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No bad deed goes unpunished,  
as we all will one day face what we've done.

But if we choose to focus our actions on good,  
we may reduce the amount of karma that lingers on.

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Karman

# Karman

A NOVEL

*What goes around,  
could come back...to kill you*

**Karman** – What goes around, could come back...to kill you  
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Author: N.J. Porter | [www.NJPorterKARMAN.com](http://www.NJPorterKARMAN.com)

Cover Design & Digital Formatting by: Eli Blyden |  
[www.EliTheBookGuy.com](http://www.EliTheBookGuy.com)

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# DEDICATION

Dedicating this novel to  
all who've suffered from the various types of bullying.

Please do not internalize your emotional anxiety.  
Ensure to report any mistreatment and seek counseling  
early to reduce possible psychological trauma.

Karman

# CONTENTS

Dedication.....	v
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## PART I

Chapter 1	
An Early Morning Murder.....	3
Chapter 2	
The Morning News.....	6
Chapter 3	
The Investigation Begins.....	19
Chapter 4	
Stacey's Residence.....	50
Chapter 5	
At the Precinct.....	55
Chapter 6	
Lunch at the Mall.....	63
Chapter 7	
Investigating the Leads.....	70
Chapter 8	
Stacey's Late-Night Visit.....	78
Chapter 9	
Arquette Meets Chris.....	86

## PART II

Chapter 10	
Working the Late-Night Shift.....	113
Chapter 11	
The Aftermath.....	135
Chapter 12	
Chief's Proposal.....	191
Chapter 13	
Miracle Care Recovery Center.....	197

Chapter 14  
Finding A Connection.....206  
Chapter 15  
The Follow-up Session .....216

**PART III**

Chapter 16  
Recalling the School Bus Days.....225  
Chapter 17  
The Visit to Miracle Care Recovery .....246  
Chapter 18  
We're Still Alive .....302  
Chapter 19  
Forensics .....317  
Chapter 20  
Karman's Session.....335  
Chapter 21  
The Interrogation .....365

**PART IV**

Chapter 22  
Trouble at TeleCast Communications.....400  
Chapter 23  
Investigating Abigail's Death.....428  
Chapter 24  
Overnight Watch.....454  
Chapter 25  
The Final Session.....474  
Chapter 26  
The Search.....490  
Chapter 27  
Redemption .....530  
Chapter 28  
Difficult to Say Goodbye.....566



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BY N.J. PORTER

Karman

# PART I

Karman

## Chapter 1

# An Early Morning Murder

The moon was full, the sky was partly cloudy, and the wind was calm. The traffic lights were blinking a combination of yellow and red; indicating traffic flow was extremely light. The streetlights were shining bright, casting a vibrant, orange glow throughout the city limits. This illuminous glow made the buildings resemble that of black silhouettes as they all faded into the background with only a few office lights still on. The downtown area of Annapolis appeared abandoned as there were no signs of human life anywhere. At the corner of one street, a marquee at United Bank displayed the weather at 65 degrees. It then blinked and displayed the time which read 4:37 am. Mysteriously, a moaning yawn within a chilling breeze suddenly began to maneuver between the buildings and through alley ways, as if it were seeking something...or someone.

This chilling moan turned left down one alleyway and suddenly came into contact with a man who seemed to have heard this haunting sound before. He appeared to have been running away from it as if his life was in danger. His body displayed features of torture and pain, moving frantically with signs of agony and complications. As he attempted to escape from this mysterious moan, he would fall

occasionally due to an injury to his right knee. In addition, his left eye was swollen shut and outlined in black. A distorted nose accompanied this swollen eye, showing proof that there was a fracture within the nasal cavity. Moreover, during this desperate attempt to flee, he tried numerous times to scream “help me!” but the blood oozing from his mouth caused him to choke on his words.

He continued moving swiftly between buildings, hyperventilating fussily as he tried to escape from this moan of terror. As he came around the left corner of a building and proceeded quickly down another back alley, he was then stopped abruptly by a line of floating glass which had elevated from the ground. These pieces of glass suspended ankle high and stretched horizontally the length of the alley. As it hovered mid-air, it slowly rotated counterclockwise. The inadequate lighting made it very difficult for the man to see the glass ahead. However, some glass fragments happened to twinkle off the reflection from a distance streetlight up ahead; but, with very little time to maneuver, the glass sliced through his ankles like cheese on a shredder; bringing instant, excruciating pain which caused this wounded man to fall bleakly to the ground. There was no doubt in his mind that the glass which formed before him was created by the force chasing behind him. Still showing persistence and strong will to live, however, he insisted on trying to escape.

He began to crawl away using just his arms as his ankles were now experiencing unbelievable pain. Occasionally he would have to stop moving because the glass within his ankles were slicing deeper as he dragged his legs across the ground. As he moved about on his stomach, the moaning yawn grew louder as it approached his left ear.

Unexpectedly, a voice within the moan whispered aloud, “It’s your turn to scream!”

Not sure how much further he would be able to go due to the insufferable pain he was experiencing, the man stopped crawling and decided to try and speak with this voice.

“What do you want from me?” he asked, while lying on his stomach.

But there was no response. At that moment, he quickly looked over to his left and then to his right to try and locate the individual for which this voice belonged. However, in his attempt to find this person, or thing, the source was still nowhere in sight.

The voice moved even closer to his ear and then it replied, “To diiiieeee!”

Though he was full of fear and uncertainty, he turned onto his back with hopes to at least see the face that accompanied this eerie voice. However, when he looked up, he only got a glimpse of a white pale face with dark black lips and red illuminated eyes. Then immediately, everything went black.