

Blind stalker



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The Blind Stalker was trailing the women with the rare blind spot. One of the women's scenes was coming to an end. He dressed in vermilion while he stalked her on the chase. He walked along the long loose lace, which was coming to a tragic end, underneath was the headless chicken, he chased. He swung round on the long pole with the moonlight shining on the sapphire sharp steel blade reflecting into the eyes of evil. Her eyes splattered in cold magma with the scream of an eagle as the echo of her pain ricocheted off each building on her way to her grave.

She lay in terror waiting for death but the hospital came in time. A letter was left which lay sealed next to the blind body. The shivery detectives, seeing the living body with no eyes stood at the crime scene with goose pimples and searched for evidence. An envelope with a vermilion coloured ribbon hanging out next to the dirty, damp, drain. The envelope fell in the drain but the ribbon got caught on the side and the letter was saved. One of the detective's eyes spotted the ribbon and slowly; smoothly; steadily pulled out the letter.

The forensics took it straight to the laboratory: the underworld, where physics and great mathematics is formed in which scientists figure out the evil developing in the world. Acid all over. A slight sneeze and your day will end. The detectives were curious to read the letter to see if it matched with the others. A thought swam into the detective's head; why did the felon leave the missive? The visually impaired woman can't read so maybe; just maybe the letter is for us. The dedicated detectives deliberated as they travelled to the laboratory to fetch the missive.

When they got there, they found an unpleasant view of a blind, bloody, body of an earlier victim. The sight was so ugly that the sickening yellow vomit came from the stomach, up the oesophagus through the throat in her mulchy mouth. One of the detectives sprinted out of the double doors like a scarab beetle, while the other sighted the opened letter which highlighted "The stick is your life; your life is the stick. Not aware of the Stalker but he surrounds you and acts recklessly. It is the death walk you carry, one wrong foot and your soul will resurrect.

The initials embossed with blood at the end of the message " B. S. " The determined detective was glad that the letter was the same and therefore led to the same perpetrator but was disappointed, as there were no further clues. Walking up and down the small sleepy room, with frustrated walls, in a fearful mood with no new clues than the last hour. Ten unsolved mysterious blind files; next to each one was a coloured ribbon. The eleventh case, which was the root of all branches, made no sense what so ever. They all lay on the four legged table. No connection between the ribbons and letters!

The seething detective sweating from his eyes, into his mouth tasting like cherry was actually blood. Some of it dripped on to the vermilion ribbon giving him an instant thought that vermilion is another shade of blood. He wasn't another step up the ladder but he knew that was a clue. Reading the letter for the hundredth time, syllable by syllable he made another discovery - the initials " B. S". He decided to concentrate on those initials. He once read a book about 'solving names'. He wrote the letter 'BA' on the spotless piece of paper underneath 'BB' then 'BC' and kept going thinking about what the possible alternatives were.

Coming to 'BL' he stopped, thinking to himself about the conundrum. The word was on the tip of his tongue even though the impulses in his body knew the answer, which took the shortened root of a reflex arc allowing the word to fly out - Blind!!! He had cracked half of the initials and the other half was hiding in the puzzling letter but still there was no solid evidence that 'B' actually stands for 'blind'. If it did, it would make a lot of sense. His sweat had initiated a smile but what he had found was really - nothing. He continued his journey and reached the file with no letter and no ribbon.

His subconscious said that the file was of great importance but his conscious thoughts were disagreeing. The off-white, wet, wicked window, screams when the bright tremendous, ring shaped Sun rises, opened by the Blind Stalker who peaks out his unique, unfriendly, unwashed head. In an instant the magician's eye left his magic and caught him. He knew another serious vanity was about to take place, still keeping his magical mouth locked. The self-controlled humourless Stalker stepped out of his false palace, taking a few steps out into the world of evil, of which he's part.

While the Blind Stalker strolled past hunting, the magician drew his attention by a mirror reflection. The game of 'hidden coin' where a coin is placed under one of the three strong, shiny metallic glasses. The magician shuffled them rapidly and the Blind Stalkers eyes running left to right trying to keep up making him dizzy. Blind stalker pointed his bony finger towards a wrong glass and losing his temper, still silent but his evil eyes glowing in anger, flipping the table on its backside. The blind spot can be the cost of your life. Yes, your worthless life. Blind spot is what you can't see, eerie.

Be aware of your blind spot. Now you will be thinking 'I don't have eyes on the back of my head". Exactly my point. How can you see something if you don't know it is there? A major problem if you can't see what's in front of you. Imagine the difficulties blind people have to put up with. A blind spot can be red. But what does red mean? Crimson, scarlet, maroon or auburn... just remember every thing has many sides. Time to work out the full discovery of the initials. Once again the healthy sick detective read the fretful missive. " The stick is your life, your life is the stick.

Not aware of the Stalker" a sudden stop and the written code - " Stalker" highlighted in his eyes relating to the initials as the first letter matches. It begins with a capital, which illustrates the possibility of the word being a name. For a second he was jubilant, thinking twice about the fact if he has really solved the crossword clue - Blind Stalker. Is it a name? What is it signifying? Or just maybe a code? His puzzled mind blinded him; he did not know where he was or who he was for seconds. The world in the magician's hand. The world is a game of 'Snakes & Ladders'.

When the snake bites; you hide from the truth. Look at the world from a birds view, as a three dimensional view, what do you see? In the magician's hand is the world; a slight blow and the world will be wiped out. He has the power, to change, to stop, to create. The magician is like the cloud that watches everyone, day and night. It never sleeps; it never eats until the day when the dust settles. " Evil is out, which is like the shadow to me". The search for the one who calls himself 'Blind Stalker' The magician knows the Stalkers, every move and every breath. He even has the extra senses, which are kept secretive.

His strength can stop all this but no, he is the guide to lock the evil. You see magic everywhere- streets, TVs and even in your house. You don't even notice it but you do not want to believe in magic. In the magician's dictionary the word 'magic' doesn't exist but as a replacement is 'reality' The knowledge he can show, but not impart. The horrified detectives were on the chase for the supposed victim in the life leading to the basement of the car park. They were confused about why they were on the chase. No image in their chicken head of what the victims face or clothes were.

In a section of the car park there was a sound of a lever, leading to a sound of darkness. Another step in another section again with black light reflecting of car mirrors, only being able to see each other's cornea. It was impossible in the pitch black to scream or search in the car park with icy walls. After walking in a never-ending circle, receiving darkness in trade of light, a shallow centre remained, where light stayed as light. Music from a cars exhaust and the detective's guards came up and ready as never to take down the shadowy figure. The false victim stepped forward clean, but questioned.

His six senses got him of the hook. The false victim turned up the music and sat a table and chair with a game of cheese in the centre of the circular car park. He is bright and there is light so watch out, they call him the magician. The detectives considered him to be an intelligent person as they lost every game they played. It was time for him to ask questions, which he knew the answers to. The detectives told him the whole story about the case, which didn't make sense. Having the answer in his mouth he says, " If all eleven

cases had identical letters and ribbons that means all eleven victims have something identical too.

This speech got the detectives thinking. Did you say the victims were attacked from the back? " No but yes" a confusing reply but the detectives, suspicious mind had going around in circles. The magician was running out of seconds but gave to much data in an explicit way. He talked about the mother's case, the odd case, the case, which was the root to the others. The magical voice said, " The odd case is the even case". Confused but not paralysed. Further investigation of the mother's case took place and from the discovery they realised, the mother was blinded for the same reason, which still has not come to their senses.

This one was looked at in depth and a child was involved. This child loves his mother, she was the only person left in his life. Imagine his anger if he lost his beloved mother. He shattered into glass. When his mother lost her eyesight, it was no accident; some one was the cause of this tragedy. The lonely child just began to cope till, death splattered. Tear after tear. He became mentally ill. He became physically ill but no medicine could help. The detectives had no solid evidence but their theory came to sense. The child was the cause of all those blind men and women. This was his revenge.

The trail began on the child who now is a man and possibly called Blind Stalker. Footsteps went through alley-by-alley leading to a final alley. His next move was to blind an innocent and the detective's next move was to capture. This is like Tom chasing Jerry who is getting chased by a dog. The detectives lead Blind Stalker to the cell seeing the lethal gadget in his hands.

Blind Stalker is locked in a cell surrounded by cracked walls and spiders tangled in their webs, hanging down from the wet ceiling but still locked behind unbreakable, steel bars. The empty room except for a wooden bed and rotten cockroaches for starters.