

Title: Self-Betrayal

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Blood dripped from his sinful hands. The body of the child lay at his feet; his soul saying goodbye to the world. The boy's teary eyes looked at the stars that watched him and at the moon that escaped behind the heavy, giant clouds. The killer looked at his hands, the tools of the spontaneous murder, and fled from the deserted scene.

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A shriek tore from the father's throat, his soul screaming and wailing. Tears downpoured from his eyes; scorching, stupid tears. His back bent forward to the ground, his shoulders drawn in.

Noah had been murdered. How dare the sky with all its splendour, just sit and watch? How dare the gathering of the clouds cloak the horrific act? Elijah was a police chief inspector and yet he could not protect even his own son. Alice walked in and observed the scene, her son shattered on his office floor.

"You need to protect your eyes," she said, showing him his bottle of eyedrops. His bloodshot eyes narrowed to the bottle and his face formed a snarl like that on the twisted face of the devil.

"No," he muttered, "Simply, no".

"I know they remind you of your father, but he is in prison now, you two are completely different."

Nobara walked in, "Sir?" she said. "We may have a suspect for the murder of Noah Grayson, we think it is Chase Grayson."

Elijah looked up at her, his eyes scarily red, "My father is in prison," he murmured.

"He escaped," Nobara replied.

Elijah barked out orders even in his deformed state, he collected the last pieces of himself in an all out search for his father, Chase. The man who murdered and laughed. Chase was a constant reminder of what Elijah feared he could become, a reminder of how not to be a parent. Elijah had become a passionate father to his child Noah after his wife died, he gave him everything he never really had, pure love. Love. How it could make the world turn right if only if people shared it, how it could set hearts on fire and let them burn to ashes. Chase had DID, he could change from being a loving person to a heartless murderer, therefore, making him the perfect suspect.

"Sir, although Chase seems like the ideal suspect for this situation, it does not seem likely that he is the one who did it. The street and the area surrounding the murder conveniently have not

got any cameras, but the cameras near the prison show him going in a completely different direction,” said Nobara.

“Spit it out,” Elijah sighed.

“We found him in a cafe sir, and we questioned him. Chase was adamant that he didn’t murder Noah, and the evidence we have from the cameras back up his statement.”

“You didn’t tell me you caught him, Nobara? He murdered my son, his goddamn grandson!”

“Elijah, we worried for you. We didn’t think you would be able to maintain your composure, it was for the best.”

“For the best, my ass,” he muttered. Elijah looked into Nobara’s worried eyes, “I suppose you’re right,” he huffed out. “I’m heading home, you should too.”

Elijah needed a break, he couldn’t maintain whatever he had left of his composure anymore as he headed home. He didn’t have his present at home anymore, his present from his wife, from God. No more looking at his beautiful son, whose eyes resembled so much of his wife, no more questions on maths problems, no more movies on Fridays with his beloved. Just him. Alone.

Elijah walked into his home office and saw that his mother had placed another bottle of eyedrops for him on his desk. He sighed as he sat into his leather chair and stared at the bottle, tears blurring his vision. His mother knocked on his door, she sat on a chair opposite him and the two cried in silence. Elijah was going to have to use the eyedrops, he might go blind without them.

He reached out and touched the bottle and suddenly smiled. But it wasn’t a sweet smile, or a genuine smile. It was a cruel smile, twisted. He looked at the woman in front of him. The woman had stopped crying and was looking at him worriedly.

“Elijah?” she croaked. “Elijah? Oh God please no.” she heaved. She knew the signs of a person switching personalities, she had researched all about them when Chase... he wasn’t important right now. Could DID be genetically passed down?

“No, no this must be a mistake,” she mumbled, her eyes wide with fear. A person can switch by touching an object, a familiar object. And Chase... Chase used... *oh dear God*... he used eye drops. Alice put two and two together and looked at her son. But, she also knew how to attempt to switch a person back.

“And you are?” Elijah spat out, not recognising his mother.

“Noah, Noah Grayson,” Alice breathed. Saying the name of someone who was dear to Elijah may bring him back.

Elijah’s eyes widened, a tear appeared in his eye but it seemed to freeze. All time seemed to slow down. Elijah looked down at his hands.

“I...,” he was speechless. “I am a murderer... of my own, I just remembered,” he panted.

“It seems you have inherited DID, you didn’t remember what your other personality did, but now it seems that there is no other way, so you must have killed him?” she questioned.

Elijah looked up. His soul pleaded with the heavens. He pleaded to God knows who, just anybody who would listen to his silent pangs of apology. He had betrayed himself. He must pay for what he had done.

Elijah opened the bottle of eyedrops, and drank every last drop.