What a day!

I went directly home from school last Friday. "Weekend at last", I thought. I was in a very good mood when suddenly, to my horror, I saw a police car parked just outside our house. The police car was a large vehicle - a Ford. I got freaked out by the idea that the police was inside my house. I didn't know what they were doing inside. I was truly anxious and curious. I entered the house. There was no sign of the police present right away. My heart was pounding. I walked further into my house and met two police officers. They introduced themselves as Derek and Trevor. My mother stood there with the officers. My dad was at work at the time, he had to work late today because he had an important client. My mother looked like she was in a shock, but then the officers said ”Birni, we need you to come with us to the police station.“

„Why? What was I charged for? I'm innocent!“ I thought. ”We just need to talk,” they said.

”About what?” I asked. ”You're a suspect for vandalism on a private residence, earlier this day.” ” What? That’s a lie!” I said, feeling strangely angry at this statement.

Suddenly my mother burst out ”We request an attorney!”. She was right, the only way I could escape this was by having the law on my side. ”Of course, you have the right to have an attorney” Trevor said. Even though I was a suspect I knew it would work out because I'd get an attorney. They escorted me into their car, started the engine, and drove off. My mind was full of thoughts on the way to the police station. I’d never been suspected or even noticed in any way by the police before. Never before had I experienced being a suspect. This was my first, and hopefully last time riding in the backseat of a police car.

After a while we arrived to the station. I was unable to say anything to express my feelings to the officers. After the car was parked in the station’s parking lot my heartbeat kept going faster and faster. Sweat ran down of my body, I was very nervous. and my throat was dry. Whenever I think about that moment I wonder why I was so nervous; I knew I was innocent. Trevor opened the car door, and said, smiling ”Come on, let's get inside.” The mood suddenly changed, it all seemed much less serious the moment Trevor gave me a smile.

We were now inside the police station, in Derek's office. His office wasn’t very big, it could barely fit anything besides his desk and a few chairs. Then Trevor spoke. ”So, should we get started?” ”Sure,” I said. ”You are suspected for vandalism on a private property this morning.” The first thing that came to my mind was ”I'm innocent, your accusation is false.” ”Okay, you are not charged with anything yet, we just want to hear out your side of the story.” I thought about it for a while. Then I said ”I want a lawyer.” Derek asked me if I had a lawyer. I didn't know, so I had to call my mother and tell her to come to the station.

A while passed, then my mother arrived with a tall man in a suit by her side. It was our lawyer she told me. I asked her if he was any good and whether could get me out of this. She assured me our lawyer was decent. We all sat down around Derek's desk. My lawyer asked the officers what was the case about. They replied, saying that I’d been suspected for vandalism on private property. ”When did this take place?” the lawyer asked. ”Earlier this day, Friday the 27th of September at 9:20,” said Trevor.. ”And what made you think Birni is guilty of such crime?” Said the lawyer in a curious tone of voice. ”Well, we have gotten some descriptions of the offender that matches Birni very well.”

Many hours of talking and interrogation had passed by. It was now half past nine and we hadn’t made any substantial progress thus far. Suddenly I came upon a thought that would get me out of that mess. I took mom and my lawyer to the side, and asked the lawyer ”They said it occured earlier today at 9:20, about the same time my English lesson took place,” I said with a smile on my face. ”Yes that is correct.” said my mum. ”Then we can get my teacher to come here and witness that I was present in her class at that moment!” My mother looked at me, I could sense some proudness and other mixed emotions in her eyes. It only lasted for a brief moment. Our lawyer interrupted us by saying ”Okay, I will make some calls and get your teacher to come down and confirm that you were present during the time of the accident.” I felt relieved: now I could finally go home. Or so I thought. Apparently the teacher was occupied with something important at the time and couldn’t come down to the station. A few hours passed, I nearly fell asleep. Barely awake, I waited and waited for my teacher to show up. At last he did, with the school protocol which was documentation of every student present of every class that had been during this year, written down by teachers, in his hand. He told us why he was late and apologised.

”Now let's see what we have here.” said Derek. He opened the document, peeked at it swiftly, and then said ”I can see you were present during the time of the accident. Now all we need is a testimony from your teacher” I looked at my teacher, he looked back at me and smiled. ”I swear on the law of The Faroe Islands that what I have supplied you with is genuine evidence.”

”Okay, you are dismissed.” Trevor said. I shook my teacher’s hand and thanked him for his help. I was beside myself with joy despite being tired from the long hours of talking and interrogating. I didn't feel tired at all the moment we stepped out of the police station. It almost felt like I had gotten an energy boost, but it was very brief. When we got home I went straight to bed. Before I fell asleep I thought ”What a day it was today. What a day.“