

Innocent Evil

“So... Mr. Malum. You wanna tell me why we found blood on your shirt?” The man asked, pulling out photos of a previously grey, blood-stained shirt from a manilla envelope placed on the table.

“I’ve already told you. That’s not mine. I didn’t do it.” I glared back at him, arms folded.

“Well, that’s not what your parents seem to think. See, your parents think that you’ve been acting *awfully* suspicious recently.”

“My parents know *jack*. They wouldn’t even be able to tell you what my *usual* behavior is, let alone suspicious behavior.”

“Let’s take a look at this then.” Another photo was revealed, this time it was a picture of me walking down an alley with a wooden bat. I was wearing a similar grey shirt.

“So? I was walking down the street. That makes me a *criminal*?”

“No. It just seems a bit odd that you *happen* to be carrying a bat and wearing the same exact shirt that was covered in Johnson’s blood, don’t you think?”

“Look. I didn’t *kill* Clark. I keep *telling* you. After school I went home-”

“Watched a bit of TV and slept until two in the morning. Yes. I know. But it’s pretty suspicious how even your parents didn’t see you during that time. After all, your alibi *just so happens* to cover the same timeframe that Johnson was murdered. Mind explaining that?”

“I didn’t do it.” I gritted my teeth. “And I’ve already told you: My parents don’t give a flying frick about me. I could’ve been home the whole day and they wouldn’t have noticed.”

The man let out a disappointed sigh and briefly closed his eyes, thinking. Then he turned to me.

“Do you wanna know what I think happened?” I didn’t answer, but he told me anyway. “I think it went something like this...”

Two months later I was stuck in a mental hospital, surrounded by loonies that were thought to be dangerous to the public. Who stuck me here? My parents. Of *course* it was my parents. They had wanted to get rid of me since the day I was born being the accidental parasite I was. My parents were practically begging to have me institutionalized just within the first few days of the trial. They got what they wanted. Now they wouldn’t have to see my ugly face anymore. I certainly didn’t want to see theirs.

“Tristan Malus” a male nurse stated to himself as he looked for my name on his clipboard. “Tristan... Tristan...” he mumbled to himself, eyes scanning the page. “Ah yes! Here you are. Tristan Malus: Davis, 2 o’clock counselling.” He looked up at me. “You’ll find Ms. Davis in the second door to your right.” He pointed towards the hallway to my left. “Do you need someone to escort you?” he asked habitually.

“No. I’m not *delusional* you know. I won’t miss a door that’s only fifteen feet away.”

The man just looked at me, waiting for me to leave; So I left. I had to admit, though. The building could be hard to navigate sometimes, what with all the rooms and corridors being the exact same shape, size and color. Everything was white except for the light tan linoleum floors; their checkered pattern never seeming to end.

The door to the room was open, so I just waited by the doorway. This room was different from the rest. It had dark blue carpet flooring and grey walls. The darkness of the room almost had a comforting feel to it. In the center of the room lay two brown chairs, one of which I could see the top of, what I assume to be a woman’s, head.

The head turned to face me. It was, in fact, a woman. "You may sit over here." She motioned her hand to the other chair in the room. I walked over and sat down, all the while examining the room and my new friend.

"I see you're not quite used to it here yet." She stated matter-of-factly, looking a pile of papers she had in her lap.

"You think I'd get used to a bunch of weirdos just 'cause I've been with them a week?"

She looked up at me. "I know you don't think you belong here, but there is a reason you were placed in this institution. It's the same sort of reasons that every other patient has for coming here. Your brain is ill and it needs to be treated. The sooner you come to terms with the fact that you have an illness, the sooner."

"Look, lady, I don't have a sick brain. I'm not ill, and I didn't *kill* anybody."

"Well, if you didn't kill Clark Johnson, who did?"

I hadn't really thought of it before. All I knew was that I was innocent; wrongly accused. I stayed silent, trying to come up with a good answer.

"Sometimes people do things that they wouldn't usually do because they aren't in their right mind. I think this is what happened to you when you murdered Clark. It's what the rest of the Jury thought as well." She paused, talking softly. She spoke as though I were made of thin glass; as though her voice might shatter me if it got too loud. "You were brought here for a reason; To make you better; To help you never accidentally kill again. We're only here to help."

"I don't need help." I stated, looking down at my hands.

"*Yeah. We don't need it.*" I heard a third voice say.