Danny never cried out, it was too fast, too unexpected, he never believed in what we were doing, and he never believed the words as I read them from those medical files, even though there was no denying that what we were doing and what we were seeing was unmistakably real. I believed, and I knew we should have stopped. I can tell my self it was his fault for convincing me to go inside, or for kicking in that window, but I know I was to blame, I was the one who found the files, I was the one who read them. That little metal box, I was the one who opened it.

They still haven’t found Danny’s body, but they found the blood. I told them everything, I was so scared, they locked me up faster than you can say bat shit crazy, and they did say that, everyone says that. The prime suspect, yeah that’s me. I don’t blame them, a kid goes missing, blood all over the walls of an abandoned building and the only witness is a teenager saying a monster did it. Bat shit crazy. I’m not worried about the trial or going to prison or being questioned or any of that. I am worried about one thing, I saw it, just like Danny, and it will come for me just like it did for him. When its my blood all over the walls of this padded room there’s gonna be a whole lot of people who will be bat shit crazy.

There was something, in those files, something I can’t remember. I was so scared. I ran so fast when I heard it. I didn’t think to take anything with me. I didn’t think I would need proof. Hell I was the one who brought the police back there and told them something happened to Danny. Prime suspect. I watched a few of those cops puke their guts out after going in there. The look in their eyes, they thought I did it and they were sickened by me. I had blood all over my clothes, I was ranting like a lunatic. Now they just give me sedatives and keep me locked in this room. Awaiting trial. There will be no trial. It will come for me, unless I can remember. I asked for paper and a pencil. If I can write it all down maybe I can remember. They gave me a black crayon and some loose-leaf paper. My story, my confession, my last will and testament.

My name is Anthony Micelli, yeah just like the character on that 80s TV show Who’s the Boss. Everyone calls me Boss, it’s a real laugh riot. Most of those dip shits never even saw that show. I’ll come right out and say it, because everyone is thinking it. I am the son of a single mom, we don’t have much money, I don’t have any friends, except Danny and I’m not what you would consider one of the good kids. Yeah I’ve had my share of trouble, mainly dealing with skipping school and smoking weed. I’ve been in some fights but I didn’t start any of them. People like to pick on me and I don’t like to take it. How all that adds up to me killing my best friend I will never know but that’s where I’m at and there’s not one single person who is gonna believe what really happened. Maybe its better if I get pureed in this cell, at least then they won’t blame me for Danny.