

# “A COMPANY KILLING”

## SELECTED QUOTATIONS

### FROM SECTION 4:

I suppose it was Damien's "incredible charm" which fascinated everyone so much. He laid it on pretty thick sometimes and they lapped it up like starving dogs. I never would've pictured these people I worked with for so long acting completely mesmerized by someone like him, but they'd transformed since Damien had inflicted his presence on Filgen.

To survive at work, I had to learn to be gracious to Damien, the superior being, the company savior. People didn't seem to like it when they thought you weren't nice to him. *How sweet, they looked out for Damien. They protected him. What a guy.*

### FROM SECTION 5:

In his office that day with no jury present, Mr. Treboff handed down a death sentence to my innocent little daughter. It was as if Mr. Treboff and Damien filled a needle with the poisonous fluid of my failure which I would be forced to inject into her precious, frail body. *How would I tell her? How would I tell Tiff? This can't be happening.*

Half of me was a grieving father, while a more sinister half started developing, this one wanting revenge. I knew it was just a matter of time before my daughter would die and I wanted someone to pay for it. *Damien would do nicely.*

### FROM SECTION 6:

Quickly, I pulled into the driveway at home and, thankfully, the street seemed deserted. *Maybe I could get away with it.* I rushed in, started a fire in the fireplace, and threw my jacket onto the flames, nervously watching until it was gone... Wiping away tears, I continued. The only blood I noticed on myself before covered my hands and the windbreaker. The jacket was gone now and my hands were washed clean by the rain enroute to my car. Since I stood behind the desk when I shot him, nothing else was spattered with blood.

It wasn't me who killed him, I think. *It couldn't have been.* I would never have done anything like that. *But I did. God, please let this be a bad dream. Please let me wake up from it now.*

### FROM SECTION 7:

I started shaking uncontrollably and almost collapsed. Both Officers Canale and Poley quickly extended an arm to me. *They must know now.* I said I was okay, just surprised something so dreadful could have happened here. Everyone nodded... Noticing the police questioning Mr. Linder, I tried to keep my eyes open without looking too obvious. He was shaking his head in disbelief and seemed to be showing them his keys to the building. *I couldn't watch too long or they'd know...*

Finally I reached my desk, grabbed my keys, and readied to leave. I tried hard not to look over at Damien's office, but couldn't resist the sudden impulse to take just one peek. As I headed out, I glanced over and noticed an officer examining the bullet lodged in the wall. It seemed as though he was taking measurements and attempting to pry it out. It sure stunk. *And then I saw the blood.* Almost immediately, I became nauseous.

My coworkers also failed to suspect I had any part in his death. The office was bustling with rumors that day, but none implicated me. I wondered how these people could work side by side with

me for so long and not know I was now a cold-blooded murderer. I couldn't be hiding it all that well. *Then again, they never figured what Damien was all about either.*

Desperately, I tried shrugging off the horrible B-movie looping through my mind which graphically portrayed Damien's death. Over and over again I thought about how it was *my* arm at the end of the gun which ended his life... They might well have not cleaned up in there as far as I was concerned. Everything which was mopped up still remained. Behind a layer of fresh paint was Damien's splattered blood. No one saw it. *But me.* Underneath the newly carpeted floor was the remnants of blood which spewed from Damien's body after I shot him. To every one else, it was taken away with the carpet. To me, it had risen to the surface. *Dear God how I wish I could stop this torture.*

### FROM SECTION 8:

Now, when I'm around others, both at home and at work, I'm always on guard. I must pretend to be the old Morris. *The Morris who would "never" have killed anyone.* Although only a few days ago, it's almost impossible to remember back that far. I'm a completely different person now. *I am a murderer.*

In the dream, I was at work and suddenly, out of nowhere, the carpet and walls turned bright red. Then Damien's blood poured down from the ceiling, filling up the entire office. It had arrived at my knees and it kept rising higher and higher until it reached my mouth before I was woken up. *I was drowning in it.*

I couldn't get thoughts of blood out of my mind all day. It was now flowing from everywhere. It came out of the faucet, it filled the toilet. It was always there nagging at me. *"I know what you DID".* I wish I could stop it, but there was no way.

Somehow I suffered through the last couple hours of work, spending most of the time questioning my sanity. I finally came to the conclusion it truly was in serious jeopardy...All the way home from work that day, I felt followed. At night, I dreamt Damien was alive. Actually, it was me. I was alive. *I was Damien.*

I panicked. *Oh no, he's here. He's getting even closer. First the coat rack, then the chair, now he's right here at my feet.* I was terrified, yet I couldn't seek out the company of others. *I'm all alone. Except for Damien, of course. Where is he hiding? What does he want? Shock and terror took over every edifice of my body.*

I sat there shaking, fearfully knowing I couldn't let anyone see me. Inside I was tearing out my innards. I was going crazy. *My eyes are probably rolling around in their sockets ready to jump out. My insanity has finally defeated me.* I wanted to end everything. I wished I could just turn myself in. *Jail would be a piece of cake compared to this.* But I knew I couldn't. *I couldn't kill Rose.* I wanted to talk to Tiff. *But I can't let her know what I'm capable of, what I did.*

Just as I couldn't look Tiff in the eyes, I couldn't face my daughter. While crying gently, I held her and told her she'd always been a wonderful daughter and that I loved her very much. "I wish I could have been a better daddy," I said. She claimed I was a "really great Daddy" and I tried to smile. *Oh how I've deceived her. It sent a sharp pain throughout my chest.* After a long hug, I put my sweet girl to bed and quietly told her goodbye.

The thought of my burning in hell kept trying to pop into my head. *I pushed it out.*