

Cameron Knight  
My Neighbor  
Creative Writing 2  
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I didn't mean to kill her, I swear. The only thing keeping me from touching her was death, something that separated us like oil and water. We were close, in the same room, but we were so far, so far from each other. Hell, our souls were not even on the same planet. The only thing I could not comprehend, was why? Why me? Was I really the cause of her death? I kept thinking of the last few crisp words that peeped out of her hollow mouth. "Pray for me."

Now this one statement is the reason for my future. Because of her knowledge of my past, she knew I would need something to keep me from doing something worse. Prayer. She was always a very spiritual woman, my next door neighbor. I loved her like I would love a grandma, and ten times more than that. She was pure, innocent like a baby fresh out of the womb. It was like she had a certain glow to her that could not be masked. Even the outline of her eyes glistened with hues of white, somewhat angelic.

Although now she was not the way I had always viewed her as I had killed her.

"It was an accident," I tried to explain to the interrogator. "A mere mishap out of my control."

I told the interrogator that I would have no motive to end my eighty-nine year old neighbor's life on a dime like I did. I've played out the possible alternatives that could have occurred had I not been there at 6:08 pm on that rainy Saturday night.

In vivid detail, I remember how it all unfolded. I was on my way home from work, the roads were slick. My old 64' Chevy pickup was barely gripping the road. I felt unsafe, but I had not been home to see my wife earlier than dusk the last two weeks. It was tonight or not at all. I knew things were rough with my high school sweetheart and this was my chance to fix things. My marriage would have come crumbling down if I was late again. A nice relaxing night was planned, I just wish that was how things actually went that night.

I finally managed to make it to my neighborhood, slowly I turned into the street and started accelerating. My pickup's engine was starting to rev, the gears I heard cranking were not the usual ones that I had been accustomed to. I waved to the neighbor on the corner of the street. By this time I was doing thirty-two miles per hour as I remember the odometer always paused at that number. I heard a huge screech in the truck right before I realized my brakes were not working. The roads kept carrying me down the street on that facile autumn night. I was terrified for my steering also did not work. The car glided helplessly down the road swerving left and right. I was searching around my truck for a solution, something to stop my truck. It happened. I heard the cries of pain in her voice cracking as she heaped for those last few breaths. I ran out of the truck.

"What have I done?"

At this time she softly whispered into my ear, "pray for me."

I tried to save her, but she was already gone. I was not thinking of my wife. I was not thinking of the jail time I was going to serve. All I could think of was the purity of her soul that I let death take from her.

She wanted to me to pray for her and I did. Although God could not answer my prayers as she was gone and could not come back. They say death takes you to a better place, but I doubt it. Because when you're a murderer, death follows you everywhere that you go. I can't escape him. He could be standing next to you, and you wouldn't even know. I didn't mean to kill her, I swear. Although at this point, I don't think anyone cares.