

I said I wanted a cup of water, but I lied

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1 Part 1: Tales from The Sirens Collection

I

1. I

To whom it may concern, for those willing to listen and the few, who has nothing better to do, i'd like to tell a story. The whole ordeal started an early morning, just about 7 a.m. I noticed nothing strange, as I got out of bed. It was a small bedroom, with just enough place for me to work, throughout the day. After booting up my computer, so it would be ready for later, I went to the kitchen. The kitchen is small, with just enough room for one man, but that's okay. I always cook. I always start my morning making the same discount coffe. It makes the early day easier.

With the coffe in my hand, i go to the bathroom. The coffe also makes this easier. Flush out the body, and the events of the preivous day. For my next ritual, I wander in to the livingroom, trying collecet the last pieces of myself, so the day can finally start. I always end up sitting in the same chair. A comfy chair no one ever really uses, since it isn't that comfortable. But once it was all I had. So I'm used to it, and it had a nostalgic feeling to it. I slowly wake up. It's going better than normal, better than expected. Yesterday was a late night.

2. She and I

She didn't even notice me, when I arrived home, late at night. I, however, notice the clinking sound. The noice from the bedroom. The commotion she likes to wake up to. I am mildly annoyed. She was a black magic woman, with bleached hair. Her lips was big, lovely for a kiss, amongst other things. Her cheeks was round like an apple. She had shapes, like a natural woman. A bit extra kilos, but that never bothered me. Her eyes were brown, but they never really captured my attention. I never got lost in them.

As I sit there, and think of her, my mind starts to wander, as the noicy clinking

becomes a meditative inspiration, instead of an annoyance. My eyes wander through the room, as I notice things I have never noticed before. A black spot on the ceiling right by the corner. A red light from the sun, on an ugly painting of a human being, my mother gave me. A dying plant, beyond saving. A few cobwebs, dangling around. The dust became noticeable, because of the sun. A letter on the table, I inherited from my grandfather. I start to become a part of the room, as the clicking goes on. My sense of being disappears.

The clicking stops. I start to exist again. I started to wonder about the letter. I move towards the table. I look in the letter. It's from her. It's over. Almost soundless I whisper "It can't be real, wake up", as im softly wacking myself, with a banana, that was lying in the fruit ball she made. It was the only thing of hers in the apartment. She could take ownership of it all, it wouldn't matter. All I want is the love of my life to come back, so I can see her one last time. So I can say goodbye. So we can part ways in a proper way. Next to the letter there is a carving. It says "I loved you. Never forget that".

3. Her, She and I

Days have passed, and I can't seem to get myself out of my head. I can't take it anymore. I go to the local pub, to do the one thing, i promised myself not to do: Buy one pint. One pint, that leads to another. The spiral starts. I've been to the pub plenty of times before, but never alone. Being alone at a pub is a dangoures game. You, alone with only the alcohol. You, alone with your own thoughts, that get worse and worse for each sip, you let through your body. And a cat that the pub has claimed ownership of.

A women with a stripe on here face, starts singing in the back of the room, as she slowly dances, with out my knowlagde, closer and closer, sexy as can be seducing every man in the room. I light a cigarette, even though I already have one. It's almost done, I say to my self, and my glance becomes split, as I for a shot moment see it as 4 ciggarets lying next to eachother.

The woman is comming closer, and I start to notice her singing. I suits me. I slowly move in a 180 degrees movement, and smell a fragrance so delightful, it cancels out all my other senses, for a shot moment. I see her. my senses are again canceled out, by the sight of her. She's standing there. A completely pale body, that hasn't seen sunlight in ages. Black hair, that incapters the light, and gives of a special glow. Her essence is sexy, but yet so classy. Her eyes. Oh her eyes. Soft, smiling but yet direkt and cold. Like an ocean, where a sailer could get lost, but somewhere, out there, something is worth dying for. Her mouth was smiling, like there where a seacret on her lips. A soft smile. But a trained one, that can be givin even at a funeral. Her face collects all of her facial expressions in to one.

I don't remember her body at all, maybe beacuse of the alcohol or maybe

because of her captivating face. This woman has already fulfilled my needs, with just a song, and a mesmerising striped face. What a woman.

4. Them, Her, She and I

As I sit at the bar talking, while she's sitting there listening, my mind slowly forgets about my loved one, as the monolog becomes more and more about my passion than my sorrow, as I'm slurping my way through pints upon pints. It is like the only sense I have, is the ability to talk. I have a connection with this human being, that I have never experienced before. After awhile, she suggests a change of surroundings. I agree instantly. Where ever she wants to go.

We walk through the town. The town is like any other. Shops, pubs, and streetlights. As we walk in the cold winter weather, with new snow slowly falling beautifully from the sky, and laying atop of the roads as a blanket, she starts to sing. A spellbinding song. A song of a siren. I can't think or talk or see. I can only listen, as all my other senses slowly fades away. My body goes to autopilot. I just walk, and she leads me with her voice.

She stops singing. We stop. I start existing again. It's a house. The house is painted with graffiti. Waves, splashing together and boats cracking, sinking into the depths of the unknown water. There is a piece of wood, from what appears to be from an old boat. The piece of wood tells me, that the house is called Odysseus. She takes me inside. The song that she is singing, becomes plural. The voices bring me into the livingroom, where there are anchors, rudders and ropes on the walls and a small fireplace crackles a rhythm, as the clicking noise, from her bedroom.

There are 13 women, all singing and slowly dancing. They all have the same captivating glance in their eyes, as the woman who led me here. They all have the same pale color of skin, black hair and a stripe on their face. They all look so different, and yet, so alike. They place me in a chair. So comfortable. I have never experienced something like it. They gather around me, still singing and dancing. Slowly they start touching, caressing and massaging me. I close my eyes, and my sense of touch slowly returns. This must be heaven.

5. You, Them Her, She and I

Some believe that before you go to hell, you need first to experience heaven, so you know the difference between the two. So you know you have it better or worse. As I sit there, slowly drifting to a dream state, becoming one with the room. They stop singing. The song has ended. They drag me out of the chair, as it was like I couldn't move. I can't move. I can stand, but my body is numb.

I start thinking of her. I start to miss her again. Sorrow fills my eyes. The 13 women look at the woman who led me here, with a disappointing look in their

faces. It's the same face she gave me, the night before she left. I hold my head clear. I don't know what's going on anymore. Or where I am. I slowly start to go crazy. I feel like going, but I still can't move. They start singing again. I try to fight it, but the trance slowly starts to come back.

I'm one with the room. I'm an object. I can move again, but only where and when they want to move me. They feed me with food. The best tasting food I've ever tried. My tastebuds overtakes my body. I only sense the bits dancing on my tongue. They strip me down, from top to tow. I let them. As a sexual journey is about to begin, they stop singing again. The sexual experience is soundless. It's amazing. With closed eyes, it becomes so intense. They stop. For a short while, I'm back, wondering what is going to happen. They start singing again.

I am in their power. They move me outside. Through the streets. There isn't soul in our path. There are no lights in any of the houses. The lights from the sky, is so pleasant, like the sun is shining in the darkness. It has stopped snowing. Every footstep I take, should ruin the beautiful snow blanket. But nothing happens. The snow stays intact. We get closer to the town's river. On the river there is a flume floating. Nothing but the flume. We board the flume. The water was frozen. The flume was stuck. The singing intensified. I am now free. Free to move. But I don't want to get off the flume. It's like I'm keeping myself in captivity.

As I stand on the very edge of the flume, looking at the ice, it slowly starts to melt. It seems as if the song is making the ice melt. Slowly a hole is forming. A hole in the ice. They finish what they started in the bed. Again soundless. As I'm stripped naked, I suddenly I start walking slowly towards the hole in the ice, without resisting, just moving slowly. I jump in. It's warm, comforting yet terrifying. The singing stops. I see the women leaving. I try to swim, but my movement hasn't come back. I'm drowning. Suddenly a hand appears. It grabs me, and pulls me out of the water. It is you.

A Cup Of Water



1. A Red Light Bar In An Obscurely Lighted Distrect

"Could I get a cup of water?" I said softly to the young woman, behind the bar? "What?" Yelled the pretty woman. "A cup of water. With ice cubes please" I softly said, yet louder than before, and recived my cup of water.

I was sitting at this... Bar... Red light everywhere, ugly cliché paintings and different types of bar / beer signs hanging on the walls. The tables in one room where these... outdoor bench/table fusions. In this room the floor was made out of bricks, as an outdoor terrace. It properly was once. The other room, there where these old red leather sofas, one could only imagine what riches and fortune would hide between the couchens. This couch area would have been the indoor part of the bar. A wall separated the 2 rooms. Even though It didn't servere much of a purpose, since it was now basically one room.

The music was loud, so the yelling where even louder. With a twist of the neck, one would be able to listen to multiple conversations. Quite interesting, as others life's often seem more eventful, than what ones own life seem. A loud banging were coming from the outdoor part of the room, as a foosball table where being enjoyed.

The ratio of gender where quite equal, even though the male representation where a bit stronger. The sexual vibes where vibrating in the room, through the air, and the thick fog of ciggeret smoke. It was mostly the men that would make the particles of the air move sensually. Some would get a big of sensuality sent back, while others where lost in the empty foggy air.

Everywhere, every table was filled, most even hosted more individuals, than the intended capacity. Everything where unclear for the eyes and ears, since the ciggeret fog and loud music where isolating one as an individual. Everyone, everywhere where smoking and drinking, talking and laughing.

Except my table. A four man table, where you could easily fit in a fifth person, but there where only me. I was quiet. I wasn't smoking. I was observing. Drinking my cup of water. With ice cubes.

2. A Red Glance In My Water As The Ice Cubs Are Fuming In The Smoky Air

One might wonder, why a old man like me, would go out, a saturday night to drink cups of water, at a place, where it's frownt upon. One shall have an awnser. I was there to observe the setting, of a man, who recently died under suspicious conditions. You see, i'm a private investigator. Well, a retired private investigator. Most of my days go by, as a sit at home, trying to find a hobby I could do, for the rest of my days. Unfortunatly, it isn't as easy, as I first thought it would be. The wife goes to community events, such as garden competitions, amatuer art expeditions and local fairs. So far, the only hobbies of mine, that really has stuck, is stopping my drinking and smokeing.

Well, enough about me. The question was, why I'm here. Well, you see, the man who had died where my... conspirator. In the business of privat investigators, you sometimes have to use some methods, that aren't exactly up to code. Everyone does it, even the police, but the thing is, you still have to do it under the radar. So, i'm out here, invastigating my associat, so my seacrets can be held seacret.

It was a grusome death. Jack, the man, was seen walking next to all these women, leading him down to the docks, while smoothly singing. From what I've heard, it looked as if he where spellbound by their singing. He boarded a ark. No one saw what happend up there. About half an hour later, the women are seen leaving the ark, and a young woman is seen boarding the ark. The next morning, the police found a frozen body. Jack's body. With a knife stabbed through his heart. He was laying next to a note saying Jill. The old partners in crime. Jack and Jill. My old associates. I could almost call them old friends.

I was now trying to backtrack what had happend to him. Since Jack was found spellbound to the women with voices, I figured I'd better work out, how they bewitched him. Last I heard of him, he wasn't able to do a job, cause his woman had walked out on him. He properly had turrend to what a broken man normally turns to. A bar. A drink. A ciggeret. Another one. So on, till the last one. And then one more. This is my reasoning for being at a bar, saturday night, drinking a cup of water. Now, with fewer ice cubes.

3. Red Lights Leads To New Ways

As my ice cubes in my cup of water had almost dissapered, like the icecap up north, I came to a conclusion. Unfortunatly for me, the bar didn't get me a clue of, what had happend to poor old jack. So I had to try and see, why Jack had left the note, saying Jill. As I'm about to leave, a woman comes in to the bar. "Well, i'll be damned" I say to myself, as it's Jill standing right there, in the middel of all the smoke and sexual vibrations, with a beer in her hand. A wave, and a soft yell was all I had to do. My table now consists of 2 people. I let her get comfortable, as i go for a fresh cup of water. With fresh ice cubes.

4. With A Red Ember Dangling, Exchanging Knowlagde With A Dripping Drink

"What the hell, are you drinking a cup of water for? At a bar? At this bar?" She started the conversation, with a rather aggressive tone in her voice.

I didn't blame her, this were our old regular joint. We had been doing buisness for many years, and always had our "after work beer" at this bar. It had been a couple of years since I'd seen her, since my ways of working had changed, in my later years. It had been ages since I had been to a bar. So I awsered:

"Jill. Dear Jill. It's been so long. Too long. The last couple of years, I've changed my ways. Now, I fokus on a healthy life style. Age changes you perspective of life, you know" I said, as I sat down in my seat.

Flick *Flick*, it said, as she tried to ignite a ciggeret. "So you left behind all the things you loved? perfetic. But if you are all mister goody two shoes now, what are you doing at "The Sirens Collection"?" she asked, with tears in hear eyes, as the fist bit of smoke went straight in her eyes.

As I sip from my plastic cup, I get some of the water stuck in my throat, and as I'm coffing, I say "Well, ahm, you properbly heard, ahm, arhmaham, about Jack, haven't you?" as my coughing continues.

inhalation *exhalation* "Well, yes. I read it in the newspaper. But I just figured he had been drinking, and fell in some water. Hell, at this time of year, it can't take a long time, before one would freeze to death. But you just awsered my question, with a question. You got an awnser, and im standing empty handed. Cough up the goods old man."

As I had finished coughing, I explained the details I've gotten from the police, and the witnesses I'd talked to. We disscused how weird the whole ordeal sounded. Super natural. Something you see in a hollywood movie.

"This is the reason why i'm here. I figured, when his girl left, he would come here, to drown his sorrows. And then at some point, he'd be picked up by someone or something. But I've been sitting here for hours, and nothing has happend." I said with a wonderingly tone.

As we sat there, thinking, we slowly forgot about Jack, and started talking and reminiscing about old days. How fun it was to interigate people. Even though Jack from time to time, took it just a bit too far. Suddenly in the fog, the sexual vibrations changed. In a split second. The male vibrations got canceled out by one wave. Clearly coming from one woman. A woman singing, oh so beutifully. Most didn't notice her, but the right clientele did. Mostly lonely men. I almost dropped my cup of water. With ice cubes and everything.

5. Red Eyes Swelling From Smoke, And Deja Vu Fills The Blanks

My cup of water seemed to be boiling, as I looked at her. She was mesmerising. Her face, with a stripe on it, her eyes, her aroma, her aura, her voice... All so mesmerising. Jill grabbed my tie, and slammed my face down the table, took my tie and strapped it around my eyes and put her fingers in my ears. Obviously I couldn't see or hear anything, but Jill gave me an idea of what had happened. A man is being approached by the beautiful woman. As soon as she's in contact with her, the rest of the bar forgets about her. I'm let free from Jill's protection. We can now follow the conversation the woman and her victim has.

She is listening endlessly to his boring monolog, about how his wife that left him. The conversation slowly becomes more about his passions in life. He's slowly being seduced, cause someone is giving him attention. Jill turns her head to me, and tells me:

"She's a man eater. They prey on men, they prey on sending them to the depths of the waters. In the time of yore, they roamed the sea, and tricked sailors to fall in love with them. They would then drag them to the deepest part of the known waters. Since boats are so big now a day, they can't achieve this, and has therefore evolved to lure men from the land areas, in their power." she said, with the most serious voice I have ever heard in my life. So serious, it could only be true. What she is, is unknown. But frightful she was.

After a while, the woman suggested a change of surroundings. The man agreed quicker than Lucky Luke's shadow. As the two got dressed, she slowly started to sing again. As she sang, it seemed he was zombified. With only one thing in his mind. What that one thing would be, is harder for me to judge. I suggested to Jill, that we could follow the two. "Maybe this is what happened to Jack" I said. Jill answered: "Go ahead, old timer. I'm staying here". As I had gone tired of the loud, smoky, sexually vibrating bar, I left Jill, without much thought.

As I left the bar, stalking the man and woman from the bar, I realised that I had completely forgotten to question the letter Jack had next to him, as he died. But that had to wait. The bar had given me exactly what I came for. As the woman is singing, it looks as if the man can do nothing, but follow her directions, that appear through her voice. They come to this old house, with paintings of happenings at sea. The house is called Odysseus.

I sat in the cold weather, waiting patiently, for how long, I don't even know. Suddenly, they come outside again. This time there are several women. He's walking again, again, like he is spellbound by their voices. They board a ark. The same ark, Jack had been murdered on. After a short while, the women left. I had to go up there, and see what they had done with the poor man. I wish I had a cup of water, to ease the nerves. With ice cubes.

6. Red Glow Beneath The Melting Ice, Retreat To The Fuming Embers

Water everywhere. Ice everywhere. If only I had a cup. Drowned. The poor man, was lying beneath the ice. A red glance seemed to glow from his eyes. It got stronger and stronger, as he started to sink down, to the depth of the water, he had died in. I couldn't do much, and I didn't want to be seen, so I quickly left.

My journey, from the bar to the end of a man, gave me a insight of how Jack died. It also seemed like, my secrets hadn't been spilled. The women seemed only, to be interested in the men, not their secrets. But I couldn't give up now. What I had Witnessed, nacked my curiosity to much. My old profession, had became my new hobby.

I went back to the bar, in hope of finding Jill there. My luck hadn't run dry. She sat at a table, dominating a group of lonely men. As she so often had done, back when we were associates. The sexual vibrations had become more goal oriented. Some still went for whom would accept it. Some still went back and forth, between new lovers. But most went to Jill. As she stood on the table, yelling and spilling beer, on the lost souls who sat around her.

The table I early sat by, was still free. For some odd reason, since the rest of the bar was overpopulated. I went to the bar, to get a cup of water.

"Could I get a cup of water?" I said softly to the young man, behind the counter?
"What about a beer?" Yelled the muscular man. "A cup of water would be just fine. With ice cubes please" I said, with a bit irritation in my voice. "Okay mate, you got it." He then said, with a smirk on his face. He came back with a cup of Coca Cola. That Bastard. I put the money for a cup of water, and left. At least I got my ice cubes.

The bar isn't a pleasant place, for an old man like me. Especially when one, has quit smoking and drinking. Sitting there, trying not to bum a fag from the table besides me. It had gone easily earlier today, but after seeing that poor man drown. Watching his red eyes disappear below the ice. Good god, I got to have a smoke. "Excuse me, could I buy a cigarette from you?" I asked a young lady, the next table over. "You can have one, you old geezer." she said, while her and her table were laughing. "Thanks young lady. Enjoy your evening" I said, with a smile on my face.

Flick *Flick* Darn lighter. It always works when the old missus needs her candles lit, but now, well now it's as retired as I am. *Flick* *Flick* *Ignition* Thank god. I take my first drag. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. I completely forget about what I'm doing at the bar. I take a sip of my cola. There's rum in it. Like the temptations wouldn't stop. I went to the bar, and demand to get a nice, cold cup of water. With ice cubes.

7. The Red Dead Devil Dancing On A Table, As The Skinny Bitch Starts Dancing

Ah, I said to myself, as I place the cup of water on the table, and the first bit of the water, runs smoothly down my throat and Fills my stomach. Takes some of the heat from the room. I succumb. I buy a pack of ciggerets at the bar. I smoke one. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. I observe Jill, as she rules as an emperor, and her slaves are doing her bidding. She properly hasn't paid for a beer, since I left. It would seem, as if it was a privilege to buy her alcohol.

The ciggerets wants more. They want company. Beer. Vodka. Something that has a percentage. "No!" I tell my self, as I zombified walk to the bar. "I would like a beer." The words flew out my mouth. I can't control it. I buy a beer. I drink a bit of it. Then a bit of water. Sip, sip sip. One beer leads to another, as with the ciggerets. It has been so long, since my tastebuds has tasted the magnificent taste of the golden fluid.

Enough is enough. "No more beer!". I chuck the last bit, and do the same with my water. I go to the bar. I ask for a skinny bitch. Water with a percentage. I found a loophole.

I hadn't been drinking for a long time. So the alcohol had a great opportunity to kick in. And it did. Fast. Jill was still controlling her army of men. I had to talk to her, I just had to. But finding a hole, where one could talk to her, without a group of men staring and listening, would be a tuff operation. She hadn't even noticed me. No one seemed to have noticed me. A shadow on the ground. A fly on the wall.

I tried to follow Jill's table closely. The laughing, the talking, the dancing on tables. Everything seemed important to notice. I was a bit too far away, so half of the time, I couldn't hear what was said. I had to put the pieces together, from what I heard. But in the end, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

The bar was calling for last round. It was also getting late. I had to strike now. A young woman came up to me. It was the woman I bumed a ciggeret from. She said "Payback time, gezzar, hand over a ciggeret." I threw one over the table without even looking. "So what's your name, eh" she asked. I didn't have time for this. And even if I had, I wouldn't. I'm a happily married man. Be gone wench. I told her I didn't have time. She nodded, and left.

The alcohol made it easier. The plan. The plan was be simple. Just walk up to her, and ask for a conversation. That can't be too hard, can it? I walked up to her table. She saw me. She went quiet. The table went quiet. It seemed like the whole bar went quiet. No one noticed me before. Now i am the only thing anyone could see. I lit a ciggeret. Took a sip of my skinny bitch. "Jill... we gotta talk."

8. The Red light dissapers, As The last fag dies out

"Closing time" it came from the bar "everybody out!" I grabed my skinny bitch, and walked towards the door, with Jill in the back of my shoes. I asked Jill, if she knew any place, where we could talk. She knew this small pub. A seacret pub. With a password and everything. Apperently this rich bloke owned it. Gamling, poker, guns, you name it. That kind of place.

"There is a detail I haven't told you about Jack's death, Jill", I started out, after we had placed us self in the far corner of the bar. "Next to Jack's body, there was a note saying "Jill"." I continued, as I lit a ciggeret. Jill looked shocked, almost terrified. I wondered why. Why would she have such a reaction? "Are you okay Jill?" I asked with a comforting tone in my voice. "Yes, yes" she said "I'm just a bit suprised that I was the last person he thought of! I would have thought it would be his precious girlfriend, he was so maddly in love with." she said, still with a terrified facial expression.

She had a point. As we sat there, in a moment of silence, where the only motion, was the hands moving up and down, so the ciggeret could do it's purpose. I started to wonder, if maybe Jill had something to do, with Jack's death. Maybe the note was a clue. Maybe Jill is still as dangerous, as back in the day. She didn't hesitate to violence. One of the things, we had to keep seacret.

I started to think back to the bar. When the mesmerising woman entered, and Jill protected me, from falling into her possession. How did she know this womans agenda? Back in the bar, she even had a stronger sexual vibration, that the mesmerising woman. She controlled a whole table full of lonly men. Like she was in command of them. Like they where spellbond by her. She didn't even need any singing. She just needed her aroma. Her aura. She had done this, all the years i've known her, but I never thought about it before now.

She always used a ton of makeup on her face. I'd only seen her once without makeup. She had scars. So many scars. Stripes upon stripes down her face. She had always been excellent at singing. She started to sing.

I wouldn't listen. I rushed to the bathroom. I put toilet paper in my ears. It didn't work. She slowly came through the door, while the rest of the bar had gone silent. Everyone was spellbound by her. Men and women. She washed the makup of her face. I saw the stripes. I saw her in a new light. She went from an old friend, to a goddess.

I got to say my last words: "Why did you kill him?" "Cause he diserved to die, Cornelius." "What had he done, I need to know!" "It's all in the past now. As are you" I dropped my skinny bitch, so the glass shatered. It all went black. It was you.

Lies

1. On a first name basis

Hi. My name is Jill. I lie. I'm a compulsive liar. I lie, cause it's fun to see, how much bullshit you can make a man believe. I lie mostly to men. To get them in bed. Or make stories, they'll be telling their lads about. To make them buy me drinks. To make dem do my bidding. I love control. I love making people think they're safe. But no. They are never safe, when they are with me. Cause I have a secret. So let me tell you the story of my secret. I guess it won't be that secret anymore. But I promise you, that this story is true.

The real story begins, with a man called Jack. But before the real story can begin, we first need a bit of information. We need to prepare for the story, like one would prepare for a test, back in school. And as always with a test, there will be questions asked, that we haven't prepared for. So, to start of my story, let's start with the main character. Me.

2. Let me tell you about my past

As little, I was a true Missus Goody Two Shoes. I always told the truth. This went until I met Jack. But we will get to that, when we are ready. I was a rather intelligent little girl. One you would normally call a geek. I did have friends, I wasn't alone in the world, but I was an easy target for those, who had to show dominance. It didn't bother me at first, but as I got older, and nothing changed, it started to get on my nerves. Especially cause none of my friends even considered doing something.

Parents weren't too much help, either. "Just ignore them" they said "Then they will get bored eventually." Well, it isn't that easy to ignore a wedge. And later on, getting your head stuck in a toilet. Times were rough, but I had to push through. I found peace in doing homework. Taking tests. Improving purely intellectually. I wanted to become a scientist. Or a doctor. Something with a high status, so I could finally show the world, what I was made of.

As I grew older, my passion for knowledge didn't fade. I, however, did get an urge to evolve socially. I started to branch out. Try getting out of my normal, secure friends circle. So I hopefully would stop being bullied. This should seem to be harder, than first expected. Talking to the "cool kids" had some rules. It was cool, if you smoked. You needed the right clothes. You needed the right slang. Everything was so different, from what I was used to. So I did the only thing I could do. I became a chameleon.

I started smoking secretly, even though it wasn't easy. I studied the slang they seemed to use. I learned the rules of all the sports, that were prioritized. I started making a look, that was so different, that I would look like a new girl.

So they wouldn't recognize me. The plan was set. Now, to put it in action. My stomach was full of butterflies. I couldn't think straight. I had been stressing so hard, with all the preparations and homework I had done, the last couple of weeks. What if it didn't work? I had to try.

3. First day of school

Click *Click* The clicking noise from the alarm set the day off. Eyes open. Body frozen. Today was the day. Make up. New clothes. Shoes tied. Legs walking. Hair fluttering. determination determined. I walked straight up to Tom, the quarterback of the home team. "Hello there!" I said, with a bit of shiver in my voice. "Ehhh, hello. Do I know you? Maybe from a party or something?" Tom wasn't the part of the group, that had bullied me. Those were losers. Tom was definitely not a loser.

I lied. He knew nothing of me. I knew everything about him. I was a ghost in his eyes. Well, I was a ghost. Not anymore. "Yeah, we met at a party, not too long ago. But just shortly. A quick hello and a handshake, and then you were off. Tom was it?" I said calmly. I was a natural born liar. Not a thing in my voice, my expression, my body language could give me away. "Oh, well, sorry, I don't remember. What's your name again?" he said, with a bit of a confused tone in his voice. "Jill. My name is Jill. Nice to meet you, Tom. For real this time."

It worked. Tom seemed nice, and was very accommodating. He quickly introduced me to his group of friends. No one suspected a thing. I told them, that I had been a quiet girl. But after a near death experience, I wanted to experience the world. First thing on my bucket list, were making new friends. Lies are best, when they stick to the truth. "My grandmother and I were driving in USA. As you might imagine, my grandmother isn't exactly Vin Diesel slowly we mounted a small hill. As we pass a corner, a grown bison came running right next to us. Almost ran directly into the car. A bison that size would crash the car, and throw us off the road. A certain death. Luckily it ran past us."

The story had made my interesting. "Oh god Jill, what a story", "What an experience", "wow, I'd really like to visit America, and see animals like bison and surikats." I was a hit. The following days, I met with the gang at school. Had lunch with them, hanged out doing breaks, smoked lucky strikes behind the dumpster. But it all went south, a Thursday morning. The bullies recognized me.

As the months went by, I started to care less about school, and more about the gang. The years passed on, and the drinking and smoking became worse and worse. We faked IDs and went to bars. We skipped school, to smoke weed. I was going down the wrong passage.

After I finished high school, college was waiting. I got good grades, and was accepted into a good school. This was the town I met Jack.

4. The begining of my story

Jack was a simple low life. A criminal doing small crimes. Did a small bit of time, over a couple of episodes, but nothing serious. I met him at a bar. The Delinquent Palas Nomen. He was good at talking. Very articulat. He had a day job as a telemarketing salesman. He was pretty good at the job, but he boss had an ambivalent opinon about him. At one side of the LP, he did the most sales. On the other side, he didn't show up half of the time.

He was a regular at The Delinquent Palas Nome. I was a semi regular. One of the bars that never asked for ID. had a deal, with the local police. A bloody mary. That was my drink. I was called Medusa, by the bartender, as every man froze a bit, the first time they saw me. But not Jack.

That made my interest in Jack quite strong. A man that could resist my pure sexual power? A man that could talk the panties of a woman. "A perfect match" I thought to myself. "No one could get close to us" I continued. We taled for about thirty minutttes. Then to the bathroom. He was good. Different.

He pulled my skirt up, ripped my underpants apart, and thrusted his erect penis up my vargina. He had talked me wet. He knew this. With my hands pushed up a wall and my body swinging for every shock. As a dog, he was my master. He swung me around, position to position. Suddenly his finger was in my arse. I had never tried it. I had always been afraid. It hurt. But it was okay. He could do what he wanted. Orgasme upon orgasme. Until he oushed me to my knees, pounded his schlong deep down my throat, and shot his load right down my throat. I almost choked, but survied in the end. As I was coughing, he left the bathroom. Went out in the bar, and found a new group of people to talk too.

The next few months went by, as I almost daily was punding bloodymaries down my throat. Listing to Jack's stories. Figuring out, how to seduse him. Waiting patiently to strike down upon him. School didn't matter. That evaning with Jack, was the only thing on my mind! The day was today. He talked about the crimes he had done, mostly, he was so proud of it. So the last few weeks, i'd been selling dope at the school. I had broken into the libary, to stell the computer. I had hustled money from people around town.

"Hay sailer, remember me?" I said with the most seducing voice I could make. "No". he said, with a voice as cold as ice, and turned his head. I had to do something else. Something extraordinaire. I had to make a coup. He always talked about the time he robed a kiosk. So I thought to one up that accomplishment. For days, I planed and planed. Slowly collected a crew from the bar. A driver, Magnus. A gunner, Hank the tank. A collector, Charlie, short for Charles. All I needed now, was Jack

5. The point no return in my life.

And in the story

Luckely for me, the word about my plan spread out through the bar. The word reached Jack. I had positioned me at the table next to his. With my crew. Drinking a Bloody Marie. Talking loud, about how we needed one last man. I discribed the man to be like Jack. After I'd talked for an hour, or so, he grabed me, put a ciggeret in my mouth, and took me outside. "I can do it!" he said with commitment "I know I can!". I pretended that I wasn't sure. That I wasn't impressed. Even though I was dying of joy inside. After ten minuttess, I agreed.

Now to set it up. We planed the perfect day. A monday. The day of the week, with the smallest amount of cusomers. 10:30 a.m. The time with the the smallest amount of The bank was out on the country side. The police station were far away. A seacret alarm. 2 staff members. Glass doors. That was the biggest problem, as the public would be able to see us make the robbery. We had masks. We had guns. We had a bag. We had a van. We had 2 minuts. We had it all.

We rolled up. I gave a pep-talk. masks on. Guns ready. We ripped the door open, Charlie fell, We ran inside, "THIS IS A MOTHER FUCKING STICK UP, HANDS IN THE AIR, OR BULLETS IN THE FACE! STAY AWAY FROM THE ALARM BUTTON YOU FUCKING BITCH!" the Tank yelled, at the top of his longs, charlie came runing, put his 9 mm. in the woman behind the desk's face, "GIVE ME ALL THE FUCKING MONEY, NOW NOW NOW" Charlie yelled, the Tank went around collecting ID's of everybody, so if they would snitch, we would know who they were, and how to find them, and thre-tend to kill them all, *BANG* it sounded, as I shot a warning bullet in the air, the Tank took as a sign, and capped an old woman, blood splattered all over the place, as my mind can only think about Bloody Marie's, the money is collected, thirty seconds before time ran out, running towards the van, jump in, "DRIVE YOU FUCKING WANKER!" Jack screeamd in panick, Charlie fell again as the van accelerated, and became unconscious.

We got the money. We waited two weeks, under the radar. Non of us met. Not even at The Delinquent Palas Nomen. After the two weeks had passed, we met. We split the money. Another three weeks passed by. No police. No one knew who we were, where we came from or how to find us. the mission was a succsed. As we meet at The Delinquent Palas Nomen, joy and drinks were passed around the bar. After the 5 weeks, Jack was looking at me, in another light.

6. Getting new acquaintances and a new profession

One day, a man showed up at the bar. Went directly for Jack. Showed him a piece of paper. Jack went white. Sat down. Lit a cigaret. Then he looked at me, waved me over. Shit. The man was a private detektive. Conner, he called himself. He had a statement from Charlie, explaining everything. Charlie couldn't take the pressure. cause we had killed. For someone, blood is the limit.

"I am willing to make a deal. I will not have you thrown in jail, if you accept." he said with confidence in his voice. "Anything." Jack said, with a insecurity in his voice. "You work for me. You do the things I can't do. You will never talk about me. We will communicate through letters." "And what is it you can't do, that we have to do?" I asked. "You? As plural? When did you become a part of this?" The moment you brought Jack in to this." "Well.. okay then..."

he explained, that he couldn't do surtain things, that would make hi job easier. Shuch as breaking an entry, stealing information, question suspectes with a bit of roughness. Anything that could potentially bit his ass. He'd pay us to do it. Money per job, where the sum would differ, depending on what job it was. "We accept!" Jack said, without much thought. I just agreed with Jack, as a job working together, would make us closer.

Me and Jack's relationship grew. We almost always had a little chat, when we met at the bar. He started giving me drinks, from time to time. I noticed him stalking me, from where ever he was sitting. Always keeping a eye on me. Threatening the men, who tried to woo me. Of course, when I wasn't around.

One day Conner showed up at the bar. Drunk. One cigaret in the hand and another from the mouth. Stubbling through the room. Directly at Jack. Started mumbling about his loneliness, as his wife had left him. Eventually, she came back, but as of the time, he was left alone. He fell asleep. Jack carried him outside. I followed. "Im taking him back to my place. See ya' later alligator" "Hopfully sooner than a while, krokodille." What a stupid thing to say! I was cringing, as he walked away.

Jack didn't show up at the bar for awhile. He didn't contact me, revolving any jobs. It was like he'd disapeard. One day I got a letter. "Come to Greenville, Sunday the eight of Janurary. 7 p.m. at "The Sirens Collection". Jack." I went there. Jack and conner where sitting at a table. Red lights everywhere. Leather sofas. An weird area, that looked like it had been an outdoor area.

This letter thing isn't working anymore. I need information in detail, I need it through words. The jobs will still come as letters, but when the job is done, we'll meet here. I lit a cigaret. Looked at conner. Looked at jack. Looked back at Conner. nodded. They then invited me to the table. There was a skinny bitch. A joke from Jack. I threw it in his face. He kicked my leg, so hard, that

when I went to get a Bloody Marie, I stumbled.

As the day past, and we did job for Conner, I started to hint, that Jack should take me. Sexually. Hard. At home, the bathroom, an alley, anywhere. After a few days of interigating a man, he picked up on the hint. We went to his place.

7. Blood dripping from my scars on my face and in my soul

A dump. It had its charm, but a dump. Trash and cloths everywhere. Only the absolutely necessary furniture. A bed. A TV. A small table. A microwave. And a tower of pizza boxes. He fucked me. every place. The tower went down. The bed almost cracked. The TV fell on the floor. After a little fucking, he started getting rough. He tore my back, slaped and spat in my face. Twisted my nippels, so hard, they almost fell of. Domination. I liked it.

This went on, for a long time. We did small crimes together, worked for conner, fucked and drank. I was thrown out of school. Stopped all contact with my family. He was exited one day. He said "This is the day Jill!", as he showed me a pack of white powder. We wnet to the bathroom. I was snorting coke. What a feeling. This became a daily rutine. Snorting and snorting, to my nose was hurting. We started selling coke, for money, to buy more coke. Later LSD, mushrooms EMDA, everything we could get our hands on.

One day Jack and I was tripping hard on LSD, as Jack's trip became bad. He went to the kitchen, and grabed a knife, and some string. He tied me up on the bed. used tape, so I couldn't move my head. Not one cm. He stated cutting down my face. One stripe. Wto stripes. he went on. Blood everywhere and screams. When he ment he was done, he left the appartment. He left me tied up. I was lying there for one and a half day.

He finally came home. No memory of what had happend. He untied me. I kissed him. I loved him. he could do what ever he pleased. But everything has an end.

After some time, doing small crimes, a man busted us. A private detktive called Conner. We never got his full name. Conner stuck a deal with us. if we helped him, he wouldn't turn us in. he'd even pay us for doing it.

He robbed a grocery store, without me. He was busted. He had to sit in jail, for two and a half year. When he came out, he was a new man. No drugs. No drinks. nothing One day, he was gone. He had set fire to his apartment. Everyone thought he had died. I didn't. I knew him. I had dokuments. Well, I knew where to find his dokuments. And it's for surtain that Conner had helped him. So that's where I would start. At his new home in Greenville.

8. My hunt of love and eventually revenge

I still had the money from the robbery. I used it to buy a house in Greenville. A big house. I started seducing men. Lying, misleading, taking them away from their loneliness, just to fuck them over, and destroy them. One day, one woman was sitting on a bench, in the park. Crying. Something made me go to her. "What's wrong, love?" it had been so long, since I had felt compassion. "I've been broken. Broken once again. Men. I let them in, only for them to ruin me. everything I fought for. Everything I've become. Me. They destroy me. Again and again and again and again AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND-" "Love, I got it. Stop yelling." "Sorry, I'm just vulnerable at the moment. I'm emotionally broken."

As I was sitting with this woman, I realized I had the perfect opportunity to heal her. Use my gifts, so she can destroy the gender, that had destroyed her so many times before. This was when my cult of sirens started. To start with, it was only harmless seducing. But after awhile, it wasn't enough. We needed more.

At the time we were five, including me. Marsha, Christine, Beatrice and Juliana. One suggested a bond. Something we had, that made us special. I knew just the thing. I washed my make-up off, to reveal my face. My scars. I picked up a knife, and said "Stripes. Scars. A scar that shows, beneath our appearance, we are scared. Scared by all the men who have been using us. Three of the four women agreed. Christine didn't. I threw the knife at her. I hit her throat. She died in just a few seconds.

Everyone was in shock. The women were looking at the women. The blood. Then at me. Beatrice then said: "This is what we should do. Kill the men. Cause the men killed our insides. Our feelings" she said with such a calm voice. "How should we do it?" Marsha asked. "You ever heard about mermaids? Or perhaps sirens? We will be like sirens." I cut their faces with the knife. Afterwards a light shined from our scars.

My three sirens were lifted. Their skin color, their hair color, their face, everything about them changed. They became beautiful. Almost as beautiful as me. A voice started singing. Tim Buckley's song. "Song to the Siren". I started to sing along. We all did. It was the most beautiful harmony. Voices like angels. My dear sirens were now truly sirens. We bought a house. Painted it with images of boats crashing, men falling overboard, and taken to the depths of the sea.

My disciples went out doing nights, mostly in the weekends. Took turns. brought back a man. We pleased him. We seduced him with food, singing, sex, everything a man loves. Brought him to the river. Drowned him in. Our voices would paralyze our victims. They drowned. Our cult kept growing. Our powers became greater and greater. We were the justice of women. One day an ark

came floating, as we had just thrown a man in the river. We went on board. it was for us. Inside it there were a bed. Pictures of greek mythological creatures. One of them was of us. Everytime we got a new member, the picture changed, and she would appear on it.

I'd completely forgotten about Jack. But one day, I walked down Streaker street, as I was going to Adam's Apple's, the organic vegetable shop. I saw him. Jack. he didn't recognize me. It had been so many years since I had seen him. There he was. Strolling down Streaker street, number 42.

8. The hunt of love and eventually revenge

I stalked him. He had a girlfriend. A normal job. He wasn't smoking, and only drank rarely. And never at bars like The Sirens Collection. He had gotten an normal life. I was broken. I needed revenge for what he'd done to me. He'd left me. Either he had to come back to me, or he had to disappear. Once again.

I didn't fit into his new life. So he had to disappear. First, I needed him, alone, at a bar. A man can be broken hearted as well. So I went for the girlfriend. I needed her to leave. So I sent some pictures of me and Jack fucking. She was the type who would just leave. She wouldn't mention it. At least, I hoped so. It worked.

Jack went to a bar. I sent in Beatrice. And then left. I said to my sirens, that they would have to do this one without me. I went to the ark, and waited. They arrived. They did what they always do. And then he fell into the water. They left. I couldn't let him die. I went on board of the ark. Pulled Jack up from the water. he looked at me. He recognized me. He said "You!" with a terrified tone in his voice. I didn't know what to do. I pulled out my knife. The one we used for rituals. I stabbed him. "Who made me do this?" he said, as he was dying. "You. You did. It was always you! You made me like this."

A Police Mystery

1. The mystery of the river

Ring Ring... *Ring Ring*... The phone screamed, like a mad man off his pills. In the middle of the night. As my wife and I where sleeping tight in eachothers arms. "Hello" I said with a bit of frustration, no maybe irritation is more fitting in my voice. "Yes, Sir, we have a situation.. Well... Another man has died by the river." An insecure voice said, at the other end of the line. "Another one has drowend, eh?" I said, as a yawn was approaching. "Well.. not exactly... It seems as if he was dipped in the water, and then pulled up.. But he is dead." My curiosity had woken me from my slumper state. "Well... Are you gonna tell me how he'd die?" "Well sir, he was staped. Next to him, a small note was found, saying Jill." "I'll be there in a jiffy." I said, and rushed for the door.

I approached a ark. The hole squad had already arrived. Everybody stressing around. "Have they never seen a body before" I quietly said to myself. The ark was floating on a river. The river was a popular place in town, mostly for the young. Parties were held at the bars, lying around it. And by day, the cafées ruled. There where almost always people. Except late night / early morning. A couple of hours a day, the river was emptied. This was the time, we presumed that drunk people had fallen in, and drowned. It happend all year around. God only knows, how many people must have drowend in that river. There was an odd detail. It was always men. And they all had a cut down their face.

The ark was magnificent. I had always admired it. I never knew who the owner was, but it was always looking sharp. No mater the weather or the time of year, it always looked as good as new. even though i never had experienced it not being on the river. How the kept it in such a good shape, is a mystery to me. Inside the ark, there wasn't much. Some pictures on the walls and a bed. The pictures resembled different types of greek mythical creatures, such as Catoblepas, Minotauros, Centaurs, Sirens and Medusa, Cyclops and the list goes on. One pictures stood out, more than the others. The one with Medusa and the Sirens.

2. The mystery of greek mythological creatures

A blue sky with clouds. The sun is lightly shining through the clouds. You can almost feel, how they spread the heat, on the green field in the background. The moon exposed itself, behind the clouds, in the far corner. In the middle of the painting Medusa is standing. Her snakes billow in every direction. A nimbus surrounding her head. A knife in her hand, with blod dripping. A golden apple, with one bit taken, in the other. Her face has blood running down, from top to bottom. You can almost see the scars, that such cuts would make. In the far background you can see a figure standing. If you look really close, you see him

standing, laughthing, also with a knife in his hand. It almost looks as the man lying outside, on the deck of the ark. peculiar.

The bed had a golden frame, gleaming rays of joy, from the sun on the one side, and shades of darknes from the moon on the other side. The maddras look so comfortable, one would wish that it would be once final resting place. The blanket. Looking like a cloud that descends from the sky, and slowly covers you, from toe to top. Two pillows, that looks like a womans bosom. Like you were lying at your mothers breast. Safe and sound. Sleeping like a baby. It look as if a man was lying in the bed. But he had no face. Instead there was a mirror. I saw myself. As I was lying in the bed.

Around the bed, women was lying, caressing, prying to the man in the bed. It looked as if they were all singing. Properly a tune to make one sleep. All the women where so beautifull. In their on distenkt way. But yet, they all seemed so alike. On the side of the moon, where the dark light shined, the women had long, blond hair. It shined so bright. It seemed as a contrast to the dark light of the moon. On the other side, the darkness rulled in the womens eyes. Dark hair and pale skin. Again, a contrast to the suns bright rays. It was as an panoramic view, from dark to light. The sun and moon walked from left to right. The women from the right to the left. In the middle the sun and moon collided, where Medusa was standing.

They all had their on distinkt cut, down their face. with blod running from it. The more I looked at the picture, it seemed as if the women praised Medusa, and not the man. He was in their power.

3. The mystery of the Ark

With a murder, there are one thing you can be sure about. A private ditek-tiv will show up. This time it was old Conner. Good old mister Finitis. "Hi Conner. What are you doing here. Aren't you supposed to be retired? Maybe go for a round of golf." with a resignedly voice. "Ha, well old chump, I properly should. But it's hard. Stop smokeing. Stop drinking. And now, basically, stop thinking. I couldn't stay away from a good murder case." he said avid tone. He seemed sincere, yet with a ulterior motive. I told him what I could tell him. He told me that he had known the feller back in the time. He had helped him with a case or two. Yet, he didn't have much to say about him. Except that his name was Jack. Jack Mojoson. He said he knew nothing of this Jill.

He went with me, as I went from house to house, asking what people had seen. It was good with a bit of company, and the old geezer was in the end. A good detektiv, in his earlier years. Most had slept through the night. Hadn't seen or heardt anything. But one old man, who slept doing the day, and watched TV at night, had seen something. Matter of fact, he'd seen something several times. A group of woman, singing the same song everytime, leading a man aboard the

ark. After some time, the women would leave the ark again. In silence. He never saw the male individual leaving the ark.

Yesterday though was different. First of all, one woman was missing. The one, who normally leads the group. The one with billow hair. With the knife and golden apple. There were another peculiar event that night. After the women had left, a woman was seen boarding the ark. Shortly after, she came down from the ark, and left.

These informations were worth my yearly pay. Finally we had a clue of what happened at night. Earlier we couldn't set up night control, since we didn't know where the men would fall in the river. But now it seems, as if there were some sort of cult. And it all revolved around this ark. I parted ways with Conner, and went back to the station. The first thing we did, was setting a surveillance squad in practise. After that, only the waiting would do.

Wednesday, Day 1:

A drunk man slept on the ark

Thursday, Day 2:

A man peed from the ark. Also, a bit on the ark.

Friday, Day 3:

No events, revolving the ark. We, however, busted a drug dealer.

Saturday, Day 4:

First it seems as an normal evening. Then, something's happening. A group of women are, walking, singing and leading a man through the streets, next to the river. We do not see a woman with a knife and a golden apple. If the old man speaks the truth, she must be missing again. Behind them, someone is following. We zoom in on the individual. Dear god, it's that old geezer Conner. How did he... No matter, his knowledge will soon be ours. The women walk into the ark. It looks as if they are having sex, with the male. After a while, they start singing, and the ice on the river starts to melt. The man jumps in. Slowly the ice returns. The women leave. Conner boards the boat. He just stands there, looking. Then he leaves. As the man, presumably is drowning, a red light is shining from beneath the ice.

3. The mystery of the Jill, Jack and Cornilius

We had to find out what all this was about. The note, the cult, Jack the dead man, Conners involvement and this Jill. The next few days went by, as we looked up everyone called Jill in town, tried to match their profile and their whereabouts.

We also tried to get in contact with Conner, but after the night at the ark, it seemed as if he had disappeared. He wasn't at home, none of his friends or

neighbors had seen him, not even his wife had any clue. We check travel companies, car rentals, train tickets, everything he could have used to get out of town, but nothing in his Name.

Jack was alot easier. We had a full name and a face. We quickly found his appartment, his friends and his ex-girlfrind. The odd thing was really, that we could only get information about him that had happend the last five years. We couldn't find any family All his friends met him at that time, or later. His girlfriend only knew him for about 3 years. He was hired at his job, as a computer programmer four and a half years agon. His appartment, at Streaker street 42, second on the right, was the oldset information we had about him. Not even his name gave any information. he must have had changed his identity.

It all seemed as a true mystery. An unknown woman who seem to possibly be a, well presumably, a cult leader. A retired detektiv gone from the surface of earth. A man who changed everything he once was.

We now had to go and interview 27 Jill's, where one of them, hopefully would be the right woman. In the days that had past, only 2 Jill's where dokumentet to departer from town. Hopefully, she wasn't one of them. We narrowed it down to be 4 Jill's, based on alibi's. Jill Brown, Jill Clinton, Jil satsuki and Jill Absalon. Now we had to interview them proper.

4. The mystery of the Jill's

Jill Brown:

Description:

Height: 167 cm. Weight: 59 kg. Hair color: Red. Age: 17 years. Adresse: Even Sirena road 28. Occupation: Student.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?
I was at home. I watched a movie on Netflix, called 'The Little Mermaid', an old movie from disney. I love disney movies. After I watched the movie, I went straigth to bed at 10 pm! My parents came home around 10:30 pm.

Do you know anybody called Jack Mojoson?

I don't. I do know a Jack Hanson, but no, not Mojoson.

Have you ever been at Streaker street, or in that area?

I've been at Adam's Apple's, the organic vegetablenesshop, a few times.

Conclusion:

She was a long shot. Seemed as if she told the truth. A bit young aswell. I quickly ruled her out.

Jill Clinton:

Description:

Height: 159 cm. Weight: 51 kg. Hair color: Grey/white. Age: 87 years.

Adresse: Feles Chat du Gáta 17. Occupation: Senior citizen.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?

I was watching a political debate. I care alot about politics. It was a debate between Saul Bricc and Juan Raza. I, of course, was chearing on Saul Bricc. His values are the most importa-

Excuse me mam' we need short, to the point awnsers.

How rude! But if that is the premises. I watch the debate, from 7 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. I didn't leave the house. After this, I walked around the park. It was a quiet evaning. I came home about 9-9:30, and went straight to bed.

Do you know anybody called Jack Mojoson?

I don't know alot of people. You see, I'd rather spend my time taking care of my cats. I have 7 of them. All female. One of the cat's however is named Jack. He's named after my son, who disapered five years ag-

Mam', please, just simple short awnsers! Let's move on.

Huh, well then, let's do so. But I will file a complaint about your attitude!

Have you ever been at Streaker street, or in that area?

Only at Adam's Apple's.

Conclusion: She didn't seem as if, she could do it. A 'sweet' old woman as her.

And then with a ton of other women? No, she couldn't be the one!

Jill Satsuki:

Description:

Height: 174 cm. Weight: 93 kg. Hair color: Black. Age: 51 years. Adresse:

Asiena Coolie-Chink Street Occupation: . Origin: China.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?

What? I welly do nut speake english vewy good!

We need a translator!

Conclusion: From what the translator told us, we could rule out poor miss Satsuki. She didn't have the looks, she'd never even been to Streaker street. She only knew people from the chinese part of town. At the night she was even working at Eve Pupillam Copia Scriptor, a store selling fruits. From what she told us, mostly apples.

Jill Absalon:

Description:

Height: 163 cm. Weight: 68 kg. Age: 59 years. Adresse: Huesos Rotos Road
Occupation: Secretary at the school for vulnerable children. Currently on leave
of absence, cause of a broken arm.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?
Morphine. Lying in my couch, high as can be. My arm had just been broken
several places, the day before. I had to be operated. Full anesthesia.

Do you know anybody called Jack Mojoso?
No. I don't even know a Jack.

Have you ever been at Streaker street, or in that area?
No. I live out on the country side. I only really come to town, for work. Our
lives, my husband and I, mostly takes place where we live. It's a small community,
but that's how we like it.

Conclusion: All her information were correct. She had a broken arm, on the day
of the murder. Documents show, that she actually were on morphine. I couldn't
be here either!

4. The end of a mystery

Nothing worked. We couldn't find the right Jill, or anything about Jack and
Conner. So we went to the last resort. The police's secret weapon. Addressing
the public. We announced it all to the public. Only 3 hours later, we got
an anonymous letter with a detailed description of a woman. It was with an
address, last name, detailed description of how she looked, really everything we
could have wanted. At the end of the letter, there were 14 lipstick kissing marks.

We looked up the name, in our database. She had taken a plane to Denmark,
from another city. She had bailed. We went to her house, to see if we could
find some clues on how to find her. It was a basic house. Nothing out of the
ordinary. But nothing that linked Jill to Denmark either. Then suddenly, one
of my men, Mark, found a secret door in the basement. A secret room.

Red lights. scented candle smoke Paintings of mythical creatures. Like on
the ark. A bed. hanging above it is the same painting of Medusa and the sirens.
In the bed, the old geezer Conner was lying. Tied up. She had cut off his balls,
and left him for death. Across from the bed, there was an altar. Candles all
around of a picture. A picture of Jack. Beneath the picture was a box. Documents,
photos, videos. All about Jack. Even his birth certificate. His real name
was Jack Bosson. A former no life criminal. presumed dead.

I later read in the newspaper, that a woman, matching the description we got of
Jill, had drowned in a river in Denmark, Århus.

2 Velkommen til Danmark

En mand uden meget indhold i livet

1. Aarhus' Å

Jeg kom gaaende igennem en gyde, midt I Aarhus by. Der lugtede af pis. Klokken var efterhånden blevet mange og sommerens dunkle lys, havde stille lagt sig, i byens ellers så oplyste gader. Grafittien på væggene vekslede mellem en dårligt Tegnet penis, til storslået kunstværker, nogle gange med en penis på. Min mor havde beordret mig at tage en ekstra trøje på. Selvom min alder ellers er oppe i tyverne. Set i retroperspektiv, er jeg glad for min mors insisteren. Den kolde kulde giver anledning til kuldegysninger og gåsehud.

Selvom mørket havde lagt sig, kulden gav kuldskeer og gadelygternes lys sad lige i øjenene, var jeg glad for den udendørs vandring, jeg havde begivet mig ud på. Mine tanker racede afsted, med en vis hastighed. Det var begyndt at ske oftere. Tanker der gerne gør mig istand til at forstille at guds plan for mig, må være ligeså storartet som Einstein eller Jesus. Tankerne var og er stadig, ikke altid direkte og rationelle. Manisk.

Jeg havde været hjemme hos en af mine bekendte. Kløgtige Mads, som vi plejede at kalde ham. Lidt ironisk, da Mads' kløgtighed ikke kunne måles med resten af slængen. Dette er jeg ikke sikker på at han ved. Det er sikkert også for det bedste.

Hans lejlighed var noget sølle, med et badeværelse ved siden af køkkenet. Begge rum med dårlig udsugning. Den hærliche lugt af kaffeboller i ovnen, blandet med den hærliche lugt fra de udskylde oppustede kaffeboller. Han bruger sit værelse, på ca. ni kvadratmeter (otte, men i den høje ende, hvis man overvejer kommatallende). Der er lige plads til hans skærmfetish, tre på skrivebordet, og et TV på en lille reol, en seng og en sofa. Hvordan kløgtige Mads har skabt plads til alt dette, må kun guderne vide. Eller måske er det muligt, at alt den tetris han valgte at spille i folkeskolen, endelig har givet ham en fordel i livet.

Byvandringen har ledt mig ned til Aarhus'å. Dette er punktet, hvori forståelsen for, hvorfor denne nat sidder indprintet i mit hoved. En af de få gange, hvor man kan være sikker på at printeren altid virker. Der lå en i åen. Spørgsmålet var, og er på sin vis stadig i dag, hvad jeg kunne gøre ved netop dette. Mens jeg ringer et-et-to, overvejer jeg hvor smart det ville være, både æstetisk og praktisk, hvis man kunne have en paraply og en fiskestang i én. Så kunne jeg blot fiske vedkommende op. Hvis jeg da ellers havde en paraply. Hvis jeg da havde et mod til døds fiskeri.

Der kom en kranbil. En forvokset fiskesang, hvis du spørger mig. Der dog også kan bruges, i terrænen der ikke er vand. Dog manglende en paraply. De hiver

vedkommende op af vandet, mens en rar mand kaldet Niels, står og udspørger mig om diverse ting. Det er rart. Det er ikke så ofte folk spørger ind til min dag. Så udluftningen af dagens forløb, bliver lidt mere detalieret. Men det virker som om Niels er glad for det. Sikke en hærlich mand.

Det er en kvinde. Et kønt stykke kvinde køn. Hvis man ser bort fra vandets hærkning og dets ellers så renlige affald. Hendes hud var smuk og blej. Formentlig grundet den grundige fermatering vandet havde udøvet. Sort hår. Knald sort. En fantastisk kontrast til hendes smukke hud. Det var svært at se ansigtet, men det lignede at hun havde striper, en form for ar, ned over ansigtet over det hele. Et meget gustent syn. Tøjet sagde mig ikke meget, men jeg er jo hellere ikke modeansvarlig. Det er trist man ikke kan se hendes øjne.

Det er nu, efter den grundige analyse af liget, at hammeren falder. Chocket slår til. Jeg besvimer. Og vågner. På et hospital. Sikker noget. Sikke en aften. En oplevelse for livet, bør porienteres.

1. Aarhus' Åndsbolle

Jeg har hjernerystelse. Jeg ligger på hospitalet. Uden busker på. Jeg vågner simpelthen op, i en fremmede seng uden bukser på, mens en flot pige kommer med morgenmad, og spørger om jeg har sovet godt. Det er sku aldrig skeet for mig før. Jeg er ør i hovedet, og formulere et elendigt svar. "Jaja, helt sikkert der, det var sku ok, jeg var helt væk." Fuck mig. Hun er høffelig. Det følger vel med til jobbet. Hun går. Jeg putter pænt min serviet fast i blusen, i tilfælde af at jeg skulle spille. Jeg spiser roligt min havregrød. Bedere end forventet. Jeg drikker glasset med juice i en tår. Ja, tørsten var sku stor.

Rummet var sterilt. Hvide væge. Hvide senge. Vidt over alt. Sågar en hvid sengekammerat. Der er dog et billede på vægen. Det er af en strand. En hvid strand. Med hvide mennesker der går på den. Blåt hav, men hvide skyer. Der kom en mand i hvid kittel og sagde "Du må godt gå nu!" med lidt irretation i stemmen. Så jeg tog mit tøj på. Der kom lidt farver på værelset i et kort øjeblik, før jeg gik ud af døren.

Det blev morgen. Eller, klokken slår fjorten. Jeg vågnede. Tog min morgenkåbe på og gik ud i køkkenet. Lavede 2 spejlæg. Med timina, salt og peber. Jeg gik ind på mit værelse. I mørke. Mørklægningsgardinerne blev ikke trukket fra. Solen havde ingen plads på værelset. Jeg tændte op for et afsnit "Friends". Sæson 3, Episode 3. "The One With The Jam". I en tidligere episode, havde Richard og Monica slået op. Grunden til dette var, at Richard ikke ville have børn, mens Monica gerne ville. De så derfor ingen fremtid i forholdet. I episoden lige før Episode 3, prøvede Ross, at få slænget til at gøre sig klar, til en vigtig begivenhed på museet, hvor han arbejder. Både Chandler og Joey drikker fra et glass fyldt med fedt, i troen om at det er cider.

1. Aarhus' Århusianer Vaner

Jeg sidder i min sofa. NetFlix har spurgt om jeg stadig ser venner. Det gør jeg ikke. Skærmen går i dvale, og bliver sort. Jeg kigger i det sorte spejl og ser mig selv. Jeg klør mit i skridtet. Jeg finder min mobil frem for at onanere. Efter jeg er færdig, låser jeg skærmen. Igen, kan jeg se mig selv. Jeg skammer mig. Jeg har ikke lavet andet end at spise æg, se venner og onanere de sidste par dage. Måske jeg skulle se at komme ud af huset. Det er jo sol og sommer.

Jeg er solallergiker. Det vil sige, at i skarpt lys, så som stærk sol, nyser jeg. Denne sommer er det gået helt amok. Nys efter nys efter nys. Min cykel er punkteret. Øv. Det vidste jeg godt. Det gider jeg ikke fikse. Jeg går ned mod bussen. Jeg har glemt mit rejsekort. Øv. Jeg må gå. Jeg kan ikke lide at udnytte den offentlige transport. Det er jo nærmest tyveri at køre uden billet. Gåturen er lang. Eller, for mig er den lang. Den tager godt og vel femogfyrre minutter for de fleste. For mig tager det tres. Jeg er et reflektivt menneske, og elsker at kigge på omverdenen, mens jeg bevæger mig igennem dem.

Jeg går ad store veje, små veje, ved cykelstiger, universitets parken og Ø gade kvarteret. De store veje er et godt blik på Aarhus. Altid stress. Alle skal et eller andet sted hen, hurtigt. På de store veje, har alle ideologien om, at de er de vigtigste og eneste på vejen. De store veje er kun gode, da man må fokusere viljefast på musikken. Musikken leder til tanker. Tanker lede til god tidsfordriv.

Små veje og cykelstiger er lidt bedre. jeg nyder at se folk i deres hverdag. Fundere over deres liv. prøve at forud se, om de er sent på den, på vej hjem til en fodbold kamp eller skal til fest. Der er altid nogle der skal noget, men modsat de store veje, er folk her observante på hindanden. På dette tidspunkt på dagen, er det dog mest folk der tager det meget afslappet. Det er en rar atmosfære at være i. Det samme er der i universitetsparken. Der er lidt ude og drikke øl. Nogen har en højtaler med. Andre spiller spillet "kævla".

Det handler om at stå to hold på være sin side. Typisk 3 meter fra midten. I midten står der en kævla. Det gælder nu om at vælte kævlen. Mand har et forsøg. Man kaster med en sko. Rammer man kævlen, så den vælter, skal man drikke af sin øl, der selvfølgelig fra start er fuld. Her gælder det om for det andet hold, at at hente skoen, samt sætte kævlen på plads igen. Nå dette er gjort, skal det andet hold stoppe med at drikke øl. Når alle af holdets øl er tømt, vinder holdet. Sikke et spil.

I parken spilles mange andre drukkspil. Det mest velkendte ville vel være "øl bowling". Det er så kendt, at jeg går ud fra at jeg ikke behøves at forklare reglerne. Ellers så brug google. Det er altid rart at vandre i en park. Specielt om sommeren. Specielt denne park. Med alle de studenterrelaterede traditioner, så som kapsejladser. Ja, det er altid rart, selv om vinteren, at vandre i et natur-område med liv, midt i en stressende by.

Ø-gade kvarteret er blot et hyggeligt område. Her bor så mange friske unge mennesker. Lejlighederne er gamle. Rustikke. Forskellige. De er unikke. Alle jeg har kendt, der boede her, har været ekstatiske over at bo her. Og man forstår godt hvorfor. Som jeg sagde om de stille veje, giver man plads til hindanden. Dette er et helt område, hvor folk giver plads til hindanden. Mangfoldighed.

Jeg når ned i latiner kvarteret. Min disination. Mit favorit område. Det er det sted, i byen, hvor jeg føler mig mest hjemme. Mødestedet for mig og mine bekendte. Mødestedet, hvor man drikker kaffe om dagen, og øl om aftenen. Ja, det er her jeg begiver mig hen. Grunden er kaffe. Jeg ville ønske jeg havde en i mit liv, der ville drikke en med mig, men dette må blive en anden gang. Denne gang er det mig, kaffen og cigaretten. "En kop kaffe, gerne så sort som sjælen selv" siger jeg selvsikkert, mens jeg fyre op for et søm. Et søm, der stille bankes i kisten.

1. Aarhus' Ånd

Jeg sidder nu på min favorit café. Jeg kan lide den, fordi musikken er god, dog i sådan en volummen, der gør at man stadig kan høre hvad der sker. Jeg sidder ved et bord. Et tomands bord, hvor der faktisk godt kan sidde fem. Jeg skodder min cigaret. Tænder en ny en. Inhalation. Ekshalation. Inhalation. Ekshalation. Sug ind. Pust ud. Det kunne næsten lyde som om, en jordmorder var ved at lære mig at ryge.

Mens jeg sidder og lytter til samtalerne der er omkring mig, da de er meget mere indholdsrige end mit liv. Lidt mere spændende end binging Friends. Ved siden af mig, er der en ung pige. Hun har problemer med sit sex liv. Hendes dating partner fra tinder holder for længe i sengen. Hun fortæller, at det varer mindst tredve minutter. Ofte længere. Hun keder sig under sex og hendes nedre dele er begyndt at gøre ondt. Rigtig ondt. Hendes veninde forslår, om det kan være at det er fordi han ikke tænder nok på hende. De griner begge to. Deres næste samtale er ikke spændende, så jeg bevæger satelitten til nye lydbølger.

tekst - en mere historie fra le coq

Efter at have skandet rummet med mine satelliter, må andres liv skuffe, da de giver mig mere lyst til at se Friends. Hold kæft hvor blev folk kedelige. Fuck dine studieproblemer. Jeg går på toilet. Toilettet har altid været et af mine ynglingssteder på caféen. På vægene er der ophængt gamle reklamer, med alt fra rengøringsmiddel, alcohol, knorr bearnaise sovs. Selve toliet er rent. Ligeså vasken. Det sætter jeg pris på. Håndtørren irritere mig. Mine hænder bliver fandme aldrig tørrer. Men for at gøre det fair, så har jeg aldrig oplevet at nogen håndtørre har virket. Så det ser jeg bort fra.

Da jeg kommer tilbage fra toilet, sider der en kvinde ved mit bor. Bleg. Hendes

hår var uglet. Hendes krop var bleg. Grønlig. Det lignede næsten at den var fermenterede. Havde en speciel udstråling. En gylden udstråling. En bleg gylden udstråling. Hun var smuk. Uffateligt smuk. Jeg fik associationer til kvinden i åen. Hun sad og sang, med på teksterne musikken spillede. Hun sang højt. Men det var som om ingen lagde mærke til det. Det var som om ingen kunne høre det. Det var som om hun kun eksisterede i mine øjne.

Jeg gik op i baren for at købe en frisk kop kaffe. Da jeg kom tilbage og satte mig, kunne jeg se at der var to glas chartreuse. Med isterninger. Hun stoppede med at synge. "Hello Sir" sagde hun til mig. Med en sexet stemme. "My name is Meddyusa" fortsatte hun. Hun tog en tår af sit glas chartreuse. Hun hentydede til, at jeg også skulle. Jeg var forundret. Facineret. Nysgerrig. Så jeg tog en tår. Det brændte eller smagte ikke som det plejer at gøre.

1. Aarhus' Åndsmenneske

"Why are you here?" Jeg fortsatte, mens jeg satte drinken ned. "What is your agenda?" Jeg tog en cigaret og smed den i munden. "How rude of you not to present yourself." Jeg kunne godt se, at jeg lige var lidt uhøffelig og skyndte mig straks med at svare. "Ryan Dosmerian." og jeg fortsatte "Would you know please answer my question?" "You seem lonely. So I thought I would keep your company."

Hun begyndte at stille nogle personlige spørgsmål. "Have you ever found a woman, you could keep in your life?" Et aggresivt spørgsmål. Et spørgsmål jeg ikke helt vidste hvad jeg skulle svare på. Jeg havde aldrig haft det. Kun små flirts, hvor pigen gav op på mig. Det er det jeg må sige. "No, I never have." sagde jeg med genertid i stemmen. "I guess you just never met the right one." sagde hun. Hun ville gerne høre mere om det. "I think I never found anyone that complimented me. I guess nobody sees me as the right one." Have you ever had sex?" she said, with a wink and a smile. "No. No I haven't. I'm fairly good at talking with girls, but it's never been more than a kiss."

Samtalen fortsatte på denne måde et kort stykke tid. Men så begyndte hun at stille mig spørgsmål om mig. Om hvad jeg havde af hobbyer. Hun lod mig tale. Når jeg taler reflekterer jeg. Så det jeg ville sige, kørte altid over i noget andet. Hun lod mig bare tale. Dialogen blev til en monolog. Omkring mit liv. Omkring mine skader. Både fysisk og psykisk. Det var rart at have en som lyttede. Efter noget tid, spurgte hun, om vi ikke kunne gå et mere stille sted hen. Jeg tog hende med i parken. monologen fortsatte. Lidt endnu. Så forslog hun, om vi ikke skulle tage hjem til mig. Jeg afviste. Jeg løj om at jeg blev nødt til at gå. Hun lagde op til sex. Min nervøsitet vedrørende sex var for stor. Jeg kunne ikke håndtere det. Jeg forlod hende i parken. Hun virkede ikke glad. Hendes udstråling gik over, og blev mere aggressiv og fjendtligt.