

Façade

By Layla Borthwick, 11

I sat in the cold metal chair, perspiring as I looked at the silvered mirror. Even though all I saw was a blank square, I knew that behind the opaque glass were judgmental eyes. They had taken my backpack, so I was sitting in dead silence. I could hear nothing but my desperate and short pants as I started to panic. I was doomed!

Abruptly, the door handle started to turn. My thoughts disbanded as I solely focused my attention to the handle. I sat up straight and sharp. Wide-eyed, I looked at the police officer innocently. He sat across from me, his badge shimmering under the light hanging overhead. He greeted me and I tried to look as confused but happy as I could.

“Name?” He asked, sounding miserable and like he was bored. I knew he was doing a routine check, but he didn’t have to sound so robotic! I answered as innocently as I could.

He asked more questions, things like my age, my parents' names and such.

“Tell me a little bit about yourself.” He said, equally as uninterested.

I told him about how I loved dancing, dolls and things equally as childish to have him see me as innocent as possible. I think it worked, because he looked confused when he looked at the paperwork in his hands.

“Do you know why you’re here?” He asked, concerned.

I gave up the façade. I answered him with riposte:

“Suspicion of murder.”