

Location/Region: MASS

Author Initials: N.A.

Contest Stage: Backstory, Conflict and Resolution

### **Lady Justice: The Fight Without Sight (Seer)**

Picture this: You're an orphan billionaire, living in the most expensive real estate in town. You have many mentors, butlers, and teachers to stimulate your growth. The death of your parents has left you enough money to survive three lifetimes, and the only struggle you'll ever have is worrying what your three meals are going to be. You're basically Batman if at some point you decide to make a suit to go beat up some "bad" guys. Cool, right?

Now film this: You're an orphan. You've bounced from group home, to no home all your life, meeting kids in the same or worst predicament than you. You've never met your parents. You don't even know if they're dead or alive. Now, you're too old for the government to act like it has a moral obligation to you. It's time for you to give it money. It's up to you to get a roof, a car, pay bills, taxes, avoid shoot outs in your neighborhood, and find the desire to stay in school all in one. You constantly think about all of the risky, illegal ways to make money since that's all you see works, but you're afraid some rich guy in a Batman suit will pop out of nowhere, wag his finger in your face, and then proceed to pound you to a pulp.

If you had the power to switch back and forth in those two lives, would it challenge your view of justice? Because no child in history ever said; "I want to grow up and be a villain" We all know this; only Batman doesn't. If he did, he would have sent his army of teachers to educate and help the less fortunate instead of beating them up. Instead, he buys cool gadgets with a hundred ways to stop Mr. Freeze from saving his wife.

I actually like Batman. My mind would dive into the animated shows for days as a child. It's just, when you think about it, his purpose doesn't really make sense. And maybe you shouldn't even think about it so deeply like I do. I mean that's why it's called science fiction right? I guess that's what separates my story from Batman's. Mine is not fiction

My name is Geneva Grace Justice. My mother died giving birth to me. Year by year, my eyesight weakens from a rare disorder called Macular Degeneration. It turns out, based on the damages, the doctor predicted I would go blind at the age of 24. Sadly, I completely lost my sight at the age of 16. I know, right? But don't let your heart sink. I don't need any pity. Besides, some people don't believe I'm actually blind (we'll get to that later).

Right now, I'm 26, and I'm staring (well, not staring-you know what I mean) down the hole of a gun barrel. I'm used to it by now.

His name: Dylan Gross, law enforcer. He's been in the force for more than 30 years now, and obviously stayed in school for far less. I have a personal bone to pick with

him. After all, he is the reason why my dad got life in prison. I tried to say something back; But nothing came out.

I went blind earlier than expected because of the traumas I've seen. Yeah, it's amazing what stress can do to your body. The last trauma (I now call 'the last straw-ma') I witnessed was 10 years ago. . It's where I first met Dylan gross.

Dad and I owned a small corner store, I usually take the role of cashier. One day, a known felon just happened to stroll in our store. With a gun drawn on me, he makes it pretty clear he is willing to go to extreme measures to rob the store. To my relief, my dad barges in to interfere, not wanting to lose his only daughter. Dad tossed a couple words out on the open, trying to compel the felon to logic. Maybe the wrong thing was said because the felon gets irritated, and attacks. I heard a gunshot, I gasped with a heavy flinch, like someone snapped an elastic at the base of my neck. I. Now I bet you're wondering 'ok, but Where does Dylan Gross come in?'

Well, shortly after, a cop rolled by our store. While I was trying to lift my 211lbs dad to his car, I heard ;“ GEt out of the car!”

My mouth spoke by itself, blabbering about ;“Help!..Robbed!...My dad is shot!..Robber in our store also shot!..I have my permit, I planned to drive him to the hospital myself.”

The cop was overly aggressive with my dad when he grabbed him. Before I could even ask 'What are you doing?' my dad got handcuffed. The cop huffed in excitement and said “ You're going to Jail! You hear me? You know how to spell that? It's J-L, jail!!!”

I had to be sent to a group home because there were no immediate family members around me. My eyesight started declining rapidly around that time. I went to all his court trials, and he always smiled at me to try to lift me up. (SHouldn't that be my job?) Dad got charged with murder, and he fought the charge on his account of self defense. One of the biggest reasons he lost is that Dylan Gross testified on the case. Dylan said he saw the whole thing go down. He began his statement with “ I don't know how they even own a store anyways...” then proceeded to tell the judge that my dad shot the dude first, then tried to use me as a get away. “Luckily i got on the scene first, who knows what might have happened next” He concluded.

We lost the trial. In search of seeking justice, I strove to be a lawyer. Never thought this would be my path, but I wanted to fight for anyone that screams for a bit of justice. Maybe I could also satisfy my own screams too. My dad will spend the rest of his life in prison like many others caught in a very controversial situation. So i have to spend the rest of my life preventing 'controversial' situations from happening again. I am a lawyer today, and I have been collecting evidence on my dad's case for years. What intrigued me the most is why Dylan gross lied on his testimony, why was he so invested in my dad's case?

Yeah, it's amazing what stress can do to your body. I wear sunglasses everyday to hide the milky whites of my eyes, but I do not need a walking cane. I can move around my surroundings pretty easily. The funny thing about losing my eyes is that it gave me something huge. As my eyesight weakened, my other senses grew stronger, way stronger. I can smell every ingredient in a meal a mile away, no exaggeration. I guess all the trauma that rapidly made me blind, actually made me stronger. I can tell where everybody is in a building, and guess almost exactly what they're doing. Vibrations give me the clearest images. I can hear heartbeats without having to get close, so I know

Dylan Gross is scared. I feel it. I just don't know if he's scared of me, or the consequences he will have to deal with after this.

"I know you covered for the felon that tried to rob my dad's store" I say to him. He gives no reaction, nothing, but I hear his heart.

"What do you want? a confession?" He finally replies "From what you said before you already know I work both sides."

There it is! But I need a clarification so no one questions this ; "both sides?"

"Yes, both sides! You deaf or you blind? Yes i'm a cop but who wants to only have one source of income? That's just not...smart" He continues "So as a smart man , i also work for 'the streets ' as they say. They pay me, and i cover for any stupid thing their members do. Because i am smart"

"You don't even know how to spell."

"What are you talking about!! I won a spelling bee competition once!" He snapped at me.

I'm not even going to question that, and i don't get the chance to because Dylan continues on "You know what, i'm glad i contributed to your dad's life sentence. I mean, owning a store? In this type of neighborhood? That's just asking to get robbed. He didn't understand his reality. Yes it's not his fault that he lives in the poorest part of town, but it's not a coincidence that he is in the poorest part of town."

"What are you talking about!?" I fumed.

"Don't get mad, just listen-I don't mean to be rude but, have you ever taken a good long look around you? If you do, you notice everybody in your proximity is fighting the same problem or worse. That's not a coincidence. What I'm saying is ; A society can either succeed at fulfilling it's good intentions, and if not, then it has succeeded at something much worse. It has succeeded at something that benefits someone, some group, just not yours. And if you attempt to get out of this reality, like doing something stupid like owning a store, you accept the risk of failling...."

"I'm tired of listening to you" I replied as I snapped his wrist so he could loosen his gun. He screams in agony, and I took the chance to sweep his legs. The whole time he was talking gave me time to untie myself.

"Thank you for your confession Dylan Gross" I said to him in glee, because I had a wire on me and recorded the whole conversation "You're going to jail,you hear me? J-L jail."

With that, I handcuff him with his own cuffs , and call the authorities. Hopefully whoever shows up isn't on his side.

With the evidence on my hand, I reopened my dad's case after so many years.I cannot even begin to explain the emotions I felt. My name has been going around the neighborhood, I hear they call me "seer"? They talk of this random lady that sees it all and helps anyone out of trouble. I do this outside the courtroom, and inside the courtroom. Some call me Lady justice, which scares me because it makes me think they know my last name. But they don't, and that's ok because i don't like to be seen.