



"THE UNWANTED BETRAYAL"

The... thrill... insistence... of... the... telephone... tore... Claire... Rosachea... from... sleep... "who... the... hell... is... calling... in... this... ungodly... hour?" She... muttered... to... herself... softly... annoyed... her... beautiful... sleep... has... been... disturbed... "Claire...?" She... immediately... recognized... the... voice... "Maxwell... whatever... you're... going... to... say... next... better... be... worth... ruining... the... only... decent... sleep... I've... got... all... this... week"... "I... finally... located... him!"

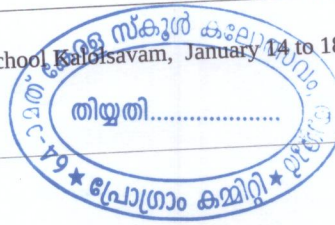
* That... woke... ~~me~~^{her} ~~my~~ senses... "Rumours... say... Lucian... is... taking... the... new... horrid... case... of... London... he's... back... home." Her... eyes... glinted... with... hope... &... ecstasy... "So... where... is... he... now?" "He... is... a... frequent... in... the... St. Albin's... library... if... you... manage... to... reach... there... as... soon... as... possible... there's... a... good... chance... he... would... be... there."

I... reach... the... library... the... atmosphere... is... so... tranquil... yet... uncomfortable... I... finally... spotted... him... deeply... immersed... in... a... book... He... noticed... my... stare... but... doesn't...

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Participant Code: 063

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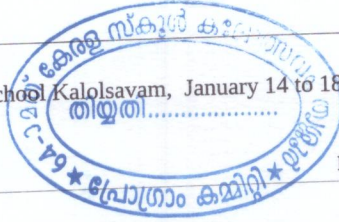
budge... tad... bit... I... feel... ~~embarrassed~~... a... bit... embarrassed...
he's... ignoring... me, after... a... long... minute, I walk to...
his... side... He... finally... stared... back... at me, a... long...
agonising... minute... has... passed... finally... I... could... fathom...
some... words... out... of... his... mouth... "Who are you...
and... ~~do~~... I... know... you...?" "I am... Claire...
Rosachia, my mother... is... Spanish..." "I just asked...
if... I... knew... you, not... your... family... history..."
So... this... is... why... I... hear... peeps... say... never...
meet... your... idols... or... heroes, the night... not be...
like... who... you... imagine..." Okay, I will get to...
the point, I have... a... degree... in... criminology... first of...
all... Do you know what's the difference between...
you... &... Sherlock... Holmes?" I could... finally... sense...
some... emotion... in... him, a... look... of... ~~an~~... mixed...
with... intrigue... &... annoyance... "Oh, I am... intrigued..."
"People... always... compare... you... both... but the reality... is...
Sherlock... had... an... assistant... but... you... don't..." His...
abrupt... laughter... caught... me... off guard... "I get...
where... this... is... going, I... just... have... one... question...
Have... I... ever... mentioned... I... need... one?" Heat... rushes...

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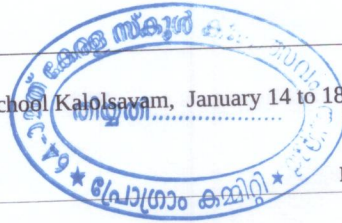
... upto ... my ... cheek ... This ... might be ... the ... most ... humiliating ...
... humiliating ... day ... of ... my ... life: ... " I ... know ... more ...
... than ... I ... may ... look ... I ... know ... every ... single ... detail ... of ...
... your ... cases ... and ... the ... new ... case ... you're ... in ... charge ...
... apparently, I ... know ... a ... lot - " a ... little ... boy ... has ...
... interrupted ... me ... by ... passing ... a ... telegraph ... print ... to ...
... Luvian ... " What ... happened? " The ... ^{fourth} ... murder ... has ...
... occurred, come ... join ... me ...
... The ... ride ... to ... the ... destination ... was ... awfully ... tranquil ...
... I ... stared ... at ... his ... reflection ... in ... the ... window ... trying ...
... to ... grasp ... even ... a ... tiny ... showcase ... of ... emotion ... from ...
... him, but ... that ... was ... futile: Oh ... how ... I ... wish ... ~~you~~ ...
... to ... swim ... in ... the ... pool ... of ... his ... extraordinary ...
... mind: I ... still ... can't ... fathom ... I ... am ... next ... to ... someone ...
... who ... has ... solved ... eight ... high ... profile ... case: ...
... " we ... are ... at ... the ... destination! " I ... follow ... him ...
... to ... the ... abandoned ... building ... Nothing ... ~~so~~ ... could ...
... have ... saved ... me ... from ... the ... horrid ... scene ... I ... just ...
... witnessed: The ... victim ... is ... laying ... in ... a ... pool ... of ...
... blood, ... eyeballs ... missing: The ... sweet ... toxic ... smell ... of ~~me~~ ...
... the ... corpse ... intoxicated ... my ... mind: I ... watched ... Luvian; he ...

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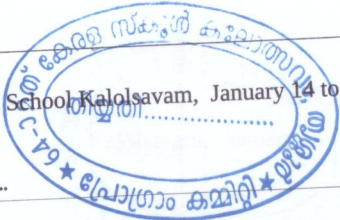
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... didn't lose him composition. The officials let him do his work as he starts taking pictures of the victim in multiple angles. "Purple bruises present on the back of her arm... livor mortis spilled like an ink. The victim's jaw is locked tight, fingers curled inwards... rigor mortis so the victim has been murdered for approximately 7 hours." I saw say looking at the pale corpse: "You never told me you knew forensic" he says dryly. "I am not an expert like my father but I do know some basis." "Have you noticed yet we are missing something crucial here?" my mind starts pondering, the faint realization that we haven't found any writings from the psychotic killer unsettled me. "You sure they didn't find anything in her body?" "If they did, they would have found those already." Before I could form a response I find Lucian running up to the stairs. The dried blood drops on the corner of the stairs grasped my attention, I fasten my gaze following him. What I saw next was flabbergasting. This would be forever engraved deep.

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in my mind. what that bastard did on the wall.
beyond senses.

"A RELIGIOUS PROSTITUTE
IS AN OXYMORON"

The bloody message was clear to me, he would
get more & more lunatic after his murders.

"What would be his next kill? The agnostic
nun?" I say with a humorous tone, Lucian

cackled up a bit. "Don't give him ideas."

He mutters scratching the back of his neck:

"Lucian, I feel like we are diverting away
the most vital aspect of the crime. Those

weird cross symbols engraved into every victim's

chest. There must be something behind it."

"I know, I am trying to decipher it. Why

don't we talk about the case in somewhere

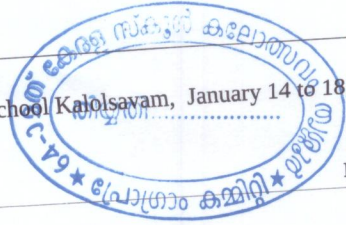
more peaceful?" "The library?" "That ~~set~~ could be

it."

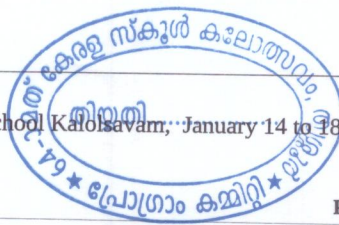
"Claire... I remember that you told me you know

bits of the case... my ears are wide open, tell me.

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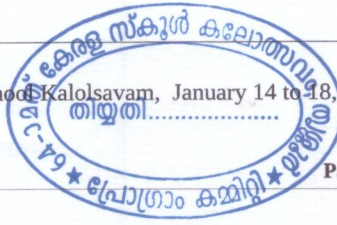


about it." a soft sigh escape her mouth. "Well this is just a theory but the killer is murdering people based on the seven deadly sins in the bible which are pride, wrath, lust, gluttony, envy, sloth, greed. The very first murder, the villain killed his own brother due to envy, the second one, the victim is a criminal who had killed multiple people due to his anger issues, the third victim, a very well known greedy landlord in the town & the most recent one, it could be about lust. I could sense his face ~~over~~ overwhelmed with deep thoughts. "I thought about it... he could either be a religious killer or something viceversa like" he halts. "like what?" "Maybe he is making^{it} forget about it." That left me offguard. "I am taking my leave lady & be ready early around 5am tomorrow, we are visiting a friend." "So I am officially appointed?" my eyes ~~at~~ lights up in happiness. "We are going to Madascar, the guy there is a great symbolologist...."



maybe he can decipher the meaning of the cross. "I am very much delighted to accompany- WAIT! Madras is in Russia right?" he just nod. "We are going to Russia for that? there are worthy known symbologists in London why there? Are you out of your damn senses?" "Calm down he is not just a mere symbologist, I forgot to mention he is the best." I roll my eyes. "We don't know when he or she makes the next move, it's not the best interest of us to leave the town." I can't believe we are in Russia. "Your friend- what is his name?" "Alexander Volkov" he replied coldly. "Oh so is he a Russian?" "No, he is a Mexican" sarcasm was evident in his tone. He sighs. "Have you ever heard of an Alexander Volkov who isn't Slavic?" I roll my eyes. "My apologies for asking a simple question." I didn't realize the friend he was talking about. "He isn't a shady man, I assume?" I divert my entire attention to him.

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"No, he is a commie bastard who got banned from multiple countries" he replied with a faint smirk. "This is impossible, I can't believe you are joking at this moment."

"My bad, I just wanted to scare you." Volkov ran up to his 'friend' immediately when he saw Lurian. The two amigos exchanged small talks before getting to the point. "Lurian, do you know what Illuminati is?" instead of Lurian I replied "Oh ~~yes~~ they are the St. Satanists in a ult." Alex groaned in response. "They ~~were~~ were not like this before, Illuminati mean 'The enlightened ones', they were bunch of scientists who fought against the church. The church deemed them evil. Galileo was a part of that ult but he wasn't like the others, he didn't hate the church, he believed in God himself, he presented the proof of sun being the centre of universe. The church not only denied him, they took his life. Followed by that, 3 other

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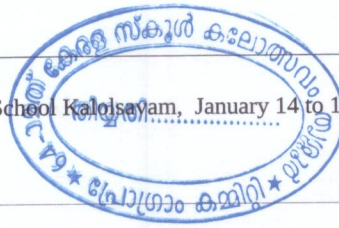
important figures were brutally killed, their chest had an engraving of a cross symbol. Later it was rumoured, ~~that~~ the illuminati were Salafists. One that was more lie, now its just the sad truth. The pentagram rituals avoid from them" I was interrupted him "So you are telling me, the killer is not a religious person who thinks killing people who committed sin is cleansing the world?" They both exchanged a look which was unreadable.

"You know, I got this bad feeling about your 'friend', he is not a good guy."

"He is not a good person" but it doesn't matter bad bit. Days & week.

Days & weeks passed, we grew closer but couldn't still find the culprit. I watched Iman going insane not being able to find the one who is responsible. I was one day called to his home prior to the 5th murder.

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"Haire, ~~so~~ according to your theory, today the '5th murder' was of about the sin - gluttony but we are wrong, it is not the 5th murder, it is the 6th one" my eyes widened with shock & confusion. "WHAT?" "Yeah, gluttony had been the first murder, look at this" he shows me some telegraph prints of the '1st murder': "Where did you find it?" I got this in my mail box. I sighs. So that means only one murder is left. "I can't still believe we haven't got a clue about the killer" Lucian mutters. quickly mad at himself. I console him. I decide to stay here for the night as its past midnight, he gave me a room. but for some reason, I was feeling insomniac today, I rush downstairs to for a sip of water but the enormous painting got my attention, I closely examine it, I suddenly ~~fell~~ & tripped down next to it. The painting shifted. "A secret ~~is~~



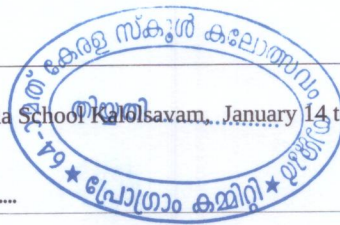
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passage?" I enter the hall. It was dark & eerie. Nothing could have prepared me to see the horrid scene I saw next. It was 12 eyeballs stored in 6 bottles. I see found a diary next to it. It was human. The shocking realization hit me. ~~It was~~ ~~all~~ human was the killer, tears crept inside my ~~eyes~~ eyes. It started to make sense. I couldn't believe I fell in love with a monster. Suddenly I heard a noise & turned around. It was human. Human with a ~~gun~~ gun. "The day ~~at~~ could have ended differently if you hadn't found this" he says ~~at~~ & ~~reluctantly~~ to a ~~po~~ with a look of disdain. "Why? Just why?" I says pointing back at him. "You know Claire, there are multiple monsters in this world & the one which scares me most is the lying monsters who care to no one & sadly I am one". With went down my spine.

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Two bullets were fired:

But one body in the floor:

Human had killed himself. Maie can't

believe it, even though he is behind

it all. She can't help but cry embracing

him. ~~She realizes he had the sin 'pardon'~~

has been completed. He is his ^{own} last victim: