

## Johnny Serial

Sometimes I just don't know whether to laugh or cry. What is it with all you stupid fuckers? Every time a new serial killer pops up, you all look so fucking perplexed. Except if you're getting used to it, but that's even worse. So lets all give him a warm hand, Johnny Serial, our latest TV star. You all get off on watching the reports about him. Oh boy, seems like our Johnny Serial is a really twisted fuck, what, they say he even has sex with the mutilated bodies after torturing his victims to death. Bad boy! Oh yeah, you tell it. Sitting in your living room, staring at the TV, you instantly proclaim judgement over someone you've only known for 30 seconds, and from hearsay, for toppings. Do you know what Johnny's childhood was like? Of course you do, my mistake, you are of course a "cultivated" individual who knows that serial killers and all those other crazy people are usually rooted in "bad" childhoods. Or maybe videogames, or rap music. They keep telling you on TV, so you surely know. Poor babies. But what the fuck do you really know? Enter Johnny, 28 years old, healthy, smart, maybe even slightly above average but nothing special. He doesn't have many real friends, but then, who does. Maybe you've seen him around. One day Johnny goes out and kidnaps Jenny, 17 and sweet as a candy bar, right off the street. He drags her to some solitary place, and despite her begging for mercy, he cuts off her fingers and shoves them up her anus one by one before pouring battery acid down her throat and watching her slowly decompose alive. My, my Johnny, what the fuck have you done now? And more importantly, why? In Gods name, why? Ah, wouldn't you all like to know. Maybe if you knew, maybe then you could have stopped Johnny, eh? Save poor Jenny, eh? But you didn't. You didn't pay attention, did you? Maybe Johnny told someone what he feels, heck, maybe he even wrote something on the fucking Internet. Perhaps if someone had bothered to write Johnny an email, then Jenny would be alive now. But nobody paid attention. Nobody took the time to look far enough beyond his own pathetic existence and reach out to Johnny in need. See, there was once a guy who wrote this mediocre book called "Mein Kampf", heard about it? Probably, but have you read it? Like, maybe to understand what you're talking about when you go spouting your high morale opinions about that guy? Why bother. And worse, none of the idiots who read it back in the thirties really bothered to try and understand, either. This guy was quite clearly saying that he was going to kill a shitload of innocent people because he felt it was the right thing to do. Says so, right there in his book. Did anyone read it? Yes, plenty. But did anyone stop him? No. Somehow reminds me of Johnny. Perhaps Johnny has some deep issues, not your basic "boo-hoo, my daddy touched me down there" bullshit, but something actually complex, not so fucking stereotypical. Maybe Johnny suffers in ways you don't even imagine, or maybe he knows things you never will. Do you bother to talk to Johnny, look out for Johnny? No. You bunch of careless, superficial drones really deserve him. All you can do is keep staring at the TV and comment on how terrible this is, yet another victim found, how could he, what a disturbed young man, poor baby, whatever. I got news for you. Johnny cares even less, and he'll be coming for you, because you didn't understand a thing now, did you?