Friday Write Good Copy - A Surprising Turn of Events

“Everything was going fine in my life until that dreadful day. This is my journal on how I became who I am. I started the day like any other, I woke up and made coffee. It was a Saturday, so I didn’t have any commitments. I was just going watch TV or play video games or something. I started playing video games, then at about 2 o’clock my buddy, Riley texted me. He wanted to meet up and hang out, so I got ready and met him at the mall at 3. We decided to screw around in the mall and do some looking for new computer parts to upgrade our gaming pcs. After a few hours we left the mall and started walking around the city. We received a few dirty looks, since we were two 18-year olds walking around the city. We weren’t super athletic, but we weren’t complete scrawny nerds either. We were fit and played sports but we both were also very smart. As we grew up, we never got picked on because we always stood a chance and would fight back, even thought we were always the smartest in all our classes. I checked the time and it was already 11 o’clock. I didn’t realize how fast the day went, but I didn’t have any arrangements and neither did Riley, so we decided to keep walking around the city screwing around and making jokes.

We turned one corner then a man popped out and had a gun pointed at us. He said to us, “Gimme your stuff.”

Riley slowly handed the robber his phone and wallet, while I stood there. The robber said, “What are you doing? Do as I tell you to! NOW! Give me your stuff!”

All I could say was, “No.”

Riley looked at me and nudged his head to tell me to do it. The next thing I knew I had the gun in my hand and blood splattered on me. I looked around and saw the robber bleeding from his head. I knew that I killed him I then said to Riley, “Riley, come on. Let’s go or we’ll get caught.”

I started running but didn’t hear Riley. I looked back and saw Riley, he was also shot and killed. I stopped in my track and started thinking about what happened. Then the flashback of the even hit me like a truck. I slowly realized that I took the gun out of the robber’s hands then shot the robber. I then turned to Riley and knowing he would rat me out to the police I then shot him. Some instinct in me knew exactly what to do. I ran away keeping the gun, so I don’t leave any fingerprints behind. I ran to an alley then caught my breath and thought about what to do. I thought I’d start crying that I killed two people and one of them were my best friends, but I didn’t. Instead, I felt happy and excited. I immediately knew I wanted to keep doing this.

It was exciting to kill people; I had a taste of blood and I knew I wanted more. This was the most dreadful day yet the best day in my life. It was the day I found out who I truly am and what my true purpose in life is. I will rid the world of the scum of the earth. Actually, that’s not true, I am the scum of the earth. I am killing people and it’s fun. It brings me great joy to watch the fear in people’s eyes. Watching them beg for mercy and being able to make them do whatever they want. Then after the kill, licking the blood off my fingers. Tasting the blood of my victim. Every kill makes me think of a picture my parents had when I was a kid, it was a picture of a wolf eating his kill. I am that wolf and I will always get to have a taste of my kill.

You will never catch me police. I am unstoppable, I will never be caught. You are always three steps behind me and you’re always where I want you to be. Then, when you think you’re about to catch me and think I’m a step behind that’s exactly when I’ll be five, ten, or even twenty steps ahead of you. I am exactly where I need to be and you’re exactly where I want to be. You won’t ever catch me; you are too idiotic. I bet you’re wondering what my name is, my name is Andrew Torris. But wait that’s not right, in your police records it says Andrew Torris died shortly after his friend Riley died.  The reasoning was suicide. Well, I faked my death and now you have no idea where I am, how I’ve been able to do all this and when I’ll strike next. This isn’t my journal but I’m sure you know that now. It’s a letter to taunt you, because I’ve even been in your station right after a kill, but you never knew I was there. You all are completely idiotic and oblivious. Well, I should go I have someone right here with me I have to kill. Until next time my dear friends at the police station. You will never be able to catch me, I’m always three steps ahead. Anyways, have fun, I know I will. Goodbye!”