

Massey Murder Game 2015

The Murder Archive

The following pages contain a record of the deaths and murders that occurred at Massey in February 2015 in the course of Operation Pelle Sub Agnina.

Milan "Felix Yusupov" Ilnyckyj's open letter to the rest of Massey on his murder of Jennifer "J.Bond" Bonder

Fellow murderers, aspiring murderers, and slain virgin murder-aspirants,

When I was waiting across Devonshire, in an observation post with a sightline to both the front and back Massey gates (where I found myself in my light boots with thin socks), I tried to keep warm and vigilant by reciting "The Destruction of Sennacherib" to myself.

In slaying a beloved former Don of Hall, I can't say that I "came down like the wolf on the fold".

I definitely had no "cohorts... gleaming in purple and gold".

But she accepted the kill graciously.

Happy hunting to all who are alive.

I hope you do better than my namesake,

Felix Yusupov

Jielai “Peter” Zhang on being tackled to death by Julia “Dead Eye” Glinos

Let this be a warning to you all,
The greatest pain isn't the final fall,
It is all in the after thoughts
The... what ifs, and what if nots.

Aeron Nightshade MacHattie on giving oneself over to death

What does it mean to claim to have died well?
To give oneself for love of land or kin
Is just to die for lies that others tell,
And be complicit in an age old sin.
And yet to lay down arms and embrace death,
With open eyes and calmness in one's heart,
For naught but fear to still another's breath,
Is weak and lets the killers play their part.
No act is noble so awash in blood.
I die in vain; I die for nothing good.

Johanna “The Valkyrie” Rodda on the dangers of social media

The noble Valkyrie is dead.
Facebook brought it on her head.
When she knew death was nigh
she ought to have hied
but chose to die valiantly instead.

Ted “Wyldstyle” Parker’s “folk dirge

He was so young
Taken from us
Taken so young
Dead and so young

Chris “Manfred” Kelleher on being betrayed by Amy “Charlotte Corday” Cote

On Betrayal; or, The Death of Manfred

Oh, what good is an oath or pact,
When a knife yet sticks from out your back?
What the use of ally or friend,
When grisly game turns to bitter end?

I trusted her, I kept her safe.
And in that deed, I sealed my fate.

We fought and toiled, side by side,
And in that time, I ne’er once denied
That we stood united, exemplary,
But, oh, the depths of her treachery.

I trusted her, I kept her safe.
And in that deed, I sealed my fate.

The blade is in now, to the hilt,
And the tears they fall, like the blood which spilt.
But what is worse, that won’t abate
Is now my heart is filled with Hate.

I trusted her, I kept her safe.
And in that deed, I sealed my fate.

- Chris Kelleher