

Kira Newman & Mika Currie's

## *Dr. Death*

One foggy morning I got a call from work. I had to come in to deal with the mass murderer "Dr. Death". He went all around our small town killing people who refused to love him. He was a psychopathic serial killer who broke into people's houses and asked if they loved him or not. Most people, not knowing him, said "No". When they did said

"No", he got mad and took his frustrations out on those innocent people who did nothing wrong. As I walked into the police station I saw the chief of police. He looked angry, "G'day mate, do you know what's going on with the chief?" I asked my co-worker.

"He's angry because we haven't caught the mass murderer yet."

As the phone rang our chief went to pick it up. He started to grab all our equipment and told us to "move out". I assumed it was another kill from Dr. Death. As we kicked down the door to the house, we saw a woman on the floor bleeding out from the wounds to her lungs and stomach. This wasn't surprising, some of his victims were murdered this way but for some reason. This case brought back memories that I don't want to remember—the memories of my childhood. My brother was always favoured in my family so even if he got bad grades our parents wouldn't care, but then if I got bad grades they would shout at me. They would hit me if I didn't do well, while my brother laughed at me. I shake my head and suppressed those memories, I needed to focus on the case, not my sob story.

After we finished searching the house we took a 10-minute break before searching the backyard.

Suddenly the chief called us to come inside. Inside just at the edge of the living room was a security camera. "Charles, come here I want you to check the security cameras back at the police station," the chief ordered.

"Yes, sir," I said

“Oh and take David and Miley will you, we need to know how this thing works—, seems pretty old to me...” The chief said not bothering to look at me.

“Yes, chief,” I said obediently.

When we got to the police station we went to get the tape. After we got everything set up the guy there told us to rewind the tape. “Murders don’t often happen in broad daylight,” he told us. I pressed the rewind button when suddenly the tape popped out of the tape recorder “What happened?” I said

“You need to keep pressing it or else it will pop out” the guy muttered still looking at his phone

“Where did the tape go?” David asks

“What do you mean David? The tape is right the... oh no, where did the tape go?!” I asked, searching for it frantically.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU LOST IT” The chief yelled at us

“We’re sorry chief we didn’t mean to, it’s just that we were talking with the guy there and then suddenly it was gone--it was like someone stole it...” I explained but the chief didn’t want to hear it

“FIND IT OR YOU’LL BE FIRED FROM YOUR JOB,” The chief screamed

“Understood chief,” we all said, our heads hanging in shame

“Now get out of my office before I decide to fire you,” the chief breathed.

As my partner and I went to look for the lost tape, we saw the guy we were talking to right before the tape went missing. My partner and I went over to talk to him, but he suddenly disappeared into the starry night. My partner and I decided to go home and rest, but I had other plans tonight.

I went home, changed into some inconspicuous clothes, and grabbed the crowbar and butcher's knife I had lying around my apartment. I went to my boss's house and used my crowbar to break into his house, I went to his bedroom and stabbed him in his neck. I watched the blood gush out, as he was gasping in pain, I couldn’t help but smile. Next, I went to his kid's room and stabbed both of his children. They were lying down peacefully till I had stabbed one in the head and the next in the heart. Finally, my last task was

to kill his wife. I had one question for her. As I went back into my boss's room I gently woke up his wife and asked

“Do you love me?” I said quietly but my voice was cold and emotionless.

She woke up screaming. I took that as a “No”, she didn’t love me whatsoever, so I killed her just like the rest of her family. Her husband, and both of her kids.

I went back home, changed out of my bloody clothes, cleaned my knife, and went to bed.

The next morning I was called into work earlier than usual by my co-worker. I got dressed, headed down there, and everyone looked sorrowful as I walked in the doors. The news probably got out about the boss’s death. I just stood there until I heard a voice over the PA system

“Come to the meeting room for a funeral for our boss.

Everyone was walking to the meeting room and I just followed. After the funeral everyone went home because we got the day off. I went home and patiently waited for night to fall before I struck and killed my next victim.

That night I went to a random house that was on Oak Street. When I broke in it was deadly silent, this time I decided to break the lock on the door because I didn't want the people living here to catch me quickly. As I snuck through the house looking for something to steal I saw a little girl standing there in shock. She screamed before I could run out of the house. I tried running but she grabbed onto my leg making it hard to move. I suddenly heard footsteps and I didn’t want to get caught so I kicked the little girl off my leg. I ran as fast as I could out of the house and back to my house. When I got back to my house I got a phone call from the office telling me to come to work. I wondered why as I took my clothes off and changed into my work clothes. Since it was night and I was tired I got some coffee from 7-11.

After that, I walked through the doors and asked my co-worker

“How are you going? Why was I called here so late in the night?”

“We got a call that said someone broke into this lady's house,” he said,” Oh, Is everyone okay?”

“Yes everyone is okay thanks to this little girl who stopped the burglar”

*That little girl is so annoying*

“ So why was I called here?”

“We need to go over to their house and check if everything is okay and if anyone is injured”

“Okay let's go”

We headed over to their house and inspected if any of the objects had fingerprints but we found nothing until my coworker called me over and showed me a black glove, the glove looked quite damaged and worn out.

“We can go back to the office and identify the fingerprints!” my co-worker yelled out

“ Yeah, okay.” I didn't sound that interested, actually quite nervous...

I didn't want to because it would identify the burglar as me. We checked if there were any other clues we could use but we found nothing. We went back to the office and checked the fingerprints using a machine to identify them. Everybody went home and I made up an excuse to stay after office hours.

I snuck into the room where the fingerprints were and took them, making sure I didn't leave a trace behind.

When I got home I burned those gloves over my stove until they were ashes.

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It was around twenty years ago when I remembered my dad coming home drunk and hitting me with his empty beer bottle. I fell on the floor with blood dripping from my head and screaming in pain but all I heard from my dad was “Suck it up”. I ran to my room crying, hoping my mom would come in to help with my injuries but no one came. In the morning my parents were both passed out on the couch with a game show running in the background.

When I went outside I saw my neighbour's cat Meeko. She was a horrid cat, she had bit me when I was walking to school and scratched me for no reason at all. So that day was when I finally got my revenge. I

went inside and grabbed Dad's hunting knife, I went back outside to grab Meeko. I took Meeko to the back of my house in a small little forest, I sat her down and stabbed her many times. I had to get rid of the evidence so I dug a hole big enough for Meeko's dead body and Dad's hunting knife after I covered it back up with the moist soil that had some specks of blood in it, along with small pieces of Meeko, and went back inside.

When I went back inside my dad was waiting for me, he was glaring at me. "I thought I told you to not leave the house without me!"

"Well I thought it would b-be okay to go to the neighbour's house" I managed to stutter out

"Did I say it was okay? Did I tell you it was okay to leave the house to go to the neighbour's house?" He yelled, advancing towards me.

"N-no" I stuttered while trying to think of how to escape this situation. I then attempted to dodge my father's hand which was about to hit me but I failed and instead I was grabbed by my father. He seemed to be even angrier than before because I attempted to escape. I started to cry

"Sorry, it won't happen again!" I said, trying to convince my father to let me go but my pleading just made him angrier.

"Shut up you piece of rubbish," He said, throwing me across the room. I quickly got up, ran to the kitchen, grabbed a knife and held it out around the corner. Father ran into the kitchen and accidentally ran into the knife I was holding in front of me. I froze and started to cry even more thinking about what I had just done, "I'm a murderer" I thought. I was alarmed, thinking of a plan to hide the body from my mother and then... I thought of a perfect plan.

I dragged father's dead body to the cutting board and began cutting his body into small pieces so it was easier to cook him. While cutting him up I started to smile. I noticed the bones and how I could not eat them and I couldn't throw them out because I didn't want to get caught. Instead I walked down creepy basement stairs knowing father would have acid. After searching for a while, I began to think my father had gotten rid of it but as I was leaving I saw it under the stairs. I quickly grabbed it and ran back upstairs. I separated the meat and the bones so I could cook one and dissolve the other. I then went outside with my

father's bones and headed to the forest at the back of our house, poured the acid on the bones and watched them disintegrate.

When I got home my mother was standing there in shock because I was standing there with blood on my hands, clothes and mouth. What was also odd to her was that her husband was missing. When she finally began to connect the dots it was too late, there I was, her son, staring at her with empty eyes and a butcher's knife in my hand slowly, advancing towards her until finally the knife was in her heart. She suddenly fell to the floor with an unfamiliar warm expression on her face, and not the cold and heartless expression she usually wore. After a while her body turned cold and her skin was pale like a ghost. My brother, John, was standing in the doorway with a panic-stricken face. My eyes widened and I rushed over to him, but realised what I had to do. I grabbed my knife and stabbed him while tearing up and saying "Sorry". I just realised that I just killed my whole family.

"Who will I live with now? No one can know what I did" I muttered to myself.

I quickly grabbed money from both of my parent's wallets and took as much as they had, which wasn't much since they hadn't had any type of steady job. I left the house and lived in the forest behind my house in a little tree house I made myself to escape my parents. After a couple of days, I woke up to a police siren, I knew that it was at my home and that they might be checking the forest for any bodies because just before I stabbed my brother he'd screamed, and I predicted that the neighbours heard it but were too scared to call the police but finally got the courage to do so. I started to devise my plan for revenge but also an escape. They would probably check the forest and find the treehouse where I am hiding but then again they may not look because there were dead bodies in the house already.

Because I couldn't take the risk of them checking the treehouse I left further into the forest until finally I reached the other end of the forest. Suddenly I heard a police car turn the corner and stop where I was sitting.

“Ey mate, ya can't be sitting round here, this suburb has many mafia groups. Fighting all the time those fuckers” one of them said

“didja hear me mate, get outta here, ‘is not a place for kids,” the other officer said, slightly angry that I was not going away

“f-family d-dead” I managed to stutter out. The police officer frowned and after 2 minutes of waiting he finally said

“Right then ya should come with us then” he muttered, clearly unhappy that I was coming with them.

They stopped at what looked like a rundown building.

“Right then, we’ll drop you off ‘ere. I’ve already called the chief to meet you at the counter,” the man said as I climbed out of the car and walked towards the station. I was immediately greeted by the chief who led me into his office to question him, “So were you there when the murders occurred?”

“no sir, I was at Woolworths” he replied

“I suppose you’re not from ere” he stated, “so tell me, where are you from?”

“I’m from Beaumaris sir” I answered avoiding eye contact with the chief

“Well then I suppose we can train you to be a police officer” he concluded

“Thank you, sir, I’m forever in your debt” I replied happily, now I won’t be suspected of the murders of my family

“Oh but please tell me why you, a person from Beaumaris, end up in Braeside?” He asked

“I needed to get something from Braeside and then got a call from the police saying that my family was found dead in our house and then the two police officers took me here” I lied hoping that he would not see through me and figure out that I was lying.

“You lucky kid, these days people are going around stabbing children like you on the street,” he told me “But you're from a good place so none of this happens where you live I suppose,” I muttered under my breath, jealous that he was raised in a good place.

It was four in the morning, I had woken up with a throbbing headache. I got up and walked to the kitchen sink, pouring myself a glass of water. I tried going back to bed but just couldn’t, so I got ready for work.

When the clock struck eight I was heading out the door. While I was at work my co-worker introduced me to our new boss, Curtis. He was our new boss, and I already hated him. He is tall and very strict.

I was later put on a case to find a missing little girl with long brown hair, and brown eyes. This little girl's name was Charlotte, she was six years old and suddenly went missing. The security cameras in front of her house caught her going into the forest behind her house to play and never returning.

I went over to the parent's house to ask some questions, hoping that they could help with the investigation. My co-workers and I searched the forest behind their house. After five minutes I saw a shadow that looked like it could belong to a little child. I walked over to the shadow and I saw a little girl who matched the description of the missing child that we were looking for.

“Are you Charlotte?” I said in a soft tone, trying not to scare her.

“Y-yes, I’m Charlotte,” She said, hesitant.

“I’m part of the Police force and my co-workers and I were looking for you,” I said

I took Charlotte’s hand but instead of returning home to her parents, I led her deeper into the forest. Charlotte and I were walking deeper into the forest when I pulled out a knife, I sat Charlotte down against a tree.

“Guys, I found Charlotte!” I said running to my co-workers

I showed my co-workers to Charlotte, but my co-workers found her attached to a tree by a knife stabbed through her heart. They looked horrified.

We went back to Charlotte’s parents to tell them the bad news about their daughter, her parents burst out in tears, her mother sobbing on her father’s shoulder. We headed back to the station to run some tests to see if we could identify the person who did this, but nothing, no fingerprints, no hair strands, no dropped objects, no nothing. That was until the next day when our Forensic scientist ran some extra tests and found a couple of fingerprints on the blade of the knife.

The next day when I went to work I was greeted by many police officers, my boss then came up to me holding handcuffs.

“Charles Gacy, you are under arrest for the murder of Charlotte,” Curtis said.

I was guided to a cell, in an orange jumpsuit.

Pentridge was the prison I was thrown into, the most famous prison in Australia.

I was sentenced to life in prison for many murders in the past.