

Telling the Story of Truth

“Who really knew the truth... It’s a bloody mysterious to me.”

“Oi!”

“What?”

“I know!”

“How?”

“In fact, I saw it all.”

“Did you now?”

“I’ll start from the beginning then.”

~ ~

To start, I was on the roof deck, smoking again. Cigarette hooked in the corner of my mouth as I inhaled, holding the warmth in my lungs, before expelling into the chilling night. The small cloud dissipating like gin into lemonade. There wasn’t a single sound that travelled over the small city lights. Everyone had long gone to bed.

Except me.

Sleep evaded me as I rested my head back on the lounge chair staring up at the stars my only comfort. Actually no, the warmth of the cigarette comforted me. The only warmth in this cold-hearted bastard.

~ ~

“Could you hurry this up please? I’ve got places to be, people to see.”

“I was setting the scene.”

“Set the scene some other time. Tell me about the other man.”

“Oh, right, nearly forgot about him.”

~ ~

The door to the roof exploded open with a flash of bright light, breaking the sedated silence, my head snapping in that direction made me lose my cig in the process. The hot roll leaving ash down my chest and a curse escaped as I jump up. A figure emerged holding a bright light blinding my eyes even when I squeezed them shut I could see the bright flare that was burnt into my iris.

Staggering back, I tried to focus in on the figure.

“Shite!” I exclaimed, gravity taking over as my foot caught on the vent by my chair. My head cracked back on the tiles of the roof; the ricochet shook through me as my limp body came to a stop.

There goes a unicorn or a pony. Is it a dinosaur?

When my vision came back into focus the figure was now looming over me a bright light held in his hand.

“It’s past ten you can’t be on the roof.”

It took me a moment to process whatever he said however as his torch moved over me my eyes focussed on the glint of light reflecting off his taser.

“Yup, gotcha.” I groaned, squinting at the figure. “Can I finish my smoke?”

“No.”

Mate.

I slowly lifted my heavy body to an almost upright position and levelled eyes with the man.

“I don’t see why I can’t be up here mate. No one is in any danger.”

“It violates safety regulations.”

“So does smoking but I’m still here.”

He narrowed his squinty eyes. “You need to leave.”

I returned the scowl and reached into my chest pocket my fingers encircling a thin roll.

Pulling it out I let it rotate in my fingers before propping it in the corner of my mouth.

The man stepped forward his expression darkening under the shadow of the torch. He opened his mouth to let go a string of threats but then, quite rudely, was interrupted by the door banging open again for the second time.

Thus gravity won again as well.

The security officer whirled around knocking me back onto my derriere behind the vent. I muttered a curse rubbing my backside as I was about to get up the man’s demand stopped me.

“Sir, you cannot be up here at this time.”

“I can do whatever I wanna do!”

“Sir-“

“Shut your gob.”

I peered around the vent to look past the guard. A man was hunched on the ledge of the roof, sunglasses on in the middle of the night, with what seemed to be a half empty bottle of whiskey clutched in one hand. I wanted to get up, but for whatever reason, my body refused to move.

The guard approached the man and the ledge. “You will be charged if you continue to trespass here.”

The shades guy took a swig of his bottle and finished the mouthful with a nasty cough. “I don’t see a problem.”

The guard stepped forward almost nose to nose with the drunkard. “I will use force if need be. Remove yourself from the premises.”

He nodded placing the bottle on the ledge. “I guess there’s not much left for me anyway.”

Spreading his arms wide he leaned backwards as if waiting for someone to catch him. The guard dived forward grasping the edges of his t-shirt and holding firm. The drinker scratched at the guard’s fists but it was a battle both of them lost.

The balance between them tilted towards the open space and with a blink they were gone.

Insert panicked swearing here

~ ~

“So, you witnessed a suicide murder, and all you could do was sit there and watch?”

“Oi. I was trying not to get between them okay.”

“What happened next?”

~ ~

I rushed to the edge, my heart in my throat, my knuckles white. I ignored the bottomless pit in my stomach as I looked over. Two mangled bodies ten stories down.

My fingers grasped my hair tightly as if to pull me back from the edge. My throat was closing up my breathing short and flashes of the two men tumbling off wouldn’t stop rotating through

my mind. I fumbled for my packet of cigarettes lighting one with shaking hands and took a long drag. My anxiety lowered and finally I could breathe.

A sharp scream came from over the edge and that was my clue to go.

~ ~

Blue and red lights pulsated around me. The shadowy figure before me looked down at his note pad and back up to my eyes.

“Is that all?”

“Yes.”

“Why didn’t you make yourself known to the police earlier?”

“I was freaking out! I didn’t want to go down for something I didn’t do.”

The Constable pocketed the notepad. “Take my advice. Telling the truth is better then keeping it to yourself.”

I looked down to my shaking hands. God, I needed another drag. “Yes, sir.”

Glancing back over to where the two men landed, shielded by blue evidence sheets, the pit in my stomach grew. If only I was telling the truth.