

The Offender

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Walking through the corridor, a feeling of nervousness invaded him. He was definitely not ready to face the consequences. Being called to appear before the judge was no child's play. He could feel the beads of sweat on his forehead. He took a handkerchief and wiped them off his scarred face, vestiges of his tough adolescence. He straightened his tie. He wanted to look neat and make a good impression on the authority. He was completely conscious that he shouldn't have done it, yet he had. He was in fact a reoffender, and now he was going to be punished for his crimes. Suddenly, as he reluctantly followed his way towards the office, hope flared up inside him. He knew they had no real evidence against him, maybe just a couple of witnesses, some stupid kids, but why should anybody believe them? Yes! He would declare himself innocent and deny everything. And when the time came, his family and friends might testify on his behalf. With every step he took, he could understand how a prisoner on the death row must feel. His mind whirled as he remembered all the facts. Yes, in fact he was definitely guilty, but he had an alibi. An alibi he should provide as soon as he entered that office. But panic struck him again, the judge was very harsh and difficult to persuade. Oh! His life was ruined, he knew it. He was a very young person with an entire life before him but now it was ruined. He knew that the moment he set foot in that office he would receive the worst news. Taking a deep breath and plucking up courage he knocked at the door. He was greeted by the secretary, an elderly woman wearing half-moon glasses. As the judge was busy, he was offered a seat and asked to wait in the reception area for a couple of minutes. He started to feel anxious; sweat was now running down his back. He could only hear the annoying sound of the secretary's keyboard as she typed. The waiting and the clacking were driving him mad. The situation was becoming unbearable, he couldn't stand it anymore. He was about to leave, no matter the consequences, when he heard the oldster say, "You can go in now".

He entered the office and quavered, "I'm sorry Miss Judgmore I'll never do it again, please don't call my parents!"

* 2º mención especial del Concurso Literario USAL en Lengua Inglesa – Categoría cuento (2016).