



THE SATIN STRANGLER BLOGS

By Michael J. McLaughlin

Book Excerpts

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Who was the Satin Strangler...and how many men did she seduce and kill?

The Satin Strangler Blogs originally appeared in a unique on-line format, the first click-through reading experience. As you will soon see, the story is delivered through the varied, biased, and often contradictory perspectives and “voices” of 12 different fictitious bloggers. Each chapter represents one of their original blog posts, including the title, blog site, and date. The original blog sites and posts are still available on-line. This novel gathers them together into a more traditional, linear story.

PROLOGUE

He listened for her, only to find his own labored breaths.

Where did she go?

Lying nude in the basement room lit only by black lights, he tried to look at anything but himself. His middle aged body was hardly a sight to behold in a fitted Armani suit, let

alone tied down by stockings to a bed, sweating in the heat. His pale skin was now fluorescent blue like a corpse in a cheap horror movie.

A low rumble was accompanied by the rattling of shot glasses on the end table. It felt like the subway trains were right there in the room.

He angled his neck as far as possible, trying to spot her. She must have been somewhere near the foot of the bed in a part of the room not visible from his limited vantage point.

His mind raced. Did he remember to take his driver's license and credit cards out of his wallet? He was in such a hurry when he left the office that he couldn't remember.

Would she find out who he was?

A hissing sound was followed by the scent of burning wax. She extinguished the candles. It was only a matter of time now.

Resting his head back against the bed, he saw only the red ceiling glowing.

Only hell could be that red.

Another hiss, and another puff of burning wax scent. Another. Then another. With every hiss the candlelight faded, yielding to the red glow above him. The ceiling seemed to be closing down on him.

Rose scented perfume mixed with the next puff of candle smoke. She was getting closer. He strained his head a few inches to the right and finally spotted her. Her red lingerie was glowing. She looked more like a demon than, well, than whatever she was.

She bent over to blow out another candle, causing the lower edge of the lingerie to ride just above the tops of her stockings. On another day he might have enjoyed the view, but tonight was different. This was becoming too much of a production. He had to be awake at a meeting in a few hours.

Get on with it.

He tried to flex his arms against the stockings, only to feel a scab along his wrist tear open. His hands bulged from the pressure of the blocked blood flow. The stockings around his ankles were equally taught, threatening to induce cramps each time he applied any resistance.

There was no way to escape, even if he wanted to.

One more candle and then she would attend to him. Anxiety and ecstasy bubbled up to the surface within him, about to boil over. His chest pounded; he was panting like a wild beast.

The last candle went out. A single pinpoint of yellow streetlight squeezed through the boarded-up window and pierced the room, a reminder that the rest of the world was still out there somewhere. But everything else was red lingerie and red ceiling.

She rose and turned to face him. Wisps of lingerie glowed like flames around her. Her face was barely visible.

She knew not to speak.

In a blink she was stalking the perimeter of the bed, checking the knots in the stockings along the bedposts. Smiling, she ran the tip of a red fingernail down his chest, enough to sting but not enough to draw blood. He writhed in an attempt to evade the touch but remained almost motionless against the restraints.

What was she doing? She knew not to touch him.

She removed her stockings and dangled them along the faint scratch mark on his chest. The front of her lingerie slid open, exposing a glowing blue scorpion tattoo coiled along her left breast. She secured the stockings in each hand and then tested their force by snapping them taught in the air.

The scorpion retracted under the lingerie.

She pounced on him, straddling his chest and tightening the stocking around his neck in a single motion. The bed undulated and creaked under the force.

Every muscle in his body clenched as survival instincts took over. He sucked in wisps of air as she tightened the stocking with all her force. Each attempt to breathe generated a high pitched noise resembling a pig squeal.

The pain in his neck was severe. He could no longer swallow. Saliva and tears streamed across his face.

His chest heaved but he could no longer breathe. His face engorged with blood and his vision blurred from the pressure. His ears were ringing.

He was completely at her mercy.

The red glow faded into darkness.

A tidal wave of euphoria washed away the chaos, the loathing and the terror, and then receded to reveal only tranquility.

**PART 1
GENESIS**

**CHAPTER 1
SERIAL KILLER ON THE LOOSE
ReleaseBarabbas, 3/21/08**

– A little online searching and look what I found – Three seductions – Three murders – Phillip Stewart strangled in Atlanta – Preston Jones strangled in Charleston – Grant Leighton strangled in New Jersey – Three final chapters to start one woven tale

– A serial killer is on the loose – You are reading it first right here in this ReleaseBarabbas blog – Hot off the press – Hot to the touch – The Satin Strangler – An evil seductress – Just what the media ordered

– When will you strike next my dear – Where will it be – Your next victim is waiting – So are we – Come take our breath away

– Barabbas

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**CHAPTER 2
THE SATIN STRANGLER
Crazy4Crazies, 5/10/08**

A female serial killer dubbed the Satin Strangler has been hard at work during the last few months, seducing and strangling as many as 12 men along the east coast of the United States. Here are the details on three of her victims to whet your appetite:

Phillip Stewart was a bartender at the Peachtree Bistro in Atlanta. He disappeared after closing on January 16th. His body was found the next day in a nearby dumpster. Autopsy reports confirmed the cause of death to be asphyxiation due to ligature strangulation. Police have eliminated Stewart's girlfriend and family members as suspects.

Preston Jones was a real estate agent murdered in Charleston, SC. His wife found his body in their bedroom upon returning from a business trip on February 15th. Multiple dark ligature marks varying in width were visible on the neck. The coroner's cause of death was asphyxiation due to ligature strangulation.

Grant Leighton, a physical trainer from Atlantic City, was last spotted at 3AM on March 2nd on a Garden State Parkway toll booth surveillance camera. A woman sitting in the darkness of the passenger seat remains unidentified. Two days later, fishermen further north along the Jersey Shore found Leighton's body bundled inside an industrial sized garbage bag and wedged into an antique traveling trunk. Ligature marks were found on his neck, wrists, and ankles. Both forearms had been broken and both pinkies amputated. The cause of death was asphyxiation due to strangulation.

Who is the Satin Strangler, and what is the secret to her seductive power? Are there more bodies out there somewhere, and how many more victims will she lure in?

For now there are more questions than answers. We'll keep watching for news on the Satin Strangler because we're Crazy 4 Crazies.

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CHAPTER 3
SAVE THE NEPTUNE
SoundOffNJ, 7/8/08

The Sea View Planning Board decided this week to tear down the Star of Neptune Ferris wheel at the old Ocean Park Amusement Pier. We want to hear your thoughts on this one. Sound Off, New Jersey.

Comments:

1. Posted by EyeHeartNJ

This is horrible. For website visitors too young to remember Sea View in its heyday, a 2008 website post from theNJdirt nicely describes the rise and fall of this beach town. It's hard for anyone now to imagine the Sea View of days past:

“Sea View, NJ, was a sight to behold in the 1950's. This town, as well as several contemporaries of its era, lavished in the patriotic up-swell following World War II. A northern neighbor and would-be clone of Atlantic City in its heyday, Sea View emerged from the sand like a beach-front Brigadoon into one of the cotton candy lined boardwalks sparkling along the Eastern Seaboard. Within a year the boardwalk and Ocean Park pier and were built, the amusement rides and concessions were operational, and nearly every square foot of business space was leased.”

The website post then describes the dismal fate of the town:

“Sea View’s economic ascent was far exceeded by its subsequent plummet in the 1970s and 80s. The boardwalk cracked and rotted, disintegrating into the sand. Storefronts were neglected. Paint faded. Windows cracked. The penny arcade palace that flanked the pier burned down and was never replaced. Instead, its charred remains were left standing amidst the demise of the entire boardwalk, the lifeblood of the town.

In 1985 the black steel gates of the Ocean Park amusement pier were permanently closed. Resort hotels, store chains, and even the original town merchants began their exodus, leaving behind the boarded-up windows and dated billboards of a beachfront ghost town.

Dry seaweed strands now blow across the fragmented boardwalk like tumbleweed in the shadows of the Star of Neptune Ferris wheel, which defiantly juts up out of the sand like the skeleton of a desert longhorn.”

The Star of Neptune Ferris wheel is scheduled for demolition within the next six months, not to make way for the revitalization of Sea View, but to eliminate a safety hazard.

Some of our fondest memories involve Ocean Park pier and The Star of Neptune. Dismantling the old Ferris wheel will extinguish our childhood dreams. There must be a way to prevent that from happening. If you feel the same as me, do you have any ideas?

2. Posted by CarrieCarmel

I agree. Ocean Park was my family’s favorite vacation spot when I was growing up. The Star has so many memories for me. The Sea View Gazette has started an e-petition to Save the Star. You can join in by contacting the paper.

3. Posted by DownTheShore

Thanks for pointing us toward the article, EyeHeartNJ. I also agree with your sentiments, but I see the situation as hopeless. Sadly, the most accurate comment in the website post mentioned in previous comments was a quote from Edgar Stahl, owner of the company that will demolish the Star: “This town needs more than just a spark to rebound its economy. It’s going to take a miracle, or at least a pact with the devil, to dig Sea View out of financial ruin.”

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CHAPTER 4
FEMALE SERIAL MURDERS
Crazy4Crazies, 8/3/08

The Satin Strangler is getting a lot of press lately. And why not? She's been seducing and killing at a Ted Bundy pace. Makes me tingle all over. How about you?

In response to countless reader requests, here are some of the most notorious female serial killers in history. They are few in number, but juicy in body count.

Erzebet Bathory: The Hungarian "Blood Countess" who killed as many as 650 victims in the 1600's is the mother of all female serial killers, and her record is unlikely to be broken. We are running a two-for-one sale on her Mug Shot Mugs this week.

Belle Gunness: The belle of the ball killed more than 20 men and all of her children in the 1800's. She disposed of some husbands and burned down her own homes, all for the insurance money. Never one to give up on a hobby, she began luring suitors through a newspaper advertisement, killing them, and burying their bodies on her farm.

Mary Ann Cotton: This Mary Mary Quite Contrary had a bad habit of dropping arsenic into her pots of soup. She killed 20 people in England, including her own children, and collected their insurance money. She was hanged in 1873.

Nannie Doss: The "Giggling Granny" killed 11 people in the early 1900's. Victims included her two sisters, her mother, a grandson, a nephew and four husbands. After running out of guests for family reunions, she was convicted in 1955 and died in prison. Look for her smiling face in our on-line t-shirt store.

Rosemary West: This English serial killer was convicted of 10 murders committed with her husband Fred in 1995. Several bodies, including that of their daughter Heather, were found buried on their property. How romantic that they shared the same hobby in an era where half of all marriages end in divorce.

Marybeth Tinning: She was a nurse's aid sentenced to life in prison in 1987 after strangling 9 of her own children and bringing them to the hospital, faking a deadly genetic disease. The doctors and the police finally caught on, but she will forever remain one of our website reader favorites.

Dorothea Puente: As a not-so-frail old lady, she killed elderly disabled people in her boarding house, and then forged and robbed their benefit checks. In 1988 she was sentenced to serve two life terms for the murders of at least 9 people.

Aileen Wuornos: This prostitute was put to death by lethal injection in 1992 for the shooting of 7 male victims in Florida. Her body count wasn't much to write home about, but she was later immortalized when played by actress Charlisse Theron in the film Monster. The other esteemed women on our list should have been so lucky.

The Satin Strangler: Little is known about this sexy lady, except for the growing trail of more than 15 victims from Atlanta up to New York City. She leaves no calling card. No taunts for the police. No leads at all. Just strangled male victims. She seems more in control than her lady predecessors. Is she smarter, or just lucky? Either way, there's no doubt that she's a different breed of female serial killer. Finally we have a hot and steamy MO to warm up to. Like her victims, we are lured in closer to her, perhaps too close. But that's probably no surprise, since we're all a little Crazy 4 Crazies.

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CHAPTER 5
MISSING PERSON
SeaViewStew, 8/30/08

Blogsters and blogettes. Finally got some news 2 report from little old Sea View NJ. Some guy named Edgar Stahl is missing. My friend Reg (alias Regina Fiesta Gal) says Stahl is the demo guy hired 2 tear down the Star of Neptune Ferris wheel on Ocean Park pier. Lots of people r bummed about the Star, plus the papers are saying Stahl was in the hole for few million bucks, so the suspect list started out pretty long.

The police r looking 4 a woman seen in a security video from the marina where the demo guy docks his boat. Word on the street is that the video gal is the serial killer called the Satin Strangler. The gang down at the Bait and Bagel said the Satin Strangler is on a killing spree, sexing guys up, then strangling them with her stockings. They were pretty in2 it. Mainly the sexing up part.

Reg was gabbing about the Stahl guy while scoring me and Suze a puff of fresh Jersey-Grown. Suze is part 3 of our party sisterhood. Every1 thinks were twins which cant even b true cuz shes 22 and Im 26 plus shes not even Italian.

It was good 2 have Reg around. She ditched us the last few nights. Shes taking some online course on the history of rock music at North American University. Once she scores enough credits she wants to get into a 4 year school with sororities. She wants 2 get a degree in music appreciation. The appreciation part comes from her dad, who played in the Vapor Noodles with my dad back in the day. None of that talent rubbed off on us, but we love partying to good tunes thanks 2 them.

About the Stahl guy. Some New York reporters have been hanging out at Ocean Park pier where he was last seen. They had Regs mom on the news asking her questions. When she

got home she ran up 2 Regs room 2 tell us. Fastest she ever moved. She was huffing and puffing. I thought 4 sure shed blow her cookies rite on the shag carpet.

Were going 2 c if the reporters r hanging there again today. Suze just got her boobies done so she looks more like my twin again. Haha. Anyway. Shes trying to get herself on TV 2 start her acting career. Not sure if I want 2 b there in case she decides 2 flash those bad girls for the cameras.

Suze just punched me in the arm for that comment by the way. She better b careful cuz the doctors told her not 2 swing her arms around 4 a couple of weeks or else her new boobies might slide up into her pits. Looks like there halfway up their already. Time 2 hit the "Save" button on this blog be4 she starts punching me again.

Thats all I got 4 now. Later.

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CHAPTER 6
COME OUT COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE
ReleaseBarabbas, 9/5/08

– A disappearance in Sea View – More than 20 victims for you Satin Strangler – Where is Edgar Stahl – Where is the missing demolition man – Peek a boo – But does it really matter – Not even a body yet but the media gives you the credit – They could not resist adding a little seduction to the story – How could a woman strangle men without having sex with them first – Sex sells – It gets the reporters hot and bothered – The media thrives on you Satin Strangler – They know we want more – The huddled horrid masses are insatiable – We are serial killer junkies – We want you surging through our veins – Le femme fatale – The Satin Strangler

– You are what is released when all our inhibitions are cast away – You are what waits inside each of us – Every single one of us the devil inside – The media parcels you out in news clips and special reports – Your body count escalates daily – Faster than anyone could kill – Faster than the friggin idiot reporters can count

– The Satin Strangler was conceived – But she needed the media to thrive – The media machine is doing its part – Forcing their version of reality into the minds of the public – Our perception is 1% reality and 99% media fabrication – We ingest television – We inhale magazines and newspapers – Internet feeds and podcasts course through our veins – These are our sustenance – These are our windows to the world – The portals into each of us – Until there is no difference seen when looking out or looking in

– Who was Kenneth Bianchi before the Hillside Strangler – Who was David Berkowitz before The Son of Sam – Before the media promoted their infamous counterparts – They were awaiting their birth as media stars – Human monsters make media megastars – Kenneth and David surpassed their predecessors in just a few hours – WHY – Because they killed in the age of television – They set the stage for Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer – Ted and Jeffrey – The greatest marketing successes of the 1900s

– Now it takes seconds – The internet is an amazing serial killer marketing tool – The Satin Strangler is everywhere – All Satin all the time – From the media who brought you Son of Sam please extend a warm welcome to the Satin Strangler

– The media has determined every presidential election since Kennedy beat Nixon – The media paved the way for Ronald Reagan to star in the role of president – Where does fiction stop and nonfiction begin – Was there a moon landing – Are we sure – Were we there – Where did we see it – On friggin television

– An individual can only see so much of the world during a lifetime – Connect the dots between a home a job a grocery store and a gas station – Nothing more – How can we be sure about anything beyond our personal experience – We each hold just a few pieces of the jigsaw puzzle

– All we are is because of our televisions – All we will be is because of the internet – Information has passed from the telegraph to the telephone to the television to the computer to the iPhone – The I friggin phone – From days to hours to seconds to nano friggin seconds in one century of innovation – Our senses are pounded by constant stimulation – We sink further and further into the cushions of our living room furniture – Assured that our lives will be passed to us through an electronic box or a handheld device – We are a destination for a download – We are only the target for blogs and RSS feeds and tweets – Where do we want to go today – NOWHERE – There is no need

– We have a morbid fascination with the body count – When the media asks if Ted Bundy killed 20 or 40 we all want it to be 40 – Out loud we say no – Inside we know the truth – We condemn killing in modern society – But we yearn for the body count to be higher – We want to be impressed – We want to say wow with the TV clicker in hand – We no longer slow down for breaking news about gun sprees unless a record is being broken – We are numb to it all – Mundane murders are everywhere – We want something more – A new chapter in the Guinness Book – And there you are – The answer to our dreams – Amen and halleluiah and praise the friggin lord – The Satin Strangler – AAAAAAH – Finally a supersized murder spree to quench our thirst – Gulp gulp gulp

– What is your true identity Satin Strangler – We wait for you to emerge through the parting curtain and walk down the red carpet – The clock is ticking – Hickory dickory dock –

Who will accept the award for best female killer in a leading media role – Will you be what we want – Will you be worthy of the title

– We know the work of the Satin Strangler – When will we get to meet the girl behind the legend

– Barabbas

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CHAPTER 7
SOWING SEEDS
SalvationSermons, 9/6/08

Thank you for coming to worship with us at Salvation Sermons, site of the online sermon blog. Today's New Testament reading is a parable from the Scripture of Luke:

And when a great crowd came together and people from town after town came to Him, He said in a parable: "A sower went out to sow his seed; and as he sowed, some fell along the path, and was trodden under foot, and the birds of the air devoured it. And some fell on the rock; and as it grew up, it withered away, because it had no moisture. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns grew with it and choked it. And some fell into good soil and grew, and yielded a hundredfold."

– Luke 8

What does this mean for all of us today? What is the Word – the message at play? And how is it spreading?

Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is the sower in this parable, and we are the soil. He spreads the Word among us. We must be prepared for the Word. Without the Word in our hearts we will burn forever in the fiery pits of hell. But after we receive the Word, we too become the sower of seeds. It becomes our responsibility to convey the message of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to others.

What will we do with the false Word of Satan – the temptation that comes at us from all directions? Stories of sexual promiscuity. Drugs and alcohol. Poisonous song lyrics and media blitzes. Deceit and murder. We are exposed to them every second of every day. We must resist. We must not spread the false Word.

The Satin Strangler that has been in the news so much is the personification of the devil's false Word. She lures men in. She seduces them...

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... for her filthy lustful pleasure. She offers them her body. Then she kills them. Strangles them. How many men? The count rises daily. We see the stories on television. We read about her in our newspapers and our magazines. We download news feeds and blog entries and chat room gossip about her. We receive emails and tweets on our hand held devices. The false Word of this she-devil's work on this earth is everywhere.

How do we respond? What do we say about a woman who seduces men and then kills them? Do we put a stop to the false Word of Satan?

Picture our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ telling the parable about sowing seeds. One voice in a group of people. One voice against the wind. Imagine if He had the opportunities we have today to reach out to others.

Today the Word has so much more fire power than a single voice in the wind. Sermons such as this are accessible to everyone worldwide. Every square foot of this planet. Every single day. In the form of our blogs for you to read. 100 million blog readers in these United States. 400 million around the world. All receiving the transmissions of our electronic voice. Imagine the seed you could sow through the internet alone. Imagine the strength and the reach and the power – the almighty power – of the Word.

We have the ability not just to receive the Word – not just to stand there passively – not just to wait and see if it finds us. But also the ability to speak the Word to others. To be the voice of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The Word has to find its way through all the other voices. The cacophony of Babel. The tongues of Satan. The false Word is everywhere. Nearly 200 million blogs and feeds and tweets daily. The Word of Satan spreads like wildfire on a hot windy day. The Satin Strangler story is one of many flames in that wildfire, friends.

In Galatians we read “whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” We must become the sowers of the Word of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, or we become the Word of Satan.

Readers of this article may also be interested in purchasing the following items (membership not required):

t-shirt: “Help Me Spread the Word” – \$12

t-shirt: "Sow What? Let Me Tell You" – \$22

Mouse pad: "Ask Me About Salvation Sermons" – \$20

Mug: "This Cup Runneth Over" – \$9

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CHAPTER 8
SATIN STRANGLER ARRESTED
theNJdirt, 9/14/08

Sea View, NJ.

Police have arrested a suspect in the Satin Strangler case. Responding to a tip from a front desk clerk at the Oceanview Motel, police broke down the door of room #7 where the suspect, Destiny Blande, was staying.

Police Chief Robert McHugh reported that Blande is the person in the Sea View Marina surveillance video the night of Edgar Stahl's disappearance. Stahl is still missing and presumed dead, the latest in a string of as many as 40 Satin Strangler victims. Police are running forensics on DNA evidence potentially linking Blande to the scene of the crime on Stahl's boat.

"It will be a relief to all of the victims' families," McHugh said. "At least they can find comfort in knowing that their loved ones' killer is behind bars."

Blande's Facebook profile states that she was an administrative assistant at Neon Lights, a Princeton advertising agency owned by her father, Sinclair Blande, until the spring of this year. The 23 year old alleged serial killer was born on May 1st, 1985, in West Windsor, NJ. She grew up in nearby Mount Rose, NJ. Friends listed on Facebook include only her father Sinclair and her sister Cheryl. Her marital status is listed as single.

Blande is an amateur photographer and an expert on *Stagmomantis carolina*, the Carolina praying mantis, the subject of her current Master of Science study. Blande has recently been traveling the eastern seaboard studying the mating behavior of these tiny creatures. Police have placed her in the general vicinity of at least three Satin Strangler murders along the east coast.

The sleepy New Jersey beach town of Sea View is reeling from the news. Amy Beluga, a waitress at the nearby Bait and Bagel restaurant who witnessed the arrest stated, "She is not at all what I expected. She's pretty enough, but she's kind of quiet looking, more like an average person than a killer. There must be a lot of firepower hidden away in that little body. You can see it in her eyes. They're green and sparkly like cat eyes." She shuddered and then

continued, "It's scary that a killer like that was right here in our town. I had no idea, but I definitely feel safer now that she's been arrested."

Warren Grey, the judge assigned to the hearing on Tuesday, stated, "I need to review the details of the case before commenting. I can guarantee you, however, that she will be punished to the full extent of the law. If found guilty, of course."

Our crew was one of the first to the scene, but reporters from across the country have been rushing to the jail in Sea View, NJ, where Blande is being held.

We will give you more dirt on this case as it unfolds over the ensuing hours and days.

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CHAPTER 9
DESTINY BLANDE
StranglerNetwork, (as of 9/14/08)

We were able to track down the Personal Profile Page of Destiny Blande, as of 9/14/08:

Basic Information

Sex: Female

Birthday: 5/1/85

Hometown: Mount Rose, NJ

Relationship Status: Single

Likes and Interests: Stagmomantis carolina, Mating behavior, Photography

Contact Information

Email: (blank); Website: (blank)

Education and Work

Employer: Neon Lights (2001-2008)

Position: Administrative Assistant

Location: Princeton, NJ

High School: (blank); College: (blank)

Friends

Sinclair Blande, Cheryl Blande

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CHAPTER 10
ARE SERIAL KILLERS ALL LONERS?
Crazy4Crazies, 9/14/08

They arrested the Satin Strangler tonight.

The classic serial killer was once depicted as a social monster living alone and trolling the streets for victims. That story became overplayed, though, and in many cases was total BS. The media also learned that monsters don't sell as much as mainstream killers. It's a cinch for the public to dismiss a monster as a freak of nature, something unlike the rest of us. But what happens when the serial murderer actually resembles us in many ways? They are just as frightening, but far more disturbing.

Tonight's media coverage has been about Destiny Blande being the quintessential girl next door. No surprise there. But who is she really? Is she America's sweetheart, a psychopath, or something in between? Can a serial murderer really live among us at work, in a family, and as an interactive member of society, all while accumulating a pile of corpses?

Many serial murderers have lived and worked in normal settings, and some have supposedly had normal family situations. These are the most intriguing killers, after all. A shiver runs down our spine when a killer's friends and family report how shocked they were to hear of the news. We stare at our televisions into the peaceful face concealing the monster within. These are the most successful serial killers, the ones we all overlook as the body count rises. These are also the ones who sell the most Crazy 4 Crazies memorabilia – Mug Shot Mugs, t-shirts, and victim calendars.

Robert Yates, killer of as many as 17 prostitutes in Washington state in the 1990's, was married with 5 children and lived in a middle class neighborhood. He was even a decorated US Army National Guard helicopter pilot. Neighbors never suspected that a body was buried outside Yates' bedroom window.

Another Washington state favorite, Gary Ridgeway, aka the Green River Killer, was a truck painter for over 32 years and was married at the time of his arrest. He was a church-going bible reader, professing religious beliefs while killing at least 48 women in his spare time over a 20-year period.

BTK killer Dennis Rader was married with two children in Wichita, Kansas. He was a Boy Scout leader, a government official, president of his church group, and a US Air Force veteran. His favorite hobby, however, was killing victims and sending taunting communications to the press.

We want to think of Destiny Blande, the Satin Strangler, as the girl next door. A raving lunatic would hardly be as interesting. Instead, she is in control enough to conceal her

pathology, keeping it buried just far enough from the surface to lure in, not just her victims, but the public. Her fans. It is easy to see how she seduced and killed so many men.

The first news stories are breaking, and we are already falling for her because we're Crazy 4 Crazies. Let's face it; this luscious lady had us at "hello."

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CHAPTER 11
HORACE P. KROUCH
StranglerNetwork, (as of 9/14/08)

Here is the Personal Profile Page of Horace P. Krouch, as of 9/14/08:

Owner

Horace P. Krouch, Esq, LLC
Greater New York City Area
Legal Services
Privately Held; Legal Services
July 1991 – Present

Connections: 2,270

Websites: KrouchMurderDefense.com

Twitter: @HoraceKrouchEsq

Specialties

Criminal defense
High profile murder cases

Education

Yale Law School: JD
Yale University: BA

Interests

Defending high profile murder cases

Groups and Associations

NACDL

Honors and Awards

Editor, Yale Legal Review

Interested In

Expertise requests

Business deals

Book and movie contracts

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CHAPTER 12
DETOUR TO SEA VIEW
KrouchMurderDefense, 9/14/08

My faithful followers, you will undoubtedly be delighted to learn that I anticipate defending another high profile case worthy of a position in the proverbial trophy case of my illustrious career.

I am dictating this blog entry from my BMW Z8 at 3AM, yet another testament to the tireless dedication I have to educate you concerning my life and career.

I was returning to the Upper East Side moments ago when a news flash blared out of my new RA:1K audio system. The authorities in Sea View, NJ, incarcerated a girl for the Satin Strangler murders. Pursuant to a rising tidal wave of media coverage, this case promises to be monumental. I imagine even illiterates are aware of the Satin Strangler.

The case would be tantalizing enough for me based on the killer's 40-victim curriculum vitae, which dwarfs even that of my Gloria Watson case. Strangulation, however, is what makes the Satin Strangler case particularly intriguing. Such homicidal technique is typically the modus operandi of male serial murders, whereas women have a propensity for killing at more ample distance with firearms or poison. Strangulation requires an amalgam of will, cunning, passion, and strength. Anything could go awry, particularly when a woman attacks a man.

Strangulation is the most intimate crime. Killer and victim unite as a single organism. Eyes yes lock. Breath intermingles. They exchange body heat as the sweat boils to the surface.

The intimacy of strangulation consumes my every thoughts as my BMW Z8 penetrates the Lincoln Tunnel toward New Jersey. What possesses a woman to terminate life by strangulation? What enables her to succeed? She must be driven by the addictive surge of adrenaline.

How much seductive power is necessary to entice so many victims? Those 40 men must have sensed her passion surge. How did it feel as that passion was interceded by impending demise? How would it feel to succumb to the Satin Strangler's clutches?

The radio commentator announced that the suspect, Destiny Blande, is a former office assistant and an entomologist, eliciting an image more of a damsel in distress than of a rabid

psychopath. A reporter from Sea View interviewed a group of inebriates just released from custody after a bar skirmish. They described Destiny Blande as petite but menacing, a “librarian with a secret.” Is she the Satin Strangler? The reporter seems convinced.

I must confess that I am enthralled more by the prospect of meeting the suspect than by the intellectual challenge of defending her case. I am compelled to know the woman behind the public’s Satin Strangler facade. Not since my studies at Yale Law School have I been so intrigued by a suspect.

The Manhattan skyline dims in the rearview mirror. An internal force lures me down the Garden State Parkway toward Sea View for an encounter with Destiny Blande, accused serial killer

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CHAPTER 13

YOUR ARREST

ReleaseBarabbas, 9/14/08

– All stations interrupt their regularly scheduled garbage to announce that the Satin Strangler has been arrested – The murderer of at least 40 victims – Maybe more than 50 – It depends on the station and the anchorman oration – The media tripled the body count in two weeks – 12 murders were not enough – Triple the body count triple the ratings – Triple the body count triple the viewer salivation – We want more – More victims and more stories – Gruesomes and gories – By tomorrow the count will be higher – Quadruple the ratings

– The Sea View police station is buzzing on the live feed – News vans and noose fans – They are gathered here today to marry together legend and reality – The Satin Strangler and the girl behind the story

– The population of this Lazarus town has exploded in an hour – 4AM and the rubbernecking media junkies are lining up as the ensemble cast of Act One – They pantomime behind reporters while pressing their cell phones against their fat friggin faces – Honey can you see me – I am mindless and worthless and nonetheless on TV

– A line forms near the entrance – Lemming lawyers drag briefcases and flash business cards – Glory seekers lining up to read for the part of Defense Attorney – Who will get the career breaking case – Best lawyer in a supporting role – Fictionalized nonfiction – Will it be any of them – They twist and fidget like serpents in a terrarium at the reptile house

– Police sirens mark the arrival of an impromptu patrol car parade – Maybe every blue uniform in the county – They march past the reporters – No comment – No comment – One

might be the next Mark Furman but never mind if that means nothing to you today – Flickers of fame – Fifteen minutes – Furman is yesterday

– A white haired man in a gray suit is next – Mayor Mayfield the reporters call out while tripping over each other to get to him – May May the crowd chants – MAY MAY – They seem to love this man that national viewers have yet to meet – Microphones engulf him – He pivots to show his best profile – Caked up television makeup cracks on his neck – He pulls squarer than square glasses from a crooked nose and practices his smile – Once – Twice – Now the reporters will get their friggin comment – Blah blah blah

– But they are all the supporting cast – You are the star my dear – The diva in the making – The glorious object of our affections – The one to play the part of the Satin Strangler

– We crave every last detail about Destiny Blande – We will want to know everything – Where did you grow up – Were you the wild one or the quiet one – Will they say how could the girl we know do such a thing – Neighbors should say quiet girl who kept to herself – Your friends and coworkers should say I never would have suspected – Blah blah blah

– Did your parents love you or beat you – Will they cry on the air – Will they defend you until the end – Or will they apologize to the world for creating a monster – Where did you go to school – Who were your friends – Who did you date – Who did you love and hate – What did they do to you – Those awful boys – What did they do to make the girl want to kill them all – Friggin kill them all – You would kill every last one of them – And that is why we love you so

– You have been anointed the chosen one Destiny Blande – Your life will never be the same – You are now the media extravaganza formerly known as Destiny Blande – Are you worthy to be the chosen one – The police think you are – Will the jury think so – But who cares – It only matters what the media thinks – Will your story be good enough – They will fuel the fire of our desire – Why do you strangle men – How could such a dainty girl be strong enough to kill a man – Let alone more than 50 men

– Yesterday we knew nothing of you Destiny Blande – Today you are the Satin Strangler – Today you become front page news

– Barabbas

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CHAPTER 14
SAMSON AND DELILAH
Salvation Sermons, 9/14/08

Today's bible passage is from the Book of Judges in the Old Testament. The great hero Samson was in love with a woman named Delilah. The Philistines, Samson's enemies, approached Delilah and offered silver in exchange for the secret of her lover's strength. Samson lied to her three times, and each time she informed the Philistines. Delilah repeatedly prepared Samson for the Philistines' attack, but they were no match for the hero's prevailing strength.

Then she said to him, "How can you say, 'I love you,' when you won't confide in me? This is the third time you have made a fool of me and haven't told me the secret of your great strength."

Samson finally conceded and told her, "If my head were shaved, my strength would leave me, and I would become as weak as any other man."

When Delilah saw that he had told her everything, she sent word to the rulers of the Philistines, "Come back once more; he has told me everything." So the rulers of the Philistines returned with the silver in their hands. After putting him to sleep on her lap, she called for someone to shave off the seven braids of his hair, and so began to subdue him. And his strength left him.

– Judges 16

What motivated Delilah? Why did Samson agree to provide the information that would let his lover tie him up and dominate him? Today's sermon takes us to their bedroom to find the answers.

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Delilah was helping the Philistines conquer Samson. She knew that her actions would lead to his demise. Was it really for the money? Is that what Delilah wanted?

NO!

My friends, I say it was not the money at all. Delilah wanted to dominate Samson. This muscle bound mountain of a man. She wanted to feel the surge of power, the rush of excitement, from dominating him. She was a naughty girl – a dirty girl who could only achieve her goal by enticing Samson with her body.

We hear this story and wonder how Samson could be so beguiled. Was he paying attention at all? He tests her the first time – and she betrays him. He tests her two more times – and she betrays him again. By now we know she cannot be trusted. Samson must also. But

when Delilah lures him in again, he finally yields. She has his head shaved, ties him up, and leaves him defenseless.

This is not only a story of the past. We see it happening again in the news today. Numerous men have been killed by the Satin Strangler. We wonder if the victims saw the danger coming. Were they like Samson? Did they see the unmistakable danger but hope that they could somehow get the prize without paying the price?

I suspect that the Satin Strangler's victims were blinded to the danger right in front of them. I suspect that they were lured in by their own lustful desires.

We want to hear about the girl they are accusing of the murders. What is it about Destiny Blande that made the victims expose their vulnerability? This dainty girl – dainty dirty girl. So harmless in appearance – but so deadly in the end. How alluring was the promise of her body? Filthy pleasure must have blinded them – weakened them and made them vulnerable. She is today's Delilah, and her victims are today's Samsons.

The bible story of Samson and Delilah still tells us its message today. Giving in to the temptation of filthy pleasures will lead to demise. It will extract the strength of good, the gifts of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and leave us vulnerable to the will of Satan.

Readers of this article may also be interested in purchasing the following items (membership not required):

t-shirt: "The Price of a Haircut - Judges 16" – \$22

t-shirt: "No Salvation for Stranglers" – \$22

Mouse pad: "Ask Me about Salvation Sermons" – \$20

Mug: "This Cup Runneth Over" – \$9

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CHAPTER 15

IN SEA VIEW

KrouchMurderDefense, 9/14/08

It is now 4AM, and I am dictating outside the police station in Sea View, NJ, about to meet Destiny Blande.

The typical serial murderer sequence is in motion. Before any such arrest, we are introduced to the media's persona of the killer, delivered between spliced morsels of crime scene reports and police statements. Once a defendant appears, the press has to decide how to

retro-fit this individual to their fabricated persona. The accused is invariably viewed via this warped media lens.

The Destiny Blande in my imagination is far from the typically vulgar serial murderer. She is indescribably unique. Despite a profound bias accumulated from years of expertise defending accused murderers, I have succumbed to the media's serial killer portrayal in this case. Hypothetically speaking, in order to be guilty as charged, Destiny Blande would have to be alluring but dangerous, a candle flame beckoning all to experience the warmth without getting burned.

A Yale Law School professor's admonition echoes from the depths of my subconscious as I follow signs to Sea View. "Getting too close to your clients is career suicide, and sometimes simply suicide."

Sea View poses a dismal countenance, even while shrouded behind a cloak of darkness. There is no evidence of a community; no semblance of the resort destination of yesteryear. Amusement ride remnants loom over the boardwalk's weathered wooden planks and boarded-up storefronts.

I once sojourned to Sea View with Mother upon the occasion of my fifth birthday, shortly after Father's untimely passing. In retrospect the rides were probably already demonstrating their rusty deterioration, and the boardwalk was in disarray. I never appreciated these flaws as a child, but now the images my memory conjures are worn and tattered.

News vans line the beach parking lots. Throngs of rubber-neckers and glory hounds gather at the police station, lining the sidewalks and congesting the streets. Groups of barbarians are even assembling picnics from their open automobile trunks.

Men in suits wait in linear formation adjacent to the police station. They carry folders and attaché cases and computer bags. Lawyers. Suitors attempting to woo Destiny Blande into selecting them as their defense attorney. They are my would-be competition, but they are squandering their time and effort. I will soon be walking through the front door to claim my client.

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CHAPTER 16
PINEAPPLE EXPRESS REVIEW
SeaViewStew, 9/14/08

Blogsters and blogettes. It rained all morning in Sea View. 2 wet 4 bottle rocket tag on the beach. Perfect for putting on your wetsuit and snorkeling gear and playing puddle chicken

on the Ocean Boulevard median strip. Just a few puffs of fresh Jersey-Grown and we were set 4 the day.

Reg was running to the portajohn all day. Shes been trying to get into some medical study where they give u pot pills 2 treat irritating diarea syndrome. U have 2 have irritating diarea to get in though so shes been chewing ex-lax 4 a week. Im not sure its worth it 4 her but me and Suze r hoping she gets in cuz then she can score us some extra pot pills. We figure she owes us something 4 putting up with her irritating diarea, right?

At midnight me and Suze went 2 Starfish Cinemas 2 c Pineapple Express again. Reg showed up late after taking an on-line test 4 her music appreciation class.

U should definitely check out the new Pineapple Express flick if u havent already or even if u have. Ive seen it 17 times and its better each time. Tonight was in 3D. Actually is wasnt 3D but we were way gonzo and decided 2 bring our 3D glasses from home 2 experience this new epic in its fullest dimension. I highly recommend it. Lets just say that if u enjoy a puff of Jersey-Grown every now and then be4 a flick this is one 4 u.

Anyway. After the movie we walked along the abandoned boardwalk 4 a few more uninterrupted puffs of fresh Jersey-Grown. On the way back there was a big crowd hanging out in front of the police station so we checked it out. Cameras were all over the place. Sea View was majorly on the news.

Channel 2 was about to start filming live. That Priscilla Whats-Her-Face kept pushing her hair out of her eyes and then finally turned 2 let the ocean breeze blow her goldilocks back like in those Sports Illustrated swimsuit videos. U could even hear the wind whistling between her ears. Haha. Her camera bud started counting with his fingers and then she started her report. She said they arrested that Satin Strangler girl rite here in Sea View. Thats the one who has sex AND strangles on the first date. Unreal.

Having a serial murderer in our town would have been total BK (that's short for buzz kill if your reading this straight), but I kept watching Suze behind the reporter. She was wearing the 3D glasses high on her head like a movie star gone wrong for the TV camera. Her face was beet red from laughing and coughing. She looked like a ginormous lady bug.

Wo I need 2 crash big time. Anyway. Hopefully youll c Suze on the news.

Thats all I got 4 now. Later.

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CHAPTER 17
MEETING THE SATIN STRANGLER?
KrouchMurderDefense, 9/14/08

I am reclining on a dune behind the hotel, watching two sea gulls battle over a crustacean. The day proceeded beyond my expectations. Henceforth I shall have possession of the Satin Strangler case. You will enjoy some excitement from my ensuing posts, my faithful followers.

The Sea View police station was miniscule, even more Mayberry USA than I had imagined. Upon entering the front door I could see Destiny in a cell along the far wall. There was no mistaking her from the radio reporter's descriptions. The adjacent cells were vacant.

Destiny looked up as though sensing my gaze, and pivoted ever so slightly toward her cell door. Was she assuming a timid posture or planning her escape? Regardless of her innocence or guilt, she was playing the role of a caged bird. I have witnessed that facade countless times since my studies at Yale. Destiny had perfected this countenance.

She knew I was there to meet with her. Our eyes locked momentarily, once again conjuring the reporter's description of "a librarian with a secret." As her defense attorney, I am obligated to write that I believe her to be innocent. Now, therefore, that is what I write herein. She is innocent, and I will win the case and prove her innocent, despite the mounting evidence to the contrary. I nobly take on this task regardless of whether I perceive her completely incapable of any harm or addicted to murder.

The clerk averted his gaze from People Magazine's secret beach photos of starlets long enough to acknowledge my presence. He wondered Is this person different from the other attorneys lined up outside, or is he just more bold? "Line's out front," he said.

I slid my business card across the desk. Without even glancing at it, he licked his fingers and turned the magazine page to reveal that lascivious hotel heiress wearing a fur coat and a yellow bikini. "Out front," he repeated.

"I am here to speak with Ms. Blande. Please show her this." I slid a portfolio with my most publicized cases across the desk, and then opened it, causing the cover to conceal the hotel heiress in his rubbish periodical.

He clenched both fists. The photograph of yours truly and Gloria Watson on the first page must have registered, however, because he suddenly sat up straight, removed his glasses, and perused my face for the first time. "Holy..."

We finally reached my favorite part of any introduction – when they realize that they are in the presence of me.

The clerk inhaled profoundly and composed himself. "One second, Mr. Krouch." He stood and carried the portfolio and business card back to Destiny's cell. A brief conversation

ensued. Destiny looked at him, then at the portfolio, then at me. Of course her answer was inevitable. She consented with a nod.

An officer opened her cell for me to enter.

Destiny demonstrated no resemblance to the Satin Strangler police sketches, and the radio reports hardly did her justice. She had the lackluster and unassuming countenance of the quintessential librarian, but her eyes were entrancing. An occasional flutter of lashes released a flash of malachite that stopped the world around her. A wisp of auburn hair fell away from her chignon and dangled in front of her forehead as a betrayal to conformity. I fixed my eyes on her face, rather than tracking down her tone but feminine frame toward her legs. I imagined her garnished in black satin stockings.

This was the woman accused of strangling 50 men. She was alluring, but was she also dangerous? Regardless, I could quickly tell that she would never reveal her dark side while in captivity.

Within minutes we achieved bilateral consent that I would represent her. The ensuing conversation lasted for several hours, but remains confidential lawyer-client information at this time.

I am envisioning Destiny's penetrating, feline eyes as I sit in my Adirondack chair along the beach, reviewing my notes. The jury will certainly be captivated by her; she will appeal to the primal urges characteristic of the masses.

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