

Mindset

By Lina A.

One afternoon in a dimly lit alley, stood a young woman, now this woman was not alone. Standing three feet in front of her was a man, a young man whom she didn't recognize. The thing that she was seeing could change her life forever... She was currently witnessing a murder. Perhaps the strangest thing was that she wasn't afraid rather, she was excited, truly excited for the first time in what seemed like forever. She could feel her adrenaline pumping all throughout her body, yet she did not run, hide or even flinch. The only thing she did was smile. She struggled to try not to laugh at the scene that would normally make others vomit. She herself was confused but she didn't have enough time to think about her strange behavior as the young man turned around and stared at her. They both noticed that they each had the same look on their faces, the same look of joy. The young woman quickly returned to normal as she was frightened, but not of the killer she was currently staring eye-to-eye with, but rather the sound of sirens in the distance. Someone had seen and called the police. A look of worry grew on both of the individuals' faces, and one thought came to mind, "Run". Both individuals ran in separate directions. Or so it seemed.

The young woman approached her apartment complex and walked up to her door. She sighed as she noticed that her lights were on, so that meant her roommate, Travis, was awake. Already annoyed she opened the door.

"Ava?" Travis snapped.

"What?" Ava replied.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fi- what happened to you?!" Ava frowned and looked at the blood on Travis' shirt. "Did you get into another fight?!"

"Yeah... Sorry..."

"What are you apologizing to me for?"

"I-"

"Never mind, I'm tired. Goodnight."

Ava sleepily entered her room, laid down and thought of the encounter she had only minutes before.

Unfortunately, Ava only slept a few hours due to the sound of sirens and loud banging on her door. A million thoughts ran through her head. Are they here for me? What am I going to say? I didn't do anything illegal, right? Her thoughts were cut short as she saw police officers forcefully bang down her door and handcuffed her without saying a word. She was escorted to a police car, along with Travis. Neither of them spoke on the way to the police station. Later they arrived and were put into a room along with an officer.

“Are you Ava Marshal?” said the police officer

“Y-yes... Can you tell m-“

“Are you Travis Scott?”

“.....”

“I’m going to ask one more time! Are you Travis Scott?”

“Yes sir, that’s me. Would you like an autograph?” Travis smirked as the police officer frowned.

“We believe that you two took part in the murder of Scarlet Woods.”

Travis’ expression dimmed down

“Where’s your proof? Officer?”

“What are you talking about?” Ava asked as if she was completely clueless to the situation.

“We got an anonymous call from a witness and pictures of two people who look strikingly similar to you two at the crime scene. Oh, and by the way, Travis you left fingerprints on the woman’s arms. And some bruises on her arms, too.”

Ava looked over at Travis and Travis replied to her confused look with a blank stare.

“We also have both of you connected to the James Ville murder-spree.”

This time when Travis and I looked at each other he was the confused one.

Ava smirked at the police officer, her face changed so much so that she looked like the guilty one. She quickly snapped back to her confused-self as she realized she was the one getting the attention.

“I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT!” Travis exclaimed in a shakey/worried voice.

“Well, let me put things simple for you. You’re going to jail for life and there is no need for a trial as we got permission from the state.”

Travis’ face was un-surprised.

“We’ll give you one day to do whatever you need,” the police officer said relieved. “You two can leave now.”

Before anyone could say anything, Travis stormed out and ran home. I followed him. I followed him up until we reached our house then he went off.

“WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM AVA!”

“Lower your tone with me,” Ava replied in a rude tone.

“You....”

“Killed all those other women? Yes.”

Ava picked up a knife and sprinted towards Travis.

“Wha-“Travis’ eyes widened as he looked down at his wound.

Ava smiled, but when her nose starts bleeding she faints.

She woke up in a hospital.

“Ava? Is it... you in there?” the nurse asks in a gentle voice

“Y-yeah, what happened?”

“Were going to transfer you to a mental hospital... You’ve been diagnosed with multiple personality disorder.”

5 DAYS LATER...

Ava is sitting down alone on her hospital bed with blood running down her nose.

“If only I was a little less hot-headed I would have been able to continue ...”

A nurse enters her room.

“Are you okay hun? Who are you talking to?” The nurse plays along with Ava.

“The readers.”

“Oh are you in a story?”

“Yes.... I’m the protagonist.”

“Who am I?” the nurse asks playfully

“The victim,” Ava replies with a smirk on her face.

“The victim?...” The nurse frowns.

Ava reveals a sharpened toothbrush, tackles the nurse then claims her final victim. A few days later Ava was sent to solitary for the rest of her life.