How I Became a Serial Killer

Log Date 8-15-2017

Hello, my name is Evan and I’m a serial killer. Never did I expect my life to spiral down as quickly as it did.

I’m currently squatting in a dilapidated warehouse, the deafening blares of squad cars reverberating against the cold rusted walls as they fade in and out, combing the adjacent streets for me. I’ve done my best to stay under their radar, but I’m not clever enough to stay hidden for much longer. With the little time I have, I needed to write this down somewhere. Hopefully, if the police find me, this would hold up somewhere as an alibi before I’m put on deaths row.

About two years ago, I had a pretty good life now that I think about it. I sat by my lonesome during the late hours of the school day. With the second year of college coming to a close just shy of three weeks, I often spent my days like this. The crisp light of the sun setting and silhouettes cast by the desks in the classroom created the optimal environment for me to deeply ponder what I would have to do beyond this point.

Now I know what you’re thinking. Isn’t it simple? Finish College, graduate with a degree or god forbid a Ph.D., find a good paying job, set up a family, etc.

I knew all of that. I knew that was the normal chain where you can live comfortably and with little to no worries. But, what happens after that? You don’t have to tell me the answer to that one because I already know it and you do too. We die and get buried under the feet of our mourning loved ones until the heat death of the universe. The matter wasn’t some kind of immortality, trust me, I’ve written a book once, hoping to stay relevant a few years after my passing. No, what really mattered was enjoying life.

Enjoying life was the epitome of life itself, wasn’t it? The good old, “we all die anyway, so make the most out of it.” That’s what I was intensely contemplating as I stared at the pearly white gates of the school, students scattered around as they were leaving their evening clubs for the day.

Everything was too simple and too planned out for modern youth. We were spoon fed a formula for life and I wanted to break away from the monotony, distance myself as far as I could from it. The want for something more out of life and the transition to adulthood culminated perfectly and gave birth to my present-day nightmare.

I muttered to myself how everybody was blind to the chain, that they would rather submerge their lives in it than make it something extraordinary.

“So that’s what you believe?” I heard a voice next to me say.

I turned my head to find a fellow classmate of mine standing to the right of me. I’ve seen him before. That disheveled brushed-back gold hair and glasses of his told me his name before he could.

“What do you want with me, Isaac?”

Without another word, he softly placed a scrap of paper on my desk and the clicking of his footsteps trailed off into the corridor. I looked down at the crudely torn scrap. Nothing was on it. It was just the blue and pink lines of a marble notebook staring back at me before being blown off my desk by a light breeze.

Everybody, curiosity is a dangerous thing. Curiosity can lead to serious consequences if misplaced. This curious little scrap had disrupted my train of thought and lured me in with its now visible clearly written words.

“Technology building: Room 433. Keep this paper.” I read out loud as I picked it up, feeling the dust of the floor on the back.

My mind was not thinking of repercussions at the moment. It simply raced with the thought of breaking the chain. I know it sounds ridiculous, but the human mind is simpler than people exaggerate. Either we focus on something with enthusiasm or with fear. There is nothing that will prompt our consciousness with both simultaneously. That’s why everybody, at one point in their lives, regrets something. The situation constituted enthusiasm and naively, I walked right into that rabbit hole.

Upon reaching the room indicated of the piece of paper, now tucked inside in my pocket, Isaac waited for me outside with his arms crossed.

“What’s with the note?” I asked as I approached closer to him with a skeptical gaze.

Again, he walked away without responding to me. However, this time, he opened the room door to reveal desktop computers that lined the northern length of the room and the chairs missing. I wanted to ask him what all this was about but hesitated to know that he wouldn’t answer my interrogation.

“He’s just trying to make me join a club,” I thought to myself disappointingly as I walked into the computer lab.

All the screens were on with their own moving screensaver except for one located in the middle of all the desktops, which was set on an image of an onion. I assumed this is what Isaac wanted me to see and I slowly walked up to it. All the signs of the tragedy were there yet I couldn’t hear them ringing from inside my own brain. I jumped back when the screen suddenly flashed and changed to a login screen. The only way I knew it was a login screen was because it asked for a username and password with two boxes next to each respectively for an input. There was no text to tell me what I was supposed to be logging into.

Without warning, the characters appeared on the screen themselves as if someone was typing on the keyboard. Feeling a sense of danger for whatever was being typed on the screen; I immediately dashed to the keyboard and repeatedly smashed the backspace key. Nothing was working and when I looked up at the screen, my heart dropped.

I backed away and I ran out into the hallway. Whatever was being logged into was not good. If someone had to remotely enter the username and password, excluding me from any access, it couldn’t have been good. But, that wasn’t the reason I started running. When I reared my head from the keyboard to the monitor, I saw myself. The computer was recording me and when I looked up, it got a perfect image of my face.

After the panic wore off, I knew that if anyone knew what had just happened, it would be Isaac. I could get some answers from him if he hadn’t left the campus yet. I desperately rushed around, hoping to catch a glimpse of him at least. But it all amounted to wasted breath. I wanted to go and check if the computer was still working but I didn’t dare step close to that thing ever again.

For the rest of the year, Isaac was gone. No one had seen or heard from him, not even his closest friends. The faculty was puzzled why such a good student would leave school when the end of the year was just around the corner. Some people just chocked it up to be another missing person case and went about with their lives.

The rumors evaporated as soon as they started and in time, even I forgot about that day, knowing that I may very well never know what happened to that footage. I was not a tech-savvy person so the talk of recovering files from a hard drive sounded like a completely new language to me at the time, so that option was off the counter.

Nevertheless, my third year at college began and surprisingly, things started to look up for me. Over the summer, my sister Michella and I decided that it was time to move into our own apartment. We took some work at crappy full-time jobs until we were able to rent out a second-floor apartment of a building not too far from campus. Our neighbors were also college students themselves, Blake and Stephen. We all became great friends easily and hung out a lot after our grueling work hours. Blake was the latest one to join us usually since he was a part-time computer engineer.

During the latter part of that year, things took a turn for the worse. It started with my job at Domino’s. Now I know how people like to complain. Jobs at fast food franchises are not the best paying, but it was my only outlet for money at the time until I could finish college. Plus, I would feel scummy if I had to depend on my sister for help at that point in my life. It happened sometime in early November, the details are a blur to me but they’re not important. I stepped into the restaurant that morning when the place thankfully didn’t smell like cheese and cleaning products. As I made my way to the back room, I was stopped by one of my coworkers.

They informed me that I was fired two days ago. Apparently, I was just not allowed to work there anymore. I tried to persuade them to let me stay, but there was nothing they could since their decision was already filed. Of course, I was distressed at first, but decided to look at the silver lining and was thankful that it was only a small job. Michella had to take care of both of us with her job for a while because no matter where I applied, my resume immediately was shut down. She didn’t hold a grudge about it and eventually, I was able to get an off-the-books job thanks to Stephen.

Not too long after that, I started receiving multiple warnings in the mail. The notices entailed that I was no longer entitled to financial aid for the coming spring semester followed by a copy-and-paste apology. Hastily, I called the financial aid helpline and the woman on the other side notified me that my financial aid was indeed still intact. It struck me as odd and every time I would call them to check on my financial aid status, they would tell me the same thing and that they were looking into why the notices were being sent out in the first place. Fortunately, I did qualify for financial aid the next semester, but they kept coming.

I came to the conclusion that I had wasted too many hours of my life on these things and decided to trash them whenever they came in. Stephen, Blake, and Michella always made fun of the whole situation and celebrated every week the spam came in.

Finally, it seemed like the warning mail had finally lightened up around mid-February. Michella brought up the interesting point of why it happened to me and never her. I tried to explain to her that it might not work that way. Other people may very well be getting the same letters and I was just unfortunate to be one of the victims. A little lesson to everybody, you should never assume with something like financial aid or any government notice. They are to be taken seriously with every word.

That same month, the notices came back. This time, they came in fluctuating intervals. Sometimes they would come every two weeks or even two days at a time. While Stephen, Michella, and Blake relished in the fact that their junk mail worship could continue, I got quite annoyed that I had to deal with another incoming storm of false notices again.

One night, I decided to check in on my Instagram that I haven’t touched for a good while, mostly just to see what became of a group chat I joined just a little before I stopped using it. When I tried to enter my direct messages, I kept getting an error that said it couldn’t refresh. I asked Michella to check her Instagram since she was sitting next to me and already browsing her feed, to which she responded that hers was working just fine. Thinking my app was bugged; I killed it on the multitasking screen and opened it up again.

I was met with the login screen and I let out an irritated sigh. I typed in my credentials and instead of taking to my home page; the app gave me a warning that my account had been accessed in Argentina of all places, followed by a prompt to change my password as a precaution.

“How did someone in Argentina get your account?” Michella questioned as she leaned close to my phone screen.

“Beats me, but they’re not getting in again,” I answered, pressing my finger to confirm a password change.

I entered a new password and I was finally given access to my account once again with no errors. Admittedly, it seemed like too much effort just to look into a dead account. Feeling a rush of relief, I attempted to open up my direct messages again, only to find it unnavigable due to thousands of conversations loading in all at the same time.

Barely having time to read the sample texts which consisted of a string of random numbers, my phone buzzed with Blake’s name displayed on the caller ID. I answered it and he immediately lashed out furiously.

“What the hell Evan?! You think this is funny!?” He hissed.

“What the hell are you talking about?” I followed up with genuine confusion. Michella stopped paying attention to her phone when she noticed the twinge of concern in my voice.

“You doxed us on Twitter, you idiot!”

“Doxed?”

Blake was much more intelligent than me when it came to computers, so it was only natural that I was lost when he brought up the problem. Michella let me know immediately what he meant by doxing and for those who don’t know about it, it’s when you publicly release private information on someone, usually without their consent via the internet. It should be noted that it’s also extremely illegal. It took me a second to try and piece together this newfound knowledge. I asked Blake to hold on the line while I checked something.

It didn’t take long for my suspicions to be proven correct, the string of numbers that were in the sample text for the direct messages were Blake and Stephen’s numbers. Not only that, but they were posted repeatedly just before I regained control of my account. I asked Michella to check my twitter while I deleted my Instagram account.

Sure enough, my twitter was full to the brim with their phone numbers repeating in multiple posts. She volunteered to delete the posts while I explained the situation to Blake. He didn’t believe me until Michella vouched for my innocence. He had a crush on her so of course, he took her word for it.

“I’m sorry man, I was just pissed.” He apologized.

“It’s not a problem; I would have reacted the same way. You should probably change your number just in case.”

“Will do and I’ll also explain everything to Stephen when I get home.”

“Thanks,” I said before ending the call.

Michella and I exchanged glances at each other, the oddity of our situation plaguing both of our minds. We didn’t know what to do. Later that night, we all hung out with each other in Blake and Stephen’s apartments. We tossed around reasons about why these things were happening to me. I brought up the story of the footage and Isaac, but Stephen immediately shut that theory down.

He said that if he was the person connected to the footage and was trying to disrupt my life, this activity would have started long before it did. Plus, if he was really after me, implicating Stephen and Blake would only make it harder for him in end, so forth it would be counterproductive. Stephen was always deductive in his thinking and always made sure to pack a counterclaim, which is why none of us could beat him in an argument. Although I know now that Stephen was wrong, I accepted his reasoning back then.

With all of us drawing a blank, it was decided that I should keep off of social media for now. Michella idealized that whoever was doing all this would get bored and ultimately leave me alone. I did as they suggested and stayed off all my social media platforms for about a month. In the meantime, Blake and Stephen got their numbers changed. Michella did too just to be safe. It was around this time that the notices also reached their end and the three had to say goodbye to their holiday again.

Everything was going well again. There were no more random posts on my social accounts whenever Stephen went through my feed and the notices had finally stopped completely.

Spring break had rolled around and Blake had the idea that we needed a well-deserved break, our stress pent up during the semester. He proposed that we head out toward the nicer part of the country for the week. Not to those stupid spring break resorts because we all were traumatized about those in horror movies. No, we wanted to just go to somewhere a bit lighter on drunken college students. Logically, we came to the consensus that each of us would each pay a quarter for the trip.

When I went to get money from an ATM the next day, I found that all of the money I saved up was gone. Almost as if someone was taunting me, all there was left in my account was one cent. I was speechless and for a moment, I just stood there until the next customer asked me if I was done with the machine, snapping me out of my trance. Mustering all my energy I ran out toward the closest bank and ran up to the teller. It was late in the night so the place was deserted.

“I need… help…” I panted, my body hunched over as I could barely feel the two legs beneath me.

The bank teller was shaken at first, but she proceeded to do the best she could.

“Sir, I need your name and your account number.”

I gave her all the sufficient information and explained my circumstance to her. After ten long anxiety-filled minutes, she finally called me back to the window.

“You stated that your account had a balance of 0.01 dollars when you accessed an ATM for a withdrawal, is that correct?” She questioned with a look of skepticism on her face.”

“Yes, but-”

“Sir, please calm down. The log here says that you withdrew $2,428.99 on April 5th of this year at 3:33 PM. The teller you negotiated with asked for proof of identification in order to avoid a fraudulent withdrawal. The teller received the necessary documents and carried out the withdrawal.”

“That wasn’t me!” I argued.

“Sir, I’ll be more than happy to help you file a complaint with authorities. But, that’s all we can at this stage.”

I filled out the form vainly and handed it to the teller dejectedly before trudging out of the bank.

It didn’t take a lot of explaining for Stephen, Blake, and Michella. Michella was the most pissed off out of all of us, most likely because her younger brother was being tormented and she couldn’t do anything. In an attempt to help out, Michella recommended that I store all my money under her account from now on. Suffice to say, they all canceled the trip, claiming that not only did the whole problem short out their ability to smile but going without me would be a dick move on their part. Although I was really upset about losing all that money, it was those three that kept me happy despite everything.

However, everything I’ve written up to this point was tame compared to what came next as my misfortune had only started.

That’s all I can write for now. My laptop battery warning is screaming at me and there are no outlets here for me to abuse. I haven’t heard any sirens in a while so the cops must have given up on me temporarily. Across the street, there’s a small convenience store that I can get something to eat with the little I have in my wallet. For now, I’ll see how things play out and I hope that I can return to you all in a second log. If I don’t, you can guess what happened.

My name is Evan and I’m a serial killer on the run.