

The Organ Murders

By Kathy Lynn Blaylock

Bonny Hunger was with child during the long hard winter of 1701, she and her husband Todd lived alone, fifty miles from their closest neighbor. Their only horse had died a month before in the accident that still had Todd laid up with a broken leg. And to make matters worse, they ran out of food three days before, and another blizzard was blowing across the Oklahoma plains.

Weak and desperate for food, Bonny waited for Todd to fall asleep. Softly she crept across the cold dirt floor of the tiny cabin, picked up the hatchet and swinging it, she attempted to decapitate her husband. He turned on the bed lifting his hand above his head as he did so. Blood splattered over her face, startled by the screams of pain, and the evil curse that spilled from his lips, for a moment she could not move.

“I am sorry Todd, but I am hungry. The child is hungry!”

“Damn you and the child to hell woman! Before it is grown, may the bastard be cursed to eat human organs for all eternity, and be the death of you?”

A rage like she had never known came over her, and the next swing of the weapon was straight and sure.

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“Hey Joey wait up, you know I can’t run that fast!” Sixteen-year-old Bobby yelled as he struggled to catch up to the younger boy.

Bobby wasn’t like the other kids in the neighborhood, and it wasn’t just the fact that his legs were supported by awkward braces, or that ten year old Joey was his only friend, that made him seem so different. However, if you asked anyone in the neighborhood, what made them keep their distance from him. The only reply you might hear would be ‘Bobby Miller is strange.’

However, the sleepy little neighborhood, in the big city, had no idea just how strange some of their neighbors really were.

“Joey, I said wait up, didn’t you hear me?” Bobby yelled as he rounded the dumpster in the alley, and ran into his young friend’s very stiff back. “Hey, what’s wrong with you, you see a ghost or something Joey?” Bobby asked as he stepped in front of him to have a look.

“Oh, Oh my goodness Joey! Run, run home and call the police! Run Joey, run!” Bobby screamed shaking his friend, bringing him out of the unpleasant time warp he seemed to be stuck in?

The blank stare faded, as his young mind began to clear, and he accepted the seriousness of the situation that lay at his feet.

“I’m going Bobby, I’m going!” Joey yelled as he turned and ran as fast as his little legs would carry him back down shadow-filled alley. Running, never stopping, never looking back, knowing that the daytime nightmare from the alley would haunt him for the rest of his life, Joey ran with Bobby’s words bouncing off the tall buildings that closed the alley away from the rest of the world.

“I will be right behind you Joey.”

However, Bobby stayed behind looking at the young woman that lay among the broken bottles, empty cans and rotting trash. He could not decide what was worse, her mutilated form, or the

filth where she had been tossed. No that was a mistake, for she had not been thrown there among the waste. Sara Tate was a message, and she had been positioned there, positioned, and molded into a work of art, and her discovery had been prearranged.

Young Joey waited for the police at the entrance to the alley, and pointed them in the direction of the body. However, he went no further, he made a silent vow to never enter the darken lair of death ever again, at least not while he was awake. His eyes wondered the busy street, searching for his friend, but something deep inside told him that Bobby was still in the alley. He was still in there all right, and he was liking what evil had done to the pretty woman.

Thirty minutes later Bobby emerged from the alley with the police, and the Medical Examiner, along with the woman in the body bag.

“Sorry I stayed so long kid, I was half way down the alley, but the police made me take them to the body.” Bobby said after the police had left.

“That’s okay Bobby, I just could not come back. I will never go in there again.”

“It’s alright Joey; we will find another place to play. Maybe somewhere where there is more sunshine, more light.” Bobby said as he followed his young friend down the street toward home.

The news of the mutilated woman found in the alley had floated down the neighborhood grapevine by late afternoon. By nightfall, a neighborhood watch had been put into motion. However, another body was discovered the next morning in the alley across the street.

“I am afraid you may have a serial killer on the lose Captain Thomas.” The Medical Examiner said turning away from the body of Jane Doe.

“Her organs have been removed like the Tate woman?”

“Not just her organs, but the same organs as the Tate case. In both cases the heart, kidneys and liver were all removed, nothing more, nothing less. My guess both murders were committed for the organs, maybe to be used for transplants. Maybe some sort of cult practice, who knows? I just tell you what I do, or do not find.”

The days turned into weeks, and the bodies were piling up. A statewide manhunt was on for the organ murderer, who left no clues behind. The sleepy little neighborhood was wide-awake, running scared. Fearful of strangers, and neighbors alike. However, the killer walked among them never hiding, and above suspicion.

It had been ten weeks since the first murder, when Trish Bell found herself having to walk. She had worked the late shift at the coffee shop and missed the last bus. The streetlights were dim as she looked down the street at two in the morning, and she considered staying right where she was. However, Trish knew she could not stay at the coffee shop; her Mother was ill, and alone. She would be worried, so she gathered her nerve turned out the lights and locked the door.

“Stop being such a baby Trish, it’s only a block and a half home. You have self defense training, just run, and don’t stop to talk to anyone.” She mumbled.

The street seemed to get darker the closer she got to her home, and she started running. The fear was building inside her chest, and she ran faster, blindly. Suddenly she was falling, and she heard him yell as she fell to her knees.

“Hey watch it lady, you nearly knocked me down!”

Breathless from running, for a moment she could not speak because of the fear of being on the streets where a killer could be lurking in the shadows.

“Wait, wait!” She gasped taking in some much needed oxygen, and stared at his retreating back. “What pray tell me are you doing out alone at this hour? Wait for me, and I will make sure you get home.”

“Okay come on, I can see that you are scared stiff. You know Trish, I am really hungry?” He

said extending her his hand.

Those were the last words Trish Bell ever heard. However, not him, he heard the screams of his victims inside his mind, deep in the bowels of hell. He heard the police officer telling him to drop the knife, as he tore off a piece of her mouth-watering liver. Then he lunged at the officer, and heard the bullet tearing through his skull.

Yes, ten-year-old Joey would hear his victims, and remember, until the next time the cannibal curse pulled him back upon the earth, to do his Fathers' bidding.