

PHILOMENA DI ILIO - MARIO DI ILIO

Lake Town Murders



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**LAKE
TOWN
MURDERS**

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There was no way she was going to stay one more night in that mental institution. Tonight was the night to get out or she'd have to stay there forever. She had been thinking about it for months mentally rehearsing everything she would do and when and above all to whom over and over again in her mind.

It was Saturday night and it was almost midnight. On the first floor of Greenwood Mental Institution there were only two nurses and one doctor on duty because there had been a flu epidemic in the clinic and many nurses had called in sick. On that floor there were usually five nurses and a doctor. She decided that now was the perfect moment to fake a serious hysterical fit and to make it as real as possible because there wouldn't be any other chances if she blew it. The patient began screaming at the top of her lungs " help, help I can't breathe!" Nurse Clare was the nearest to her room so she arrived in less than a minute later asking what was wrong. She walked into room 145 after having unlocked the door with her usual pass key. Just as she stepped into the room the nurse felt a heavy blow on her head and passed out almost immediately hitting her head violently against the cold tiled floor. The

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patient wasted no time at all as she quickly closed the door behind her and briskly changed clothes with the nurse. She then put her in the bed and covered her from head to toe with a blanket trying to give the impression she was sleeping. After just a couple of minutes the patient had taken the place of the unfortunate nurse. The patient then quietly locked the door behind her and left the room. Theresa looked a lot like the nurse and had more or less the same clothing size as well as the same hair color so it was easy to slip past the security guard who was half asleep at the front entrance. Theresa had the nurse's car keys as well as her house keys on the key ring so it was quite simple to find the right car in the parking lot, seeing it was the only Toyota around. She got into the car and backed out of the parking area very slowly so as not to attract the attention of the other security guard at the front gate. As the car rolled up to the gate the guard took a very fast look recognizing it as nurse Clare's car and opened the gate without actually looking into the car to identify who was really driving. Having conveniently also stolen the nurse's handbag she had her address as well as her car keys so it wasn't long before

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she rolled up into the driveway of her modest house in the suburbs nearby. Theresa knew it might have been risky but she had found out beforehand that nurse Clare wasn't married and that she had always lived alone. Theresa stepped out of the car and walked to the front door of the house turned the house key and walked into the house as if it were actually hers. She really didn't have much time before they discovered that she had escaped so there wasn't any time to waste. She had to be out of there within the next ten minutes at the most or else she would risk getting caught again. Theresa went into the modestly furnished bedroom and found a small suitcase under the bed. She opened it and threw in some clothes that she thought might be useful. While she was rummaging around the bedroom, she also found 350 dollars in the top drawer of her dresser near the window. It wasn't much but it might come in handy she thought as she slipped them into a light brown handbag she had found in the closet. Moments later after having switched off all the lights and locked the front door she slipped into the stolen car and drove off heading south along interstate 46. As she drove hastily along the

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road she finally noticed she almost had a full tank of gas in the cheap Japanese sedan. This was good news because she didn't want to stop at a gas station to fuel up because at most service stations there were closed circuit cameras all over the place. She would just drive as far as she could without ever stopping for gas, there was no other way. Her main concern was to get as far away as she could from the mental institution, that's all that mattered now. When she finally got onto the state highway it was about one thirty in the morning. She had slept in the afternoon before escaping so she was still wide awake. Theresa drove constantly for hours in a sort of trance thinking about her past life of what she did wrong and of what she intended doing in the future. She remembered how she'd been forced to get rid of her ex-boyfriend because he had been cheating on her and the only way to get even was to eliminate him. Theresa didn't want to but he had it coming. She had warned him more than once but he just wouldn't stop going out with other girls so it was just inevitable. She of course was soon caught afterwards, trailed and declared mentally insane and sentenced to stay no less than 20 years in a

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mental institution. People in town thought she was completely out of her mind but she was absolutely convinced that she had no choice but to commit the murder. There was nobody on the streets and so she was able to keep a good constant speed driving a lot of miles with that little Japanese car. Now she was running out of gas so she had two choices or she had to stop at an all night gas station or just drive until the car ran out of fuel and basically ditch it somewhere. Well she decided that the best thing to do was to drive as far as she could without stopping anywhere. She had no gas left so she had to find a place to stop otherwise she would find herself blocked in the middle of nowhere. As she was looking for a place to hide the car she noticed a street sign on the side of the road indicating the next town coming up, it read Climax 10 miles ahead. She had to make it there absolutely so she drove slower so she would use less fuel as possible. Some minutes later she saw the street sign saying welcome to Climax population 60,000. She turned off the main road and slowly approached the town, honestly not really knowing what she would do now or where she would go. In front of her there was a bus that

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was slowing down and stopping at a bus stop just outside of town. It was now about seven o'clock on Sunday morning. The car suddenly started to stall so she was forced to turn into a small side road where she saw an old wooden sign that read Lake Wilson. The car just stopped at the end of the road right in front of a small lake near a modest looking cottage with a wooden picnic table in front of it. It was now daylight, the sun was rising but it was still rather chilly out even though it was the month of March. She stepped out of the car and noticed that a heavy fog was rolling in. Suddenly she thought it was the perfect moment to be able to get rid of the car. There was no one around so she got down to work as quickly as possible. She pulled her suitcase out of the trunk of the car as well as her handbag and pushed the car towards the lake taking advantage of a small slope. At first the car moved slowly as she pushed as hard as she could until it gained momentum and slowly disappeared in the cold water below while making just a small bubbling sound undoubtedly a lot less that she had expected. Now it was eight o'clock in the morning. She was hungry, tired and she needed a place where to stay and hide

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and organize her next move. Theresa was weary from her long journey and just barely managed to drag her suitcase to the bus stop which was just about a hundred and fifty feet away. In front of the bus stop there was an old wooden bench so she sat down and began to think how she would get to town. She was in danger of being stopped by the police or recognized by someone who could turn her in so she wore a dark pair of sunglasses. A few minutes later a small pick-up slowed down and stopped at the bus stop to ask if Theresa needed a lift or something. The young man who couldn't have been much older than 25 was leaning across as he lowered the passenger window and asked Theresa if she needed help. Theresa noticed he was very good looking. He had a pair of blue eyes and a small mustache and a slightly oversized nose that all in all didn't look too bad. He had wavy brown hair and a nice sounding voice too.

“Hey, hi there! Do you need a hand?”

Theresa hesitated a moment not knowing if she could trust him but something in that calm voice gave her the idea that she would be alright if she

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listened to him.

“Yeah I sure could. What time does the bus pass by that goes into town?”

“Well, I'm really not sure I never take the bus anywhere. I always drive. Listen what's the problem? I can give you a lift if you like, I'm going into town myself.”

Theresa smiled as she placed her suitcase into the back seat and slipped into the truck as quickly as she could almost as if she was afraid he would change his mind.

“Hi my name's Robert, Rob for my friends. What's your name?”

“My name's ... I'm...” Theresa didn't know what to say. She couldn't use her real name so she decided right on the spot to use the nurse's name it was the only thing that came to mind.

“My name's Clare.”

“Clare. That's a nice name. How did you end up at a bus stop at Climax Clare? Are you here to see someone like friends or relatives?”