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Which Infamous Nineteenth-Century Murderer Are You?

Peyton Smith
Linfield College

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Facebook is a black hole. You know this. You've known this since the eighth grade, back when you spent the majority of your free time playing "FarmVille" and adding bumper stickers to your profile page. One might assume, therefore, that eighteen-year-old you would know better by now. It's almost midnight and you have a hundred pages of *Invisible Man* to read before tomorrow at 10AM. You absolutely, 100% do *not* have time to waste on Facebook.

Unfortunately, time management is a skill you're still developing.

You give yourself ten minutes. That's it. Enough time to check your notifications, watch that video a friend tagged you in, and answer a message from a classmate asking you what the homework is for PSYCH 101. Turns out it only takes you eight minutes to finish your to-do list—maybe you are getting better at this time management thing!—so you use your remaining two minutes to scroll through your newsfeed.

This is a mistake.

Why? Well, right there at the very top, your friend has shared a link. Not just any link, but one that serves as your very own siren call:

BuzzFeed



Which infamous nineteenth century murderer are you?

Are you more likely to kill for political reasons or because your husband is a dick? Find out below!

Posted on August 24, 2017, at 8:46 a.m.

You are but a meek eighteen-year-old—how could anyone expect you to resist a *BuzzFeed quiz*? Ralph Ellison tries to call your name from where he sits on your desk, but it's too late. You *have* to find out what kind of killer you are. This is essential to your personal development.

First, choose a place:

- a) Washington, D.C.
- b) Oregon
- c) Massachusetts

Well, that's an easy one. Massachusetts is butt cold, and you refuse to be anywhere within a five hundred mile radius of Donald Trump, so Oregon it is.

Now pick a weapon:

- a) Axe
- b) Gun
- c) Poison

You have to think a bit more on this one. A gun would be quick, but noisy—did they have silencers in the 1800's? Who knows? Guess that one's out. An axe sounds...messy, but there's also a high chance that you'd confuse the poison with your bottles of medicine or something, and you'd really rather not end up dead on accident. It looks like messy is the only way to go with this one.

What serves as the backdrop for your crime?

- a) A theater
- b) The dinner table
- c) Your childhood home

Interrupt *Hamilton* with a murder? Please. You aren't a *complete* imbecile. And your childhood home is already tainted with memories you'd rather not relive (the albums full of photographic evidence of your acne-and-headgear phase are bad enough, thanks) so there's no need to add even more. Let's pick the dinner table.

Decide on your getaway method:

- a) Horse
- b) None—you'd stick around and play dumb
- c) Foot

Let's just say there's a reason you've never taken horseback riding lessons or a drama class.

(Okay, so you aren't the fastest runner either, but what other choice do you have?)

Finally, the most important question—what ends up being your fate as the killer?

- a) Convicted and put away for life—you were a little too sloppy.
- b) Acquitted—you, a killer? An outrageous accusation!
- c) Dead—karma's a bitch.

Your first instinct is to pick option C because you really do have terrible luck, and also because you can't imagine murdering someone and then being able to *not* think about it every single day for the rest of your life. You'd rather be dead so you don't have to worry about appeasing your conscience. Like you said, though, you have terrible luck, so there's no way the Fates would let you escape unscathed.

Yep, you'd end up in jail for sure.

Which infamous nineteenth century murderer are you?

You got: Charity Lamb

Your husband is a real piece of work, and you just can't stand it anymore. First he drags you all the way across the country in a wagon, and then he hits you upside the head with a hammer and *still* expects you to do all of the cooking and cleaning? Yeah, right. You didn't survive multiple bloody, painful, pre-modern medicine childbirths just to have to deal with this shit.

So you serve him his dinner, and then you take an axe to his head. It's like chopping wood—not that you would know what chopping wood is like from firsthand experience, because you're a proper woman, and proper women don't chop wood. Then again, apparently they don't bludgeon their husbands to death, either. Now everyone thinks you're a psycho and they throw you into prison for it, but so what? He hit you with a *hammer*. It was only fair that you hit him back.