

NYC 73rd Street - Sometimes you hear creepy sounds, thats normal you think. Sometimes bad odors, smells from hell, is it normal you think.

When this happens a lot you live in a building like this. A building where people are killed on the double, and for no reason at all. Their heads in bags, the cleaners that turned in to front desk all to quick after missing staffs, walk around and tell each other to make sure the head is in the bag.

Freely, openly, like always. Yes .. I kill anyone I please at any time. I admit it and I know you are recording me again they will loudly call out after you witness something. Something horrible, something sad, something so very very sad and so very very dangerous.

It was sunny yet moldy, was it the weather? It was not cold but it seemed to be and there was mist, a lot of mist. I walked out the door in to the street and saw them. To the left side of me a man was bending over in to a huge massive incredibly big AC. Deeper deeper the other man said "or she will die" "or she will die".

The man in suit kept brushing and soaping, and the man who leaned over him so much bigger then him was a staff member. I recognized him, It was Eddie. Eddie made this man work hard. A man strangely in a good looking suit.

What strange I thought, I walked further, and said somethings on my phone I like to do that to keep track. Then I turned around and saw them going in side Eddie pushing the poor man in, I realized I should go find out more and perhaps help.

I walked in and to the back where they where in the elevator before me, so while they went where they went, I watched what number it was. I took the other elevator to the same floor. Floor 13.

When I got out, I firstly checked if the drops of water would be there, the AC was soaking wet. They where. So this was the place they got off. Then I noticed the apt door across the elevator was punched through like it was done by a bear on drugs and then locked by same.

Punching sounds, murder sounds. Oh I thought what happened. To my left the apt on the direct left to the elevators screamed for help. A man yelled "no no I don't know who they are" and "I only work for them" while I heard Eddie and David and another man kill him.

I ran and told.. Thats all I can do, tell report, inform. But when am I ever done ?

A new address, a new life? - My "Easy plant" plants are watered by a mysterious burglar. My hair painted orange and cut strangely. Stains appear where no stains should be. Locked doors wide open. The apartment a mess. Unsanitary things. Things break, are misplaced. Yes definitely. Burglaries again.

A creepy text from a rough looking gang member, dare I say black. I must. He would get away if I did not. While he makes it look like we communicate in sex text and I immediately threaten to call the police, he just hangs at the front desk of my so very class new building with an extremely buff woman, and in the recreation room. I added security to my door. But is it enough?

This is how rape works now a days. A fake text, and they are free to go. Your just a stupid forgetful hooker, or a hooker that likes to lie about it, OR lie she likes to be raped and beaten half to death, cut also. There is a law that says you can cut a woman if she likes it. Works like a charm.