

A Road Named Desire

Have you ever seen something like that ? Long deep roads over an infinite landscape. Some trace of perfection where it seems that humanity is forgotten. It was just a peaceful moment. I was losing myself, forgetting who I was, at least who I am.

I guess Nancy and I were both seeking peace, fleeing mankind the day we came here. We were two fragile souls threatened by the modern life.

« David. Dinner is ready. »

Nancy, the only human being I felt lenient towards. I stood up from my old chair, pushed the old ebony door and came into the living-room. The table was set. I sat and Nancy arrived. She kissed me on the forehead :

-How are you ?

-Always the same.

-Did you take your pills ?

-Sure. So. Enjoy your meal !

-Thanks.

Every day is another day. We used to dine together every day, silently. We just ate and looked at each other. We were in a sort of osmose. There were just us, far, far away from humanity. We were together for all time and we would have died together.

At 10 p.m came our favourite part of the day, I took my violin and Nancy stood still near to me. I began to play, the music became louder, heavier. My hand was flying all over the instrument. Then... Nancy sang. Each word sung by Nancy was a taste of perfection. We were forgetting ourselves.

And then we always went to sleep, the head full of music.

One day, as I was checking the oil pump, a man ran towards me. His car had just broken down and he needed help. His name was Gabriel. We came back to his car, effectively it was broken. I examined the car, and said that it would have taken days to fix it. He seemed disappointed. He asked me if there was any town or garage he could reach. Infortunatly, for him, there was nothing. We were 60 miles away from the nearest city, this was the reason why Nancy and I choosed this place. The man became angry, he asked me where he could sleep, where he could fix his car. I offered him to sleep by our side. In the living-room. Sure it was not cosy, but he could sleep on the sofa. Then he could call an engineer from the city who could have brought his car to his garage. I would have droven him to the city if I had a car, but I did'nt have one.

We came back to the station.

As we entered the house, Nancy was sitting still in an armchair, reading a book that Barbara Cartland wrote/ Barbara Cartland's book. It had always made me smile : Nancy loved literature, greats authors like Poe, Wilde. She had a huge library with splendid books. But she often read romantic novels. She said it was her guilty pleasure.

I introduced them to each other, explaining Nancy that Gabriel had to stay because of his broken car. She gazed at me, exhausted . She went upstairs and sought the sheets. I made some coffee and we sat. No words. Just silence. I was looking at him and at least I had to confess he did fascinate me. His hand were graceful but strong, they hold firmly the cup of

coffee. His hauled skin created a sort of halo of primitivity, he seemed like he was burning in the inside. Suddenly he looked up at me. His gaze pierced my breast. I could have heard my heart beating. His deep black eyes were arrows. And they did hit me. I smiled, ill-at-ease. Seconds had suddenly become hours.

Then Nancy broke this intense moment. She prepared the sofa and I joined her in the kitchen for cooking.

–What's wrong Nancy ?

–Oh. Nothing. I just feel... Tired.

There was something with her. I didn't know what but I guessed she didn't like the presence of Gabriel in our house. Her behaviour didn't please me. She must share hospitality. But I didn't say a word. This was the first time she annoyed me, I felt guilty of this bad temper. I wanted to come back to the living-room, but I feared Gabriel. Not because he was rude and nasty but because of the way I felt by his side. When I looked at me, there was a sort of fog that appeared in my head, shutting my reason's voice up. I inspired and went to join him. I smiled to him. He was discovering the room, watching the paintings, the library. He came to me and thanked me again. Yet I felt very cramped. I proposed him to visit our house.

We went upstairs. I showed him the bedrooms, the bathroom etc... Then we came back downstairs. I pushed the door of my paintroom. Usually nobody came in. Except me, Nancy was the only person that had ever been allowed to come here. But she never did. It smelled the turpentine, the oil. It was cold. We entered the room. I felt strange. The presence of Gabriel in this room made it warmer. My breath became faster. I tried hardly to hide my trouble. I showed him my paintings. I was stressing. What will he say ? He stared at them. I looked at him. There was something magnetic in his attitude. I had never felt heavier moment of trouble. All my benchmarks were collapsing. I lit a cigarette, acting like I had no anxiety. But in true there was all my world that was capsizing. I blinked, he was gazing at me, with that same strength as in the living-room. There was nothing but this stare. This deep stare that seemed piercing me up to my most hidden thoughts. Then his look came back to the paintings. I breathed. It let me keep peering him. His lips were magnetic too. I couldn't stop thinking I wanted to kiss them. It was an invisible power that attracted me to this man. A dark invisible power. I knew he was standing in front of me, but I had the feeling he was everywhere. I could have felt his touch on my skin, his fragrance all over me. I tried hardly to contain myself. I wanted to have him.

Suddenly he broke my troubles. He smiled and said it was great. He liked my brushstroke. And my subjects. I stuttered that maybe we could come back to the living-room. Nancy was setting the table. The dinner was ready. We sat and began to eat. It was a steak with puree. Nancy didn't say any word. She smiled at me, but she didn't talk with Gabriel. I was wondering if she ignored him. It was really getting me on my nerves. I gazed at Gabriel. He was eating, silently. I felt guilty. But I kept my gall for me, kept thinking it was just passing because Nancy had never got me on my nerves before this day. But this time, she did. I was so angry that I cut my finger. It was painful. I bled a little. I stood up and hurried into the kitchen. I put my hand under the watertap and the water began to flow. I took a deep breath and tried to be calm. The cold water on my finger made the pain less strong. I heard no noise from the living-room. Why did Nancy ignore Gabriel ? It was ashaming for me. He was my guest and she treated him like he didn't exist. I inspired and came back to the table, very still. I sat and ate. I was looking Nancy in the eyes. She was eating softly. What exasperating. I was trying to be calm, but in facts I was lacerating my steak. She noticed it, and with concern she asked me if anything was wrong. I smiled, coldly, and said that everything was okay. Gabriel was eating silently. I was so disturbed, so sorry. I closed my hand to his one and held it. I smiled to him, and he smiled too, shyly. My heart beated so fast. All my anger was gone. There were just those two dark eyes, catching me. Nancy tut-tutted. She looked at me, with a desapproving gaze. She stood up and began to clear the table. Gabriel removed his hand, guilty.

I took out my violin, and Gabriel sat on an armchair. I accorded my instrument and Nancy came.

-So. Do you want me to sing or you're in a too bad temper that you don't want me to play with you.

-No. Sorry.

I said it very coldly. She hurried upstairs. Sure I felt guilty, but I wanted to play just for Gabriel, to share my music to him, and only to him. I played. Some music coming from the deepest part of my heart, sharing all my fascination for him. He was following with his stare the movement of the bow. I never felt this way. This attraction. His presence in my head. I can't forget him for a second. Since I saw him. He created a warmth that suffocated me in a pleasant way. Suddenly a rope broke. The silence came, infortunatly. A heavy silence. We were both staring at each other. It seemed that we were both attracted by the other. I stood up and came closer him. I heard his breath. My head was just few centimeters away from his lips, his tempting lips. I closed my eyes...

But the moment was gone. We heard a noise from the upstairs and I stood up. Stressed, I said good night to Gabriel and went to my bedroom. I laid on my bed. The light were turned off but I can't fell asleep because even when I closed my eyes, Gabriel was there. Just upon me, whispering words that made me smile. I wished I could had caressed his chick, his sweetish skin. I felt him all over my bed. His intense presence, his warm breath and his sweet lips. I moaned.

It was 3 a.m when I wook up. I stood up and went downstairs. I didn't find Gabriel. Where was he ? I rushed in the kitchen, he wasn't there so I hurried outdoors and shout his name. I came back into the house. Nancy was there, worried.

-David, are you okay ? What happened ?

-Gabriel... He's not here ! Where... Wait.

What if Nancy had thrown Gabriel out ? Yes. She disliked him. She must had thrown him out. How could she had dared ? He was MY guest. She was jealous. Yes. Jealous. And she was just looking at me, mimicking the anxiety. At least she was not worried, she was satisfied. I was boiling in the inside, seemed as if a volcano had grown in me.

-You dared. How could you have dared ! I trust you !

-What... ? David ? What happened ?

She knew perfectly what happened ! She tried to hide but I knew ! I had guessed everything ! Nancy ! My own sister ! The only person I trust !

-David, you didn't take you pills, did you ? My God. You know you have to take it...

The pills... again. What for a pretext. Nancy... I was so angry. I was trying to calm myself, but there was only this fragile silhouette that had thrown my Gabriel out, this silhouette that was getting me mad. I had difficulty for breathing.

-David, I beg you, calm yourself. I'm going to seek the pills.

No. I didn't want any pills, I wanted Gabriel, right now. And she stole him ! She did steal him. The traitress ! I said, coldly, that I was coming back to my bedroom, she would just had to bring the medecine. At least I didn't go back in my room. I was waiting upstairs, few meters from the stairs. I heard her coming. I waited till she came at this upper step, and then I rushed

Concours de Nouvelles 2011 – Académie de Grenoble – 3° prix

and pushed her. Her body fell step after step. I heard some broken bone's noise. She got what she deserved. I smiled. I had my revenge. I lit a cigarette and came back in my room. Every puff was delighting. Suddenly I saw him. Gabriel. He was standing in front of me, still, smiling at me. All my anger fade away, there was only this sweet smile. He approached. He put his hand on my neck. I was warm, soothing. I closed my eyes, and he kissed me. This was, perfect.

When I woke up in the morning, He wasn't there. I worried. Suddenly two men came and immobilized me. What was going on ? Who were those guys ? Why did they catch me ? Then a third man came with a straightjacket and they made me wear it. We went downstairs, and as they led me to the outside, I saw Nancy in a wheelchair, talking with a man. I heard her talking

« We always knew my brother was kind of different. I spent my life taking care of him, because I knew he was fragile. Since yesterday everything was okay, he never had crisis, and if we except those strange paintings which represent always the same man, my brother's mental health was normal . But I guess he did forget his medecine yesterday. And he acted as if the man of his picture, Gabriel, was real. I tried to enter in his game, but he thought I didn't like Gabriel. How could I explain to my insane brother that I can't speak with ghosts ? This night he became mad, and pushed me in the stairs. Obviously, he thought I throw Gabriel out of the house. »

Then she saw me. I saw tears in her eyes.