

It happened on a Friday night. I was in the pub with my girlfriend and a few friends having a few drinks when he walked in. He looked arrogant and I hated him straight away. I could see he had parked his Porsche Boxster outside and was wearing an Armani suit. He leant against the bar with a smug smile on his face.

I went to the toilet and when I came out, there he was talking to my girlfriend. She was laughing. I had felt angry all day- I don't know why. This was too much. With adrenaline pumping through my veins I rushed up to him and smashed a glass in his face. He groaned, his face covered in blood, but I could still see his smug expression, so I carried on hitting him until he lay dead on the floor. I felt gutted- what had I done?