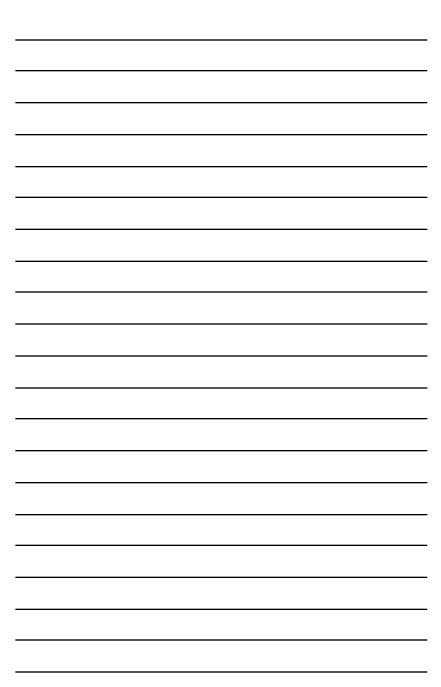
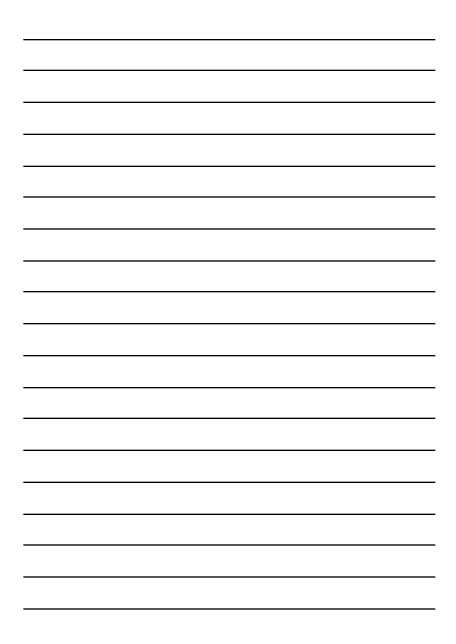
RAGE JOURNAL

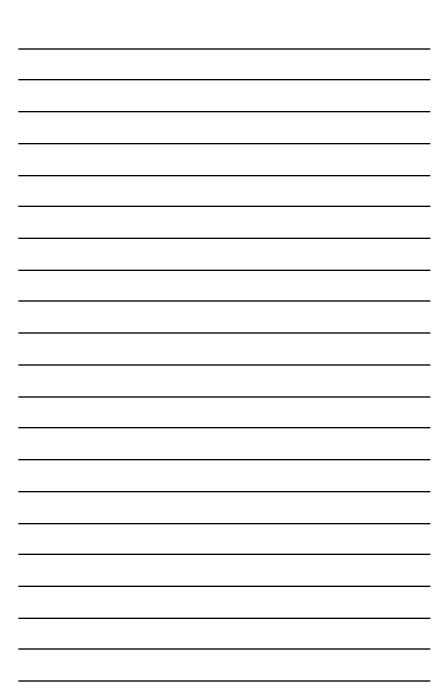
A VOID-SCREAMING NOTEBOOK

Time to conquer the universe, word whores.

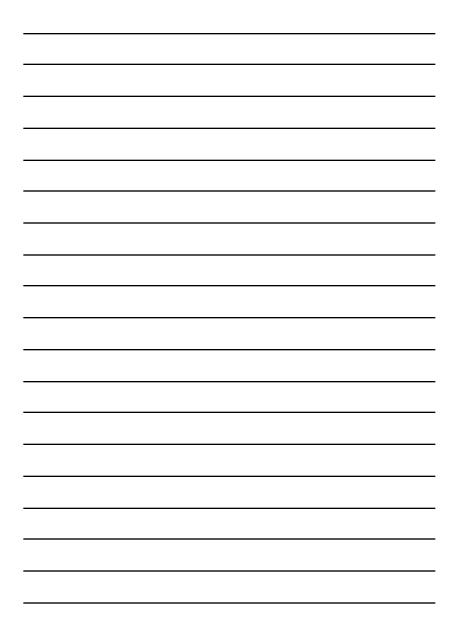


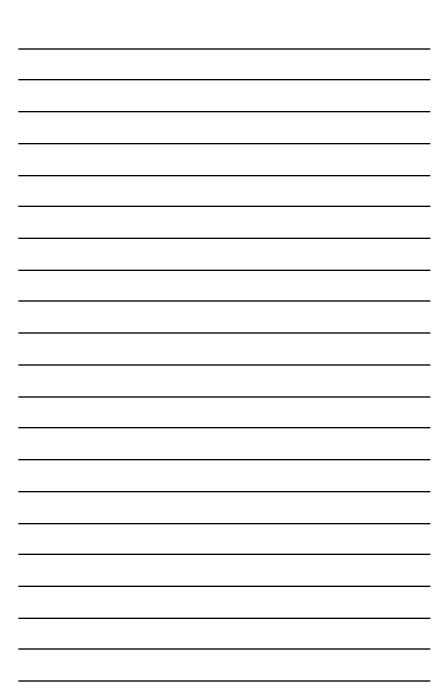
Life is your triumph. Make today your bitch.



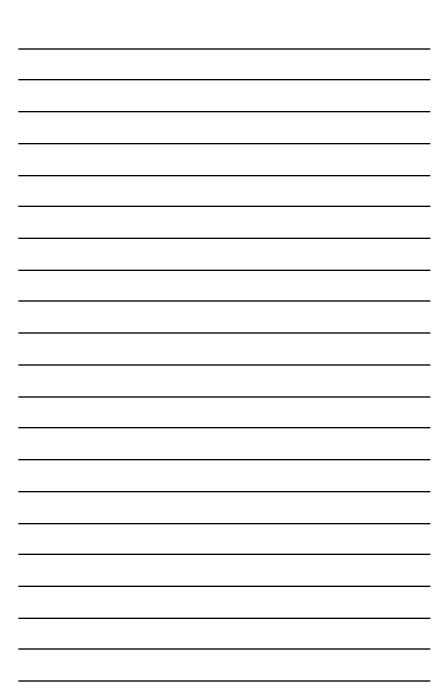


You're a glorious human. Get yourself a blood-soaked crown.

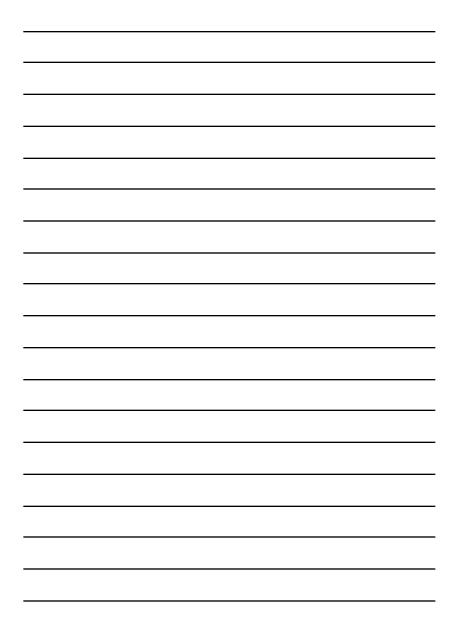


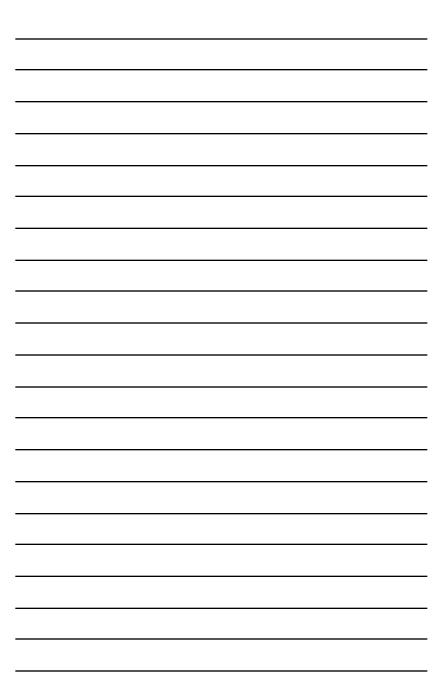


Show the world your juicy brain. Your neurons have swagger.

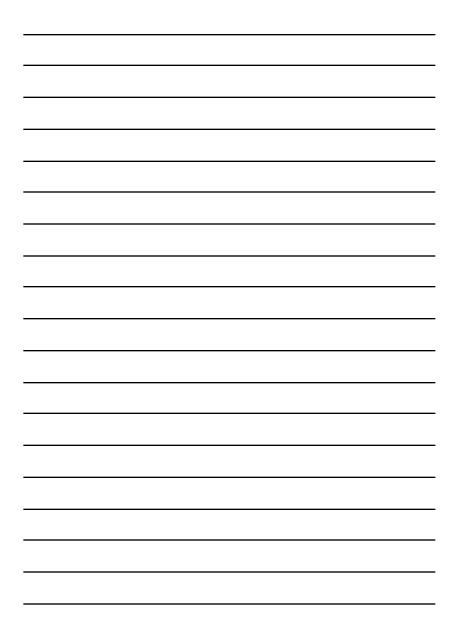


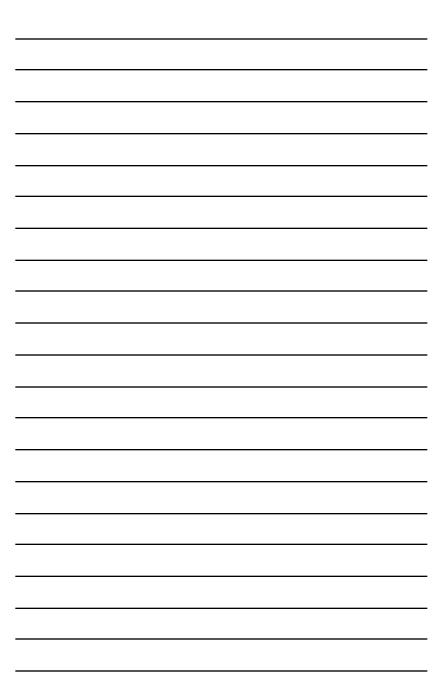
Strut that mind. Lick salty thoughts. Shake those brain lobes.



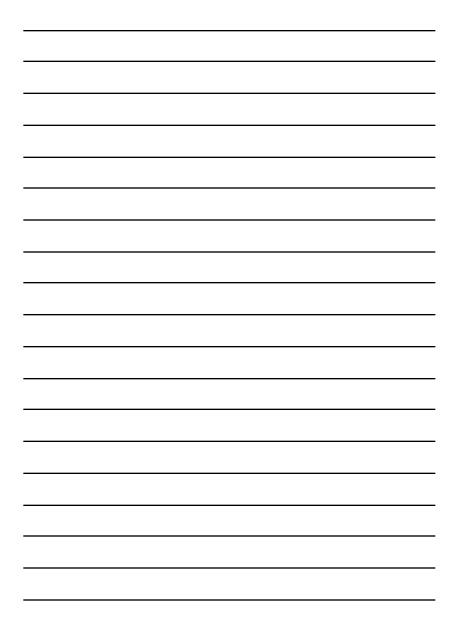


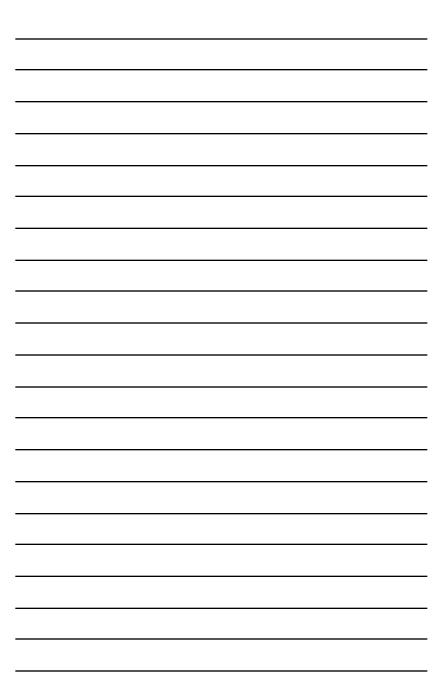
Free the beast. Unleash the monster. Plunge your bowels of past mistakes.



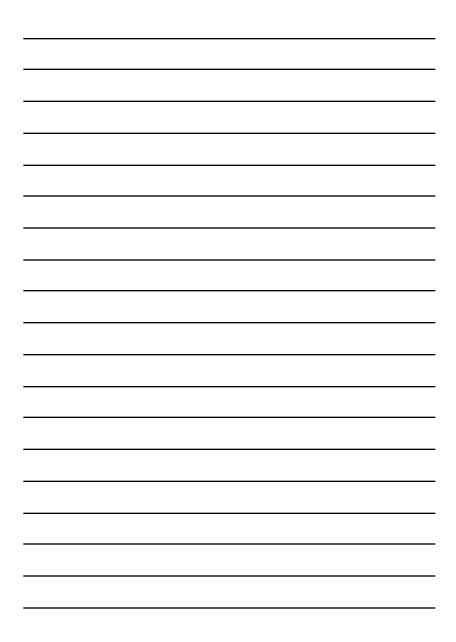


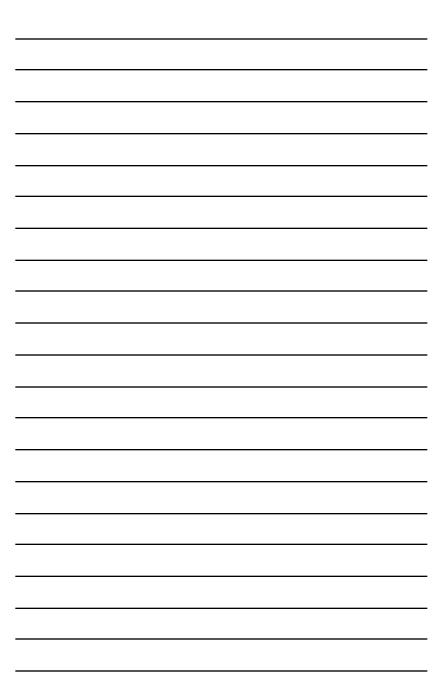
Bludgeon doubt with a poisonous mace. It doesn't know you. It doesn't own you.



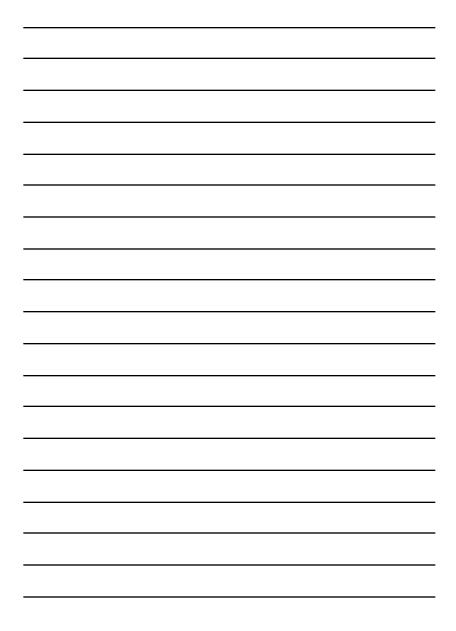


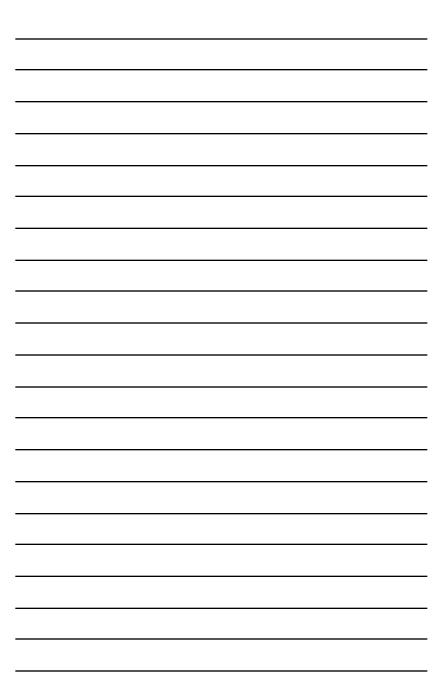
Vanquish impostor syndrome with a rusty knife and a ball of twine.





Write sexy words. Caress sultry letters. Motorboat lungs. Grind against spleens.





Let insecurity bleed to death in an acid bath surrounded by wicked ferrets.

