

ATTENTION:

Suffolk Police

P. D. N.Y.

and Press

the 1st Saturday  
of August 1977

I must get this job done.  
This is the last assignment, the last mission. Once it is finished I will be of no use to John Car and I will be destroyed.

I do not fear death for I do not wish to go back to my apartment, ever. Never again will I have to give my life to Craig.

However, I will do my best to come out of this alive because as one columnist said, "someone must pay for these horrendous crimes."

From the Bronx to Water Mill, New York no soul shall be safe.

I would also like to meet with the task force personally, not that I have anything to say to them but its only fair we meet face to face. I wonder if they will take me on a brief tour of their war room?

Perhaps the hidden secrets of the Car house will never be known. Those hideous blood monsters who lurk in the woodwork and under

those rotting floor boards, yes, they will still live on.

At this time Craig is awaiting as anxiously by his T.V., ready to take command.

Bullets crackle in a quiet town. The sounds of running feet and screams of anguish fill the air. Huge streams of blood travel down curvaceous buttocks, bosoms bouncing, bullets flying into the night coldly seeking flesh and bone, yes, its terror in the night. Sergeant Craig is terror!

Who has brought the wrath to this town? Where is the "Great Lord Bloomingdale's" their saviour. Why has God forsaken this ~~to~~<sup>3</sup> place?

For truly there has never been peace in the Ham Hamptons, inner peace I mean. They aren't a sensual people but they are ~~fat~~ filled with rage and jealousy.

So let New Yorkers everywhere gather together, gather to - battle the unseen

forces that roam their neighborhoods  
at night and seek to imprison  
their children in coffins. Let them  
hunt & down the son of Sam and  
the mysteries thereof!

Truly nobody knows what time it  
is. For the end of Sam is drawing  
nigh. Yet, the police continue to  
hunt and trap. ~~not knowing the~~  
The Inspector continues to work  
feverishly trying to unravel the  
mystery but, would he dare to  
believe that by sunrise of the  
next morning he will be holding  
that .44. ~~The son~~

The curtain always closes quickly  
when the stars walk off or die.

In the aftermath the <sup>Hamptons</sup> Chamber of  
Commerce will have to count their  
dead and file a report. Reporters will  
be swarming the streets snapping  
pictures of dark red spots on  
the ground which symbolize where  
people once stood. Perhaps a

big tall cop with an empty .38 will  
be playfully kicking in the ribs of  
the son of Sam with his shiny  
shiny boot. Hell be enjoying those  
sodistic delights and hell be looking  
on with satisfaction at his prized  
catch.

~~In the aftermath~~

In a short time things will be  
back to normal and if you go  
into a love's lane at night  
you'd be able to here the sound  
of dozens of car springs ~~squeaking~~  
in unison. Then you will know  
that there is peace in the world.

X