

***Trigger Warning*-death and blood**

Amelia Jean-Pierre
Red Stream

The Works of a Serial Killer

Jeremiah

I liked her. I really did, she was a cool person. But I just had to do it. Mom's voice grew louder and louder. I couldn't take it anymore. I had to do it. I had to kill Milani tonight.

7 hours before

It's 3 o'clock and I just got out of school. I was walking home, it was peaceful. Then it happens again, I hear the voice of my dead mother. She died 4 months ago and this has been happening for a week now. I haven't told anyone, they would think I'm crazy. Honestly, I might be. By the time I get home her voice has completely taken over my mind. That's all I could hear, and the whole time it kept repeating the same thing over and over again like it was on record or something. This time though it was different it wasn't the same as every other time, now she says "Milani, Milani you have to kill Milani." So, that's exactly what I'm going to do.

It is now 10:55pm. Milan's house is 15 minutes away, so I got my things together and put them in my bag. I put the knife at the bottom of my bag and put a random hoodie over it just in case. I start to walk to her house expecting my mom's voice to come back but it hasn't, it was quiet the whole way there. As I'm walking I thought I would be nervous, scared even, but I wasn't. It was like this was normal. Like I've done this a million times before.

I arrive at her house and walk around to the back and go through the window. Her parents weren't home; they were always traveling for work, making it much easier to kill her. I walk up to Milani's room and she's sleeping already, thankfully, I get the knife from my bag, careful not to make any noise. I walk to the side of the bed and stand there for a minute planning exactly where to stab her. Then suddenly she woke up, I panicked and struck her in her throat. I stood there. Watching as she struggled to breathe, a stream of blood poured from her neck, it was everywhere. After I could tell she was finally gone I started to feel guilty, I felt bad, I crossed both her arms over her chest and kneeled down beside the bed and sat in silence before leaving.

Aaliyah

I walked into school late expecting to see milani sitting there waiting to lecture me about being late for the 3rd time this week. But when I walk in she isn't there. She's never absent or late so I start to think where she could be. I decided to ask around at the end of the day to see if anyone has seen her today,

"Hey Jeremiah, have you seen Milani today?" I asked.

"No, why is everything okay?" Jeremiah says.

"I'm not sure. I haven't seen her all day and you know she never skips a day, she's always had perfect attendance." I responded.

"I'm sure she's fine, there's nothing to worry about." He says.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Thanks J."

"No problem, but hey can I ask you something?"

"Sure what's up?" I questioned.

"Would you want to hang out after school today? I'll drive." He says.

“Yeah I would, I’ll see you later!”

“Okay, bye!”

Jeremiah

After last night I couldn’t sleep. I was awake all night. What happened replayed over and over in my head. It haunted me. After 3 hours I finally fell asleep, but I was awakened again by a terrible dream. It’s like I never killed her. It sounded so real it was like she was still alive. Her piercing scream made my ears ring. It was torture. It was like I was trapped inside a giant bell of endless ringing. I never went back to sleep that night.

The next day

I went to school the next day even though I didn’t sleep. I couldn’t afford anymore absences this year. I went to every class today even though I was asleep for half of them. It wasn’t until the end of the day that things were actually interesting. Aaliyah came over to talk to me. I’ve liked her for a long time and honestly I haven’t talked to her in a while. I haven’t really talked to anyone after my mom passed. She came over asking if I had seen Milani today. In my mind I kept saying “Oh shit, oh shit, she’s gonna find out eventually. I need to play it cool.” I told her I haven’t seen her in the calmest way possible. When she was about to walk away I asked if she wanted to hang and to my surprise she said yes! I haven’t hung out with anyone in awhile, so when she said yes I felt a feeling that hasn’t been there in awhile. I was happy like a weight was lifted, I felt lighter all of the sudden. At this moment I forgot all about what happened the night before.

Aaliyah

As I was walking out of my last class for the day and still haven't seen Milani all day I felt uneasy. I couldn't stop thinking about it all day. I've sent so many texts and I called her and she hasn't answered not once. It was weird, it was so unlike her. I get outside and look for Jeremiah. I see him in the parking lot leaning on the side of his car. When he sees me he smiles and waves, I do the same back. As I get in his car I ask,

"Where are we going?"

"Honestly I really don't know I was gonna ask you." He says.

"Uhhh I guess just drive and we'll figure it out on the way."

"Okay." He replied.

As we were driving I couldn't get Milani out of my head. I decided I needed to go check on her to see if she's okay. So I ask Jeremiah,

"Do you mind if we make a quick stop at Milani's. I just want to make sure she's okay."

Jeremiah

"Fuck" is what I thought in my head. So many things were running through my head at that moment. Still I replied,

"Yeah we can stop by for a minute."

"Thank you." She replied with somewhat of a weak smile on her face.

I ask Aaliyah for Milani's address even though I already know what it is. As we're driving to her house the way I felt early is completely gone, like the weight was placed right back only 10 times heavier.

Aaliyah

We get to Milani's house and I quickly get out of the car. I look over at Jeremuah who is strangely staring at the house so I ask him,

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah I'm fine, I'm gonna wait in the car until you're back." He replied.

"You should come in and say hi I'm sure she would appreciate it." I said.

"Okay, I guess." He said, sounding unsure.

Walking up to her house I felt worse and worse about the situation. I knock on her door and ring the doorbell at least three times before looking under the doormat for the extra key. As I walk in it I notice how quiet it is. I call out for Milani many times before walking up stairs. Going to her room it smells like a dead animal. I look down over the railing at Jeremiah who was standing by the door and ask,

"Do you smell that?"

"Uh no, to be honest I've had a little bit of a cold this week. I haven't been able to smell anything that well." He says.

"Oh, okay."

I get to her bedroom door and call her name one more time before opening the door.

Jeremiah

I couldn't walk upstairs with Aaliyah. I knew as I saw her body I might slip up and blow my cover. I stood downstairs by the door waiting. As Aaliyah disappears into the hallway I can hear her scream in a terror. At that point I knew she found the body. I had to act like any normal person would in this situation. I ran up the stairs as fast as I could and went to Milani's room to find Aaliyah collapsed on the floor next to the bed sobbing.

Aaliyah

So much is running through my head right now. As I see her lying there in her bed in a pool of blood. The foul smell that filled the whole room no longer bothered me. All I could think about was Milani, who could have done this to her. She was so nice to everyone, she never gave a reason for anyone not to like her. Much less want to kill her. I looked up at Jeremiah standing by the door. He stared so blankly at her body with no emotion. He seemed almost unfazed by it, like he knew something. “But there was no way he could’ve possibly known anything about this. I’m overthinking it.” I told myself. I finally find my words and say, “We need to call the police right now.”

Jeremiah

Those eight words freaked me out. My mind was spiraling so much I didn’t know what to do I froze. I thought I was going to pass out. I felt so sick. The truth was going to come out sooner or later. I had to stay calm. I couldn't act out now. So I did what she asked. I called the police.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

“Hello our friend was murdered” I say.

“We’re on our way, can you give us the address.”

After about 15 minutes the police show up outside and Aaliyah runs downstairs and I follow after her to let them in. We walk them upstairs to her room and explain what happened.

“We came to stop by and check on her since I didn’t see her at school today and she never skips a day.” Aaliyah says.

“And where are her parents?” The officer asks.

“They’re away for work right now.” Aaliyah responds.

“I assume you’re close with her, correct. You seem to know a lot about her.”

“Yes, we’ve been friends for years.” Aaliyah responds.

“Can I talk to you in the other room ma’am?”

Aaliyah

“Who’s the boy in the other room with my officer?” The officer says.

“That’s my friend, we were going to go about but I had to stop here first. Why?” I responded.

“He seemed really nervous back there. He was looking around, his hands were unsteady the whole time since we walked in. Have you noticed that?”

Thinking back I did realize he was acting weird. My mind started to spiral again. What if I was right. What if he does know something? Did he do this to Milani? I start to space out thinking about what might’ve happened.

“Ma’am? Are you okay?” The officer says.

“I think it was him. I think Jeremiah did this.” I say.

“Are you sure it’s him? With all the evidence and looking at the crime scene this is the work of someone who will probably do this again. With a case like this we don’t have room for mistakes, we will need to detain him as soon as possible. So again are you absolutely sure he did this?”

“Yes, it was him.” I responded.

“Okay, I’ll need to call some back up. We might have a serial killer in our hands.”

To be continued...

Artist Statement

My story, *The Works of a Serial Killer*, is about a boy named Jeramiah who suffers severe undiagnosed mental problems. Everyone always thought something was off about him but they never paid any mind to it. He hears the voice of his dead mother in his head. This story is a perfect example of dialogue. There are many moments in this story where there will be conversation between characters. Starting this book I will say I struggled trying to find a topic to write about, but in the end I love how it came out and I would definitely want to continue it. I would recommend this for readers who love mystery and murder, I think this book has a perfect mix of both.

