

"Marshall, bring in the next suspect"

The door banged open and a tall, skinny man in cuffs sulked in. His filthy black hair was tangled on his gaunt skull.

"Name ?"

"Shankswell Willembound Jr."

The room went silent. I searched through my memories and landed on one thing. I stared at the sour face in front of me and tried to remember who he was.

"What high school did you attend ?"

"What does it matter to you ?" he howled.

"I am a judge. Now answer my question this instant!" I retorted.

"R-river Valley High School."

My head shifted.

"Hello, old friend. You may have forgotten, but my name is Kate Hardin or as you once called me, Hardy."

"W-What, how did you become a judge, you were, like, the worst kid in the class!" A sneering expression so unlike the warm grin thirty years ago shone back at me.

"I'll be asking the questions. Now, how did you become a criminal?"

"Well... After graduating, I couldn't find a real job. Everywhere, people I was an outcast. I lived three years on the streets. One day, a gang of drug dealers arrived at my corner near the shopping mall. Said they'd pay me well if I could smuggle drugs for 'em. I agreed."

I visualized a poor ragged man, homeless in the rain.

I pulled out two limp pieces of a once whole necklace.

"Remember this? "

"I-i "

All my pity for the piece of grub in front of me vanished.

"Marshall, send him to the police. Oh, and tell them to put him in the worst cell in prison."

The door opened once more and an officer dragged him off.