

The handcuffs tightened around my wrists, my head shoved onto the bonnet of the police car. I didn't fight the officers, I knew what I had done, blood was on my hands, the proof. The scream of the child was deafening, the silence of the mother even more so. Tilting my head, I saw the gun; glistening, laying in the pool of red, jeering at me. Snow fell like ash above me, marking the end of my old life. How could one bullet cause so much damage, take life away from someone's world? What had I done?

The prison cell door opened with a clunk, I had read the multiple signs around the building: Corcovado Prison. I recognised that name, it was the name of the Costa Rican jungle I visited with my beautiful wife, I miss her already. The officer who was gripping my arm, placed me inside the solemn cave. A smug grin crept onto his face as he turned and walked away. I leaned against the cold wall, slowly sliding down until I met with the floor. My orange prison jumpsuit began to burn my eyes, it took me to a distant deserted land which I will never escape from. I wrenched my neck to the left; sat there, legs crossed, tired eyes.

I closed my eyes, recalling the horrifying burden I brought upon myself. Driving down the quiet night lane. Stopping outside the house. Pacing up the drive with death in my hand. Knock. Knock. The house erupted with life, and then death. The ear-splitting silence, never ended. Then came the sirens, leading me in and tearing me apart with their sweet song of safety. Her blonde hair, stained by liquid rubies.

The prison officer was distributing meals to each cell. Smelled like lasagne. He slid the meal towards me, jeering as he did so, "Merry Christmas".

"I hate Christmas." Cautiously, I unwrapped the foil, revealing the meal. My wife used to cook us lasagne, the smell wafted throughout the house, the look on my son's face; my son, my poor, poor child, he can never live a normal life, because of me, his own father.

The man in the cell opposite, always talking to himself, his three golden teeth caught the dull light and made patterns on the wall. He was crazy, a murderer, like me. I'm not crazy; am I crazy? I must be. Every man or woman at some point in their lives must think about wanting to hurt someone, inflict pain on another, these are the everyday people, but it takes something to push yourself to inflict that harm on somebody, maybe it was madness that crept inside my mind, poisoned me; maybe it wasn't. I couldn't live with myself, I can't live with myself. I expected the arguments, the fighting, my wife, to just go away; and they did, but the memories never will. Her blonde hair, at rest in the cold blood, my wife.

By Jake Aaron Williams, Age 14