



Environmental disaster evokes sympathy from corporates.

28th Feb , Boston: Late yesterday evening president of "Atlantis" shipping corporation subsidiary of AXA Industries , Walter Jones issued a press statement saying that in such a circumstance would the company be expected to bear the costs of the major cleanup of the oil tanker. The company's double hulled oil tanker "Araminta" sank in a storm last week releasing approximately 150,000 tonnes of oil into the ocean. The spill has proved devastating to the local environment and to the sea birds especially. Near 60 oiled birds were found, of which 60

Oil Magnate Walter Jones found dead

Mar 1: Walter Jones, president of Atlantis Shipping, was found dead at his residence on Monday morning. Police reports have labeled it a homicide, and the case is now under investigation. Mr. Jones, who lives alone, was found dead on the floor of his bedroom by a housekeeper, who immediately called the police. Jones had apparently suffered multiple injuries. Forensic teams have not found any conclusive evidence as to who the murderer

are yet to conclude whether the murder is connected to a press release by AXA. The press release stated that the company is planning to acquire the Brazilian firm Solaca, which would possibly cause large scale deforestation. This move had met with opposition from many environmental organizations, as well as residents of the area, the incident has put a question mark on the company's projects. Vice president Barron has taken charge of the company. "This is a loss to all of us here at AXA. None of us expected anything like this to happen." Barron has scheduled a board meeting to either possibly abandon the company or

Triage

She places the gun in front of Bob before cutting the duct-tape that binds his extremities to the furniture. A brand new Desert Eagle 0.50, with just one bullet in the clip. The art room is large enough to justify the name of the Manor that houses it. The night is black and mute, except for the constant ticking of that antique grandfather clock at 3 minutes before midnight, barely audible above the torrential storm outside. The sirens in the distance break the monotony of noise. "Almost there.", she says, walking calmly across the central walkway with the Katana sword and takes her position

Nothing upto this point makes sense to him. "Why are you doing this?", he pleads. "First you kidnap me at my own house! Then you...". "Shhh" comes the reply. "I'm not sure you should be saying that. Pick up your weapon." Her calm tone befits her zen-like composure. "Remember to aim for the head." The femme-fatale had just bypassed his state-of-the-art security system, neutralised his guards, beaten him black-and-blue, and is now standing across the room brandishing an ancient sword. He goes for the gun.

All the great masters stare at them through their art: Monet, Picasso, Van Gogh. The brief flash of lightning highlights the new painting William Hunt he had received from someone mysteriously named Dr. Cassandra. Titled "The Hireling Shepherd" it depicts a young man kneeling, just behind an unsuspecting woman, about to touch her. A single frozen moment taken out of a story we know nothing else of. A moment from the beginning of a relationship, or the end of the same. What happens next? Will she be enchanted, or repulsed? Will they make love, or just talk? Will he strangle her? The future always kept its

"Dr. Cassandra. Surrender NOW!" screeches the police loud-speaker. "It was you?!", he shouts. The clock strikes twelve right on cue. Her footsteps are drowned in the loud, periodic gongs. She dashes towards him. The sword goes into a reflective blur. The last gong owns the gunshot. The light that fills the room as cops barge in illuminate her face in his lap. Her eyes seem to thank him. She was smiling. "Who were you?". Another mystery.

Chef slain in bizarre fashion.

April 2nd: In a most gruesome incident that will remind Indian readers of a certain Indian movie, a head chef of the "Annam Idly" chain in Boston was found dead in the kitchen of the restaurant. Shocked workers discovered Mr. Boris Jankulovsk's body when they arrived at the restaurant in the morning. The area has been cordoned off by police and the restaurant has been temporarily closed.

Physicist at CERN found dead

Jan 14th: In a surprising turn of events, the Large Hadron Collider (LHC) has come to a grinding halt at CERN due to the death of the chief physicist behind the project. Dr. Lei Abelmann was found dead in his office. The body was discovered by Professor Abelmann's secretary. The authorities do not suspect any foul play and have officially labeled the death as due to natural causes. However Mr. Abelmann refuted the official statement. "How can an absolutely healthy man in his thirties die without any prior medical history die suddenly due to natural causes?", she commented. (In a foreign country of course!) The unwillingness of the authorities to reveal the body to the press gave rise to the grieving widow's argument.

The LHC project has been plagued by several problems over the years. There have been several allegations of underground funding for the project. Also, Prof. Abelmann's secretary spoke of several threats to the Professor should the project be run into any more delays. Several rumors have been raised that the functioning of the LHC at previously unforeseen energy levels might unleash disastrous phenomena on the earth. Many groups have taken up arms against the completion of this project, with the most radical named "Anti-Promethians" being the most outspoken and violent so far.

wrinkles and a pronounced hunch greeted me as Dr. Abelmann. We sipped coffee, just like I had foreseen. He used the cup with the broken handle. He explained to me why he was afraid of the underground and the religious extremists. Miss, the God particle is going to help the world more than Jesus ever could. That would be his last sentence as I slashed his satanic hopes of stealing the world. It was perfect, just as I had envisioned. There are people who live their lives clinging on to the notion of god, they repent for their sins praying to God and celebrate their happiness thanking God. A mere particle would never quite suffice for God. These men of science might think in ones and zeroes but God and god certainly doesn't. If they could explain everything, why could they not give me an answer to my questions? How can I see the future? Why only one? Dr. Abelmann, you deserved to die, just like I had seen. You need a God and I will not let you steal him away from the people.

Is this becoming addictive? A habit? Why would I kill him? So brutally, just like I had seen it. How had he harmed me? Did he give me my black coffee cold? Well even if he did, is it reason enough to kill someone? Is any motive justified? I don't feel guilty or scared, hell I don't even feel repulsed. Am I cursed with this gift? I know I understand why these apocalyptic freaks keep saying the future is dark, it indeed is. What about his family? Did he have one? Did I release him from some affliction, unknown to his family, to strangers, to the world? Is this what I have been created for? Is this why I see the future? I am helping God by eliminating the evil, restoring faith in the people. He must have done something wrong, restoring damnation. I carried out his deliverance. There is nothing wrong with me, I am not obsessed. Don't even think about it, I don't have OCD. I am not a freak.

* Triage- The act of deciding who lives or dies.

Date: 27-02-2008

Mr. Bob Mascheranus
Criminal Psychoanalyst
MIT, Psychology and Neural Sciences Dept.

Joshua Bolshan
Detective, Boston Police Dept.

Dear Mr. Mascheranus

I am Detective Joshua Bolshan, writing to you on behalf of the Boston Police Department, Forensics wing.

As you may be aware, there has been a spate of assassinations in the last few months in our city. We suspect that these murders are linked to each other due to certain similarities and facts I am not at liberty to disclose to you in such an unencrypted channel.

This case of clear multiple homicide has hit a dead-end. We are in need of professional help.

From the clues and hints left by the murderer at the scenes of murder, we gather the suspect has a unique and uncommon psyche. We believe a learned criminal psychologist of your reputation can help solve this case.

I formally invite you to our crime labs for a brief meeting with our authorities.

Sincerely,

Signature

Mr. Joshua Bolshan
Detective, Boston Police Department

CONFIDENTIAL



Antikythera : The World's First computer?

More than a hundred years ago an ary mechanism was found by spe at the bottom of the sea near the isl tikythera. It astonished the whole i al community of experts on t world. Was it an astrolabe? Was in or an astronomical clock? Or else? For decades, scientific inv failed to yield much light and relied more on imagination than the facts.

However re- search over the last half century has begun to re- veal its secrets. It dates from around the 1st century B.C. and is the most soph- isticated mechan- ism known from the ancient world. Nothing as complex is known for the next thousand years. The Antikythera Me- anism is now understood to be dedicated- astronomical phenomena and operates a- complex mechanical "computer" wh tracks the cycles of the Solar System.



THE KATANA KILLINGS

Others on this case:
Edmund "King" Taylor
Cherry Dean, Rod Don-
ovan, Dana Young, Lola Booker, Harry
J. Peters, Sally Juniper.

Suspect gifted
Unique Collectables
to each victim.
Psyche significance?
OCD?

Very Interesting case!!
Profiling needed.

Dear Bob,

Hope you are in fine spirits, my friend. It had been a long time since you had given me a painting to appreciate. I dare say Bob; it's a fine comeback by you. A William Munt original! Who in his/her right mind gifted you this absolute stunner. Yes, it's an original. I painstakingly dated it and the preservation techniques are unmistakably of the Manchester City Art Gallery. I worked there during the great Renaissance Art Triage*. Now, really Bob, you are either getting a lot of criminals caught or you have become one of them. "Must think like them", as you always put it.

ways, I could go on and tell you my views on the painting like a responsible curator at the New York State museum or I could tell you I personally feel about the painting. Considering the fact that you ed me out of my wits' ends by acquiring this stunning Raphaelite by sheer luck, I shall take the liberty to tell you what I finally feel about this authentic William Holman Munt.

else it'll just seem to be a pre- Raphaelite masterpiece, of colors, the innocuous characters, the attention to detail ddy, its beauty lies in the subliminal messages. ght this painting was Munt's attempt to tell us about ure. Maybe he could foresee what was going to happen to our society the world in general. Look at the girl's face. Look how desperate and sad she longs for the guy. A clear indication of her having succumbed to peer pressure. She is pricked by guilty conscience for she knows not if being there in the woods with the shepherd was the right thing to do. The guy depicting the our teenage daughter's typical date. An irresponsible shepherd who has left his flock unattended. A person who is dumb enough to neglect his work yet smart enough to take advantage of the girl's desperation. The sheep eating the apple completes the circle of the woman and apple. First the woman ate the apple, then came man, who then ate the lamb who ate the apple. The empty water cask on the man's waist, prophesizes the scarcity of water and the subsequent world war that could occur. I hope you are still with me on this.

Having said all that Bob, do you know what really touches me about this painting? The way Munt has portrayed us. Yes, we are the lone sheep that stays away from the crowd, trying to break on through to the other side. We are the one who so desperately try to open the doors to the known and the unknown. I guess I ll have to take your leave now for I am emotionally overwhelmed right now.

I hope this stunning painting captures a nice place near the fireplace. I will sending you the authentication results soon.

Alfred Pennyworth

*Triage: That's french for "sorting". Fancy gimmicks eh?



The Hireling Shepherd
Original art piece
by William Holman Hunt

Police Department

Form 2-18

FOR INTER-DEPARTMENTAL USE ONLY

(Please type or print clearly)

Name KUACS, Walter Joseph

Address TUNSIDT

Born 3/21/40

Mothers name KUACS, Sylvia Joanna (nee GLICK)

Fathers name Unknown

DETAILS OF ARREST

COPIES:

LEFT THUMB PRINT

RIGHT THUMB PRINT

Personal Remarks:

In all of my 15 year long career, this is the strangest case I have encountered yet. The role of law being one of retribution and judgement, how can you blame anyone for a predetermined future? And why can only some see this future? And if indeed they have, then why can't they change it? And if they do, then what future did they see? If there is a God, then he must give this gift very judiciously, to only t need it most, like in a medical triage* s; Too many Cassandras implies a world without causality, responsibility order. That world has no place for me. *Triage: To sort patients based on need avalability of medical supplies.

(If second sheet is needed refer to Form 1)

THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX: THE UNSOLVED ENIGMA

BY DR.SASSY FROOD

For years , the best of our profession have struggled to locate the origin of the psychological disorder we have now come to know as the Cassandra complex. The disorder takes it's name from the eponymous greek mythological character Cassandra. According to the legend, Cassandra was the daughter of King Priam and Queen Hecuba of Troy. Her sensuous beauty captivated Apollo, the Greek Sun God, who granted her the power of prophecy, however when she spumed her divine lover, he cursed her: no mortal soul would ever believe her prophecies. The malediction led Cassandra to be aware of all the terrible events that were going to unfold but helpless as no one would believe her and was unable to change the course of events.

Similar to the legend, the disorder is characterized by the subject claiming to possess knowledge of the future, a degree of paranoia, occasional hysteria and a tendency to react violently to disbelief of their predictions. The disease seems to manifest in varying degrees of severity. In it's least harmful manifestation, the subject is calm, shows no other signs of abnormal conduct, and with repeated therapeutic sessions, can be absolved of the delusion. The next level of severity is characterized by violent fits of hysteria, loud exclamations of their predictions. In almost all known cases, the subjects have had to be institutionalized. The final level, often called the Advanced Cassandra Disorder (ACD), curiously, is characterized by the subject making no vocal

proclamations about their predictions, but are filled with a relentless desire to see their silent foretellings come true. The subjects often go to surprising extremes to make certain events occur exactly as they have predicted, right down to every minute detail. All known cases of subjects with this severity have committed suicide, or have been killed in the most bizarre fashion. Very often the method of death has been meticulously orchestrated by the subjects themselves.

Opinions as to the origins and the cause of the disorder vary from the mundane to the far-fetched. Freudian analyst, Melanie Klein suggests that it arises out of the human moral conscience, the guiding force which tries to foretell and prevent "the destructive influences of the cruel super-ego." The Jungian school of thought present another perspective. Researcher Laurie Layton Schapira delineates three factors which constitute the Cassandra complex based on clinical experience: 1. dysfunctional relationships with the "Apollo archetype" 2. emotional or physical suffering, including hysteria or 'women's problems', and 3. being disbelieved when attempting to relate the facticity of these experiences to others . The most outlandish view however belongs to one Dr.Zaphod, who calls himself a parapsychologist. He believes that these subjects are actually able to perceive events utilizing a vestigial region of lower cerebellum, which he claims lights up with activity on an MRI every time a subject supposedly has these visions.

Whatever the cause may be, the consensus is that the current state-of-the-art is ill-equipped to deal with this disorder. All traditional approaches have failed and unless we see a paradigm-shift in our treatment techniques , these cases will go untreated and the disorder will remain an enigma.

Day: 3rd March, 2008.

Time: 7 AM.

Sunny, Humid.

Vision B-day.

5 PM- I leave for his Mansion.

11:30:23- I wait at east gate for the right moment. I see a shooting star. I wish none of this will happen. I jump the fence when both cameras are looking away. The Kalasa pokes me below the left-ribs. It hurts.

11:32:10- I find the power relay box. I realize that I've forgotten to bring a screw-driver. I use the pen-knife to cut the power cables. All security systems go offline.

11:40:30- I see him dining at his enormous table. There are three candles lit. One of them is shorter by half and covered in molten wax from some other night. It starts to rain. I gulp. He turns. I dash to his chair and knock him unconscious.

11:42:08- I bind his legs with duct-tape. I am tying his hands when the butler enters and drops the platter in shock. All that expensive salad spills. He runs into hallway. I throw the pen-knife at his neck. He just falls without making a sound. I finish with the duct-tape and drag him to the art room.

my William Hunt painting just where i saw it before.
Soon it will have blood splattered on it.

11:52:10- He comes around. Starts to hunch and wiggle around. I bind him to the rosewood table. His head drops the vase to the ground. It falls and cracks. I club his face with the hilt of the Kalasa. He starts to bleed from the nose. He stops shaking. I tell him that

11:56:22- I place the Desert Eagle 0.50 in front of him after showing the only bullet in it. I remove the gag and cut the duct-tape. I go to the far end of the hall.

11:57:00- I hear the sirens. I realize I hadn't cut the phone-lines. He asks me something. I remember that he wasn't saying anything at midnight. So I hush him down and tell him that I'm not sure if he should be saying it hat.

12:00:02- The clock chimes loud. I run toward him in haste. I swing the sword.