

## Crime Fiction.

Sometimes the best weapon is merely truth. So many aspects in the world today, in our society, seem to be overrated. Things like truth, ~~honour~~ honour and justice have lost the once substantial hold they had. We have replaced them with lies, violence and betrayal. We have replaced them with death, decay and destruction. A world without meaning and devoid of any beauty. All I can see where ever I look is blood.

I grew up with my brother Tim. He was six years older than me so he always used to take care of me. I always remember him being very protective of me. I remember a time at school when

was about eight years old. A boy in my class used to tease me about my family. I never knew my father and my mother died when I was young. Tim only has vague memories of her but he will never talk about them.

Sorry, he would never talk about them. He will never have a chance to now. It's hard to remember sometimes.

Anyway, Tim and I lived with an old man who was very fond of our mother. He offered to look after us when she died. This man, Uncle Stevie as we used to call him, was not very normal. Of course I never understood what it was about him at the time



that made him so unusual but I guess other people noticed. His constant glazed expression and female visitors who I used to think were beautiful in their tight clothes and high-heeled shoes. I guess a lot was said about Tim and I. I remember Tim talking this boy in my class around behind the toilets. I don't know what happened around there but for the rest of the year the boy never called me any ~~more~~ more names. Now I have to watch my own back.

Tim died a year ago. He was killed in Hyde Park in the city, stabbed to death. Nobody knows who the killer is, I doubt if

anyone will ever know. I have my suspicions. I knew Tim better than anyone but that still means there was a huge wall in him that I could never reach. He kept a lot of secrets. The past year I have been doing everything I can to find out who did this to my brother. A year later I'm finally letting this go, with no solid conclusion. I wish I could have found the murderer and laid this thing to rest. I wish I could tie the case up with a pretty bow, send the guilty to jail, and reinforce that justice will always prevail in society. I wish things were in black and white, that criminals were



clearly evil and the good guys had a shining white light around their heads. But life is grey.

When I was ~~ten~~<sup>ten</sup> Tim told me to pack up all my things. He said we were leaving this shit hole and going to make our own lives. I remember asking about Uncle Steve. Tim's eyes went cold and he said to me through gritted teeth ↴

'Don't you EVER worry about him again. He can't hurt us anymore'.

I never understood this change in Tim. I had never had much to do with Uncle Steve because Tim had always made sure he kept him away from him. I

had never realised why Tim cried ~~at~~ at night sometimes, or why he occasionally wet his bed. I had never understood why Uncle Stevie had a braid of my mother's hair or why he never ~~was~~ answered me when I asked him how she died.

We left the dirty apartment that smelt like off cheese and smoke and I never looked back. I never saw Uncle Stevie again either. For the next couple of years Tim and I moved around a lot. He tried to keep me in school but it was hard because we never knew where we would end up the next day. Tim made some friends and we



usually stayed in an old warehouse outside the city with them.

Tim always looked after me and protected me. I never felt scared no matter where we were.

Tim was never truthful with me. I don't know how he ever got money to support us or how he ~~was~~ always seemed to keep me safe. I remember seeing a dead body once, just outside the ware house. Tim yelled at me to go inside. He was standing over the body with a knife. He had that cold look in his eyes again. I still never thought he was



involved in anything like that though. I never thought we could be a murderer. I still don't believe it to this day. The people in the hospital tell me I should try and accept the truth, there's that word again. Truth. The truth always is a lot more painful than lies though. Maybe one day I should tell some one the truth. End the pain once and for all, like Tim used to do.

People here keep telling me that the truth can set you free. I have nightmares sometimes. I feel like I'm doing all these things that





I would never do. It's like I'm watching helplessly through the eyes of some one else.

One dream that I always have is about Tim. We are in Hyde Park and I watch as he kills a homeless man to steal the old belongings that he has. I get so angry that I snap. I grab Tim's knife and stab him, over and over again. I wake up in a sweat and shaking. But justice has been served. Maybe I should tell some one in here the truth, but then they might really think I'm crazy, and I'm not you know? I just want to ~~the~~ know the truth.



Society needs to be cleaned up and morals need to be taught. Otherwise, who will punish the guilty?