

# Richter Case File

## No. 60001.1

The date was November 22, 1963 and the place was Dallas, TX. The 35<sup>th</sup> president of the United States John F. Kennedy was shot in Daley Plaza in Dallas at 12:30 pm while riding in a car with his wife Jacqueline. Kennedy was one of the most beloved presidents that the United States ever had despite his infidelities. I had the pleasure of meeting him once which I can say was incredible. Over all the centuries that I have lived I have met great men but he was definitely in my top five.

I was in Dallas that day protecting the out perimeter of the cavalcade instead at the president's side. President Kennedy being the leader of our country knew about me, who I was, how long I have been alive, and what I could do. He had requested that if at all possible that I be assigned to his protective detail during public appearances. I found that to be an honor and although I had cases piling up if I could be part of that detail I took it. I had been stationed in Dallas for a sting operation for a couple of months. The case closed just as the President was coming in for his visit.

When I found out that he would be going to Dallas where I was I told him that I would be there. However this is where it gets complicated. As I said Kennedy was loved by the majority of the people however some had ideals that they didn't want changed. Kennedy was a force for that change and there is no telling how much change would have come about had he lived.

A car had arrived at the hotel to pick me up to take me to the rally. When I entered the car I was given a new set of instructions that what seemed to come from the director of the F.B.I. J. Edgar Hoover himself. I was instructed to patrol the perimeter due to what the orders said was a viable threat against the president's life. I was to use whatever abilities I had to find this threat if there was one and neutralize it before it could be carried out.

I thought that if there were a threat that the best place for me was to be at the president's side. I believe that with me by his side I could have shielded him

from any harm with some sort of magical barrier but apparently others didn't feel the same way I did.

I did as my orders said. I took to the perimeter and I was to maintain radio silence until and if I found the threat. I still couldn't understand the nature of my orders but when you get direct orders from Hoover you follow them or so I thought. Here's the thing, Hoover didn't send me those orders. My original orders were clear; I was to be part of the cavalcade and by Kennedy's side. Someone changed the orders and made sure that I was out of the picture. I tried to use my abilities to see what was going on and if anything was going to happen but someone was making sure that I couldn't do that.

I didn't see the threat before it happened and my radio was completely out until it was too late. I heard the shots rang out and then my radio came back on and all I could here was chaos. I tried to get to the president but even if I did it wouldn't have mattered. He was fatally shot and no matter what powers I had I wasn't going to be able to save him.

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## No. 60001.2

I have been the silent advocate on this damn Warren Commission for almost ten months now and these idiots still believe that the assassination was the work of one man. Lee Harvey Oswald may have been many things but a mastermind he is not. I was requested to be part of this commission because I know things beyond that of the normal world but it doesn't seem like they care what I have to say. There are many people in the government that consider me not worth the time and would rather see me dead. Many of them believe that since I am an immortal that I don't care about the normal world but that isn't the case.

I may have been alive for a long time but being an immortal isn't a blessing but more a curse. Yes I have done many things in my life to help people but I have also seen many people that I care about die while I continue to live. I know that this wasn't the work of just one man. I tried to see what had happened when the assassination first occurred but someone or something blocked my visions. It wasn't just the blocking of my visions that made me aware that this wasn't the work of one man. It was too many coincidences that rose to prove otherwise.

Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone in killing President Kennedy and that Jack Ruby acted alone when he killed Oswald? I have seen many things in my life and I can tell you vision of not this is bullshit! I believe that both Oswald and Ruby were merely pawns in a bigger plan by someone else. I don't know who was behind the assassination or the Oswald's murder but I intend to find out. I have been blocked all along the way and this is really starting to piss me off. The Warren Commission's argument into the assassination was so convincing that none of the American people seem to be objecting to it.

I have some of my own leads and I intend to follow them. Hoover has ordered me not to conduct my own investigation. I don't blame Edgar because he was warned that this was over and that there was nothing left to investigate. However Edgar didn't like to be told to do and unofficially told me to do whatever I have to do to find out what happened and who was responsible. Whether Hoover would have told me to or not I would have done it any way.

I may have not been able to see what happened the day of the assassination but I know that I would be able to see what happened to Oswald and Ruby before that day. I couldn't request that Oswald's body be exhumed because according to the government the case was closed but I needed to get to it. Ruby was already in jail and if I step anywhere near there I'm screwed. The last thing I needed was to have the entire United States government after me. If that happened being friends with Hoover or not wouldn't make a difference.

Although Oswald was dead his body is being heavily guarded I guess for my benefit. However I do know where the body is so I am on my way to see if I can get a glimpse of what the hell happened.

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## No. 60001.3

I headed to Fort Worth's Rose Hill Memorial Burial Park where Oswald was buried to see if I could get a vision from his burial site. Even though it had been almost a year since he was buried there were still police guarding his tombstone. Again I know that it wasn't for the benefit of grave robbers but to keep me away. However the problem was that while the government thought that having a few guards keeping me away would work; obviously they didn't know me at all.

Magic is a powerful thing and it is very easy to use on non-supernatural beings. There were a total of five police officers there posing as caretakers however no matter what cemetery there will never be five caretakers watching the place at two in the morning.

Making them believe that I was invisible would be enough due to the fact that I might have to exhume his body so I did something that would be much more covert. I engulfed the burial park in a magic barrier that made it look from the street that it was nothing but normal. At the same time I froze the police in their spots unconscious but still awake. This may seem like an impressive feat but it really wasn't. Spells like that would be listed under magic 101.

I went over to his tombstone and I should have gotten something from it right away but there was still something blocking my visions. There was no choice I would have to exhume his body to try and get something directly from the body. There was clearly something blocking my vision but no matter how powerful that might be direct contact with his body would allow me to get past whatever was holding me back.

The ground started to shake and move and Oswald's casket began to rise up out of the ground. Once it was above ground I slowly moved it in front of the now empty grave to examine it. Once I laid the casket onto the ground I attempted to open it but it was sealed shut by a very powerful spell. Whatever or whoever was trying to keep me from getting into that casket made another mistake; again it seemed that my abilities were underestimated.

As much as it would have been easier to have the casket opened it wasn't the end of the line for me and my investigation. I put both of my hands on the middle portion of the casket. My hands started glowing green and vibrating. I pushed down on the casket and for a brief few seconds my hands passed through the top of the coffin and touch Oswald's lifeless body.

The vision hit me like a truck! It ran through me unlike anything that I have felt in a very long time; not since the San Francisco gold rush. I could see Oswald in a room with a group of men but I couldn't see their faces very well because they had stayed the dark. I could see Oswald completely and then I could hear what was being said.

"Listen Oswald I can make you and your family very wealthy and all you have to do is kill the one man that you already don't agree with."

"You're talking about killing the President of the United States." Oswald said in response.

"It's no secret that you favor Cuba and your beliefs don't coincide with Kennedy's ideals. We don't believe in everything that he is proposing either and if something isn't done soon he is going to ruin everything and throw this country into anarchy. This is your chance to be a patriot for your country and a very rich man. So what do you say?"

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## No. 60001.4

I wanted to stay to see what else was being said but since Oswald had gone my vision had gone with him. However I was able to see the building where he was leaving which I headed for to get more answers. A location holds more memories than a person does. I recognized the location where he was and with the answers I needed. Visions from a location are not plagued by the bias of human emotion or thought.

The building where Oswald was taken was only a few miles away from where he was perched when he shot Kennedy. I buried Oswald again and released the police from their spell and headed to the building in my vision. It wasn't far too where I needed to go but there was another problem that had come up. As I drove to the building in my vision I could see that I was being followed but I didn't know by whom.

With every turn, lane switch, and acceleration the car behind me was mirroring every move. I moved as fast as I could through the city but soon the one vehicle that was following me turned into two and then three. They were all coordinating in blocking my path to my destination. Gunfire rang out from those cars and hit my brand new fucking car. I was pissed I just bought that car and it was my favorite. It was time to fight fire with fire.

I sped up once again down the streets of Dallas. It was late night so the streets were clear and easy to maneuver. My engine roared, and my tires screeched as I switched gears in an attempt to lose them. However no matter how fast I went they weren't going to give up nor were they inept in their driving ability. I couldn't shake them no matter how hard I tried. at least not this way; and because of that this is where the fighting fire with fire came in.

I turned a corner just a second before the current care that was following me did and as he turned that same corner I was gone. The car hit the brakes and stopped. From within the car you could see the men inside looking around in confusion as where the hell I had gone. They began to move again through the streets but this time at a slow pace. They were shinning lights down side streets

looking to see if I had slipped down one of them. However I did not slip down one of those side streets.

A bright light shined behind them and the roar of an engine ripped through the city's streets like a bear's yell. You could see the men inside turned around to see what it was that was now behind them. They were gripped with fear and all they could think about doing was getting out of there but it didn't matter what they were thinking they were unable to move. The lights of the car now behind them (my car) were hypnotizing. The lights grew brighter as I got closer and once I reached them I passed right through them. As I passed through their car with mine I left them a little gift which ignited and exploded hurling their car into the air.



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Now that the assholes behind me were out of the way I made my way to the building where my vision took place. The building was an abandoned warehouse. When I got to the floor where the meeting took place with Oswald. As I walked in it looked run down and beat up and there was a huge indentation on the right wall.

I could feel a power blocking my vision just as it did with Oswald before I dug his ass up. There was powerful magic here and if I wanted to find out what happened here I was going to have to fight fire with fire. I concentrated as hard as I could and then it happened the vision hit me and was much more powerful than the one I had with Oswald's body. I could hear everything clearly and see everyone clearly.

"Keep an eye on Oswald, make sure he doesn't skip town," the man who was talking to Oswald told someone. That man left in what I could only presume was to carry out his orders.

"Tony are you sure Oswald is the guy for the job?"

"What the boss wants the boss gets. Bring Ruby in."

Jack Ruby entered the room escorted by one of the men Tony was in charge of.

"Hello Jack, how have you been?"

"Listen Tony, I know that I don't have the money but I just need a little more time and I can pay you back."

"Jack, what would you say if I told you that you don't have to worry about the money you owe us?" Ruby looked back at the man named Tony with a confused look. "If you do something for us Jack, you can consider your debt paid and we'll even bring into the fold. You could be a boss of your own without ever worrying about money again."

"What do I have to do?" Ruby asked.

Tony went on to tell him about Oswald and what he was going to do. Once Ruby heard about what they were planning he couldn't believe it. They were planning to kill the president of the United States. After hearing everything, Ruby asked what his role would be in this and the answer he got was confusing.

"You want me to kill the man that is going to kill the president?"

"Listen Jack, the only way that you are going to get out of this debt is if you do this for us. Besides when you kill him, not only will your debt be paid, a boss in our organization, but you will be a national hero. The entire country will be praising you for killing the man that killed Kennedy. You will be untouchable."

"I'll be in jail if I kill him."

"Don't worry Jack. We will make sure that you are protected in jail until your time is up and I doubt they will keep you in there too long. No one is going to want to imprison a national hero for too long. You do this, keep your mouth shut and when you get out you will be set for life. Do we have a deal?"

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Ruby thought about for a few seconds and agreed to do what Tony asked but under one condition. Jack wanted to make sure that he would be able to live worry free before and after the job. He didn't want anyone hounding him for money or hurting him. Tony told him that it would be "no problem." He instructed everyone that Ruby was hands off and so was his family. He was to be treated with respect and given anything he needed.

Ruby was told to go and take some time to enjoy life and when the time came they would contact him. Ruby was escorted out and reassured by Tony how he would be treated before and after the job.

"Are you serious Tony? We have to take care of that weasel?" One of his men said.

"That's what the boss wants so we do what the boss wants," Tony replied.

"How come we keep doing everything the boss wants but we never see this boss. I think he is playing us. We're all going to go down for this and the boss will be squeaky clean. This is bullshit! Why are we taking all the risk?"

"Keep your mouth shut Billy," Tony said to him.

"Why should I keep my mouth shut?"

From the shadows and figure emerged and took Billy into the adjacent wall almost crashing through it. The indentation in the wall was there when I walked into the room and now I knew where it was from. Billy let out a scream and dropped to the floor in pain and agony.

"Because if anyone else decides that they want to open their mouths I will rip out your tongue just like I did with his."

I recognized that voice. I had heard it before a while back during the gold rush. I could never forget that bitch's voice...Deathcry. Now I understood the whole

magic bullet shit. It was a magic bullet that killed the president. The same bullets that bitch had back in 1853.

I came out of my vision and although I knew who was behind this it wasn't going to make a difference to anyone from the Warren Commission. They didn't put too much faith in my visions no matter how much Edgar told them they should. So it was up to me to take care of this. I knew who was responsible but now I had to find the bitch and that wasn't going to be easy. It seems that this bitch got stronger over the years and she was doing everything that she could to keep herself from being found. There was only one thing that I could do to find her and that was find that piece of shit guy Tony that seemed to be her right hand man.

# Richter Case File

## No. 60001.7

I knew how this worked. Even with Hoover and some other high ranking officials believing that Oswald wasn't really responsible for the president's assassination didn't matter. You see what needed to be kept a secret was whom was responsible. For the majority of the world people like me and others are nothing more than rumors and fantasies made into books and movies. No matter how much evidence I had blaming anyone other than Oswald wouldn't be a benefit. One person can be told the truth and given the means to accept it but the world as a whole would fall into mass hysteria.

This is not an easy life and I have heard for a long time about how some wish that they could live forever. Let me just say that living forever isn't what it's cracked up to be. You lose friends over time while you don't get any older and all the knowledge that you accumulate over the years stays silent and dormant for the most part. I try and use everything that I know and have for the truth and safety of the world. As much as safety is a high priority for me it had to play second fiddle to the truth. The reason for that is because I know that I am not the only person protecting this world but at the moment I am the only one looking for the truth. I also know that when it comes to Deathcry nothing is that simple!

Although I can see things that people have experienced sometimes the only way to find someone is to do some good old fashioned detective work. To tell you the truth I loved doing old fashioned detective work because it is kind of fun shaking people down; especially piece of shit criminals. I headed to a real shitty part of town where crime was rampant. I had one thing on my mind and that was finding Tony.

Dallas is a great city, beautiful and the people are friendly but I miss New York. Out of all of the places that I have lived in my life, New York is where I have been the most. I fell in love with it and no matter where I go there is nothing like NYC. People know me there and they know what I do. I made sure that my permanent posting in the F.B.I. was in New York because I don't plan on living anywhere else. I may have houses all over the world but New York is my home.

No one here knows who I am but in this part of the city they can smell a cop a mile away.

I managed to find someone who was willing to talk but force wasn't his motivation, money was. He told me that he knew where Tony was held up and just before he was going to tell me where he was shot right through the chest. The gunshots did end with just his death they kept going. One of them grazed me and I dove for cover. Normally I wouldn't care about someone shooting at me since bullets don't hurt me but these did. These were the same bullets that were used back in 1853 and the same ones that were used to kill President Kennedy.

I knew who supplied the bullets but what I didn't know was who the hell was shooting at me. The guns weren't letting up and I was trapped in a fucking alley like some rat. Those bullets were ripping through everything and there was just a matter of time before they ripped through the dumpster that I was hiding behind. Oh yeah I had another problem the bullet that grazed me was making me really sick and it was making it impossible to focus. I had to figure a way out or I was dead.

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## No. 60001.8

Although the dumpster was metal those bullets weren't normal; I had to do something to keep that dumpster from taking a shit (ironically enough). Since my right arm was grazed by one of the bullets the magic from it was causing the wound to fester and the pain was increasing. I really needed to get out of there and get somewhere I could give myself some medical or magical attention. I press my left palm against the outside wall of the dumpster and reinforced it with magic. It wouldn't hold for too long but it might hold long enough for me to get out of there.

No matter how bad my wound was getting I had to find a way to focus if I was going to get out of there alive. Reinforcing the dumpster was easy it didn't take a lot of focus to do so but escaping was a whole other story. I knew where the shots were coming from and it seemed like whomever was shooting at wasn't running out of goddamn bullets. The shots were starting to get through the magical barrier on the dumpster. I was starting to feel nauseas and I was only a few minutes away from throwing up the Chinese food I had for dinner.

I sat with my back against the wall, closed my eyes, slowed my breathing and put everything else I had left into focusing. I was too sick to line of sight teleport but I was focused enough to produce a penetrating spell. With my back against the wall I was going to be able to push through the brick wall to safety but the only problem with that was I didn't know where on the other side I would end up. I knew this was a restaurant but I didn't want to wind up in the over or the goddamn fryer.

I focused enough and went right through the wall of that restaurant. I didn't end up in the over or the fryer; no I ended up in between two guys taking pisses at the urinals. Funny enough they looked at me, kept pissing and left. Neither of them washed their hands by the way...sick dirty bastards. Once I was in the illusion outside stopped and so did the gunshots.

Although I was still traumatized from the no wash hands twins; this would be a perfect time to get myself together. After my first experience with these bullets I

studied them extensively and came up with a simple but effective magic that would heal the wound. It wouldn't take long and I didn't want anyone coming in and shitting up the place so I sealed the door shut for the next several minutes. Oh yeah did I mention that while the magic I was going to use to heal myself was not only fast and effective but it hurt like a bitch!

It was one of the most painful things I have ever experienced but it was necessary. Almost ten minutes of borderline self-torture. While the magic would heal the outside; the power needed for the healing process was taken from within. This was no different than any other time that I am injured. However since this wasn't a normal injury it had to draw so much power to heal this potential killer wound that it was possible that it would kill me too. I didn't say that it was perfect plan but it was the only way until I could find another way to combat the power of those bullets.



# Richter Case File

## No. 60001.9

Once I was in the restaurant and I started to heal myself the illusion of me outside disappeared and with that the gunfire stopped. Luckily since I was familiar with the power of these bullets and had studied them extensively since the gold rush I was able to cut the healing process down. Again it could kill me but when dealing with this magic and the threat it posed to me I had to make sure that I could heal from this in a hurry if it were necessary. Now I have to admit that if this were a larger wound there is no way that I would be able to heal in that short amount of time. I still had a lot of work, experiments, and training to do to see if I could build up a way to make these bullets as insignificant as real ones.

After almost ten minutes I headed outside and to the rooftop adjacent of the restaurant where the shots originated. I didn't expect anyone to be up there but I needed to investigate and see if there were any clues to my assailant. As I stepped onto the rooftop a vision of the person shooting appeared. I went over to the spot where this person was fixed and I recognized him well enough. It was Tony; the same man that gave Oswald and Ruby their marching orders. It was only a few minutes since he left so it wasn't going to be too hard to track him however I was no longer going to need him in order to find Deathcry...

...because the demon witch herself was now standing right in front of me. She didn't hesitate to act. She uppercut me with a kick that hurled me into the air but I have some surprises of my own. At the very second that I was about to hit the floor of the rooftop I disappeared and at the same time reappeared right behind her kicking that bitch right in the back. Apparently she was as fast as I was because she did fall onto the floor of the rooftop.

"If you thought that it would be that easy to take me out then you are dumber than you look. A lot of things have changed since the late 1800's sweetheart and so have I."

"That is precisely what I needed to find out! Now let's see just how much you've changed," she said as she fired her magic bullets directly at me.

I don't know how or why but for the first time since I encountered Deathcry and her so called magic bullets my reaction came with some surprising results. I instantly put my arms in front of me without thinking just out of pure instinct. Before the bullets could reach my body they all hit an invisible barrier and disintegrated. I had inadvertently shielded myself from harm. I looked over at Deathcry and I couldn't tell which one of us was more surprised her or me. I know that the look on her face was priceless.

She fired again but this I didn't flinch. I continued to walk right toward her with the bullets continuing to have the same effect.

"Well look at that it seems that your toys no longer matter. Play time is over bitch. It's time you answered for your role in the President's murder!"

# Richter Case File

## No. 60001.10

"I don't think so mystic; I still have much to do."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Sorry handsome but I have to go," Deathcry said to me but I had other plans.

"I don't think so, you aren't going anywhere bitch."

I blocked her attempt to teleport off of the rooftop and let me tell you that didn't make her too happy. She came at me hard and although I don't believe in putting your hands on a woman I punched that bitch hard. I don't hit women period but there wasn't one on that rooftop so it was fair game. We fought back and forth and she lived up to the hype. She is by far the strongest witch I have ever known but for some reason I think she could have left that rooftop anytime. No, I believe that she was testing me for some reason and I didn't understand why.

"Thanks for the dance handsome but I have to leave now," she said to me.

"Whatever you and my brother are up to it won't work," I yelled to her.

"Who said this had anything to do with your brother? I answer to a higher power, kisses."

She started to fly away but I had more questions than answers so I took one last shot at her. However the shot that I took wasn't to injure her but to get a vision of what the hell she was talking about. She had no idea what I had just done; well at least I don't think she did. Nevertheless it was not something that was easy to see.

The vision that I was trying to project wasn't like before when I tried to see who was behind Kennedy's murder no this was different. Her power wasn't keeping me from seeing what I wanted to see there was something else in the way. I started to have flashbacks to the gold rush and my first encounter with Deathcry and a continuing message started ringing in my head "he's coming."

I didn't know what that meant back then and I was even more confused now. I know that she was telling the truth about my brother and this also had nothing to do with my brother's boss Lucifer either. This was making things a lot more difficult. If what she was doing had nothing to do with Lucifer (whom she served long before she served Deathsong), and nothing to do with my brother then who the hell was she talking about?

I focused hard and to tell you the truth I have never felt so much pain trying to project a vision so much in my life. This had to be one of the most painful things I have ever experienced. I knew that no matter how much pain I felt or how much this vision was draining me I couldn't stop. I pushed as hard as I could and then it hit me and hit me hard. I heard a hellish laugh. It felt like someone had just punched me in the head. I was knocked out of the vision and on to floor of the rooftop. When I opened my eyes the only thing other than getting knocked on my ass that I could see from the vision were two letters...

...OD!