

Ayo S.

Hi , I am Samantha Holmes granddaughter of HH holmes , but I did not make the fatal mistake my grandfather did; confess . Although I am a murderer I do not possess the traits of a human being. I can walk, talk , but I cannot do what the others do , I cannot have remorse for anything i do . Here's my story, I was resented even before I was born , although my mom had cancer she was still determined to have a child, that child was me . She tried her best but ultimately she died while giving birth to me. Everyone hated me at first I didn't know why but then i realized why. Before i was even born I was a murderer. That's when I saw my true calling. I always knew something was wrong with my origin the way people stare and point when they hear my last name . the way they look at me when I ask for a ride because my car broke down . Because grandfather was a murderer, I am a murderer and it doesn't bother me only because I cant hurt , I can't feel . But I long to hurt not because everyone else does but because I want to be able to feel . I want to be able to feel anything even if it is tragedy. The way I kill is unique I don't kill with malice or hate . I rid the world of people like me , people who make the world a place of death and misery . I have not been found because people are too busy celebrating the death of all these bad people. But who are really the bad people when the supposed good people are celebrating a death . The death of a person, they may be bad but that person has a mother, a father, sibilings, but they are the bad people, so society is happy that I rid their world of bad people without realizing they may be the bad people themselves .Today I have a new subject this one is very hard to kill not because the victim is strong but because the subject is famous and is great at manipulating people into thinking his way. The subject is Adolf Hitler. Now I know what you're thinking he is already dead , but my job is to rid the world of all bad people , not just people in the present , but past and future too . For most of my life I taught myself , I taught myself how to read , how to write , how to do math. I have taught myself from math to Quantum Physics . I am a genius , most people would think I am being arrogant, but this is merely a fact . That is why I have already built myself a time machine.I wake up in the timeblazer and realize I have already landed in Germany in 1933 . This is strange because I did not set the autopilot. I grab my knife and walk into the kitchen to find my mother , my dead mother. Without thinking I spin her around and dig my knife into her heart , depleting all of her life sources . I figure out it was all my brain she was never there I didn't kill her a bit ago but i killed her before she had a child . And out of nowhere I start crying not because i am sad but because I want to show myself that I am indeed a human . But somewhere deep down I know that I don't feel . I don't feel the consequences of my actions.I check the cameras and see that late in the night I set the course to Germany. As soon as I got out of the timeblazer I decided it was smarter for me to set a new course , April 27, 1889 , Austria . I realized I needed not to subdue the problem but to eradicate it .So I set the course to the day he was born .I went to his mother's house . I was unprepared it was too cold and I came in a light jacket , people would know I was a foreigner , I went back into the timeblazer and put on a heavy , but not obnoxious sweater . I needed a reason to get near the baby . After hours, I came to a conclusion . I would frantically knock on her door and act as if an urgency is occuring . I would then tell her that I was a doctor and was informing everyone that there is a disease that is quickly spreading and is fatal to babies .I was walking toward this house as I passed a dead animal and the rest of its kind were mourning it , they were immersed in grief and as I passed the dead animal if I were to kill it would be with emotion because who am I to think that society is bad for being happy about a death when I can't even feel a death . Who am I to judge? Who am I to live ? I arrived at the house as and I

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run through the plan flawlessly , I knock fast but separated, I whimper and tell her about the disease , I watch her cry as she hands over the baby, and to my surprise he starts crying too . Because he doesn't want to see his mother sorrowful , he doesn't want to see his mother sad . So as I pull out the syringe I think of all the people he killed , all the families he's broken up , I think of all the 6 million people he killed ,and as I plunge the cyanide filled syringe into his skin , I feel a weird sensation , my eyes water and it takes me a minute to realize what I am feeling . I am grieving , it's what i've wanted to feel my whole life, but then i realized the only reason I am crying is because I have just killed myself . I am just like this horrid man I rid the world of bad people , in his mind that's what he was doing . He was making his world a better place . “ It's all going to be fine ,” I told the mother . “ He's just going to sleep for a while and wake up immune to this horrible disease,” I said . “ thank you “, said the desperate mother. But I don't need props for what I've done . I rush back to the timeblazer and I contemplate what I've done . I've made myself the dead animal's pack I've turned myself normal . I've made myself vulnerable , but I would kill to just start over . As tears overwhelm me I figure out who my new subject is . I need to eradicate this problem detrimental to this world . This new subject is Samantha Holmes , Age 26 . I set the course date to 1992 April, 30. I am 3 months old and I make sure I am in a public place this time . The park . As I see the tiny baby with green eyes , brown hair , and full lips I cry as I take in the significance of my actions . I stroll to the baby and hold the syringe tight in my hand , tears are streaming down my face and say feelings are the opiate of the masses , I close my eyes to not see the baby's face curl up into tears just as mine do . And within a blink of an eye I am disappearing , and as I cry I am being erased from existence , and I think to myself , wow , that was a waste of a lifetime.