

Mafia's Innocent Witness - Prologue by Bonita Nika

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There was complete silence, and it was eerie. Night life in the neighborhood of Granville was consistently the rowdiest. It wasn't the finest or safest neighborhood to live, in fact it has the largest crime rate in all of Bridgeport.

Normally upon arriving at the bus stop there would be other destitute people lingering the street. Peppers, otherwise seen as the whorehouse of Granville, always have loud music thundering from the speakers. The sound of the music was so intense that the ground would rattle.

Tonight was peculiar. The club was closed, and I was alone on the streets. Clutching my bag closer to my side, I increase my speed. There was an abandon building five minutes away where I lived. After what happened ten years ago I couldn't afford a decent apartment and the pay I get from Little Haven diner wasn't even enough to pay for my nursing course.

I started a month ago at the Community College over in Bullard; it was ten minutes walk from the diner and only two minutes from the bus stop. I've been saving for several months for the first term, after that I was unaware of what I would do. I could not get another job while working a six to five and attending school from five thirty to ten.

The chilly breeze swept through my thin overuse sweater, causing me to run a little. The earlier I arrive at my destination the earlier I will make a fire and fill my stomach with the burrito a rude customer shoved back on me this morning.

Thankfully, he didn't eat or spit in it and I'm also grateful that my boss' spoiled daughter had already taken off for school. Amber Patrick is a plague in my life she usually makes up stories just to get me in trouble.

If she told her parents that the sky was falling, they would unquestionably believe her.

A smile found its way on my face the moment the building came into view. Just as I appeared at the entrance, two gunshots went off.

I stood, incapable to move. A man stood over a dead body and pockets his gun. I should run before he sees me, but my feet remained grounded on the concert floor. I tried hard to make them work, finally everything makes sense. I turn around to run away, but ended up bumping into the wall and falling over onto my back.

I close my eyes and groan in pain. A chuckle from right over me made my eyes snap open.

I panicked.

The chuckle came from the man who just murdered another. He held a hand out for me to take so that he'll be able to pull me up.

"Are you alright?"

I crawl backwards, away from him. My heart was pounding so hard, and I could feel the tears falling down my cheeks. I glance at the lifeless body soaked in a pool of blood.

I need to get out of here. Without sparing the killer a second peek, I grip my bag and made my way out of there.

I don't know how long I have been running for. All I know was that my breath felt as if it was leaving my lung. Every time I close my eyes the image of that man laying in his own blood filled my mind and upset my stomach.

It terrified me that he would chase me and kill me as well. The best thing I could think of doing was to report this. I look behind me to see if I was being followed. Thankfully, there was no one there. The police station was just right ahead. I could see the lights and hear the laughter of the police officers working the late shift.

I entered the small station and instead of a greeting one officer bumped into my shoulder, causing my earlier pain to return. I watch him exit the station before gripping my sweater tighter around my body while making my way to the front desk.

"Hello," I say to the officer at the front desk.

"Take a seat, my hands are full right now," he says without even looking at me. I glance around me to see that there were only police officers around me, none who I recognize, considering I mostly visit here in the daytime.

The only thing his hands were filled with was the donut in one, and his phone in the other. He even had his feet up on the table while he was focused on whatever he was doing on the phone.

Instead of arguing with him, I took a seat and waited.

"What's up with the homeless girl?" I heard a female cop ask the man at the front desk.

The man glance at me before focusing back on his phone, "Who knows, she probably wants somewhere safe to sleep tonight and thought here would be the best place."

I frown as they talked about me, as if I wasn't just sitting a few feet away from them.

"Right, not on my watch," the woman says, walking over to me, "You can't stay here."

"I am not trying to sleep here I just want to report a crime."

She reaches out and grips my arm. "Yeah right, I've heard that one before."

She pulls me from the chair despite of my protest and shoves me outside causing me to stumble a bit. I shouldn't be surprised that those are the people that should serve and protect. No wonder there's so much crime going on.

I twist and turn on the park bench. I am cold, hungry, in pain, and most of all, terrified. I remove my nurse watch from my bag to see it was four thirteen am. I could not get any sleep when images of that grey eye murderer plague my mind along with the dead body.

I wondered when he would find me and kill me too. I was a witness to his crime and as much as I hate to admit it, there was no way he would let me get away so easily.

Ten minutes later, I found myself in a public restroom. I wash my face before staring at the girl in the mirror. My chestnut hair was a tangled mess. I use my finger to remove a piece of leaf from it before combing my fingers through it and attempting a decent-looking low ponytail.

My T-shirt was crushed and there were dark circles under my eyes from the lack of rest. Tears filled my eyes as I continue to look at myself in the mirror.

I tried my best to hold on to hope, hope that great things would soon start coming my way, but that was becoming a challenge considering I had 'murder witness' to add to my list of problems.

My tears fell harder as I remembered what happened ten years ago. It was my fault why my life turned out like this, why I'm all alone in this unfriendly world.