



IN OUR midst  
among US

Cabot Caustic



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# 1

## Chapter 1

We found a bald man,

I think he said he was the bald god of rape, greed, and crimes. At the time, we weren't sure what to do with the strange man. We left immediately after his strange remark. That interaction still scares me to this day. Once we headed back to the station, I looked up all the people that looked like him in the city.

It took me some time, but it turns out his name was Richard Bonye. "Strange Name", I thought. I remember seeing that name somewhere, but I shrug it off. I didn't think anything suspicious of it.

## 2

### Chapter 2

*“Honey, what do you want to eat?”, Sydney asked.*

*“How about we eat some nice white rice today, I don’t know if we’ll have enough for tomorrow.”*

I was still worried about the strange conversation the other day, and my wife knew it.

*“Are you okay, Stew?”*

*“It’s okay, I just have something on my mind.”*

My real name was Stewart, but she called me Stew, as a nickname.

It helped her deal with the death of our poor cat, little Stew.

I still miss him.

\*\*\*

*“Drrring!, Drrring!”*



## CHAPTER 2

I heard my walkie-talkie ringing. It only rang when there was an emergency.

I felt tired after my hard work yesterday and barely had the strength to pick it up, but if I wanted to eat, I'd better pick up.

*"Captain Stewart."*

*"Yes, sir."*

*"There has been a report of dead bodies in the abandoned school next to the graveyard, in Rockfunds. I'd like you to investigate those deaths."*

*"Alright, I'll be heading there right away."*

I knew who the strange man was yesterday now.

His name popped up in my brain the moment I heard that location.

I realized now.

# 3

## Chapter 3

I arrived at the location I was assigned to. It gave me chills to the bone. The “school” where these deaths were happening was in front of me.

It was dark.

There were vines here and there and the red bricks have bled all out. They were starting to grey out. But the biggest feeling I had, was familiarity.

This place, I knew it very well. It was the concentration camp I used to go to as a child. Ah, those terrible memories. I wish I didn’t remember them, but I needed to investigate for these poor kids.

I couldn’t leave them dead without explanation. I knew how their parents must’ve felt.

This place was a concentration camp. The higher-ups had to cover up and document it as a school.

It sure did look like a school from the outside, but on the inside, all you could find were the riches and the prostitutes bullying the poor children.

\*\*\*

I entered the room of death. It was one of the rooms at the back of the hallway. It had a resemblance to classrooms, but there were weapons in here used to beat up the poor children.

I walked towards a dead body. It was one of the kids.

“Audrey”, a 16-year-old, it was written on the tag on her chest. It was terrifying how young the victim was.

There was a bloody wound and a weapon next to her. It was a knife.

She also didn't have her undergarments, it was clear some necrophilia had happened moments after her death.

I hated rape, but I wasn't surprised it happened here.

“If only I had stopped them.” Tears started pouring down my eyes.

It was no time to cry, but I just needed to let out some stress.

I walked towards a chest under a whiteboard and opened it. I was right.

There were many weapons here. You could find knives, baseball bats, some even had spikes, and the worst: ropes.

They used it to bondage some children and rape them. I felt guilty I couldn't stop them. But I was angry that I felt relieved it didn't happen to me.

I knew it wasn't my fault, but I still felt some guilt.

# 4

## Chapter 4

I returned to the station after checking the other rooms, I also checked the office of the mastermind behind all these crimes.

“Mr. Bonye”, written with white on the glass of his office door, it gave me chills.

I wrote the report for the school:

*October 13, 2043*

*One child found dead in a room.*

*Victim identification:*

*Audrey Lewang, 16-year-old eastern-asian with dark brown hair.*

*Victim has stab wounds and got raped shortly after death*

*Suspects:*

I was thinking about it, I really wanted to write “Richard Bonye”, but I didn’t have any proof. He had all the money he needed to cover it up anyways.

While I was in the school, I saw a dark figure behind one of the doors. But when I opened it, I simply found a mannequin standing there.

## CHAPTER 4

Afterward, I felt someone watching me the whole time. It was creepy.

# 5

## Chapter 5

I suddenly woke up from bed. I swear I heard footsteps outside the window. I needed to check it out.

Behind that window was the garage. We never went there since we didn't have a car.

It was far too expensive.

I took a flashlight and went outside.

Once I was out of the house, I started looking with the flashlight.

A figure was moving in the dark alley next to the garage.

I froze and took deep breaths. 3 exactly.

I flashed the light towards the window. I found the trash can with the lid on the ground.

It must've been a raccoon.

I was scared for no reason.

*"Stewart", I heard a man behind me, his voice sounded familiar.*

## 6

### Chapter 6

I looked behind. Towards his legs. There was blood on them. I looked at his shirt. It was ripped up as if he was in a fight earlier.

Then, I looked at his hand... He was holding a knife, and it was dripping blood.

I just realized my wife wasn't there when I woke up, and the door was left unlocked for no reason. I was too afraid of the sound, that I didn't realize all those hints. I didn't see the danger coming.

I didn't have a weapon, but I had the element of surprise. I had installed a bear trap earlier since the neighboring animals kept coming to our backyard.

*"Why are you here?," I asked walking backwards towards the trap.*

*"...", he didn't answer, but swung his knife towards me.*

He couldn't hit me, but I doubt a 16-year-old girl could. I was now behind the trap, and he didn't realize. Or at least I thought so.

# 7

## Chapter 7

*“Arggg!”*

He had touched the activator and the trap split his right leg in 2. I immediately started questioning him.

*“Why did you kill my wife?”, I asked angrily.*

*“I had to... I- I couldn’t let you find out.”*

*“Too late, I’m already writing a report.”, I was angry at him. I almost asked him what he was talking about.*

But I needed to trick him.

*“P-Please. I’ll pay you, I’ll give you one of my prostitutes, I-I’ll give you money. And I h-have connections.”*

*“Connections to whom?”, I was starting to get curious.*

*“Strong, influential people. Th-the authorities, the government. So p-please don’t tell them about the girl.”*



I knew it now. He was indeed the rapist, ... the killer.

*“Who are they?”, I finally asked in a firm tone.*

He didn't answer my last question. Well too bad, he was finally going down.

Luckily I had my body camera on. I had the proof I needed.

Even so, I was about to hit him. Until...

*“Stew... What are you doing?”*

My wife. She was alive.

I was glad she was alive. Although, her voice sounded a little different.

