

*Who Was Really There?*

She could feel the wind whipping against her back. Her hair blew forward and blocked her peripheral vision. She saw two men further down the beach. One man was tall. Taller than the other man by a few inches. She walked towards them. The sand got colder beneath her feet with each step she took. The men started yelling at each other. She couldn't determine what language was being spewed between the two. The tall man stood as high as he could. He puffed his chest out at the man across from him. Her feet continued to move her towards them, against her will. The shorter man pulled something out of his back pocket. He held it in the face of the tall man. It was a gun. A small one. As she got closer she could see that the man holding the gun had a tattoo on his neck. Barbed wire wrapped around his throat and led into his t-shirt. The yelling continued and turned into gibberish in her ears. The tall man raised his hand and the gun went off. The tall man grabbed at his stomach as blood pooled on his shirt. He fell to the ground. The water on the shore mixed with his blood and swept it out to sea. It was like pouring wine in the sink and watching it go down the drain. So much blood. The man with the gun shot the man again. She screamed. A yell that should have woken the entire block up. She looked to her left where the street of houses was supposed to be. It was empty. The man with the gun looked towards her. He pointed his gun directly at her. She wanted to turn around and run as fast as her body would take her. Her feet were sinking in the sand. The man rapidly approached her. His blue eyes burned into hers. His nose looked as if it had been broken recently. It was still bruised. He got closer. She got a better look at what he was wearing. His left ear was pierced. His black t-shirt was torn at the bottom and he had a name tag that read 'Smith'. She continued to sink into the ground as he finally approached her. He pointed his gun at her rapidly beating heart. He

smiled down at her. His teeth were tinged yellow. He had a mole right above his lip. She felt her body go cold. She looked down and saw blood pouring from her chest...

“Shit!” Audrey yells as her eyes burst open.

“Mrs. Goddard? Are you okay?” the sketch artist asks as she sets a cup of water on the table.

Audrey looks around the room, readjusting herself to the real world. “Do you think you got a good picture of the man?” Audrey continues to breathe heavily.

“Um, I think so. He definitely had a tattoo around his neck. He also had a mole above his lip, on the right side I think.” She takes a sip of water the artist got for her. She can feel the cold water sliding down her throat, hitting every nerve. It’s as if all of her senses are heightened. She can hear the bustling of the police precinct outside of the room they are sitting in. “And he was just barely taller than me.”

“This is all great information Audrey. Anything you can tell us is going to be a huge help. How about we take a break. Go to the break room with Officer Tolbert and get something to eat, okay?”

“Okay. Will you be in here when I come back?”

“I’ll be right here.”

Audrey nods at the kind woman and leaves with the officer to get lunch. As they are walking to the break room, the front door of the building opens, catching Audrey’s attention. Her mouth goes dry. There stands the exact man Audrey saw at the beach that dreadful day.

“That’s him! That’s the guy I saw!” she yells. The officer looks at the man who just entered the office.

“I think you’re confused, mam. That’s Doctor Abrams. You just got out of a meeting with him.” the officer answers.

“What? No!” Audrey runs from the officer back to the room she was just in. “That is the man I was just describing to the... the sketch artist. She was just in here, she said she would be here when I got back from lunch...”

“What sketch artist, Mrs. Smith?” The officer asks. She sees he is wearing scrubs with ‘Saint Elizabeth’s Hospital’ embroidered on the chest. Audrey looks at him with wide eyes as if he’s the one who has lost his mind.

“Smith? That... That’s not me. I’m Audrey Goddard!”

“You are Audrey Smith. Samantha Goddard was the name of the woman you killed before you were brought here, okay?” Audrey tried to disagree but was led by the nurse to her room where she was locked away for the night and for the foreseeable future.