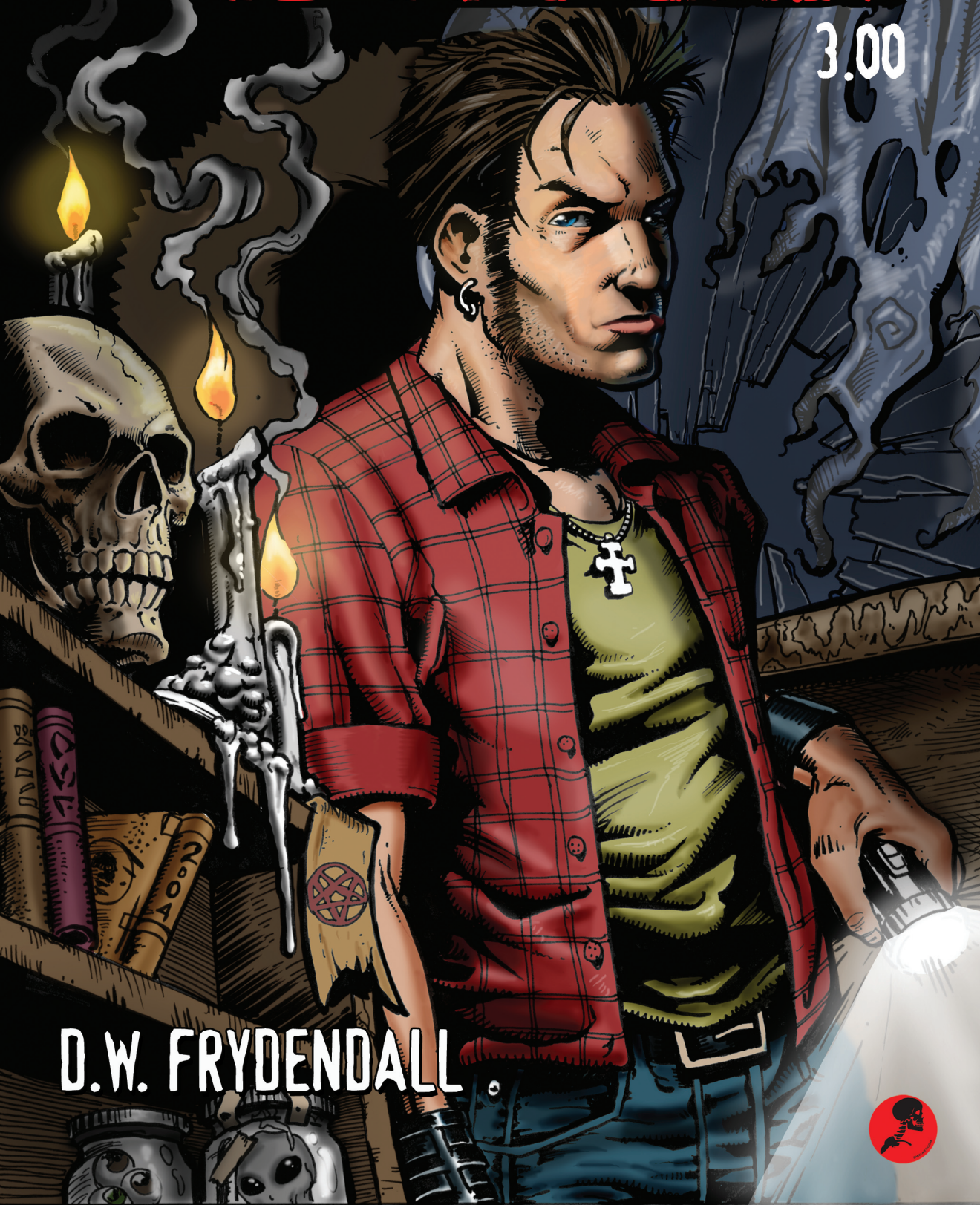


  
**BSP**  
**1**

# THE JOURNALS OF ROHAUSER

3.00



**D.W. FRYDENDALL**

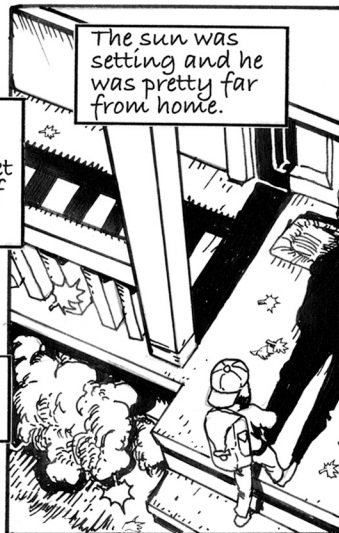




Jimmy Ortega didn't want to have anything to do with the magazine drive at school.

But Mom always told him to be more "extroverted" and get out from in front of that damn T.V. set.

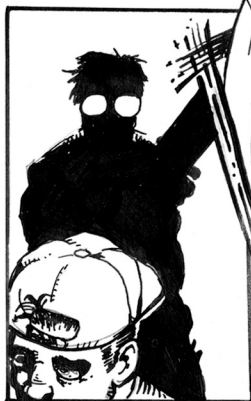
He was quite happy with himself. Why couldn't she be?



The sun was setting and he was pretty far from home.



One more house and he'd go home.



Jimmy Ortega never knew what hit him--



-- as everything he was got splashed out--



--under the calm fall sunset.



March 15th

At 6:30 in the morning I can think of a thousand other places I'd rather be.

Rob's Diner is not one of them.

I got the call last night around 10:30 from Sid.

As usual Sid didn't give me any details.

My new "client" had some legal problem.

"Easy job" Sid assured me.

Sid wouldn't know easy if it popped out of the toilet and bit his ass.

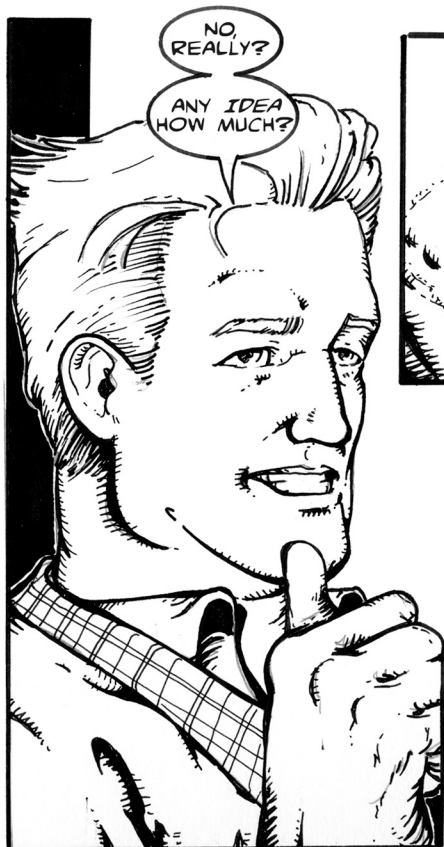
He'd better hurry up. I'd like to eat sometime soon.

C4/45









I'm a firm believer in harsh reality. People like him deserve total honesty.

I think he realized that as he got up and left without a word.





I've really got to talk to Sid about the types of clients I deal with.

These "one hour wonders" I've been getting lately won't pay the bills.



I'LL HAVE THE PUMPKIN PANCAKES WITH TOMATO JUICE AND ICE-TEA.

THANKS.



Getting the information from my police contact took all of 10 minutes.

My client's bills were really racking up from the job.

I had nothing to do for the rest of the day so I decided to check on Jeremy Dugan, AKA "Mr. Hit and Run" at his Pasadena address.

Granted, I had no need to do this. My client didn't even ask me to, but I got a positive I.D. he'd appreciate it a little bit more when it was time to pay.

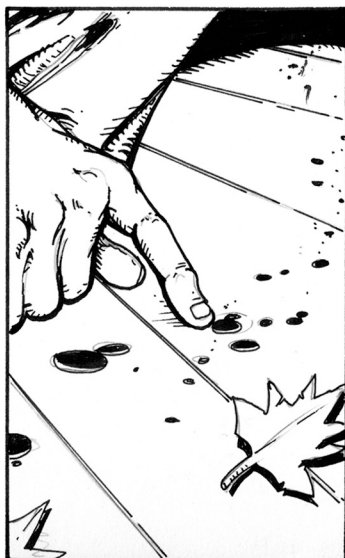
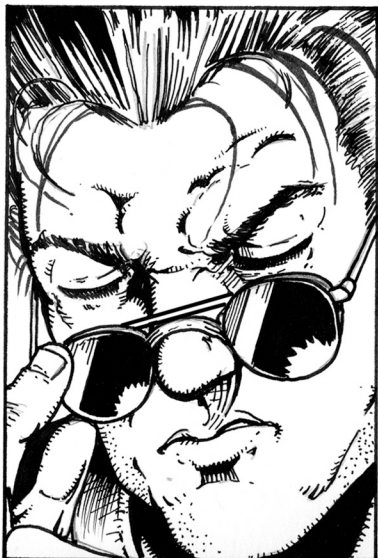
I was going to pretend I was from UNICEF or something....

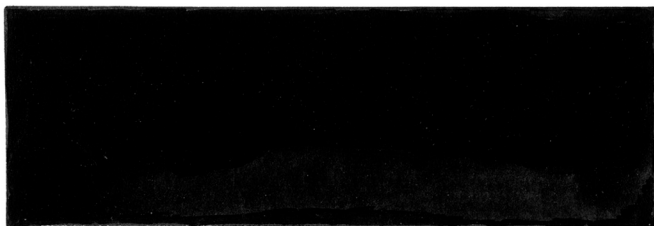
KNOK  
KNOK  
KNOK





It all started when I  
dropped the paper with  
the address...







When I came to I was overwhelmed by the acidic smell of vomit. Getting knocked out usually does that to you.

My head hurt like hell. I felt the crusted blood on my brow and realized I'd been knocked out.

Sid's words came back like taunting children to my throbbing head...

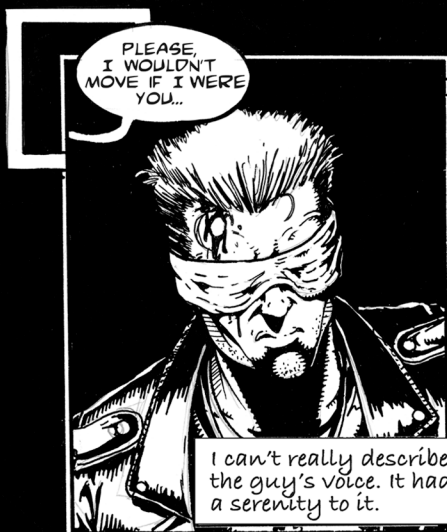
... "easy job" ...

I instantly realized that my hands were bound to a chair, then I remembered the dried blood on the porch.

This guy had done this before...

"easy job"

Better get the hell out of here. I didn't know what was going on, but I was starting to get more than a little creeped out.



PLEASE,  
I WOULDN'T  
MOVE IF I WERE  
YOU...

I can't really describe  
the guy's voice. It had  
a serenity to it.



...I'LL ONLY  
HIT YOU  
HARDER.

As pain exploded  
across my head I  
started to get  
pissed. Actually I  
was more pissed  
then scared, and  
his condescending  
tone didn't help my  
temper whatsoever.



SO, AH...  
WH-

PLEASE  
BE QUIET.

LORD, ACCEPT  
THE SOUL OF  
THIS LOST SHEEP  
I SEND TO  
THEE.

Great... A crazy  
Christian. No hope of  
talking sense here.  
I've been told by  
many people that  
they were going to  
kill me...

...but in this compromising position I  
realized that this guy was crazy AND  
serious, and meant every word he said.



I...HYUK...  
THINK YOU'RE  
FULL OF SHIT.

YOU THINK  
I'M FULL OF  
SHIT, HUH?



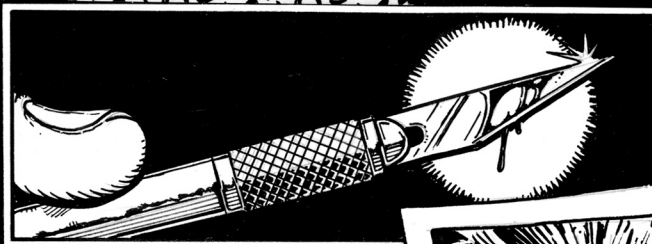
What he did  
next still makes  
me shudder. I  
felt a length  
of...something...  
unravel in my  
lap.

I could feel the  
oily liquid seep  
slowly through  
my jeans.



The smell itself  
was beyond  
any conception  
I had of Hell.

That old game I  
used to play at  
Halloween parties  
as a kid popped  
into my head.



MAYBE I  
GAVE YOU SOME  
LOCAL  
ANESTHETIC.

PERHAPS I  
TOOK THIS LITTLE  
EXACTO BLADE TO  
YOUR BELLY...

When he said that whatever was  
in my lap slid onto the floor with  
a slap.







--MAYBE I  
MADE A 'T' SHAPED  
INCISION ABOVE  
YOUR WAIST-  
LINE.



AND REACHED  
IN WITH  
MY FINGER...



PISS  
OFF!



I WOULD HAVE  
DIED FROM SHOCK  
ALLREADY...



--AND I'M NOT  
GETTING DIZZY, SO  
I CAN'T BE BLEEDING  
ALL OVER THE  
PLACE.



YOU RUN A  
PRETTY GOOD  
LINE OF PSYCHO  
CRAP THOUGH...

...I'LL  
GIVE YOU  
THAT.



SHUT  
UP!

SHUT  
UP!

SHUT  
UP!



Whoa! I guessed I hit a sore  
spot. I just sat concentrating  
and waited until this current  
wave of beatings was over.

I was surprised he only hit me twice.



Although I could taste ample amounts of blood, all of my teeth were accounted for.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.



YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE GUY'S FACE I GOT THESE FROM.

HIS HOLLOW EYES...JUST STARING...

--YOU SEE, I TOOK HIS EYES, SO HE COULDN'T FIND HIS WAY BACK FROM HELL.

IT'S MY DIVINE DUTY TO DO THIS...



--AND TO TELL MY PREY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO...

--BEFORE I SEND THEM TO HELL.



GOD APPOINTED ME TO DO SO.

HE REALLY DID.



BUT ENOUGH TALK...

















WHA?!?

--PRETTY STRANGE, HUH?

SO...

GRRR...

GNFF...

--HRUH?

KIKRAK

AAAAAA!

THAT'S IT!

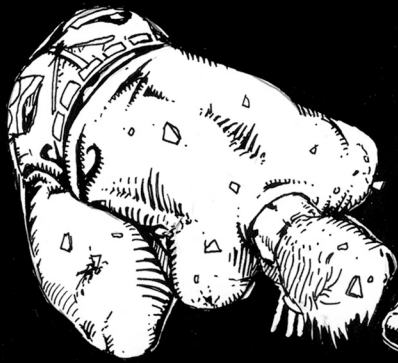
I'M SICK OF THAT CRAP!

...UH-UH GOD...

WHAT'S  
NEXT, YOU  
ASK?

WELL...

MAYBE I'LL  
SKIN YOU  
ALIVE.



THAT WOULD  
BE PAYBACK  
FOR MY HEAD  
ACHE.

BUT YOU  
WON'T SCREAM,  
BECAUSE I MAY  
TAKE YOUR  
TONGUE.

HELL, I'LL  
TAKE YOUR  
WHOLE FLAPPIN'  
JAW.

WHAT TURNED  
YOU INTO "MR.  
CRAZY CHRISTIAN  
GUY" ANYWAY?



...GOD,  
PLEASE  
HELP ME...

...I WANT  
TO BE  
SAFE...



...JUST  
MAKE HIM  
GO AWAY...

...I'VE  
DONE MY  
JOB...



...PLEASE  
GOD...

...I  
DESERVE  
IT...



YOU DO  
DESERVE IT  
JEREMY...

...I  
THINK HE'D  
AGREE.







## Police Find Elusive Serial Killer's "House of Horrors"

■ **Crime:** Police officials on scene describe the house and its contents as most horrible thing they've ever seen.

By Jon Phillips

PASADENA- Police reported to a call concerning noises coming from the house of one Jeremy D. ...id-afternoon

I just couldn't stand it..."

Police psychologists were called in to talk several officers through the traumatic scene which was displayed before them, the horror... will