

## Excerpts.

“Are you afraid, Father?”

“Only for your soul, my son.”

“My soul?” Obadiah’s quizzical tone is genuine, despite its cold, emotionless delivery. “You believe my soul is tainted with evil?”

“I do.” The priest moves closer to Obadiah’s side, trying to prove his absence of fear. He does it more for himself. “But through no fault of your own. There are people in this world who simply respond with hatred in the presence of goodness. They do so, not with blind malevolence, but simply because they lack awareness of their own evil and wish to avoid understanding it.”

“You believe I’m this way because I made a choice to extinguish the light in people’s lives? Because it revealed my darkness, therefore my pain of self-awareness? *Au contraire*, Padre. Think of me as an inevitable stage in human evolution. My pure entropy simply conflicts with your naive vision of goodness. Extremes such as you and I have to be locked in combat. It is as natural for evil to hate good as it is for good to hate evil. Wouldn’t you agree?”

In reality, people in Hell would never repent, having had their entire lives on Earth to do so. It is inconceivable that any punishment for those souls in Hell would ever change their minds. But a Hell comprised of those who would never repent poses a hypothetical notion. Would not a person repentant in Hell, have taken the

opportunity to do so on Earth before they died.

Obadiah gently slapped Red's cheeks to bring her round. She murmured slightly as reality slowly dawned on her, her body tensing with the veracity of her situation and how she had arrived here came flooding over her in waves. She worked her aching jaw from side to side, suddenly noticing the throbbing in her head. As she spoke, she tried to hide her fear, but the slight tremble in her voice seeped through.

"Please, you can take the money. Just don't hurt me. You don't have to do this."

"I don't have to, no." Obadiah smiled a baboon's smile that seemed to stretch from ear to ear. "Forgive my manners. I didn't ask you your name."

He had to admit, the smell of her fear was exhilarating. He hadn't experienced it in so long, not in such a raw, unbridled fashion. Tears silently streaked her face.

"No crying please. It's a waste of suffering."

Is it the *act* which is evil, or the *person* who commits it?

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**Case Number: 01020541/27**

**Subject: Stark, Obadiah James (a.k.a. The Tally Man) cont.**

**Victim history:**

During my time with Obadiah Stark, this author came to the conclusion that he fits firmly into the power/control classification of serial killer; killing for the derivation of pleasure and control. Obadiah displays neither incoherent nor delusionary behaviour, instead coming across as an articulate and highly intelligent individual with a typically sociopathic personality, lacking internal control, guilt or conscience but with a need to control and dominate others. The subject knew the difference between right and wrong, he just chose to ignore it.

Obadiah's **first** murder is believed to have been committed in 1988 at the age of twenty-three. The victim, Lauren Tolson, was found on 10<sup>th</sup> October 1988, just off Highway 90 in Louisiana. Her throat had been slashed, the cut going so deep as to almost sever her spinal column. There were no signs of sexual assault. She had been rolled inside an old carpet and left at the bottom of an embankment,

approximately five hundred yards from the highway.

The subject's next victim (**second**) was Angelina Tegan, a twenty-seven-year-old housewife from Monticello, Baton Rouge. Married with two children, her body was discovered on the 24<sup>th</sup> of November 1988 in a brownfield site just outside Monticello, her body half submerged in a pool of water with hands and legs still bound together. Her body was partially clothed, though once again no signs of sexual assault were present. Her throat had been cut almost through to the vertebrae and she had multiple stab wounds to her abdomen. This increase in ferocity indicates that the subject had still not developed the patience he would eventually demonstrate, instead inflicting the mortal wounds in a frenzied manner that implied anger or frustration.

It was 17<sup>th</sup> March 1989 that the body of Julie Robinson (**third victim**), a 25 year old student from Louisiana State University was found in a secluded part of the campus. She had been brutally stabbed eighteen times and left in overgrown section of the grounds.

Later that year, on the morning of 2<sup>nd</sup> July 1989, Obadiah stalked and murdered 28 year old supermarket worker Hazel DeMarco (**fourth victim**). Her body was found four days later in a field just outside St. Helena's Parish. One particularly disturbing aspect of her murder was

that, during her autopsy, the coroner determined that she had not died from the multiple stab wounds to her body but from strangulation. This meant that she had been alive when Obadiah had decided to make her death more intimate by physically using his own strength to take her life.

**Excerpt taken from interview with Obadiah Stark (dated 17th April 2010):**

*“Once I had chosen them, there was no escape. They were dead as soon as I laid eyes on them. And yes, I used them to satisfy my every desire, enjoying the fact that I held their lives completely and utterly in the palm of my hand. That's a power you can't buy. You have to take it. Did I feel bad about the first one? It was certainly the most challenging, but then the first of something always is. Did it plague my consciousness? No. After all, you only feel guilt if you've done something wrong.”*

**Excerpt taken from interview with Obadiah Stark (dated 17th April 2010):**

*“Many people would find it difficult to comprehend hurting someone and then feeling nothing...no regret, remorse or guilt. I found my niche...you have no idea how it feels to have control over the lives of others. I'm not sadistic. Yeah, I enjoyed the power I had over others,*

*but I didn't take pleasure in their humiliation or hurting them. My pleasure came from slipping through the cracks, in being invisible, in killing without getting caught, in manipulating others into serving my own ends.*

*"When you're a skilled manipulator of people, you know that most humans fool themselves constantly—that's partly why they're so easily fooled by me."*