

Ripper

'No, Colonel, I don't know any such cattle, and if I did I would, as your friend, sooner give you a dose of quick poison than take you into such danger.'

Francis Tumblety

FROM THE MEMOIRS AND DIARY ENTRIES OF EDWARD FRANCIS

1888 London, Whitechapel, my world, my haunt. For many years I was content with my life, I was married to a delightful woman: or so I thought. My wife Elizabeth Francis was a truly beautiful woman, she was slim and slight with a pretty face and long brown hair usually worn in ringlets. I loved her with all my heart. Living in Whitechapel London had its problems, being the street of whores, despite our address we were content. I worked as a medical man for the clinic. I do confess that though I did love my family I was truly happy at the clinic surrounded by the sick and the crippled; away from the duties of a husband, or father. The commitment of a doctor was different to that of a father it was as if I was living two separate lives, a completely different person, I returned at the hour of six each night.

The house was large with classic furnishings and sparse furniture with two bedrooms decorated in much the same fashion.

“yes Lizzie”

“Marcus and Mary Hamilton invited all of us for dinner tomorrow evening” Lizzie seemed very excited that night, very eager to go to this dinner, little did I know what a disaster this would lead to. “Of course darling we shall accept” 8:00pm arrived and in our best clothes we arrived at the door of Mr. Hamilton Lizzie was on good terms with Mary, they lived only round the corner, the children were also friends. “Edward, Elizabeth” Marcus greeted us with Mary, I made the assumption that the children were inside. “Come in, come in!” Their home was very modest though more decorated than ours was, I despised much furniture in a home for it gave the impression of being cluttered and unorganised in my opinion order was essential. I confess Much of that night passed in a blur, this evening was un-important to me in the scheme of events that have conspired to change my life I shall forgo explanation of every day that had no bearing and instead focus on the events that have altered my situation. It was a Monday typically cold and dreary, the weather seemed reflected in the Whitechapel atmosphere generally it was cold and miserable, Many wonder why you would bring up children in such a place, the answer is rather simple, the wages of a medical doctor are often lacking in decent quality to allow for more dignified address. Our home was situated right in the centre of Whitechapel, right in the heart of this den of sin, no respectable man with any dignity dare come here for fear of mugging and dirtying themselves with the filth of the

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peasants. I arrived home that evening rather early that evening patients were few in numbers there was nothing to be gained by staying so I headed back home. Elizabeth was entertaining Mary Hamilton Elizabeth and she appeared shocked at my entrance as though I should be angry that she was here. Smiling I let them be. it is a common occurrence for women to invite a companion with whom to talk, what was unusual was Marcus. My faithful wife Lizzie would not dishonour her vows, I told myself so my suspicion was put aside, ignored at least without proper evidence. Nevertheless I kept a strong eye upon Marcus and Elizabeth.

Suspicion was simmering below the surface for quite a while; evidence was there I suppose I never quite saw it. The meetings between Elizabeth and Marcus however always seem to take place under the supervision of Mary. Should my conclusions prove true I will be unsure what shall happen.

Tuesday 8th August

Marcus is having an affair with my Elizabeth. I came home at my normal hour, my wife is home as per usual what was not normal was Marcus in my home without his wife. Alone with mine. "What is this" I called in an angry tirade how dare Marcus?

How dare my sweet Elizabeth? They jumped apart from an intimate conversation. "Edward please!" Elizabeth pleaded with me but nothing she could say would absolve her, "Mr Francis Sir know I meant no harm by it"

"GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!" I roared. Marcus Hamilton vanished that night never to return. After Marcus left I turned to Elizabeth who was cowering in the corner, "I can never forgive you, but I will not allow my children to starve you may remain in the house and receive a pension you are still my wife" and with that I left, vanished, without a second glance. What was I to do? I supposed that my first stop should be the clinic. "Edward your not on until tomorrow" I looked at Stuart regret at having to leave my world but that was dampened significantly by the betrayal from Elizabeth. "I am leaving Stuart and will not return" Stuart never asked any questions that night as I left Whitechapel unsure of where I was to end up perhaps I would get to America leave England for good, leave my past behind.

Wednesday 9th August

I boarded the ship to America I was still unsure what I would do once there but that was not important what was important was escaping from that hellhole.

Sunday 13th August

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I have arrived in America my new home. I disembarked and looked for the nearest clinic. "Name?" the resident doctor asked me as I tried to apply for a job; I had a hesitance for just a moment "Francis"

Monday 14th August

Houses were easy to come by in the New World, a small sparsely furnished house that comprised of three rooms, a bedroom, kitchen, and washroom my house happened to be on street of sin. Faced by these evil creatures that are there only to hurt and manipulate men oh how I hated them. Every morning and every night I had to pass these sirens, these demons straight out of hell I do pity those foolish men that have been taken in by these harpies glad to never have to associate with never again. "Hey handsome why don't you come and warm me up tonight?" one of them called, I stared with a mixture of hate and revulsion "GET AWAY FROM ME YOU EVIL WOMAN!" I screamed at her, as she took off running up the street. I spat on the ground before heading into work.

The clinic was different to the one in London it appeared that the Yanks had very little medical or scientific knowledge, much of their work was experimentation I was free to experiment here not bound by any laws or religious bars, the Americans were radicals still learning what we already knew. Back in London I'd have been called a quack and most likely shut down and chased out of town, yes America was my new home my new world.

Walking home I was constantly beseeched by the whores set to hurt and ruin me something must be done.

Friday 18th August

Almost a week in America having left Elizabeth and my children behind me there was no regret in leaving London. Something had started to happen, America was the land of the radicals but my colleagues started to disagree with me started to call me a quack, said my experiments were crazy unethical! "Francis I have to let you go" My new colleagues had let me go out of fear of my radical ideas I had to run again I had to find a new home.

But where would I go? I really had only one home, one place that I can go London

Monday 22nd August

I am back where I started.

This place reeks of the betrayal from *Elizabeth* that fallen woman! *how dare she!* my anger built as I stepped off the boat and walked on English soil once again

Ripper

Michael, Rebecca, my children, whatever my quarrels may be with their mother, they are my children I cannot abandon them now that I am here.

I walk down the familiar streets to Whitechapel this was once my home all those months ago I see the same people that I knew but they do not recognise me not any more I am a changed man from the *Edward Francis* that they once knew it is not only my appearance that has been altered but my very being is changed, gone. The man they knew is
DEAD!

“Michael, Rebecca don’t stray too far” *Elizabeth* that woman who had ripped my heart out of my chest was right there in front of me.

Did you marry again despite being my wife? I wondered, would she dishonour her vows? *of course she would, she already has ...* I had to know. I walk straight up to her “Elizabeth Francis” she turns and looks at me. She does not recognise me. “I am sorry sir you must be mistaken my name is **Elizabeth Stride**” she looks over at *our* children. *Elizabeth Stride!* I am speechless, she had changed her name!

“Are you quite certain your name is not Elizabeth Francis, married to Edward Francis?”

“Yes sir now please” she looked frightened and hurried away, with Michael and Rebecca.

I am hurt.

My children do not recognise me.

My wife changed her name.

I stagger away from the spot, heading to the nearest pub, I need to escape this nightmare my only hope is that I wake and this is all a dream, all false, I will wake in my room with Elizabeth all will be normal.

I wake from what I believe was simply a nightmare. It is not. I am not waking from this hell, forever I shall be trapped in this never to see the light again.

Ripper

Monotony. Nothing to break it. I feel a strange itch that keeps persisting the only distraction from this boredom. I wander the streets, just a faceless shadow, my mind is lifeless as life's endless repetition engulfs me. I have no purpose, no meaning, no life.

I spend day after day, night after night, drowning in a pit of drink and darkness I doubt that I will ever wake from this nightmare, from my own personal hell. All around me the women that sell themselves to the night and torment the men with their cheating ways how dare they!

they need to suffer, Elizabeth needs to suffer!

these thoughts linger in my mind for months, temptingly just hanging in my conscious thoughts

revenge.

A *voice*. Whispering silently in my conscious thoughts.

Revenge...punish these women....kill...kill...kill...KILL!

yes.

I know now what I must do, I must seek my revenge on these women. *but how?* How does one go about such a deed? Never have I considered murder, never have I thought to kill another.

You must it is the only way to revenge. The only way Elizabeth will ever learn. Kill them Edward make Elizabeths suffer, rip them like they ripped your heart.

that is what I must do.

My monotony ended, my mind cleared, I suddenly had a purpose again! the elation flooded through my system, my nerves were on fire my mind had never been clearer till now.

the *voice* calmed and led me.

kill them get your revenge upon Elizabeth

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Friday March 25th

My plan was forming. I only had to procure my weapon, "Hello sir what holds yer fancy?"

My eyes sweep around the shop and land on the perfect weapon.

"ah sir ye have good taste ter be sure, that'll be ten pounds" I pass over the pounds and take my weapon. Smiling, I walk out the shop.

My plan was perfect.

Friday August 31st

I walked down the street, my knife in hand. I had chosen Whitechapel for my revenge, it seemed fitting in a poetic sense my life here was destroyed, it made the most sense to destroy there's here also.

Kill them Edward, exact what was done to you.

the *voice* guides me now, it controls my thoughts and movements, this voice that has taken over me I am simply it's slave for bidding it is my one and only master.

I see the women on the corner, my blood burns at the sight of them, my fingers twitch wrapping themselves around the handle of the knife now is the time to exact my revenge.

Do it Edward now!

the *voice* guides me, tells me what to say that will get her to follow me.

"Hello madame will you go?"

"Yes" she replies she follows me into the darkness.

we are alone, my right hand comes up and smothers here screams. my left comes just under the chin closing around her wind pipe choking off her air, her face turns blue and she makes choking sounds muffled behind my hand. My weight forces her back until she falls taking me with her, she grows weaker before my eyes she struggles in one last futile effort and lies still beneath my hands.

Panting I survey her dead body

RIP THEM LIKE THEY RIPPED YOU

I take out my knife and rip her apart.

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I am finished she is dead. Her body has been ripped apart just as my heart had been. I look down at my blood stained clothing I need to change my clothing I get up and clean my knife on the corner of her dress before fleeing the scene.

Saturday September 1st

The papers have got wind of the murder.

Vicious murder in Whitechapel

Polly Nichols has been found viciously mutilated by a brutal murderer her body was discovered at 3:40AM in Bucks Row police are still looking for this killer...

I stopped reading smiling to myself they would never find me.

I walked into my clinic that I was working in. Stuart had long since left, nobody here remembered me which is why I work here again I have a fresh slate here in London.

After the clinic I returned to the boarding house I was staying at, this was my home now all I had to do was pay my rent and not give my landlord any trouble. That was easy, he was a simple man with simple requests money and wine would usually pacify him. None of the other tenants were disturbed by my presence they were often to drunk to notice if anything unusual happened and if on the off chance they were sober, a few pounds went a long way.

I thought that the murder would pacify my need for revenge. But soon the *voice* returned

Kill them Edward they deserve it!

I must obey the *voice* it controls my world.

My next murder is planned.

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Saturday 8th September

I walk once again down the streets of Whitechapel, I was fingering my blade , my best friend. A woman on the corner spies me in the darkness. “Sir will ye come?”

“Yes”

We walk together in the darkness.

Again I strangled her into silence. Taking out my blade her throat was slit in two horizontal lines, blood streamed from this cut colouring her clothes a rich red, I turned my attention to her abdomen which I opened with expert precision . My mind was so clear. never have I been so clear and set on a task before now I looked for what I seeked a final humiliation to this filth. I remove the uterus and wrap it in my scarf watching with fascination as the blood stains it black. I leave her body and flee back to my sanctuary just as before, except this time I feel more empowered, bolder, my adrenaline was roaring as I made my way into my room.

Sunday 9th September

JACK THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN!

Another brutal murder has been committed in the street of Whitechapel Annie Chapman was found with her abdomen ripped apart and organs missing, Police believe that they may be dealing with a serial killer, Jack the Ripper has now killed two women on the streets of WhiteChapel and mutilated they're bodies, Police urge anyone with information to come forward. Women are urged to take proper precautions during this dangerous time and stay inside should travel be necessary they are being cautioned to not travel alone. There have so far been no suspects arrested.

Jack the Ripper. They had given me a fitting title. The police are working hopelessly in the darkness! They are looking for raving lunatics they don't realise the true madman is right in front of them.

I decide to wait for my next murder why rush the experience? I get up and leave my room locking it behind me. I head to Scotland Yard with my package in hand leaving it wrapped I sign a note

To the police

from yours

Jack the Ripper.

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Monday 10th September

The police have discovered a package on their front steps late last night. The package was a woman's uterus wrapped in cloth with a signed note from yours Jack the Ripper. Police are not treating this as connected with the murders of WhiteChapel yet they say that the uterus was likely a simple hoax devised for publicity and are awaiting more evidence....

They received my little present to them.

The media frenzy was intoxicating! To know that they were obsessed with my work, my talent my mastery! I walk down the streets of WhiteChapel, seeing the evidence of my revenge everywhere, people are frightened to walk alone, the whores are gathered in groups together to scared to be alone lest the *Ripper* gets them. I head into the clinic and examine my patients. Most are sniffles and head aches mundane work that pays my rent.

the voice is something I have no control over I fear what will happen to me and anyone that should be unfortunate enough to cross my path, yet I am also consumed almost intoxicated by the murders
help me.

I feel my life being consumed by this need for revenge, by the *voice* which is an ever constant presence in my mind whispering threats to the women whenever I see them, I try desperately to ignore the *voice* in my head it's threats, plans, morbid ideas, I shut it all out of my head and try my best for a normal life.

But the *voice* refuses to go.

Edward what are you doing? You need this revenge you need to punish these women for what they have done! they're evil.

No it is you who is evil not them, not me, you. I am not a murderer.

Do you forget that wench's blood on your hands? Do you forget cleaning those blood stained clothes? Jack the Ripper!

You are Jack the Ripper not me. Those were not my hands and not my clothes they were yours I had nothing to do with it.

but of course you had something to do with it Edward you are my channel my artist. Your genius is on display for all of London too see can you not see that?

That is not genius it's murder I am nobody's artist especially not yours.

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you are Edward and you know it you are MY slave. You listen and obey ME! nothing you do will ever get rid of me.

No you are evil I *will* get rid of you, you malignant voice all I have to do is destroy you your in my head.

HA! you think YOU will ever get rid of ME!

the *voice* was right.No matter what I do, no matter how I try to destroy that evil *voice* it remains.

Edward you must do what is right. Let me do the work. Edward give in.

Saturday 30th September

the *voice* controls me. I do not pretend to deny it any longer. Nothing I say or do relinquishes the control that it holds over me. I am doomed as the constant slave.

I walked forward to the woman on the corner. She nodded and followed me into Mitre Square a dark corner. She was nervous, I smiled encouragingly but she was still nervous. My hands were around her neck taking her life right before my eyes her gasps and struggles turned to faint wheezes she was dead.

Panting I took out my knife to begin my work.

Horse cart. Someone was coming.

Seething with anger, I abandon my victim and vanish into the darkness.I am beyond anger. My fists clench and unclench around my knife my revenge is not complete I stalk down the streets desperate for my revenge and anger to be relieved.

I find my next victim. I let loose my fury upon her body every slash and mark releases that anger and violence.

When I am done I laugh at her and leave.

There is nothing to be done as I read the headline news:

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JACK THE RIPPER STRIKES! BRUTAL DOUBLE MURDER IN WHITECHAPEL

*Jack the Ripper has struck again, this time a brutal double murder of **Elizabeth Stride** and Catherine Eddows. The body of Eddows was found butchered like a pig for market. The police are appealing for witnesses. The body of Elizabeth Stride was found at 1:00AM*

Elizabeth Stride. No, NO!

The *voice* killed my Elizabeth my wife.

Anger burned through my veins in an all consuming rage.

I did what I had to. You had to be free Edward, free of that monster and her evil ways!

No I don't want to hear your lies!

You could have ended it Edward but you didn't!

I cannot get rid of you I cannot end this!

You need me Edward do you deny it?

I slam my fist into the mirror of my room. The glass penetrates my hand which bleeds profusely, I look up into the smashed reflection. a distorted face greets me. No that is not me it cannot be me!

A dark ugly me faces back, laughing, the *voice*. The *voice* is there inside my mind I will never be free.

there is one way, a way you will be free... the voice of my own thoughts tells me this is not the voice this is me.

Free one way Edward to truly get rid of this torturous voice.

But I cannot do that it is a sin to take one's life!

you will be free

no.

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Monday 6th November

I have made my decision. Despite my religious convictions I am going to hell regardless of this singular act, God will not care about this one act I have to be free and the women have to be free of me and my torture.

I no longer hate them.
I feel sorry for them.

I must protect them.

Elizabeth

my sweet beautiful amazing Elizabeth I killed her. She did not deserve what I did to her ripped apart, savaged like a beast for slaughter. No she did not deserve that.

Michael, Rebecca my children. I had killed their mother. Their only form of income now they're on the streets my children prostituting themselves on the streets because of me!

NO I WILL STOP THAT!

I head to the bank walking up the stairs and straight to the desk.

“Can I help you?”

“I am withdrawing the full finances of Edward Francis and any funds into that account will be directed to my children Michael and Rebecca Stride”
the man behind the desk nods and withdraws the money for me.

I go to our home and leave the money in our house with a letter to my children explaining how I have left money for them they will be provided for until Michael gains income to support Rebecca until she is married.

I hope that they succeed in life where I failed.

Ripper

Friday 9th November

I am stalking the streets of London Whitechapel another victim is what I need. I see her in her room, that is certainly different from my usual murders but why am I bound?

I enter her room.

No.

That was not me.

I see the body before me.

I was not there.

That was not the blood I washed off my hands.

I look at the article:

JACK THE RIPPER MASSACRES PROSTITUTE

Jack the Ripper has committed possibly the most disturbing murder ever seen in London WhiteChapel. Mary Jane Kelly was found at 10:45AM by her landlord. Her body was severely mutilated that identification was very difficult

This was the end. No longer would the *voice* control me. I open my draw in my desk and take out my loaded gun smiling I look at the mirror as I pull the trigger.

Suicide in Whitechapel

Edward Francis has been found in the boarding house of Whitechapel apparently suicided...

Ripper murders ended

Jack the Rippers reign of terror has ended police are denying claims of bungling investigation...

I was free.

the end.