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The Interrogation of Vincent Hill

A Short Novel By: Taylor Andrew Lasch

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As I sat there, crying I began to think 'What did I do? What happened?' The jingling of keys that was flickering back and fourth was the only noise I heard. Someone was trying to get in, it was the Cops, and I knew it. 'What so they also got the keys to my apartment?' I thought as I looked at the window 'It's either this or arrestation.' The choice was mine and with just a split second thought I'd leap right up to the window it was either hell or death. The window was half-broken with various cracks and gouges in the glass that I had never bothered to fix or to cover. I hit my shoulder on it then, the glass plain shattered. The jump was about one hundred feet; the fall itself would kill me.

'Get yourself together!' I thought 'don't do it. You're innocent!' I paused 'Yea but they have physical DNA evidence. There is no way it can link me to the crime; is it real or just bull-shit!' I stepped toward the window's edge. "Farewell world" I shouted. And then, my entire arm went numb, next my shoulder then my chest and then the world began to fade to black. I fell backwards, it for some reason didn't hurt I knew that I should of felt something but there was an emptiness within me. I knew now that all hope was gone.

"You're going to jail Mr. Hill whether you like it or not." A man said with an unmistakeingly deep voice. It was now that I couldn't lift a bone, all was numb. Then the man turned my head. I moved my eye around not because it is not the only thing I could do but because I wanted to see what the hell the blurry object sticking out of my arm was. 'Shit' I thought 'It's a horse tranquilizer.' I closed my eyes for one last eternal peace.

'My dream…. Mine' I thought mindlessly 'What a wonderful dream,' then the entire peaceful experience was shattered by a splash to my face. "Dam!" I shouted "That's fucking cold!" rise and shine Vincent said the man on the left jokingly. "Yea you can't sleep all your life!" the man on the right said. I tried to move my hand but I couldn't both of my hands were stuck; they were both strapped on the arms of the chair. The straps ran out of the chair and back into it, in a loop form. There was also a strange metal object under each strap; that had seemed to be counseling something.

"Mr. Hill are you ready to talk? Or do you want to sleep forever." Said one man, then the other man began to laugh pushing his arm against the other one's chest in a friendly manner. The man wore a half-crooked nametag with the inscribe name "Agent Willis Kinard F.B.I.," For an F.B.I. agent, his uniform wasn't suitable, He looked like a bum, his shirt was inside-out full of holes and torn in spontaneous places. As I began to examine all the flaws in this man I laughed "Ha!" both men looked at me. "So it's funny eh? Is that why you killed her?" the man on the right asked.

His uniform was neatly pressed, his nametag was perfectly centered, and his shoes were well-shined. His nametag read "Off. Joey Neilson." The words from there previous statement had just sunk in and then I asked "Killed who?" Agent Kinard stood up, and slammed his hands on the desk and said "You know who the fuck I am talking about!" He looked at Officer Neilson and said "Tell him." Neilson stood up and said "Let us take you on a mental vacation Mr. Hill." He paused "It was Thursday, the twenty-fifth of October the time was about eleven thirty. You were passing by her neighborhood; you had probably just gotten off of work." I leaned foreword and shouted "I got fired on the twentieth!" "So, you needed to let out some smoke huh? Is that why you killed her?" Kinard asked.

"Continuing on what you did" Kinard said robotically "I didn't do anything" I blurted in. Kinard gave me a look and said "Anyways, continuing on what you did, you

passed by her house, broke in and stole everything in sight." "I don't own any stolen objects!" I screamed "Mr. Hill you seem to forget about pawn shops." The other man laughed "That's why we found over eight hundred dollars on you." "Excuse me!" I stated "But that was just my pay for two long hard weeks of work. I had just cashed it earlier today." "That's a lie! if you had gotten fired on the twentieth, how did you just get paid today?" Kinard asked. "I bet she was hard work." the officer said demonically. "So, let's get your story strait," Kinard said "you were at work the day of the murder?" "I don't know when the murder was." I replied. "And you got fired on the twenty-fifth?" He asked "No I got fired on the twentieth." I said.

"Wow another proof that you did the crime." The Agent said "a changing story, just more incriminating evidence." "My story never changed!" I demanded "Are you trying to drive me mad?" Both men got up and walked towards me. Closer and closer, then Kinard was right next to my ear and he said "I will do whatever I have to do to make you tell the truth!" Neilson got next to my other ear and said "Your not gonna leave until you say what we want to hear from you." Kinard pulled up a chair.

"All you criminals are the same." He said "You all smell, act and think the same, it's my job to take you down and I do a dam well job at it." He grabbed my left arm "Do you want to know what it feels like to be in hell?" He asked. "I won't need to" I stated truthfully. "The smell the pain the fire and the demonism, that's what hell is like." He grabbed and lit a cigarette. He stood up and took two puffs on it "Now here is just a sample of hell."

He forced my hand open and put the lit part of the cigarette in the palm of my hand forcing me to grasp it. "Aaaaaaaah!" I let out one agonizing scream. He let go of my hand. The cigarette fell out and landed on the ground. "Mr. Hill can you imagine that much pain for all of eternity?" The agent said questioningly. "No" I cried. "Well thank someone that the good lord is forgiving, or you would be there right now." The men stood up and walked towards the door.

"We'll talk to you later Mr. Hill" Said the Officer "Yea see you soon…….Really soon." The agent said. The officer opened the door, that god dam steel door which was part of my institution. It slammed behind them, darkness then filled the room. "Gurrrrrnt…. Errrrrrrrrt." "What the hell is that?" I asked. The straps on with straining my hands began to shrink slowly. "Oh my god!..... The straps they're shrinking… Help… help me." I shouted. They began to shrink, smaller and smaller, until they were smaller than my wrists. "Crack" my hands fell as the bones holding my hands in place snapped into fragments then fully broke into what I felt as one million pieces. "Ahhhh..Ahhhhh" I screamed painfully.

"Please…..Please stop this," I shouted. "Burrrn...Errnt" Finally, the straps stopped. I don't know if it was the machine that had broken or if they had decided to finally stop it. In excruciating detail, the pain felt worse then hell. My hands felt as if they had been literally removed. "Click…. Click" a weird noise from the vague darkness was herd. And once more "Click… Click" 'what the heck is that' "Click… Click" "What the hell is that!" I shouted.

A dim light appeared, slowly illuminating. Now I could see a circular object, it was weird because the light had seemed to be aimed towards that object. Brighter and brighter "A Clock?" I questioned, 'What the hell" the clock was completely in front of

me now. ‘What an abnormality.’ I thought ‘the hands have stopped.’ I looked at the clock to read the time, “11:30”.

“Wicka wicka wick” another weird noise. “Wicka wicka wick” “Click!” “It’s weird huh?” a man said with an unmistakingly deep voice. “Who would of thought the same time your hands break, the clock would have?” “Who…..Who are you?” I asked fierce fully. “My name is not of importance; do you want to get out of here my friend?” “Why yes I need to.” I said in a positive and hope full manner. “Do not tell them what we did… and you will be free.” He said “We?” I asked. Then, just as fast as the voice came, it was gone, faded into oblivion. The darkness finally seemed to comfort me and finally I was free.

I sat there for at least twelve hours, without sleep, without melody, without thought; now I was finally home, my own personal yet fragile home. Then my home was broken, my hopelessness and empty feeling came instantly back when a swoosh of a door would come by. “Are you ready to talk Mr. Hill?” The officer asked. “Yes.” I responded “I did it, I killed Mary Thomson.”

The END

To Be Continued.

Works to Come:

- *The Selfless Pond (Short Novel)*
- *The Persecution of Vincent Hill (Short Novel)*
- *One Final Summer (Novel)*
- *The Conflict of The Human Race (Series)*

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