

You know people addicted to cigarettes, alcohol, drugs, but can you imagine that people are addicted to nearly all things? What if an ordinary man becomes a murderer to his fingerprints? What if he is addicted to KILLING?

Now you can read a story of that man from his point of view. You should only read this diary.

Monday

I'm Mike. I've got a beautiful wife, two amazing sons and a lovely little daughter. We live in a small villa in the suburbs. I'm a programmer in a big company. Actually, we are a happy family.

In my dreams... In fact I live alone. I am alone.

In the past I used to be an IT specialist. Once I got the proposition to write a virus. I accepted it. And that's how it started. I haven't ended up writing the virus. I went much further. I became an assassin. Yeah, I was killing people for money. This job became my passion. My obsession. I love killing. In fact, I'm addicted to it. When did I realize that I have a problem?

Imagine a situation like this:

Early morning, a small room in a flat. A bed, a table, 2 chairs, a small window, a carpet. A man is sleeping on the carpet, leant against the bed. A pretty woman is lying near him. But when you take a closer look, you can see, that this woman is lying in a pool of blood. You can also notice a sharp knife lying next to the man.

Yes, I killed her. I killed my fiancée.

At that time I decided to stop and to try to give up it all. I read somewhere, that it's a good idea to write a diary about feelings to control them better. So I started.

Tuesday

Now it's good.

I engaged in learning a new programming language to start from

the beginning and maybe I'll find a new job. I don't know if it will work, but why not to try?

In fact, I'm trying not to think about my knife, lying in the other room, on the table. My knife, a helpful friend in so many adventures...

But it works. I don't think about it most of the time.

Thursday

It's getting worse. When I see somebody on the street or in a supermarket, I imagine that I put a knife on his throat... I feel blood between my fingers... And this special smell. Oh... It's the best. Slitting somebody's throat or sticking a knife in the heart.

I remember all the story clearly. First, I was killing only by poisoning or something like that, then I started shooting from a distance, but only when I began using the knife, I felt that it can be my life. I can't describe this feeling. It's so exciting... It's amazing.

I really, really miss that.

Friday

I'm still reading the first inscription in this diary. Why? To remind me, why I'm doing it, why I'm breaking with my past.

Only this keeps me conscious. I recall my Darling and the greatest moments with Her.

She has always been so nice for me, so loveable.

Why did I do this?!

...

I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Honey!

Saturday

I remember when we went to the forest. It wasn't special. We were walking, holding our hands, looking for mushrooms. Like many other couples. We didn't even talk very much. Later we came to a glade and had a little picnic. We were eating and talking about our future. It was then when She said she wants to have three children – two boys and a girl. Then we were lying on the grass for some time, staring at the clouds and guessing what they are... I would like to come back to this moment. I would like this moment to last forever.

Only for You. Only for You I'm changing, I'm trying to go out from this shit.

But I don't know if I can do it.

Tuesday

It's too difficult. I can't stand this feeling. I can't touch anybody, I can't speak with anybody, I can't look at anybody! I'm lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling and I want everybody to disappear.

Other time I want to break something. I haven't got a single plate or a cup. Everything is broken. Her photo is torn. The clothes in my wardrobe are cut by knife. Everything is destroyed.

Saturday

After a few days of gazing at the ceiling I decided to do something. The First step – watching TV. Okay. I took a remote control and turned it on. Only one glance reminded me why I love killing. What did I see? I saw the news. And a message associated with a murder of a famous businessman. It was my murder. It seemed to be an accident. It was perfect. Even a medical examiner didn't get the truth. I must say I have a talent for masking details. Only in two cases I was suspected, but in both situations other people were captured. A perfect man in the right place. But to the point. When I saw my victim on

TV I felt that I can't live without risk, without emotions. Calm life isn't for me. I was filled with lust of murder. My hand went to the knife automatically. I saw a victim. Yes, he was gazing at me. What an idiot. He didn't know that he shouldn't provoke me. First I cut off his arms, then legs and then I put my knife in his heart.

What a luck I hung this poster on the wardrobe... If I did it to a real man...

Tuesday

I can't live like this. This life is terrible. I want to break up with it and meet my Girl. Is it too much? I can see only one option.

A rope is the best, I wonder.

No, I know. The Last Killing. My old friend will end up with me. My knife. It is a perfect solution. And what a metaphor...

Wait, wait Mark! Are you a coward? Are you afraid? It's so easy, isn't it? But you didn't think that on the other side there will be also people and you may do the same terrible things...

Wednesday

„Mike! Get the life! You must do it.”

I must go to a specialist.

But I'm afraid.

What if he doesn't understand me?

What if is too scared and he doesn't like to help me?

What if he isn't able to help me?

What if I'm a killer to my fingerprints?

What... if the specialist ends up in slices?

Friday

Mike?!

I'm not Mike. I'm his fiancée. Yes, yes, I know you are surprised. But it wasn't like Mike said.

Imagine a situation like this:

Early morning, a small room in a flat. A bed, a table, 2 chairs, a small window, a carpet. A woman is sleeping on the carpet, leant against the bed. A handsome man is lying near her. But when you take a closer look, you can see, that this man is lying in a pool of blood. You can also notice a sharp knife lying next to the woman.

Yes, I was the killer. I killed Mike.

I don't know, why I did that. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry Mike.

No, I know why I did that. I'm addicted to killing. I was born to kill. My dream in childhood was to become a murderer. Really. I was killing flies, butterflies and fish in an aquarium. I killed Katy A., John B., George C., Celine D., Blake E. and even Katniss F.! Who would imagine that so beautiful... so intelligent.... from a good home... ...

Mike!!!

Stop!!!

Are you crazy? Did the specialist give you something different than medicine?

You are Mike truly!!! You are alive. Your Fiancée wasn't a murderer.

Are you crazy?!!! She wasn't a murderer!

Or maybe she was...

From a police expert:

A diary was found in a house robbed two weeks ago. There was a knife near the diary. There was nobody at home. Nobody has seen the inhabitants of this house. But they were there. All charges for an apartment were paid.

In the diary we read the descriptions of murders committed by "Mike". We don't know if he is a real or rather a fictional person. But we established that one of the described crimes was the murder of James J. on 21st. October

2015. Maybe some people in prisons aren't guilty.

We can't say who wrote this diary. We are examining it. Handwriting doesn't match any suspects. There aren't any fingerprints on the diary. There aren't any fingerprints on the knife. No other presumptive evidence.