

31.6.1995

Anne said that the t/cnpt was made after they were in a 40 situation & it was done fast - Mike & typing etc was hopeless so Anne had to redo it. Mike read it and Anne typed it, checking back against original every 10 lines, as she believed that it had to be done as original.

Causeway Resources
(Historical Research)
8 The Causeway, Teddington
Middlesex, England
TW11 0HE

entire
Copy of t/cnpt
to Paddy Cobb
June 20th 2018

what I have in store for them they would stop this instance. But do I desire that? my answer is no. They will suffer just as I. I will see to that. Received a letter from Michael perhaps I will visit him. Will have to come to some sort of decision regards the children. I long for peace of mind but I sincerely believe that it will not come until I have sought my revenge on the whore and the whore master.

re the children
Bubs not Gladys?
or
the other...
Ryan - p. 26/27

End of chace

Foolish bitch, I know for certain she has arranged a rendezvous with him in Whitechapel. So be it, my mind is firmly made. I took refreshment at the Poste House it was there I finally decided London, it shall be. And why not, is it not an ideal location? Indeed do I not frequently visit the capital and indeed do I not have legitimate reason for doing so. All who sell their dirty wares shall pay, of that I have no doubt. But shall I pay? I think not I am too clever for that.

visit to London
Ryan - p. 26
p. 29

As usual my hands are cold, my heart I do believe is colder still. My dearest Gladys is unwell yet again, she worries me so. I am convinced a dark shadow lays over the house, it is evil. I am becoming increasingly weary of people who constantly inquire regards the state of my health. True my head and arms pain me at times, but I am not duly worried, although I am quite certain Hopper believes to the contrary. I have him down as a bumbling buffoon. Thomas has requested that we meet as soon as possible. Business is flourishing so I have no inclination as regards the matter he describes as most urgent. Never the less I shall endeavour to meet his request.

End of ch

Time is passing much too slowly, I still have to work up the courage to begin my campaign. I have thought long and hard over the matter and still I cannot come to a decision to when I should begin. Opportunity is there, of that fact I am certain. The bitch has no inclination.

The thought of him taking her is beginning to thrill me, perhaps I shall allow her to continue, some of my thoughts are indeed beginning to give me pleasure. Yes I will visit Michael for a few weeks, and allow her to take all she can from the whoring master. Tonight I shall see mine. I may return to Battlecrease and take the unfaithfull bitch. Two in a night, indeed pleasure. My medicine is doing me good, in fact, I am sure I can take more than any other person alive. My mind is clear. I will put (the) whore through pain tonight.

Ryan (p. 20)
(p. 23)

After June 1888, he complained more than formerly
(NOT p. 22)

- 1 When does Ryan indicate affair started between Florence & Brerley?
 - 2 Does he suggest another affair?
 - 3 Gladys affair??
- Scarlett's column 1926/1927 - (Bubs stricken) - (Ryan p. 23)

Original
SOURCE
FOR SCARLETT
+ figure in table

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Thomas has left
I think 20 Aug 2017

Manchester (1/2)

I am beginning to believe it is unwise to continue writing. If I am to down a whore then nothing shall lead the persuers back to me, and yet there are times when I feel an overwhelming compulsion to place my thoughts to paper. It is dangerous, that I know. If Smith should find this then I am done before my campaign begins. However, the pleasure of writing of all that lays ahead of me, and indeed the pleasure of thoughts of deeds that lay ahead of me, thrills me so. And oh what deeds I shall commit. For how could one suspect that I could be capable of such things, for am I not, as all believe, a mild man, who it has been said would never hurt a fly. * Indeed only the other day did not Edwin say of me I was the most gentlest of men he had encountered. A compliment from my dear brother which I found exceedingly flattering.

End of day

Have decided my patience is wearing thin. The bitch has made a fool of me. Tomorrow I travel to Manchester. Will take some of my medicine and think hard on the matter. I believe I could do so, though I shake for fear of capture. A fear I will have to overcome. I believe I have the strength. I will force myself not to think of the children. The whore, that is all that shall be in my mind. My head aches.

Thomas
(at Manchester)

End of day

My dear God my mind is in a fog. The whore is now with her maker and he is welcome to her. There was no pleasure as I squeezed, I felt nothing. Do not know if I have the courage to go back to my original idea. Manchester was cold and damp very much like this hell hole. Next time I will throw acid over them, the thought of them (riddling) and screaming while the acid burns deep thrills me. Ha, what a joke it would be if I could gorge an eye out and leave it by the whores body for all to see, to see, ha ha.

Vindictive
in time

I believe I have caught a chill I cannot stop shaking, my body aches. There are times when I pray to God that the pain and torment will stop. Summer is near the warm weather will do me good. I long for peace but my work is only beginning. I will have a long wait for peace. All whores must suffer first and my God how I will make them suffer as she has made me. Edwin asked regard Thomas and (business), I informed him that Thomas was well and business was flourishing, both true. I have it in my mind that I should write to Michael, perhaps not, my hands are far too cold, another day. I will take the bitch tonight. I need to take my mind off the nights events. The children are well.

Convincing
in August 1889

* I returned from that country on 2nd April, and on the following day I saw my brother in his office. I dined with him that evening (1889 + 46/47)

2

* Another note to John

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Strolled along the drive, encountered Mrs. Hammersmith, she enquired of Bobo and Gladys and much to my astonishment about my health. What has that whore said? Mrs. Hammersmith is a bitch. The fresh air and stroll did me good. For a while I succeeded in forgetting the bitch and her whoring master. Felt completely refreshed when I returned to my office. I will visit Michael this coming June. June is such a pleasant month, the flowers are in full bud, the air is sweeter and life is almost certainly much rosier. I look forward to its coming with pleasure. A great deal of pleasure. I feel compelled to write to Michael if not obliged. My mind is clear, my hands are not cold.

End of day

I am vexed. I am trying to quell my anger. The whore has suggested she accompany me on my visit to Michael. I need time to put my mind in order. Under no circumstances can I let the bitch accompany me, all my hard work and plans will be destroyed if she were to do so. The pain was bad today. I believe the bitch has found one of my bottles, it had been moved. I am tired and need sleep. The pain kept me awake for most of the night. Will return early avoid the bitch altogether.

End of day

Frequented my club. George stated that he had never seen me in better health. I believe the bitch has changed her mind. My thoughts are becoming increasingly more daring. I have imagined doing all manner of things. Could I eat part of one? Perhaps it would taste of fresh fried bacon ha ha. My dear God it thrills me so.

Michael is expecting me towards the end of June, henceforth from July my campaign will gather momentum. I will take each and everyone before I return them to their maker, damaged of course, severely damaged.

I try to repel all thoughts of the children from my mind. I feel strong, stronger than I have ever felt. My thoughts keep returning to Manchester, next time it will thrill me. I know in my heart it will. I cannot understand why William will not accept my offer to dine. He is not unlike me, he hates the bitch. I believe if the chance prevails I will burn St James's to the ground. Tomorrow I will make a substantial wager. I feel lucky.

3

* If I could have killed the bastard Lowry with my bare hands there and then I would have done so. How dare he question me on any matter, it is I that should question him. Damn him damn him damn him should I replace the missing items? No that would be too much of a risk. Should I destroy this? My god I will kill him, give him no reason and order him poste haste to drop the matter, that I believe is the only course of action I can take. I will force myself to think of something more pleasant. The whore will suffer more than she has ever done so tonight, that thought revitalises me. June is drawing to a close I shake with anticipation.

End of do

I have taken too much my thoughts are not what they should be. I recall little of the events of yesterday. Thank God I stopped myself in time. I will show my wrath towards the bastard in such a manner that he will wish he had never brought up the subject. No one, not even God himself will take away the pleasure of writing my thoughts. I will take the first whore I encounter and show her what hell is really like. I think I will ram a cane into the whoring bitches mound and leave it there for them to see how much she could take. My head aches, God has no right to do this to me the devil take him.

End of do

How I succeeded in controlling myself I do not know. I have not allowed for the red stuff, gallons of it in my estimation. Some of it is bound to spill on to me. I cannot allow my clothes to become blood drenched, this I could not explain to anyone, least of all Michael. Why did I not think of this before? I curse myself. The struggle to stop myself was overwhelming, and if I had not asked Michael to lock me in my bedroom for fear of sleepwalking, to which I had said I had been prone to do recently, was that not clever? I would have done my dirty deeds that very night.

* I have taken a small room in Middlesex street, that in itself is a joke. I have paid well and I believe no questions will be asked. It is indeed an ideal location. I have walked the streets and have become more than familiar with them. I said Whitechapel it shall be and Whitechapel it shall. The bitch and her whoring master will rue the day I first saw them together. I said I am clever, very clever. Whitechapel Liverpool, Whitechapel London, ha ha. No one could possibly place it together. And indeed for there is no reason for anyone to do so.

The next time I travel to London I shall begin. I have no doubts, my confidence is most high. I am thrilled writing this, life is sweet, and my disappointment has vanished. Next time for sure. I have no doubts, not any longer, no doubts. No one will ever suspect. Tomorrow I will purchase the finest knife money can buy, nothing shall be too good for my whores, I will treat them to the finest, the very finest, they deserve that at least from I.

4

* Ambiguous?
Could it imply he was already familiar and then
became more than familiar?

Nichols

65

"I was more than vexed when the head
would not come off."

I have shown all that I mean but
imagined. The whore was only to
and it thrills me. There was no
when the head would not come off
next time. I struck deep into
would have been a delight to be
opened like a ripe peach. I have
medicine will give me strength
whoring master will spur me on

"I struck deep into her"

"The bitch opened like a ripe peach"

The wait to read about my triumph
not disappointed, they have all
great deal more to write, of the
remain calm and show no interest
so, but I will laugh inside, oh' h

cf East London Adv. Sept 1 1888

cf Times Sept 3rd 1888

I will not allow too much time to
repeat my pleasure as soon as possible
with pleasure and I shall have more
will be clever. I will not call
would be horrified if they knew,
say I was one of the most gentle
hope he is enjoying the fruits of
sour fruit.

cf " Sept 24 1888

cf " Sept 1 1888

I could not resist mentioning my
up the subject by way of how for
kind in this city. He agreed with
say, that he believed we had to
although we have our fair share
streets in safety. And indeed
little games on my own door step

cf The Star Aug 3rd 1888

Sept 6th 1888

The gentle man with gentle thoughts will strike again soon. I have never
felt better, in fact, I am taking more than ever and I can feel the
strength building up within me. The head will come off next time, also
the whores hands. Shall I leave them in various places around
Whitechapel? Hunt the head and hands instead of the thimble ha ha. Maybe
I will take some part away with me to see if it does taste like fresh
fried bacon. The whore seen her master today it did not bother me. I
imagined I was with them, the very thought thrills me. I wonder if the
whore has ever had such thoughts? I believe she has, has she not cried out
when I have demanded she take another. The bitch. She will suffer but
not as yet. Tomorrow I travel to London. I have decided I cannot wait
any longer. I look forward to tomorrow nights work, it will do me good,
a great deal of good.

5

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I have shown all that I mean business, the pleasure was far better than I imagined. The whore was only too willing to do her business. I recall all and it thrills me. There was no scream when I cut. I was more than vexed when the head would not come off. I believe I will need more strength next time. I struck deep into her. I regret I never had the cane, it would have been a delight to have rammed it hard into her. The bitch opened like a ripe peach. I have decided next time I will rip all out. My medicine will give me strength and the thought of the whore and her whoring master will spur me on no end.

Mary
Nichols

The wait to read about my triumph seemed long, although it was not. I am not disappointed, they have all written well. Next time they will have a great deal more to write, of that fact I have no doubt ha ha. I will remain calm and show no interest in my deed, if anyone should mention it so, but I will laugh inside, oh' how I will laugh.

I will not allow too much time to pass before my next. Indeed I need to repeat my pleasure as soon as possible. The whoring master can have her with pleasure and I shall have my pleasure with my thoughts and deeds. I will be clever. I will not call on Michael on my next visit. My brothers would be horrified if they knew, particularly Edwin after all did he not say I was one of the most gentlest of men he had ever encountered. I hope he is enjoying the fruits of America. Unlike I, for do I not have a sour fruit.

X

I could not resist mentioning my deed to George. I was clever and brought up the subject by way of how fortunate we were not having murders of that kind in this city. He agreed with me completely. Indeed he went on to say, that he believed we had the finest police force in the land, and although we have our fair share of troubles the women folk can walk the streets in safety. And indeed they can for I will not play my funny little games on my own door step ha ha.

The gentle man with gentle thoughts will strike again soon. I have never felt better, in fact, I am taking more than ever and I can feel the strength building up within me. The head will come off next time, also the whores hands. Shall I leave them in various places around Whitechapel? Hunt the head and hands instead of the thimble ha ha. Maybe I will take some part away with me to see if it does taste like fresh fried bacon. The whore seen her master today it did not bother me. I imagined I was with them, the very thought thrills me. I wonder if the whore has ever had such thoughts? I believe she has, has she not cried out when I have demanded she take another. The bitch. She will suffer but not as yet. Tomorrow I travel to London. I have decided I cannot wait any longer. I look forward to tomorrow nights work, it will do me good, a great deal of good.

5

One dirty whore was looking for some gain.
Another dirty whore was looking for the same.

Am I not clever? I thought of my funny little rhyme on my travel to the city of whores. I was vexed with myself when I realised I had forgotten the chalk, so vexed in fact, that I returned to the bitch and cut out more. I took some of it away with me. It is in front of me. I intend to fry it and eat it later, ha ha. The very thought works up my appetite. I cannot stop the thill of writing. I ripped open my god I will have to stop thinking of the children they distract me so I ripped open.

He ends page

THIS WAY

It has taken me three days to recover, I will not feel guilty it is the whoring bitch to blame not I. I ate all of it, it did not taste like fresh fried bacon but I enjoyed it never the less. She was so sweet and pleasurable. I have left the stupid fools a clue which I am sure they will never solve. Once again I have been clever, very clever.

* A ring or two will leave this clue *

* One pill thats true *

* M will catch Sir Jim with no pills *

* Left two *

two farthings.

two pills

the whores M

rings

think

It shall come, if Michael can succeed in rhyming verse then I can do better, a great deal better he will not outdo me. Think you fool, think. I curse Michael for being so clever, I shall outdo him, I will see to that. A funny little rhyme shall come forth. Patience is needed. The night is long, time is on my hands.

E

I am still thinking of burning St. James's to the ground. I may do so on my next visit. That will give the fools something more to think on. I am beginning to think less of the children, part of me hates me for doing so. One day God will answer to me, so help me. Michael would be proud of my funny little rhyme for he knows only too well the art of verse. Have I not proven I can write better than he. Feel like celebrating, the night has been long and I shall reward myself with the pleasures of the flesh, but I shall not be cutting ha ha. I will save that thrill for another day.

Encl of chv

The whore is in debt. Very well I shall honour the bitches note but the whores are going to pay more than ever. I have read all of my deeds they have done me proud, I had to laugh, they have me down as left handed, a Doctor, a slaughterman and a Jew. Very well, if they are to insist that I am a Jew then a Jew I shall be. Why not let the Jews suffer? I have never taken to them, far too many of them on the Exchange for my liking. I could not stop laughing when I read Punch* there for all to see was the first three letters of my surname. They are blind as they say.

* published
September 22nd 1888

"Turn round three times, and catch whom you

MAY"

ha ha ha ha ha ha

I could not stop laughing it amuses me so shall I write them a clue:

- May comes and goes,
* this May pleases with a knife in his hand *
In the dark of the night
* Be done please *
When he comes and goes
with a ring on my finger
and a knife in my hand
* This May comes and goes *

- May comes and goes
in the dark of the night
* he does please the whores * he kisses
* and gives them a fright *
he kisses the whores
then gives them a fright

S

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May comes and goes
 in the dark of the night
 he kisses the whores
 then gives them a fright

With a ring on my finger
 and a knife in my hand
 This may spreads mayhem
 * ~~all through the land~~ *
 Throughout this fair land.

* ~~The Jews and slaughtermen~~ *
 * ~~The Jews and Doctors~~ *
 The Doctors and Jews

* ~~my~~ *
 will get all the blame - blame - tame
 same - gain
 his dirty game
 may playing

* ~~The Doctor~~ *

The Jews and the Doctors
 will get all the blame
 but its only May
 playing his dirty game

* ~~He will not shed a tear~~ *
 He will kill all the whores
 and not shed a tear
 * ~~He will give them a clue~~ *
 I will give them a clue
 but nothing too clever
 I will kill all the whores
 and not shed a tear.

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May comes and goes
in the dark of the night
He kisses the whores
and gives them a fright

The Jews and the Doctors
will get all the blame
but its only May playing
his dirty game

I will give them a clue
but nothing too clear
I will kill all the whores
and not shed a tear

With a ring on my finger
and a knife in my hand
This May spreads Mayhem
throughout this fair land

They remind me of chickens with their heads cut off running fools with no heads ha ha. It is nice to laugh at bastards and fools and indeed they are fools. I need much more pleasure than I have had. Strange my hands feel colder than they have ever done so.

End of story

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I am fighting a battle within me. My desire for revenge is overwhelming. The whore has destroyed my life. I try whenever possible to keep all sense of respectability. I worry so over Bobo and Gladys, no others matter. Tonight I will take more than ever. I miss the thrill of cutting them up. I do believe I have lost my mind. All the bitches will pay for the pain. Before I am finished all of England will know the name I have given myself. It is indeed a name to remember. It shall be, before long, on every persons lips within the land. Perhaps her gracious majesty will become acquainted with it. I wonder if she would honour me with a Knighthood ha ha.

(Abberline says, he was never amazed,
I did my work with such honour
For his decree
he had to agree,
I deserved at least an honour
So all for a whim,

Where does ?
Abberline say
this
what does he mean ?

I can now rice Sir Jim I cannot think of another word to accompany Jim. I like my words to rhyme damn it. It is late, mine is waiting, I will enjoy this evening. I will be gentle and not give anything away.

End of clou

I miss Edwin, I have received but one letter from him since his arrival in the whores country. The bitch is vexing me more as each day passes. If I could I would have it over and done with. I visited my mother and fathers grave. I long to be reunited with them. I believe they know the torture the whore is putting me through. I enjoy the thrill of thinking of all I have done. But there has been, but once, regret for my deeds. I dispelled my remorse instantly. The whore still believes I have no knowledge of her whoring master. I have considered killing him, but if I was to do so, I would surely be caught. I have no desire for that, curse him and the whore there time will come.

End of clou

11

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To my astonishment I cannot believe I have not been caught. My heart felt as if it had left my body. Within my fright I imagined my heart bounding along the street with I in desperation following it. I would have dearly loved to have cut the head of the damned horse off and stuff it as far as it would go down the whores throat. I had no time to rip the bitch wide, I cursed my bad luck. I believe the thrill of being caught thrilled me more than cutting the whore herself. As I write I find it impossible to believe he did not see me, in my estimation I was less than a few feet from him. The fool panicked, it is what saved me. My satisfaction was far from complete, damn the bastard, I cursed him and cursed him, but I was clever, they could not out do me. No one ever will. Within the quarter of the hour I found another dirty bitch willing to sell her wares. The whore like all the rest was only too willing. The thrill she gave me was unlike the others, I cut deep deep deep. Her nose annoyed me so I cut it off, had a go at her eyes, left my mark, could not get the bitches head off. I believe now it is impossible to do so. The whore never screamed. I took all I could away with me. I am saving it for a rainy day ha ha.

3
Elizabeth
Steed

4
Catherine
Edwards

Perhaps I will send Abberline and Warren a sample or two, it goes down well with an after dinner port. I wonder how long it will keep? Perhaps next time I will keep some of the red stuff and send it courtesy of yours truly. I wonder if they enjoyed my funny Jewish joke? Curse my bad luck had no time to write a funny little rhyme. Before my next will send Central another to remember me by. My God life is sweet. Will give them something to know it is me.

Red - head
horse
cried
smelt breath

Daily Telegraph
Mon 24 1920

"Handsome two slabs across the face - one almost completely covering the nose"

Chick for self

also a red rose" mentioned by
Read as legend in State
(cf p 339 The Ripper File

"red rose"
is mentioned by Supt Arnold
cf Times Oct 6th 1888

* A rose matched the red *
* I did cut head *
* damn it I cried, henceforth I did hide, *
* The horse went and shied *

With a rose to match the red
I tried to cut off the head.
Damn it I cried,
the horse went and shied
But I could still smell her sweet scented breath

I :

Sir Jim,
tin match box empty
* cigarette case *
* make haste *
* my shining knife *
* the whores knife *
first whore no good

The Star
Monday 1 Oct 1888

"The following articles were in the
pockets of her dress... an old
cigarette case, a matchbox... small
packet of tea and sugar

"her head had
about been severed
from her body"

Dr Chickwell
Star Mon Oct 1 1888

One whore no good,
decided Sir Jim strike another.
I showed no fright and indeed no light
damn it, the tin box was empty

II

"Near the spot... lay two paper tickets" (Star Oct 1 1888)

"The tickets were in a small tin mustard box"

(The Star Monday 1 Oct 1888)

"I know that was some
kind of sugar feast on his
body" - Daily Telegraph
John Kelly - Oct 5 1923

tea and sugar

* ~~away, pay, did say~~ *
me, plea, be
* ~~tea and sugar paid my fee~~ *

Sweet sugar and tea, could have paid my small
fee ha ha.

* ~~then I did flee~~ *
Showed my glee
a kidney for supper

Sweet sugar and tea,
could have paid my small fee.
But instead I did flee
and by way showed my glee
By eating cold kidney for supper

III

bastard
Abberline
bonnett
hides all
clue
clever
will tell you more

* ~~Mr. Abberline is a funny little man~~ *

Oh Mr. Abberline he is a clever little man
he keeps back all that he can

* ~~But I know better~~ *
For do I know better, indeed I do
did I not leave him a very good clue
Nothing is mentioned, of this I am sure
ask clever Abberline, * he does know more *

Oh Mr. Abberline,
he is a clever little man
he keeps back all that he can.
For do I not know better, indeed I do
did I not leave him a very good clue.
Nothing is mentioned, of this I am sure,
ask clever Abberline, could tell you more

IV

14

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Sir Jim trip over
fear
have it near
redeem it near
case
poste haste

He believes I will trip over
but I have no fear

* ~~I cannot redeem it here~~ *

for I could not possibly redeam it here
of this certain fact, I could send him poste haste
if he requests that be the case.

Am I not a clever fellow

That should give the fools a laugh, it has done so for me, wonder if they
have enjoyed the name I have given? I said it would be on the lips of all,
and indeed it is. Believe I will send another. Include my funny little
rhyme. That will convince them that it is the truth I tell. Tonight I
will celebrate by wining and dinning George. I am in a good mood, believe
I will allow the whore the pleasure of her whore master, will remark an
evening in the city would do her good, will suggest a concert. I have no
doubt the carriage will take the bitch straight to him. I will go to sleep
thinking about all they are doing. I cannot wait for the thrill.

With a rose to match the red
I tried to cut off the head
Damn it I cried,
The horse went and shied
henceforth I did hide,
but I could still smell
her sweet scented breath.

One whore no good, decided Sir Jim strike another.
I showed no fright, and indeed no light
Damn it the tin box was empty

Sweet sugar and tea
could have paid my small fee
But instead I did flee and by way showed my glee
by eating cold kidney for supper.

Oh Mr. Abberline he is a clever little man,
he keeps back all that he can.
For do I not know better, indeed I do,
did I not leave him a very good clue
Nothing is mentioned of this I am sure,
ask clever Abberline, could tell you more.

re. requests to visit him and from him of P-2 and beyond time ... (Long, barrel, and ...
Killy's book)

He believes I will trip over,
but I have no fear.
For I could not possibly
redeem it here
Of this certain fact I could send him poste haste
if he requests that be the case.

It has been far too long since my last, I have been unwell. The whole of my body has pained. Hopper did not believe me. One take I will take revenge on him. The whore has informed the bumbling buffoon I am in the habit of taking strong medicine. I was furious when the bitch told me. So furious I hit her ha ha. The whore begged me not to do so again. It was a pleasure, a great deal of pleasure. If it was not for my work, I would have cut the bitch up there and then. But I am clever. Although the gentle man has turned, I did not show my hand true. I apologised, a one off instance I said, which I regretted and I assured the whore it would never happen again. The stupid bitch believed me.

I have received several letters from Michael. In all he enquires about my health and asks in one if my sleepwalking has reoccurred. Poor Michael he is so easily fooled. I have informed him it has not. My hands still remain cold. I shall be dining tonight. I hope kidneys are on the menu ha ha. Will put me in the mood for another little escapade. Will visit the city of whores soon, very soon. I wonder if I could do three?

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If it were not for Michael insisting that we take dinner, I would have tried my hand that very night. I curse my brother as I have never cursed him before. I curse my own stupidity, had I not informed Michael that I no longer sleepwalked. I was forced to stop myself from indulging in my pleasure by taking the largest dose I have ever done. The pain that night has burned into my mind. I vaguely recall putting a handkerchief in my mouth to stop my cries. I believe I vomited several times. The pain was intolerable,,as I think I shudder. No more.

I am convinced God placed me here to kill all whores, for he must have done so, am I still not here. Nothing will stop me now. The more I take the more stronger I become. Michael was under the impression that once I had finished my business I was to return to Liverpool that very day. And indeed I did, one day later ha ha. I fear not, for the fact will not come to his attention as he addresses all letters to me.

I have read about my latest, my God the thoughts, the very best. I left nothing of the bitch, nothing. I placed it all over the room, time was on my hands, like the other whore I cut the bitches nose all of it this time. I left nothing of her face to remember her by. She reminded me of the whore. So young unlike I. I thought it a joke when I cut her breasts off, kissed them for a while. The taste of blood was sweet, the pleasure was overwhelming, will have to do it again, it thrilled me so. Left them on the table with some of the other stuff. Thought they belonged there. They wanted a slaughterman so I stripped what I could, laughed while I was doing so. Like the other bitches she riped like a ripe peach. One of these days I will take the head away with me. I will boil it and serve it up for my supper. The key and the burnt clothes puzzled them ha ha.

5
Main
Kells

key, rip
flee initial
hat
handkerchief
whore master
whim look to the whore
mother light
father fire

* with the key I did flee *
I had the key,
and with it I did flee
* the clothes I burnt *
* along with the hat *
the hat I did burn
for light I did yearn
* for the sake of the whoring mother *
and I thought of the whoring mother

how much light
does a candle give out
(9.5 hen)

17

*The key of the mustered woman
has been found, so that her mother
not carry the away with her. do this
just as I did."*

I had the key
and with it
The hat I did
for light I did yearn.
And I thought of the
whoring mother.

I

A handkerchief red,
led to the bed
and I thought of the whoring mother.

II

* For Sir Jim with his whim *
A whores whim
Caused Sir Jim
to cut deeper deeper and deeper
* away with it I did go *
* back to the whoring mother *
all did go
as I did so
back to the whoring mother.

A whores whim,
caused Sir Jim
to cut deeper deeper and deeper
all did go,
as I did so
back to the whoring mother.

III

* Her initial there *
An initial here and an initial there
would tell of the whoring mother.

I had the key,
and with it I did flee.
The hat I did burn,
for light I did yearn,
and I thought of the whoring mother.

A handkerchief red,
led to the bed
and I thought of the whoring mother.

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I had the key,
 and with it I did flee.
 The hat I did burn
 for light I did yearn.
 And I thought of the
 whoring mother.

I

A handkerchief red,
 led to the bed
 and I thought of the whoring mother.

II

* ~~For Sir Jim with his whim~~ *
 A whores whim
 Caused Sir Jim
 to cut deeper deeper and deeper
 * ~~away with it I did go~~ *
 * ~~back to the whoring mother~~ *
 all did go
 as I did so
 back to the whoring mother.

A whores whim,
 caused Sir Jim
 to cut deeper deeper and deeper
 all did go,
 as I did so
 back to the whoring mother.

III

* ~~Her initial there~~ *
 An initial here and an initial there
 would tell of the whoring mother.

I had the key,
 and with it I did flee.
 The hat I did burn,
 for light I did yearn,
 and I thought of the whoring mother.

A handkerchief red,
 led to the bed
 and I thought of the whoring mother.

A whorish whim
caused Sir Jim,
to cut deeper, deeper and deeper,

all did go,
as I did so
back to the whoring mother.

An initial here and an initial there
will tell of the whoring mother.

I left it there for the fools but they will never find it, I was too clever,
left it in front for all eyes to see. Shall I write and tell them? That
amuses me. I wonder if next time I can carve my funny little rhyme on
the whorish flesh? Believe I will give it a try. It will amuse me if
nothing else. Life is sweet, very sweet. Regret I did not take any of it
away with me. It is supper time, I could do with a kidney or two ha, ha.

End of ch

I cannot live without my medicine. I am afraid of going to sleep for fear
of my nightmares recurring. I see thousands of people chasing me, with
Abberline in front dangling a rope. I will not be topped, of that fact I
am certain. It has been far too long since my last, I still desire revenge
on the whore and the whore master. But less than the desire to repeat my
last performance, the thought still thrills me so.

I am tired and I fear the city of whorish has become dangerous for I to
return. Christmas is approaching and Thomas has invited me to visit him.
I know him well. I have decided to accept his offer although I know the
motive behind it will strictly be business, Thomas thinks of nothing else
except money unlike me ha ha.

My first was in Manchester so why not my next? If I was to do the same
as the last, that would throw the fools into a panic and especially that
fool Abberline. The children constantly ask what I shall be buying them
for Christmas. They shy away when I tell them a whining knife not
unlike Jack the Ripper, in order that I cut their tongues for peace and
quiet. I do believe I am completely mad. I have never harmed the
children in the years since they have been born. But now I take great
delight in warring them so. Nay not forgive me. I have lost my battle
and shall go on until I am caught. Perhaps I should top myself and save
the hangman a job. At this moment I have no feeling in my body, none at
all. I keep assuring myself I have done no wrong. It is the whore who
has done so, not I. Will peace of mind ever come? I have visited Moppor-
ton often this month, I will have to stop, for I fear he may begin to
suspect, I talk to him like no other.

End of ch

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~~*Sir Jim shall,*~~
~~Am I insane?~~
~~Cane, gain~~
~~*Sir Jim with his fancy cane*~~
~~*Will soon strike again*~~

~~*One whore in heaven,*~~
~~*two whores side by side,*~~
~~*three whores all have died,*~~
~~*four*~~

~~*Sir Jim he cuts them first*~~
damn it

~~*Abberline says he is now amazed,*~~
~~*Sir Jim has not struck another.*~~
~~*He waits patiently,*~~
~~*to see I hastily*~~

~~*Christmas soul the whores mole bonnet,*~~
~~*damn the bitches damn Michael*~~
~~*give Sir Jim his due*~~
~~*He detests all the Jews*~~
~~*for he has no favourite men*~~
~~*As he runs away to his den*.~~

~~*He likes to write with his pen*~~

~~*Give Sir Jim his dues*~~
~~*He detests all the Jews*~~
~~*And indeed was it not in thee*~~

~~*I kissed them,*~~
~~*I kissed them *~~
~~*They tasted so sweet*~~
~~*I thought of leaving them by the whores feet*~~
~~*but the table it was bare,*~~
~~*so I went and left them there.*~~

~~damn it damn it damn it~~

So help me god my next will be far the worst, my head aches, but I will go on. Damn Michael for being so clever the art of verse is far from simple. I curse him so. Abberline Abberline, I shall destroy that fool yet, so help me God. Banish him from my thoughts, he will not catch Sir Jim yet

Abberline Abberline Abberline Abberline the devil take the bastard.

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I am cold, curse the bastard Lowry for making me rip. I keep seeing blood pouring from the bitches. The nightmares are hideous I cannot stop myself for wanting to eat more. God help me, damn you No no one will stop me God be damned.

think think think write tell all prove to them you are who you say you are make them believe it is the truth I tell. Damn him for creating them, damn him damn him damn him. I want to boil boil boil see if their eyes pop. I need more thrills, I will go on, I will go on, nothing will stop me nothing. Cut Sir Jim cut. Cut deep deep deep.

* ~~Sir Jim will cut them all~~ *

Oh costly intercourse of death

Banish the thoughts banish them banish them
ha ha ha, look towards the sensible brother
chickens running around with
their heads cut off.

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Am I not a clever fellow
out foxed them all, they will never know

* ~~Sir Jim will cut them all,~~ *
* ~~Sir Jim he does so walk tall~~ *

* ~~Sir Jim makes his call~~
* ~~He cuts them all~~ *
* ~~with his knife in his bag~~ *

Will have to take up lodgings on my return. Middlesex Street was a joke. The fools, several times they could have caught me if they had looked good and proper. My God am I not a clever fellow? Indeed I am. My head spins will somehow have to find the strength for my journey home. The devil take this city it is too cold for me. Tomorrow I will make Lowry suffer. The thought will thrill me on my journey home.

End of day

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I cannot bring myself to look back, all I have written scares me so. George visited me today. I believe he knows what I am going through, although he says nothing. I can see it in his eyes. Poor George he is such a good friend. Michael is well, he writes a merry tune. In my heart I cannot blame him for doing so. I regret I shall not see him this Christmas.

Entertained an old friend on the Exchange floor. X I felt regretfull was he not Jewish. I have forgotten how many Jewish friends I have. My revenge is on whores not Jews. I do believe I am truly sorry for the scare I have thrown amongst them. I believe that is the reason I am able to write my funny little rhymes. I thank God I have had the courage to stop sending them. I am convinced they will be my undoing.

I am tired very tired. I yearn for peace, but I know in my heart I will go on. I will be in Manchester within a few days. I believe I will feel a great deal better when I have repeated on my last performance. I wonder if I can improve on my fiendish deeds. Will wait and see, no doubt I will think of something. The day is drawing to a close, Lowry was in fine spirits. I am pleased. I regret, as with my Jewish friends I have shown my wrath. This coming Christmas I will make amends.

The bitch, the whore is not satisfied with one whore master, she now has eyes on another. I could not cut like my last, visions of her flooded back to me as I struck. I tried to quosh all thoughts of love. I left her for dead, that I know. It did not amuse me. There was no thrill, I have showered my fury on the bitch, I struck and struck. I do not know how I stopped. I have left her penniless, I have no regrets. The whore will suffer unlike she has ever suffered. May God have mercy on her, for I shall not, so help me.

Thomas was in fine health. The children enjoyed Christmas. I did not. My mood is no longer black, although my head aches. I shall never become accustomed to the pain. I curse winter. I yearn for my favourite month, to see the flowers in full bloom would please me so. Warmth is what I need, I shiver so. Curse this weather and the whoring bitch. My heart has been soft. All whores will feel the edge of Sir Jim's shining knife. I regret I did not give myself that name, curse it, I prefer it much more than the one I have given.

Sir Jim with his shining knife,
cuts all through the night,
and by God, does he not show his might he ha

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It shall not be long before I strike again. I am taking more than ever. The bitch can take two, Sir Jim shall take four, a double double event ha ha. If I was in the city of whores I would do my fiendish deeds this very moment. By God I would.

I curse myself for the fool I have been, I shall have no more regrets, damn them all. Beware Mr. Abberline I will return with a vengeance. Once more I will be the talk of England. What pleasure my thoughts do give me. I wonder if the whore will take the bastard? The bitch is welcom to him. I shall think about their deeds, what pleasure. Tonight I will reward myself, I will visit mine, but I will not be gentle. I will show my whore what I am capable of. Sir Jim needs to wet his appetite, all whores be damned. A friend has turned, so be it, Sir Jim will turn once more. When I have finished my fiendish deeds, the devil himself will praise me. But he will have a long wait before I shake hands with him. I have work to do, a great deal of work ha ha. Kidneys for supper.

end of day

I am tired of keeping up this pretence of respectability. I am finding it increasingly difficult to do so. I believe I am a lucky fellow. Have I not found a new source for my medicine. I relish the thoughts that it will bring me. I enjoy thinking of the whores waiting for my nice shining knife. Tonight I write to Michael. Inform him I shall be visiting the city of whores soon, very soon. I cannot wait. The whore may take as many whore masters as she wishes. I no longer worry. I have my thoughts and pleasures of deeds to come, and oh what deeds I shall commit. Much much finer than my last. Life is indeed sweet, very very sweet.

Dear Mr. Abberline,
I am a lucky man
Next time I will do all that I can

* fan, can, fan, damn *
* cut and thrust *

With a little cut here,
and a little cut there
I will go laughing
away to my lair

Dear Mr. Abberline,
I am a lucky man
Next time I will do
all that I can.
With a little cut here
and a little cut there
I will go laughing
away to my lair.

end of day

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damn it damn it damn it the bastard almost caught me, curse him to hell, I will cut him up next time, so help me. A few minutes and I would have done bastard I will seek him out and teach him a lesson. No one will stop me. Curse his black soul. I curse myself for striking too soon, I should have waited until it was truly quiet so help me I will take all next time and eat it I will leave nothing not even the head. I will boil it and eat it with freshly picked carrots. I shall think about Abberline as I am doing so, that will give me a laugh ha ha. The whore will suffer tonight for the deed she has done.

The bitch has written all
tonight she will fall.

Let's So help me God I will cut the bitch up and serve her up to the children. How dare he whore write to Michael. The damn bitch had no right to inform him of my medicine. If I had my funny little way the whore will be served up this very night. I stood my ground and informed Michael it was a damned lie.

The bitch visits the city of whores soon, I have decided I will wait until the time is ripe. Then I will strike with all my might. I shall buy the whore something for her visit. Will give the bitch the impression I consider it her duty to visit her aunt. She can nurse the sick bitch and her whoring master ha ha.

Ha, what a joke, let the bitch believe I have no knowledge of her whoring affairs. When she returns the whore will pay. I relish the thoughts of striking the bitch once more. Am I not a clever fellow. I pride myself no one knows how clever I am. I do believe if George was to read this, he would say I am the cleverest man alive. I yearn to tell him how clever I have been, but I shall not, my campaign is far from over yet Sir Jim will give nothing away, nothing. How can they stop me now this Sir Jim will live for ever. I feel strong, very strong, strong enough to strike in this damn cold city, believe I will. Why not, nobody does suspect the gentle man born. Will see how I will feel on my journey home, if the whim takes me then so be it. Will have to be careful not to get too much of the red stuff on me. Perhaps I will just cut the once, fool the fools, oh what a joke, more chickens running around with their heads cut off, ha ha I feel clever.

Sir Jimay
live
forever

ha ha ha ha ha

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This clever Sir Jim,
he loves his whims,
tonight he will call
and take away all. ha ha ha ha

ad 4 day

Am I not a clever fellow, the bitch gave me the greatest pleasure of all.
Did not the whore see her whoring master in front of all. True the race
was the finest I have seen, but the thrill of seeing the whore with the
bastard thrilled me more so than knowing his Royal Highness was but a few
feet away from yours truly ha ha what a laugh, if the greedy bastard
would have known he was less than a few feet away from the name all
England was talking about he would have died there and then. Regret I
could not tell the foolish fool. To hell with sovereignty, to hell with all
whores, to hell with the bitch that rules.

* ~~Victoria the bitch~~ *
* ~~Queen fool Sir Jack knows all~~ *
* ~~The queen she knows all~~ *

Victoria, Victoria
The Queen of them all
When it comes to Sir Jack
She knows nothing at all

I

* ~~She knows one day~~ *

Who knows,
perhaps one day
I will give her a call

II

* ~~Shining knife~~ *
* ~~my life~~ *
* ~~honour my knife~~ *

Show her my knife
and she will honour me for life

III

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* ~~Cane Sir Jim she will say~~ *
 Arise Sir Jack she will say,
 and now you can go,
 as you may ha ha ha ha

ha ha ha ha

Victoria, Victoria
 the Queen of them all.
 When it comes to Sir Jack
 she knows nothing at all

Who knows,
 perhaps one day
 I will give her a call
 show her my knife
 and she will honour me for life

Arise Sir Jack she will say
 and you can go
 as you may

Jim, Jack Jack Jim ha ha ha

I was clever, George would be proud of me, told the bitch in my position I could not afford a scandal. I struck her several times an eye for an eye, ha ha. Too many interfering servants, damn the bitches. Hopper will soon feel the edge of my shining knife, damn the meddling buffoon, damn all. Once more the bitch is in debt. My God I will cut her. Oh how I will cut her. I will visit the city of whores I will pay her dues and I shall take mine, my God I will. I will rip rip rip. May seek the bastard out who stoped my funny little games and rip him to. I said he would pay I will make sure he damn will. I feel a numbness in my body, the whores will pay for that. I wonder if Edwin is well? I long for him to return. I have decided that next time I will take the whores eyes out and send them to that fool Abberline.

Bastard

Bastard

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take the eyes,
take the head,
leave them all for dead

It does not amuse me. Curse that bastard Abberline, damn him to hell I will not dangle from any rope of his. I have thought often about the whore and her whoring master. The thoughts still thrill me. Perhaps one day the bitch will allow me to participate. Why not? All have taken her. Have I no right to the whore. I wish to do so.

The bitch
the bitch
the bitch

end of
love

Fuller believes there is very little the matter with me. Strange, the thoughts he placed into my mind. I could not strike, I believe I am mad, completely mad. I try to fight my thoughts. I walk the streets until dawn. I could not find it in my heart to strike, visions of my dear Bunny overwhelmed me. I still love her, but how I hate her. She has destroyed all and yet my heart aches for her, oh how it aches. I do not know which pain is the worst my body or my mind.

My God I am tired, I do not know if I can go on. Bunny and the children are all that matter. No regrets, no regrets. I shall not allow such thoughts to enter my head. Tonight I will take my shining knife and be rid of it. Throw it deep within the river. I shall return to Battlecrease with the knowledge that I can no longer continue my campaign. 'Tis love that spurred me so, 'tis love that shall put an end to it.

end of
love

I am afraid to look back on all I have written. Perhaps it would be wiser to destroy this, but in my heart I cannot bring myself to do so. I have tried once before, but like the coward I am, I can not. Perhaps in my tormented mind I wish for someone to read this and understand that the man I have become was not the man I was born.

My dear brother Edwin has returned. I wish I could tell him all. No more funny little rhymes. Tonight I write of love.

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tis love that spurred me so
tis love that does destroy
tis love that I yearn for
tis love she spurned
tis love that will finish me
tis love that I regret

May God help me. I pray each night he will take me, the disappointment when I awake is difficult to describe. I no longer take the dreaded stuff for fear I will harm my dear Bunny worse still the children.

I do not know if I have the courage to take my life. I pray each night I will find the strength to do so, but the courage eludes me. I pray constantly all will forgive. I deeply regret striking her, I have found it in my heart to forgive her and her lovers.

I believe I will tell her all, ask her to forgive me as I have forgiven her. I pray to God she will understand what she has done to me. Tonight I will pray for the women I have slaughtered. May God forgive me for the deeds I committed on Kelly, no heart no heart

and of love

The pain is unbearable. My dear Bunny knows all. I do not know if she has the strength to kill me. I pray to God she finds it. It would be simple, she knows of my medicine, and for an extra dose or two it would be all over. No one will know, I have seen to that. George knows of my habit and I trust soon it will come to the attention of Michael. In truth I believe he is aware of the fact. Michael will know how to act, he is the most sensible amongst us all. I do not believe I will see this June, my favourite of all months. Have begged Bunny to act soon, I curse myself for the coward I am. I have readdressed the balance of my previous will. Bunny and the children are well cared for and I trust Michael and Thomas will carry out my wishes.

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Soon I trust I shall be laid beside my dear mother and father. I shall seek their forgiveness when we are reunited. God I pray will allow me at least that privilege although I know only too well I do not deserve it. My thoughts will remain in tact, for a reminder to all how love does destroy. I place this now in a place were it shall be found. I pray whoever should read this will find it in their heart to forgive me. Remind all, whoever you may be, that I was once a gentle man. May the good lord have mercy on my soul and forgive me for all I have done.

I give my name that all know of me, so history do tell, what love can do to a gentle man born.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dated this third day of May 1889