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SCS 415

Special Topics in Speech Communication Studies

Storytelling and narrative

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Cyber Story

The following events, are based on a true story…….

A few years back I took a trip to Spain with some friends from Cambridge. It had been a long year of course work and exams and now, finally, the girls and I would get a chance to relax. We more than deserved it. It was a spur of the moment decision to go really, we were all round at Sarah’s house getting ready to head out on the town on the evening of our last exam, when someone mentioned how much we all could do with a good holiday - just the girls, sun, sea, sand and sangria! Before we knew it were suggesting destinations and looking up budget holiday packages. Luckily we found a great deal on flights, fifty pounds, London - Barcelona, how could we not go?

A few days later, we headed to Heathrow airport, singing “Viva Espana”, ready to have the time of our lives. Sarah and I had been to Barcelona on a school trip when we were teenagers so we felt pretty confident about showing her housemates Michelle and Vicki around the city. The theme of this trip was spontaneity, and with this in mind we decided not to book accommodation, we would just ask some other people who looked like they were students where the best budget hostel could be found. We ended up getting a great deal at place just off the city square. The room was tiny, two sets of bunk beds and night stand was about the extent of the furniture, and the light bulb was about to blow, so the room flickered like something you’d see in a horror movie. We didn’t care in the slightest. After all, we were right in the center of one of the best bar and club scenes in the world, and we were only about a ten minute walk from the beach. All we planned on doing in that room was sleeping. Not to mention if our partying/tanning schedule was to be adhered to we would be doing very little of that too!

The week flew by, every night we were at a different club doing the same thing, dancing, drinking, flirting, just being all out crazy and loving every minute of it. The first night couldn’t have gone better, we ended up getting into the vip section and I met this guy that for some reason I really clicked with. Fabio was so fun and energetic but more importantly he was gorgeous! He had that dark mysterious look about him, longish black hair, deep chocolate eyes and facial hair that was short enough to look sleek and smart, but long enough to look rugged and sexy. We ended up talking and dancing all night, if memory serves me right we shared a kiss, or two, or three on the first night too. What surprised me the most was that he didn’t try to get me to come home with him when the club closed, I wasn’t sure if this was because he wasn’t that interested or because he was a gentlemen. Naturally, I presumed the latter.

I told him where we were planning on going the next night and sure enough he was there waiting. I was glad to observe that his resemblance to Johnny Depp, was still intact, now that the vodka had finally left my system from the night before. Again we had another amazing night. This trend continued for the rest of the week, the only difference being that now Fabio was making it clear that he wanted to spend the night with me before I left for home. While I was obviously intrigued by this new romance, I was beginning to feel guilty that I wasn’t spending enough time with the girls when we went out. This really hit me in the face, when the four of us went for coffee the morning before we were leaving and Sarah pointed out to me that I hadn’t danced with the girls at all, anytime we were on the dance floor I was with Fabio. She was right. There and then, I decided that our last night in Barcelona was going to be ladies night. Fabio, or no Fabio. Despite my resolution, I knew he was bound to turn up, and I was right. I was worried that he may have been be upset by the fact that I wanted to spend most of my time with girls but he actually understood and said that I should enjoy my last hours here with my friends and he would come and find me at the end of the night.

As usual, Fabio kept his promises, as we were about to get in a taxi to take us to our hostel, he came running up behind me and grabbed my shoulders. He asked me to come back to his place and he said he would take us to the airport the next morning. I was so tempted to go but I noticed how anxious and almost impatient he was while I was trying to decide. He sighed and squeezed my shoulders so tight that I actually felt threatened, suddenly I just had a gut instinct that it would be better to go back with the girls. Almost in the same instant these words came out of my mouth, he was gone, never to be seen again. My holiday fling was over as soon as it had begun, but it was fun while it lasted.

A few days later, now back in rainy, boring England, I was feeling a little under the weather. I thought that the week’s break would relax and rejuvenate me, but I was actually feeling more exhausted than before I had even gone. On top of everything else, I had broken out in weird rash all around my mouth and lips. It was red, itchy and it burned but worst of all it looked absolutely terrible. Reluctantly, I made a doctors appointment in order to try and figure out what the hell was going on I figured it would be better to just nip it in the bud before it got any worse.

I arrived at Dr. Murphy’s office early on Monday morning. We engaged in small talk about my holiday and the weather before I began to explain my symptoms to him. He ran some tests and returned a few minutes later. I was quite surprised at how quickly his face had changed from one of routine pleasantries, to sheer bewilderment. In a somber tone, he asked me to sit down, take a deep breath and listen carefully. I was confused because I was already sitting down. He went on to explain that I had developed a very rare skin condition that could only be contracted from direct skin on skin contact with human corpses. I thought this was some kind of practical joke but he was certainly not joking. He went on to ask me if I had, had any contact with dead bodies lately, in particular with my mouth. I was furious, what kind of sick psycho did he think I was? “No Doctor, of course I haven’t been kissing dead people!”, I replied as my stomach clenched and I felt like I was about to vomit. “Well, have you had any new romantic or sexual encounters, lately”? - My heart was beating out of my chest, I couldn’t catch my breath and one name was racing through my mind.

I explained the whole Fabio situation to him. He contacted the police, and a full scale criminal investigation was launched. A few days later, police raided Fabio’s apartment in Barcelona. What they found shocked the nation. There were corpses of five young women, all in different stages of deterioration, scattered around the flat. It was discovered that for the past six months, he had been taking unassuming girls home, raping them, killing them, then raping them again. I was in absolute shock, none of it made sense, while I felt terrible for those poor girls, I couldn’t help but thank my lucky stars that I had decided to go home with my friends that night. I suppose the moral of the story is - always go with your gut instinct, sometimes we have a sixth sense about our safety that we may not even realize at the time. I certainly didn’t.