

If only i could go back



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It was around 9: 00 pm and the atmosphere was charged. The roads were blocked and the police were to be found on every corner. A search was in place, I was the suspect. My clothes were stained with blood, not my blood but Eve's blood. My face was covered with dirt as though I had taken a dip in a pigsty.

Suddenly just behind me I heard a booming sound " Freeze, don't move", but I was too faint to synchronize with a response. Red and blue lines were flashing before my guilty eyes, it was the police. They had found me; I was handcuffed on the spot and thrown into the back of a van like a captured animal thrown into his cage. I was read out my rights " You have the right to remain silent, anything you say or do can be used against you in a court of law".

That was it, I had been on the run for 4 consecutive days. My stomach lunched with hunger, my body desperately urged for rest but worst of all I was ruined. I was filled with intense regret. Although a sense of denial ran through my head, my conscience overcame the effect and I knew what I had done was wrong. " Too late now" I thought to myself.

As I neared the place of my judgment with the last bit of strength in me I shouted aloud " God Forgive Me". Time seemed to crawl as freedom raced its way out of my life. I was utterly left to rot. Fear and regret was all I could think of. My sense of fear was so strong, that I began to cry. My emotions overpowered me once again and the more I thought of the crime I had committed the more I continued to cry.

I then arrived at the police station where I saw my father standing with only one expression on his face, 'SHOCK'. As a police officer informed my father of my actions I saw a tear form in his eyes, a tear filled with shame and disappointment. The sight of my father's face scared me all the more.

A vision of an empty, lonely future came alive at the back of my head, the past 18 years of my life flashed past me so fast like a video cassette put on super forward. I then heard a rough thick voice say " Why my son, why did you beat Eve to death?" It was my father who by now had understood precisely what had happened. He was a man who went through a lot of rough times himself.

I was silent. The cause of my actions was due to myfamilyproblems. The agony, the loneliness of my parents being divorced and not having a father and a mother at the same time made me feel empty. My family was very dear to me, as a 'real family' was all I wanted. Ever since I was a child I've been brought up by a single parent and always wished to have my parents back together. I longed all my life to know how a real family life was, but I was deprived of that. I did not want my father to pity me hence; I kept the reason to myself. I am a man now and should be responsible for my actions.

It was because of Eve who simultaneously insulted my family and made fun of the fact that my parents were divorced. " Your parents don't love you that was why they left you" was one of the many hurtful things she said. At first I tried to ignore it but the truth penetrated its way into me and anger was all that was left in me. The blood in my veins boiled making me all the angrier

where at one point I burst and took all my anger out on her. Punch after punch, kick after kick.

This is when my emotions took over me at first. Everything happened so fast, and by the time it was all over and saw Eve's helpless body lying horizontally opposite to me, I was shocked but most of all scared. This was the first time I had actually seen someone die before my own eyes, and to worsen things it was me who had " murdered" her. I acted like a robot controlled by the truth and my emotions. Then the fear of death took over me and for the first few minutes I froze at a standstill but the thought of what I had done scared me so much that I began to run as fast as I could to hide myself from what I had done.

Now my life is ruined. I feel like a total failure. Till this very day each moment I sit in my jail cell, I feel helpless and hungry and regret what I had done and just wish if I can take back what had happened. The thought, the whole thing just keeps running through my mind making me feel so wrong and so bad. " Oh! If I could only go back in time!"