THE HUNT FOR A SERIAL KILLER

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Young homosexual men and street people start being killed...a serial murderer is on the loose...read what happens...

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THE HUNT FOR A SERIAL KILLER

As an investigator of crime and murder, I have investigated many strange cases but none so strange as that which I am about to narrate. My name is Inspector John Sykes of the Scotland Yard. Young men had started disappearing in London and they would turn up gruesomely murdered with their bodies chopped up into pieces neatly placed in garbage bags across the city. Fifteen young men had been murdered in the spate of two month. All of them were aged between eighteen and twenty five years of age. Seven of them had been homeless street children and the other eight belonged to good families and yet on further investigation it turned out that they were gay. We still did not know who the killer was or what he looked like. The Chief of Police, Mr. Edward Sanders was breathing down my neck. The media and press covering these murders had been criticizing the police and Scotland Yard for their failure to track the serial murderer.

Under pressure from my superiors, I placed plainclothed detectives and policemen outside bars where homosexual men frequented and around areas in the city where homeless young men lived. There was a great deal of fear in the entire city. However we had no clues as to who the mad man might be and why he was committing these gruesome murders.

We contacted charitable organisations to ensure that they would provide shelter to the homeless young men to provide them protection.

One day, a young man hardly twenty two years of age belonging to a wealthy family walked in to our office asking for speaking to me. Soon he was seated across the desk placed in my office. He must have been about twenty two and he was thin and wiry. Calling himself Edward, he told me a strange story. It had been two nights before that he had been frequenting a gay bar when he saw a man who had a hooked nose, piercing blue eyes, a scarred and hideous face staring at him. For a while their eyes had met. The strange man was six feet two, barrel chested with the tatoo of a whale on his right arm. Their was a scar beneath his right eye. By his estimate, he was probably thirty years of age or more.

He later saw him chatting and then dancing with a young boy with beautiful green eyes and golden curls. And they had walked out of the bar together. Edward feared something was wrong and had stealthily followed them both. They had disappeared into a high rise building which was a five minute walk from the bar. Both of them disappeared into an apartment located on the second floor. An hour later, he thought he heard a scream. So he had placed his ear to the door hoping to catch a whiff of what was happening. And then he clearly heard someone cry out for help. Then there had been a piercing scream full of horror and agony. It had made his blood run cold and Edward had runaway as fast as his legs could carry him.

Acting on what Edward had just told me, I told my men to raid the apartment. There was a bad stench there. And then one of the men found a body stuffed in a garbage bag.

The head that had been severed off had been of a young boy. He was later identified as Morgan Wells who lived with his parents in Staines. When I saw, pictures of his severed body, I had vomited twice. Who was this maniac who was committing these murders and why?

I had the forensic artist sketch an image of the criminal that young Edward had seen and distributed copies of the image not only to the media but also across the city at gay bars and amongst the homeless. We even placed an award of 1000 pounds for the person who would provide us any leads on his whereabouts.

The murders stopped suddenly. It was as if the serial killer was aware that we were getting close to him. But were we or was he stalling before he renewed his taste for murdering men.

Was he killing for thrill or was he seeking attention? Or was it anger and rage ? Had he been abused sexually, emotionally or physically?

Was he a visionary serial killer who suffered from severe psychoses compelled to murder as commanded by God or the Devil? However the murder of homosexuals suggested that the person may be mission oriented. In this case the targets were homosexuals and street kids. Mission oriented serial killers seek to rid the society of people they perceive as undesirable.

None of the victims so far had been raped. DNA tests confirmed that.

About a week later, I received a letter addressed to me.

It was a A4 size letter with printed words on it. And it read:

'Our society would be much better without homosexual men and street vermin. I hope you agree.'

The unknown psycho had contacted me. But where was he and most importantly who was he?

So far no one had spotted him. We had tried matching the suspected serial killers picture against those of all known child abusers, molesters, pedofiles and rapists but there was absolutely nothing on which we could make any head way into identifying the identity of the killer whom we had named MR. X.

In my hand was a list of the victims and where they had been last seen.

Name Age Last Seen

1. Collin Edwards 20 Admiral Duncans(GayBar)
2. Roger Watkins 21 Comptons of Soho
3. David Burns 23 Admiral Duncans
4. Sean Paul 19 Freedom
5. Peter Wilkins 18 Comptons of Soho
6. Harold Smith 27 Freedom
7. John Wilbur 22 Comptons of Soho
8. Raul Waters 23 Admiral Duncan

The first eight belonged to rich and well to do families. On further investigation and interviews with their parents, it was revealed that some of them did not know about the sexuality of their sons.

After that came the list of homeless men who had lost their lives:

1. Adam Smith 22 years
2. Duncan Fletcher 25 years
3. Peter Albert 19 years
4. Morris Peters 22 years
5. Harry Evans 24 years
6. James Paul 22 years
7. Sam Watson 19 years

The only serial killer who had not been a bisexual or homosexual who had tortured and killed his victims had been Colin Ireland. Colin Ireland had been a homeless drifter who had read a number of books on serial killers and he had read a number of books on crime as well as FBI manuals. He had picked up homosexuals at pubs and then murdered them. His victims had been of various ages and from varying backgrounds.

None of the victims found so far had been strangled. Their heads had been severed off and left intact. However the rest of their body had been chopped up into numerous pieces.

So far there had been no leads on the whereabouts of Mr. X, the wanted serial killer.

And then just a week later, an anonymous person rang us up . He had spotted our wanted man at the gay bar named G A Y located at 30 Old Compton, Street,London, Greater England. I immediately directed plain clothed policemen to reach there. And I wanted them to track him back to the place where he went. I headed in a seperate vehicle at the address. And then I saw him emerge with a young boy who had his arms about him. He got into a red Renault Twingo. I tailed him in my Jaguar .Additional plainclothed police sat in nondescript vans which followed me at a distance. It was in a flat in Bayswater, London, an affordable part of London that I saw the TWINGO stop. I had parked my vehicle about two hundred metres away and the vans carrying the police were asked to park at least a kilometre away.

I saw Mr.X taking the young man into his flat. On my command, the police and detectives in the vans came by foot and I met them half way. We silentlywaited for about fifteen minutes. And then we made our move. One of the men along with us was an expert at picking locks. And on my orders, he silently opened the lock and we crept inside. It was quite silent inside.We soon stood outside a door which was shut closed. From deep within, I heard someone crying. We took out our guns and kicked down the door. Mr.X held a large machete in his hand and the victims hands and legs were bound by a thick nylon cord.

When he saw five men armed with pistols and shotguns, he instantly dropped the machete onto the floor and as ordered put his hands behind his back before he was handcuffed. The young man who lay bound was barely eighteen and he was thankful to see the police. Had we been late, he might have turned up dead.

We had our man and we had caught him in the act of trying to murder another person.

Back at the Scotland Yard, we took in Mr. X for interrogation. It did not take long for him to tell us that his name was Walter Mitchell. By profession, he was a carpenter. According to him, he had heard voices speak to him commanding him to kill young men who were homosexuals. He had then extended his reach to vulnerable homeless men as well. Frequenting gay bars, he had found it easy to pick up young gay men. He would take them home and when they would strip naked, he would bind them as if they were in bondage. And in some cases he had even put a piece of cloth into the victims mouth before using a machete to severe their heads off. They had begged to let them go and he had been possessed to end their lives. As for the street people, he had found it easy to pick up the younger adults whom he enticed with a free bed to sleep in and free food. He had drugged the food to knock them unconscious before he had hacked them into little pieces. He had cleaned the blood and washed the bloodied sheets. The disposed parts were kept in garbage bags and disposed off. He had sprinkled a lot of baking soda to eliminate any stench due to the rotting corpses.

He had moved frequently after each murder was committed. Each murder helped to quieten the voices in his head that urged him to kill more and more young adults.

As a young man , his dad filled his head with ideas that homosexuals and gays deserved to die for they were living lives against the commandments of the Lord. A young man with homosexual tendencies was going to poison others minds and fill their hearts with lust. So he had embarked upon a plan to get rid of them. With each person he killed, he felt that he had protected the society from the plague of young homosexuals and street kids. And as he killed , he felt powerful and more in control of things about him. He could get away with murder. After reading books on crime and forensics, like his role model Colin Ireland, he had ventured forth to copy him in several ways.However he had wanted attention and an audience and therefore he had sent him a typed letter as well.

Mr. X's real name was Jeffery Adams. A psychiatric evaluation found him to be half mad. And his trial captured the imagination of the media and audiences in England and abroad. Jeffery Adams showed no remorse for what he had done before the judge and jury that tried him and he was jailed for life without parole.

Fifteen young men had lost their lives over a period of four months. Jeffery Adams was yet another serial killer who will be remembered for quite a while in the history of crime.

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