excitement and anxiety I felt when opening my legs and exposing my bare asshole to the camera. His reply was a simple "OWO" but it meant the world at the time. It was the best feeling on Earth to know that another man whom I cared so deeply about was looking at my naked body. However even this backfired upon me when it was promptly leaked to inner heaven. I was absolutely devastated, and to cover for myself I denied that it was me and threatened to feed anybody who said otherwise.

From then on, I had hated auto. However an old foe had reappeared, Stain. On the anniversary of Hitler's birthday we had made up and a bright friendship appeared. Throughout April, and into May, we played HOI4, built our friendship, and enjoyed growing closer to each other. Towards the end it grew into a wonderful relationship, where we would enjoy the other's company dearly and would tell each other that we loved one another. It was absolutely perfect. That is, until it wasn't. Late one night, I found out that feds had invaded upon his room and were going to arrest him. I was utterly devastated, and knew that nothing would ever be good again.

Because of the crushing loss of my first good relationship at the hands of a power higher than myself, I had decided I had enough of men. I wanted to be straight, and I was going to fall in love with a girl or die trying. My first attempt was with a girl named Lana who I had just met, and didn't know much of. We spent a little while talking after she had been harassed by Autokrator and his droogs. We ended up becoming decent friends, but one night while drunk she said she didn't trust me, and because I knew that if I lost this attempt at a relationship I would be forever doomed to wanting to be with men, I ended up doxxing myself to her. However, just as always, this was promptly leaked and then she went offline, never to return. It was absolutely brutal, yet another potentially good thing squashed by circumstance.

My last attempt at heterosexuality was my relationship with a girl named Kanna. I didn't truly like her. I was just latching onto her in an effort to prove to myself that I am straight. I lacked much experience in genuine relationships so I acted in an idealized way which in retrospect was very cringy. For those who know of the incident, it was a disaster. The way I acted was so cringy, a paragraph I sent complimenting her became a cypasta for months to come. I became a laughing stock for orbiting a girl who I never truly cared about on a romantic level. Worst of all, she was the play pet of a 34 year old man by the name of wolffy. From that, I came to realize I truly was completely gay, without any doubt. However, being a Fascist I could never act on such degenerate impulses.

I knew from then on I had to conquer myself. I had to learn to repress my sexual urges were I to really be a revolutionary. No more nonsense. And for the most part it did work. I harbored attractions for some men I interacted with. There was a man called Dan who was always really nice to me and was noticeably attracted to me. I had to make the hard choice in compromising our relationship by leaking convos of him because I couldn't be a fascist revolutionary and a practicing faggot. From then on I was fully dedicated to my mental hardening.

I had to kill my ego. I subjected myself to constant abuse, both mental and physical. I was already comfortable with inflicting pain on animals but had never taken that final step to killing people. I wasn't sure if I was mentally able to. It seems easy enough when you see it in a detached way, such as on the computer screen or in movies. But I could never know how it would be to do it for real until I did it. I had to guarantee that I had no attachments to anything, that my ego was completely dead.

My mental abuse consisted at first of intense sleep deprivation, starving myself, and dehydration. All of which I'd push to the point of hallucinations. Never were they pleasant. It was as if my subconscious was at war with me but I kept pushing. I wanted to explore psychedelics in the hope of eliciting bad trips or an ego death. I couldn't figure out how to procure any though. There were more elementary ways to intoxicate myself though. I siphoned gas from my mother's car on a few occasions but huffing that wasn't necessarily unpleasant although it was depersonalizing. Huffing things like spray paint and air duster had limited success as well. I even tried jenkum in the hope that at least overcoming the revulsion would help in my development. Nothing could beat the triad of sleeplessness, starvation, and dehydration however. It was especially effective when coupled with physical abuse.

My physical abuse was more nuanced. I started off with cutting and burning myself. A little time later I procured a belt and subjecting myself to regiment of several lashes with the metal buckle a day. As my tolerance increased so did my abuse. Nothing was off limits. Asphyxiation with a rope, smashing my head against the wall, punching walls (my hands are still fucked up from it), thermal shock, waterboarding (with water and eventually with isopropyl alcohol), and more. I even experimented with CBT (cock and ball torture). Smashing my testicles was excruciating but with my other forms of torture proving more and more tolerable it was naturally the next step. In a flashback to my dear Kanna, the man grooming her was a notable masochist in his own

right. I took inspiration from him when I found he had pierced his own cock making it necrotic by inserting needles in my scrotum. That was put on halt when it resulted in a nasty and unexplainable infection that required a medical visit.

This continued over the summer, and aside from a brief stint of being back with Vex and that group of people, it was fairly uneventful up until I restarted talking to Smug Loli. At first it started off with us just talking fairly regularly, but when she recommended the first Anime to me, and I liked it, it sparked a good friendship that would last for months. Within a few weeks, we were talking every day and I was soon brought into the friend group of Smug, Convergence, and Elf. I still remember watching our first Anime together. Well, the first episode. We spent a solid hour and a half trying to set up the stream for the penultimate episode of Overlord S3, and when it finally played I remember smug just posting "S-SMUSH" in the rabb.it chat. It was a genuinely good time. However things changed fairly quickly. Fedora fuhrer was brought in and it changed the group dynamic significantly. He had heard a lot of the shit talk about me and constantly mocked me in the group, and sperged whenever I shot something back at him. This led to my ostracization from the group, so when I got fed up with things, I simply took a two day break. During which, I hopped on temporarily to see if there were any important DMs (there weren't) and I answered a question in a public server then logged back off. When I got back, convergence and smug were spamming my DMs about how I was a liar and just didn't want to talk to them, and smug started whining about how I never even said goodbye. From then on it was essentially one or two messages a day and I ended up finally clearing my Dms with them, leaving their groups, and they unfriended me.

After this, an old friend popped up. Stain. He had gotten out of the mental facility, and had joined the California Atomwaffen cell. After him coming back, I was overjoyed, the feeling of another man's love soon returned back to me. After talking for a few weeks, he and I grew close again. While I tried to tell him otherwise, Stain continued talking to Vex and simply for infosec reasons didn't disclose that we were back together again. Soon enough he had invited me to join Atomwaffen, and I gladly accepted. I met with my North Carolina cell leader after conversing with one of the few people he knew that could initiate me, and performed my physical. I obviously passed with flying colors due to all of the physical and pain conditioning I had put myself through. Within a week, I had already designed half a dozen new propaganda leaflets, helped rethink the SHTF guide, and risen to become a trusted Lieutenant to my Cell leader. Then, when he ended up departing for unknown reasons, he appointed me as the new Cell leader due to the level of effort and activity I put forth. Using the connections I already had, I had recruited 6 new members within 72 hours of being leader. This brought my total member count up to 11, and from what I'm told, was the highest of any cell.

However as with all good things, this comes to an end too. It was spread that I'm a cell leader within Atomwaffen, I unfortunately was forced to step down from my position and leave the Division entirely for infosec reasons.

My dear friend Stain stuck with me even then. The past hasn't come to repeat itself. He swore to be with me to the bitter end. With his experience in bomb making and my expertise in leadership we decided then that we will take revolution to Amerika then and there. No more flaunting and posturing, just pure force. All the Kings men can't put it together again.

These attacks will be our mark on this artificial, jewish, materialistic society. What better a better way to mark it than April Fools? In the end everything means nothing. I'm going to bring meaning and order into this laughable existence. For every man and woman who dies it will be I who gets the final laugh. This is to you Weimarica, HAHAHA! This marks the twilight of the gods, and amongst them I will rise a Titan!

UPDATE:

Less than 24 Hours after finishing this, I was v&. I'm out on bail, which leads me to believe that they haven't found this yet. The only charges brought against me were just possession charges for the explosives that I have, and not any of the small amount of thorium I have stored in a cache. This either means that Stain ratted me out which is highly unlikely, or Google Docs is even less secure than I imagined in the first place. It's likely that me being exposed as an Ex-Cell leader had put attention on me, but it's fucking ridiculous that something as beautiful as this would be stopped by some stupid god damn lemmings. Every single one of you who doubted me and accused me of being a larper, you can kindly go and shove a fasces up your collective asses till you're hearing Mussolini speeches every time your stomach growls. Do you really think I give a shit about your petty insults? Guess what? I don't! Because at the end of the day I know I got off of my ass, made a plan, and was going to actually do something until one of you larping pieces of shit decided to expose my position within AWD to everyone. God you people are fucking pathetic, I'm going to release this anyways since at least then I'll have gotten my message out and you will see how mistreated I have been. None of you deserve your ethnostate. Fuck all of you.