

[1]: Repugnance

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For some the idea of death is repugnant. It is probably that death is surrounded by both fear and unknowns and has a significant backlog of cultural heritage. But as I stand here, by this grave, I know from whence I have come, and I know where death will take me. There is little point in my prevarication, my dawdling, my pussyfooting about the central fact of my life.

You may take pity on a soul such as mine, but in truth you shouldnt. Im as repugnant as death itself. Ive seen things, said things and done things that one should never do if they wish for anything other than pain, misery and the knowledge that their sense of foreboding and dread will in fact be vindicated.

It is 1892, the rain, as always, is making this world of mine dark, grim and dirty. My feet are as wet and as stinking as my heart. My shoes ruined by the mud, the expensive leather disintegrating as the water penetrates the many cracks in their polished facade. How long have I been here, staring at this grave? Only God can tell me that. For there has certainly been no sunshine, no beauty of moonlight, no spectacle of the cosmic, heavenly starlight, nothing to warm the pain, anger and regret within my mind.

Edinburgh can be a cruel mistress. On one hand, the supposed aristocracy has everything. They wine and dine, shielding themselves from the harsh winter rain, that driving wind, with cloaks of warm fireplaces, the extravagances of glass and lace that would otherwise be shattered and torn, the language of scientific discourse and of musings of high ethical horses. In the other hand, Edinburgh is a city of seediness, of amoral chaos, of murder, of blood and of prostitution and debauchery. It is a city cloven in two, by a single concept, the repugnance of pure financial gain. All, aristocracy and

criminality alike, are after this precious Trojan horse. They fail to see where it will lead, ultimately the same place to which I am destined this night.

Thy wish is my command. Something once said in possible humour, now resonates in my mind. I have become bent and distorted by such pandering to the will of others. For this, my destination can only be the hell described in so many languages, so many religions and so many histories. The wind howls. The rain penetrates further into my clothing, my flesh absorbing the water, while my own sweat attempts to escape. I would describe myself as cold, but the heat latent within me is of the form of anger, that tear of regret that heats your heart to intolerable levels.

Is this open grave for me? Was it dug simply as a timely reminder of what I must do? A reminder even of my actions? All is dark about me, but strangely, this grave is more black than pure pitch, the tar of a thousand smokers amassed into a single pit of despair, its mouth wide open to accept my corporeal body and to trap my soul.

For you see, for all my grandeur, for all my finances, my education, my scientific contributions, I am nothing more than a murderer. Nothing more than a snivelling wretch, a mewling quim, a man that used the concept of old money to stamp out the life of others from any and all human backgrounds. I have fallen, not as a man of the Lord falls to become a sinner, but as a man of science, of principals, of robust logic, falls to become lead purely by emotions, his basal instincts, his buried sexual deviances.

Many have heard of Jack the Ripper. None whatsoever have heard of me. I would not be so facetious as to assume that Ive not been noticed, that my actions have not caused concern within the aristocracy, the authorities and the police of Edinburgh. I would only suggest that my actions have been so heinous that all public mention of the incidents have been expunged while the authorities try to prevent my desires. New Scotland Yard, pahh! Those pariahs, those misfits, those humans that pretend to have ethics and morals above the modern standard. Are they so upstanding, have they no shred of hatred, of anguish, of desire, of self-centeredness within their souls? Or are they devoid of all negative traits? Are they so clean they can correctly judge my acts, can act as my peers in a court of law, can they swear before God that I have acted in any way against the common wishes of all? Pahh!

Who are they to judge! No, they are nothing other than a facade, a faded cracked veneer of social niceties, of fake ethics and of flawed logic. Do they not understand that sometimes the logical outcome is indeed murder, it is indeed anger, rage, it is indeed to become a malcontent, a prophet of death, a master of the darker recesses of humanity?

I wonder if you pity me? I wonder if you assume that Ive become so mentally unstable that Im unable to prevent my own actions? I wonder if you are shrugging my diatribe off as the delusions of a mad-man, that Ive not actually killed, that Im not even the contributor to science that I state I was. You should pity me, but not for these assumptions it is all too easy to make about this shivering man before you.

And so, my response can only be to tell you. To confess my crimes before I kneel and enter face first into the blackness, this pit of pitch and tar that sits before me. To shout to the heavens, for even the authorities to hear. To scream of the manner in which Ive transcended to the pits of humanities self-imposed boundaries, the depravity that Ive obtained.

You stand before me, figuratively for that is all that is left of my sight in the wind, rain and mud of this graveyard. You are so pious, so dedicated to your self-proclaimed resolution that you wont be bent by your own desires, your own deviances. How righteous you are! Pahh! Away from my sight. You are nothing more than a fictitious manifestation of my personal self-hatred, my self-loathing, my own fear of my own mind. Away with you! Stay your control of the dead mans drop. Stay your hand from your rapier, your sword, your pistol. Leave me be! Leave me to my own end, my own drowning in this open pit of hell. Leave your pity, your desire to repatriate me into society, your wish for me to be rehabilitated.

October 12th 1892. Lets say that you are within my minds eye, that you see what I see. That you feel what I feel. Can you feel that burning within the heart that you share with me? Do you feel that hatred? Do you feel that desire pushing at us from all sides, that pressure surely too great to resist for long? Do you see the figure before us? Good! For I wish you to become as I am, to debase yourself to my level, to understand why we must not fear death for we can share in the knowledge of where we will be going, and why!

You feel our combined stealth. Those Russel and Earnest Winchester shoes that would normally be making a good crack on the cobbles of Edinburghs Royal Mile, but whos sound has strangely been stolen. We approach from behind, our combined grip on the hilt of our favourite knife so palpable we can visualise our own white knuckles deep in our side pockets. As with Jack, that famous ripper, that famous stalker of London, we use our other hand to test the sharpness of the surgical steel. We cut our self, deeply, normal to the vein to assess our resolve. We feel, you and I, the blood course from those veins, a warm simulation of the rain beating upon us. Can you feel it? Can you feel the warmth flooding our senses? Can you feel that mist descend on our vision? Can you feel our heart bound with the vigour of what is about to be unleashed? We withdraw the knife, the hand so tight that no blood can wet the leather strapping of the hilt.

We know the victim; we remember what we did to them not more than a day ago. We remember the results of our experiments, testing not just our metal but our methods and assumptions. You may reel and retch, but you must not look away. You can only understand if you observe! Isnt that the scientific way? Yes, you feel it too, the desire is beginning to break your resolve to remain neutral, to be an impartial observer. I can feel your facade breaking as our shared hand readies itself for that fatal lunge, that volley of physical hatred, that release of our shared desire.

Its over. Shhh.

There is no need to flee, there is no need to hide. Not from me at least. Welcome brother, welcome sister. Together we can step into this grave, this entrance to our eternal plight. Do you remember that warmth? That knowledge that our blood is mixing with our victims. That excitement as we observe, scientifically, the ending of life, the transcendence of that being to some level beyond our knowledge. Indeed! The transcendence of our sense of self, our worth vindicated and affirmed by our actions!

Welcome to the repugnance that is my life. Welcome to the husk that is my corporeal body, devoid of what others would describe as humanity. Welcome, welcome, how are you? You may struggle to get away, to break that bond between our minds. No chance! You are as I. You are a party to my actions. You are now as guilty as I in the eyes of all others. Dont worry,

I wont let you go. Ill hold you tight, here in the darkness, as you cry. I will sooth your fear with our shared memories of our terrible acts. Welcome, welcome. Welcome to my mind. Ha!

There is little point in my prevarication, my dawdling, my pussyfooting about the central fact of my life. Well, you know all that now. Lets take a journey. Let us enter this grave, this tar, this pitch that will drown us with heat. Lets journey together. Lets end this prevarication. Let us together end our life and end the lie we have been telling ourselves. Let us relax as our desires become one with this perfect void of darkness.

Dont struggle Remember, you are my conscience! You are my integrity!
You are my morality!

You are my humanity!

The End....