

The Tuesday Killer

John R Davies

Inspired by the true story of the Toy Box Killer

Tuesday 7th September, 2021 – 4:00pm:

Kelly Graham stumbled through the grassy meadow, bloody and broken yet doing everything she could to get away from her prison. She could barely run, unable to feel her legs she somehow managed to find strength enough to keep moving. Kelly could hear the sounds of people yelling behind her, screaming for her return. But the adrenaline and fear conspired to block her sense of hearing and kept pressing her to just move forward. Neither the pain nor the cold slowed her down. Kelly made no mistake: she was fleeing for her life.

Tuesday 6th October, 1981 – 6:00pm:

It wasn't long before the body of Jasmine Williams was found. Abandoned near a park, two kids accidentally stumbled upon the broken, battered remains of this victim. It was a horrifying sight to be sure. Local police quickly cordoned off the area and the body was taken to the morgue. It became very clear that she had been tortured before being murdered by her killer. No one even considered the remote possibility of a serial killer and the murder was dismissed as a one time crime. The killer would spend the next forty years killing and getting away with his crimes.

Tuesday 7th September, 2021 – 4:35pm:

Kelly managed to lose her pursuers but she didn't know for how long. She had to get somewhere safe, somewhere she could call for help. The adrenaline was still coursing through her veins, still compelling her forward and away from them. She eventually hit a road that went north and followed it. Kelly didn't know where it would take her but she didn't care. She ran and ran and ran, ignoring the pain and the cold, until she came across an open gas station. She had barely opened the door before passing out from the pain and blood loss, much to the horror of the gas station attendant.

Wednesday 8th September, 2021 – 11:18am:

Kelly woke up in the hospital alone. She struggled to remember the events that led her here, but quickly gave up. She wanted to forget it all. She continued to lay still on the hospital bed, praying to wake up from this horrible nightmare she found herself in. But of course it was very much real. A nightmare made real that would always haunt her. Not wanting to focus on what happened, she instead made an effort to try and sit up. Many of her injuries hadn't had enough time to heal and screamed out in pain, but she ignored it all. She didn't want to remember. The pain wasn't real, just another part of a nightmare she would soon wake up from.

Wednesday 8th September, 2021 – 11:58am:

FBI Agent Frank Kurosi waited patiently for the doctor to return. He didn't know the woman he'd come to see personally. Instead, he had been alerted to her rather unique circumstances by a friend in the local PD who he had worked with on a case two years prior. It was that very same case that had led both men to develop an interest in this woman. Kurosi began to grow impatient. The doctor had been in the room for too long and it was starting to irritate the agent. He was about to enter the room regardless when the doctor came out.

"Agent Kurosi, she'll see you now," he said.

Kurosi wasted no time and hurried past the doctor. Kelly Graham was sitting upright on the bed with the demeanour and quiet contemplation of someone suffering from a nightmarish trauma. Even

fully covered up, he could clearly see the worst of the scars she bore. Scars he had seen a thousand times before in a thousand different people. In situations like these, it was best to tread carefully.

“Kelly? I was hoping to speak to you? About what happened?”

She turned to face him and gave a weak smile.

“You’re the FBI agent?”

“That’s right ma’am. I just wanted to ask you a few questions.”

“I don’t really know if I can. I just want to forget it all.”

“I know. But I want to get the bastard who did this to you. But I need your help.”

Kelly made another attempt to smile, but it came across poorly. She had strength, but for how much longer?

“Alright. I’ll do my best to answer your questions.”

“Do you know who did this to you?”

“No. They... made sure to hide themselves.”

“They?”

“There were two or three of them. There was always one person who kept coming back and he would bring someone new every time.”

“I’m sorry, but do you remember what they did to you?”

Kelly grew quiet and looked away.

“Kelly? You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to.”

“No. I just... need a minute.”

The memories were difficult to recall for her. The injuries alone told the tale of the crime against her, he didn’t need her words. But Kurosi knew that if she were willing to tell him then she might be willing to let a courtroom hear her story. Anybody could relay a tale as horrific as this one, but only an emotional appeal from a victim would secure the final verdict for the one responsible.

“They did things,” she finally began to describe, “I don’t remember it all. I remember something about a video. And a voice.”

“Good, good. Do you remember anything about where you were? Where they kept you?”

“It was a small trailer. Out in a field or maybe a meadow?”

“You don’t sound too sure.”

“I’m sorry. But when I escaped I didn’t dare look back.”

Kurosi smiled.

“It’s okay. Get some rest.”

He pulled a card out of his pocket and put it onto the cabinet next to the bed.

“I’m going to find who did this to you Kelly. I’d like your help with that. If you remember anything else, no matter how small the detail, please give me a call.”

“I... OK. I’ll do that.”

Tuesday 20th April, 2004 – 5:00pm

Detective Frank Kurosi stepped out of his unmarked police car and walked up to the crime scene. The body had been found not twenty minutes earlier and already it had been drawing the attention of much of the NYPD. Serial Killers were hardly the most common criminal, even in New York City, and this was only one body. But it already bore all the hallmarks of a killer with experience. It was a disturbing scene with disturbing implications, but it might as well have been just another day in this crime-ridden city.

“Whaddya think boss? Someone decided to get creative with this one,” Jun noted.

“I think whoever did this has a cruel sense of humour,” Kurosi noted with dark wit.

Him and Jun went way back, having originally met back in the academy before separately moving their way up the NYPD and once again becoming partners in Homicide.

“Right. ‘Nother sicko in a city full of ‘em.”

“Who called it in?”

“Some jogger. Attractive too. Shame really, some of the guys are claiming she’s involved.”

“Wait, what?”

“Yeah, well some of the guys here are saying she found the body too easy to not be involved.”

“Since when was finding a body in New York difficult?”

“Well, you never know. She *might* be involved.”

“And I might be the next US President. Whose the victim?”

“Dunno. There’s no ID on the body and canvas didn’t find anything either.”

“Alright, have the stiffs get her photo and check out the MP board. And put out an alert for anyone matching her description.”

“What’re you gonna do?”

“I have that interview later today.”

“Right, right. Feds. I remember. Hope they treat you better than our dame here.”

Thursday 9th September 2021 – 11:15am:

Kurosi sat in his office going over the detailed notes he had made in regards to the Kelly Graham case. After speaking with her, he thought there was something familiar about her injuries. Well, thought may have been a bit much. It really was nothing more than a mere feeling. But it kept gnawing at him, as if he’d seen this all before. On a hunch he decided to call up his old partner and get some files on an unsolved case the pair had worked on. Actually, it was the last case the two worked on and the last one Kurosi had before joining the FBI. It went unsolved because the victim couldn’t be identified and the killer was never caught. He had just received the case file not fifteen minutes ago and already he saw disturbing similarities. Indeed the injuries were the same, but it wasn’t just that. Kelly had also been found without any clothes on, just like the murder victim, as well as no ID. Both were redheads, around 5 foot 5, pale skin and had no tattoos. And both were moderately attractive, with a slim, well toned physique that showed a high degree of interest in their own physical fitness. The two cases were too similar to discount a connection, yet were thousands of miles and seventeen years apart. That could only mean a serial killer was responsible in both cases. And where there were two there were usually more. Many, many more.

The disturbing revelation of a serial killer roaming the country wasn’t as strange as it used to be.

Kurosi remembered a more innocent time, a time when he wasn’t aware of the larger-than-commonly accepted figure spread throughout pop culture. If only there were eight in the whole US!

It would make the FBI Homicide Division near useless. It would make for a pleasant dream.

“You wanted to speak with me Frank?”

Richard Schneider was the supervising agent at this office. He was also smarter than the best of them.

“Come on in Richie. And close the door behind you.”

“What’s all this about?”

“I have... reason to believe a serial killer is active in the area.”

Schneider laughed. No serial killer had been active in the area in a good long while.

“I mean it Richard. I spoke with the latest victim yesterday.”

“Wait, what?”

Schneider stopped laughing and suddenly became all too serious as Kurosi slid the two case files over to him.

“Kelly Graham. 28 years old, the survivor. Unidentified victim. Mid to late 20’s. Same MO, seventeen years apart in different states.”

“And you’re sure about this?”

“Absolutely. There’s too many similarities and too many little things. The injuries are the same, the victims are of the same age and type. Evidence indicates they had shared interests in physical fitness. It’s either the same guy or a very clever copy cat.”

“This is a file from the NYPD? One of yours?”

“My last. Never solved. At the time we dismissed it as some freak with a torture fetish, though I suppose that wasn’t too far off the mark. A lot of weirdos in New York.”

Schneider was hoping the next couple of months would be easy going. He was due to retire in January.

“Alright. Take Roberts, Garrick and Wayne and see what you can find out.”

“Right. I’ll have them search the area Kelly was found. Hopefully they should pick up the trail of the killer.”

“Fine. I want a report on Monday. Don’t spare any details.”

“Yes sir.”

Friday 10th September, 2021 – 10:10am:

Roberts and Garrick arrived at the old gas station, not really expecting to find anything important. They’d already been filled in, watched the tapes and read the interview transcripts. Their only real lead now was to hopefully backtrack the route taken by the last victim during her escape. And they needed the tracking dog since it had already been several days since her escape and the local PD hadn’t bothered following up. Lazy bums weren’t exactly quick to investigate the case of a bloody, naked woman passing out onto the floor of a gas station miles outside of town, instead thinking it was just another random rape by a stranger and therefore unsolvable and not worth their time beyond the basics.

“Think we’ll find anything,” Garrick asked.

“Hopefully. Keep your eyes open. Kurosi wouldn’t have sent us out here if he didn’t think we’d find something.”

The dog managed to pick up a faint scent and followed the trail. Not thirty minutes later and a mile and a half later, the dog led the to agents to the middle of a field and to an old trailer. Drawing their guns, the pair cautiously approached the odd sight.

“We should call it in,” Roberts insisted, “Get Kurosi on the line.”

Friday 10th September, 2021 – 10:45am:

Kurosi arrived at the site, warrant in hand and a Forensics team in tow. The trailer just sat there, so out of place and so far from where it would be seen from suspicious eyes. This is where his suspicions of an active serial killer in the area would be confirmed and where real progress could and would be made.

“Garrick, open the door. Me and Roberts will cover you,” he ordered.

Guns raised the three agents secured the outside of the trailer before Garrick made the slow and cautious journey to the sole entry into the trailer. Carefully, he opened the door and with a loud voice announced,

“This is the FBI! Come out with your hands raised!”

He repeated himself one last time before fully opening the door and confirming the presence of two, no three people inside. He almost didn’t see the person strapped to the table. One of the two individuals dared to make a sudden move and Garrick reacted instantly, firing a warning shot that hit the person in the shoulder. Kurosi and Roberts instantly swarmed the trailer with Garrick, forcing the two people out and immediately arresting them. The third had to be helped out, her injuries making the effort delicate and painful. This wasn’t a situation any of them expected.

Sunday 4th October, 1981 – 7:34pm:

Mark felt the urge to kill again. The indescribable urge to hurt someone, make them beg and then... end it. It caused him to grate his teeth. He shouldn’t kill, he knew that much. Better to stick with animals if it ever proved too much. But it no longer ended the same way. Animals just weren’t enough anymore. It had to be someone. It had to be a person. It was the only way he could be satisfied. He had to kill someone. He had to make them suffer. But who? Of all the people in the world, who would be the one to satisfy his urges? And then he remembered. Jasmine. A nobody – a prostitute who had spurned his advances weeks ago. She would never be missed. And if she were ever found, then the thought occurred to him. What if she were found? Found bearing the scars of his pleasure, a message of longing and bliss for those who would come after her. Yes, she would be the first to die, to help him understand how to speak and how to love someone through pain. She wasn’t far, a mere walk away from him. He knew where she lived, the paths she walked. And he knew exactly

where to take her, far from prying eyes. Soon, these urges would be fulfilled and he would have his fun.

Friday 10th September, 2021 – 1:12pm:

Mark sat in the interrogation room silently, lost in sick and twisted memories shared only with his many victims and the occasional accomplice. He knew why he was here, he simply didn't care. The urge was long since satisfied and his memories were more than enough to keep him happy. Outside, Kurosi looked through the one way mirror trying to detect any signs of guilt but the bastard instead showed more signs of pride and delight as opposed to anything akin to shame or guilt. Most serial killers at least tried to look remorseful.

"You ready to do this Kurosi," Wayne asked.

"You go first. If I go in, I'll pin him to the fucking wall using the legs from his chair."

"Sure thing boss."

"Keep it straight. Remember, you're being recorded."

"Right.

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Wayne entered the interrogation room and sat down opposite of Mark. There wasn't any need for pleasantries, they both knew why they were here.

"So, Mark. Ever been to New York?"

"Several times," the killer smirked, "My *work* often takes me there."

"My boss is from there. Brooklyn kid. You ever been to Central Park."

"I've been *through* it before now. Was hoping to go visit the zoo there at some point."

Mark leaned into certain words in an attempt to show how proud he was in getting away with all his murders without actually revealing anything.

"You know, the other day my boss and I got talking. You see, he was a cop in a former life. Worked homicide. The last job he worked on he never solved."

Wayne slid a photo of a deceased woman over to Mark.

"Recognize her?"

The look on his face said it all. The mix of surprise and shock were the immediate indicators of guilt and perhaps no small amount of deep pride.

"You got me. I did her in a few years back. Nothing sexual mind you, it's never been like that for me. She was around... oh four I think. Can't remember the exact date, but I knew I dumped her on a Tuesday."

"Why Tuesday?"

"Why not? I always dump them on Tuesdays."

Wayne became confused. Did he know what he was confessing to?

"You make it sound like there was more than one."

"Ohhh, there was definitely more than one. Has she remembered anything yet?"

"Who?"

"The one who got away on Tuesday? She was pretty. Shame I couldn't finish the job."

Wayne suppressed the urge to recoil, hiding the disgust that was stirring inside.

"I guess it doesn't matter. I doubt she'd recognize me."

Wayne slid a photo of Kelly over.

"You mean this one?"

"Yeah," Marked laughed, "She escaped just in time. Lucky her. There isn't any chance I could finish the job?"

The last question was asked as seriously as it could have been, causing the FBI agent to visibly recoil. In that moment he considered the things he would do to the bastard and his question, instead deciding it was better to get a drink and calm down.

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Schneider saw the whole thing, watching in equal if not greater disgust than Kurosi.

“Don’t worry about the prosecution. I’ll talk to a judge and the prosecutor and have the paperwork done by the end of tomorrow,” he stated to no one in particular.

“I’ll make sure you have a copy of this interview before you leave,” Kurosi added, “Is Richardson and Levi available? I want someone in there talking to him.”

“They’re currently working that bank heist in the Colorado Springs. You’ll have them tomorrow morning.”

Kurosi turned to his boss and friend.

“This is too easy for it to be so simple. There’s more victims out there.”

“I agree. Have the others look into it, but come to me if you have issues with any local PD. Kurosi, I want a solid case *with evidence by next Friday*. No Excuses.”

“Got it sir.”

Saturday 11th September, 2021 – 10:46am:

Kelly was scared to leave the hospital, but ironically also wished to leave and never return. The hospital was safe, secure, but it also reminded her of the nightmare she had endured and fled from. In the end, she knew she couldn’t stay forever and that she would have to return home, return to a life before the pain and torture. The doctors had told her that the physical injuries would heal in time, leaving little to no scar tissue. But the memories would remain, always haunting her every time she closed her eyes. The horror of it all was in the failure to forget. Forget the many painful instruments, forget the all the staring eyes, the cameras watching her every move. Forget *him* and the things he did to her. She never wanted to remember again.

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Kurosi arrived back at the hospital just in time to catch Kelly leaving.

“Kelly,” he called out to her, “Wait up!”

She turned to him and smiled.

“Agent Kurosi. It’s nice to see you again.”

“I know this is unexpected, but we found the trailer. We found him!”

Kelly took a moment to process what she had just been told. It was... embracing and terrifying at the same time. A thousand thoughts ran through her mind, all the memories of the three days she spent at the mercy of this monster that haunted her every moment. It couldn’t be true, would he really have been caught that quickly? She was utterly speechless.

“... I... I’m not sure what to say! I... uh...,”

Kurosi smiled before saying,

“Before you do, I want to make sure you’re okay with us pursuing your case. Really, I want you to come back to my office with me and make an official statement.”

“Will that really help? I mean, I’m not sure what else I can add that could help you.”

“You’ll see. Please trust me Kelly, this will help put him away from a very long time.”

Saturday 11th September, 2021 – 11:46am:

“So what do I say here,” Kelly asked nervously.

“Just describe what happened, as accurately as you can,” Wayne told her, “But remember to be honest and clear. If you’re unsure about certain things, it’s better to say so rather than trying to fill in the gaps.”

“Alright. I’ll do my best.”

Wayne made it look as if he was beginning to record the conversation on the audio recorder, which of course was already recording for records sake.

“Just, start at the beginning,” he said to her.

Friday 3rd September, 2021 – 11:51pm:

The night out had left Kelly a little worse for wear and she found herself drunkenly stumbling back home after being kicked out of the last club that would take her. She was only vaguely aware of her lack of escort, even less aware of the lack of any eyewitnesses that would see her stalker following

Kelly through the empty streets and into the alley way. She couldn't remember what happened that night, largely due to the alcohol and later the drugs in her system. Either way, it didn't matter. She never made it home that night.

Saturday 4th September, 2021 – 4:00am:

Kelly awoke in a small, dark space, unable to move and unable to speak. She tried to struggle, but it was useless. She had been tied to some sort of bed, which itself was raised against a wall. After a few minutes, or maybe longer, the lights came on and she could clearly see the nightmare she had woken up to.

The trailer was small, with curved corners and a curved roof. On the wall opposite to her, either the back or front she couldn't tell, was a TV. Only a small one, but it was wall mounted and was on. A video was playing, but it was showing nothing but a black screen with a timestamp on the bottom right corner. The rest of the wall space was something out of a horror film. Saws, drills, rope and a dozen other tools and instruments that Kelly didn't recognize. Then, as if to confirm the nightmare she found herself in, the TV suddenly began showing Kelly strapped to the bed. And then the voice began to speak.

"Hello my dear. Welcome home."

The voice was malicious, the tone flat and cheerful, but was entirely evil in every other way.

"You are here against your will. Make no mistake, you are here to die. Right now you are fully aware, but soon you'll be drugged. The drugs I will give to you will affect your memory, ensuring that even if you escape you will never be able to find justice."

The video changed and began displaying different women, all of whom were being tortured and killed, their screams turned into background music.

*"See now all the things that will happen to you. The pain, the pleasure, and all the rest. Now, I am your master and your life is in my hands. Your last few days will be painful, torturous in every way. But your death is up to you. I can give you a quick death, or a slow death. Call me master and respect me as such and I promise a quick death. But any disrespect, any attempt to escape or refusal to do as I say and your death will be slow, painful and horrific. Until then, **you are mine and I will do as I wish with you.**"*

The video ended, moments later the TV and lights were off and Kelly was once again left in total darkness.

Tuesday 7th September, 2021 – 3:50pm:

The last few days had been horrific, just as the *master* had promised. Kelly, now short two fingers and her sanity, was numb to the fresh pain inflicted upon her. He had made several long visits, often bringing his friends with him. Today, he promised her death and that it would soon all be over for her. But he wasn't alone. A woman was with him, clearly upset by the fact that he hadn't "taken out the trash" yet. She demanded the master kill Kelly, just as he had for the many others, but he refused until he had one last thing to do to her. Kelly could hear a pair of dogs barking outside and it snapped her mind back into reality, at least enough of it to make her aware of the free hands she now had. The two people went outside to check on the dogs and Kelly made her move. She sat up, grabbed a knife from a nearby table and managed to cut herself free from the ropes that tied her bloody legs to the table. Without thinking, she moved to the door and tried the handle. By no small measure of luck it was still open and she took the chance to flee. By the time her two would be murderers realized, it was already too late. Kelly was now running, full speed, away from them.

Saturday 11th September, 2021 – 12:56pm:

Kelly finished recounting the events that transpired during her imprisonment. Wayne just sat there, not wanting to believe a word of the tale, but of course they had the video and the trailer to prove it all. There were no words, no way to describe just how horrific her experience had been.

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Schneider and Kurosi watched from the other side of the glass, each in their own state of disbelief. They'd worked on cases like this before, but Kelly was impressive. She had remembered most of it and with such detail, her testimony alone would see the bastard behind bars in no time.

"This, Kurosi, this is the best idea you've had yet. But what about these others she's talking about?"

"We're still trying to track them down sir, well most of them. The woman she mentioned is the killers daughter. We suspect she was involved with many of the murders we suspect him of committing and even a few of her own."

"Jesus fucking Christ Kurosi, just how fucked up is this case?"

"With all due respect sir, I doubt we'll ever know. We have him on three murders so far, and of course the crimes against Ms. Graham here. But I believe he's involved with over thirty murders so far. Though in reality it could be many more."

"So enough to put him away, but not enough to get the complete picture. I want your team to go through everything. Every detail, every bit of forensic evidence. I'll talk to prosecution about the crimes we can nail him for, but I want the rest."

"You'll have as many as I can get."

"Make sure of it."

Thursday 7th September, 2023 – 3:40pm:

Mark was led to the interrogation room to answer more questions in regards to his many crimes. The two guards escorting him hurried the Tuesday Killer, as he was now called, to the room. But as they approached the door, he felt a sudden sharp pain go up his left arm and hit his chest where his heart should've been. He keeled over and one of the guards attempted to keep him alive while the other sought out medical assistance. Not five minutes later, the monster who had murdered dozens and ruined the lives of so many more was pronounced dead from a heart attack. Few cared and those that did celebrated the end of the nightmare. His end.