

The
Oxford

Murders



The Oxford Murders

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Prologue:

The Oxford Murderer. A fitting name. The Oxford Murderer. I thought to myself, walking down the street. That's what they were calling the serial killer who was slaughtering women no older than twenty-five. The street was practically empty but as I looked across the road I could see an elderly couple struggling to open their front door. Such frailty; it disgusted me. Ignoring them I walked past, pulling up short when I saw the number 57. It was a beautiful number; silver with gorgeous curves on the ends. I walked up the cobbled path, it was narrow...too narrow; I thought angrily. Walking to the door I opened it easily. In the lounge room a young lady stood. As I walked in, smiling kindly she jumped and backed away.

"You're not Harry!" she growled.

"I know. I saw the two of you arguing this morning. I wanted to give you my condolences," I soothed. She took another step backward.

"That's weird!" she exclaimed. I shrugged.

"I know but I thought you could do with someone to talk to," I told her. I looked at my hands; they were thin and pale and my fingers were long, professional. Embalming was my greatest skill. She relaxed slightly, agreeing inwardly with my statement. A couple of minutes later, we were both seated on the couch, talking about her husband Harry.

"He's so annoying! He never listens to what I have to say," the woman, Riley, exclaimed. I nodded kindly and let my hands drop onto the couch arm-rest.

"He sounds like a handful," I said. She nodded energetically. "Do you wish he was dead?" I asked slyly, looking at her pale face.

"Sometimes!" she replied naively. I smiled, my hand moving to my pocket. Standing I walked over to the window and closed the curtains. They were red, and the walls were yellow so they didn't exactly look right but I knew it would soon be better.

"You know women aren't supposed to speak ill of their husbands," I checked, walking to the door and turning the lock. Riley looked up, her expression confused.

"I know but...I thought you wanted to hear my side," she whispered. I chuckled.

"I did. And I'm glad you told me. To me it sounds like your idiot husband doesn't show you enough appreciation," I said. "Don't worry. I can fix that." I turned around and gave her a smile.

"Who are you?" she demanded, standing and backing away.

"You wouldn't my real name. But perhaps you know me another," I cackled, walking toward her and drawing my hand from pocket. She screamed and ran upstairs. The knife in my hand was light, but it could cut through skin like paper. Soon this house will be a masterpiece. I could hear Riley slamming things aside as she scrambled through each room, sobbing. My knife scraped the wallpaper.

"Come along Riley! We were having a deep conversation, I had hoped you would hear about my day; and my problems!" I called, heading toward the stairs.

"Fire doesn't care if it burns wood, pig fat or the flesh from your body. Like this knife it has no preference at all. In all this world, it is as blind as you will be just an hour from now. I'll give you a few moments to talk me out of it, if you can make yourself understood through the gag," I explained, showing Riley the knife. She whimpered, her blonde hair cut short. I grinned.

"What was that?" She gave a sob, her body uselessly tied down.

"Consider this a blessing; after all, now you will be young forever," I announced. *I wasn't a psychopath. Or maybe I was.* I thought, bring the knife to her face.

"Such beautiful features," I observed. "It'd be a shame to ruin that face of yours."

Chapter 1:

3 months ago, today would've been a good day, but with what's happened, London will never be the same. Everyone's moving away from Oxford street since there's been 6 murders there in the past 3 months. Who is the murderer? No one knows; not the gender, the name or the age, although they all presume that it's a boy due to his figure. Everyone calls him The Oxford Murderer. He's a monster.

The oldest woman he has killed has been 25 and the youngest was 15. Every girl under the age of 15 think they won't be killed, and the same goes for every girl over the age of 25. His method involves befriending them, cutting their wrists and letting them bleed out. The strangest thing is that he cuts their hair and uses the hair and their blood to write a message. The message is "Never Grow Up". The thing is that no one knows why he writes that message and why he aims for young girls. There are no rumours nor any hints as to why he does what he does to the girls. Everyone is starting to worry but especially the parents of kids who are going to turn 15 and those kids who are turning 15 themselves. They all hope that it won't be them next, but who knows what goes on in the mind of The Oxford Murderer.

Chapter 2:

Hi, my name is Hayden and I'm 14 years old. My best friend Aalina and I always meet up at the bakery every Friday afternoon. I have to admit that I like Aalina more than a friend but if you knew her like I knew her you would too. It's time for me to leave so I head to the door.

"Bye mum. Love you," I said.

"Bye honey, have fun, love you too," my mum replied.

I started walking to the bakery. It's been 5 minutes and I can see the bakery and Aalina standing in front waiting for me. A big smile appears on my face when I see her standing there. I walk up to her and say

"Hi Aalina."

"Hey Hayden," she replies.

We go inside and talk, after 30 minutes Aalina brings up The Oxford Murderer and his most recent kill. Aalina tells me that the most recent victim's name was Riley and that she was 23 years old. I don't like talking about it because Aalina turns 15 soon which means that she could be a possible target.

"Hey? Hayden? Hello? I'm talking to you," said Aalina.

"Hm what?" I replied.

"I said let's go to investigate, I found out where the house is, it's number 57 of Oxford street!" Aalina said.

"What?! Are you crazy?! No way, what if he's still there, huh? What will we do then?" I exclaimed.

"Please just hear me out," Aalina begged.

I caved. She cheered with joy and after a solid hour of persuading, she convinced me to go with her. I mainly said yes because I didn't want her going by herself in case he was there. We left the bakery and started walking to 57 Oxford street. I kept thinking I could convince her to come back to my house. Soon enough we were at the house. We walked up the stairs and stared at the door for a minute or so. We looked at each other, I took a deep breath and put a hand on the door knob.

Chapter 3:

I walked into the house.

"Aalina. This is a terrible idea, we should leave," I whispered hoarsely. I had met the young, black-haired girl on the street when she'd been begging for food or money. For a girl who spends most of her days on the street, she was very beautiful. With fair skin and black hair, she reminded me of a vampire but she moved with purpose and grace that filled me with desire. The two of us had become close friends almost instantly. And now, as she led me into number 57, a feeling of dread filled me, sending constant shivers down my spine.

"What's the matter Hayden? You're so cold and you're shivering?" Aalina sounded concerned but I knew she was more focussed on the house. We crept into the living room. The curtains were closed and furniture were thrown all over the place.

"Let's go!" I begged, noticing line of knife scars on the wall, leading up the stairs. Aalina ignored me and dragged me up the stairs. Halfway up I noticed the scars vanished.

"He got excited," Aalina observed, noticing the change too. I gulped, imagining the poor victim – whatever she looked like. The top level was a corridor that reached several rooms. One door was slightly open.

"That has to be it!" I whispered, pointing. Aalina nodded tersely, running forward and pushing the door open. I followed and peered over her shoulder. As soon as I saw the room I felt bile rise in my mouth. The two of us immediately did the signum crucis. The victim was aged 23 and she had blonde hair. I could tell it used to be long because it was raggedly cut and above her head, on the floor were

the words “Never Grow Old” which were formed out of blood and her cut hair. I wiped my mouth and looked away. The woman, named Riley Stone, was sprawled across the floor, her face a frozen form of terror. Her arms were stretched above her head and her wrists were bloody and still bleeding; even though she was deceased. She lay in the half-light, utterly still, eyes open as if admiring the heavens. As Aalina approached, creaking floorboards, she remained still and a cursory glance was enough to know she was dead. Her lips were blue, skin grey, eyes dull with exploded pupils. She was as lifeless as the fallen leaves outside, though they at least got one last dance.

“She died from blood loss,” Aalina said, pointing to her wrists. I shuddered.

“Can we go now?”

“Why did the murderer leave the note?” she wondered, running a finger through the blood. She was unfazed by the body and the blood, making me wonder what she had gone through as a child.

“Please?”

“Alright. There’s nothing new here,” she growled, standing. I grabbed her hand and dragged her out of the house.

“That was creepy!” I announced. She shrugged.

“Let’s go back to the bakery and talk about it.”

Chapter 4:

I bit into my bread. It tasted delicious. The crumbs fell into my lap and the sugar coated my lips. The streets were rather empty. If the murders didn’t clear up I was sure the bakery and any shops nearby would shut down.

“So, what did you think?” I knew it was dangerous for Aalina to be smart and have thoughts that are more free than other women but I didn’t mind. She didn’t hear me, she was watching the street.

“Aalina?” I asked, waving my hand at her face. She jumped and focussed on me, her green eyes bright.

“Yeah?” I repeated my question. “I’m not sure give me a day or two,” she replied, running a hand through her hair. I shrugged. The sun was sinking into the sky so I stood.

“Mum wants me home before six,” I said. She nodded and crossed her legs. I walked slowly away. Six dead women; all found in homes that weren’t their own. It was crazy, I groaned. At least I was a guy, I should be safe unless the murderer broke his streak.

Chapter 5:

The next morning was Saturday. Aalina woke me up by tossing stones at my window.

“I know where the next murder is!” she exclaimed.

“Is?” I was confused, my brain still fuzzy from sleep. She rolled her eyes and gently tapped on my forehead.

“Wake up! We’re going to house 67!” she decided, grabbing my arm and pulling me toward the street.

“Now?” I demanded.

“No! We’re going for a walk first. All of the women have died during the night so it would be useless for us to be there now,” she replied.

“Explain how you know,” I ordered.

“Well. Everyone victim so far has died in specific houses. House 7 was first. Followed by house 17, 27, 37, 47, 57 and now 67!” she announced. “It’s so obvious that the police overlooked it. I think our suspect is a perfectionist,” she explained. “And all the victims have died in the night because of how cold their skin is once they’re found!”

“The first woman, Teresa was found by the house owner when he came home from a concert; her body was apparently still warm. It’s been the same for the other women too,” she decided excitedly. She was very clever I realised, I would never had pieced that together in one night. The day lengthened and we walked toward the house.

“Quickly or we’ll miss it!” Aalina whispered, trying to tug me forward. By the time we finally reached 67 Oxford Street, it was dark.

“Mum’s going to be worried about me,” I breathed. Aalina ignored me again and dragged me forward. She walked up to the front door and pushed against it slightly. It was locked. The window curtains were drawn and I backed away from the house.

“We should call the police,” I decided. Aalina shook her head and hoisted herself onto the window sill. She slid her fingers under the window pane and raised it slightly, slipping inside and closing it

behind her. I waited tersely for a moment before she unlocked the door and let me inside. I felt nervous and excited. The candle-light upstairs was flickering and I could hear quiet sobbing.

“He’s here already!” Aalina whispered, scrambling toward the stairs.

“Aalina, he’s a serial killer!” I growled, grabbing her dress. She pulled away and bolted up the flight of stairs, leaving me to follow. We crept down the hall and I could hear the sobs getting louder. A gentle voice seemed to sound through the walls.

“Don’t worry, it looks beautiful! Besides the red matches your hair,” it whispered. I peered around the corner of the bedroom door and saw a tall person standing over a barely moving woman. She had dark red hair that was – like all the others – cut short and her wrists were tied together and I could see the bloody marks.

I gave a strangled gasp and the man turned his head with immense speed. I retreated and waved frantically at Aalina to run. She ignored me and leaped into the doorway.

“You’re caught!” she shouted.

“Just a couple of kids,” the man whispered smoothly. The candle had been blown out and I couldn’t make out any of his features save he had dark hair. The woman gave a groan and the murderer leaned over and cut the rope free.

“I’m glad we got all of our business done sweets,” he said to her. I staggered to Aalina’s side as he backed away, opening the window behind him and leaping out. I made to run to see him fall but Aalina grabbed my arm and dragged me down the stairs and out the door. We saw him stand and limp away.

“After him!” I shouted. Aalina nodded and we started to chase him down. We ran down the road, past the bakery and toward the river. I felt the wind race through my hair and my breath shortened. We reached the bridge to see the killer standing on the railing.

“No, wait!” I shouted, running forward. Too late. He stepped backward, waving at the two of us. As he fell, I caught a glimpse of his grinning face. He was insane. Crazy. Mad. A killer. Psychopath. Dead.

Chapter 6

“Oh my god, he’s dead!” I shrieked.

“Don’t jump to conclusions, Hayden. It’s possible to survive that jump,” Aalina said in a monotone voice, while she leant over the bridge.

“Jumping from that height would be like slamming onto concrete, use logic Aalina he still hasn’t resurfaced, you can be so stupid,” I said and looked at her like if I was talking to an irresponsible child.

“Don’t look at me like that.” She stared back ignoring the crowd that had flocked to the edge of the bridge.

“Let’s leave, dead or not this gives us time,” I said. She turned and gave me a slight nod. We had started to head through the streets, taking whatever turn we felt like.

Aalina was the first to break the silence, “I had managed to save 2 pounds, can we head to the bakery? I’m starving.”

I gave her a nod I didn’t want to stress her out or put any more strain between us. She makes my heart race whenever I talk to her, I don’t know what this means, could it be? We’re best friends and if it was love I doubt she likes me back. Silence came back again, we did not cast a single eye at each other, it’s for the best I guess. I wanted to grasp her hand tell her sorry, but then she will think I’m weak. These thoughts are making me uncomfortable how far is this goddamn bakery?

When we reached the bakery, I told her to take her time, I can’t stand another one of those awkward walks. None the less the bakery smelled good but the food couldn’t have looked less appetising. The bread was dry and as hard as a rock, I would believe if someone had broken their teeth on this.

“Let’s go, I don’t want to go back to the orphanage, sure Miss will beat me again but I don’t care right now. You hurt me, today, you must feel really good about yourself.”

I’m not going to say anything there’s no point. I hurt her feelings, I’ll just leave it be. I continued to not pay attention to the road, the roads were empty ever since the psychopath has been slaughtering women. Somehow, I found the cobblestone roads were more interesting than everything else. The crevices between were filled with dirt, chips of stone lay scattered across the ground.

Chapter 7

“How about we go to our favourite spot?”

She shook her head slightly, no...strange but ok. “Do you want to... uh...-,” I said but then immediately got cut off.

“No, nothing, I want nothing.”

Ok then if she’s going to be stubborn then why should I try to make her happier. She can be so stubborn, it honestly annoys the hell out of me. I wish, I wish I had never met her sometimes, so I wouldn’t feel so trapped by my feelings. I wonder how her mother was I never met her, was she like her? If so, no wonder why her father left her.

Oh well at least this silence gives me time to think, in moments like these, I need it. I had decided to take a sharp left, she didn’t follow. Go figure I guess I have to follow her, like some lost stray dog. Everything stayed the same for another 10 minutes.

It was getting really late my parents were probably getting worried. The moon illuminated the London streets, her hair shone in the night, surprisingly straight and clean.

I grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the other direction she hesitated but followed. A deep sigh escaped her lips. I kept dragging her along with me. It must’ve taken a good 20 minutes to reach my destination.

It was the bridge where the killer jumped off. She had tried to struggle out of my grip before but I didn’t care. I kept a tight grip on her hand, and, unless she was superhuman she can’t escape my grip.

“How? How! How will he survive that? Just look down it’s a good 50 metres.”

“You are so stupid sometimes,” she said and kept her head down. “It’s not impossible!”

“It is!”

“Think! Think why would he be giving up all his hard work just because two kids had decided to find him. You are so naïve it is almost impossible to deal with you.”

“What do you mean? You never listen. You’re stubborn – God – I’d have a better chance figuring out this case without you. You can be so irresponsible!”

My rage eventually clouded my judgement. I didn’t care anymore I needed her to know all my thoughts.

“You never listen to me you act as if I’m stupid, well guess what you’re stupid!”

Aalina raised her head and stared, disbelief was practically written in her face and tears welled up in her eyes. She took a deep breath and started to walk away. I reached for her hand, but she cast me a cold stare. Whatever I don’t have time for these games.

Chapter 8

After that fight, I figured it was about time I told my parents everything. From, my feelings for Aalina to the Oxford Murderer.

“Can we talk?” I asked.

She replied with, “sure,” with fear in her voice not knowing what I’m about to say. Mum, dad and I gathered around the rustic wood, knee high coffee table. I started with the way I feel about Aalina, and how I felt like that for a really long time and was too ashamed to admit it.

I said to mum, “but I don’t believe it will work out.”

She questioned why.

I saai, “we had a fight.”

“Why?”

I took a deep breath. “We were chasing the murderer.” It brought a tear to my mother’s eye but she stayed frozen not saying anything.

I said to them, “its ok he jumped off the bridge and he’s dead now.”

“Then why are you fighting?” my dad asked anxiously.

I reply with, “she doesn’t believe that he’s dead.” My mum began to cry with fear. I got up and walked to the door.

“Where are you going?” Mum asked.,

“To apologise,” I replied confidently. I walked out the door with no hesitation. I decided I was going to tell her how I really feel.

Chapter 9

Ughhh. He never does anything right. He's so full of himself. he doesn't get me, he doesn't get how serious this is. The Oxford Murderer isn't dead, why is he acting so immature, I can't believe I ever fell for him. I have to figure this out without his he's in the way of everything and needs to let me concentrate. I have to retrace my steps. 7 women dead all under the age of 25, all murdered in the same street and there seems to be a recurring pattern. The first murder the body was found in 7 oxford street, body two 17 oxford street, third body house 27, then 37, 47, 57, 67, I've got it the next murder will be in 77 oxford street. His victims were all female and I have been led to believe he kills them to keep them young. The only piece of the puzzle I don't have is when he will strike. I'll stop by the bakery before I do anything else to try and help my case by clearing my mind for a bit.

Chapter 10

I walked into the bakery and said, "Hi Barry."

"Hey Aalina, Hayden left a note for you."

It read – Hey Aalina I'm sorry we fought earlier I'd really like to apologise. And I have to tell you something, meet me at 77 oxford street.

Without a worry, I bought my sausage roll and was on my way to the address that Hayden had given me. On my way to the address I replayed what I was going to say to him:

I'm sorry for the way I treated you, but I have to tell you that I really like you and I hope you feel the same way. Although I feel guilty we have to push our differences aside for a while to figure out these murders.

I knocked on the door and the door handle turned. Then, as I walked in and heard the door shut with a click behind me; I remembered, number 77.

Blurb:

Many murders, 2 teens, 1 serial killer. Aalina is a 14-year-old girl who loves mystery novels and riddles, but can she crack this case? Hayden is a 14-year-old boy who loves cats and Aalina, but can he push past their differences to help his friend and keep his street safe?

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