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This document was produced by Zuken - Also known as Justin Kirby Francisco.

This document was originally addressed to Wickerkid - referred to as "Bruce" throughout this document.

This document was leaked by Klaask - Leader of Hutucord. Follow us on x.com/hutucord, or, alternatively, check us out at guns.lol/hutucord

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I've always personally held online friends in higher regard than real-life ones. I've had no shortage of IRL friends, but I have to be more careful with what I say around them. Hanging out is fun, and it certainly helps to have people to talk to on campus to avoid going insane from social isolation, but I lead a far more interesting life online than in the real world. Around my online friends, I can be as edgy as I want around them and not have to worry about being judged. Some people say that people you meet online can never be your true friends, but I disagree. I think for me, I really do cherish some of the people I've met online. The problem, as I came to know, is that they usually don't care for me back.

Over the years, I'd cultivated an online friend group who are pretty much varying degrees worse than me, bordering into illegality. All in all I'd say I was one of the tamer people, but that's because most of them were basically cyber criminals and possessed CP. They were funny, yes, but they were a massive liability, which is why I eventually steered clear of them after I turned 18.

However, none of them were quite as important to me as Roy. At least, that's what we used to call him. People call him "Bruce" now since that's his real name (kind of), but to me he'll always be Roy. He was a couple months older than me, American, and he was also gay

I considered Roy my "other half." That doesn't mean I was *in love* with him (though he does look quite handsome, especially with a buzzcut), rather he understood me on a level no one else did. We shared the same extremely niche opinions. The same sense of humor. We used to play games in VC together all the time. We'd rant to each other about all the things in life. We'd learn a thing or two from each other every day. We also, at the time, had a common hatred for women. He also helped me with cybersecurity stuff and just generally things like that because I'm not a very smart person

However, there are quite a few bad things to be said about Roy. For starters, he's kind of involved in illegal activities, somewhat. He plays it off mostly as a joke, but he genuinely used to possess CP and spammed it on imageboards. I didn't really care, though, partly because I don't care if someone is a pedophile (I've always had a high tolerance when it comes to this kind of shit), but mostly because he was my best friend and nothing would get in the way of that. Admittedly, I even humored him with it.

Besides that single, massive caveat that I honestly should have taken seriously sooner, life was good. We'd talk in VC almost daily. Until, we started the wiki. In hindsight, this was probably the worst thing that ever happened to me because since then it's brought me nothing but trouble and I regret being partly responsible for its creation.

He's since spun it off into an imageboard and a forum with a few other friends, and now they're tangentially involved in some recent shooting.

However, one day, or perhaps it was more of a gradual thing, he changed. I don't know what caused it. But there would be moments where he would lash out at me for seemingly no reason. It was slight, at first. But then he began to show actual signs of anger. He also stopped playing games with me altogether. We were VCing less and less. To this day, I still don't know what it was I did to deserve this from him.

I was so desperate to get close to him again to the point I took it upon myself to watch hours upon hours of hack psychology videos on YouTube, just hoping to find a way to regain his approval. I was so convinced that it was my fault and that there was hope if I only just changed for him. If I stopped being the "toxic friend." I'd been cut off by numerous friends before for various reasons, and all those other times it obviously hurt, but this time it was different. He was irreplaceable to me. I couldn't bring myself to let him go. I needed him back.

Then, out of nowhere, he started being nice to me again. I have no idea what prompted it, but somehow he was back to his witty self after spending several grueling months being cold and dismissive and ignoring me all the time. He even offered to hop on VC, which was especially strange as I'm usually the one begging him to VC with me (to no avail). We talked and talked for hours. I don't remember what we discussed, all I remember is that I was happy for once. I obviously didn't show it out of embarrassment but I was genuinely overjoyed to have my best friend back. I recall tearing up a bit. For the first time in a while, things were finally looking up...

...for a grand total of like 2 days. Then it happened again yesterday, only this time it wasn't just in private DMs, he told me off and threatened to demote me in front of everyone in a public Matrix server because I lashed out at someone for posting toddler child porn.

If you're wondering why I didn't immediately just ban him, it's because Roy told me not to ban anyone for any reason. Yes, that includes CP. Again, I don't really care if someone gets off to that stuff or uses it as shock material (it's *their* funeral), but the fact that Roy was actively *encouraging* the posting of illegal content that could potentially endanger others and allowing it to stay up for minutes on end, presumably just to look cool in front of all of his new orbiters is just another level of arrogance.

Another thing he did was buddy up with the guy who literally **swatted** him (We'll call him James). This guy was basically everything we hated.

I mean, it's obviously an attempt from James to get on Roy's good side. Dude literally spent his entire online presence making jacking off to drawn underage anime girls his entire personality, getting popular from it, then when he's getting overshadowed by a gay guy, immediately changes his tune and suddenly he likes dicks now. I don't know how it isn't glaringly obvious to him. But I guess it's worth noting that James *is* a rather well-known figure on our side of the internet, so if I had to give Roy the benefit of the doubt (a few million times too many), I'd say this "truce" was just a calculated move on both ends to get more clout. Which checks out, knowing how power-hungry Roy has gotten as of late. But it still pisses me off.

He also did something similar when some annoying asshole from a community both Roy and I detested joined.

Of course, Roy never did do such things for *me*. I mean like at all, every time *I* asked him for anything he'd either tell me to do it myself, call me retarded, or just ignore me altogether. But now I'm seeing that he, without being asked, commissioned art for and defended people, who, last I checked, he hated just a few seconds ago. Which was just... **insane**.

Was this even the Roy I knew? Because I was under the assumption he treated *all* of his friends equally as shitty as he did me. But no, *here* he was, showing more kindness to these complete **tools** than he'd shown me for THE TWO WHOLE FUCKING YEARS I'D KNOWN HIM. I'd already Stockholm syndromed myself into making up mental excuses for his behavior towards me, but I think that realization specifically is what got me to snap out of it.

And that's when it finally hit me. It *was* him. **He** was the problem, not me. It finally made sense to me what was going on. He'd *wrung me dry* of any value I had to offer and discarded me when he saw I had none left to give. I lent him my ideas, opinions, and humor because he was my best friend and I wanted him to be closer to me, and he ran off with these and spread them to his new clique of dickheads who go along with everything he says without question. Past this point, he views me as nothing short of a burden. To him, I'm like an annoying housefly constantly buzzing around his head, and every time I try to get close to him he waves me away.

If I left without saying a word now, I'm sure he'd just laugh to himself and breathe a sigh of relief, because why not? He already got what he wanted from me. I'm not needed anymore, I'm just dead weight. He's found new company in the form of retards who nonchalantly post CP in a public chatroom for everyone to see. *Definitely* not going to bite him in the ass later on.



I'm not exaggerating when I say talking with Roy was one of the few things in life I could find solace in. But now it means literally nothing. All those times I stayed up until the early morn *just* to talk to him, only to be denied at the last minute. The countless hours I spent making things and fulfilling his requests solely to impress him, only to be met with utter disinterest. The nights I spent losing sleep over genuine concern for him when he was visited by the police, afraid my best friend would be taken away from me forever... it was all useless, because he thought nothing of me in return. Not *one* bit.

I feel so cheated. Two years of my life down the drain, and for what? *Him*? What did I even see in him? I feel like the biggest sucker in the world right now. I'm crying a little while typing this, lol.

I think the worst part of it all is that, in hindsight, I can't really distinguish the good memories from the bad ones anymore. I don't exactly know when and why he stopped being my friend, or if he even liked me to begin with. I've been really paranoid these past few years for a *multitude* of reasons, and this shit has just completely shattered my ability to fully trust anyone ever again. I mentioned that I considered Roy my other half, my best friend, wholly irreplaceable. Which is why it really, *really* hurts to come to terms with the fact that he just never thought of me in the same way. Perhaps if I had done things a bit differently. Perhaps if I had just given in and become another desensitized pedophile like the rest of his dipshit friends there's a chance he'd still like me. But at this point, I'd rather not take that chance.

I've been reading through our old chat logs and feeling utterly sorry for myself. It's just so obvious looking back that he's always treated me like I'm less than dirt. Maybe I already knew it subconsciously but just blocked it out as a coping mechanism. God, what have I been doing.

I really didn't want it to come to this, but... I hate him now. I hate him for using me. I hate him for siding with the very people we fought against **over me** just because they started sucking up to him one day. I hate him for refusing to acknowledge my existence around others like he's embarrassed of me. I **HATE** him, because for the past two years he had me fooled into believing I actually *meant* something to him. I hate him so much, yet even now I cannot bring myself to do anything about it.

Anyway, I've fully accepted the reality of the situation. He isn't my friend anymore, that person is long gone. I'd *maybe* consider an apology, but I doubt it'd happen seeing as I genuinely can't remember the last time he offered me a thoughtful gesture. Not even a simple "thanks."





Right now, he's chatting it up with me as if nothing ever happened. Like we're still buddies. It's like he's *taunting* me with the prospect of being nice. I can see right through his act. It makes me so, so angry. Anyhow, I'll play along with his little mind games for as long as I need to, but the illusion's been shattered. There's nothing in the world that could salvage this sinking ship now, and I have a gut feeling he *wants* it to sink. What really matters to me at this point is moving on and finding someone else, but I don't think I'll *ever* find a guy like him again. Certainly not in my lifetime. And maybe it's for the better.

On the bright side, though, this whole ordeal has helped me realize something. If the only person who "truly understands me" just so happens to be a complete sociopath who holds *zero* regard for me whatsoever, that's probably a sign I need to focus on getting my shit together. I promised myself I'd be happy before year's end. I'll make sure of it.

Bruce, if for whatever reason you happen to stumble upon this page, I just want you to know that you are a terrible person. Rest assured you will get *exactly* what you deserve if you continue being the way you are, especially to people who are trying their hardest to understand you.

For some reason, though, I can't bring myself to fully hate you. I don't know why. Maybe I just got too attached, like thinking maybe the stripper actually does love me back. What I do know is that at some point, you were my friend. You *had* to have been, otherwise you wouldn't have kept me around for this long.

I don't know why you singled me out, why I was the one you chose to treat like shit. It feels so unfair. I've only ever been nice to you. But even after all you've done, how worthless you made me feel, I don't regret being your friend. I miss you everyday. I want nothing more than to see you come to your senses again, if you had any to begin with.

But those words probably fall on deaf ears, either because you'll never see this, or because you won't care.

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January 2X, 2025

