

Amendment 46

By A. C. Zito

It had been five years. It had been five years. It had been five years, seven days, nine hours, and twelve minutes since Franklin Benjamin Hathaway III had been convicted of murdering my parents. And not a day has gone by where I hadn't wished I lived in some century previous to the twenty eighth. It was the year 2771. And it had to have been only a couple centuries ago when, instead of sending murderers who had received life in prison without parole to... life in prison without parole... instead, they changed it to where they simply wiped their memories, gave them a new identity, and put them in some foreign country with a job, maybe a fake wife and kids, and who knows what else. I've only heard rumors of how well they treat the murderers. I've always been against the forty sixth amendment, but I never thought it would actually impact me. And here I was, on vacation, and there was Franklin Benjamin Hathaway III standing there with his fake wife and fake son and fake dog. Or what used to be him. But I've never believed that. I still think there's a murderer in that body. Somewhere... he's just laying low. He probably killed other people already. Or he's done something evil.

Once a killer always a killer I said to myself.

"I want to go home, I want to go home." I should've never have come to visit Australia. Here I was in Sydney, Australia. Why, of all places, here?

Why God, why God, why? I had to get out of here.

"You all go home. I'm going to catch up on this book I've been reading." I heard him say to his fake wife and fake kid.

"Okay, darling; I'll come check on you once dinner is ready, okay?" He nodded, and the fake son took the fake dog leash that was attached to the fake dog from his hands and they fake left.

"No he's not; probably going to go kill some babies, fuck you, Franklin Benjamin Hathaway III! Fuck you!" I whispered under my breath.

They left, and, once they did, he picked up the book he had next to him on the bench and began reading it. I've only heard stories of people running into the person who killed their wife or husband or mother or father or son or daughter or brother or sister or friend or relative or whatever. I've only heard rumors. Some people stick around and try to ruin their fake life but then get caught and get arrested and get banned from whatever country they moved them to.

"I can't get banned from Australia. I like Australia." I looked around and shrugged. At least for the most part... not anymore, though. *He* ruined it.

I have to get out of here I thought to myself. But I stuck around.

“Hi,” he said, looking at me. “What’s your name?” He asked. I can’t believe I walked up and tapped him on the shoulder. This is so illegal. I’m definitely not allowed to be doing this. I could get five years in Down Under.

“Fuck you,” I said. “I saw you punch that dog.” I looked over at everyone standing by and screamed out: “HE PUNCHED A DOG!” And then I ran off. That was completely stupid. He’s going to definitely tell the fake wife, and she’ll have me arrested. I know that’s going to happen. I had red in my eyes. I’ve only heard stories of people killing their amendment 46.

I can’t kill my amendment 46 I thought to myself... but I went back and did. I took the knife out of my pocket and stabbed him in the throat running off. No one would suspect it was me. I dressed up as my younger sister. She would get the blame and have her memory erased, not me. I kept running. I kept running. I dashed my way inside a convenient store and stashed the knife in an empty blender and stole some clothes. I knew he was living in Australia. I knew everything. That his wife was named Karen; his son, Timothy; his dog, Pluto; he was a smalltime broker for some firm. He had an apartment overlooking a terrace. He had a fake car crash and that’s why he can’t remember most of his life.

I ducked into the sewers and found my new home. And now all I had to do is wait. I had enough food and water to last me three months. Then I would start my new life in some New Zealand village where I know a guy.

“You’re under arrest.” A cop showed up at my front door minutes after I snuggled in bed with the same book he was reading before I killed him.

“Fuck,” I whispered to myself.

I’m not ready to have my memory erased; I’m not ready to have my memory erased. I felt like crying. I started balling. I hope my fake husband is nice, and I hope my amendment 46’s don’t come to kill me. But that’s what always happens. That’s why Franklin Benjamin Hathaway III killed both of my parents. And that’s why the real Karen, Timothy and little Pluto will come to probably kill me.

“I’m ready to be an amendment 46,” I whispered to the cop.

“So am I,” he whispered back. He shot me.