

Murder Was My Curiosity

SCRIPTED IMAGERY
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Murder Was My Curiosity

They could not find me. They thought I was dead, more like prayed that I was dead. God has finally answered their prayers. Gone, finished with the nightmare that I let out on the city. The city that for so long called it the safest city on earth. God was not on their side though, I am not sure he was on anyone's side, but I was destined to create hell here in this city. Dark days are coming, and they do not even know it. The government doesn't want to alarm the people, telling them lies, boasting that I was finally defeated, finally destroyed but they knew deep down inside that I was still around, still alive, and waiting for my next kill.

The Year is 3082 and outside of these city walls, the world was in chaos. Some would say that hell has fashioned itself on earth. God's people, however, were kept from or shielded from the outside world in this great city called Magali Poli. This city was free from crime, poverty,

Murder Was My Curiosity

sickness, and any other problem that people would face outside of these city walls. No one could come in and no military was better organized than the military this city has. The last issue or problem this city had was well over 100 years ago. This was way before I was born.

I am sort of an anomaly, see, they had a way of detecting things early, extremely early. I remember my parents saying that I was a special kid. They were so proud. At the age of 5, I was chosen to participate in a program that was for extremely talented children. I was able to learn things at an extreme pace. I remember they were trying to decide where I should go. Should I be in engineering, politics, military, each sector wanted me. They found a way to settle this debate. They would let me choose by giving me a series of tests and whichever I scored highest on, I would go into that field. I was given test after test after test. This is when I noticed that they were all cheating to get me

Murder Was My Curiosity

on their sector. They kept giving me an easy test. I kept getting perfect scores on every test.

I took so many tests I did not want to see a test and I knew that I had to do something to put an end to it. So, I asked them to put me in the great library and let me read about all the sectors of this land. They did not know what to say but they agreed. I was placed in the great library and I was able to learn all about the history of this city and the history of this world. Every subject interested me, and I was beginning to be more curious about everything. A desire grew in me and I leaned towards learning more about the military. I wanted to know more about taking someone's life. When I said this to the leaders of each sector, fear overtook them showing through the eyes of each leader that was not present at the time of my asking. The next thing I know I was taken out of the special school and returned home.

Murder Was My Curiosity

I remained home for what seemed like forever, I remember being bored as a child and wondering what was taking place at the school and why they did not want me anymore. I remember my parents trying to teach me about God and his children. I was not taught much before that time, but they did talk about him. I started wondering why they were talking about him more than they ever had before. I grew suspicious of them and God. My suspicion must have shown because I ended up seeing a specialist of some sort. The specialist was a human modeled machine. My guess was he was trying to detect any abnormalities in my personality.

Oh look, it is about that time. I am feeling better and I am ready to bring darkness to this city. I will finish recording my story later but for now, we need to go back to the city and add part 3 to my legend. I am just outside the city walls, a few hundred kilometers from the entrance or

Murder Was My Curiosity

the exit, however, you want to look at it. This is where they used to bring anybody who broke a law or was no longer wanted in the “great city”. It would be impossible to get in but of course, I always have a way in. I found a way a long time ago. As I said before, the last crime that was committed, of course before my crime, was over a hundred years ago. So, this exit was not used for a long time. Just the fear alone, being placed in hell, outside the city walls gave people pause to doing something the city would deem punishable.

Any time I wanted to leave the sickness of this city; I would escape into my own world near the exit. Time was near though, and my thirst began to deepen. It was time for me to feed my thirst for fear, power, and pure entertainment. Would you believe I get paid to do this? To the shadows, I go, avoid detection of the roaming cameras, and slide by the robotic guards. It is kind of thrilling

Murder Was My Curiosity

running about the city, choosing my next victim was not. How do you choose who gets to visit God first? A romantic thought, I guess, or it could be a deceitful gesture, or their spirit could just speak to me.

I counted on my fitness to escape impossible situations and to get me in a better position to subdue a family of 3 or more. The bigger the family the bigger the challenge, but I like to start small first to get up my strength. My last killing session was perfect. My first kill was a pregnant woman, the second kill was a young couple, the third was a family of four, and my fourth and final kill was a family of 7 spanning 3 generations. The killing session before the last one did not go quite as I like it. I followed a young gorgeous woman into her house, my mind was telling me it was a bad idea, but bad ideas usually make me excited, so I ignored what my mind was telling me and found myself in quite a pickle. She had five

Murder Was My Curiosity

brothers and they all were in the military. It was a sticky situation, very bloody. Luckily for me at the time, I was relatively unknown but the tale of me did travel. I was quite fond of the stories one of the kids told me. I would have let him live but I accidentally chopped him up.

I do not have the fortunate circumstances of being unknown now, the city was on high alert and the fear the city had was thick. My picture is everywhere, and people are now paranoid. I decided to take some time off, sort of lull them to sleep, so to speak. I am not sure if five weeks is enough, but I was ready, and I think I found my next victim. They were so happy, a family of four looks like a married couple with two grown boys. The young boys' approximate ages are sixteen, eighteen, and the couple looks like they are in their early fifties, late forties.

Murder Was My Curiosity

I wonder if they are Christians, I want them to preach to me before I kill them. Maybe they are entertainers, I might have them perform some lines for me. I hope it is not a boring-ass family, I have not been entertained in a while.

I blended in with the shadows of their house and watched them go in. One by one, none of them had a care in the world. My mind started going through scenarios of everything that could happen, with each choice that I could make. I was not liking any of it. Maybe I was bored with how I normally go about taking care of business. I think I want to do something different. The scenario popped in my head and none of it was good. My body, mind, and spirit were warning me not to do it this way. It was practically begging me to reconsider but of course, I am not listening, I want to make it interesting especially if the family is

Murder Was My Curiosity

boring. And by the looks of it, they look like they will be boring.

I stroll up to the front door and made my presence known. The house scanned my identity, alerted the residents to stay inside, remain calm, and that the authorities are on their way to resolve the situation.

Once the house finished giving a set of instructions to the people inside, I wanted to give my spiel, so I said seductively “Let me in, no need to be uncivilized, I'm just here to enjoy some company, talk, play games, you know, do family shit.” I waited for a response or an invitation inside but did not get any.

With all this planned out in my head, I disappeared into the shadows waiting for the authorities to appear. And oh, did they come, probably 20 deep, receiving the message that it could be me. They did not want to take any chances.

Murder Was My Curiosity

They worked in groups of four, one set checked the inside of the house, another set on the west side of the house, a different set on the east side, while another set checked the north side of the house or behind the house, and the final set stood guard in front of the house.

This was my opportunity to test my skills to do what came naturally and deliver their souls to this deserted earth. So, I decided to work on the shadows first. As soon as I got ready to attack the west side of the house, they turned on mobile lights to brighten up the area. So, they want to make it a little more difficult. They are going to wish instead of bringing lights they brought weapons. They do not have enough men to handle the fear one gets when they see guts pouring out of another human being. I decided to circle back and attack from the east. The guards heard me rustling through the grass and they put their backs together and inched closer to the south side of the house. A

Murder Was My Curiosity

tactic I did not think they would take but I am not slow, I could still do damage and I knew just how to break them up. So, I decided to silently retreat backward. Let them tire a bit.

As it got later into the night I decided to make my way back to the house but I guess they were extra paranoid because this time they had brought all kinds of gadgets that I've never seen. They had attack animals and fully automatic machines that seemed to sense my whereabouts. This looks like it will be a little more difficult than I expected.

I decided to go with a more aggressive plan and attack at the break of dawn. I waited and waited, and I could see that dawn was coming. I decided to come from the south side of the house across the street. I got on all 4 almost completely horizontal. One of the machines picked

Murder Was My Curiosity

up my movements, I paused for a moment. The Machine made me. The human guards were alerted but they could not see me. That is when I realize the best way to get into that house and have some fun is to wait till the occupants from the house behind me come out. I could use them as a shield and approach my prize. What a marvelous plan. I decided to back up and slide back to the spout on the south side of the house in front of my targeted house.

My opportunity had come. It was daylight piercing through the morning sky. The man coming out of the house, opposite of my target, seemed to be in his mid to late thirties. It appears he took care of himself, very fit, looked strong, and stood about six foot tall. He appeared to be going for a morning jog. I took him by surprise with a swift sweeping kick to the shin. You could see the man was not a fighter. He was startled, I made a quick right hook to the base of his jaw. Man built like an ox had a glass jaw.

Murder Was My Curiosity

That hit, although landed solidly, should not have taken him out like that but he landed weightlessly to the ground. The quick takedown was to my advantage though. I decided to use this man's house as a haven. I took the man into his house and bound him up in his blankets and to his bed.

Being in this house made me more anxious to be in the house of my desires. I can feel the excitement of my potential family kill. I can hear the man coming around. He was bound, gagged, and restrained to the bed. Once fully aware, the man began to struggle to get free. It was useless though; he would soon tire himself out. The thought started to circle my head, visions of me plunging one of his kitchen knives into him. Maybe I will do him once I finish with the house across the street.

Murder Was My Curiosity

The guards were still at the house. They were not prepared to wait, and they relied on the machines just a little bit too much. I knew that my time was drawing near. I watched the house for a couple of days and noticed that no one was leaving or coming. The guards are in rotation, however. Less aware and inattentive than when they first posted up. My move would come tomorrow morning as a jogger running through the neighborhood.

I left the house around midnight. I mixed in with the night and started silently moving down to the end of the street. I posted up at the back of the house down the street from my intended target. Once morning came, just before the sun started to appear, I took my morning jog and jogged right by my targeted house. The guards not even paying any attention to me and the automated guns did catch my movements but did nothing. The guards barely noticed this,

Murder Was My Curiosity

and I knew what I could, and must do to get my desired reward.

I took another lap down the street but instead of running past my target, I swooped quickly, giving no chance to the machines to register the threat, grabbed the neck of one of the officers with my right hand at the same time kicking my right foot into the chest into the other officer sending him sprawling into the third guard. The fourth officer was startled and froze with just enough time for me to pull the first guard to the left and swung him to the ground. I released him and stepped quickly to the guard untouched, by this time he was over his shock and began to strike but that initial hesitation gave me enough time to step into his chest with a forceful shove. The other guards from each side of the house heard the commotion and came to the front where I was fighting with the other four guards. The attack animals were just growling not moving toward

Murder Was My Curiosity

the action as I stepped on one of the guard's head with my left foot accidentally snapping his neck. I ducked one of the other guard's swings while another guard came charging foolishly at me tripping over the guard that was on the ground. He was failing at keeping his balance eventually ramming his head into the automated weapon stationed in front. My right leg connected with one of the guard's ribs, but he caught my leg. I immediately sprung forward with my left knee, simultaneously he dropped my leg, and I missed the mark. My reflexes blocked his overhead swing and I countered with a quick uppercut catching him on the chin. The hit stunned him a bit, but I was too late all the guards had made it to the front of the house and now it was 15 to 1 situation.

This is beginning to be fun. If I were to have died right then, I would have been happy. I was beginning to tire but fear overtook them and started being

Murder Was My Curiosity

dumb. Some of them relied on their weapons to finish me off with a huge blow causing them to either swing wildly or swing without anticipating my next moves and this gave me an advantage, although a small one, I knew could take advantage of it. Not remembering the sequence in great detail, it went something like this, I dodged a shot from the guy in front but the timing of it caused me to duck the guy behind me who end up striking the guy in front of me who was trying to hit me but he got air and got smacked so hard that his whole body went limp. I turned with my right elbow into his midsection coming up with my left with an uppercut to his chin. It was a clean shot. It was a guy charging from my right, and on my left, the guy was just standing there. I extended my right foot into the face of the guy charging at me. Not sure what happened but he lost his footing and his momentum had him bounce on the ground.

Murder Was My Curiosity

The participants in the fight dwindled to the three that found themselves standing by the entrance of the front door. I was exhausted but they looked like they did not want anything to do with me. They just stood there and watched. I went to the machines disabled them, took what I needed, and headed towards the entrance where the three men were standing. The three wise men stood frozen just watching me, unsure of what to do next. They looked at the other men laid out on the ground motionless. As soon as I got within arm's reach of them, one of them decided to take off. I closed lined him. It was perfect; my arm connected with his neck and he began to stumble backward as I pulled him in, I kicked my left leg out connecting with the gentlemen's genitals. The untouched guy figured he could get away, but I pushed the guy I was holding into him. It was killing time; this is all I could think of at this point. I

Murder Was My Curiosity

rendered the three guys unconscious. I knew I could get in the house by going through one of the windows.

I was finally in the house on the second floor. The family probably huddled around somewhere trying to wait out the outcome of the situation they found themselves in by being the chosen family. I wonder how I will find them. Will they be in the corner huddled together? Are they in some safe room? Maybe they are by the door waiting for the guards to let them know everything is okay.

I could not have been more wrong. They were enjoying themselves in the living room. I can feel the anger growing inside of me, but it is okay. This will be more fun anyway. I walked casually down the hallway; they were so into their petty little games that they did not even notice I was walking towards them. So, for effect, I casually knocked one of the fixtures off the end table. Damn thing

Murder Was My Curiosity

did not break, but it looks like I grabbed their attention. They were frozen in their position as if they were flash frozen. I was not sure if they were stunned, shocked, or the thought if they stayed still; I would not mess with them.

“Guys, this is really embarrassing. Please say something, I am a guest in your home. Why so quiet? That’s fine, I came to entertain. This will be the show of your lives. Oh, and one or more of you will die tonight. I can’t prevent you all from escaping but I can get at least 2 of you.”

“Take me, just leave my family alone.” Said the father.

“I’ll take who I want to take and kill who I want to kill and sir you’re not going to be the first one.” Pointing at an elder woman, I assumed that she was the mother. That is when the eldest boy jumped up and attempted to rush me. I

Murder Was My Curiosity

calmly flipped him over my head and right into the wall he went. Since he is not my first target, I did not go over him to damage one of his limbs.

“Please, someone go into the kitchen and grab a knife so I may stab your lovely mother. Your Father here is about to try and prevent me from hurting her, but he will be easily knocked to the side.”

As predicted the father did try and prevent me from hurting his precious little prize but what was not predicted was that he would be the actual person to go get the knife and use it against me. He managed to slice me on my back-left shoulder as I was turning towards the opening from which he came. The mother was scared stiff and did not react when I grabbed her husband by the neck. The knife still in his hands, while being choked, waived it towards me the tip connecting with my forehead. I managed to disarm

Murder Was My Curiosity

him and connected a clean shot to his temple which laid him out.

I turned my intentions towards his wife, their mother. The youngest of the bunch, the young boy never moved. He seemed to be more in awe than in fear. The oldest son, the one that got flipped, was coming too. His neck seemed to ache him as he was grabbing and rubbing it. I disregarded both and went straight to the fear-stricken woman. With the knife in hand, the one the husband himself brought to me faithfully, I went over to her.

What came next was very unexpected, she had not moved the whole time when her older son and husband tried to subdue me. So, what she did next did not even enter my thoughts. She cold kicked me in my nut sack. The pain shot to every nerve in my body and I fell out. She got up and went to her husband and the older son decided to take

Murder Was My Curiosity

his chance on finishing me off. He came over to where I was and tried to stomp on my head, but it only took me a moment to recover my wits and I moved to the side and sliced his Achilles tendon. He fell back in extreme pain and landed with a thud on the floor. Blood slowly squeezing out of the back of his ankle.

The father waking up around this time but before anyone seen it coming at the knife in the back of the misses. The insertion just to the right of the vertebrae, the thoracic vertebrae. This was not the killing blow, just a shock to her system and a way to get her leaking. Blood does something to a human being.

The father, the husband, started to feel fear for the safety of his kids and his wife. I had to take advantage of this. What had to do was made easier by the oldest boy passing out. I stabbed the wife a couple of more times, she

Murder Was My Curiosity

seemed to be the more feisty one and I didn't want her to have any more ideas so the second stab went to the back of her thigh and the last stab to the back of her shoulder. I pushed her on top of her husband. A husband laying on his back, from being rolled over by his wife, got a couple of quick stabs to his legs.

This was my favorite part. I went from stabbing to cutting on the wife. Small cuts, while she lay on her husband, I was next to them slashing as if I was a maestro and the knife was my baton. Her oldest son woke up briefly but passed out just as quickly. The youngest seemed so intrigued that I did not even bother with him.

Time disappeared for me, I was in a zone and I did not even realize that she had stopped moving. When I realized I made my masterpiece with her body I moved to the older son. I did not waste time putting marks on him, he

Murder Was My Curiosity

was sleep as fuck. So, I just slid my knife through the side of the neck and blood sprayed out when I withdrew the knife.

I pulled his wife off him and did some of my best work with him. I took my time with him even though he offered no fight back. My final cut was a horizontal line a few inches above his pelvis just below the stomach area. Pulled a little of his intestines out and put the end of it in his hands. He was still alive when I was through with him, but he dared not get up or he would lose his guts.

I turned my attention to the young boy who just sat there while I slaughtered his family. For the first time in, I do not know how long, I was curious about something other than murder and death. I had to know, so I asked the young boy this question “Why did you just sit here through

Murder Was My Curiosity

this whole ordeal. You could've gotten away, or you could've assisted your family.”

“Murder was my curiosity,” he said calmly.