

LEAKED BY



This document was produced by Zuken - also known as Justin Kirby Francisco.
This document was originally addressed to Wickerkid. He is referred to as "Bruce" by Zuken throughout this document.
This document was leaked by Klaask - owner of Hutucord. Follow us at x.com/Hutucord



March 27, 2025

Hello, Bruce (redacted).

Sorry for the cold open, just making sure neither of us get any funny ideas about sharing this letter with other people.

I don't normally write overly sappy and sentimental things like this for just anyone, but for you I'll make an exception.

There are a lot of things I've neglected to tell you, mostly out of shame. But since you're leaving I might as well just get everything off my chest now so I won't be wracked with guilt and regret later on for not saying anything when I had the chance.

Almost everything I've done since we met has been a conscious attempt to impress and get closer to you. I'm not really sure if you picked up on that.

I still retain *every* positive and negative thing you've said about stuff I made. Because, really, whenever I make something, like a YTPMV or Photoshop edit or whatever, I always have the goal of gaining *your* approval specifically for some reason.

Like all the times you laughed at and commented under my Winmonke videos. Or when you said you couldn't stop replaying my YTPMV of Kiss Me Again when you previously said you don't really care for them. When you said the nitrogen video I made wasn't funny, that one stuck with me. Also when I started calling you by your real name to try and become more personal with you but you never ended up doing it back.

Whenever you withheld secrets from me because they were too embarrassing or whatever, it kinda hurt. Because I thought you already knew that I'd *never* share any of them. In fact, knowing something about you that no one else does is what *makes* those secrets special to me, why would I ever judge you for them, let alone tell anyone else?

Yes, I'm jealous. It's jarring to me that you'd commission yaoi of yourself getting fucked by some ugly, deformed **straightoid** with Fetal alcohol syndrome that you hated **JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO** before me, who's been nothing but loyal to you for years. I still don't know why you did that, and to be honest, it will probably piss me off forever. If you're wondering why I've been drinking a lot more lately, there's your answer I guess.

That's not the only thing I've gotten jealous over. When you became the "figurehead" of Skibidi Farms (around the same time I stepped down from Zukencord), you suddenly had all these random people sucking up to you. I was happy for you at first, but then you started ignoring me. Then you started lashing out at me. Pretty soon it was obvious that you didn't care about me anymore.





Well, I cared about you, so I did something about it. I broke my promise of leaving the internet and began to participate in Skibidi Farms, even if I really, really didn't want to. I did this just so you would have no choice but to talk to me again. And honestly, the sad thing is that *it worked*.

I know you already said that it was all a misunderstanding, but I still don't fully believe you. Of course it would seem like nothing to you. You didn't *care* about me, so you obviously wouldn't understand why what you did was bad in retrospect. If I never inserted myself into Skibidi Farms, I highly doubt you would have ever continued talking to me. Sorry.

I've lost count of how many times I've cried for and because of you. Like the first time you got fedded, because I was so scared you'd actually be arrested and taken away from me forever. Or when you started being cold and dismissive towards me for months on end after you made all those other friends from SF. I'd lie in bed crying while thinking about how much things had changed between us.

And of course, I've cried multiple times since you told me you'd be gone forever.

I'm not saying any of this to make you feel guilty, but to make you understand just *how much* you mean to me.

And yeah, I did have a crush on you. Ever since we met in 2023.

Even before I knew what you looked like.

To jog your memory, you randomly entered my server one day under the account "roy" and joined VC to tell me you heard on the sharty that I was a shotacon and thought I was cool for it. I remember vodkuh being in the call too.

I don't exactly remember what we talked about in that call, but following that I gave you access to the #boyz channel and you started posting some good shit.

I couldn't tell you why, but back then I already felt myself being drawn closer to you. There was just *something* about this roy guy that made me feel funny. I remember finding your voice cute in particular, and the way you conducted yourself and the stuff you posted was unlike anyone and anything I'd seen up until that point. I didn't fully realize what I was feeling at the time, all I knew was that I just wanted to keep talking to you. I would take a mental note of each new message you sent in my server. Backreading our conversations became a source of dopamine for me.

When the second Zukencord (the one you first joined) got deleted and all of its admins were banned, I was predictably kinda bummed out. Not because of the server *itself* getting deleted (because it was basically just a glorified friend group by that point so re-establishing contact with all the members was pretty easy), rather because it meant I could no longer find *you*, as you got





the invite from an older YT channel of mine that had been suspended long before the server deletion.

I thought about you *a lot* in the period that you were gone. I even remember questioning myself about it. By that point, I didn't have any other faggots in my server, so that's probably why I found myself missing you.

But then out of nowhere, you friended me again on a new account and said you saw the Tower Battles videos on my channel and added that it was a mutual interest of ours, so I decided to re-invite you to my server.

I hid it pretty well at the time but I remember literally jumping for joy and pacing around the room excitedly when you added me on that account and told me you were roy. I'd never reacted that way for anyone else before or since then.

And I think that's when I realized I liked you.

And then you sent your face and you were even more handsome than I could have ever imagined.

To be honest, just going off your voice, I initially pictured you as like a stereotypical school nerd with bad acne, a bowl cut, braces, and a tucked in shirt. But a *cute* kind of nerd, not the SML Cody kind, lol.

This is probably not gonna make a whole lot of sense to you, but I think one of the reasons I stopped being a shotacon (and I guess pedophile) in the first place was because of you. Ironically, even if most of what you posted back then was about shota, the warm feeling I got from talking with you made me realize that I could never experience something like this with some immature little boy. And when I saw your face, well, let's just say I had a type from that point forward, and it sure as hell wasn't kids. :P

But yeah, I quickly found myself enamored with you. I even started taking the gym seriously just because I wanted to impress you. I'm being 100% honest when I say #fit-check was just a ploy to fish for compliments from *you* specifically. And man, whenever you said stuff like I'm cute and that you would have sex with me, I would think about that for days. Actually, I still think of it even now, I actually have screenshots of those messages on my phone that I routinely look at for dopamine hits.

I guess I never told you this until now because I knew that I could never be with you. I'm not nearly handsome enough for someone like you, even disregarding the fact that I live on the other side of the goddamn planet.

Whenever you complimented me, I was certain it was your way of signaling that you liked me. But then one day you said something about how you'd want your boyfriend to be white and look similar to you, or something to that effect. I don't remember exactly what it was you said, but



that casual remark you made about wanting your looksmatch became a primary source of insecurity for me. Like, way more than you think. It sent me into a whole downward spiral.

That's why whenever I see retards like that Judge Holden PFP on Kiwi Farms and a handful of people on Twitter making these offhand comments about how they're straight but they would fuck you or whatever, it really pisses me off. Because it's so easy to say something like that. "Ayo I'm straight, but I would totally fuck the shit out of this femboy, no homo amirite? ECKS DEE". It barely even registers as a compliment. There's no class in it. It feels like a personal slap in the face to *me*, whom for the past 2 years, your attractiveness has been a major source of insecurity, because it just serves as a grim reminder that no matter how much I want to be with you I can never hope to reach your impossibly high standards.

All that stuff about heightism and liking PearChud? Yeah right nigger, I was just saying that shit to make it seem like you were below my standards to make you jealous. It clearly didn't work though, because you obviously don't think of me the same way I feel about you. **I'm retarded, shocker.**

Sometimes I wish you WERE the pizza faced dork I envisioned you as before I saw what you actually looked like. Because maybe then you'd be within my reach, and I would actually have a chance with you. But whatever, this is just getting dumb, moving on.

I've kept these feelings bottled up for over 2 years now. I haven't told a single person ever about this until now.

I don't know if you ever considered me as your best friend. I've spent more time than I want to admit pondering that question. And honestly, I don't think you do. I can think of a few others that are more befitting of that title, I guess. But that's fine with me.

But now you're gone.

I don't even know what to do now. The incentive is no longer there. I might as well just leave too, that would objectively be the best move for me to make. But I'm in too deep to stop now. Where do I even go from here? I won't have you anymore, and all I'll have left is these loose cannons like raidz. My life is on track to becoming worse than yours ever will, what with my actual full dox being out there. And honestly, I would have accepted it, if you were there to face it with me. But you aren't. And I don't know what to do now.

Now that you're gone, there's no one left to help me. I guess that's kind of a good thing, because it will force me to actually become independent. And I'll do my best. But I just don't know if I can take on all this without you. I'm so scared to think of a life without you.

We should have never made NoLimitsPedia. It's brought us nothing but trouble. I wish things could be the way they were in 2023. Just you and me. Playing TD games on Roblox. Discussing things only we liked and complaining about things only we hated. Sending each other cute

pictures in the #boyz channel. Having daily VCs with Synergy, Forprexxer, Nick, Sheila and Vodkuh. Hell, even fucking Miu, who, in hindsight, I should have treated better. It's all such a blur to me now. The only thing remaining from those times is you, and now you're gone too.

Even if this is truly the last I'll ever see of you, I'll probably think about you every day for the rest of my life. Even when I'm a geriatric old man in my 60s. That's how much of an impact you've had on me, because... well, as pathetic as it sounds... I guess this is the closest thing to genuine teenage love I'll ever experience. Unrequited of course, but you get what I mean.

No matter where life takes me, good or bad, I'll always look back on these 2 angst-filled years we spent talking the nights away together. I'm sorry if I was annoying for longer than I was "endearing" (in your words), or if I wasn't communicative enough, or if at a certain point you were just tolerating me more than actually enjoying spending time with me.

I've told you every last one of my secrets, and I assume you've told me most of yours. We know each other in ways not even our *family members* do. Knowing this, I naively thought we'd be friends for life. But things just never seem to turn out right for me.

There's just so much more I wanted to show you. So much more I wanted to do together with you. But now I'll never get that chance.

I don't think you can grasp how absolutely distraught I am knowing I'll never get to see you again.

I've cried three times since our last VC. I screamed at my mom and hit her in public because she made me go to a useless dentist's appointment instead of just letting me stay home, all while I have only one more day left to speak with you.

So, guess that's that. You're leaving. Can't do much to stop you now.

If you start missing me, check what shumeazy, Ozyrys, Eleotan, Fluffy Meme, Mango Animation and GoLuB have been posting. It'll be like I'm still there, spamming their videos in your DMs, lol.

Admittedly, I'm writing this out of a sense of desperation as well. Like, maybe if I make a good enough letter, it'll convince you to keep me around, even after you've left everything behind.

I don't even know WHY you don't want to keep me around. Is it because I'm a loose end to Skibidi Farms? Because nigger, I would leave everything behind in a heartbeat if it meant I would still get to be your friend, all of this means nothing to me. Is it because you don't want to be edgy anymore? BECAUSE I DON'T EITHER. I'M JUST DOING ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU WERE DOING IT. If you're going to leave, I want to leave with you. Let's take back our lives together. We can be normal again. I'll start working out again. We don't have to talk about animal gore or zoophilia or BMT or CP or soyjaks or RWX or any of this stuff anymore. That's what you want, right?

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I'VE WANTED FOR SO FUCKING LONG, YOU HAVE NO IDEA. I JUST WANT TO GET OVER THIS STUFF ALREADY AND BE A NORMAL PERSON. YOU'RE THE ONLY REASON I EVEN STILL TOLERATE THIS STUFF IN THE FIRST PLACE. IF YOU LEAVE ME BEHIND WITH ALL THESE FUCKING INSANE PEOPLE, I WILL HAVE NOTHING AND NOBODY LEFT TO CONFIDE IN. I WILL BE UTTERLY ALONE, AND SOON AFTERWARD I WILL DIE ROTTING IN A PRISON CELL. YOU CANNOT LEAVE ME LIKE THIS WITH A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

I hope you understand that all this time my loyalty to you has never faltered. If there's anyone in the world you can trust with your life, it's me. Again, I'm pretty much just going along with everything you do.

But I know you're a man of your word and if you *say* you're leaving... *you're leaving*. And I suppose there's nothing I can do to change that.

So *please*, when the time is right; be it a couple weeks, months, or years from now, try your *very hardest* to find me again. Even if it takes forever. Even if we find other friends to talk to. Even if we end up becoming completely different people. I'll be awaiting your return with bated breath.

Maybe when that day finally comes around, there won't be a Skibidi Farms, Edgesphere, or Paul Morris to speak of.

It'll just be us again.

Thank you for everything, Bruce. I'll never forget you, ever. ☺



See you
again, Bruce!

- Kirby



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Love,
Justin Kirby B. Francisco
<3