

My Diary

By Reaper

Friday, March 27 2015

Do you know what it's like to be a nobody? To drift through life without anyone knowing who you are? I can tell you that I do. Who am I? When I was a kid I was always the one who was last picked for the team. When I was in middle school I was always the one who never had a dance partner. When I was in high school I was the only one who didn't have a girlfriend. As a man it seems I'm the only one who doesn't have a wife. Nor do I have a good job, unless you count scraping gum off the floors at the bowling ally good. I certainly don't. I'm writing this to you diary, because you are the only one who I can tell my plans to. I've decided I'm not going to be a nobody anymore. By this time next week, everyone will know of my existence even if they don't know my name.

Thursday, April 02 2015

I feel amazing today. I went through with something I've been thinking about doing since I was twelve years old. I killed a person. I cannot tell you the level of exhilaration I felt when I put my hands around her neck and squeezed the life out of her. I don't think I've ever felt so powerful in my life. I took everything this girl could ever be and snuffed it out. I know I can tell you this diary, because I know if anyone finds out I did this they will arrest me and take me away. I don't think they will find me though because I didn't know this girl, only her type. You know, the type that always has lots of boyfriends? One of those popular girls who all the boys like but she'll only ever date the high school quarterback. I also wore gloves so there would be no fingerprints. There's no way the police will find me.

Wednesday, April 08 2015

The police found the body of the girl I killed. I saw it on the evening news. They found her body right where I left it on the edge of a farmer's field. I meant this to happen because that's the only way anybody will be able to see my accomplishment. I also learned her name. Her name was Amanda Wilkinson and she also had a mother, father, and sister. I saw them on the news too and they were crying. I won't kid you diary, I'm glad they're crying and I'm glad people are afraid.

I was able to bring all of this about and now I'm no longer a nobody anymore. The police are all on the wrong track too. They are looking into her boyfriend and another boy she was seeing on the side. I got her type right didn't I? They think this is an isolated case too, at least that's what they're telling everyone on the news.

I know the police aren't telling the public everything though. They made no mention of the fact that she was strangled or that I took the necklace she was wearing at the time as a souvenir. The necklace I'm holding in my hand right now as I'm writing this. I may have been a nobody that never amounted to much but I'm not stupid. They didn't mention any of this information because they want to weed out any false confessors who try to take credit for my work. I'm actually kind of glad because I don't want anyone else to get credit for this. I have to go now diary but I will write again soon.

Friday, April 10 2015

Friday nights at the bowling alley are usually one of my least favorite because of how busy it is. I've never liked crowds or the noise they bring very much. But this Friday I think I managed to find my next victim. Her name is Tina and she spilled her soda all over the floor of Lane 12. Naturally the manager made me go and clean it up. He's too busy counting his money and offering false smiles to his customers to deal with such trivial matters as cleaning, fixing things, and in general keeping the bowling alley running. He doesn't mind taking the credit though.

I pride myself on being charming when I want to be and I was able to glean from my brief conversation with Tina that she works over at the cafe on Miller road. My plan is to stake out where she works and see if I can

figure out her routine. I'll write more later when I have more to go on.

Wednesday, April 29 2015

I did it again! They should find Tina's body within the next day or so. Strangling women is definitely my favorite way to dispose of them. I like doing it up close and personal and I get the biggest thrill watching their eyes go all glassy right after they go limp. I left Tina almost exactly the way she looked after she died. Her eyes wide and bulging, her neck all purple. I always thought when you strangle someone their tongues would stick out too but it turns out that isn't the case. I even tried to get Tina's tongue to stick out after she died but I couldn't make that happen.

Getting Tina was almost too easy. She normally got a ride home after work from one of her coworkers or a family member would pick her up. The first time I saw this I followed her home and drove past so I could see where she lived. As I kept watching her I noted that if she couldn't find a ride she would just walk home instead since it wasn't too far away. I had to wait until last night before she started walking home, then I just went ahead of her and lay in wait hidden by a copse of dark pines. As she walked past I came out of the shadows quick and silent, she never knew what hit her!

I kept her high school ring as my own little keepsake. I really can't wait to see what the paper says when they find my latest little present for them.

Saturday, May 02 2015

The police discovered Tina's body this morning. I was surprised it took as long as it did but at least they managed it. The press has started talking about me now too although they refer to me as a serial killer. Technically I'm not there yet, I have to bump off at least one more person before I can get that coveted title. The chief of police was quick to remind the public of that too, not that it matters much since I'm definitely planning to kill again. At any rate the police have begun issuing an advisory curfew of 7:00 in the evening although it won't be enforced. Not enforcing the curfew is good for me because it makes my plans a lot easier.

Sunday, May 10 2015

I killed again tonight. I don't know her name or her story, although I know her story concluded in tragedy following a late evening jog. She was a fighter, she scratched at me and managed to give me a pretty nasty cut over my left eye and screamed a lot too. It's easy enough to explain the cut away since I can just say I got hurt at work and nobody would really question it.

I decided to leave the body in the park pretty much where I killed her. I was concerned her screaming might have attracted attention and the last thing I need is a witness being able to identify me or give the police my description. I don't think anyone saw me. Luck might even be in my favor if they find her quickly. I've taken to keeping the newspaper clippings that keep coming out about the recent murders and the death of that jogger will certainly make headlines.

I also managed to grab the girl's iPod before I left. I know it's not as personal as the other items I took off my last victims but there really wasn't time to search her for something more personal. Besides the iPod is a nice trophy in and of itself. She was listening to it when I came up behind her and it almost certainly helped give me the element of surprise.

Saturday, May 23 2015

Life has been pretty frustrating as of late. I haven't written in awhile so let me explain what happened. As I suspected my last victim's screams didn't go unnoticed and the police found her within an hour after I left the scene. It's a good thing I did bug out when I did because as it was nobody saw me. That was too close a shave though, although truthfully I kind of find that aspect of it exciting as well. It turns out the girl's name was Lauren Kayfield, and she was 19 years old, and she was the daughter of the anchor lady on the six-o'clock news. The news has even given me a name: the Midnight Strangler. This is kind of funny since I never killed anyone at midnight before, but the name certainly sells papers.

Now the papers really were having a field day. Not only did they have a real life serial killer on their hands but I'd managed to kill someone connected with one of them. The police are speculating that Lauren's death may have been targeted so the Midnight Strangler could get extra publicity, but I can assure you diary that I really did pick her at random. I had no idea who she was until I read about it.

The downside about all the press coverage is that it's getting harder and harder to find any new victims. Now nearly everyone is obeying the curfew or else traveling together in packs. The police as well have been stepping up patrols and checking up on anyone who seems out of place especially after the curfew. The net result of this is that I've had to follow the curfew too and I haven't had a chance to get any more victims.

Diary, there's something you should know about murder. Murder believe it or not is kind of addictive. The first time you have all this anxiety and exhilaration and you're not sure you can really do it. Then the second time it gets a little easier. The third time it's easier still, and then it becomes almost like an itch. You can ignore the urge for so long but sooner or later you just have to scratch it.

I've been able to scratch it in a way. Since I can't find any new victims I've found that I can handle the various trophies I took from my previous girls and hold them in my hands. Then I can relive the murders in my mind. Doing that and reading the newspaper clippings I've been collecting helps to relieve that itch a little. At some point I know I will pretty much have to kill again and I'll be taking even bigger risks doing it.

Friday, June 05 2015

I got my chance to commit another murder. This one had to be worked out delicately and I've spent weeks carefully choosing my victim this time. The only way that I could get a girl alone with me these days is by offering to walk her or drive her home to "watch over her".

The whole watching over someone bit isn't hard to do per say, lots of men have been offering to walk or drive girls home these days. Some may be Good Samaritans, others perhaps are just hoping to get lucky. There may even be another predator like me out there hoping to take advantage of the situation. It isn't likely but it is possible I suppose.

Where things get tricky is that the girl in this case has to agree to come on her own. This isn't the way I've done things in the past and it requires earning a certain amount of trust. Another tricky factor is that there may be witnesses who see you and the last thing I would want is to be fingered as the person who a dead girl was seen with last.

The first thing I decided to do was to start earning trust. This basically entailed offering to take girls home in my car or by walking with them. There were a number of girls who either weren't old enough to drive or who didn't have licenses but still worked relatively close to the bowling alley. Instead of killing them, I made sure they made it home safely. Diary, if you really think about it, who could promise their safety better than me? I had no intention of killing them when I offered them rides, at least not on those nights, and there wasn't anyone else that they needed to be worried about!

I took girls home alone or in groups, people I knew and people I didn't. Eventually I became known to them and they began to trust that I wouldn't hurt them. I always made it a point to tell funny stories or jokes so they came to enjoy taking rides or walks with me. I could control the urge to kill for now because of my trophies and I could wait until the moment was right.

The right moment came last night. The moment I had been waiting for after weeks of effort finally arrived. The right moment being that I had to take a girl home alone with me either in my car or by walking and there couldn't be anyone else around when I took her who would see her with me.

As it was I was working late at the bowling alley that night fixing a malfunctioning ball return. and I didn't get out until almost ten-o'clock. I noticed that one of the girls I frequently drove home named Rachel was waiting outside under a street lamp alone with her phone in her hand and a very worried expression on her face. When I approached her she looked up with terror on her face but she quickly relaxed when she saw who I was.

It turns out she had to work late that night as well. Her boyfriend was supposed to pick her up but was having problems getting his car to start and she had been trying to get another of her friends to pick her up. Naturally when I offered to drive her home she gratefully accepted. She called her boyfriend and let him know she had found a ride, and sealed her fate by neglecting to tell her boyfriend who was driving her home.

I drove her away from town in the direction of her home, but turned off on a deserted gravel road. Rachel was inquisitive at first and asked what I was doing. I covered my actions by telling her something didn't

feel right with my own car. This ruse wasn't going to work for long but I didn't need it to, I just needed to be out of sight of the main road.

After I had pulled the car over and stopped it, I turned to Rachel and revealed to her who I really was. Now the look of terror was back on her face. She unbuckled the seat belt, opened the door, and bolted from the car. It was no use though. I caught up with her easily and knocked her to the ground. It wasn't even a challenge! I choked the life out of little Rachel and then drove her body to a wooded area just a block away from her house and left her there just off of the road. More food for the media tomorrow morning.

Tuesday, June 16 2015

Diary, I'm on the run today. The police broke into my home tonight and said they had a warrant for my arrest. Officers moved around the back of my house too but I had already escaped out the window and I ran into the nearby trees. The police chased me but I managed to get away. I have six objects of vital importance on my person, the only things I now own in the world. The four trophies I collected from my victims, this diary, and a gun.

I still have no idea how the police managed to figure out that I was the Midnight Strangler. I have some ideas formed mainly by watching hours of crime drama on the Investigation Discovery channel. It's possible they connected DNA evidence found from under Lauren's fingernails to my own somehow. I had also been convicted of a burglary when I was a teenager and they had my prints on file. I was careful to wear gloves at all times but maybe I forgot or took them off at some point?

I really don't remember. It doesn't matter now anyway. An all points bulletin has gone out and everyone now knows who I am and what I look like. I really don't have much hope of getting away. I've decided that I'm not going to go to jail. The gun I brought with me isn't for more victims. That was never the way I killed them. The gun is for myself. I'm currently preparing to end my own life and I'm writing my final thoughts to you Diary.

I did win in the end. I've carved out a name for myself and I know at least nobody around here will ever forget me even if I'm not around anymore. I also know that my legacy will carry on. Do you know why Diary? It's because I know I'm not the only person like myself out there. I read somewhere that there are one hundred active serial killers in the United States alone at any given time. We're all alike in some ways so even if I die many others just like me will still be out there. I kind of like to think of myself as being a part of all those other killers. One collective group carrying on a legacy of fear.

To anyone reading this Diary, stop and think. Perhaps you know someone just like me. Outwardly quiet and shy. Maybe a little awkward? Chances are that person is perfectly harmless because lets face it there are millions of such people in the world. But maybe one of them might be hiding a much darker side just like I was. Now the hour is getting late and the sirens are getting louder. So to you Diary, I say farewell. To anyone who reads this diary I say: See you around!