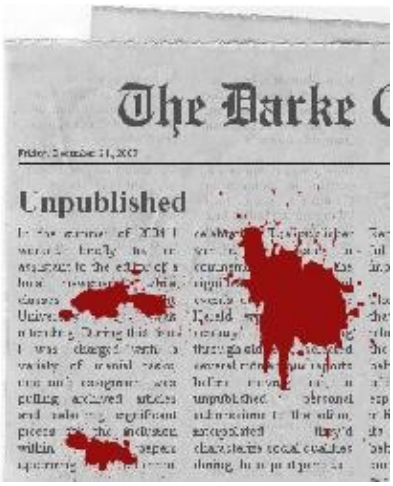
Darke County Herald

By : Ayden Moore

A very short, short story in which a maladaptive view of the benefits of fear in society are very briefly explored from the perspective of a murderer.



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UNpublished

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In the summer of 2004 I worked briefly as an assistant to the editor of a local newspaper while classes were out at the University I was attending. During this time I was charged with a variety of menial tasks, one such assignment was pulling archived articles and selecting significant pieces for the inclusion within the papers upcoming celebration of their centennial. The publisher wanted this issue to commemorate the significant stories and events as reported by the Herald within the past century. Searching through old print I selected several momentous reports before moving on to unpublished personal submissions to the editor, interpolated theyâ d characterize social qualities during these past periods. In looking for poignant submissions I located a manila envelope lodged between the inside of the cabinet and the drawer. Below is a transcription of the handwritten letter within the envelope.

From the archived records of the Darke County Heraldâ s content editor [submission undated]

I am compelled to leave behind, albeit anonymously, an account of sorts. I am sending this admission to law enforcement personnel in the seventeen different municipalities that have been most directly involved thus far, as well as to local editors within the press. Should previously overlooked evidence ever surface and prompt my future exhumation and link my *shadow* to my *persona*, it is imperative that no false or presumptuous motive be attributed to what has transpired (so often individuals are psychologically deconstructed and crudely profiled; my actions do not have any correlation to any past childhood trauma or sexual abuse, as would likely be suggested by a majority of criminologists). First, in order to establish credibility I will recount specific details. Regarding the 1974 Greene county murder, which the media has come to refer to as the first in the series of â Inland Murdersâ ; this is a misnomer in-and-of itself, the Green county murder *was* the first in which I was involved, but it was *not* the first. Approximately thirty

yards outside of the Lintonfield city marker I buried the body of a young white male who introduced himself to me as Clinton. I sedated the young man with temazepam after picking him up and before I killed him and later buried him alongside the road, head down, leaving his groin and legs exposed. On the city limit sign I wrote the words, â more to comeâ with orange spray paint, displeasingly this detail was omitted from every report that I read regarding the incident. Another occurrence took place in the fall of 1976 when I encountered an affluent middle-aged council woman within Clark county. In conversation the blonde haired woman reiterated many times just how safe and salubrious the community was, stressing that, â Everyone knows everyoneâ and â No one has to lock their doors around hereâ . Waiting for three days in order to learn her routine was a herculean test upon my patience as I wanted to smash her skull right then and there. I managed to overcome these impulses, after all none of this wasâ *for me*. I quietly entered her home through the back door on the third night and stood over her for some time as she slept before bringing the shovel down on her head repeatedly until the â thudâ became more of a wet slapping sound and I was sure she was dead. We took her body and the bed sheet to the park, inearthing her near the flagpole in an inverted manner so that only her midriff and lower was exposed beneath the crimson stained sheet that was hung high above. Again, in this case the message was also omitted and has continued to be left out in all subsequent reports on these and other murders. In doing this you have accomplished nothing, the message has been received and passed along across all levels of consciousness throughout these communities, we are succeeding.

The knowledge of these events and the particulars therein should serve to establish my credibility. As Iâ ve stated, the â Inland Murdersâ were not the first, they rather succeeded other similar motivations and I can assure you that they also were not the first, intrinsically speaking, nor will any of these be the last. The model itself continues to change and spread, so that I could not even myself tell you today what percentages of murders occur solely deriving from an individualâ s own premeditation or psychosis. It is not uncommon today for example, to hear a story about any manner of person, whether it be the quiet neighborâ or the reserved family memberâ suddenly snapping and killing others. Looking beneath the surface of such events, beyond the convenient motives, and half confessions a deeper purpose can at times be found, a crystalline intent to persuade our audience and instill fear, we will utilize anyone in order to accomplish this. I have seen within my lifetime the transcendence from serial killings to indiscriminate murders or what is often mistaken for escalated domestic or even gang violence. All of these acts have been used and have proven effective, the characters are forever changing, but the effects remain unwavering. Let me ask you, do you now feel safe, in this day and age? Out in society, within your small communities, do you feel safe, are your doors still left unlocked? When you emphatically stress to your children not to speak to or go with a stranger, when you make your children come in before dark, when you pass by strangers in need of help on the side of the road, itâ s because of us, because of fear, because of us. Everyone now is so afraid of everything and everyone else, because of us. We do this for the greater good, only a fear based society is truly alive. You too are a part of this, we could not have accomplished this without you, your existence serves to propagate the messageâ and we are succeeding. I say we because I am not alone, we are many and always increasingâ ¦.murderers, we are everywhere.

â We are in the day as well as the night, *we* will remain; often unnoticed, forever watching, there will be moreâ you are not safe.â

S.L.

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