21st November 2016

That day started like every single one in collage, as a professor of criminology I don’t have that much work to do. I like my job, it seems to me that I’m professionally fulfilled and I guess that my students see that too. Nowadays it takes time to make young people like their professors, I struggled with that since two years but now I think that I got their respect. I was in the middle of the lecture when the FBI agent came to me with a part-time job offer, he introduced himself and he said that they can’t find the man who had already killed thirty people, WHAT A MONSTER – I thought, i replied that I would consider this proposal , he gave me his business card and left. Later I said that I’m professionally fulfilled but when agent came to me with this proposition I started to doubt in that, i didn’t sleep well so I’ve been thinking about it all night. I woke up barely opening my eyes, I reached the business card and called to him, I said that I agreed for this work and he told me to come right away because they found another dead body, when I got there I was shocked, there was so many blood, I came closer and I saw blonde, young girl about 18 years old. I closed my eyes and pretend to be a murderer I imagine how this murder could look like following on dead girl’s injuries and I discovered that she was stabbed by knife all over the body then I opened my eyes and I felt so painful headache that I couldn’t move. When I had shook off I told Christian ( FBI agent ) about my development, coroner had approved my version when he came by. The following day I got back to collage and I’ve told my students about the serial killer and yesterday’s crime, they were terrified but at least they will be careful with staying up late and talking with strangers. I ended my classes when my phone rang, it was Christian calling and I was afraid to pick up that call because I knew what I will hear from him and I wasn’t wrong, next murder but this time that person had killed three people in one night. Crime scene was full of police and FBI agents, when I was passing by I heard that they’re calling him ‘’night killer’’ because he was killing only at night and they identified him as a man because the injuries were deep and that ones required use of force. I’ve done the same thing as with the previous case, I closed my eyes and turned back the time, those three victims were seating on the bench and I were cowered in trees, I waited five minutes and I ran into them with a baseball bat and hit them hard in the back of the head, they didn’t stand up. I opened my eyes and I was in the middle of the nearby mountains but how did that happened? I was in the crime scene I just closed my eyes imagine the crime and woke up here, is that even possible? Maybe I fall asleep or something, I couldn’t remembered when was the last time when I was sleeping. I was lost, I couldn’t find a way back home, for my luck I met Christian and he picked me up home. He asked me about what happened and what I was doing in there but I didn’t know what to say, he could think that I’m a freak so I was pretending that I didn’t hear anything and I was waiting till I’ll get home. My headache was getting worse each time I tried to imagine the crimes, it was tiring and I started to skip my classes because of this job, I knew that I should quit but it brings me so much emotions which I can’t explain, what’s more, I felt like I was identifying myself with the murderer which was sick. That night I was trying to fall asleep it was hard but it did worked, or so I thought… I woke up standing on the street a kilometer from my house with a cotton wool in my hands I just threw It away and went straight to Christian. He looked overwhelmed when I came, he said that the ‘ night killer ’ had found a new way to catch his victims, he was making them unconscious with use of cotton wool and some chlorophyll, I turned red when he said that but I was trying to stay calm so I asked him when was that but I knew that if this happened that night it will mean that I could be a suspect or what’s more a killer. I spend so much time thinking about this situation, should I tell him or no… I couldn’t done it because he won’t understand and I couldn’t explain. Time was passing by and so as my remnants of consciousness, it was hard for me to remembered what I was doing last month, last week, yesterday or even today, I was losing my mind. The ‘ night killer ’ didn’t stop, Chris phoned me and told me to come, the murderer had left his gloves but we couldn’t found any fingerprints, he was very careful and this brought me some thoughts, he had left them with premeditation, he was making fun of us because we were so helpless… I rolled in pain because of my headache, Chris came to me and asked what’s wrong, then I told him the whole story, he looked at me and I saw that lack of trust and suspiciousness. My profile was matched with the killer’s profile the same hair, posture, musculature I was in big trouble Chris claimed that, but how could I be suspected of something that I didn’t remember?! What my students will say if they hear about it?! I warned them against a killer which turned out to be me.

25th November 2016

They didn’t arrest me yet but I was sure that it was going to happen in the short future, they didn’t find enough evidence to catch me, they also didn’t believe that I wasn’t aware of my actions so I needed to think about my defense strategy. I hired a lawyer, he asked me about my memory loss and I told him about my headaches, he advised me to visit a doctor so I did that. I saved some money and I went to a clinic, the doctor said that something caused this headaches and that he will find out what, he made me some tests and I got back home. I was waiting for the results about two weeks but I totally forgot about them because I was sure that it was just a flu or something. The doctor had stone face when I came so I figured out that it wasn’t just a flu… It was a brain tumor, very advanced which caused my memory loss, hallucinations and headaches. Chris blamed himself, he thought that he risked my health to catch a murderer it was true at some point but it didn’t cause my disease. The case was still unresolved and I was the suspect, they got a warrant to search a house and they found a baseball bat with blood on it, it was irrefutable proof. My lawyer showed them my results and they found me unaware of this actions, I couldn’t believe that I’m such a monster and that I’m responsible for all of this actions, I couldn’t recognize the reality. I could only dream of returning to work and my normal life, it was a little boring but I could do everything to skip that part of my life and erased it from my memory. I regretted meting Christian he turned my world up site down, he also made it more interesting I met the other side of me. On the other hand if I didn’t met him I would live with ignorance about my illness and keep on doing that terrible crimes. The ’ night killer ’ mystery was finally solved.