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Elena Grossman



IMITATOR

Continuation of the book  
«mannequins»

**Elena Grossman**  
**Imitator. Continuation**  
**of the book «Mannequins»**

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**Аннотация**

Bill Hole, a serial killer, has appeared in the city and is now killing people. The sheriff has to find out who he is and why he is killing in this way. The investigation kills a private detective who is somehow involved in ritual killings.

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**Elena Grossman**

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# 1

## Murder in the forest belt

Wolf, he's a «copycat» Satanist-killer. Imitates the ritual killings of Bill Howle. From the news he learned a lot about Bill, about the killings that he committed and about how they could not catch him. Now he will continue the work of Bill and become subtle.

\*\*\*\*\*

«Take him to the station,» the sheriff said. «Now take me to those corpses.» And capture photographers.

Zak nodded. Sam Lingrow, picked up a limp Bill and led to a patrol car. Blood from the wound stained most of the leg, but still flowed.

«You should bandage the wound, buddy,» Sam answered and shouted to someone to bring a first-aid kit. Five minutes later, Will came up to them with a bandage in his hand.

«We'll handle the wound at the station, and now it's just

wrapped, otherwise, they will subtract dry cleaning from our salary,» Sam said.

As soon as Willy started to injure Bill, he unexpectedly kicked Sam in the kneecap and hit with his knee on Willy's nose and rushed to run while limping and trembling with pain.

– Ah, damn my nose. – Willy groaned and saw blood on his hand.

«The sheriff will put us both in if we let him go,» Sam said, and followed Bill. He could not hide, his shot leg let him down.

– Gotcha! Said Sam out of breath and pressed him to the ground so that he would not run away. Fifteen minutes later, Willie came up to them with a rope in his hand and began to tie Bill's legs with it. Blood still flowed from the nose, on the face she looked like a war paint.

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They walked to the bodies, through a dark forest belt.

«What about the corpses?»

– It looks like 25—30 years old. Both women. – Zak said and hurried to the place where the corpses lay. When the sheriff

saw it all, he was extremely surprised that everything seemed to be in both places at once. He examined the bodies. They lay extremely strange. The inverted seal of Baphomet and the bodies lying on it were tied together with a rope. Their hands were tied with a thick rope, and other free ones were nailed to the ground. On the faces, especially the foreheads, pentagrams were painted in black, as the sheriff suggested it could be coal. Further it was even better, stomachs were ripped open, guts were smoothly pulled to the ground.

– You say that Bill was in two places at once, I do not agree with you. The one who acted like that was pretty cruel. Bill is not capable of this. – said Zach.

– Yes you are right. We need to look around for searches or clues, «the sheriff said and pulled out a walkie-talkie. «Henry, this is Sheriff Greenwood. Let the bloodhounds come and let everyone here search and report back to me.» – In the radio there was an unintelligible murmur of Henry and a squeak of lights out. «Damn, this is even worse than I thought.»

\*\*\*\*\*

Wolf hid in the bushes and watched the sheriff and some other policeman. He heard what the sheriff said on his walkie-talkie and now he had to quickly carry his feet away from here. He

completed the ritual, but in order to achieve the highest theology, he needs four more sacrifices.

## 2

### Identification

After the body was taken to the morgue, by order of the Sheriff throughout the city were plastered with posters with the faces found. A couple of days in the area the Sheriff had calls. The caller gave the names of the victims. They turned out to be Sarah Collins and Martha Wilson. Both thirty-two years and both went on courses to embroidering on Inch street Studio «Marbo». The Sheriff sent Vince, let porassprosit witnesses, nothing if they did not notice the strange.

For dinner the Sheriff came Zack:

Well, what bodies? Identified?

Yes. And the Sheriff showed a photo of the first victim. This is Sarah Collins, and this is Martha Wilson. – He placed a second photo beside the first. – Call family and friends with these girls and asked what happened to them. I said they were found dead in the forest near Indroda. Both went to the sewing class at the Atelier of Inch street, who was in charge of Linda Marbo.

– She’s a bitch, commented Zack.

So, I sent Vince that he questioned the witnesses, neither of which Lee noticed them, he said.

– It is excellent.

Now I call Cleveland, asked about the bodies, it was not any violent acts committed by the perpetrator, the Sheriff said.

– What bill said?

– Anything that would give a lead on the perpetrator.

– Why did bill commit the crime? asked Zach.

– His parents were religious fanatics, and worshipers of Satanism. The son saw all this and began to copy them, imitate them, and on the basis that he «tore the roof». Here is the report on the bill, if you read all the questions and answers recorded, – the Sheriff said and pulled out of the pile of folders, a folder with an orange cover and handed it to Zack, he only looked small page and said:

Later, get acquainted with his case.

\*\*\*\*\*

Vince drove up to Inch street through the Mirron-Mabel road. The Atelier was situated in front of the store «Brico tuft», which sold an antique watch, for not expensive prices. Sarah a few months ago bought in this shop, antique clock, mahogany.

And now it's time to go back there. Mr. Schulberg wrote over the counter the quantity of goods remaining in the warehouse when he saw approaching his store a police car and after a few minutes, she stopped, got out a young policeman. Mr. Schulberg, recognized him immediately, it was Vince, the assistant to the local Sheriff of Greenwood.

– I wonder what he needed in the store, I do not buy watches for the area, ' he muttered, and Vince, meanwhile, have already walked to the door and pulled the handle. The bell above the door jingled when the door closed Vince. Mr. Scovill tore up his eyes and looked at Vince.

– Good day! Can I help you?

– Good day! My name is Frederick Vince, assistant Sheriff. Recently, there have been two murders. The two dead went to the Studio of Marbo, which is located across the street. He took out two pictures and showed them to Scolville, he looked at them and nodded. Two girls from the pictures he was familiar, he saw

them as they came out of the Studio.

– Yes, I saw them, they came out of the Studio, ' he replied.

– And anything or anyone strange you didn't notice? asked Vince.

– What do you mean strange? Nobody followed them, not guarded at the entrance, at least not that I saw. I work here around the clock. And how were they killed?

– Ritual murder. Someone was impersonating bill hole, to serial killer Satanist, ' replied Vince.

«Oh,» in the face of Vince noticed a strong surprise from what he heard and asked: – And bill caught?

– Yes, and interrogated, he confessed only to the murders they committed, and the fact that someone of his copies, he does not know. So we're looking for who it could be, ' replied Vince.

You probably should ask of Marbo, although it is too little that I can say – said Schulberg. All her customers are girls and women, and no men.

– We'll see, ' replied Vince and was about to head for the door

as he hailed Mr. Schulberg. I saw a couple of times, a strange man in a black sweater and draped over the head hooded. Person I of course could not see. He stood the entire fifteen minutes, and quickly retreated.

– And this is something, ' replied Vince and asked the following question: – how often he was here?

I saw him a couple of times, twenty-third, but the other day I do not remember, ' replied Mr. Schulberg.

– What was the twenty-third?

«They bring goods to me every month, and precisely on the twenty-third, not a day earlier or a day later,» he answered.

– But he didn't go inside the studio?

«No, I just walked around the door as if I were waiting for someone,» Skulvird answered another question. – He always came before or after the rain, when the street was not crowded.

– And this is something. – Vince commented and frantically wrote down something in a notebook, which he managed to get out before starting a conversation with Skulvild.

In the store, a phone rang somewhere.

«I will leave, for a moment, I will answer,» said Mr. Skulvird. Vince nodded. Soon he was to pay a visit to Mrs. Marbo's atelier and inquire about her guests. The man in the hood remained a mystery to him. Is this really our maniac killer?

Twenty minutes later, Mr. Skulvird approached Vince and said:

– I need to go, they should soon bring a new batch of watches from O`klokompani.

«Good, see you soon,» Vince said goodbye and left the store. Now his path was in the studio.

\*\*\*\*\*

Atelier Linda of Marbo, inherited from her deceased sister's husband. Ellie Marbo died of lung cancer at the age of fifty-six years. Linda tried to keep everything that was with Ellie, the same ceilings and floors, and the walls were decorated with her (Ellie's) hands. She was an artist. The wall she drew in a red and blue abstract. The entrance to the Studio adorned her portrait, painted C Mon Julien, a French surrealist artist. With him she met at an exhibition in Paris. He gave her a portrait of her as a sign of their friendship. Many years later, it still hangs, although it's already dirty and a bit faded. Vince came to the door

and pulled it, it was closed. Moving away, a little further on he saw attached to the door leaf, saying that Studio is not working because of break.

– Damn it in his pocket and went back to the car, when suddenly he was hailed.

Sorry, you for me, said an elderly woman of about sixty, looked out of the open door.

Vince turned around and asked:

– You Linda Marbo?

Yes, I am. How can I help?

My name is Frederick Vince, assistant Sheriff. There was a ritual murder in the forest. Killed two girls, I according to reliable sources, both attended sewing courses, held in your Studio, – quickly said Vince.

«Oh,» the only thing I could tell Linda. – And what was killed?

– Sarah Collins and Martha Wilson.

I was familiar with them, they went every Wednesday and

Friday on the embroidery, muttered Mrs. Marbo is still in a state of shock.

– Not telling, if they get you something weird, well, maybe something off was going on?

– What do you mean?

– Never said any of them that they're being watched or someone was threatened, ' replied Vince.

– Or anything like that, I have not heard, but a couple of times, saw the guy, he was hanging out near the entrance and quite often, if someone waited for or hunted down, – said Linda and remembered this guy.

– A person you haven't seen him or any memory foam take? asked Vince.

– No, all the time he kept his head in the slope or tilt it, recalled Linda. – As if he was afraid he might see.

Vince looked around in search of covert surveillance cameras.

Cameras we have here, – seemed to read his thoughts Linda.

– Damn – cursed Vince.

Things were a lot worse than it really is. It's time to turn to one friend and detective, Edward of Puerro, a longtime school friend of Vince's.

– Good, if you see something strange call the Sheriff, ' said Vince.

– Well and you, too, as she left Linda and I went into the Studio.

\*\*\*\*\*

After talking with Linda, he went to the police station to report his investigation to the sheriff.

When he went into the sheriff's office, he furiously typed something on the keyboard of a police computer.

«There is a slight clue,» he said, and laid the notebook on his desk.

– And which one? The sheriff asked.

– The seller on the contrary and the owner of the atelier saw a strange man who was constantly covering his face with a hood

and waiting for someone. There are no cameras either at the store or at the studio.

«And none of them examined the faces?» The sheriff asked.

– Not

«Things are worse than ever,» the sheriff summed up. – Any ideas?

«I have a school friend, he works as a private investigator,» Vince said.

«You're crazy, the police are attracting a private investigator,» the sheriff exclaimed loudly.

– And what do you suggest?

«We will take up this investigation ourselves,» the sheriff said. «I have no extra money to pay the detective.» – With these words, he began to write something in a folder. Vince left the sheriff's office and went to his office. The sheriff and his assistant had separate rooms. He did not know how to search for a man without any evidence or traces. No, you still need to call Edward.

# 3

## **A private detective is taken up**

There was a small red house on the outskirts of Wilstone. Its blue-gray roof had already darkened with time, and the porch had long since collapsed. It was in this house that Edward Pierreau, once a former private detective, lived. At the request of the police, he helped to investigate cases, but times passed, and his services soon lost their relevance, now he worked as a bookmaker in a private company on Walsh Street. He took bets on all horse races held in the summer and spring.

There were many spectators, which pleased Edward, because his salary depended on how many spectators came. And one evening, sitting at the table and making up the next list of participants in the race, he started from a phone call. The phone ring in the house echoed loudly.

– Damn, who else! He grumbled, headed for the mahogany table on which the telephone stood. He bought this table at a sale in Siouxstone, he got it almost for nothing. He picked up the phone and said:

– Hello!

«Hi, this is Vince,» came a voice from the other end of the phone.

– Ah, Vince hi, how are you?

«Well, I have something to do with you,» Vince said, from these words, Edward sucked under his stomach.

– What else is the matter? He asked in a trembling voice.

– This applies to your previous work as a detective. – Vince said and added:

– I will come in a couple of hours with papers on one case. – With these words, he hung up.

«But...» Edward wanted to say, but there were already beeps on the other end of the tube.

\*\*\*\*\*

Even to the eight to the house Edward came a police car. From the street came the creak of the gravel, he looked out the window and heart loudly beating in his chest. Though he was with Vince good friends, but again work as a detective he didn't want. The car door slowly began to open and there seemed red-head with Vince, and then he. Edward moved away from the window

slowly and sighed. He looked around and trudged to open the door, unable to cross the threshold separating the living room and hallway, the doorbell rang.

– Go! – shouted at full lung power, the master of the house. He turned dog castle and opened the door. In the face the wind blew, which brought the fresh smell of baking, most likely baking Mrs. riddle.

Hey Ed! – Hello Vince.

Hey Vince, drowsily he said, and his eyes fell on a dark gray folder in the hands of Vince.

– I see you already noticed that I'm not empty handed, he said. – I do have one request, I need to find one person, I don't know who he is, and how...

– Come in, come in. You're not how much has not changed – commented Eduard. They went into the house, and Edward invited Vince into the living room.

– Tea? Coffee?

– No, thank you.

– Get to the point then.

– So, we recently arrested a serial sectarian murderer of bill hole, but during his detention, our staff came across another ritual murder, according to the expert, bill couldn't kill those people, because we caught him in the ritual, someone at the same time performed a similar ritual, only in a different place. The body was still warm. Bill denies that he has an accomplice, and Sheriff Greenwood says that there is a copycat. Killed were Sarah Collins and Martha Wilson.

Martha... have heard from Edward opened his mouth, then he swallowed, nervously.

– Did you know her?

«Yes,» he said quietly. – She approached me to spy on her husband. She suspected that he loses money in poker, but as it turned out it is not, the money from the wages he was sent for treatment to his own brother, who was ill. After that she calmed down.

– And where is her husband?

– Died of cancer, he was twenty-five. Still so young.

– According to Linda of Marbo, about the Atelier, where there were killed, saw the guy who stood and waited, face naturally no one saw, and cameras too, no where no, ' said Vince.

And prints on the bodies not found?

– No, it seems he worked in gloves, ' said Vince.

Yes, it takes a serious turn, – summed up Edward. – I you want to find?

– I don't know, where are the Satanists of the city, to ask them if any of them are fans of bill hole, said Vince.

– You want me to bring them to the sacrifice? – with a smile asked Edward.

– How much years you know, and you remained a good sense of humor, and they remain to this day, summed up Vince and said, – Well, agree?

– Well, – hard Edward breathed and reached for the TV remote. Vince noticed what was the TV remote, grey with a large crack and a faded logo of the brand, the numbers on the buttons were sometimes blurred.

«I wonder how old is that remote?» Vince came up with

a stupid question.

There was a click and the screen of the same old TV «Sony» appeared news channel. Vince didn't recognize, a house that they showed. This was the home of the owner of a textile factory at Masterson. After he went bankrupt, his life was not sweet, and a year later he committed suicide. He was found hanging people from the tax, when not received in time the payment for the house.

Is the house al, – said Edward. – He did not know.

– And what became of him?

– With whom? Al?

– No, Dom asked Vince.

Many times sold, but no one there did not stay long, as soon as people learned about what happened, they have not been able to be there, and in almost every issue of the newspaper, was to sell the house. Later he just left alone.

– And who put the house up for sale? asked Vince.

– A kind of Bureau «Salchows», the office the day after they

are unable to sell the house, they were closed and the house was not anybody's, back then when it was sold, ' replied Edward.

– And so, went home this company?

They bought out the relatives of ELA cheaper, and exhibited a more expensive, ' he replied and glanced at the TV screen. – Into that house. On the screen, the camera showed a closeup of time-blackened house with a sagging roof. The glass Windows were broken, and even had a broken window. But the walls were covered with paintings.

– Oh, Yes, there seem to be going Satanists, exclaimed Vince seeing pentagrams on the walls of the house.

And you want me to go? asked Edward.

– TC-s-p – shushed him and Vince turned louder the sound. On ekrene the reporter showed up.

The house that once belonged to al Marsten, was chosen by Satanists, he said. – As we can see on the walls the proper symbolism, and even the traces of blood, and the blood probably belongs to animals, for that matter, will the police, namely Sheriff Shefford.

Well, aren't we? – asked with surprise Vince.

– No, the house is located on the territory of Shefford, and office, which it was sold, too, on its territory, – said Edward.

Is good, said Vince and stared at the screen. Meanwhile, the camera showed the hallway and the entryway of the house. Once blue Wallpaper now look light blue and sometimes even gray. The camera showed the corner of a ragged Wallpaper, where as it seemed? everybody noticed? some small door.

Is that the stash? asked Vince.

– I don't know, ' replied Edward. – It's possible, but why is it not opened, or the old coot Masterson, made the snag, and in fact there is just a wall.

– What a lot of stash?

– Enough, al was greedy, everywhere he looked, what his money can find and steal, it seemed to him that he is not hiding them, so the whole house was full of these fake caches in order to confuse a burglar, ' he replied and remembered how, one day email him after chess told about this one secret, as the false-caches.

Now the camera showed the floor. Floorboards were swollen

from moisture. In some places there were even holes, fragments of plaster littered the floor. Somewhere, I could see the bottles from alcoholic beverages and soda.

And you're sending me there? – once again asked Edward. – You're crazy, but if I fail the cellar?

– Damn It, Ed!

– You'll cover me?

– No!

– I will work for you – cut ed.

– Damn! Well!

– Then let's go today, and Vince?

– Ed.

Or I'm not working, Sheriff banned the use of my services, reminded ed. (Ed knew that the police do not like to use the services of private detectives).

«All right,» agreed Vince.

On the screen appeared the kitchen table with the seal

of Baphomet, drawn or blood, or paint. On the table were some black feathers, most likely a crow. On the wall someone wrote, "BILL HOLE, let it BE YOUR SOUL is IMMORTAL.»

– Saw? asked ed. – Just Vince for you.

– Saw! I hope it's us that will, ' replied Vince and stared at the TV screen. There was some newspaper clippings of how they figured out with bill Hole.

– It seems, among those Satanists have a fan or fans hole, ' replied Vince.

– Looks that way.

Suddenly, interrupted by the urgent news of the war in Syria.

– Oh, shit! Again this war, exclaimed ed and turned off the TV.

– Go to midnight? – suggested Vince.

Ed looked skeptically at Vince.

«Ed, they can see us during the day, but not at night,» Vince began to make excuses.

– Heck! Vince, what you got me into, «Ed sighed heavily and nodded reluctantly.

«Okay, I'll drive up by midnight,» Vince said, and was already there, about to get up from the couch, but suddenly Ed's hand fell on his shoulder.

«Vince, take the barrel with you, we don't know what we can stumble upon or whom,» Ed said excitedly and looked at Vince with a worried look.

«Okay, I'll take it,» with these words he got up and went to the exit, and Ed all sat with a sullen look, staring at the black TV screen.

## The house on Chalon street

After Vince left, ed some time pondering over today's conversation with Vince. Ran over her back, a chill, why the thought of him was not good. He walked over to the cupboard where he lay newspaper clippings from different Newspapers about bill hole. Ed carefully took the folder of clippings and opened it. The first cutting was about how he was detained at the scene. He carefully read it, but it's him that does not give. Suddenly he came up with the idea to call Dr. Chulsu, a psychiatrist, and find out whether there was something similar in his practice. Putting aside the folder, he went to the phone book, and began to look for Iskander Sulla.

– Well, well, well, – he muttered and once again turned the page. – Yeah, that and Iskander.

Looking at numbers and remembering them, he picked up the telephone and began to dial the number. He heard the beeps. One, two, three... four...

– Damn – cursed Edward again began to listen to the beeps.

After the tenth beep he hung up, but then again she was grabbed and began to call in the emergency room of a psychiatric hospital. Picked up the duty nurse Wilson.

– Er, sister Willson is listening.

– Good day! Call Iskander Sulla, ' replied Edward.

He's not, he left work at twelve o'clock, but have not yet returned, ' replied the nurse.

– Well, goodbye.

– Goodbye, – answered the phone and hung up.

– I wonder where did Iskander muttered Edward and went into the living room to carefully study the newspaper clippings.

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, the Wannabe was already planning to make a new sacrifice to Satan. It turned out to be Bill Motway, manager of O`Klins company, located on Murray Street 10. The copycat was, no matter who it was, its victim, male or female, the main thing was to sacrifice it to the devil. He will have to attribute the body to an old abandoned unfinished metal construction plant. The plant in 1985, he wanted to finish building, then the

measures of the city of Marf Evele, he hoped that he would be re-elected for a second term, but this did not happen, John Macklin replaced him. John did not like this plant, and he decided not to finance it and not restore it after natural disasters and the hands of vandals. Now it has become a local attraction. Local gatherings were gathered there to skip a can of beer or something stronger. Young people also gathered, most likely punks or Satanists, after them sometimes it was possible to find pentagrams drawn on the floor, and melted candles. And also some cigarette butts. The copycat once visited there a couple of times, he decided to smoke weed, and he needed to find a deserted place so that no one could see him. He took out the matches, and set fire to the tip of the joint, began to light. Smoke slowly began to rise upward and dissolve to a transparent state in the air. Heaving a sigh, he began to pace the building. There were pieces of plaster and concrete on the floor, in some places there were holes in the floor, and below the bars of rebar militantly pointing upwards.

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After visited the plant Wannabe, I came to Otto.

– Yes, a night here can be killed, ' he said aloud and blew out smoke from his nostrils. It was another favorite activity, to release smoke from his nose. The doctor forbade him to smoke, but Otto wanted. He could smoke ten packs a day. A couple of years

ago, Otto was in a mental hospital, where the attending physician was Isaac Cosman. The diagnosis that put in the card, Otto was paranoid schizophrenia. Otto heard voices, which he pointed out, and now he sometimes heard the voice of bill hole, or even the devil himself, which is covered with them, he said he needs to continue killing people. If he will not do it, not to the great forces of the power over the living. And Otto listened to him, sometimes the voice was commanding. He required him to perform certain actions. In the evening, he saw shadows that were running around his room, it appeared and then disappeared. Otto called them the shadow people, maybe it was demons.

Finished his cigarette, he went to the second floor of the plant. Mind was completely clouded. The stairs were dilapidated, some places there were holes, but if you walk carefully around the frame, it is possible not to fall, but night is still here should not go. He picked up a piece of brick and threw it down, brick, chipped a piece of brick flew in one direction and the other hopped over the concrete floor and died. Suddenly, Otto stopped short, listened and looked around, it seemed to him that he was not alone. But nothing suspicious he didn't notice and went on.

Damn shiz! – he muttered under his breath.

On the second floor, on the floor had dumped a pile of debris. Some bottles from alcoholic beverages and cigarette butts from

cigarettes. On the wall was a drawing of a red devil, fierce yellow eyes staring at him. Bared teeth, covered part of the black mouth.

«BURULAS WANTS TO EAT!» – reads the inscription next to the devil.

– I will feed you soon, very soon, said Otto.

And as it seemed, the devil hinted to him in agreement.

The pillars holding up the ceiling were also covered with graffiti. He walked to the latticed window and looked out. Maloosmyslennoe the road was closed densely growing trees. Somewhere in the distance was a multistory building, probably offices. If someone from a passing dog lover, and looked up, you would see a person with white zagrimitrovannyh face and battle makeup, eyes, summed up the bold black shadows, lips black lipstick, but this smile similar to the smile of the Joker from «Batman». Long black hair hanging below his shoulders. On the shirt was the «key of life» of Ancient Egypt. After standing a little, he turned and walked to the other end of the building. Heavy boots echoing echoed in the silence. Pieces of concrete, stones, rods, everywhere there was this garbage. There were no devices at the factory; they had not yet been delivered. Far away on the floor, Otto saw something brilliant, he took a leisurely step toward the place where he saw the brilliance. Approaching, he

saw closer, the medallion on the front part was written «Long live Satan,» and on the back side the profile of the goat, Baphomet himself. He threw the locket up and immediately caught it and put it in his pocket. There was a hole in the medallion in which he would insert a chain or rope and wear it.

Otto went on to examine the floor, hoping to find something else. Having examined the entire second floor, he still did not find anything except garbage. He went to the window and stared out into the street, a warm wind blowing over his face. Relaxing from the wind, he shuddered sharply, because someone had fallen by his name, yes, and so loudly that he turned sharply back. Looking around the room with a distraught look, he listened. My heart was beating furiously in my chest. Nobody.

«Come away from here,» he yelled at the full power of his lungs. – Yes, you damn voices, went away, aaa! – Otto grabbed his head and crouched. Suddenly, a sharp headache attacked him, it throbbed, as if there was a second heart in his head. Otto did not know how much pain there was, but the pain abruptly stopped. He raised his head and sighed frantically. And the first thought that occurred to him to call Iskander Schulls, who became his attending physician.

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An hour ago, Edward left a message to call him back Iskander,

when they come into the office.

Once again, looking through the newspaper clippings, he abruptly startled by a phone call and automatically grabbed the receiver.

– Hello!

– Hello Edward! It's Iskander's bothering you, ' replied the voice on the other end.

Hi, I'm helping the police to investigate a ritual murder. Killed the two girls...

– Wait, don't tell, I know, I watch the news. So, from me what do you want? – asked the surprised Dr. Shulls.

– The police suggests that someone mimics to serial killer bill hole. Whether you have in practice that someone impersonated someone?

– There was one patient, mark Emerson, aka Otto, aka Ludwig The he Hall bill, he treated Isaac Sosman, he wrongly diagnosed him with paranoid schizophrenia. Due to the fact that he hears voices and sees a vague silhouette, as he says, the demons that came after him. Later I gave him a diagnosis of Dissociative identity disorder, in other words, diagnosis disorder multiple personality, and even easier split personality. In Marche there are

several, I counted four, but there could be more. Each person tries to get out, show yourself to the world. It is a mistake to assume that schizophrenia and split are one and the same, split personality, do not treat schizophrenia, but some go symptom with schizophrenia.

– What can you say about his personality? Who are they? – this information was interested in Edward.

Mark, that's his real personality, quiet and introverted boy, who was bullied at school and who was unlucky with girls. He had Hobbies, he loved to collect butterflies. He had hundreds.

Otto, the German who likes to torture animals, a knacker. The mother, who was a prostitute and he was raised by his grandparents. Otto cruel and aggressive person. In school, he loved to fight and was severely beaten their peers. Then he came to the colony for juvenile delinquents and sits there to this day.

Ludwig The knight from the Arthurian legends, not than not remarkable a person. Winning battles, participating in jousting tournaments and so on. and so.

But bill Hall, a musician and a Satanist, who promotes in his songs, the power of the devil over people. Or otmerivanie shower, the demonesses. He claims he saw in the other world, as the man is on his knees and pray, or ask for return of the spirit, perhaps

a demon took possession of his soul, the result of a bad attitude towards all living things. I don't know whether it's true or not, but he claims that this is true.

Happen in his condition, in his personality, traits of all three personalities. It happens, but then they go, as if letting him go and he becomes himself. – In the tube ed heard the doctor took a few SIPS of water.

And what the person above him have more power? he asked.

– Otto with his sadistic and Hall bill, this is the most dangerous individuals, they can do harm, both to him and to all others, – said Iskander. – He had six months, was not in the hospital. We can't force to go to treatment, he comes when it is disturbed these individuals. – Iskander paused and added, He's from the city Milston is South of the Bridge, the address I can call here, I don't know where he lives and who, quite possibly, he may wander around the city, and live somewhere in abandoned houses.

– And you think he could kill a man? asked ed.

– If it will be dominated by such a person as Otto, it is quite possible, Otto kills, and Hall, pronounces incantations, praising the devil, and asks that he would give him strength. I have the journal Brand, it has more wrote Hall, his poems are terrible calls

for the devil. Now I find his card. In the receiver he heard the noise, move the paper, and clapping doors file cabinets. – But I found, just listen:

IP of Cannes, the pestilence, Fig SOU de Cannes.

Demon soul takes otmolit, you can't.

Ash, con tan.

The devil is waiting for you in the astral.

Der mi lo.

Night, I'll find you in the ground.

– This is one of mnogestva, if you're interested I can give a card and a diary – suggested Iskander.

– Sounds great, – said ed and said: – Well, today we'll visit you.

We? surprised asked Iskander.

Yeah, me and Vince, we're going to explore the house on Chalon street.

The gathering place of Satanists, it is possible, but maybe there you will find traces of the Brand and its personalities, – said Iskander.

– I would like to hope so, ' replied ed.

And when are you going to go? asked Iskander.

– In the late afternoon, after sunset, ' he replied.«You lost your mind, in the evening, it's dangerous to be there, the Satanists are not so scary as the dilapidation of the house, one wrong step, and you will fall into the basement, and as far as I remember, there was all kinds of rubbish, including old furniture. Go now, call Vince and tell him what I said about the house, «Dr. Schulls said excitedly.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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