

## THE WITHERED SUNFLOWERS

Back in 1889 Mr Darcy, a 26 year old gentleman, was living on his own in a small house filled with flowers. He had a steady and well-paid job, he was brilliant at playing the piano and the thing he most enjoyed doing was taking care of his plants, specially the sunflowers. Everything in his life was as usual as you could imagine for anyone at his age, except for the fact that he was a serial killer.

Mr Darcy had always been such a romantic person: when he was eight he devoted his time to writing poems for the prettiest girls in his class, but those girls and the rest of the class would only make fun of him and his physical appearance. Since then things had changed radically and, going back to 1889, he was considered a very handsome and attractive man, both for men and women. He had been meeting new people with the hope that one day he would find his soulmate. However, this would not be as simple as it seems. Darcy started becoming more and more obsessed with that idea, until one day he decided that each time he had the first date with someone he would cut from the ground a sunflower and put it in a vase with water. The time it took for the sunflower to wither would be the same time he had to fall in love with that person. If the time had come and he was not in love yet, that person would die as the sunflower.

Two years passed and with them Darcy's madness increased. Even though the police was already investigating all those crimes committed by him, he did not even show any little sign of concern. The only conclusions they arrived to, were that the victims were between 20 and 28 years and all of them had a withered sunflower next to their bodies. The investigations seemed to be useless, but one day there was a turn of events. A woman named Jane was at party the same night as Darcy and, by the time he saw her, he knew that she had something special, so he did not think twice and introduced himself to her. Three days later they were having their first date, consequently Darcy initiated his usual process.

Mrs Jane was 25 years old, she was incredibly intelligent and had an amazing natural beauty that always left Darcy spellbound. They had many things in common and started spending more and more time together. Darcy felt alive again; he was an utterly different person. Their faces looked completely different when they were together, their hearts beat faster and their minds were not thinking of anything but them. Everything felt better when he was with her, but all his happiness quickly disappeared when she told him about her job, Jane was the inspector in charge of the sunflower's case.

Darcy could not believe what he heard and all that perfection that surrounded them suddenly vanished. In that exact moment he knew that they could never spend their whole dreamed life together and frustrated more than ever by those thoughts, he realised that she was the one. She was the one that he had loved more than anyone, she was the one that could make him smile with just her presence, she was the one that he would never get bored of; she was the one that he had been waiting for his entire life. He was desperate to find a solution to that, he even considered the possibility of telling her everything and then going far away from there to start a new life together somewhere else, but none of the options he had thought about convinced him.

Mrs Jane was called from work the day after, there was a new victim. She went to the crime scene as fast as she could, and there he was. Mr Darcy was lying on the floor with a sunflower next to him and a handwritten note. The love of her life was dead. Everything was in complete silence, the room turned black and the air smelled like bitterness. The tears would not stop going down through her face and, without knowing what to do, Jane took the note and started reading. It was a confession note, not only about his crimes, but his love towards her. She sighed heavily and read the end of the note, *"I wish we could have spent much more time together, but I am happy that I finally found you Jane, the sunflower that never withers"*.