The Marionette Murders:

In the quiet shadow of a biting December night a certain manuscript fell through a certain metal slot at a certain nefarious facility. The contents of this particular manuscript were damningly alarming towards the safety of the modern world and oraculated nothing less than a haughtily confusing moral inferno. And for all the luck that nature’s willing to spill upon the world, she withheld all when selecting the recipient of this maddening manuscript.

*“So you want to tell me why it makes sense that 12 men suddenly and collectively go on a murder spree in a modern urban environment?”*

*“Well, we don’t think they’re the murderers, sir.”*

*“Don’t think they’re the murderers, huh? Why don’t you take a look at the evidence files and get back to me on that. We got tapes, witnesses, DNA, take your pick.”*

*“Well, yes they killed the victims, but they’re not the murderers. We’re waiting for the lab to send back the evidence.”*

*“Wait all you want but we got people dying out there so in the meantime get back to work.”*

Genius. Absolute genius. How these diagrams had been perfectly constructed the man could not guess. But they were. And they would allow him to achieve what he had always dreamed of.

The hard part was the initiation; a tricky maneuver through the quasi-conscious.

But he had faith in his machine. And he had faith in the body next to him. Together they would enter the podium of criminology. Casually, he lay down and initiated the machine. In a few hours he would wake up and it would be time.

*“Yes. That’s correct. 12 seemingly separate men start murdering at a linear rate and then proceed to commit suicide. It's just, something isn’t right.”*

*“Perhaps they’re part of an organization? Or a cult?”*

*“No chance. These men were well known, had lives, routines—”*

*“Sir, if I could for just a moment. The lab found something strange in its scan. They’re sending it back for further review.”*

*“Something strange? But the autopsy was clean. The pathology was clean. What do you mean something strange?”*

*“They didn’t tell me much, it seemed like they were in a hurry. Like something had scared them. But, for all I could hear, they said it was something in the brain, sir.”*

Ah. A new birth. A new beginning. The man looked around the room, wiggled his fingers, tried some algebra. But nothing was the matter. He was functioning perfectly well.

He looked at the man laying beside him. Would he move? He stared hard but the body lay limp.

But then the man stood up…and so too did the body. Success.

Now, after a little more practice, the man felt comfortable to move forward with this new body. For, although it was a new body, it was not a different self. In fact, his self was preserved in two halves, with a portion of his brain taking each. When he had first acquired the diagrams the man had thrown them away in disbelief. But the more he thought about it, the more he realized the possibilities. We have two eyes yet see through one, the manuscript wrote. Why not have two bodies and act as one?

Now, with this newly equipped body, he set out to finally quench what he was destined to do.

*“The brain scans are back, sir. You’re not going to like them.”*

*“What the hell is that supposed to mean? How bad could a brain scan be?”*

*“Pretty bad, sir. See this one, here? 95% of the brain is dead. Except for this 5% over there.”*

*“Good God! 95% is a dead brain!”*

*“That’s not what the scary part is. It’s the 5% that sends me shivers. You see, that 5% is not his brain.”*

Yes, yes, he could see. From the safety of his lab he could see the blood on his doppleganger’s hand. Amidst this horrific scene, he let out a chuckle at the absurdity of his situation. He was marionetting a dead man from 30 miles away to kill innocent people via partial brain transplant. It simply couldn’t be easier!

*“So, these killers are being controlled by someone else because he’s put part of his brain into them?”*

*“Yes, and he eventually gets bored or the perpetrators become so mangled that he kills them and uses one of their victim’s for his next puppet.”*

*“Do we know whose brain it is? How do we stop this?”*

*“We can’t, sir. Our only option is to let him proceed until he runs out of brain.”*