

Timeline

The lights peaked through the cracks of the blinds and my life changed forever.

sirens blaring* *red and blue lights flashing

I rushed to my window curious and all. Trucked my head into the blinds wondering what the hell was going on. Cops cars and an ambulance surrounding someone like a pack of vultures surrounding a dead carcass.

“Right outside my window” I thought to myself. “What possibly could of happened?”

As the curiosity grew inside me I sprinted downstairs, screaming my mom and dad’s name.

“Mom!”, “Dad!”. “There's cops outside.”

No one answered.

I didn’t think anything of it. Eager to find out what's wrong. I run to the front door like a cheetah chasing a gazelle. What I found next was unimaginable.

cries of neighbors all around.

My curiosity soon turned to nervousness. I go up to one of the officers to see what possibly could of happened. Before he could even think of a response.

I saw.

“Mom!” I cried, while tears started to drip down my face.

I see father kneeling over mom in sadness.

“(crying tone) Dad... what happened?” I asked

“Your Mother son!” he said while wiping back tears. “She got shot by someone”

“Did they find whoever killed mom? Dad?”

“No son! He’s still out there”

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Nine Years Later

I'm 20 years old now, I've changed so much. Not just me but my whole life has changed since I was Lil. First off, Father is a drunk. Always has that disgusting alcoholic breath, throw up all over his shirt he doesn't bother to change; actually doesn't bother to do anything now

an days, all he does is sit in his lazy boy drinking bud light staring off into the tv. He couldn't get over mom's death. He got so depressed, so he looked at alcohol for a way out. We don't really speak that much to each other. If it's anything, it's "Chris-which is short for Christopher- grab me a beer out of the fridge". I always got him one, but about 99% of the time i wanted to tell him off and slap the sadness out of that man.

I remember being 11 like it was yesterday. I always wanted to be some type of engineer. That was my dream, I already knew what I wanted to be. I was going to do anything I had to do to follow it, but my dreamed changed once mom had died. I was furious, built up inside with anger. Anger only because we still don't know who killed her. So my life became trying to find who was responsible for Mother's death.

I constantly go back to the area where my Mother died. Which was in front of my house I lived in when I was 11- Me and my dad had to move out and get another place, we couldn't live with a constant reminder of what we lost.

"You're not going to find him" people say "Give up, live your life"

I always answer with "This is my life now.....I need to know".

The biggest piece of evidence I have found is when I looked at the surveillance footage of the streets that dreadful night. Watching the footage of Mother getting stabbed over and over again, gives me nightmares. I hear her cry for help, scream in pain in my head continuously.

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Right after the sick bastard killed Mother, he picked up an ID. The ID read “ Michael Cruz”. This was the first big evidence I’ve had, this was going to lead me to find Mother’s killer. Over the past nine years, some technology skills have come my way. I can really hack anything or do anything on a computer. I have this program, where I can find anything or anyone. God’s eye they call it, it takes every live piece of footage this world has to offer and will track anybody you want to. Well since I have the name of the killer, I can find him.

“Locating Michael Cruz” the computer said.

Those words are the best thing I’ve heard, since Mother’s voice. Those words are revenge. Revenge that has been a long time coming!!

“47 Window Avenue” Computer shouted out.

“Damn this guy must be rich or something” I thought to myself.
(Window Avenue is where all the wealthy people Lived)

If he is so wealthy why would he want to kill my mom? That didn’t faze me, all I wanted was revenge. I’ve never met Michael Cruz, but I’m going to do everything in my power to kill him. I didn’t waste any time, I hopped into my 1967 camaro-I refurbished and kept in my garage, classic cars was something I into too- put the address into my gps on my phone and I was on my way.

I’ve always be anxious to find Mother’s killer, but right now nervous is an understatement. As I got closer my stomach started to turn, butterflies came. My Mother would always tell me that “fear is only how you perceive things in life, If you look at things with the right mindset, then you will fear no one or nothing.” When I was a kid, I was petrified of the dark. I remember Mom coming into my room late at night like every other day and just laying there waiting for me to fall asleep. I always felt safe when I was with her. Now I’m safe wherever I go, because she’s always with me.

As I pulled up to the house across from his, just waiting and observing Mother’s killer. Dressed in blue jeans, boots and a gray and black sweatshirt. Slick back hair, mowing his what seemed like a couple of

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acres yard on his fancy ass riding mower .Then there's his house! Shoot big enough to house at least fifteen people, but I only saw him. With all the windows on this man's house you would think he just has glass walls. I just sat in my car looking at him and his house for about 15 minutes before I had enough courage and the balls to face revenge.

I lunged out of my car

"Michael Cruz" I yelled

"You killed My Mother....Rebecca Lynn Miller"

Michael takes of in a dead sprint

Has your heart ever pumped so fast, that is felt like you were a volcano ready to erupt any second. I don't necessarily know why my heart was beating so fast. Maybe the nervousness or the adrenaline rushing through my veins. Running through alleyways, beer bottles everywhere. Homeless people sprawling out in tiny cardboard boxes waiting for the rich to throw stuff away. Turn after turn, alley after alley. Michael finally stopped, went into a house. Something off of a horror movie. Abandoned, holes throughout the walls of the house; pieces of wood sticking out from the board of the floor. A yard that seemed like it hadn't been mowed in a 100 years. It just had a creepy vibe to it, I definitely wouldn't of gone in it on my freetime. I guess icky, abandoned houses aren't my thing, but I had too. For my Mother.

Step by step, walking into the doorway of what I've been waiting for.... for 9 years. Looking into each room, roaches and rats scrambling all over the place. Disgusting was an understatement. The smell of dust filtered through the air. My lungs felt heavier and heavier each step I took. The main floor was clear, so I headed to the basement.

"Shit" I yelled to myself

"Why the basement? Everyone in every horror story ends up dying in the basement"

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When I was like 7 years old and basically all my childhood, the Basement was a scary place. It was where all the monsters lived and all the darkness in the world was stored. The Room in the house where you never went because you never knew if you would come back. I swear my mom was scared of nothing because she would just go down there with no hesitation at all, not even flinch one single muscle. She was so brave, I've always wanted to be just like her in so many ways.

Step by Step into the darkness below, the future I've been awaiting for 9 years is getting closer and closer. I looked for any light source I could but there was nothing, except a blue glow, that light up like it was through a door. My curiosity grew inside me, I had to know what it was. I rushed to the anonymous glow in the dark abyss.

Opens Door

"Michael!!!" I yelled in anger.

Michael was standing across the room in front of some sort of machine, maybe like some transportation device.

"I didn't kill your mother", " I don't even know who you are".

"I'm Christopher Miller, You killed my Mom 9 years ago"

I lunged toward him with my Knife

Michael Leaps into the machine

"Where did he go" I thought to myself

I didn't have anything to lose so I followed him. It was in a matter of a second, a blink of an eye and i was not in a creepy old abandoned house anymore. The area I was now in looked very familiar. I looked for any way to tell where I was, I found a street sign that read "20 One Way Avenue. It was the street I lived on when I was 11.

"Why am I here?"

As I was thinking on how the hell I got to my old street, I wandered around. Looking for Michael because if I was here, he was here. I don't know what it is but I have a strange feeling being here, it feels different.

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Like different than before when I jumped into that machine Michael had. I have no idea what it is but it feels old, like something has happened before.

Remember how I said that Michael was wearing, blue jeans, boots almost like work boots and a gray and black hoodie right? Well someone was walking away from me it seemed like and they were wearing the same exact thing.

“Michael Stop!!” I yelled

He didn't stop, I rushed towards him with my knife ready. I wasn't looking to talk, I was looking to kill.

I Lunged at Him

Stab, Stab, Stab

Cries “ why??? Why???”

Vengeance has been served, the Sidewalk covered in Blood, Dark red heavy liquid that is essential to life all over my hands. Then I realized that he or whoever it wasn't Michael. Looking up and down I saw what was unimaginable, it was my mother's face. Just how I remember here. Sadness struck over me.

“Mom?!” I cried

I had to run, I couldn't stay here. I had to hide.

Picks up ID

I have no idea what just happened, I'm confused and scared. I ran over to the nearest alley and plopped myself down and started to cry.

See it was all starting to make sense now. That machine I Jumped into after Michael must've been a time Machine, and I went back 9 years ago on the day my mother died. That's why it feels so weird being here, It feels like everything already happened and with the video footage showing someone picking up an ID. I'm that someone who picked up an ID. I've been trying to find my Mom's killer for a long time now and I thought I found him, But I'm him.

I killed my Mother

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Let me fill you in on something you need to know so you don't think I'm psycho and just killed my innocent mother, it was an accident. See My Mom was walking home from her 9-5 factory job that night; She supported the family so she could let me have everything I wanted. That night she was wearing her work clothes with her work boots and a hoodie because it was cold outside. A black and grey Nike hoodie with blue jeans to be exact. I just have no idea what was going through my head earlier. I saw what I believed was Michael in my head, but it wasn't.

I Killed my Mother

I Look at myself, in a reflection of a puddle, window on a building and in a *mirror*. I'm a mess, I look homeless; hair packed with dirt, my face covered with dried up droplets of sadness an exhausting tired wreck of a person, but behind all the depression I'm a killer. I'm also looking at a momma's boy, a young adult that made his whole life a mystery book. Trying to solve something that occurred when he was 11. That mirror or reflection shows me a lot. I got caught up with all this revenge that I was bloodthirsty, I just wanted a answer. Oh....I found my answer, every time I looked into a mirror I found my answer. It's crazy to think about, I've been hunting Mother's killer basically half my life and it turns out to be that.

I Killed my Mother

I know I can't stay here, I need to get back to my time period. I Need to find Michael....

The End- I decided to end on a cliffhanger because i think this fiction story could end up being two stories with the next one being about how the main character deals with knowing he killed his mom.