

February 26, 1885

Tick, tick, tick, tick, that's all that goes through my head as I stare into that old grandfather clock that has been ticking away all my life in that same spot. Today though it ticks do not bring me some sort of joy, but dread. Every tick reverates the coming of another minute, which spells the end of my 20 minutes with her. Her, my obsession, my everything, my love, Lisa. Only 20 minutes, why god has chosen to punish me like this I do not know. I guess I should be happy that I even have 20 minutes, as for most they would have no more time with those they have lost. But not me. I brought her back.

God damn all the doctors who failed to cure her. God damn the priest who tries to shower her in prayers which were unanswered. Damn all those who sat and watched her wither away and did nothing! She was everything to me, and no one did enough for her. When I lost her, I didn't know what to do. I cried out into the night hoping for an answer, and then I got one. The answer came in the form of a man, a brilliant man, a stupendously grand man. Luther was his name. He came to me, he offered me a solution, "You" he told me "I know what your heart yearns for. And it can be yours, for a simple price."

I came to learn that Luther was a sorcerer, who's magic he claimed would bring back my Lisa. I was shocked at this suggestion, to bring someone back how could that be done. But he promised me that it would work, and with my heart full of sorrow I accepted his offer. He told me that all I needed to do was... kill another man. "A life for a life. A soul for a soul. But know this, it will not last. 20 minutes is all I can offer you." To kill another for my love, it would sound like madness to other lesser people. But not me. I would pay this price.

February 28, 1885

I went to the cemetery from where they buried her, I waited for darkness to shroud me, and I dug through the ground to reclaim her. When I found her, she was as beautiful as I remember her. It was like she was simply sleeping. Oh my love, my sun, my everything, how I have waited to see you again. All those years watching you from afar, building my love for you everyday. And now I can save you. I took her body back to my family's manor, now empty besides myself, and placed her onto my mother's old bed. This was the hard part, carrying her without being seen was difficult. Killing that man, who lies dead at my feet, was not. I found him in an alleyway drunk and smelling of piss, I knew he was perfect. I offered to bring him to my home where he could have all the drinks he wanted. He accepted of course. The last mistake in his endlessly useless life. I never learned his name. Not even after I plunged my knife deep into his throat, over and over again. I didn't need it. A life for a life. I had done it.

Luther performed the ritual, "**It is done.**" And from those words he spoke, she awoke. She looked as beautiful as I remember her, but she was much paler and looked cold. "You have her again, 20 minutes" Luther then walked out of the room. I looked over to that grandfather clock. 20 minutes. What to do. The first thing I did was sit by her side. She looked at me with this confused and cold look. I told her, "Welcome my love, my Lisa, it is wonderful to meet you again", my eyes nearly filling with tears. She continued to look at me, not saying anything. I told her about how I brought her back from death itself so that we could be together again. Together always, even if it is for a few minutes, but a few minutes I wished to cherish. Her eyes darted around the room, she looked at the dead corpse of the man on the floor and her eyes became wide and fearful. I told her to not worry about him, he was no one in the face of our love and the fact she was back. She looked at me and she finally spoke, but it was an odd voice. It was hers but broken and wild. And her words did not make sense to me "It's.... so..... cold..... why.....

why..... take..... me..... who..... are....” it seemed every word was harder and harder upon her then the last. I finally decided to bring the courage to kiss her, to show her that she is loved. And with that kiss she was gone again. No. NO. This can not be! “**I can bring her back, but the price will increase.**” I did not care how many I would have to kill for her, I would have her again, and again, and again. My beauty will be returned to me.

March 31, 1886

I have continued in my goals, the next kills were a homeless couple who begged for their lives, the next were a group of wanders who I offered for their stay at my manor, one of their names was John if I remember. I would use a drug to freeze their bodies in sleep, it made it easy to kill them. Every time I killed I got another 20 minutes with my love, another beautiful twenty minutes. We began to do such fun activities together, such as walking my family’s manor and take in the gardens on the estate. It was hard for her to walk though, due to her slowly rotting by death’s wish. I asked Luther if there was a way to stop it, but he told me that “**She can only return to her one and only mortal body, even if its rotting away.**” I was heartbroken for her, as her eyes, the only things that remained in their original beauty, seemed to be full of hurt. But I knew that my presence was enough to reduce this hurt. But something came to my attention that brought my anger to a breaking point.

This morning I saw something in the newspaper, “Daughter’s corpse still Missing!” It was about my Lisa, and her apparent disappearance. I read on and on about how her family was worried for her, if only they knew of what I have done for them. But one thing brought my blood to a boil. “Her husband, Vincent Porter, has put a small fortune on anyone who can find his lost love’s corpse and return it.” How dare he! He who did not truly deserve her! He who wasted her! It was I who loved her, I who brought her back, I who should have loved her originally! But she

took him instead, but I have fixed this mistake for her. Now with the help of Luther, I can have her back and to have her love me. I think I will pay her husband and her family a visit, for the price of love may be high but I am willing to pay it. For her.

July 20, 1910

I continued in my deeds of love for years, and now my hair has begun to become grey and my strength begun to leave me. I thought back to what I have done for her, the faces of those I have taken, the face of her husband when I choked him to death, to the face of their vile child when I.... These thoughts consumed my soul as I grow older, and as the price increases for me to see my Lisa. I do not know if I can continue in my endeavors anymore. Luther knows this, and he has told me that there is another way. "I found a new spell that would allow for her to live forevermore with you. However, the spell requires a death, your death, for it to work. It will lock your souls together and you will spend eternity together." Eternity together in death? Perhaps this is the answer I have needed all this time. Life has been one big joke for me and my love for a long time, perhaps it is time to escape it together finally. I feel like my love would be more full of life, ironically, if we both walked the land of the dead. I believe I will do it, and soon my Lisa and I will be together forever!

I close the journal as I begin to laugh. What a damn fool! He truly believed me for all these years, bringing me so many souls for my collection. All for a woman that never knew he existed before he began to torture her with life in a rotting corpse. Priceless entertainment! But now it has come to an end, as I look down at the fool and his bride dead in each others arms. I wonder what he will think of death when he arrives, and of how hot it is down there. I laugh again at this idea, at his face of torment as he realizes the fate he gifted upon himself and his love. But I do think that those who he has killed will be happy to finally enact some revenge

upon there killer, if I allow it. A king needs to give some confort to his subjects after all. But soon it will be time to find another fool who will take a deal with dear Luther Morningstar, and of the evil in the hear