

Why I Did It

A detective sat across from me, wearing his nice suit. The room is dark, dingy, cold. Unwelcoming — he was unwelcoming too.

"Fathers, uncles, brothers. Mothers, aunts, sisters. You've killed innocent people — *civilians*. Why'd you do it?"

I leaned back, looking up at the flickering light. Ah, this room is almost like that one... When I first wrapped my hands around that man's neck and stained myself. He deserved it for everything he put me through.

"Why did I do it? Hmm... Why ain't I do more? My methods are too merciful. I know em' well. How the glass always *cracked* and *broke* from them bullets. The way their bodies crumpled like *trash*, red staining the floors and walls. Instant death."

He banged his hands against the table all heroically. Beautifully. Poetically heated. It was almost admirable if he weren't a poor fool.

"You monster!" he spat. "*All those lives and-*"

"I feel nothin', really. Maybe I am a monster, but I killed others like me. I've done what your department failed to do for the better part of twenty years, Darlin': help people."

"You've murdered tens, possibly hundreds of people. You're a hitman — a killer for money."

"Ah, ah, ah, a killer for free," I corrected, tempted to place a finger on his lips. "For wives with abusive husbands, and mothers with children. I shot some pedophiles and rapists too, course', plenty of em'. I help victims stuck in situations where they'd otherwise die. And you wanna know why, dear detective?"

He steeled himself — got his emotions together. "The law is there for a reason. Even if you *had* good intentions, you were *wrong* in execution."

"The law? The law..." I leaned against my hand. "It protects them abusers. They're the working men, the businessmen, the policemen much like yourself. People in power. When a victim kills in self-defense, they're tried and punished, so I do it on their behalf. Most of em' called the police before, some are unable to do so. In any case, nothin' gets done."

"And if nothing gets done..." the detective uttered, "they'd die."

I applauded the detective, sitting up and leaning onto the table. "Now, take me all you'd like," I offered. "I'm guilty. I have no remorse. But Darling, if you have any mercy in your heart, protect them victims."

He looked at me and made not a sound. He couldn't make that promise. Of course he couldn't.