

*****Serial Killer Academy*****

Epilogue

It would be cruel to just tell you the truth. It would be all the more cruel to tell you a half-truth. I like to kill people. Watching them bleed out, or hearing them take their last breath with my hand gripping tightly on either end of whatever instrument I've chosen to close off their windpipe is to me what most people experience when they score a winning goal or find out they've scored really high on a test they studied long, late nights to pass.

Who I am isn't what's the cruel truth. What I am, a serial killer; isn't even the cruel truth. I'm sure by now you're a bit disgusted at me but rest assured, I'm on your side... for now.

****1997****

I was 14. I thought I was a normal kid with curiosities like any other kid. Kids do things away from prying eyes just to figure themselves out, to figure life out. When my mother found me, one Saturday morning, behind the shed peeling the flesh off of the neighbor's cat Miss Paws I told her I was curious about the 4H club and wanted to see what it was like to be a farmer. She bought it. She was appalled but she bought it. It was two weeks later when my older sister saw me practicing stealth attacks on a different neighbor's prize winning Afghan hound that I found myself in therapy.

"What's wrong with you?" She asked in disgust.

"I do what I please. Keeps me off the pole and my knees." I said as I always did when I didn't care to answer questions I thought to be dumb or unimportant to me.

****Dr. Buck Row****

"Of course I didn't want to kill the dog. I wanted to see how much damage I could do without killing the dog." I said to the child therapist who had become uncommonly annoyed.

"Do you hear yourself? If you wished to see how much damage the dog could take before it died. It would eventually have to die." He said looking over his glasses.

"I'm not going to argue your logic. I know what my intentions were. I didn't intend to kill the dog. It was science. Sometimes science has casualties. That doesn't mean the goal was the casualty."

That was the beginning of a two-year relationship with a man who I would later find and tell him how right he was as I took his ears. I guess I was lucky. They don't know about him. I mean I'm sure they suspect but they don't out right know. I went missing just three days later. I'm sure my mother alerted the police and the newspaper. I assume there was a candle light vigil. I can even imagine people saying kind words about me even though the general consensus was I had been troubled all along. Some may have suspected I simply ran away. But I hadn't. I was abducted, stolen away in broad daylight never to be heard from again. That is, until now.

I digress, the good doctor was right. Something was wrong with me or right with me depending on which branch of the government one works for. Whatever the case right or wrong, good or evil, righteous or deplorable, I was now a victim and the world would be better off for a time.

****MISSING****

It didn't take long for me to wake up. I hadn't been hit from behind. I hadn't been snatched off the street. The last thing I remember was buying a drink and sitting in the park to fantasize about how I'd kill everyone who passed by. The sun's rays brightened and I felt sluggish. There was a moment of blinking, or so it felt to me, and I just woke up here. Where is here? I thought as I sat up.

"And the new recruit is awake." Said a scraggly mid-puberty voice. I'm looking around and this kid no older than 15 comes and sits on the cot next to me.

"This is the first day of the best days of your life. "

"What, the fuck, are you talking about?" I asked. He ignored me.

"Yeah man. Just wait. You'll see. You're about to experience acceptance and understanding within these walls unlike anywhere else ever before or ever again for the rest of your life. You're not weird here. There aren't any peering eyes looking down at you here at Henry Howard Holmes Academy. "

The kid pats me on the back as he stands up. I jerk away from him feeling sick that he felt comfortable enough to touch me. A much taller, seemingly older, kid sitting in a dark corner across the room from me opens his eyes and shakes his head as he watches each step the kid takes away from our direction.

"He's a filthy ball of existence. You're right to not let him touch you." The slender kid stood up and approached me. He walked over slowly with his hands in his pockets. He stopped walking just as the bottom half of his body was illuminated by the light beaming through the window. Lifting his head slightly he pushed his glasses from the tip of his nose back into a snug fit.

"I'm sure this is unsettling to you. But we've all gone through it. Just like you, I'm missing. So is Reginald, though, he's also missing a few screws. But, you have the fortune, or misfortune, just like the rest of us here to be missing and know exactly where you are. We're about 6 miles west of Camp David."

"The Camp David?" I asked in disbelief.

"The one and only." He replied

"Okay. So I'm missing just a few miles from a national landmark hundreds of miles from my home. What the fuck am I doing here and why is everyone so casual about being kidnapped?" An unseen girl walks past me and slaps the back of my head as she sat upon her bed.

"We're not the instructors here. Save your questions for them." She said flopping down with an exhausting exhale. After a longer gaze I realized her hands were covered in blood. I touched the back of my head and my hair was matted together. Looking at my fingertips, they too now had blood on them. I immediately harbored resentment for this girl.

****Orientation – A Brief History Lesson****

It has been three days and I finally get to sit in front of an adult. This woman is pacing back and forth in her off-the-rack business suit. She's clearly one of those over achieving prove herself kind of people. I loathe those people. I find it odd that every time I try and imagine how I'd kill her I am drawn to her muscle definition in places I've never considered having muscle definition. I don't think I'd be able to over power her easily. Perhaps taking her down from a distance would be my best course of action. Before I can complete my train of thought and mentally view her lifeless body she breaks in with her monotone voice.

"This isn't my first choice for assignments but it's my duty to follow orders. I say that to say this. While you're here within these walls that duty also rests upon you. You're already missing. As far as your families are concerned you're already dead or have runaway never to return." A smug smile drifts across her plain face as she looks up at me.

"You're definitely the newest recruit. Be mindful that you are held to a standard here I'm certain none of your bunkmates cared enough to tell you about." She immediately took a special interest in me. She talked for what seemed like hours about so many things. I didn't bother to retain much of it. I got the gist of it.

First of all being H.H. Holmes, born Herman Webster Mudgett, is considered one of, if not, the first American serial killer. There were others who had a series of murders under their belts in the old west and across the country but Herman built what was famously known as the Murder Hotel specifically to lure people from the Chicago World's Fair. To honor his efforts and the myth that was built around him the academy was named after him.

Second, the F.B.I. was officially established on July 26th 1908 but its true inception was decades earlier. They were established by Grover Cleveland to help Scotland Yard's detective investigate the death of Mary Ann Nichols. Her body was discovered at 3:40am on Friday August 31st 1888. She was the first victim of the murderer who would famously become known as Jack The Ripper. Because of this

individual's ability to kill, possibly leave hints for the authorities, and function without any witnesses to point fingers towards them a new breed of killer was established. As the world would know it, Jack The Ripper was never caught. What kind of world would it be to let evolution be hanged by jury? The actions of The Ripper left many scholars baffled.

Why would a person kill a specific type of victim, all prostitutes? Why would a person dissect them in such a fashion? Why would a killer leave communication scribbled in chalk? Are you taunting authorities? Do you wish to bring the wrath of justice to your door? There was no way the killer, dubbed Jack The Ripper by the media, could be caught and hanged. That would undo the seemingly rightful evolution of the human mind and spirit. So to the world Jack the Ripper was never caught.

That's not to say Eloise Claire Eddenlowe wasn't apprehended. She too was a prostitute. She too had walked the streets and came face to face with whom we all know to be Jack the Ripper, each time she took pause to admire her reflection in a window or body of water. In 1888 it was well established that women were meek and mild and the thought that one could do any such a thing was absurd.

When questioned about her motives she expressed how she was stolen from her mother as a child and raised into prostitution. She saw women in dresses and men in suits pass by her window and live in a fashion that didn't enrage them on an hourly basis for an hourly rate. She was a tool for men given freely against her will by women who should have protected her. She took her time and earned her freedom, for a time. She bought her worth from the women selling her out and went to work as a chambermaid for a Jewish physician.

When she had learned all she could by proxy she took leave along with some of the good doctor's equipment. The doctor was no saint. While he offered her lodging and the least of morsels of food he also took of her body as he saw fit.

"The Jews are the men that will not be blamed for nothing." He would say after forsaking his god and her right to self-preservation. Eloise laced his morning breakfast with strychnine and found her way back to the streets. Unable to find any other work she returned to what she knew, selling her body considering it was no longer hers and she longed to be parted from it. This broke her all the more. She took this rage, that had been festering inside of her, out on poor Mary Ann Nichols one early morning when they argued over who would get the next paying customer. Things escalated and Nichols made the newspapers. Eloise felt a release unlike that of the freedom she felt when she killed the good doctor.

After apprehending Eloise Claire Eddenlowe she was tirelessly questioned and brought back to America by Cleveland's agents. They took in her story. It was nothing as she anticipated. They praised her good sense to exact her revenge. After debriefing her and learning all they could she was released free on American soil. She changed her name to Clara A. Lovering. As life would have it she would come across a young man named Herman Webster Mudgett and as its been said many times before, the rest is history.

****Empowerment****

There isn't much about forensics you can't surmise from any decent crime show. But to get first hand training on how to avoid leaving forensic evidence behind is almost as impressive as the kill itself. You have shows like 'Dexter' and 'Criminal Minds' that will show you the death of victims and they walk you through simple methods the murderers take to abstain from leaving evidence. But it is all movie magic. Dexter, for instance, goes great lengths to wrap rooms in plastic.

His kill room. He dismembers bodies and then dumps nice and neatly wrapped pieces of human waste into the gulf stream to be whisked off into the ocean, never to be seen again. Except that he talks to them, with a plastic mask on with a nice and tight band holding it onto his head against his hair. Every bit of me says that elastic band snatches out his hair and leaves ample amounts within the bags he dumped to finger him for each and every murder. Its all smoke and mirrors. They'd never give you a piece of media that tells the whole truth.

Whenever you learn about some form of forensic investigation in a movie or a television show, its officially outdated and there is a newer more precise way to capture us.

I've spent 2 years at this point being taught the latest tricks of the trade such as how to establish my confidence in kills, how to find the perfect victims, when to strike and why certain victims are off limits. I chuckled at the ones off limits. You've kidnapped me and taken the time to cultivate the most undesirable quality within me only to tell me I can't use it however I see fit? HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA, sure thing, Boss!

I hate not being able to return to my family next year. I hate having to get this new identity. I hate never having contact with them again even though I'm fine and well and they'd be overjoyed to know I'm not a corpse somewhere. There were so many firsts I never had a chance to experience as a civilian. Such is my fate. Can I really weigh a first dance in high school against my first kill? No comparison. One gets my blood going, the other allows me to press my lips against someone else lips.

They said I have 5 years or three kills of a head start to put my skills to use, whichever comes first. The time frame before they pinpoint my signature and specifically come after me is based on how well I put to use what I've learned here. You heard that right. They trained us for their job security. They monitor child psychologist records and then apprehend the kids most likely to be a killer. Sure local law enforcement would catch any random Tom, Dick, Harry, or Sally that kills their parents in a fit of rage but local law enforcement shouldn't get all the fun or the glory according to Grover Cleveland's first dean of H.H. Holmes Academy and former Vice President, Adlai Ewing Stevenson.

Adlai Stevenson, the commanding officer that caught Eloise Claire Eddenlowe, saw her promise for future prospects. He convinced Cleveland to train others to do such things. The first few classes of the academy birthed some of America's most notorious gangsters. They didn't quite grasp the concept of moving in the shadows. Like all things there was ample room for improvement. Here I sit.

Graduation

Having slaughtered countless animals over the past three years and rubbed my fair share of animal's blood on the backs of heads of freshly stolen children, today I am finally about to be free of this place. I've secretly cultivated my very own signature as well as established a basis for my slew of victims, as if you didn't already know. I told you my former psychologist was my first victim. They're so smug and all knowing. Instead of helping with insight they inquire all the more and press you to be introspective as though that is some kind of science. I digress; today's the day I walk across...

A large thud with a piercing pain shoots through my spine at the base of my neck. I've been hit from behind. It's the tall slender kid with the glasses.

"What in the fuck are you doing?" I screamed at him as I attempted to pull myself together, partially staggering.

"Today is graduation you piece of shit. We are all free to kill one in the graduating class. We all chose you. You're smug and arrogant and think you're so much smarter than the rest of us." He starts coughing as he runs towards me. He begins to cough up blood as another kid comes towards me. She stops, gripping her stomach as cramping snatches her attention from me.

"I know you all despised me. It's not my fault I'm naturally good at this. It's not my fault I desire to kill on a much more deep-rooted level than any of you. But it is my fault this morning's rations were all poisoned." Several kids stumble out from around the corner. The look of shock and distress in their eyes as they reach out to me wanting my blood on their hands as they uncontrollably cough up their own.

"You idiots excluded me at every single turn. When they told us one of us wouldn't make it to graduation I knew that one would be me if I didn't do what was necessary." The idiot's moans and writhing brought the attention of multiple instructors and school officials. They come running. The sight was beyond their comprehension. My entire graduating class was bleeding out through every hole and pore of their body. At the same time I rubbed the back of my head in glee.

"What have you done? You... you monster." Asked our current dean.

"I think this is what you call walking across the stage for us. When can I go?"

I know, I know. You're saying but I said my first victim was my psychiatrist. He is my first victim. This was self-defense and they were all test subjects. It's really about perspective.

On your side

I was released with a new identity enough money to establish myself in the community. You know, get a home, a car and find a mild mannered job to just blend in with the surrounding area. It was all going so well until I stopped at a gas station. It had been 3 years since I was released from the academy. I had 3 kills under my belt and they were all done entirely differently just to get a feel for field experience. Then the unthinkable happened.

I walked into a gas station. I went to the back and opened a fridge. Picked out my favorite drink and walked up to the counter. Whose behind the counter? My god damned sister. On first encounter we didn't so much as make eye contact. I didn't notice her she didn't notice me.

"Why do you drink so many energy drinks?" She asked casually as she handed me my change.

"I do what I please. Keeps me off the pole and my knees." I said in a quip. She coughed. She looked into my eyes and began to tear up. I quickly gathered my things after realizing what she had begun to realize and I left the store. She followed. Her voice was frayed as she called out my name. Her next utterance was stifled by the slightest of cracks in the air. Her body slumped to the ground in an instant. A sniper, hidden off in the distance, had pierced her skull in one shot.

I hadn't planned to encounter her. I hadn't planned to put her life in danger. I hadn't planned to see her ever again. It was all too late, far from any plan. But because of this unfortunate occurrence I now know that they were on my trail and I wasn't nearly as smart as I thought. I left my sister's lifeless body on the cold pavement and disappeared. For the next three years I was exceptionally cautious and did everything within my power to lose the one's who had found me. First on my list, everyone on their list they established was off-limits. It took me 6 years to finish that list and find the sniper who pulled the trigger on my sister.

Now it's time to go to the media. It's time to expose this serial killer academy and take down as many of them before they get me. I was happy and content being the true me I was born to be. Utilizing ever bit of the training they offered in ways that the world would never imagine. If the game is supposed to be cat and mouse, the rules have changed. Now its just cat and cat and we're about to meet in the alley.

****Beginning of... THE END... ****