

Rose West

SLAV 230

Position Paper

Something smells. I wake up from my slumber and I'm quickly hit with a stench that reeks of a decomposing body. My morning haziness has my head spinning and as I'm trying to pull myself together. I look down and my blood quickly runs cold. In front of me is best friend of years, mutilated, severed, and gushing blood. My white sheets are tarnished with bright red blood that is sopping deep into my bed. I am quickly brought to my senses, my shock is so great, no sound can escape my gaped mouth.

Amidst my confusion, I frantically get up and run to the restroom. I gaze at my reflection in the bathroom mirror to see the front of my body covered in blood. A closer look at my mouth I could see sharp dagger like teeth that seemed to have little bits, of what I suppose was the body that was laying in front of me, stuck in between my teeth. My faced looked pale and my complexion looked almost thinner. I see that the time is reaching closer to 8 am, if I don't leave soon I'll be late to bio. As I quickly wash myself and collect my belongings for school, I ponder that maybe this is all fake and just a hallucination of my morning drowsiness. Just to check on my reality, on my way to the front door I check to see if Grace (my childhood best friend) is sleeping peacefully in her room and not actually mangled in mine. Just as I feared she was nowhere to be found, the only thing out of usual was her empty bed and a slight trail of blood that led to my room. I disregard this quickly because I'm about to be late to bio, my actual worst fear.

I get to class with hast, and the lecture goes about per usual. As class ends, I gather my belongings and decide that I am going to face the nightmare that is waiting for me in my room. I

step out of the lecture hall, and I'm met with pain that is pricking me on every exposed part of my body. I fly back into the hall and escape the sunlight that seems to leave my body aching. I test it a couple more times and concluded that the sunlight is my weakness. The darkness of the morning must have limited this effect on me. I decide to wait the day out inside the hall until night falls. I creep back out into the dark and sneak back home.

As I enter the apartment, one of my other roommates is sitting in the kitchen. "Hey, have you seen Grace? I haven't seen her all day." Says Katie. Stammering I say, "NO I haven't seen her either." I dash to my room, and I am greeted once again by the murder scene that was left. I clean up my room and finally have a minute to think "Did I really kill Grace?". I think about it some more and this feeling of starvation starts to overcome my body. I don't think much of it and just take it as a sign to hit the hay, overall today was quite draining. Drowsing off to sleep, I start to have these visions of blood splattering and screams fill my head. I awaken, drenched sweat and breathing hard. I am laying in the living room and not in my bed where I am sure I last was. I looked at my surroundings and it was like I was reliving my nightmare from the previous morning. There lies Katie shred to piece and her blood dripping from my body. At this very moment the reality has finally hit me that something is very wrong. I felt like a monster, I didn't even know what could have come over me to make me want to kill. I locked myself away in my room in shame and despair. I decided from that very moment on I would lock myself away in my room forever.

A couple days passed, and I grew very hungry. Thinking back to my SLAV 230 class I remembered the ethical theory of Moral Absolutism/Kantianism. This is what fueled me to stay in my room, by thinking about the lives of others. I know that in Kantianism it is morally wrong to use others as a means to an end. I shouldn't let my desires of feasting get to the best of me and

rather think of what is morally right regardless of my situation. But hours go by, and I just can't take it anymore. I think back again to my SLAV 230 class, and I ponder on Utilitarianism.

Thinking back, I remember that Utilitarianism justifies using others as a means to an end. By focusing on the overall outcome of my actions it can be justified for me feasting. I am people because I am hungry, and my needs need to be met. So technically shouldn't it be morally okay for me to go eat my dinner. This thought doesn't leave my head as I hear the front door open and Kennady my 3rd roommate returns back after being gone on Vacation. I hear her shriek, as she must have seen the massacre left in the living room. I take this opportunity to strike. My desires overcome me and the only thing keeping my partially sane is that Utilitarianism ethics might justify my wrong doings. Kennady lays before me and her blood covers the floor. I feel satisfied and full while I lay my head down for a peaceful slumber.