**Charles Starkweather Quotes**

"Why had I become rebellious against the world and it's human race? Cause that first day in school I was being made fun at, picked on, laughed at. In those younger years of my life I had builded up a hate that was as hard as iron and when people tease, make fun of and laugh at a little youngster in hers or his early childhood, that little youngster is not going to forget it."

"What did not make this world a good place to live in was that nobody cared about me for what I could do."

"The more I looked at people the more I hated them, a bunch of goddam\*ed sons of bi\*ches looking for somebody to make fun of."

"I wanted her (Caril) to see me go down shooting it out and knowing it was for her, for us; I guess for all this hateful world has made for us."

"I said to myself that someday i'd pay them all back, and an overwhelming sense of outrage grew. It roused itself in my mind for a wild thirsting vengeance. I wanted revenge upon the world and it's human race. My mind and heart became black with hatred as it built up in me. A drawn veil of dilatory cloud seemed to come before my face. The tribute was gratifying. I could not analyze nor recognize my emotions as I broke down into tears."

"They say this is a wonderful world to live in, but I don't believe I ever did live in a wonderful world."

"The world is lifeless anyway, like the people I killed."

"Dead people are all on the same level."

"Better to be left to rot on some high hill behind a rock, and be remembered, than to be buried alive in some stinking place."

"Sometimes, I thought about murderin' the whole human race. I never thought much about just killin' individuals."

"I sat in silence as my heart was pounding against my breast as it was rising involuntarily in an occasional deep reminiscent sob, that my deformity compelled. My heart became a grimace of hatred, crimson, and it seemed as though I could see my heart before my eyes, turning dark black with hate and rage."

"Sometimes the hate was so real I could feel it coming to life, like something dead or asleep, and beginning to wake up and stir around."

"A kid who's been hated will go on hatin' 'till he's crazy or dead. I'm not dead, and i'm not crazy."