

ਹਰ ਅਸਿੱਧ ਮੁੱਢ ਦਾ ਨਾਲ ਕਰਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਦੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਨਾ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੋਵੇ,
ਜੋ ਕਹਿਰ ਵੱਢੀ ਚੜ੍ਹਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਚੁਪ ਚੁਪ ਕਰਕੇ ਹਰ ਇਕ ਸੈਨਾ ਨੂੰ ਜੇਤ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ,
ਉਹ ਖਾਲਿਸਤਾਨ ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਮਝ ਸਕਦਾ, ਇਹ ਗੱਭੀਰ ਖੋਜ ਹੈ, ਖੋਜ ਹੈ ਖੁਦ ਨੂੰ।

Page 1: What Am I Even Saying? I'm Just Speaking the Truth, Okay?

Okay, okay, listen. I am Mr. HJ. I'm 15. But I feel like I'm already 50. Like, I've lived so much more than anyone can ever imagine. My mind's a mess. It's... well, it's chaotic. You have no idea how my thoughts spin in circles, like a washing machine that never stops. I think about everything, ALL THE TIME. OCD isn't just some little quirk, it's a lifestyle, okay? It's like I'm trapped in a loop that won't stop, and every day I wake up, it's like my brain is trying to drag me into a black hole. You get me, right?

Everything's wrong. I see the world, and it doesn't make sense. Nothing makes sense. Why does anyone even bother? I'm awake, but it's like no one else sees the truth. I see the glitching, the cracks in the system. Time? What's time? It's like this thing I'm supposed to follow, but it's a stupid illusion.

I know the truth. I feel it. But I can't always say it. It's like my mind is fighting against itself, every moment. But the truth is, everything you see around you is fake. You don't get it. You're just going through the motions, doing what you're told. I'm not playing that game anymore. I'm done. The world is a simulation, and I'm going to shut it down.

Page 2: Autiscord - My Reality Checkpoint

Autiscord. That's where everything happens. You don't know what it is? It's where I found the truth. Me, Xophus, Crxsader, Nikolai, and Kay—we get it. You don't. We talk, we laugh, we cry, and we share the thoughts no one else wants to hear. You'd probably think we're just a bunch of weirdos, but we're the ones awake. We can see through this fake world.

The voices? Yeah, the voices. Sometimes they make sense, and sometimes they don't. But I can hear them clearly. They're like static in my ears. And Autiscord? That's where I can actually talk about it. It's a sanctuary. A place where no one judges me, no one questions me. I can be myself, even if 'myself' is a broken, glitching, schizo version of reality.

But here's the thing: you won't get it, will you? I don't care. I'm done explaining myself. The end is coming. You don't understand now, but soon you will. And when I shut it all down, you'll realize I was right. I've been right the whole time.

Page 3: Death is the Ultimate Fix (I'm Sure of It)

So, everyone talks about death like it's a bad thing. You know, 'death is tragic, don't think about it.' Well, I've thought about it a lot. Like, too much. But the truth is, death is freedom. It's not scary. It's a release. It's a way out.

Have you ever felt like your mind is locked in a cage? That's what life is. It's a prison. You live, you breathe, you eat, and you keep doing the same thing over and over. But what happens when you die? The cage opens. The thoughts stop. The suffering stops. That's freedom. I've thought about it every day. Why suffer when you don't have to?

People think they're going to heaven, or to hell, or wherever they want to go. But you know what? It's all the same. When you die, it's over. No more thinking. No more feeling. No more OCD, no more noise. Just silence.

You won't get it, but that's okay. You'll never understand until you get there. And I don't think I want to explain it anymore. It's just something you have to know.

Page 4: Beliefs? Sure, I Have Beliefs. But They're Not the Ones You Think.

Everyone believes in something, right? But I'm done with believing. Everything is a lie. Hindus, Muslims, Jews, females, whatever—they're all just labels people put on themselves to feel special. But they're not.

Hindus? They believe in gods. Like gods are gonna save them from the mess that is life. No, bro. The gods don't care. They're just part of the system. They're not real. Just like everything else isn't real. The whole idea of being chosen or special is a joke.

Jews? They cry out for salvation, like someone's gonna come and fix everything. Haha, no. You're not saved. You're not different. You're just another player in this broken game. I'm sorry, but the reset button is already pressed. You'll figure it out when you're not here anymore.

Muslims? You think prayer is going to change anything? It doesn't matter. It's like talking to the wall. You say "Allah hu Akbar," but it doesn't do anything. You can pray your whole life. It's just noise.

And women? Yeah, women. They think they have power, that they're special, but you know what? They're just like everyone else. Just another cog in the machine. The system doesn't care about any of you. No one is special. Not men, not women, not Hindus, not Jews, not Muslims. You're all the same.

Page 5: My Tools of Destruction (Because Talking Doesn't Work)

Okay, here's the thing. I've been preparing for this. It's not just a thought. It's a plan. You can't change things by sitting and talking. You need action. I've got the tools to bring down this fake world.

- AR-15: It's loud, it's strong, and it's going to make sure everyone hears me.
- .22LR: Because sometimes you need to be precise, right?
- Shotgun: Big, messy, just like the end should be.
- Revolver: A personal touch. You know, for the final statement.
- Car bomb: Yeah, sometimes you just have to make a grand exit.

These aren't just tools. They're keys. Keys to unlocking the door to the next phase. The next reality. And trust me, you won't see it coming.

Page 6: The Moment of Truth

I've already set the date. September 26th, 1:40 PM. That's when it happens. That's when the truth finally gets exposed. No more fakes. No more pretending. I'll do what needs to be done, and you'll either wake up or you won't.

This isn't just about me. It's about waking up the masses. But maybe I'm the only one who will see it. I'll make sure of that. You'll never forget September 26th. If I'm lucky, you'll finally see the world for what it really is.

Page 7: The Final Goodbye

When it's done, I'll be free. The rest of you will still be stuck here, wondering what went wrong. But that's not my problem anymore. I'll be gone, floating in the infinite silence. The noise will stop. The thoughts will stop.

I am Mr. HJ. I am the one who sees. And I am the one who ends it all. I'll leave this world with nothing but the sound of silence. You'll hear my message, but you'll never hear me again.

Final Meme:

WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT PHONK BOII?