

It was in the middle of tonight, when I finally decided that I was going to find the murderer of my mother. Everything happened last week when the police found my mother's death body on the river's shores. Since then the investigation, leaded by the detectives, begun and in the end they said that she committed suicide, but I couldn't believe or accept this hypothesis. Hence I preferred to find the truth without anyone's help. I started by trying to find out what my mother did that day, the fourth of July, usually she would have gone to work, but the office claimed that she never showed up. Where she went then? I had a gut feeling that this fate was connected to her death, I needed to know where she was and I knew how i could: an Airtag was attached to her keys, as a consequence by phone i should be able to figure out where she spent her day, her last one. The Airtag has conduced me to an abandoned house; I was frightened by the appearance of it: full of graffiti and wild plants, all the windows were broken and the door was thrown down. I decided to go inside to see if there was any proof of my mother's homicide. The inside was way much scarier than the outside, there was a huge hole on the floor that ended with a terrifying darkness. Near there I discovered my mom's bag, full of blood, suddenly a noise made me gasp: someone was in the house, perhaps the killer. I immediately tried to hide myself but it was too late, indeed the mysterious person saw me. I already met that man but in that moment I couldn't remember where. Breaking my thoughts, he spoke: " I am the detective Tissue, what are you doing here?" his gaze horrified me I assumed that he was involved with my mother's death but i couldn't prove it. I responded: " I am just looking around, nothing more". After this I came back home to organize my ideas but someone was looking for me at the edge of my fence. Obviously it was the detective, who smiled weirdly when I arrived. Out of the blue he stabbed me, I was dying without knowing why he killed my mother, why she deserved to die, why everyone believed she committed suicide. Now I am in a better place but I can feel the emptiness of my soul.

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