

## **Morbid Curiosity** (*Working Title*)

by Danielle Aquilina

**Tanner:**

Have you ever wanted to know what it's like to kill someone?

I have

Call it a...

Morbid curiosity.

There's nothing wrong with me.

I just want to know what it's like to kill someone.

It's not the dying part that excites me, or the idea of taking life from someone, there's no power struggle in my brain that I feel the compulsion to act on.

I'm just – curious, y'know

Death is inevitable – it's going to happen to everyone. And really, you don't get much of a choice when it comes around.

In fact, did you know some of the most bizarre ways people die every day?

Falling out of bed - 450 people per year die after falling out of bed;

Hit by a coconut falling off a tree, approximately 150 people each year are killed by coconuts;

24 people each year are killed by champagne corks; and Every year, 13 people die from vending machines falling on them

In 1567, Hans Staininger, owner of the world's longest beard, tripped on it and broke his neck

1771 - King Adolf Frederick of Sweden - ate himself to death;

Eight people were killed in the London Beer Flood of 1814, when 135,000 gallons of ale burst out of the Meux and Company Brewery on Tottenham Court Road;

In 1854 William Snyder died age 13 after being swung by his ankles by a clown and hitting his head

American lawyer Clement Vallandigham shot himself in a court room in 1871 while showing the jury how his client's alleged murder victim had actually shot himself;

1974 - Death by carrot juice overdose. Basil Brown drank 10 gallons of juice in 10 days - overdosing on Vitamin A and suffering severe liver damage.

In 1975, Alex Mitchell laughed so hard at The Goodies 'Ecky Thump' episode that he died of heart failure

1982 - Undertaker Marc Bourjade was crushed by his own coffins

1999 - Barry Pilgrim trampled by cattle in the Derbyshire;

2002 - Roger Wallace was killed by his own remote controlled plane

2004 - Texan Michael Warner, died of a lethal Sherry enema;

I shouldn't laugh. But, come on.

Sometimes death works in strange ways. And to save time, all in the same year.

In 2015, Hawaiian fisherman Randy Llanes was impaled on the bill of a swordfish; and US cyclist, Troy Earl Smith Jr, shot himself to death with gun carried in his breast pocket; that same year Peggye McNair and Mark Mere were trampled to death by camels on a farm; Alexandru Pop, 46, eaten by a drove of pigs;

I guess he hadn't fed them enough breakfast – oops

*Beat*

To give you a sense of ease. I haven't been planning the imminent murder of anyone in particular. Otherwise this would be a very strange confession. But what a way to go.

I just feel like we should talk more about death.

It's not a topic that's often broached in modern day conversation.

Or if it is – not enough.

I heard it said that if you want to go undetected in a new habitat, be widowed. Talking about death makes people uncomfortable and they tend to avoid you.

Am I?

No.

Never got the chance

And plus, with all the death talk I do anyway – I tend to have the avoidance element covered.

The idea of dying perpetuates this way of living that I just don't quite comprehend. People living sheltered lives afraid to go after something because they don't know the eventual outcome.

News flash.

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