

The Third Degree (a trial)

Thomas D. Freewill is my name...where the D. stands for Doubt. I had been writing a piece for the Republican paper over the death penalty and how we should instate the guillotine here in Amerika. "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth," the Bible says. Well, some people in certain circles did not agree fully with your author. I was on my way to the office, and I rounded a corner when some men in black hoods snatched me up and threw me a beating I did not fully intend to receive, nor did I fully deserve to receive it. Though, the case could be made for the men in the black hoods.

I woke up in what appeared to be a basement. There was an audience, all covered in the black hoods of my captors. And they all sat on buckets, and they did this as water dripped here and there, and of all places, it dripped directly on my head. I assume this was arranged purposely by my captors. Devils workman they were. The torture after about an hour of this dripping would certainly be my death...mentally anyhow. But the black hoods had other plans. A man in a red hood, a judge of some sort began my interrogation.

"Thomas D. Freewill?" The judge asked.

"Yes, I'm Thomas." I replied, thinking the farce would be over, the joke unveiled.

"Do you think it's okay to murder people, chop their heads off, all in the name of your writings?"

"Well, you see, that's a political piece that..."

"Silence!" The judge roared. "You were sentenced here by a jury of your peers. The crime, sedition."

"Sedition? What?" I tried to defend myself.

"Silence!" He roared, again. "I sentence you to contrition, the Headsman will carry out the sentence."

"What the...?" And my words were silent with fear.

The Headsman first began to pull each of my fingernails, my precious typing fingers ripped apart! I vomited. I passed out.

I woke and the Headsman poured gasoline on my wounded fingernail-less hands, I screamed, I vomited, and I passed out.

I woke up with water splashing on my face. The Headsman lit the gasoline soaked into my fingertips where nails used to be. I was on fire. I became numb, and I fainted.

I must have been unconscious for some time. I woke and the buckets, the black hoods, the red hooded judge, and the Headsman were all gone. My bucket remained and I pulled myself off the vomit covered floor I was stuck to and read a note attached to the bucket. It read:

"Justice served."

