

MERCER S.O.U.L. LITERARY MAGAZINE



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'22

S.O.U.L.
Society of Unusual Literature
Mercer County Community College
Student Literary Magazine
2022

Acknowledgments

Thank you to everyone who helped this club and magazine come together, especially:

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Slyvia's Maze

Emmanuel Amankwaah

In the large hall I stood in, the bright Cupid tapestry was hanging
Embroidered in fine bright red, the tapestry was entitled, title was Slyvia in the Morning
Smiling, she held in her left hand a bottle of whiskey and in the right a labyrinth maze shining
Standing, I heard one stride, two strides and a gentle touch on my right shoulder, quite soothing.
Facing me was Slyvia, light bronze skin, blue eyes, dark hair, fresh breath, smiles radiating
“Stunning,” my mind dictates “Please be foreign,” her whisper was “whiskey, Mr. Charming”
Taking my hand, she led me to the winery, to the vintner she says, “the usual,” quietly singing
The whiskey on the tapestry sedates, gently she says “I have a heart, not insecure and a darling”
Pulling closer I whispered, “The bow and arrow is strong to pierce, prove to me no stalling”
Giggling she whispers, “You a Thomas seeking to see Christ to believe in his Rising”
I whisper “No sugar, I am more of a Peter, the rock on which you build your loving”
Blushing, she kissed my lips, in the faintest whisper she says, “Enjoy your day Mr. Charming”
Paying the vintner, she left the winery, two strides, one stride her heels singing
I took a last sip of the whiskey, on the whiskey was in scripted “The maze,” tapestry glowing.

College Life

Melissa Key

I will be the first in my family to attend college

In my family, education is crucial

During my high school career, my options varied

First, I wanted to be a nurse

I had this scenario with blood with my mom

Nursing wasn't for me

So I said to myself, "I don't like blood" so what's the point of majoring in a career that doesn't make you happy and don't enjoy doing it

Secondly, I wanted to join the military

Due to my scoliosis and military physical training, my doctor recommended it wouldn't be a wise choice

Again, I said to myself, "I don't want to hurt myself from being able to do tasks on my own" so what's the point of joining a career that's going to hinder my ability from moving freely

Lastly, back in middle school, I went to an art museum in South Philadelphia

The structure and shape of the building caught my eye which led me into majoring in

Architecture

Going to college wasn't a big deal for me

Finances were a big deal for me

I know, I have a supportive family but I want to be able to take care of my own finances

I applied for scholarships and got every single one

The goal is to get your college degree

College is exciting but be ready to deal with the stress and be patient through the journey

Moment to forget

by w.a.z

Hard mahogany
Sweat of testosterone
I understand I was small
You wanted to be bigger
You wanted control in your life
It was the need
The impulse
Led to your hands on my back
I didn't know this was a game to play
Never gave it a name
Too undignified for that.
If I close my eyes I think I can still remember
Seeing and counting every step
My body becomes a cylinder for 3 seconds.
Didn't feel like flying
Flying is majestic
This hurt.

Process

Melissa Key

Life is a process itself

So is college

We all learn how to be patient and keep our heads up

As an architect major, there is a process phase before the final product is displayed

Architecture is fascinating but be willing to go through the process

Always do research and practice presenting SO

When presentation comes you're confident on your topic, speak confidently, and can educate others on how you got to the final product

The fire is going to come

We have to be bigger than the fire by keep grinding

Enjoy the process

Myth

Magnus Tomasko

Countless legends formed Luminous's history, living within the citizens of Mechtyra. His own constellation loomed above the world, forged by figures who aspired to exist within this God's eyes, but fell from their own mortality.

Alex, Rasten, Xefyr, Slate, Raider, all lay mortally before Luminous. Would they someday constitute his constellation as everyone else had? If so, their stars would certainly be brighter than every other.

Especially Alex's.

The God refused to place further thought into this. His mind, supposedly the pinnacle of creation, feigned beneath the weight of reflection, imagining some few mortals of billions whom he protected, being lost. Why had he chosen them? What made these individuals special compared with everybody else on Mechtyra? Why should a God invest himself in five fragile figures destined for demise? Would each person meaning something to Luminous someday become merely a myth spoken upon the lips of Mechtyrians everywhere?

Luminous paused, this question lingering within his stale, ancient mind.

A myth.

Luminous himself was merely this--a myth. The God slew tyrants and beasts during the Hundred-Millenia-War, freeing Mechtyrians with each valiant swing granting victory upon the lands below wherever he dared step. Scholars wrote Luminous's every act within novels and scrolls, scrawled them into mountainsides and metal slabs.

But were these victories? Were those Luminous slew truly tyrants? Were these writings true? How could any have been, when loss and tyranny still existed as tragedy befell Mechtyra with Gladrious tearing the planet from orbit? Hadn't Luminous slain every threat plighting the galaxy long beforehand?

These were merely myths spoken by people, not truths. Indeed, darkness still lingered. Myths

only made a false image, but truths painted reality red in blood.

Truths existed above all else, reminding Luminous he could fight infinitely to rid the world of evil, but somehow, somewhere, it would continuously arise. And alone, the God remained powerless. Evil stood, a united force, and himself just one man bearing what light the world sought for assurance and hope.

Light, too, must become a united force. How could it, though, when Luminous alone, lived embodying it?

Mortals shared their lives with this God. Someday, they may merge with his constellation, shining bright across Mechtyra's shadow-stricken nighttime skies, but only because, together, these individuals shared his light with one another in life. Luminous dimmed before the plight across Mechtyra, but only because his glint spread unto others, divvying itself evenly across six bearers who shone before the God.

These others were the light for Luminous.

Luminous was the light for them.

Conglomerated from many's bright radiances, the God existed amongst his friends, because of their truths:

Light itself is a united force.

Luminous is a united force, never alone.

-Myths of Light and Dark, book 16

Giant shadow

by w.a.z.

I see him here in myself, Pale perplexed eyes.
His boulder feet, clobbering together
carrying his carcass room to room.
Nimble as I am, one day I may walk like this
slouched giant too.
Perhaps without the militant cut
issued to his head since birth.
Or hands so full, balloons of potential.
Twice the size of any other I've tried to hold.
Thrice as far. Maybe one day they will Pop open.
We find out all the compassion was stored in your fingers.
Feverish you must have stored it there hiding any ounce from leaking out for others to steal.
Becoming the giant I've always known. The tall shadow of my youth I could never get quite
close enough to...

King of Lies

Magnus Tomasko

Along grow hollow husk and bone

Damned upon forgotten throne

Shattered sights askew thine light

Whilst sorrowed voices forge the night;

Silenced amongst putrid sins

Their pains recall, descent begins

Beckon-call to praise thine grave

On mounds of rubble none forgave

Whereupon thou damnèd lies

Pierce these hazed and dampered skies

With treason, hate, damnation, demise;

Hold mine hand, you king of lies

Promise brittle, thou spirit breaks;

Bear my soul, mine deafened hate!

(chorus)

Sound the hymn of ancient sin

And bind the lock to hallowed clock;

Time is fleeting, ever thin

Straying sight of hope within;

Sacred promise turned amok

Seal thine heart of broken rock

With lies begotten from the ring;

Death shall meet thee, lying king

(chorus end)

Along trail harrowed hopes and hurts
Left amongst unspoken words

Hidden shame, forsaken fame;
Thou brittle promise speaks in vain;
Upon thy ring, a kiss of death
Bestowed 'pon traitors all forget

War against thine hollow words,
Righteous slain for truth unheard;
Beneath their banner waving proud
These damnèd calls ring more profound
Hold mine hand, you king of lies

(chorus)

Sound the hymn of ancient sin
And bind the lock to hallowed clock;
Time is fleeting, ever thin
Straying sight of hope within;
Sacred promise turned amok
Seal thine heart of broken rock
With lies begotten from the ring;
Death shall meet thee, lying king

(chorus end)

“Wherefore hath my people gone? Sacred loyals but merely pawns to fallible fate and ornate
tales forged against mine cordial scales.”

Thou hath stained us mortals with blood

Rampant hate; thou stands with none

“Cloaked in drapery flying bright, ye warriors know not honor, but might. Strength surrender, for it cannot shatter mine dearest console of hallowed matter.”

Giveth us thy mockery thin;

Our vengeful chagrin cannot forgive

What harrowing damnation bringeth forth

Unto citizens whom fear the worst

When, before, hath thou not sung

These crippled scriptures so carelessly strung

From blighting hope and silver tongues?

No longer bathed in innocent blood

We, the common, herein, now rise;

Give your hand, you king of lies!

“Heart embraced by deathly reign

My people, I have lied in vain;

End mine sins, mine painful lie;

Death descend from grace divine

Unholy against mine dearest whim;

Farewell, kingdom built on sin.”

(chorus)

Sound the fare of freedom nigh

Unbind these chains of abysmal time;

Kingdom righteous, peasants bright

Mortals reclaim throne with might;

Sacred promise turned about

Seal thine heart in smothered doubt

With truth now ravished from crown and ring;

Death has met thee, lying king

(chorus end)

SHIPWRECKED

Emmanuel Amankwaah

Living in a comfort zone

Man never realizes his lions in a den

On a great and promising island

The shadows of death will hunt man

He will seek the pieces of his magnum opus

But the aisle of ancient days will evade him

The old and tiresome journey will start on the sea

Where the act of valor has faded

Man will climb the wrecks of great sands

He will count the ruins of debris

And post them in the clock

Forgetting the shipwrecked city

The moment of doom He will count the ruins of debris

And post them in the clock

Forgetting the shipwrecked city

The moment of doom will cry out to man

Man will paint the seashore with

Blood of sacrifices

But the shipwrecked city will

Find no integrity in man

He will slay him with a

Pride of Queen Jezebel

And subdue all his luck

And burn his fortunes

City of Mystforge

Magnus Tomasko



Strength

Melissa Key

Life is full of challenges that will pull us down

After my two heroes passed away, I was trying to envision my future without them

My goal is for my two heroes to smile down on me proud of me

My Momma and Grandma

I prayed and pleaded to God to walk with me without my two heroes

Through the years, he has shown me through his strength

Strength gives us hope to make it through another journey

Strength comes from testimonies

Testimonies are stories we all have

Our testimonies are different but can give others strength and faith

Through my testimony, strength and walking by faith not by sight are the only encouragement that has got me where I'm at today

Our strength will be tested but it's up to us to fight back NOT GIVING UP

Stay focused and motivated

Tzaddi
Heather Krencicki



Alumni Corner

Different picture same pieces

Garret Chmielewski

My life right now is like a jigsaw puzzle
A picture before me clear
but as I look closer

I see a different picture with the same pieces
I see pieces from before
Peers, school, the freedom to write
But this picture is changed
An ocean pier instead of farming hills
A lake instead of a river
It's a Galloway from maddening
But in the end it's no different than a

Stroll vs a drive

A drive is faster and goes farther
But you only see a picture not its pieces
While a stroll takes longer and more time
But you can only see the pieces and hey
You might even catch a sunset
And feel more alive

As I work in a place not too far from before
I never felt so distant to what it had in store
While people and places change
This writing still feels the same
In the end all I can think
Is how long till I look for the first
And see with the picture now
What held what broke
What pieces are just
Missing

No matter how sad at change I get
All I have to Remember is

That no matter how different the world's picture feels

It will always be made of the
Same pieces

John Walker

Asid Khadam

It was the year 1857 in London, and during this time a serial killer going by the name of John Walker had been terrorizing the country for 3 years. Not much was known about him, except for the method he used to murder his victims. The few witnesses who survived described him wearing a white, faceless mask, a red double-breasted jacket with tailcoats, a white shirt and black bowtie, white trousers and a pair of brown boots, a pair of brown gloves, and a brown top hat with a dark pink ribbon tied around it. Days later, they were all found stabbed to the heart with a rose in their hand, each rose being a different color, resting on their chest, like a corpse in a casket. John Walker's appearance and the police's failed attempts to arrest him created great fear in the hearts of the people. Soon, the streets of London were found silent with everyone too afraid to leave their homes, in fear of becoming his next victim.

One day, a citizen reported to the police of having found the elusive serial killer dead. To their shock, the police hurriedly arrived at the scene and began their investigation. Who was John Walker, what happened to him, what was he after, and what was the purpose of the roses? As they continued their investigation, they stumbled upon what they believed to be John Walker's diary. Maybe this could unlock the answers to these pivotal questions.

Sunday, 5 February 1854

1.00 p.m.

What a glorious day to get married to the woman I love. Clear skies, the sun radiating upon us, and a bride to whom none can compare. Maria has always been by my side and without her, all of this would be nothing more than a fantasy. She has this kind of expression that can make anyone feel comfortable around her and her kind nature resembles that of a mother loving her child. Although she doesn't know it, Maria saved me from the pain and I will always be grateful for it. From today and onwards, we will be spending our lives together and I swear on my life that I'll do everything I can to make her happy.

Oliver Adams

Friday, 10 March 1854

3.30 p.m.

It has been a month since Maria and I have been married and how great it has been these past few weeks with her. I don't think I've ever been this happy. For our first month anniversary, I got Maria a bouquet of blue roses, her favorite. During my childhood, my mother would teach us about the language of flowers. She said that the blue rose is said to represent the impossible or the unattainable. When Maria and I started to meet more often, although it was quite embarrassing, I thought of giving her a blue rose, for she gave me what I thought was no longer possible for me, a second chance at life. When I gave it to her, she began to blush as if she understood the meaning behind why I gave her a blue rose. The only response she gave was asking me if I truly found her to be extraordinary. I didn't realize it at first, but then I suddenly remembered what my mother told me. If you give someone a blue rose, then it means you believe them to be extraordinary. Since then, I started to notice her carrying a piece of that blue rose with her in our next meetings. She truly is an extraordinary woman.

Oliver Adams

Sunday, 12 March 1854

12.00 p.m.

Just when I thought I couldn't get any luckier, not only do I have the perfect wife, but soon we will be having a child. I can't express my tremendous joy for this occasion. I need to go prepare for the baby and let Maria rest while she is pregnant as much as she can. However, I have been feeling a little under the weather lately. I'm sure that it'll pass. I don't want to fall ill, for I need to be strong to take care of Maria during this time.

Oliver Adams

Tuesday, 14 March 1854

1.00 p.m.

It seems that I have in fact fallen ill. I've been having terrible headaches and my body feels like it's on fire. Maria is currently taking care of me while I am the one to rest in bed. I wish I wasn't ill, it should be Maria resting, not me. However, this illness doesn't show any signs of getting any better. We met up with a doctor yesterday and even he doesn't fully understand what's causing it or even what it is. He did provide some medication that might help, but they didn't work. The headaches only got worse. I don't think I can bear it any longer, my head hurts too much and I don't want to burden Maria. I'll be going out to see if I can find some medicine that can help me.

Oliver Adams

4.00 p.m.

I was luckily able to sneak out of the house while Maria was making dinner. I began my search for a medicine that could treat my headaches. Sadly though, I wasn't able to find any medicine of the sort until I met this strange man. He claimed that his medicine could help treat my headaches. I was at first skeptical of the situation, but I had no other options. I was desperate. I bought the medicine and took it immediately, and to my surprise, it worked! The excruciating pain and my illness were gone. Now I can take care of Maria, at least, that's what I believed. There was a problem. On my way home, I started to hear an eerie voice, it resembled the voice of a demon. The closer I got home, the louder the voice became. The voice kept repeating the same thing again and again. All it kept saying was, "RISE, JOHN WALKER, RISE!" I have no idea who this John Walker fellow was, but it felt like the demon was talking to me. It also seems that the moment I arrived in my room and started writing, the medicine had worn off. What was worse was that the pain just got 100 times worse. I can barely think or even write with that damn "demon" repeating the same thing in my ear over and over again.

Oliver Adams

4.42 p.m.

What have I done!!! My Maria, my sweet Maria is dead!! I walked out of the room and began walking downstairs, thinking that I heard Maria calling me. As I walked out of the room to go to her, I heard the demon again, but this time he was right there, right in front of me, repeating that same damn thing over and over again. This time though, he added, "YOUR TIME IS COMING JOHN WALKER!" The demon was hideous; torn wings, red eyes, pale white face, and his tongue, which he would always stick out when he would laugh at me. His voice just kept getting louder and louder and my head was in so much pain that it felt like my brain was on fire and ready to explode. I couldn't take it anymore. The pain was too much and this demon was making it worse. The demon began taunting me, saying that it was my fault for what happened to my father. That it was my fault our family was broken. That Maria would soon one day leave me as well. Enraged, I grabbed a knife to finally kill the hideous monstrosity and rid him of me for good. He wasn't afraid. He laughed at me instead. I couldn't take it anymore, so I stabbed him in his heart repeatedly. By the time I knew it, I was covered in blood. His body was on the floor, dead. My pain went away, but once I regained my senses, I found that I hadn't killed a demon, but my sweet Maria. It's been over 40 minutes since her death and I don't know whether or not I

can go on living anymore. I lost the love of my life and what was supposed to be my soon-to-be child. I don't know what to do.

Oliver Adams

Wednesday, 15 March 1854

12.10 p.m.

I just reported to the police of what just occurred. I told them that I had just returned home and found her dead. In reality, I had just returned from getting rid of my blood-stained clothes and the knife in which I killed her with. Although they believed me, the grief of knowing that I killed her and that she would no longer be my side was unbearable. I never wanted this to happen. I threw out the medicine, believing that it might be linked to what made me lose my sanity. I wanted to make sure that I didn't end up making the same mistake. The only bright side is that I haven't been suffering from my illness since her death. I truly don't know what to do. I lost the love of my life. I lost my child. There's no one left in my family. I have no reason left to live, but something is telling me to live on, that I can still be happy. I don't know if I'll be able to without Maria by my side. Oh Maria, could you ever forgive me for what I've done. I miss you.

Oliver Adams

2.40 p.m.

The pain has become worse than before. I can feel my heart burning and my brain getting ready to explode. Why did this pain come back? Why did it go away? How can I make this stop? These were all the questions that were racing through my head during this state of illness. The pain did ease up a bit after an hour, which explains why I am able to write this down. Although it has eased up, it keeps coming back and is still difficult to deal with. After a while, the pain eased up once again and another figure appeared before me, but this time it wasn't the demon, it was a man made out of black mist. There was something familiar about him, but I couldn't figure out what. I questioned the man, hoping to get some answers as to why this is happening to me. The man ignored all my questions, but one. Trying to push my luck, I asked if he knew anything about curing this illness of mine. The man answered with one word. "Murder". After answering the question, the man made of mist disappeared. Murder? I didn't know if I could believe him. There was nothing to go off of either. The only evidence there is that proves it was my sudden improvement after killing Maria, but I refuse to believe that this is my cure. However, do I really have a choice here? No one knows what's wrong with me, but still, why do I have to kill people? I don't want to lose anyone else.

Oliver Adams

Thursday, 16 March 1854

11.00 a.m.

It was early in the morning and I had found myself still unable to sleep. I couldn't stop thinking about what happened. I couldn't stop thinking about how her face was the first thing I saw once I awoke. I couldn't forget her cute smile. I couldn't forget how she would comfort me when I was having my nightmares. I can't stop thinking about her.

Oliver Adams

3.03 p.m.

As I was walking through the kitchen, I noticed that the trash can was a bit empty. I knew I hadn't thrown the bags out yet, so there should've been some remains left in there. It was then that I remembered that this was where I threw out the medicine bottle. I began to look for the bottle, but it was gone. I was pretty sure that this was where I threw it out. I began looking at the other cans and found nothing. It was as if it had disappeared.

Oliver Adams

6.07 p.m.

Still no sign of the medicine bottle being anywhere. I've looked through everything in the house and couldn't find it. My fear is that one of the police found it and took it for investigation. If they examine it and learn that it's mine, then it might lead them to realize that I killed Maria, but perhaps this is for the best. I have nothing left. There's no reason for me to live, so why shouldn't I be locked up and hanged for what I did. It's better than living life like this, and yet, something inside me is telling me to live, that I have to live with what I had done and try finding happiness again. It felt as if Maria was telling me to move forward, but is that even possible for me? I don't know what's left for my life or what I will do from now on, but could I really move

on? I don't know, but maybe this is my chance to find out. Right now, what I know is that I won't ever get the chance to find out if I die here. I have to get that bottle back.

Oliver Adams

Friday, 17 March 1854

6.30 p.m.

I managed to sneak inside of the station. My hope was that I would either find the bottle somewhere in there or learn the location of where it was and hope that it hadn't been examined yet. I had brought a knife with me which I planned to use for opening up any packaged item that might have the medicine bottle. Luckily for me, the medicine bottle was in the station. It seemed that there were some pills left and I did consider taking them to help with the excruciating headache, but just when I thought I was free, one of the officers walked in. He saw me and immediately pulled out his gun, pointing it towards me. Panicking, I threw some nearby objects at him and I don't know why I did what came next, but I knew that he saw my face and that if I left him alive, I would surely be arrested sooner or later. I used the time where he was hit to distract him and then I, then I, I killed him. Suddenly, at that moment, the headache, the pain, it all went away. It was as the man said. I have to kill people to cure my illness. I still can't believe it, but this might be my only choice. As I was getting ready to leave, for an instant, I thought I heard Maria's voice and another voice I had never heard before. Could that voice be our child? Could this be my chance to be reunited with them? Does this mean I need to kill more people so that I can reunite with them? I don't know, but if it can, I will do what I must to be with them again, even if that means becoming a killer.

Oliver Adams

8.00 p.m.

It seems as though the "cure" lasts for a certain time period. I will need to record that time if I want to get better and plan the timing of my kills. If I plan to continue this killing spree, then I must have a disguise to hide my face and a name and I think I might already have one. John Walker! It was as the demon said, the time has come for John Walker to rise. As to the clothes I will be wearing, it won't have much importance, but if I could potentially give off the look of a gentleman, then it will be much easier to lure people in to be my victim. I know that I'll never be forgiven nor be able to repent for this, but this is my only chance to be with them again.

John Walker

Sunday, 21 May 1854

7.00 p.m.

It has been 2 months now since I became John Walker and since then, my condition has been getting better tremendously. As a result, I've also been able to better hear Maria, but I'm still not close. I have only been able to hear echoes of her voice so far. I need to continue.

John Walker

7.30 p.m.

At first, I became a killer so that I could reunite with Maria and my child and treat my illness, but I think that I'm now starting to enjoy killing people. So far, I've been killing them by stabbing them in their hearts, the same way I killed my wife. By doing this I may be able to have a better connection with her. Just the other day, I killed Frederick the barber and left him with a yellow rose. With each person I kill, I leave behind a rose on their chests, as if they were a corpse in a casket. These patterns in my killings have become my trademark as a serial killer. The police have been doing investigations on who John Walker actually is. This will be a problem, but I'm not worried, especially since they'll never figure out it's me. However, I will have to start looking for someone to be my scapegoat to make my safety guaranteed. Now as to what happened to the medicine bottle, I'm not really sure. I know I brought it with me, but now I can't seem to remember ever having it. When I try to recall moments of when I had it, everything about it becomes a blur. It was as if it never existed.

John Walker

Tuesday, 3 June 1856

11.40 a.m.

After 2 years, I believe I have found the perfect scapegoat for my guaranteed safety - a man named Eric Clark. He matches some of the descriptions of John Walker that were caught by any witnesses who have seen me. Shame that they had to be witnesses. If they weren't, they might have lived longer. A shame really. It has also come to my attention that he was pretty close to many of my victims. What luck!! My plan is to report, anonymously, that I "saw" Clark wearing the same clothes as John Walker and that he was running into his house with a blade, which I will plant into his house as evidence. With this plan, my safety is guaranteed. It will be a shame though. Eric was a good friend of mine and was there for me after Maria died, but it must be done to assure my success in reuniting with Maria.

John Walker

Wednesday, 4 June 1856

2.00 a.m.

From my window, I was able to watch as the police arrived at Clark's doorstep. There were only two officers that came to investigate and apprehend him. One of the officers was a Lieutenant and Executioner and the other officer looked like a rookie. They eventually found the blade. Shocked, Clark tried to escape, but then the two officers grabbed him and tried to tie him up. After some struggle, he managed to escape and the officers began to chase him down. This will keep me in the clear for a while and it'll buy me enough time to continue trying to reunite with Maria and my child.

John Walker

Thursday, 25 December 1856

10.00 p.m.

I finally heard Maria, but it was not what I had expected. As I killed Charles the baker, I heard a scream, the same scream Maria gave when she died and the scream of my unborn child that wished to be born. This must've been some kind of mistake. I was supposed to hear their calm voices, not their screams. Their voices were always so calm before. I'm going to continue killing and see if anything changes.

John Walker

Thursday, 5 February 1857

1.00 p.m.

Today is our 2nd year anniversary and I still haven't been reunited with them. The voices have also been getting worse. Now, all I hear after I kill is my wife and unborn child's scream of death. If this is the result of everything I've done, then what was the point of me doing all of this? I don't know what to do anymore. I think I might be going mad.

John Walker

Saturday, 14 March 1857

2.20 p.m.

Today might be my last day of killing, with my last victim, Phillip, an old friend of mine. As I killed him and left him a purple rose, I saw Maria with our child. She was holding her by the hand and told me that her name was Lucy. Oh, how much I wanted to hold Lucy and Maria, but Maria told me that I can't be with them, not as I am right now. She then disappeared without a trace, along with Lucy. At that moment, I realized that the only way left for me to reunite with them was for me to die and this time, there was truly nothing keeping me from living any longer. I will be leaving this diary for people to read and learn the truth about me. Hopefully, this'll clear my dear friend's name. Luckily, I know that he's been hiding in our town's library for the past three months, pretending to be a librarian. I plan to reveal my identity to Eric and have him witness my death as it happens.

John Walker

4.42 p.m.

This will be my final entry. To anyone reading this, I want it to be clear that Eric Clark is innocent of any crime and is the witness to my death. I will soon be with my dear Maria and Lucy. If you're reading this Eric, I want to say that I'm sorry. You were always a good friend to me. I only have one request. I doubt that you will and I understand why you wouldn't, but if, one day, you ever visit my grave. Would you leave me and my family some blue roses?

Oliver Adams

The police had finished reading the diary of John Walker. All of their questions were answered except for how he killed himself. They began to question Clark as he was the only witness to his death. He answered the police, stating that Oliver killed himself by stabbing himself in his heart. He also mentioned that Oliver's last words before he died were, "Maria....you're...back."