

him That's the last thing we need Days passed and everything went on as it was. Connie spent most of time cleaning the house, and her nude husband spent most of his time ordering her. Like before the accident, Toby never left her room. He was sitting next to his bed shaking. His mind would be curious, but his thoughts quickly changed to be remembered. He was going to walk around his little room as if an animal in a cage and look out the window. The unhealthy cycle continued. Connie continued to be pushed by her husband, became very obedient to him, and Toby stayed in his room. Before he could think twice, he'd start chewing on his hands, gnipping meat off his fingers. Growing on your hands until you bleed. His mother walked up to him while he was doing it, and he reacted horribly. He ran downstairs and took first aid, changed his hands around her. From then on, he asked her not to leave his side. He isolated himself so much that he was too much to hate being around others. His memory's been distorted. He started mixing his memories of minutes, hours, days and so on. He'd start talking nonsense. As he washed the dishes, he continued to hear shacks in his sink, crickets on his pillow and see ghosts outside his bedroom window. All this nonsense has put him in a counselling office. Her mother grew very worried about her mental health, she decided how she felt about him would be good for a professional to talk to. Connie walked Toby into the building, held his hand and guided him. He walked her to the reception desk and behind her and the lady started talking. Mrs. Rogers? The lady asked. Yes it's me. Connie nodded, we're here to see Doctor Oliver. Mr. I'm here with Toby Rogers. Toby looked at the art framed in the hallways and start to what the lady's high heeled voice was on the hard wooden floor. He opened the door to a room with a table and two chairs. If we can get him here for a few minutes, I'll get the doctor. and kept the door open. Toby stumbled into the room and sat at the table. He looked at his mother and the lady before the door slowly closed behind them. She raised her rightly bandaged hands and looked around the room before the bandage began to bab to open her hands, but the door shook open and the black and white spotted dress and a young woman with light blonde hair, holding a clipboard and a pencil, was the step. Toby? He asked with a smile. Toby looked at her and nodded. It's good to meet you. Toby, my name is Dr. Oliver. She reached out to shake him but hesitantly noticed his bandaged hands. Oh, he smiled before clearing his angry throat and sitting him in a chair across the table. So I'm going to ask you a few questions, so I'm going to try to answer them as honestly as possible, okay? His hand is placed on the table. Toby nodded slowly and held his restrained hands. How old are you. Toby? Dr. He replied quietly. He wrote it on paper out on the board. What's your full name? Toby Erin Rogers, when's your birthday? April 28th why's your new name? Toby, Mom, Dad and , passed for a minute before answering his question. Stopped. M-sister, I heard about your sister, dear... I'm really sorry, his expression turned into a sad, pitiful look. Toby nodded. Do you remember anything from the accident. Toby? Toby looked away from a moment. He looked into his lap and heard a tearing ringing around him. His eyes widened and he froze in his place. Toby? The counsiler asked. Toby, are you listening? A shiver ranched on his spine until Toby was once again saturated and slowly looked out the small window by the door. A dark featureless figure, looking at it. He looked, his eyes widened, suddenly the figure grows louder and louder until the advisor's loud voice broke his trance. Toby said. Shouted. Toby jumped in and fell off the chair to the side and went back to the corner. Dr. Oliver stood up, held on to his board to his chest. A surprise look in your eyes. Toby's eyes are together again, his breath returning like he had been. That night, Toby lay on the bed. His eyes stared as he looked at his ceiling. When he heard the footsteps in the hallway, he could feel himself starting to sleep. He sat down and the door looked right, the door was open. There was no light, everything illuminated by the bright blue glow of the moon through his window, leaving a cold light. He stood up and slowly made his way to the door, suddenly hitting the previously open door face. He's out of breath and he's back. When he hit the ground, he gasped and began to breathe heavily, his eyes completely open. He walked a few seconds before getting up. He reached out to his hand and grabbed the cold door handle with his bandaged hand and squeaked at him. He looked in the dark hallway and came out of his room. The window at the end of the corridor illuminated the darkness with blue moonlight as it came down. He could hear the footsteps trudging around him, and let his little white paper pattern with eight goggles, it sounded like a child ran in front of him, giggling and running. The hallway was much longer when he remembered. This seemed endless... its like a journey home from the hospital. He heard a door squeak in front of him. Mother, she called out in a shaky voice. Suddenly a door he behind him and he jumped and turned. He heard a long wweezy snoring behind his back. She turned so fast and suddenly came face to face with no one else then her dead sister. Her eyes are cloudy white, her skin is pale, and the right side of her jaw is just dangling by tissue and muscle, glass coming out of her face, and black blood seeping into her face. Her blonde hair pulled back a pony tail as always, wearing her grey T-shirt and athletic shorts where she was dirty and speckled with blood. His legs are bent in ways that shouldn't be bent. Just six inches from Toby's face, he stood, making a long noise. Toby yelped and fell back. Aw! He began to crawl backwards from her, it's not possible to break eye contact with her, empty, dead eyes. He dragged himself back until he got back into something. It stopped for a second. Everything was quiet except that she breathed heavily and cried. She gradually stood on him looking to meet the blank face of a tall dark figure. Behind the tall dark mass with rows of children ranging from 1 to 10 years, their eyes completely black and dark black blood seeping through their eye sockets. She screamed and stood up quickly as she could only have been ripped by dark black tentacles wrapped around her ankle. He fell directly on his stomach and the wind went out of his chest. He tried to yell, but he couldn't make a sound. He groved before a tall gate back. Toby woke up to a start. She screamed and sat as fast as she could, breathing. She held her chest with her where and bandaged hands. It was just a dream... it's just a dream... He lay on his bed and came to lie on his side. As I breathed deeply, I felt like a giant weight had lifted from my chest. He stood up and padded up to his window. He didn't see anything. There was no one out there. No ghosts. No numbers. Nothing. The door was closed. He walked up and opened it. I'm looking in the hallway one more time. He fit it down the hall into the kitchen and found his father sitting and smoking in the living room. Toby walked a second and watched him from the corner before the burning sensation began deep in his chest. Deep, boiling, anger took over him. He heard like imaginary voices in his head. They chanted to it, do it, do it. He turned around and grabbed his arms. For the past few weeks since he came home, he felt he was in control because he couldn't control it. Hospital. He had full thoughts before he was overwhelmed by hymns of small voices in his head. Kill him, he wasn't there, they kept killing him, killing him. Toby trembled. No, you weren't. What was he going crazy? No, he wasn't ill anyone. Unable. He hated his father, but he hated the way he killed him. That's all there is to it. He last thought before he's side open again. The voices in his head had a lot of effect. He quickly began to walk behind his father. He reached for the knife holder in the kitchen and pulled out the largest knife he could. He put it in his hand, he had a feeling he was taking over his chest. He let him sell a sucker. Hah... Helah... heheheheh! Hahahah! He started laughing so hard, he had to breathe to breathe. His father suddenly turned around before feeling a brutal force pushing him to the ground. She grinding because her hair was knocked out. What he looked at the boy who stood over him, grabbing a kitchen knife in his hand. Toby, what are you doing? He went to sit down and put his hands out in front of him in self-defense but before he knew Toby was on top of him. He went to grab his neck, but his father reached out and blocked his hand, holding his wrist on the floor. Stop! Get rid of me, you little guy! And with the other hand, he punched Toby in the shoulder, but he wouldn't stop. The look to Toby's eyes wasn't sane. He looked as if a demon had taken control of him. He shuddered back and went to grab his father in the chest but blocked him and once again grabbed him on the wrist. He went to push her back, but Toby kicked her feet in front of her and hit her hand in the face. His father grabbed her back and pulled her arms to off her face, but Toby stood back up and sat there watching. Until a loud scream broke silence. His father continued to cry loudly and went to pull out the knife, but before he could, Toby threw his fist directly in his face. He began to hit his face on the head, laughing and wheezing. He broke his neck and grabbed the knife and ripped it off his shoulder. He stabbed his father deep in the chest and repeatedly stabbed him in the torso, spilling blood and leaving everywhere. He didn't stop until his father's body was immobile. He threw the knife aside and leaned over his body, coughing and cursing. She looked at his shattered face and sat there watching. Until a loud scream broke silence. His father continued to cry loudly and went to pull out the knife, but before he could, Toby threw his fist directly in his face. He began to hit his face on the head, laughing and wheezing. He broke his neck and grabbed the knife and ripped it off his shoulder. He looked at the blood-covered bandages on his hands and took one last look at his mother before turning around and running away from home. He ran to the garage door and hit his hand on the control panel on the wall and pressed the button to open the garage door. It was filled with old rusty nails and screws, before removing his father's two savs hanging from a tool rack on a table full of cars. One was had a new, bright orange body and a shiny knife, old with the other wooden handle and an old metal knife. He grabbed them both and looked at the table and his eyes met a matchbox, and there was a red wax tank under the table. He held both axes in one hand and took the matches and gasoline before leaving the garage. Police sirens sounded in the distance as he approached the street light he saw through his own bedroom window. He turned around and the red and blue flashing lights ran down the street. Toby stopped for a second before opening the lid of the gas tank and running down the street, after which he poured gasoline over the street and turned it on into the trees. Before reaching into his pocket, he poured the last gasoline and took out matches. He hit the box and dropped it right away. All of a sudden, the flames went up around him. The fire got caught in the trees and shrubs around it, and before he knew it, he was surrounded by fire. As silhouettes of police cars appeared through the flames, he returned to the woods around him. He looked around but his vision was blurry, his heart was pounding and he closed his eyes for a moment. That was it. That was the end of it. Toby hit a hand on his shoulder. He opened his eyes and looked to see a large white hand with long bony fingers rested on his shoulder. He followed the hand-mounted arm to a hovering dark figure. He was wearing a dark black suit and his face was completely blank. He was rising above Toby's little frame and looked down on her. Tendrils reached out on his back, before Toby knew it, his vision was blurry and surrounded by the sound of ringing in his ears. Everything's empty. That's all there is to it. That was the end of it. That's how Toby Rogers died. A few weeks later, Connie sat in her sister's kitchen. His sister Lori sat next to him and had a cup of coffee. Three weeks ago, Connie lost her husband and son, and a few weeks ago she lost her daughter in a car accident. She has since moved in with her sister. The police that preoccupied him had just finished clearing up the case, and the story was published two weeks ago. New stories. Lori turned the TV on to the newscaat. At T.V., the news reporter started promoting the new headline. We have breaking news! Four people were reported killed last night. No suspects yet, but the victims are from a group of middle school students who were in the woods late last night. The children were beaten and stabbed to death. Investigators had discovered what appeared to be an old, dilapidated area at the scene, which, as you can see here, was changed in the picture to show a snapshot of exactly the spot at the scene of the crime. Investigators tried to cover up his escape a few weeks ago when a possible suspect, Toby Rogers, tried to cover up his escape by stabbing his father and starting a fire in the streets and in the neighborhood's woodlands. Although they believe the young boy died in the fire, investigators suspect Rogers' body may still be alive despite not being found. Created by Ticoi Toby's head, Masly, Hoodie Kano, Tobydie, who needs a social life when there are voices in my Katsoway, are aware that this episode contains spoilers, a port of confusion in mythologies that are often questioned without understanding who Masly and Hoodie are. Ticoi Toby is a surrogate in his own story, but Masly and Hoodie are not surrogates, and get no contact with Slender Man with the main antagonist operator, various key aspects of which have been altered. The operator does not use closeness and neither Masly nor Hoodie are seen trying to help at all. The opposite is true, in fact, as they are constantly trying to block Alan, but also trying to destroy the Operator, but they are with a different method. Also, Hoodie and Masly Brian Thomas and Tim Wright have alternative personas. Marbleknees eventually, Brian died and Tim threw his personality away. What they had in control of their plots, does not show any ability to remember what happened, and Tim does everything he can to stop the operator, especially as both as Masly and as himself. At the end of the series, Tim and Hoodie were the enemy, and Hoodie was eventually killed by Tim, and then it beed that he was Brian Ticoi Toby, who had never existed in the Marbleknees universe, and therefore never interacted with the Tim Wright nor Brian Thomas. Also, Masly and Hoodie are often portrayed as individuals with a similar structure to Toby, both of them are wrong as ordinary men with a heavy set. Finally, Marbleknees states that it exists in his own continuity, meaning it's impossible for Ticoi Toby to meet Brian or Tim. Another Confusion is part of the world theory of creepypasta that all creepypasta characters actually have in a single universe. While most creepypasta writers wouldn't agree to this, Brian and Tim wouldn't be a part of it, even if it still true. Because Hoody and Masly are not creepypasta. While Hoodie and Masly are characters created for a YouTube show, by definition, are creepypasta actually has an internet horror story. They've never been written in a story before that, and they're copyrighted characters like Toby, so they can't be written without the permission of Troy Wagner, Joseph Delage and Tim Sutton. Any creepypasta stories involving Brian and Hoodie are not only non-canon, but completely false, like any spoof creepypasta from Ticoi Toby. Toby Canon? This Toby fandom is a port of confusion for most people, which is mainly due to confusion as to how the slender Man canon works. The Tim Man story is generally considered canon or not individually, but in general of a mythos, stories that are canons have often come to be considered a fundamental aspect of mythos slender Man only once, or the world embodies Slender Man. Also, most works that include characters interacting with Slender Man often have very limited storytelling, and are quickly. From a Surging point of view, Toby will be an unacceptable part of mitos, since Surging do not tend to believe in the concept of surrogates as a canon aspect. One big problem is that Slender Man is attributed under a creative commons, allowing Eric Victor surge to use it's save everything for commercial products published without Knudsen's permission. Ticoi Toby, on the other hand, is a copyrighted character owned by Katsoway, who uses Toby in a single story and is completely free and more stories. Katsoway used, and on the Ticoi-Toby Deviantart page created by author Katsoway, his creation, comments were disabled. On Friday, December 14, 2014, Katsoway wrote after a series of discussions about Toby being sent along with other Creepypasta characters: This titled Creepypasta Fandom, Please Read/MarkAs Kids. Due to recent events I feel the need to clarify a few things. A lot of people are wrong about what who kills me. I know I've warned people in the past not to draw, or write anything that would put Toby away from clockwork with someone other than clockwork, but now I know it's pointless to ask something like that. A lot of people are not respectful and comfortable with what I am doing and some people are not. It's okay, I don't think it matters anymore. It's really worth nothing but trying to fight against these things and I guess I don't really care anymore. I'm done with Creepypasta fandom. I have finished this for a while and I plan not to look back or bother with it unless it contains copyright legal infringement with Toby's copyrights in place. Please don't feel inclined to defend me against shipping Toby with other characters or OCs or anything like that. That's good. And some others tend to take it too far because people don't think they're getting hurt. Hitting someone's OC is a big noo. Please don't do what's so hurtful to the creator. Being and Constructive criticism have two very different things and two very different consequences. I ultimately don't want to hurt anyone. I just thought I felt more comfortable with my place in fandom putting boundaries with my characters in the past but I was wrong regarding it and I'm not afraid to admit it. Actually, I suck, that's true. Everyone who doesn't like me has a reason to feel that way about me, and that's fine. Like I said before, I'm not lying to anyone to think about me. Because I want you all to understand that I wasn't just nice, that's what I mean when I say I'm sorry for the problem I caused. I don't want to come to Deviantart and worry about people hating me. I don't want to start or continue the fighting. Thank you all and I'm sorry. I really am. Katsoway tends to refuse to answer questions about Ticoi Toby, not directly referring to the movie, but probably because of taking the same questions over and over again, and possibly in response to any flame wars that happened due to the aftermath above. The Man Connection (SMC) will it has been about Toby since May 2014 and has repeatedly had to delete or redact Toby worshipping comments. These include worshipping Toby's aspects, wanting to be in a relationship with thinks it will please a character. The comment on this is absolutely ridiculous. I'm saying this now and here, and I'm going to make a comment by linking to this magazine so people know that I'm the one who wrote the damn story. Ticoi Toby is 100% imaginary. He's made up. I'm positive. I'm coming out because I made it up. His sole purpose was my entertainment because I love fear and wanted to create a terrible story that attracted an unexpected amount of attention. He's not real, he's not based on a real person or an urban legend off, he didn't see him with his own eyes because he was F.A.K.E. Don't take the and make another f---ing sick movie like these guys who stabbed your friend or Slenderman, don't do this to me, don't do this to anyone. I claim that it's real is to take something imaginary that means doing nothing but a terrible form of story for entertainment purposes and making it a real problem that affects real people. I was horrified to see people say that. I don't know what I would have done if this was the cause of something terrible because it's pre-adolescence. I am had hurt someone because of something I did. I know it's because I look aggressive and rude, but it's because I'm angry. I'm not going to like this light, it's a problem and I'm not going to sit behind them and let people get something made up of a harmful realistic size. Ticoi-Toby or any horror character, creepypasta or for people who think I'm real. Get the hell in the real world. In contrast, Katsoway has also posted the following related. The userbase in the community that I use in the comic, which I call the circle, which I believe this, I can't believe there's a real debate about whether Ticoi Toby is real or not. No, I made this up. I'm not real. How would I know? Because I'm the one who made him real. Ben Deviantart's Katsoway, named for writing the story on the wiki. I'm going to say it one more time. Ticoi-Toby is 100% FICTIONAL. He doesn't seem real. So no, according to people who say they saw him with their own eyes, you didn't, there's nothing to see because he doesn't exist. He's not based on a real person or an urban legend, he's a character I made up because he wanted to write a scary story for his own amusement. I had no idea you'd get so much attention. I'm sorry if I'm harsh, but I have no tolerance for these bulls---. The number of people who think it's real is absolutely obscene, and I can't be asked to believe it's possible because of something created for entertainment in another event similar to Slenderman Subpages. Please don't let that happen and take it seriously. It's one thing to enjoy a horror story, it's another to enjoy thinking that imaginary psychopaths are real and that you can interact with them. They are fake and obviously I don't care how this affects you, it's your heartbeats to hear that a mad f---ing liar is not real then there is a problem and what you need help and a taste of reality. Since then, all comments about Toby worshipping or trying to imply that he is real have either been heavily edited or completely deleted. Katsoway doesn't want to talk about Ticoi-Toby anymore. For a while, Katsoway's Deviantart blogs have been 404ed, possibly indicating deleted by Katsoway, but for unknown reasons. Unfortunately, the only recent evidence of their existence is the above transcript of the blog.

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