

Diary of the Baltimore Child Killer

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Creepy

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*** August 24, 1980: The carnival was hot. I waved at the man standing behind me. I took a bite of my cotton candy while I searched for my next victim. I saw a boy standing among the shuffling sea of flesh holding a yellow balloon. "Hello little boy," I said. "Are you lost?" "Yes," he replied. He was black like me, but half a shade darker. "Can you help me find my mother?" I gave the boy a nod, took him by the hand, and lead him into the bathroom. The boy was later found decapitated. His head was floating in the porcelain throne, and his body lying next to the toilet. I don't know why I tend to hunt children; maybe it's because they are the most vulnerable and can't fight back. October 24, 1980: I ate a ham sandwich and I drank a glass of milk. I took a local fifteen year old girl to a diner called The Grease Pit. Her name was Dana. Clearly she was the rebellious type. Her jeans were ripped at the knees. She wore a white t-shirt under an open button up flannel shirt that was green. She confessed to me she was a runaway. For about a month, she had been living on the streets. She ran away from home after a huge fight with her parents. I don't know why she was so mad. She was white, a pretty little girl, but she was something I wanted to be. The girl was invisible. The girl only introduced herself as Georgina . I am a black man that stands six foot three and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. As soon as I walked into a place, I was met with suspicion and silent judgmental stares. A friend of my mother's told me I had the devil in my eyes. I guess she was right. All through school my classmates would remark, how dead my eyes seemed. I was a pretty good basketball player in high school. I lead my team to two consecutive state championships. However we managed to lose both games. I drove the girl to a local cornfield; I pretended I wanted to have sex with her on account of me paying for the girl's supper. In reality, I just wanted an excuse to take Georgina into the corn field because when I shot the dumb teen, I did not want to get her blood stains anywhere near my Plymouth. I asked Georgina to turn around and count to ten. She did as instructed. While she counted, I dug out my pistol I had hidden in my right boot and aimed the gun at the girl's head. One, two, three, four, the girl counted. Boom! Georgina was dead before touching the ground. Despite my best efforts, a bit of blood still managed to splatter and hit me on the face. A tiny bit of blood splatter

also landed on my bottom lip. I soon tasted the copper of the blood and I gagged. I hated the taste of blood; drinking blood was just nasty. I met a hungry dog. He was skinny and had a gray tint to him; his eyes had a wild gleam that only a primal beast could get. He bared his teeth at me and quickly lowered his head. The mutt chewed on the brains of the girl and chewed on the flap of skin that was pulled back exposing the skull. I grimaced. I turned and went back to the car. Next a groovy song by the Temptations started to play. I sat there for a moment, lost in a world of musical bliss. I tapped my fingers on the steering wheel and sang along with the radio. My voice offered no harmony to the men on the radio. I drove away and licked the blood off my lips. Then I fought back the urge to vomit.

March 17 th 1982: The cops have me surrounded, I hear the police coming up the stairs. My only escape is through the open window, but if I jumped, it would mean certain death.

December 4, 1984: After two years of being tied up in court, my case was thrown out on a technicality. I walked the streets for hours, but I found no one suitable to be my victim.

February 3 rd , 1990: I am packing up and moving to Ohio . I've grown tired of living in Baltimore . It's been years since I've killed any children. I have fought the urge for so many years, but I can't seem to do it any longer. If I kill any kids here in Baltimore , I'll be suspected right away. We all need a fresh start sometime, and mine is long overdue...