

Justice
by Ethan Sun

Hey you! Come on over! Come on I don't bite. Let me tell you a story about a truly innocent man. This tale begins a couple months after the Stock Market Crash. I was stumbling along on the streets in a Hooverville. It must have been wintertime because my hands were going numb and blue from the cold, the wind whipping my face. The mud caked my ruined shoes as I walked, surrounded by the shacks people had built out of desperation. My tattered clothes were doing nothing to shield me from the cold and my stomach cried out for food. I could only fill it with measly scraps from the bin, the rotten taste lingering in my mouth. As I walked, I thought to myself, "Is this what I get? To starve and suffer on the streets? After my service? After the trenches? After Vimy?!" I had returned home after the war, ready to rebuild my life, ready to forget the horrors of war. I set my life back on track, I got a job and a place to call home. Then the world came crashing down on me. Just when I thought I could live happily. I was laid off and had to sell everything I had just to survive, and still, it was not enough to keep me out of the gutter. I was agonizing over my misfortune when a stone in my shoe jolted me back to reality. I looked up and there he was. The devil.

Across the street was where the wealthy lived, and also where he was walking. Mr. Abel. A rich businessman I'd just seen this morning. I had walked into his law firm in this pitiful state looking for a job, and as I stepped into Abel Law Firm, I recognized him right away. The neat suit, polished shoes, and confident posture. This must be the man in charge! This must be Mr. Abel!

He was talking to the receptionist with a smile on his face, so I thought he must be a kind man. But as I approached, he took one look at me and told me to get out! I was stunned, how could he turn me away before I had said anything? I was sure I could be useful to him, but he didn't even give me a chance!

Now Mr. Abel was walking down the street. Humming a tune with a spring in his step! Walking free of burden!

Then a whirlwind of thoughts came to me, "How can an evil man like him live so freely while I must toil and suffer? How dare he kick me down? He must have enjoyed it, had a laugh about it after. Yes, there is no other explanation, Mr. Abel is a disgusting creature who wants to watch the little man suffer! YES! THAT'S IT! I'M SURE OF IT! AFTER ALL HE KICKED ME OUT WITH NO EXPLANATION! TAKE A LOOK AT ME! LOOK! LOOK! MY FACE IS COVERED IN DIRT AND WINDBURN, MY CLOTHES DIRTY AND RIPPED! I AM A MAN IN NEED AND THAT VILE MONSTER REFUSED TO HELP ME! HOW DARE HE SIN AND STILL BE ABLE TO LIVE A HAPPY LIFE! WHY IS JUSTICE NOT DELIVERED? THAT WRETCH SHOULD BE PUNISHED!"

My vision blurred and blood roared in my ears! I started walking towards the bastard, my hands clenched in fists of rage. A pocketknife was suddenly in my hand, its cool metal the opposite of my rage.

I broke into a run, tearing across the street, my feet pounding into the pavement. Then the crescendo! My knife sank deep into his throat and as I slit it open, his warm blood splattered onto me, the smell of rust in the air. His face was a mixture of panic and fear as he struggled to breathe.

For a moment I felt great happiness as I stood there, watching as the life drained out of his eyes, his muscles relaxed and then he was still. But something was wrong. Yes. The people. I looked around and people were screaming and crying. Why? Why do they panic? Then a feeling of dread washed over me. I was a murderer! A dirty murderer! My hands, stained with blood that will never wash off and the blood pooling around my feet will make bloody footsteps to trail behind me for eternity!

At that moment I was ready to end my life. But as I looked at that pocketknife, I remembered the moment it was given to me.

My father gave it to me when I went to the war. He was a noble man who had a strong sense of justice. Whenever there was discord in our small town, my father would be there to resolve it. My father would be the one who straightened out misguided people and put his foot down when it was necessary, and I had wanted to be just like him. I volunteered to fight for my country, and when I went, my father told me, "Son, I don't like you going to the war but if you must go, I'm giving you this knife. A man can do a great deal with a knife, use it well."

I knew at that moment I had to keep on living because I had turned this knife into justice, I had imbued the same justice my father had into this knife. That's right. In my hand I held justice. I am not a murderer; I am cleansing this world of scum! I had moaned about the unfairness of this world but now I must take matters into my own hands, just like my father, I will uphold justice.

A feeling of excitement replaced the dread, energy coursed through me as I looked around. Looked for more creatures of hell to vanquish because IT WAS MY TURN NOW! But then came a heavy blow to my head and I blacked out.

The coppers had come to stop me. They had dragged me off to a prison and there they took it! They took my justice away from me! My knife, my knife! I need my knife and I need it now! The pigs locked it away, but I'll get it back. Yes, I'll get my justice back. AND WHEN I GET IT, THOSE PIGS WILL BE THE FIRST I SLAUGHTER!

"Chief that man's been talking to himself for a while. It's freaking me out!"

"Don't worry about it. Leave him alone, he'll go silent. These types always do."

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