

THWACK

I knew this was where my anger would land me one day; I just didn't expect it to be so soon. One moment I'm sitting in my living room, watching television and the next I'm walking down this long dark hall., the windows casting shadows along the walls as I make my way to my death. Every step I make rings in my ears, I know these are my last and I want to feel each one, but the weakness in my legs is making it hard to take the next step.

How could I have been so stupid? I knew he was trying to provoke me, why did I react to his vicious taunts? It seemed to be his favorite thing to do those last days we were together.

When I picked up the gun I didn't really intend to use it, I just wanted him to shut up. To leave and never return, to never hear him call me ugly, fat or stupid again was the only thought going through my mind at that moment. Why did I have to shoot him?

Suddenly I see a light at the end of the hall. It's bright and I hear distant noises, maybe even a scream. Why is someone else screaming? I am the one going to her death.

The light dims and the noise subsides, as my mind goes back to these last few months. The police, the sirens, the technician pronouncing him dead, my screams. Then in the court hearing the judge tell me I will be put to death for the crime of murder. It wasn't murder, don't they understand? I was just trying to get some peace and quiet.

"I suppose I will have that now", I think, as I imagine the darkness and silence ahead.

But it isn't dark or quiet; I hear the screaming again, the bright lights coming through the doorway. What is going on in there? No, don't answer that, I don't want to know. Please don't make me go in there; I am so sorry for what I did. Click, click, click, my heels hit the floor and every time I am one step closer to my death. God please help me, don't let them do this to me. Don't they understand it was unbearable? I could take no more. I start to cry, for the first time since that

night I cry hard, the fear overtaking me. I hear myself start to scream, as the bright lights of the doorway are upon me.

Suddenly I'm cold and wet. I'm screaming now, unable to walk on my own. The screams I heard just a moment ago are gone, and now I hear voices. I can't understand what they're saying, but they're louder than before. I feel enclosed, as if I can't move, but I am moving, I can feel it. I feel hands on me, pulling at me, what are they doing?

I hear a voice very clearly. It's a woman's voice saying "Congratulations Mrs. Baker. It's a girl."