

“Stop me before I kill again”

To my total amazement, I never thought I'd be spending an eternity of solitude locked up. As I sat on the cold stone floor, with the towering bars looming over my fragile body, I crouched in the cold corner. Darkness enclosed the cell, leaving me with the torturous memories of my troublesome childhood. As I looked up, the four walls suffocated my soul trapping my fear in this enclosed space. The obscurity of the little light that entered in from the small window, left me with the ambiguous figures of the jail guards. Their intimidating shadows flickering across the crumbling walls. Leaving my memories in the corner, I plucked up enough courage to get up. Get up and walk across the room. Peering through the small window showed me the outside world, separated from me. The freedom. The opportunities. But NO!

I don't deserve it after what I did. The look on her face as I stood above her, claiming my authority. Why did I do it? What possessed me? Her magical blue eyes peering into my menacing eyes, begging for me to stop. But I didn't. I could have, I had the choice to stop but I wouldn't allow it. Not after what she did.

Standing there with the shot gun in one hand and a silencer in the other, the temptations overthrew me. The authority. The power. The control. I wanted it all and got too greedy for my own good. The thrill I felt spread throughout me; from my insane mind to the finger on the trigger. I pulled the trigger...

Her scream pierced the silence and next thing I know, she was lying. Her beautiful face was now expressionless. Her eyes, empty and cold, peered up at me as I staggered back. Staggering back from the devastation I had caused.

It seemed like it was only yesterday I took her life. I can remember exactly what I did that day, from waking up to washing my hands of her scarlet blood.

Someone stop me; please stop me from committing this fatal sin again. I cannot take the pain and devastation any longer. STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN...

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