



*SPECIAL LITERARY ISSUE BY 1ere L*

*The team: Thalia Barbot, Alessandro Martinez, Raphael Mevz and Thierry Roland.*

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# The Mystery Of Jykastio

By Thalía Barbot

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## ✂CHAPTER I: The change



Mila Swayne. Eighteen years old. Living in a small town of four thousands human beings named Castios. I chose to spend a sabbatical year taking ballroom classes with my boyfriend who is also my dance teacher. That's why I'm not in college. I'll start studying next year...maybe... if I want to. See, I'm intelligent but not studious. I'd rather go on many adventures and discover new things than stay in my campus' bedroom and "be gobsmacked" to annoying books.

Anyway, I'm not the type of girl who is going to describe my whole life before the story begins. You'll probably understand while reading. It's not that complicated. Just know the fact that IT ALL STARTED IN A PARKING LOT. Put a dramatical melody behind that sentence it'll be more interesting:

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“Tony, I told you not to tell him he forgot to buy his black speaker. Now, he’ll be annoying me with it everyday. Curse you!” I said to him with a tired voice, rolling my eyes.

“Oh come on Mila,” he retorted laughing, “stop dramatizing about it. Juan-Miguel is mature enough to use it normally. He’s twenty-two! It’s just a speaker, and in fact, you love music, so where’s the problem?” He stopped walking and looked at me.

I was two feet away from the car and didn’t even stop to look at his silly face.

“Forget it. It’s fine Tony,” I said sarcastically.

I opened the car’s trunk and threw the bags there. Tony did the same. We waited for Juan-Miguel, leaning on the car’s front, sharing some skittles when a little really “rounded” boy, with chubby cheeks was insulting his mother for not buying him Hershey’s chocolate: “I hate you, I hate you! I don’t want you as my mom anymore! I’m going to live alone so I-WILL-BE-ABLE-TO-EAT-WHAT-I-WANT.” he said bouncing up and down. Tony and I kept eyeing him carefully until he dropped all the candy he had in his hands, ran to his mother and collapsed on the floor. Tony and I couldn’t hold on and laughed so much we cried. That’s when my boyfriend arrived happily walking, holding on tightly his wrapped speaker.

“I got it!” He yelled at us. “And with a discount! Just my luck!” He chuckled.

“Yayyy!” I replied with a fake smile. “Now let’s go. We have a trip to plan”.

I turned my back to him and walked to the front passenger seat of his ‘goldish’ brown Subaru. He stepped in front of me.

“Hey, heyy!” He smiled. “Don’t tell me you’re mad because of that speaker. Come on! It’s nothing Lilz (I hated that nickname). It won’t bother. “

“Great,” I replied. “Now let’s GOOO.”

“ Ok, Ok! Vamos! “ Said Tony walking to the backseat door.

He always had to remember us his Spanish origins with a common expression. And that’s when I felt a new adventure would begin because suddenly, we heard pounding three times just like a wrecking ball, destroying everything on site, but strangely nothing

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was getting destroyed. Then after about one minute, everything went black. We didn't hear anything, we didn't see anything. I couldn't see where Tony and J-M were, but when a warm hand touched my shoulder, I knew J-M was by my side. I had no idea what was happening. I felt J-M's hand pressing my shoulder tighter and understood he was panicking. I stayed calm. What was the point of being scared? After all, it could be the end, no? The world is nonsensical these days and the gods are angry! Well... if there really are gods because I don't really rely on this belief. Anyway, I was waiting for it. For a new world. A change. And death for me, is the only tunnel, the unique path guiding us to this ultimate change. To a new place.

I felt ready.

✠CHAPTER II: MYSTERY TUNE

Ugh. My amazing last thought before my fake death was unnecessary. Here I am. Still in that sickening parking lot. With my crazy boyfriend's best friend and him. The light came back. The pounding disappeared. This was the most peculiar episode in my entire life. I felt excited. We could hear everything again. Tony was on his knees praying, making a lot of funny gestures " *Ojala santa maria, virgen de Guadalupe ayudanos, salvanos de esta maldición por favor*" that's what he was repeating with his eyes firmly closed. I wondered if he had been doing this since the pounding.

"Oh My God it stopped!" He said getting up with an amazed face. "*Gracias, muchas gracias virgen. Eres santa santa, madre de dios!*" Waving his hands like he was thanking this 'Virgen santa de dios thingy'

" Okay, so what just happened?!" I asked confused, I thought we were going to die!

"Dieeee?!?!" J-M asked with obstinacy . "Die? Are you delusional. No.No. Not at all. I'm not ready. Tony's not ready. It's ... I don't know...so strange... It's probably something going on in the mall. He whispered trying to convince himself. Yes. We better go! Let's go." He pushed us to the car and entered it.

" I'm sure The Gods are not done with us." I retorted teasing him while he started the engine and drove off the parking lot.

As we were riding out, we saw people coming from all the houses and buildings, gathering on the road with surprised, panicked and terrified faces. Just like the people's expressions on the "Ultimate ride" series I watch. So it happened everywhere. It was amazingly diverting to view. Abruptly, we saw everyone starting to smile, the sky turned lavender and the rays of sunlight were pink.

I laughed out of astonishment and put my hand in front of my mouth. J-M parked his car and kept looking at the sky by the windshield. Tony fainted.

"We have to look at this clearly." Said J-M opening his door.

But at that right moment, a rousing tune came from nowhere. A really lively song that could make, anyone mad or sad, feel happy. It even got Tony out of his blackout. But

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this tune was very particular. First of all, it felt like it was inside me, in my ears, right in my eardrums, looming from my inner-self. It seems that it took birth somewhere inside of me, touching my heart and my mind. Both were swathed in a tight casing with a bloom of some happiness magic potion in it; making me feel so good, I couldn't control my smile and my laugh. I got out of the car and every single person around me appeared to be feeling just as I was. Genuinely Happy.

It lasted about fifteen minutes and everything went back to normal. Juan-Miguel looked at me with a questionable face and we got in the car. We were speechless. We didn't find anything to say. It was unusual, bizarre, strangely pleasant and beyond understanding. But of course, Tony had to break the silence."

WHAT THE FUDGE JUST HAPPENED?! OH MY GOD OF GODS!!"He tapped on the car seat. This was really cool but at the same time weird. "*Carambaaa!* I don't know what to think or what to say else. Are we in the future right now? Dude, tapping on J-M's shoulder, could you believe what just happened? AAAAAAAHHH. "

"Calm down Tony Diuno, calm down. You're making everything stranger when we're just trying to acknowledge what just occurred, I said talking quietly like if I spoke louder IT would start again. "

"I'm taking you at your house. You have to be safe. This is more than crazy! This is more confusing than Inception." J-M said frantically, brushing his black hair back before changing speed.

"You too, you have to calm down Juan-Miguel Kallas. And you're only taking me to my house because that's where I was heading." I responded looking through the window pane.

"Why do you have this habit of saying our full names when you're serious?" He asked followed by a sigh.

We arrived in front of my house. I smooched J-M, hugged him and hugged and pinched Tony. When J-M saw the front door of my house opening, he drove off. I waved goodbye. As I entered my house, I saw my grandfather standing right in front me. I startled putting my hand on my fast beating heart. "My God! Pops! Do you have to surprise me like that? Why are you doing standing here like a statue?" I asked.

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With his ninety years old, he was a strong man, still capable of doing everything on his own.

“I KNOW.” He answered slowly, fixing me with his shimmering hazel eyes.

What does he know? What does he mean?

### ✠CHAPTER III: JYKASTIO

I entered the narrow hallway of my house and closed the door behind me with promptness. I turned to my grandfather who was standing still. Besides the mysterious look he gave me, the atmosphere in the hallway was even murkier than it usually is around this time, dark and gloomy. It was six in the evening, in September. I moved forward and span round twice in front of the big mirror hooked up to the left wall. I loved that mirror. The frame was so ancient and seemed so magical with its ornaments perfectly made, telling the story of a group of people from Antiquity, it made me feel like a Greek goddess on an adventure each time I looked at my reflection through this piece of glass.

Anyway. Let's get back to the real problem. I fixed my dad's dad.

"What are you talking about grandpa ? I don't understand," I asked making a lot of gestures.

"Ah! Don't act like you're ignorant Mila." He swung his hand in the air and walked to the kitchen.

"But...Wait, I retorted following him. Do you mean, the ...the tune that came on a while ago? And... the change of coloor..."

"YES YES YES. He yelled sarcastically before drinking some water. All of that! I know why it's happening. I know what's going to happen if we, well obviously not me, I'm not going on an adventure, I'm ninety one! He said laughing. Well, this matters little... Anyway I know you've always liked exploring. And in fact, we need at least someone to save our town."

"Save our town?" I grimaced. "What in the world of nonsense are you talking about?" I opened my eyes like an owl in the night.

"I'm talking about the curse!" Jykastio! "Ah... Let's go to my room I'll tell you everything you need to know."

I followed my grandfather to his room, still worried if he was imagining things. I sat on a comfortable chair he had there and waited for him who went to the last locked drawer of

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one of his furniture item. He took the key in the pocket of his pants and opened the drawer, pulling out a big old book with dust on hit. He also took an amulet and an enormous key shaped like the ones for castles. He then walked towards me, smiling in a nudge-nudge way, gave them all to me and sat at the end of his bed, still smiling. I took the accessories he gave me. “

“Why do you keep smiling?” I queried before brushing with my fingers the front strands of my chestnut brown curly wavy shoulder length hair behind my ears.

“Mila. Listen clearly.” He retorted tilting towards me.

My grandfather related to me the whole history of my town.

“Thousands and thousands of years ago, during the third civilization of Castios, at the time, it was a small village and the people there had magical powers, made potions not only to cure but also to curse erroneous people, those who had incorrect behaviors or the outlaws. They lived by their magic and the respect for the Sun that were their eternal God. But one day, a man of bad faith named Cruciferios created discord between the villagers by trying to make them realize what was wrong or right in their laws. Some of them believed, some others didn't. So trouble harmed Castios so deeply, that a fight started and fifty people died. It was the first ever incident there, tragically spectacular for the inhabitants. Then, the village's chiefs did not want any more trouble; so on a Tuesday, at midnight, without informing their people, they went secretly on an incised valley, on the highest mountains of Castios and created, a magical place there, right at the bottom of it. They casted a spell on something, I don't know exactly what it is but they say it is” The Only Survival Guide To Peace”. I believe the prophecy is operating now since we have problems in the town these days. The spell is based on an infinite sound, making everyone feel exactly the same so there could not be any disagreements, therefore, endless peace and respect for others. He took a pause, got up and went by his window, watching outside. Now in the book, which I know you'll probably read, you'll find the instructions to enter this enchanted valley so you could solve our problem. The ancient leaders wrote it all down. “

“ME? SOLVE? Grandpa this story is a myth! It's not real, it's nonsense! A sound... Pff ! ... Imaginary stories just to make people dream. “

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At that right moment, we heard the same thing as earlier ago. A tune. Happier, catchier than the first one. This time, the sky was purple and apple green and the sun was literally gold. It sparked from everywhere! And as the first time, I started being really joyful, my grandfather also. It had only happened once since then, and it was already exasperating for me, because you couldn't control your emotions or your body. It's like you were caged, like a bird who couldn't spread out his wings, stuck in the same position. Well in our situation, we were stuck in one state of mind, laughing ceaselessly, jumping up and down, seeing rainbows and butterflies. Ugh. Those ancient chiefs didn't think well. Maybe, they were drunk by drinking too much potion and couldn't cogitate for a better resolution. It was BAD and it had to stop. AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

The second it stopped my cellphone rang, it was Juan-Miguel. I was so drown by the event, I couldn't answer.

I texted him back: Come right now at my house with Tony and adventure accessories. Wear boots, jeans and a jacket. Both of you! Come ASAP. I KNOW EVERYTHING.

I dropped my phone on the bed and sat down.

"You're right grandpa, it has to stop. It's unbearable. "

"And If you don't do something now, it will be frequent as we go along and last eternally one day. Soon, I suppose."

I kissed him, took the stuff he gave me, thanked him and left his room to go to mine.

I had things to get done.

## ✂CHAPITRE IV : THE CLIFF

It was the first time I could go on an adventure. I mean I didn't want to die but I did want to take risks. And the fact that this shared tune was getting really annoying, I had to do something about it. Because when everyone starts hearing the same tune, the same melody and feels the same way, it's like there's no point of being a "WORLD" anymore. It takes all kinds to make a world; and a one, repeating, exasperating same tune isn't exactly an all kind melody.

As I was waiting for my boyfriend and Tony, I started searching for some things that could avoid us from hearing the tune while working for our departure on the adventure. I found three sets of earplugs, ear warmers and beanies. I put on my equipment, hoping it would work. Then, I started reading the most important parts of the book I needed to know in order to succeed my mission (It really is pleasant talking like a professional; makes me feel so efficient).

I learned that the chiefs had written that the sortilege was named: JYKASTIO. Lol, no wonder. My town's name is Castios, such a coincidence! So Kastio means Melody and JY means Curse in Kais, the language of the ancient inhabitants. In conclusion I lived in a town called Melody. Great! Therefore, I understood. My town was named after what they called in the book the "Oi Nus Wudyoch Kedisti", that signifies "The Sun's divine favor". So basically, the whole idea of hearing a bewitched tune, making a community feel like one and only person without character was a blessing ?! More than a malediction for me!

After twenty minutes, the boys arrived. It was thirty past seven in the evening. We settled in the play room, overlaid a map of the town, took pencils and makers, the book, the amulet, the old key. I explained them everything and we started working on how to reach that valley. The tune restarted twice while we were working. My grandfather came in the room at that moment he was so hilarious seeing him dancing around like a child, but we had earplugs so we weren't affected.

"Ok so with this passage in the book we could suppose that the highest mountain is easily recognizable because of its tallness and that there's another one in front of it, which in the bottom, an enclosed valley is formed" explained J-M.

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“Good ... OOKK good! So it must be there, retorted Tony while encircling with a yellow fluorescent marker a group of mountains on the map. There’s a note by its side saying those mountains stay in the background. So they are not really known!! IT MUST BE IT.”

“ Great!” I said, while looking at the map. “So now we know where it is, J-M will be able to drive us there. So now we have to know how to break the spell after entering this magical valley! Yeah yeaah !!” I sang excited while clapping hands.

“ Only those of true courage and envy will let their bodies dive in the valley ” J-M replied. “So I guess Tony will wait for us on top of the mountain” he joked while giggling.

“Ah.Ah. Really funny!” Tony replied with a humorous face.

“Well guys, we should get going! I mean we barely know everything that there is to know! It says that a big statue of the sun is at the center of the valley and will indicate us to the true “essence of life”. Let’s go! “

We packed everything we had to pack, took some bottles of water. I wore black jeans, a black T-shirt, a black leather jacket and copper Timberlands. We took the road in Juan-Miguel’s dad truck he was driving. While turning and turning around in spiral on the high mountains of Castios, we could see the beautiful small town, enlightened in orange lights. I found it lovelier than Manhattan at night like they say. The simpleness of its beauty was more attractive than any other big city.

We drove the highest we could, parked the car safely, lightened the electric torches and started exploring the mountains. With the help of the map, we made our way to the highest mountains. They were beautiful, really green, they were so big and tall that just by looking at them, I felt dizzy.”

Carambaa! Que alto!” Said Tony putting his hands on his hips.

I laughed at him, so did Juan-Miguel.

After struggling with the ascent of the mountain we made it to the top. We looked at the bottom. Nothing. No magical place.

“That’s weird! It was supposed to be shiny and magical and rainbow-like, no?” I asked.

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“ I suppose... I don't understand, “J-M answered confused.

“Guys, I don't know why but this mountains feels weird. It feels... cambered!” He said jumping a bit.

“Well maybe it's where you're standing Toonyyy!! Idiot!” J-M retorted.

“Oh ! Right. He replied tilting his head down ! Oh look it's a keyhole! Guys! IT'S A KEYHOLE! It's probably the opening of a magic portal thingy for the valley... I don't know! Just give me the key!”

“ Yes yes yes! Oh my God. We're finding it, we're approaching the discovery! Here! Catch ,” I said loudly, tossing the big old key to Tony.

Tony caught the key and placed it in the lock. IT TURNED. IT OPENED. All of the sudden, a colorful mist of pastel colors appeared in front of us, falling on a hollow. The boys and I opened our eyes wide. We were amazed by it. We took a few steps forward, towards the beautiful haze, at the border of the mountain and saw an enchanted place at the end of the valley.

“Oh my God it's there! We have to jump! We need to jump!” I yelled to the boys.

“ Ok, then let's go! If you're not scared, of course!” Said Juan-Miguel

“I'm not going. It's better if I keep an eye of the keyhole. You guys go! I... It's fine for me!” Tony responded with a trembling voice.

“Hmh, no wonder, said J-M looking at Tony. He turned back to me. Ok Lilz, he grabbed my upper arms. We'll just let ourselves go down and fix this thing! We can do this.”

“Yes we can do this.” I said grabbing his hand! “Let's go! See you later Tony! I waved him goodbye.”

With my bag on my back, I placed myself on the tip on the border with J-M. He held my hand tightly and after the smile he gave me, we just jump calmly in the foggy natural foam of colors. I felt a pleasurable breeze embracing me while falling down to they valley. The trip was long enough for me to forget where I was heading. But suddenly it ended when I felt the speed decrease in my descent like a mystery hand was holding

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me, preventing me to fall down and hurt myself. I got laid on the floor, gently with J-M by my side. We looked at each other and then at the place. It was more than extraordinary.

## ✠CHAPTER V : TUNE-OFF

The valley put me out of words. It was the most amazing place I ever saw in my whole life. At the arrival of it, trees formed themselves with lianas wrapping themselves around the beautiful trees. Pigment of sweet, soft colors were everywhere, making the valley feel even more magical and mysterious. Light purple, light green, different shades of pink and yellow...

"It's amazing J-M," I said to him getting up.

"It is. It's the most beautiful place I've ever visited."

We heard the tune from far away start again, but weirdly, it couldn't reach us, it couldn't cross over the portal, the mist.

"Yes! I screamed with joy! Ok now let's get done with this."

J-M and I walked around the valley, looking for a clue. We saw a shimmer from behind a branch and ran to it. It was a statue. An enormous statue of the Sun, shining immensely. I approached it and saw an inscription on it, circling the sculpture of the sun. It says "The Kastio Amulet, the key of magic spell. Its place on the heart of the sun shall be the eternal silence. JYKASTIO EXERMINYOS".

"Look J-M there's the place for a sort of collar there! We must put the amulet there and say Jykastio Exermynos... Maybe, I don't know. Let's try." I said shyly.

"You know you're often right he answered chuckling. Let's try it."

"Ok! Take it in my backpack." I said happily.

Juan-Miguel took the amulet and we placed it together in the correspondent spot. A huge pounding started exactly like in the parking lot. Then a gold light erupted from the sun and went up and up and up. It seemed like it wanted to reach the sky! We heard an echo of Tony's voice "*Dioos miooo!! Es un milagrooo!!*". The Tune was still going on upstairs. And then, the inscription lightened up and loudly J-M and I repeated twice the Kais expression "JYKASTIO EXERMINYOS! JYKASTIO EXERMINYOS".

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After saying that we were ejected from the valley! A force pulled us up on the tip of the mountain with the sound of a torrid rain. We ended up next to Tony who fainted. Again. And right at that moment, the tune magically turned off, it interrupted and the mountain trembled strongly for at least ten seconds like it was the end of the planet. I couldn't let any word get out of my mouth by stupor. Then we heard something explode and the haze of colors disappeared!

"We did it? Wait? It's gone?" I asked

"I think... It might! Probably..."hesitated J-M. "

Oh sweet Gods of Gods! This is amazing! This is spectacular ! This IS LIFE ! GUYS. WE ARE HEROES! HISTORICAL FIGURES!"

" Ok now stop stop stop Liliz," J-M interrupted me. "Do not start fantasizing about an award now. We saved the town. That's it." He said hiding a smile.

"We saved the town! I replied. Magically! We explored. We saw magic. This was EPIC. Tonyyyy we did it! Get up!" I yelled.

"Qué? Qué paso? We're done? Are we done now? God that was scary!" He whispered hardly trying to get up.

"At least it was A ONE OF A KIND ADVENTURE! Nobody got harmed and we got rid of that stupid "Kastio". I said mocking the word with gestures. Now let's go seek for something even more awesome!" I said

The boys laughed at me. We sat on the mountain and kept looking at the town, still enlightened. This moment was perfectly perfect. We didn't even want to go back home. It was more than relaxing. The greatest and strangest thing of all is that we could still hear the same tune. It felt like a shell encompassing the town, letting good vibes resonate for everywhere. And I'm assured that every single person could hear it. It was general and also original. It was the tune of happiness.

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"So what do you think guys?" I said typing the last word of my story.

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“It’s pretty cool. And as long as we get a good grade, it’s fine with me.” Jim answered.

”Yeah. It’s cool. Great. We’re finally done. Now let’s put some music.” Theo added.

“Oh please, no! You know I hate hearing the same music as you guys. I don’t like it.” I responded tiredly. “It makes me become as stupid as you are, hearing the same tunes you listen. They’re pathetic. “

“WE DON’T CARE!” They both said while Theo turned the music on.

I’m Caprice. And those are the two halfwits I have to deal with everyday.

*The End.*



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As the shadow of the day falls down one more time, the sun will fade away to let another rise, casting its divine light on the surface of this world. People wake up to start a new day given to them, hoping to survive till the next one. Every day after the night crawls out and the shadows flee, as light spreads on the surface of this world of misery, giving hope to what is left of us in our hollow shells, we keep on going, not knowing our purpose on this land of the damned, forever chasing a lost cause.

Each and every sunrise, as the first foot steps upon the emptiness of the streets, the world wakes up and its people go on their lives, while nothing changes in our daily set of actions and emotions. A drop of caffeine pouring down a throat, the cry of a door's handle before the escape of a key, the fall of drops from the splash of a tire, a scream in the distance; the snake bites its tale, the world goes around.

Step after step following our tracks from yesterday and the day before as we have been doing for what seemed like eternity when suddenly, as if it were a small insignificant detail in a painting, barely visible but its very existence changing the whole meaning of it; crashing through the laws of space and time, screaming down the deeps of our hearts, for a few seconds that will last forever, someone turned around looking into nothing.

As the world turned completely silent, a word so fatal echoed, as quiet as an angel's corpse, as loud as a demon's cry. A man screaming a silence of agony while another one falls on his knees trying to see what is not present but simultaneously active from now on. Like an army falling, one by one, people started fading into insanity as the whispers of despair carved themselves in burning letters through our thoughts, spreading confusion in our very souls, casting elusions of chaos or perhaps, revealing the truth on which we were too afraid to open our eyes.

*by A. Martinez*

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### *The Blind man without a pistol*

It's a freezing cold December night in downtown New York. Snow has covered sidewalks, Christmas trees and lights, and the beautiful jingle accompanying the glorious red white and blue colors of police sirens fills the air of Abhy street right in front of one of the most exclusive clubs in NYC. Club Supremacy. There's been a double murder right in front of Supremacy. Out of the blockade, comes Kenny Fictin, a 30-year-old rookie on the force. He awkwardly makes his way to the front of the club and begins to walk around, he makes his way to a dark dusty filthy alley. His plan is simple: find the murder weapon. He goes into the alley without thinking twice. As he's walking he hears rumbling further down followed by a faint slip and a tap, then another tap followed by a third. They're getting louder the more he walks forward. Kenny terrified, pulls his gun from his holster and points it towards the noise

"Freeze... I said fr...free...freeze" Kenny yells terrified. An old deep raspy voice similar to a blues player's replies "you gonna shoot an old blind man whitey". From the shadows steps out an old blind African American man with an old beat up cane. Kenny baffled, puts the gun back in his holster and in an embarrassed manner proceeds "I'm so sorry sir, wait how'd you know I had a gun?"

"I'm blind not deaf or stupid. I heard the holster clicking" he replies

"How'd you know I was white" asks Kenny.

The man chuckles and calmly replies "cause any black man in New York who heard a noise in the alley at night would've shot me a long time ago. Also judging by the sirens you're a cop and no black cop would be dumb enough to come to an alley alone specially in this neighborhood. Now I'm assuming you're here about the murders and you're in luck, you found the only witness who just so happens to be one of the only black men here who'll cooperate"

Kenny, ecstatic, grabs his radio "Central, I found a witness to the murder and he's willing to testify over"

A voice on the radio responds "copy, bring him in" "another white boy" states the man, and continues "by the way the witness's name is Elias, Elias Copperheart"

They proceed to the blockade as they go towards a big blue trailer-sized van, Kenny pounds the door three times "cap, open up" a tall slim Caucasian man walks out in a suit with a trench coat over it.

"You coming in or not?" Asks the man

"you bet I'm coming in, I'm freezing out here damn!" The men quickly jump in the van, Kenny stops Elias at the door and enthusiastically explains "that's captain..." "Jebadia Coleson" interrupts Elias, "Jeb for short, I've known that smug little guy since he was

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8..." I was 7 actually" adds Jeb "haven't I told you not to interrupt me boy ?! Dont think I won't whoop you just cause I know you"

"I'm a cop now Eli, you'd go to jail" Jeb replies "shoot I could use a bed and a hot meal, send me back"

The three men follow Jeb to a sealed, brightly lit room containing only a table and microphone linked to a recorder on said table. The men sit down and Jeb starts the questioning:

"Sorry Eli, but this is the only free space we have in the van right Now so tell us what you saw or um... Experienced. Start by stating your name for the record" he turns the recorder on and Elias starts his statement "my name ahem is Elias Jonah Copperheart I must state that I am legally registered as blind, I cannot see, I've been a musician ,saxophone player for the copperheads band since 1967 I am close personal friends with the owner of the club, I was in there until about 4 am when I stepped out to go see JoJo, the neighborhood drug dealer, to get him to stop selling in my neighborhood, I went to his usual spot behind the club but he wasn't there..."

"As I was walking back I heard three different sets of footsteps leaving the club, now the music was loud as hell, but they were those Italian shoes, the ones that sound like a dyslexic playing drums so it was loud as hell, it was a slow night and Benny the DJ was tired and when he gets tired Antoine takes over, pothead, he only plays those heavy bass songs that make me wish I was deaf...he plays low so I didn't hear the music too much, music these days isn't music, it's advertisement for a disability, it's a shame too. Anyway, I heard the footsteps stop but get quicker much quicker and then there was yelling something about a thing they couldn't tolerate or something, and then blam I heard 2 gunshots go off almost at the same time, very little intervals, then I only heard one set of steps walk back in. He wasn't in a hurry either, he took his time, now anybody would've run but not being able to see I was just as likely to run towards the shooter. Anyway I could tell by the accents that at least two were mafia, the third I'm not sure, he might've been something else"

"Is that what you think happened Eli ?" Asked Jeb "no buy, I think that's what someone wants you to think, someone who just wanted to kill em no need for a reason" Kenny got up and told Jeb he was going to relay the info to the CSIs, but as he left, Eli stopped him

"You can stop that innocent good person act now, you ain't fool in nobody, I know it was you, I'd been in the club with a stripper called Tamy all night see, Tamy uses peach scent body oil and at first I thought I could smell it because it was on my jacket but now that you're not next to me, neither is the scent, second ,ever since the alley way I noticed you walk with an 8-step beat that's how the third man walked, third, you cops are issued Berretta pistols with a slim grip but when you pulled your gun in the alley I

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heard you struggling to get a good grip, the gun fumbled in your hand and lastly your hand reeked of powdered residue and blood, so the powder burned you, didn't it? It's to be expected when you shoot with something you left in the snow: the cold numbed your hand so the recoil hit harder and the powder burned you or at least that's what I'm guessing happened"

Jeb jumps up and slaps cuffs on Kenny who was standing there immobilized by shock

"Like I said Kenny," says Elias "I'm blind but I'm not stupid, I know you dumped your clothes out the bathroom window, it leads to the alley.

Jeb places Kenny under arrest and sits with Elias

" Why do you think he did it?" He asks "simple look under his vest you'll see an inglorio tattoo, it's fresh, the bandage is still on I could hear it rub against his clothes at the club and in the van it was getting annoying. He was earning his ink with the inglorio family" Elias replies.

Jeb pauses for a second then asks "how'd you not know him by his voice?"

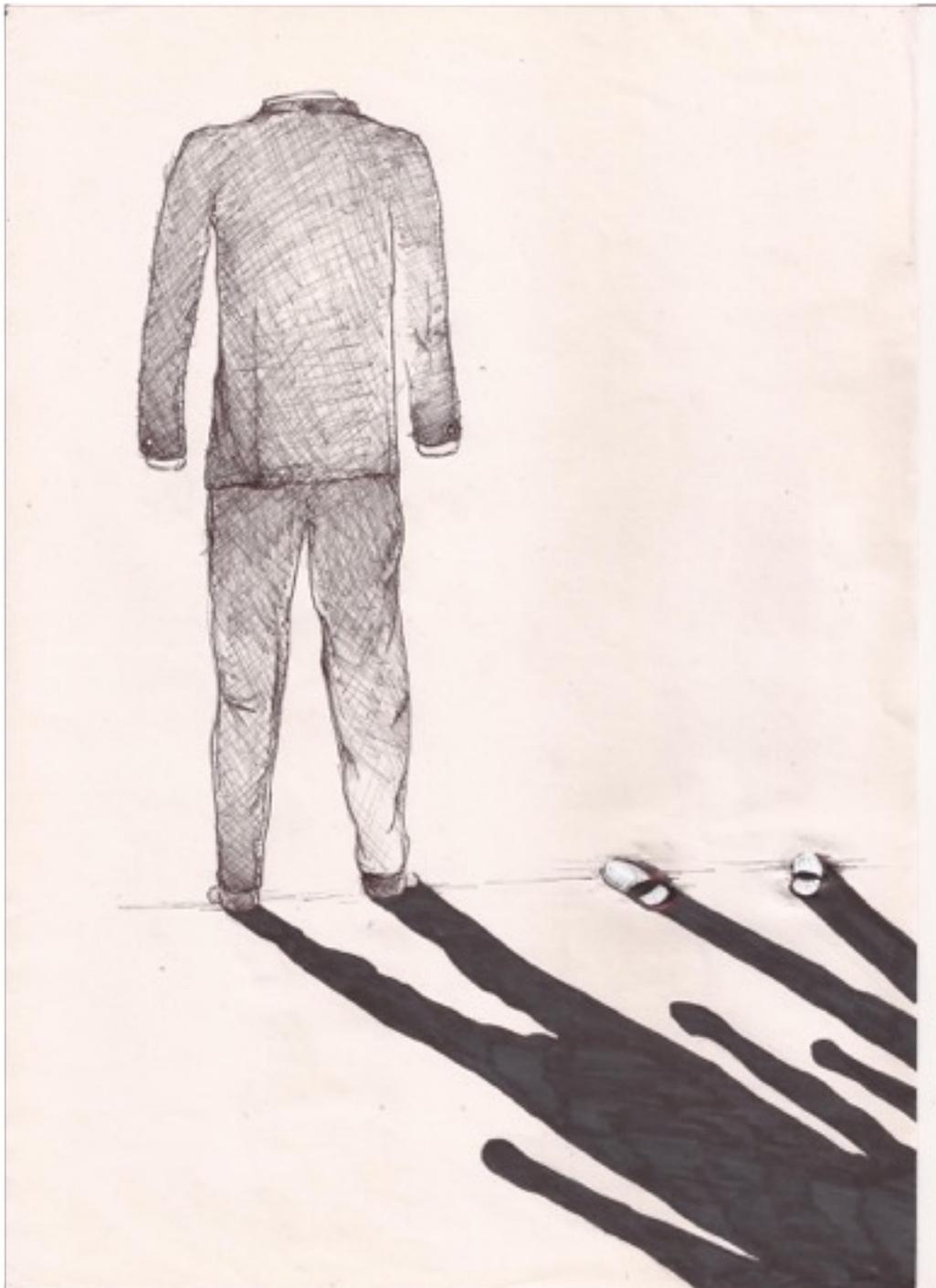
"Shoot" chuckles Elias "all you white boys sound the same except for your dad and that's why I havent taken the mic from him yet" Jeb laughs as he looks towards the nearest window, snow is falling over New York, lights are flashing and he thinks to himself, the blind see more then we do.

The end.

By R. Mevs

April 2015

## The Curious Case of Bill William



1.

« Bon sang, encore ! Ras-le-bol... »

Il y eut un léger son retentissant dans son crâne, son cœur battant la chamade. Son estomac était dérangé mais ce n'était rien par rapport à la douleur intense provenant de son omoplate. Une douleur semblable à une brûlure au fer rouge. Un son strident montait en intensité au fur et à mesure qu'il reprenait ses esprits. L'odeur nauséabonde se propageait dans la salle, celle du vomi qui avait sali tout le bas de son tee-shirt et sa cuisse gauche.

Il prit enfin le téléphone qui ne cessait de sonner.

« Allo...

- Finalement!! Depuis hier soir j'essaie de te joindre qu'est-ce qui t'arrive? Que s'est il passé?

- Je ne suis pas sûr, je viens de me réveiller derrière Marti's avec une sacrée gueule de bois. Je ne me rappelle de rien...

- Bon, tu buvais comme un trou hier soir, je ne suis vraiment pas surpris. En tout les cas je suis au travail, apparemment quelqu'un a attaqué une jeune fille et ses deux amis à Iroquois Falls. Les deux amis sont morts, mais la fille est à l'hôpital, apparemment elle survivra mais j'attends qu'elle se réveille pour aller poser des questions, on a trouvé un extrait vidéo j'attends que le labo me le renvoie. »

- Tu devrais vraiment arrêter de me donner des détails sur tes enquêtes Duncan. Tu sais que c'est illégal.

- Arrête de te plaindre, tu adores les entendre.

- Bon, je rentre à la maison, j'ai terriblement besoin d'une douche et d'un lit douillet.

- Allez vas-y, je t'aiderai à rassembler tes souvenirs plus tard.”

2

“ Where the heck am I ?!”

He looked around. He was in a bar surrounded by college kids. He looked down to find a torn envelope with the McGuill Crest embedded on it. He picked it up, examined it.

“ Oh McGuill! Pff! Rubbish”

He threw it at the bartender.

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“ Hey you! Whisky, now and make it a double. Dry!”

Scared by the mean grimace on Bill’s face, the bartender prepared quickly his drink and slid the glass of alcohol on the table towards him. Bill swallowed it like normal fresh water and ordered another one. Suddenly, the bar’s door opened violently, two muscular men walked in. You could see the tip of a knife in one’s pocket. Their eyes were seeking for someone in the whole bar. Bill turned towards them , eyeing them with a disgusted face like he always does. You could feel the anger in Bill’s eyes, he understood they came for him after the slap he had given to Milena the night before when she refused to stop talking nonsense. He didn’t care about her, he didn’t care about anyone.

“ Hey! That’s him the B\*\*\*\*\*! Him , sitting at the bar with his ugly jacket.” Milena yelled with her stupid voice while pointing at Bill. Get him.”

“Don’t worry Milena, we’ll do it for ya’. Let’s go!” said Jeiko.

As soon as they started running towards Bill, messing up the bar, he cracked his neck and fingers and took the double whisky he had ordered, got up and waited for them to arrive in front of him. As they did, he threw the drink at Jeiko’s face and ran away, escaping through the back exit. As he got outside, his eyed stopped on a black Hummer. He smashed the car window and entered it, did his little trick to start the engine and speeded up. He knew where he was going.

Taking the road, he saw a pick up, following him. It was them.

“I won’t pay you guys if you don’t catch him. Oh I’m serious. I’m realllllyyyy serious” Milena screamed at them furiously.

“Oh Shut up! Will you?” retorted Crank while concentrating on catching up with Bill.

Bill continued speeding up, and changed direction to a deserted place he knew. The Iroquois Falls were behind that road. He stopped the car in the middle of it and stepped out, leaving the door open. Seconds after, the three arrived and also got out of their car with Milena in front of them.

“ Yeah! That’s right! You’re screwed.” Milena said with a really annoying toddler voice.

“ You can’t go anywhere, stupid. You’re stuck here. Now do you really think you would get rid of us that easily!” Crank said while chuckling, mocking Bill.

Bill laughed sarcastically.

“ I wasn’t trying to run from you, I was trying to get you to run to me” He answered

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At that moment, Crank and Jeiko ran towards him. Jeiko took his knife out of his pocket while Crank took a boxing position.

“ Really?” Bill said with a disgusted expression.

He pulled his Glock out his pants, shot the knife out of Jeiko’s hand, then pointed his gun to Crank and shot him right in the forehead. Jeiko stood there, gunless and motionless.

“ Come on ! Fight me like a man” He yelled running to Bill, with his fists prepared to punch him.

Bill dodged Jeiko’s fist, then shot him in his chest.

“ Exactly, I don’t deal with morons”

“Oh what did you just do Bill! Are you crazy!!” Milena, flabbergasted.” You murdererrrr!!!” She jumped on his back trying to do God knows what.

“Stop Milena stop!” Bill said trying to control his anger.

She didn’t stop and bit him on his neck. He got really mad, pulled her down and repeatedly punched her before kicking her stomach.

Breathless, he looked at her with devil eyes. She was bleeding ceaselessly, seemed like dying. While walking to his car, the street light caught his attention, he noticed the camera on the fence that was blocking the Iroquois Falls. He pointed at it, and shot it.

### 3.

Il ne savait pourquoi, mais durant toute la journée cette histoire d’attaque à Iroquois Falls lui taraudait l’esprit.

Suite a l’appel de Duncan, il prit la route à pieds, perdu dans ses pensées. A peine arrivé devant ce qu’on pouvait difficilement appeler un apart, il réalisa trop tard, qu’encore une fois il avait perdu ses clés. Heureusement qu’il en laissait toujours un double dans la lampe extérieur. Entrant dans la seule pièce que constituait sa résidence d’étudiant au Québec, il se débarrassai des haillons qu’il portait, n’osant se demander comment il avait terminé dans cet état. Après une bonne douche bien chaude, il s’assit et c’est à ce moment précis que ce sentiment de malaise explosa, le laissant troublé et tourmenté avec une seule chose en tête, le crime de la vieille! Un son retentit dans la salle, l’arrachant de son cauchemar. Il tourna la tête, réalisant qu’il y avait quelqu’un à la porte. En l’espace d’une seconde, il ouvrit à la personne qui l’attendait avec impatience: Duncan! A peine fut-il dans la pièce qu’il l’amena violemment vers le sofa en demandant avec insistance.

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-Alors? Tu as vu la video ? Qu'est ce que tu as vu?

-Oh calme toi ! Qu'est ce qui t'arrive !? T'avais même pas l'air d'être très curieux concernat cette enquête ...

Je le dirigeai vers une chaise et lui posai la même question, baissant la voix.

-Oh d'accord ! Calme toi ! Je sors mes affaires.

Après l'installation précipitée des instruments, il mit en route la caméra. Les images se déroulèrent sous ses yeux figés, tant le choc était fort. Ce qui semblait être au début une simple vidéo d'une falaise des Iroquois Falls s'avéra être celle d'un assassinat. Un homme apparut, suivi de deux autres qui semblaient le poursuivre. Puis le premier se tourna et tira sur les deux hommes et jeta les corps dans le gouffre de la cascade. Retournant d'où il était venu, le sombre personnage hésita et leva la tête, révélant son visage meurtrier, son propre visage! Sidéré, il ne sut quoi dire après cette découverte fatale: sa propre personne dans le corps inconnu, celui d'un assassin.

La voie de Duncan retentit dans son crane, mais il ne comprit rien de ce qu'il disait comme s'il se trouvait séparé de lui-même, ne captant que des sons qui lançaient une sensation de terreur et d'effroi.

#### 4.

"Jesus Christ" . He moaned as he woke up

"Where am I?"

He yawned and pulled his naked body out of bed. Looking around the room he noticed this was definitely a girl's room, rock band posters all over the walls, pink silk sheets and fluffy bunny slippers. He looked down in an effort to find his pants and stumbled across a pair of red lace panties.

"oh yeah, that's right." He said to himself as he pulled his pants up

He looked at the chair facing him to find the shirt and tie he had worn the night before

"I wore that?"

He opened the girl's closet and found a leather jacket and a man's t-shirt,

"See anything you like?" she asked "those are my ex boyfriend's, I was supposed to throw them out but help yourself"

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She was standing in the doorway still wet from her shower, wearing nothing but a towel, she was stunning with long raven black hair full pink lips, green eyes and porcelain white skin.

He grinned and walked up to her almost as if he were about to kiss her, leaned in close and whispered in her ear

“Thanks for the clothes”

He then kissed her neck and turned towards the door and walked out

“I need some stuff, it’s too early to be this sober” he thought to himself “where’s the nearest payphone?”

He looked down the street and saw an occupied payphone. He walked towards the phone booth and pulled it open, he smacked the guy already in the booth and shouted

“Phone call’s over, get away buddy before I stop being so nice”

The poor man ran like hell and didn’t look back,

“Well that was easy” he thought to himself

He grabbed the receiver put it against his ear and proceeded to say

“We’re sorry the call you were having abruptly dropped due to the other caller being a little \*\*\*\*\* and me needing a fix, thank you for your business you moron”

He hung up, pulled some change from his pants threw it into the machine. And pounded the number into the dial.

“Hello?” a voice on the other end answered

“Yo, Maurry I need some stuff” he yelled

“Yo man, I’m not sure that’s gonna happen G, I got cops all over, I cant move any of this stuff in or out”

“but do you have any with you?”

“yeah but like I said...”

“you’re talking way too much for a yes or no answer so ill ask again, DO... YOU... HAVE... ANY..... DRUG... ON... YOU?”

“yes but the cops are all over.”

“I really don’t give a damn on you, I need my them and I’m coming to get them”

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He abruptly hung up the receiver, kicked the phone booth door down and walked towards the nearest parked car, punched the driver side window in, hopped in, hot wired it and drove to Maurry's. In no time he was at Maurry's warehouse and busted through the side door

"Maurryyy, honey I'm hooommeee!!!"

"Jesus Christ Bill what the hell?! Can't you knock like a normal person"

"but if I were normal you wouldn't love me as much, you fat drug dealing moron"

"Jesus! Keep it down bro, I told you cops are watching my place"

"Here? I highly doubt even God with all of his eternal power and might could ever watch this dump for more than a few seconds, anyway Maurry where is it? And don't say you lied, this is a brand new shirt I'd hate to get dirty"

"I've got some, I'll even give 'em to you free if you do me a favor"

"What favor would that be?"

"Like I said, the cops have been on me lately so I couldn't get any new product in, so to get some stuff I'd have to go over to Quebec city to get some"

"Why would I ever want to be your mule? I mean I know you want to spend a long time with me buut..."

"Did I mention free...?..."

"gimme the keys"

The two men climbed into Maurry's old 60s Camaro - quite frankly it was a miracle that it still ran. They started the old rust bucket and were soon on their way. In a matter of minutes they were in Quebec city. It was a warm sunny winter day, which was rare. As the men drove to the pick-up point, Bill got more and more restless. He began to examine Maurry who was a short stumpy fat middle-aged man in desperate need of a woman's touch and a shower. Bill's anger and restlessness grew more every second that passed. Soon the two men made it to the exchange point, it was an old abandoned warehouse, almost falling apart, where they went and parked. The car turned off and Bill was the first to get out, then stumbled along Maurry. Already inside, were parked two black SUVs' with armed men on each side standing guard. Maurry pulled a duffle bag from the trunk and put it on the floor. Out of one of the cars, came a man carrying a silver suitcase which he put down next to Maurry's bag. Then he took the duffle bag back to his car, so did Maurry, but as he was about to close his rusty old trunk, a loud band was heard throughout the warehouse: "freeze police!" Bill and Maurry quickly ran out through the

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back but they got separated on their way out. Bill went left, Maurry went right, each heading into an alley. As Bill started running he looked up to see a cop pointing a gun at him seemingly shocked

Muttering the same sound “gui... gui... gui...”

Then blam! Maurry struck him in the back of the head with a lead pipe he'd picked up, Bill was surprised and terrified, the cop knew him, he'd seen his face but there was no time to waste they had to run.

“S\*\*\* we gotta go into hiding, we can't stay together either, we have to split I'll take the stuff and stash it, you hide somewhere for a few days I'll find you when it's clear ” said Maurry out of breath, Bill shook his head as a sign of approval then ran towards the city. Out of breath, he collapsed.

Man what a Sunday!

## 5.

- Je te jure Duncan, je ne sais pas qui à fait cela.... Je n'ai jamais eu de jumeau et ... je suis sûr et certain de n'avoir jamais été à cet endroit là hier! Je ne comprends pas, dit Guillaume avec beaucoup d'hésitation et de crainte.
- Guillaume, je voudrais te croire mais cet homme dans la vidéo est l'exacte représentation de toi-même. Il faudrait que tu t'informes sur ta famille, car c'est vraiment étrange tout ça, répondit Duncan tout en examinant à nouveau la video.
- Tout ce qui se passe est incompréhensible, je ne comprends vraiment plus rien, rétorqua Guillaume tout en s'éloignant de son ami.

Il recula petit à petit, en se grattant le crâne. Il paraissait vraiment troublé. Guillaume se posait beaucoup de questions sur son passé. Il faisait donc des va-et-vient dans le bureau tout en pensant à son enfance malheureuse. En effet, il n'était pas un enfant gâté, ou du moins, il n'était pas un enfant aimé. Il se rappelait: sa mère l'avait abandonné dans un orphelinat à l'âge de trois ans. Il n'avait pas d'amis, pas de famille. Guillaume était toujours seul. Enfant, il ne parlait à personne et se sentait constamment enfermé dans une bulle sans pouvoir en sortir.

L'abandon de sa mère l'avait beaucoup marqué et en plus, le personnel de l'orphelinat ne lui avait prêté aucune attention. C'était un garçon toujours tremblant et angoissé, craignant les

autres comme s'ils étaient des monstres. Il se demandait tout le temps pourquoi sa maman lui avait fait cela, mais également pourquoi elle était revenue le chercher.

Guillaume quitta ses pensées et la pièce, allant directement chez sa mère. Etant donné qu'il ne savait rien sur sa famille, il se décida à poser des questions à la seule qui pourrait lui répondre.

- Maman ouvre moi s'il te plait, cria Guillaume en frappant lourdement à la porte d'entrée.
- J'arrive! J'arrive! répondit-elle. Mais pourquoi es-tu si pressé? Tu as un problème? demanda-t-elle
- Maman, rétorqua Guillaume. Il faut que tu me répondes immédiatement et honnêtement s'il te plait. As-tu eu un autre enfant? Questionna-t-il en insistant sur chaque mot.
- Un autre enfant ? demanda-t-elle étonnée. Mais de quoi tu parles?
- Oui maman avais-tu un autre enfant à part moi?
- Mais arrête de me demander cela ! C'est absurde! Tu es enfant unique, bon sang!
- Jacqueline! S'il te plaît, ne me mens pas! s'écria t'il, en bougeant dans toute la pièce!
- Mais tu n'as ni frère, ni soeur Guillaume! Arrête! Tu commences à m'énerver là!!
- Ecoute... on a retrouvé une vidéo où un gars exactement comme moi figurait alors que je n'étais pas à cet endroit. Peut-être que j'ai un jumeau ... on ne sait jamais! Répliqua-t-il avec confusion.
- Mais non, mais non! Tu es le seul enfant que j'ai eu et d'ailleurs sans trop le vouloir, c'était un accident, répondit sa mère. Tu n'as pas de jumeau. Surement cette personne dans la vidéo te ressemble énormément ,c'est tout. Ajouta-t-elle en le suivant des yeux! Ah on dirait un malade mental qui parle. Franchement, tu es comme ton pauvre père. Bon j'ai des courses à faire, verrouille quand tu sortiras.

Sa mère se leva de son fauteuil, prit ses clés et son sac puis laissa son fils dans la maison sans même le regarder ou le saluer. Guillaume, lui, ne savait plus quoi penser. Si il n'avait pas de jumeau, comment pouvait-on expliquer cette vidéo?

Il n'arrêtait pas de se frapper la tête avec ses deux mains, ses pas devenaient plus pressants. Puis pris de panique, il commença à casser tout ce qui était fragile. Il le faisait sans réfléchir, ses yeux devenaient de plus en plus rouges, puis des cris de rage sortirent de sa bouche: un monstre en colère. Tout à coup, il ne put plus se contrôler et tomba à la renverse, évanoui, sur le sol, chez sa mère.

6.

It was almost night and he was tired as hell, he'd been running aimlessly for hours now from a place he could not remember, and he could feel his legs getting numb each and every second going by. He didn't know why, but even after getting far away from the scene, he just kept running with the feeling of someone chasing him burning inside his very being, as if his instincts told him he was in danger. His only option was to get away as far as he could from the cop who seemed to know him. After what had happened, he was mostly shocked and knew he couldn't stop asking himself : "How does that cop know who I am even though I never saw him. I guess that it's just too much happening in a single week". What he truly needed right now was to calm down. He turned around to find that he was completely lost in a hole, having run this far off the central city. But still, something strange told him that he'd been there before. He looked to finally lay his eyes on a direction board.

" Quebec - 1mile "

Well it was probably his head playing tricks on him, he had had a long day.

Eventually he found where he was exactly and headed to see his old friend from his gang days, so he could rest a little. Later on, he realized the small house was completely empty. Only then, the weight of something in his jacket reminded him of the drugs he still had on. And, not too far from there, he had a spot, so he went there and opened the bag and it hit him.

"All those black outs, all these headaches wrecking my head all the time... It's Maurry , he's the one doing this. Those drugs, he's been giving me something else. He's been trying to kill me, he's going to pay for this."

Next thing he knew he was in a backstreet heading toward one of Maurry's places.

"Maurry, it's me " he said with a glimpse of sadism in his voice knowing what he had in mind for him, feeling the pressure of the trigger under his finger...

He came out from the back of the room.

"Bill where the hell Have you been ?? After the cops busted in we thought we had lost you."

"Well, too bad for you they didn't"

He looked at him straight in the eyes with a grin in his face and put a bullet between his eyes before watching him fall down.

A noise came from the back room, followed by shouts in the distance and then came out the rest of the gang. The second he saw them, he knew he was busted: but what the hell were they doing in this place? This wasn't what he had planned...

He found himself running again like he always had with the sound of the bullets echoing behind his ears.

7.

Il se réveilla dans un bar, couvert d'eau et d'alcool, puis se releva complètement endolori. Il puait le whisky, avec du sang sur les poings, il sortit du bar peu de temps après, pour se retrouver dans les rues de Québec marchant seul. "Mais qu'est-ce qui m'a pris, penser trouver des réponses chez cette vieille femme qui m'a abandonné! Je ne vois vraiment pas pourquoi elle m'aiderait maintenant. Bref, on se rend compte qu'on est seul uniquement quand on se retrouve dans les rues à quatre heures du matin sans destination. A vrai dire ça ne me dérange vraiment pas. La solitude me calme, ainsi que le vent glacial, pour un moment je suis d'une sérénité légendaire et le monde semble s'arrêter."

Il marcha plusieurs heures et réalisa qu'il était à deux pas de son appartement. Alors il quitta son monde paisible et solitaire pour regagner la réalité et rentrer chez lui. A 7 heures et quart, il ferma la porte et se dirigea vers la cuisine.

"Vaut mieux manger quelque chose." En passant le couloir, il regarda le calendrier. Nous étions Dimanche matin. Quelqu'un de sensé aurait été épuisé mais lui, non. Il alla se coucher, rien à faire de toute manière, pourquoi pas dormir! Quelques heures plus tard le téléphone sonna:

"Allo Guillaume, comment tu vas ? Tu t'es calmé ? Je passe te voir tout à l'heure, reste chez toi

- Je ne peux plus te mentir, j'ai été voir ma mère, j'ai pas eu de frères, j'étais enfant unique. Je t'attends a la maison.

- Ok, reste chez toi!" Alors qu'il raccrocha, Duncan entendit plusieurs bruits sourds, fit tomber son donut et sortit son arme...

8.

Bill was lying down in an unknown shabby place. As he woke up with a terrible headache, he started looking around him, not understanding anything. He saw books, files and a university flag. He got up, still confused about what was happening. He started walking in the living room, trying to find a clue for the reason he was there.

While walking and searching for something he didn't know, his eyes stopped at some curious pictures, situated on a wooden shelf , in the corner of two walls. He approached the shelf and froze in front of it when he recognized himself in the pictures. It was him! Bill! On the pictures. There were three of them: One when he was a child and two others when he was a teenager and a college starter.

Bill asked:"What?!" "with astonishment.

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Bill didn't know what to think! He couldn't comprehend the fact that he was standing in front of pictures of himself in an unidentified person's place. He took the frames in his hands in order to have a close look at them. It was exactly him.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!". Some blurred flashes were coming and going in his mind.

He put them back at their place and went in the kitchen, opened the fridge and took a bottle of water and drank it with his usual brazen attitude, while returning to the living room. There was a big pounding at the door, twice. It opened savagely and four members of his gang dashed to him.

He asked surprisingly: "What the hell! How did you find me here?"

One of the men answered: "Your friend is dead!! I don't know why the hell you're in Quebec! But you're in trouble, you're coming with us now"

Bill added: "I don't have friends! We're in Quebec? Leave me right here I'm not coming with you."

" Oh you really think so man? You really think so? Look we're not here to play games with you! You know damned well what's happening, but you don't want to tell us! Don't worry we'll make you speak. You're not that slick little boy"

" Don't call me like that" He answered trying to get off the man's hands.

" So you wanna do it the hard way, right? Okay. Fine! Mular, take care of him" He added while walking to the door"

A member of the gang sneaked behind him and knocked him out.

They took him to the van and rode off.

## 9.

Je flottais dans le néant avec cette sensation de paix en moi quand tout a coup un bruit se mit a retentir de plus en plus fort et de plus en plus vite, avec ce sentiment de détresse et de confusion. Je fus arraché de ma rêverie pour me retrouver encore une fois dans le noir complet, ne sachant si je rêvais encore. Mon coeur battait la chamade, la sueur brulante coulant sur mon front au fur et à mesure que je reprenais mes esprits. Je réalisai, enfin, que j'avais une cagoule sur la tête et les mains menottées à l'arrière de la chaise métallique sur laquelle j'avais dû être maintenu durant les dernières heures. Je sentais la douleur hallucinante qui me rongait le corps petit a petit, m'engouffrant dans une folie infernale. Je restai immobile ,essayant de me

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calmer malgré la migraine qui hurlait tout au fond de mon crane, me posant mille questions a la fois, complètement perdu.

Le dernier souvenir que j'avais était celui de la voix de Duncan. Celle de quelqu'un qui a pris connaissance d'une vérité qui pourrait détruire son monde pièce par pièce. Il me disait de rester à la maison et c'est exactement ce que je fis, puis rien... Après un de ces rêves perturbants, je me réveillai ici sans savoir ce qui avait bien pu arriver durant la nuit.

“Un pauvre étudiant sans aucune connection avec qui que ce soit. Serait-ce dû a Duncan ? Un groupe quelconque ayant des comptes à régler avec lui ? Non, ça ne ne pouvait être lui, il ne serait jamais tombé dans une pareille situation.”

Le bruit d'une poignée de porte se fit entendre au fond de la salle, puis des pas retentirent. Une personne au loin s'approcha, puis une autre paire de pas s'ajouta. Des voix d'hommes s'accumulèrent, mais un détail en plus de tout cela était complètement incongru; ils parlaient tous anglais! Je vis enfin la lumière:

“Bill, you're about to have a baaad day!” dit le boss.

“Mais, je ne m'appelle pas Bill, je suis Guillaume. Et pourquoi vous me parlez en anglais?”

“Oh, you speak French now, you think you clever, aren't yah, Bill?”

“I am not Bill!!!!” cria-t-il.

“Oh sorry! You want me to call you William, in the proper way?”

“Wait!Wait! Wait!I'm confused! Who be William? Who be Bill? I just wanna shoot somebody!”

“Bill MEANS William! Therefore William IS Bill! So shut yo mouth!” répondit le boss violemment.

“Je ne vous connais pas! Arrêtez!”

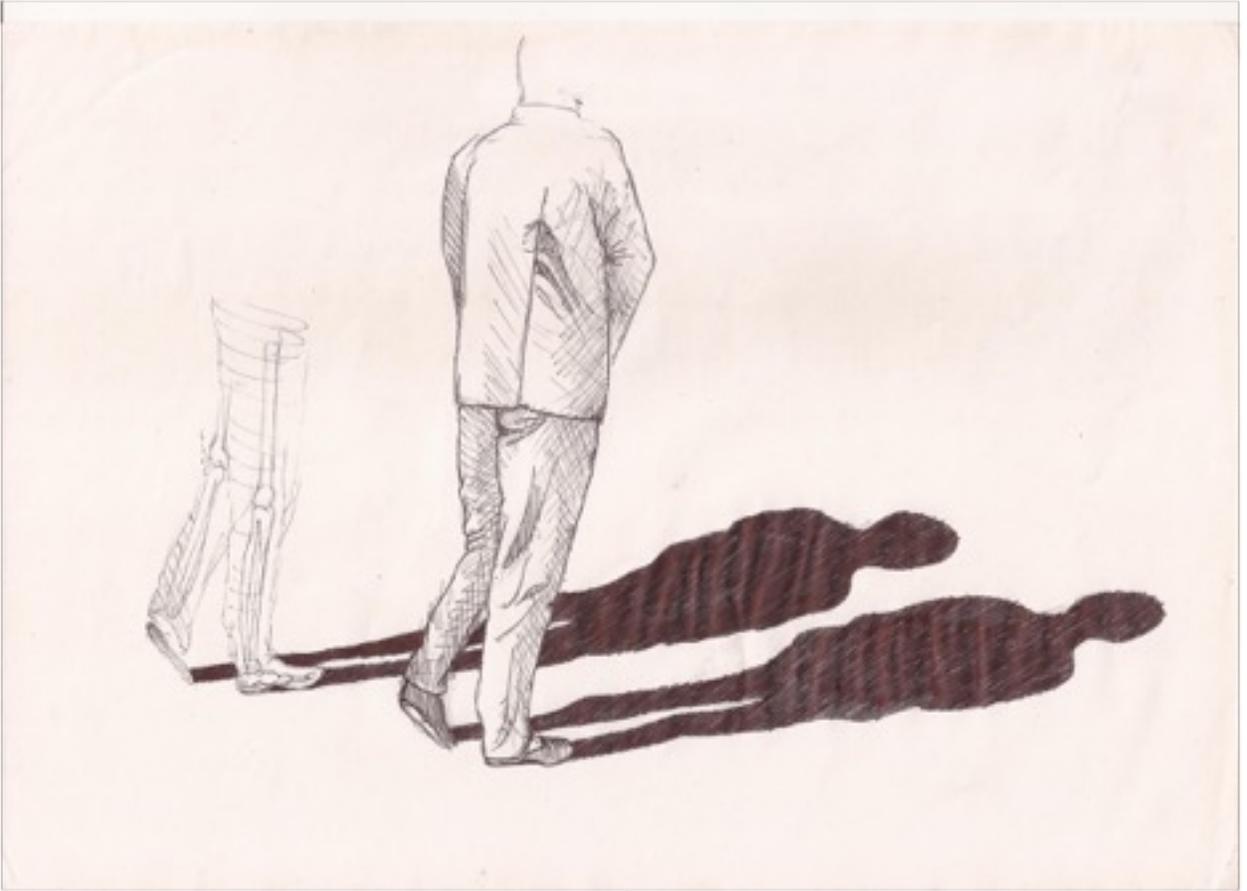
The boss rushed to him, ripped off his shirt and said: “Oh really! You don't know us? What's that tattoo on your shoulder blade?”

“ Quel tattoo?”

La tension augmentant, Guillaume commença à transpirer, à paniquer, sa vision se troubla et il se mit à reconnaître les visages qui l'entouraient, alors que son nez saignait.

Bill knew them all but did not understand why he was sitting on that chair with a bleeding nose. At that moment, the boss holding a gun watched him as if he understood...

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*Authors: T. Barbot, A. Martinez, R.Mevs.*

*Illustrateur: A. Martinez.*