

In February of 2114, a series of brutal murders shook the Hunts Point neighborhood of New York City. The grisly murder of four illegal African immigrant prostitutes was covered by the lower-class tabloids in detail. The more reputable papers, of course, had declined to cover the issue, deeming the topic too exploitative for a publication of their caliber. When the police later raided an unlicensed brothel on the corner of Coster and Ryawa, a few activist publications covered the raid in the context of the increasingly unstable racial situation in America. However, due to records of the raid being classified to the highest degree, most of the interested parties soon gave up and turned their attention to the increasingly unstable situation in San Francisco. By the time of the violence that captured San Francisco, the horrors of Hunts Point were long forgotten. Any officers from the Hunts Point incident have since been transferred out of New York City and into more rural areas. It is three years later, and I now seek to tell the whole truth about what happened at Hunts Point as per my own recollection.

Everything I am about to describe is true. While he may have been partially responsible for the deaths of the four prostitutes, Bodytek head Richard Han was not in fact their murderer. While Han's problems with substance abuse and womanizing are well-documented along with his emotional issues, this account will demonstrate that he did not commit any of the four murders. However, this document is not intended to be a legal record of the events that transpired. Rather, it is an attempt to exorcise the truth from my mind so that I may peacefully live the same lie that everyone else involved has lived. I was one of the NYPD officers involved in the Hunts Point situation. When I was transferred out of the area, I always viewed it as a mercy rather than a cover-up. While I have always believed that the truth was the greatest moral good, I bear a truth that is so horrifyingly painful that I have no recourse but to put it out in writing so that someone else may discover my record of events and bear the truth for themselves. It is not an easy truth to bear- rather, it is absolutely horrifying to consider how such a pernicious evil infested the cultural capitol of America. It is even more horrifying to imagine that the evil may still in fact exist, with myself and my brothers in the 41st Precinct only having discovered the tip of the proverbial iceberg.

Even before the horror, Hunts Point was always a troubled neighborhood. Poverty was the norm, with the buildings in poor repair and the people in even worse condition. The main industry of Hunts Point had always been vice, with pimps and pushers almost everywhere you turn. To that extent, it was popular with outsiders, with people coming in, looking for a hookup of the chemical or sexual variety. While these outsiders certainly were of a pleasant disposition, one look in the eyes of the natives showed either rabid desperation or a silent resignation to their impoverished fate. The few legitimate jobs in the neighborhood were family-run Laundromats, restaurants, and corner stores. The produce market had been closed down following an outbreak of foodborne illness some fifty years ago, and the government-run waste management plant made it a point to avoid hiring the locals.

It had traditionally been dominated entirely by latinos, certainly as far back as I can recall. However, with an uptick of violence in Africa, many refugees found themselves in Hunts Point. Most often they were smuggled over for work in the district's main industry. This caused a growing racial tension over the year prior to the horror and it was apparent that the ones fleeing the violence had instead brought it with them. While violence was always an inevitable element in a district built on sin, gang violence became even more common. Myself and the others 41st Precinct were already ill-

equipped, no doubt in part to the Mayor's advisors telling him that a total crackdown on the illegal industries of Hunts Point would only serve to destroy what little of the neighborhood's economy remained. With the surge of racial violence, we were entirely understaffed and undersupplied. To make matters worse, many of the murder victims we had to process had zero documentation, forcing us to give them numbers rather than names. The moral toll was immense. By the time of the horror, most of us were jaded, bitter, and desperate. Our black uniforms didn't symbolize safety and security like our brothers in the 17th precinct, nor did they come to instill fear and respect like our brothers in the 76th. Instead, they embodied the same despair and desperation that covered all of Hunts Point.

For me, the horror began the morning of February 15th, where my partner and I had been called to the Hunts Point Hotel. It was a known hotspot for prostitute activity, where working girls would take their johns. It was a spot of personal frustration for me and the other officers, because only the prostitutes' names would be listed in the guest registry, never the john's. This made investigation into the soliciting of sex near impossible. It was excellent business for the hotel, however, which is why it was one of the few buildings in the area that was actually in excellent upkeep. It was a nondescript, two-story building that took up about a third of a block, right next to a set of brick condos shared by the hotel owner and the owner of the strip club on the other side of the block. A faded mural coated one wall, showcasing the vibrant hispanic spirit of the community. The neon sign on the front was off, and a hastily hand-written "no vacancy" note was placed on the front door window.

I distinctively remember stepping out of the car to see Officer Richard Malley standing at the entrance to the motel, face as white as a ghost. He was staring into space and smelled of vomit, and it took a moment for him to acknowledge my presence. When he did, he told me what had happened: Earlier in the morning, the hotel's one maid, responding to complaints from another guest, went to room 207. When no one answered her knock on the door, she entered it and found a dead body. She had gone to the manager at the front desk, who came up to look at the situation before immediately calling the police. Officer Malley and his partner both arrived on the scene. Malley was so horrified by the crime scene that he had lost his breakfast on sight- his partner was still inside, protecting the crime scene while Malley opted to wait outside and see to it that no one got in or out.

As my partner and I entered the hotel lobby, we were greeted by the owner, Hector Morales Jr., a short, stocky man with a pencil mustache, wide-rimmed glasses, and a horrible comb-over. The vice detectives knew him well- he was a sleazy, scummy, amoral type. A few years ago, the body of a prostitute was found in a dumpster a few blocks down. While it was obvious that "Junior" as he was known as, had nothing to do with the killing, it was strongly suspected that he had helped dispose of the body. Of course, none of that was apparent now. Junior was obviously upset by whatever he had seen in room 207: he was sweating bullets and shaking at the same time. He didn't even greet my partner and I, but instead muttered directions to room 207. Unable to make it out, we asked him if he could guide us there instead. He cringed, and opened a drawer to root through his desk. Not sure what he was looking for or if he even heard us, I reached for my baton. However, Junior quickly produced a rosary from the drawer before closing it up again. He nodded, and lead us up the stairs and down the hall.

Outside of room 207 was Officer Michael Bradley. Bradley opened the door for us, while Junior scurried back downstairs. "Careful, it's a real mess in there," he warned us. He wasn't joking, either. The first thing that hit us was the smell of Officer Malley's vomit. I cringed in disgust. I also observed that the room was colder than the rest of the building, no doubt in part to a winter breeze coming in through an open window. But most importantly, there was the blood. It coated the bedsheets, and a trail of it went down across the floor and into the bathroom. At that moment, my partner and I were likely both more than aware that whatever we would discover in the bathroom would be horrifying. From where we were standing, all we could see of it was the blood trail leading to it. We followed it into the bathroom, where we finally found the body, or at least what was left of it.

There are no words that can properly describe the scene in the bathroom or the level of shock, revulsion, and dread that came over us when we saw it. I still see it sometimes, in my restless dreams. While this period of terror had a number of horrors, this was perhaps the most vividly shocking. Perhaps the only mercy in all of this was that the blood and gore seemed to blur together in a vivid crimson mess. The white tiled bathroom floor was covered in a mesh of blood, with some small chunks of flesh and pieces of skin. Blood was splattered on all the walls, even in the mirror. The stench of death and decay was overwhelming even now. But worst of all was the bathtub. In it was a ghastly pile of human flesh- severed limbs, mangled intestines, and broken bone all soaked in human blood.

Later investigation revealed the body to be that of "Cherry", the prostitute who signed for the hotel room. Cherry's real name was never known. Questioning the other girls who had been working that night (who had mentioned hearing Cherry scream, but assumed it to be rough sex) led to the revelation that Cherry was an undocumented African refugee. The details were faint, but she had supposedly run away from her brothel and was hooking independently. No one came to claim the remains, and no next of kin could be found.

The official story regarding the first killing was pieced together from the autopsy and crime scene investigation, as well as sworn statements from the Junior and other prostitutes. The story was not pieced together until after the supposed suicide of Richard Han. Supposedly, Han and Cherry signed into the Hunts Point Hotel at roughly 11:30 PM on February 14th. They went up to Room 207, Cherry's regular room. There, Han consumed the designer drug "Berserker," a cocktail of stimulants ingested through an inhaler, before engaging in rough intercourse with Cherry. Under the influence of Berserker and in the throes of passion, Han produced a knife and slit Cherry's throat while in mid-intercourse, killing her. From there, Han took her body into the bathroom, and dismembered her body. Soon after he finished, Han came down from his high, and seeing what he had done, quickly got dressed and fled the room, rushing out the front desk around midnight without ever bothering to check out.

There are a number of reasons why this story is untrue. First off, Junior's statement was not made until after Han's suicide. Combined with his sale of the hotel and retiring to Texas shortly after giving the statement, I can only assume that Junior was paid a copious deal of money for his word. During our investigation, Junior told us that he was not at the front desk at all. Instead, it was Carlita, a former dancer at the club down the street who had wanted honest work after she had gotten pregnant.

Carlita had told us that she had recognized the man Cherry had entered with, and who left the hotel in such a hurry due to what she believed at the time was cold feet.

He was a divorced white middle-aged salaryman from Long Island by the name of Michael Scottsvale. Scottsvale, according to Carlita, was a long-time patron of her club, but was always nervous and awkward and often times too meek to buy himself a lapdance. We visited Scottsvale later in the day. Once his panic attack had subsided, he claimed that after going up to his room with Cherry, he realized he had forgotten a condom. He went to the condom machine and came back to find Cherry missing and the sheets soaked in blood, with a trail leading into the bathroom. Spooked, Scottsvale fled the scene immediately. Following Han's suicide, both Carlita and Scottsvale's statements were both somehow expunged from our records.

The testimony of the various investigators is also fraudulent. First, the many scans and searches of Room 207 never produced any illegal narcotics, least of all berserker. Second, the initial autopsy showed that Cherry's death was much more gruesome. For starters, saying her throat was "slit" is a vast understatement. It appeared as if her throat was ripped open. Both carotid arteries had been severed, along with the jugular veins. This was not the first wound, however: the autopsy showed that the first wounds were on the collarbone and breast, meaning that the assailant was more than likely clawing for the throat with some form of hook weapon. Blood spatter analysis shows that the body was very quickly moved from the bed into the bathroom, meaning she did not likely bleed out from her throat wound until after her assailant brought her over and began dismembering her.

From there, the dismemberment pattern was exceedingly bizarre. First, both arms were severed, including the shoulder. From there, the killer proceeded to remove both legs as well. The assailant proceeded to rip the body open at the waist using a hooked weapon. This weapon was then used to rip out the lower digestive tract as well as internal reproductive organs. The pelvic bone's connection to the spine was forcibly shattered, and it too was removed, albeit in pieces. With this done, everything remaining below the waist was removed and tossed into the bathtub. What remained of the body, the head, spine and upper torso were all also dumped into the bathtub. The coroners performing the autopsy compared it to a very crude, vicious surgery of sorts.

However, there is one final piece to all of this, a piece that almost certainly vindicates both Richard Han and Michael Scottsvale. As I stepped out of the bathroom, I noticed a few drops of blood separate from the normal trail. They seemed to drift off, forming a faint blood trail of their own. When the CSI team had arrived, I informed the blood splatter analyst. He later told me that even though he couldn't believe it, I was right. There was a small trail of blood drops coming out of the bathroom, back across the room, and going right out the wide-open second-story window.