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The fact it was just after 1:00am meant little in Whitechapel. Many of its residents saw fit to engage in work; trade and social activities at this hour. This would last through the night and well into the morning. That wasn't to say things were not different to the affairs of the day.

St. Botolph's Church was a great example of polarity. By day, a place of worship for many and a house of prayer for those seeking salvation or divine guidance. By night, it was known as "Prostitute Island". A year ago, the Chief of Police, Charles Warren, had mandated that prostitutes would only be arrested if there was a direct complaint raised against them or if they solicited in the same location. Prostitution was still considered illegal but was now very lightly policed. So, they would abuse this "loophole", circling in front of the church and applying their trade, yet abiding by the law, albeit barely.

## Jack The Ripper: Live and UnCut

Things were different these days. A lot of prostitutes worked here because panic and hysteria over The Ripper had caused most of them to live and work in fear. He was still out there; any one of them could be next. It was suffice to say that St. Botolph's attracted God-fearing folk by day and people who were afraid of the devil by night.

Across the road from the church, on the corner of Aldgate High Street and The Minories, a lone figure stood in the sanctuary of shadows, watching the girls walk in their customary circles. His breath emerging from the darkness in bursts of steam, but little else could be seen of him. The church's clock struck a single ring to indicate it was 1:15am; for The Ripper, the night was still young. The evening had plenty in store for him.

He laughed at the absurdity... These harlots thought working here offered safety in numbers. Little did they realize, they were currently part of a morbid buffet. Like a sushi train, the prostitutes would pass his line of sight, obliviously offering themselves up as a course for his liking. Paranoia had brought them to the church. It had also placed them on a sadist's path.

One of them seemed to be going against the traffic, stumbling along and speaking incoherently to her other colleagues. Catherine Eddowes had only been released by police fifteen minutes ago but still appeared to be well and truly intoxicated. She was blathering wildly and laughed as if she had told a joke only she understood. Unaware she was being watched, this was a terrible time to stand out in a crowd.

The Ripper began to draw heavier breaths, his heartrate accelerating. A murderous engine had ignited and was kicking into gear. This was partially brought on by an excitement of having seen his next victim, but it was also spawned from a disdain for women, especially prostitutes. He relished killing them. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than ending their livelihood with one slash of his blade, followed by the removal of

## Jack The Ripper: Live and UnCut

their womanhood, and more, by his hand. He had them right where and how he wanted. It aroused him. Almost as much as the hatred he felt for them at his core. The engine gained momentum. This one, in particular, disturbed him, grated on every nerve that channeled to his malevolent heart.

It was settled: this cackling whore will die tonight!

He was about to step out and cross the street when he noticed Eddowes was already talking to another man. A customer, perhaps. The Ripper maintained his focus on them, extremely annoyed, ascertaining that it appeared a "transaction" was imminent, and this angered him. This interfered with his plan and was prolonging an inevitability he had already predetermined for this whore. The stranger looked around and then hurriedly led Catherine away, toward Duke Street. The look brought recognition, and disdain, for The Ripper. He knew the stranger and he detested this man, almost as much as he loathed Eddowes.

He observed them walking away and smiled. Nothing and no one was going to prevent Catherine's fate. He had all the time in the world... The same could not be said for others.

The Ripper launched from the darkness, into full flight, pursuing his quarry. A Victorian surgeon's knife was concealed but at his beckoned call and ready to take life in an instant as he desired it. Like a true predator, he would stalk Eddowes and wait for his chance to strike. These transactions never took long, and he wanted to be sure he was there to guarantee this imbecile was the last client Catherine Eddowes would ever have.