

In The Monuments Must Bleed, a ritualistic killer stalks Washington, D.C., reenacting ancient sacrifices from forgotten empires to awaken a prophecy. A historical horror where ancient gods rise and monuments fall.

The Monuments Must Bleed
By Clifton Wilcox

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THE MONUMENTS MUST BLEED

The Gods Are Forgotten, But Not Gone

His victims are offerings. His altar is the city itself.

CLIFTON WILCOX

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Table of Contents

Prologue.....	9
The Discovery	13
Initial Investigation.....	18
The Wisdom Tooth.....	24
Introducing the FBI Anthropologist	30
Victim: Alistar Folger.....	44
The Killers Profile	51
The Prophecy	57
Technological Investigation	63
Deepening Suspicion.....	69
Amelia Hernandez Discovery.....	77
Political Ramifications	86
The Macabre Amulet.....	94
Tracing the Killer	101
Unraveling the Prophecy	108
The Vice Presidents Threat	114
Increased Security	121
The Killers Identity.....	127

A Dangerous Confrontation.....	134
Close Call.....	141
The Protest	148
Infiltration	154
Confrontation	160
The Killers Motivation.....	166
Resolution	172
The Investigations Conclusion.....	179
Dealing with the Fallout.....	186
Emotional Toll	193
Reflecting on the Past	200
Looking to the Future.....	206
Early Life	212
Academic Pursuits	217
Disillusionment	223
The Seeds of Obsession	229
Planning the Rituals	236
Personal Life	242
Professional Challenges	248
Emotional Impact.....	253

The Monuments Must Bleed

Growth and Change.....	259
Moving On.....	267
Academic Background	273
Professional Experience	280
Working with Izzy	286
Ethical Dilemmas	291
Reflections on the Case	297
Initial Reactions.....	303
Media Coverage.....	310
Political Maneuvering	316
Public Opinion.....	322
Long-Term Consequences.....	329
Aztec Sacrifices	335
Assyrian Rituals.....	342
Canaanite Practices.....	349
Comparative Analysis	356
Modern Interpretations	362
Crime Scene Analysis.....	369
Digital Forensics.....	375
DNA Evidence.....	381

Ballistic Analysis	388
Technological Advances	394
Ancient Prophecies	401
Mythological Figures	408
Symbolic Interpretations	415
Decoding the Clues	421
The Prophecies Fulfillment.....	428
Izzys Relationships	435
Marcus's Personal Life	441
Victims Families	447
The Killers Humanity	454
Empathy and Understanding.....	460
Life After the Case.....	466
Lingering Questions.....	472
Reflection on Justice	478
The Legacy of the Killer	484
Final Thoughts	491

Prologue

He waited until the city fell silent.

It was 2:11 a.m. — the time of night when D.C. held its breath. The sirens had faded. Bars had emptied. Even the rats under Judiciary Square paused to listen, as though they, too, had sensed what was to come.

Inside an abandoned corridor of L'Enfant Plaza the man lit the last candle, completing the circle around the figure tied to concrete slab. The victim, a middle-aged man wearing a tailored suit, was bound, gagged and shaking — a lawyer known for his aggressive courtroom tactics pleaded mercy with his eyes. His name and position didn't matter anymore. Only what he represented.

Spread out on the concrete slab, the man jerked in panic. Scattered around him were items he had recovered from Egypt: An ostrich feather, a statuette of the goddess Ma'at, broken pottery with hieroglyphic inscriptions detailing the fusion between the spiritual and the physical world. A Gerzean knife, with its long curving flint blade flaked for maximum sharpness lay next to the statuette.

The killer cloaked in a linen robe painted to resemble leopard skin—a symbol of power and divine protection in Egyptian religious rituals, moved with reverence. He was neither impulsive nor insane. Each movement was exact, based upon a text within the Nag Hammadi which had long since disappeared from the library of humanity. The Codex, he termed it, was cobbled together from remnants—fragmented tablets and outlawed scrolls that were inscribed on the walls of subterranean temples. It told of a convergence. A door. A rebirth.

And power.

He dipped the blade into a mixture of linseed oil, ash, and his own blood. He began to chant—not in Latin, or in Hebrew, but in a more ancient language, interlaced with notes that itched the throat to pronounce. The hieroglyphs on the ground glowed briefly, responding as if the air held memories.

The victim's eyes dilated, choking on repressed screams as the blade cut into his sternum. He tried to rise, but the ropes held. The killer cut cleanly, methodically, as described in the ancient manuscripts. He reached in. The heart beat up to the moment it was raised.

And then—the room exhaled.

The candles flared inward, as if sucked by unseen force. The impression on the tablet of Ma'at glowed dimly. The idol's eyes glowed red. The feather trembled. Something ancient had stirred.

The killer smiled. "One step closer," he whispered. "One kingdom awakened."

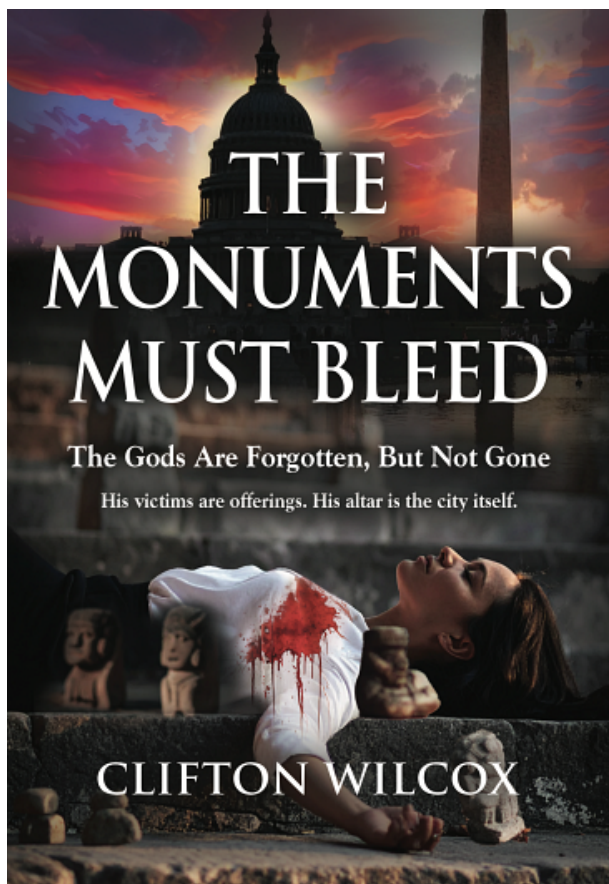
He dropped the heart in the sacrificial bowl and started painting blood on the room's crumbling walls. Symbols. Keys. Coordinates. He did not fear being caught. It was part of the prophecy.

The body would be discovered by the authorities. They would see the relics. They would misunderstand the pattern.

But they would come.

They always did.

And they, too, were to have their part to play.



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