

What the hell am I doin' here? I did nuthin wrong. Fucking five-oh always on my ass, thinkin' that 'cuz they got guns they superior than us. I lean against the metal table, my cuffed hands jinglin' as I move. In front of me is a mirror. Everyone knows what's behind the mirror; a pig. Starin' me down, thinkin' I'm guilty. They always think I'm guilty, 'cuz I dropped outta school 'n I chill with Jamal. It ain't like I carry a gun or nuthin'. People just assume the worse in us. Us meanin' the ghetto, the bottom of the social food chain. I fold my hands in front of me, waitin' to be interrogated. My home boy JJ said this shit is intense. They pace back and forth, lookin' down at you askin' about shit you don't even know. He told me one time those donut eating bastards capped Greg. It ain't right. Yeah I may not be well educated, but I know right from wrong. And I'm sittin' here tryin' to figure out what I did wrong. They just came in my house, my moms yellin' at them to let me go, and they took me in. As they dragged me through the station and into this room, I saw Kathy. She was cryin', lookin' at me like she sorry. Iunno what's happenin', but there is *somethin'* goin' on.

He killed her. He... He killed *her*. Not me, him. Police officers don't go around killing their wives. They have to support their family, their daughter. That's what I keep trying to convince myself. No one would miss this kid, he's just another gang member who smokes weed and steals shit from convenience stores. His mother probably calls him a mistake all the time. No one will miss him. I know that this is going to haunt me; my wife will probably haunt me. But I can't go to prison. I can't be the crazy police officer that killed his wife and threatened his daughter so she could frame her friend. I just can't be that guy. Twenty-five years isn't even that long. The kid can handle it; he's probably been through worse. I should feel guilty, but I don't. I'm doing this because it has to be done... For my family. Sure it's short one member; however, she never really deserved to be in it. Don't judge me. If you walked into your wife making love to another man, you would have reacted the same way. It angered me. My blood was boiling and next thing you know... Her blood was on my hands. Most people would think that divorcing the whore would have sufficed. No. Not at all. If I didn't kill her, stab her continuously then she would have won. She would have taken Katherine. She would have taken my home. She would have taken my life. So I decided to take hers first. It was convenient that Katherine was with this guy while it happened. And it helped that he is a washed up teen. Made everything else easy because everyone suspects this kid and everyone pities my loss.

Why? Why is this happening? My hands are shaking; I'm slowly losing my mind. I feel so numb. Every inch of my body feels like it's being consumed by these lies. I should have just told them the truth. Ray is in there right now, clueless of my betrayal. People are passing by thinking he did something to me. Thinking he killed my mom. All I want to do right now is scream and say it wasn't him. It wasn't him! But I'm stuck here, sitting in this waiting room. Only I know the truth and yet I am so afraid to let it out. That man... That man inside that room, the real killer... I may still be his little girl... But he won't hesitate to kill me. My own father won't waste a second to slit my throat. All because he wants to

savior his reputation because being a police officer is a lot more sacred than his family. I'm sorry Ray.
I'm so sorry.