

Tw: Includes the talk of murder

# The Shadow Within Me

I pull open the glass door of the police station. My eyes scan over the familiar faces of my co-workers. Ranging from computer workers to cops dressed in uniform. I greet a few of them as I walk towards my office. **Jensen M.** It reads in bold letters. I unlock the door and push it open.

“Jensen!” A voice calls out to me. I come face to face with Chase. One of the only people I can actually deal with, I mean we did attend highschool together. “What’s up Chase?”

“Boss needs you in his office.” He informs me. A frown forms on my lips. I give him a curt nod and walk past him. Hurrying my steps, I make my way down the hallway. My heart is pounding against my chest as I near. I take a long deep breath as I stop in front of the wooden door. I knock three times and wait for a response.

“Come in.” I can hear him say from the other side. My boss comes into view. “Jensen, sit down.” He gestures to the seat in front of his desk. As I do, he grabs a few papers from the printer. “I have an important case for you and I believe you’re the best person for this job.”

He points to a paper. “There is this person, murdering citizens in the most graphic ways.” He flips over a photo for me to see. I shiver at it. I look away from it, not wanting to see anymore. I turn my head away from the image.

“I need you to find this person.” He hands me a folder which consists of papers. “There’s not much information, which is why you’ll be investigating this case.” I look through them. The information consists of the locations and victims.

“I’m counting on you, Jensen. Don’t let the folks of the city down.”

"I won't." I nod at him before standing up and leaving his office. I reach the front door and push it open. The brisk air causes goosebumps to form. I drive off after reaching my car..

The tall buildings of New York City enter my view. The crowded sidewalks and busy streets give me a sweep of familiarity.

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Hours passed from the time being. I've found nothing while at home. I've searched throughout the web and contacted people. I look down at the watch on my wrist. *8:30pm*. I stand up and stretch out my muscles, immediately heading to the shower then to bed.

As I sit on the mattress, I lay back onto my bed and get under the covers. I close my eyes and drift off into a deep sleep, it feels as no longer than a second when I jolt awake. I cover my eyes from the blinding sunlight. My phone is ringing so I grab my phone and answer.

"Hello?" My voice comes out groggily.

"There was another killing last night. I need you to head over to Joe's Grocery." He says. "Okay sir, I'll be right there." I hang up and quickly get ready. I reach for my boots. What the heck? I examine my shoe. A dark red stain is on the top part of the boot. I didn't even notice I spilled my Hawaiian punch last night. I'll clean it when I come home.

As I near, police cars are present and yellow tape is surrounding the crime scene. I park a few meters away. When I get there, I show my badge and they let me in. The forensics is by the dead body which is covered by a white sheet. I crouch down and remove the cover from the face. 'Please don't kill me. I'm begging you!' I immediately cover the woman, and stand up. I jump and bump into the rack of chips, falling at the image I just had.

What the heck was that? I release shaky breaths. I fix my composure so it doesn't look suspicious. That scenario...I've never seen that before. I take slow breaths before starting to

search the store. My eyes come across a glistening object. I bend down and pick up a silver ring. I hold it in the tip of my finger tips, nearly fainting at the sight of it.

I lift my hand to see my ring missing from my finger. How did this end up here? I confirm it's mine from the mark on it from when it fell at home. A mere coincidence? But this is my first time entering the store. I think back and remember that I did bump into something earlier so it must have come off then.

Gloves! I put them on so that won't happen again. I cannot allow items to get mixed with evidence. I quickly stuff it into my pocket. I stop in my tracks. I look up at the surveillance cameras. I need to see the footage. I got an eerie feeling.

I'm able to slip away with no one noticing. I come across the security room. I quietly step in and lock it behind me. A man in uniform is hunched over the desk. I can barely see his face from the darkness. I stand behind him as he looks at the footage. My eyes also focus on the computer screen. The person kills the woman and turns around to face the camera. I pale almost immediately. The face reveals itself to be me.

"Is that?..." I hear the man whisper out as he replays it. He zooms into the face. "That's Jensen." Without thinking, I pull out my pocket knife and puncture it into the guy's neck. Blood splurts out and he drops to his knees, holding his neck. I switch on the light. I place my hand onto the guy's shoulder to face him towards me. But I immediately regret my decision. A familiar face looks back at me.

Chase. I just killed Chase. His own eyes grow huge at the sight of me. But soon, they become lifeless. He drops to the floor. He lays in a puddle of his own blood. "What have I done?" I whisper out. I have to hide his body and clean this mess. But I can't do that with police swarming around the entire place. I'll have to come back for him later tonight.

I quickly delete the footage, leaving no trace of it. I take one last look at him before stepping out. I take calming breaths as I stand in front of the door, with my hand still on the handle.

“Oh, there you are.” A female voice speaks from behind me. I hastily turn around and face her. “I see you already beat me to it.” She lets out a small laugh. I also let out a nervous chuckle. “Yeah...” I draw out. “Unfortunately, It didn’t show anything.” I told her.

“Okay, I’ll see what else I can find.” She walks away.

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I wait in my car across the street from the store. The last officer leaves, making the coast clear. I grab my things and get out of the car. I am covered from head to toe in black clothing, a baseball cap on my head, a hood covering it, and black rubber gloves on.

I take extra precautions. I break the lock and make my way to the surveillance room. I take notice that everything is still the same way. I open the garbage bag and attempt to put Chase in. With a couple tries, I succeed. I grab the duct tape and begin to wrap it around the bag. I grab the cleaning supplies and begin to scrub the stained floor roughly.

I drag his body out back and toss it into the trunk of my car. I place the cleaning supplies back there. I rush off to bury his body far away.

Red and blue lights flash suddenly from behind me as police sirens appear. I curse under my breath and pull over. I watch through the mirror as the officer walks over. I roll down the window.

“What seems to be the problem officer?”

“We’ve gotten a call from a frantic person, claiming they saw a man put a body bag into the trunk of their car.” His eyes scans over my vehicle. “The car matches the description. Can you please step out of the vehicle?”

“No problem.” I responded. He backs away so I can open the door. I step out.

“Face your car, and put your hands on the hood.” Once I do, he starts to pat me down. He steps away. “You wouldn’t mind me having a look in your trunk would you?” He asks.

“Not at all.” I reach inside my car and press the unlock button on the key. The trunk pops open. I watch as he walks back there and I follow him. He lifts the trunk up. The body bag comes into view, along with the bloody rags.

It all happens in slow motion. He reaches for his gun. I try to take it out of his hands. The trigger gets pulled and a sudden hot pain is felt in my leg. I bite my tongue but try to ignore the pain. In a swift moment, I’m able to get the gun into my hands. I hold the gun in one hand as my hand rests on the wound. I aim it towards him and pull the trigger.

“Bullseye.” I whisper out. The bullet goes through his head and out the other side. I drop the gun and limp to the trunk. I guess my drunken night did come in handy. I pull out a bottle of whiskey. I unbuckle my pants’ belt and bite onto it. I pour it onto my leg. I then take out my pocket knife that has the sharpest end and dig for the bullet. My screams come out muffled. Once I find the bullet, I pull it out and throw it into the trunk. I hurriedly wrapped my leg. I still ended up taking two body bags tonight.

I stand in the middle of the woods after cleaning everything up. That man was very heavy. Lifting him was a struggle. I’m giving Chase a proper burial. My eyes switch to the cop. I’m just gonna burn him. I move Chase’s body a few feet away then begin to pour gasoline all over the cop. I toss the match and the fire comes immediately. I drag chase further away. I use my shovel to dig a deep hole. I put him in and then the dirt came back over him. “Sleep well, don’t let the bed bugs bite.” I told him.

I begin walking back home. An hour passes and I’m in front of my building. I walk up the 6 flights of stairs and open my door. I fall onto my bed and fall straight to sleep.

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\*Ring\* \*Ring\* \*Ring\* I wake up to the sound of my phone echoing throughout the room. I nearly fell off my bed. The worst headache pumps in my head. I’ve made it home? Did I go out drinking last night cause I cannot remember a thing. My phone still rings and I answer.

"Hello?" I rub my eyes.

"Jensen, bad news. Chase is missing along with new officer, Drew

"Oh my...Chase? I just saw him last night."

"I need you down here ASAP." He urges.

"I'm on my way right now." The call ends and I quickly change into my new pair of uniform. I do a quick clean up in the bathroom and then jog to my car. I don't see it there so I must have left it at whatever bar I was at. With the sun was beaming down on the street but I began to run to the station.

But what I failed to realize was that my shadow was not following behind.