

## The Revelation

I couldn't forget. Everytime I came to think about something else, I just had those painful and tough images in my head, coming back over and over. It could have happened a month, a year, a day ago, it was the same to me. It was like I had lost all notions of time since the car accident. Each time I closed my eyes, all I saw was this car, and the hospital's white walls. I could just hear the doctors whispering all those bad news, that scare you to death. Yet I knew my life had to go on, I also knew it was bad to let all those memories haunt my life whereas I was still there. One thing was still bothering me though, the fact that I had this huge black hole inside all those memories. The last thing I could remember was this look, over the doctors' faces. All I knew was how it felt like, this horrible feeling, and at this point, I guess I knew, deep down, that I would never be the same, that something was about to change, and that I would always carry this pain in my chest.

But I didn't want to think of that again, it was though enough. In the darkness of my room, I could barely see the bright of the full moon through my window curtain. Composing the service station's number, I was still lost in my memories.

"Hallo?"

"Hi, it's Elisabeth. It's you Holly, great. I was scared that the office would already be empty, anyway I'll be late tomorrow because I..."

"Anybody here? Hallo! Warren, Warren, is that you? Warren, please answer me you can't just vanish like that, I can't handle more, not with what already happened..."

She looked really afraid and worried, her voice was shaking, and not in a good way.

"It's Elisabeth, are you okay?"

"Hallo...? Warren...?. I can't hear you, I think there is a problem with the phone, try again please."

The phone? Odd. She hung up. Poor Holly, she was hoping it was her son. He had been missing for two days, it never happened before. He was young, kind, a good kid who deserved all the love of the world and I think he had it but he didn't show up at home two days ago, and nobody knew what happened to him. She called the police, but nothing, not even a clue. Holly had been a friend of mine since high school, and I used to spend all my week-ends at her place, we could talk for hours, once we even created a band, we were planning to tour the world, but of course it didn't happen. She was my best friend, and that killed me to see her like that. She had quitted her last job two months ago, and my father and I asked her to come to work with us, she accepted right away... I didn't want to go to bed late, the following day was going to be a big day, I had to help her find her son, but first I had to help my dad at the station, and since my car was broken down...

Since I couldn't warn my father or Holly I would be late -because of that damn phone- I preferred losing a couple of minutes of sleep and leaving earlier than usual but keeping my dad out of worry in being late. Besides I had no time to waste. And since time flies by, I didn't even eat, I wasn't hungry anyway. It was a beautiful day, no clouds around, I could admire the sun rising, and I could hear the birds waking up. It was a wonderful time, and finally -I mean even tired and by foot-, I was thankful for just being there, at that very time. I knew I was walking, but yet, I felt like flying a hundred miles above. I didn't give up, no I didn't, even when I thought life wasn't worth it, even when I hoped to never wake up of all the pain I felt when the surgeon's hands touched me and when I tried to move, right after the accident, even just a finger. Just remembering it made me sick. I preferred not to think of that, and just to enjoy the moment. I didn't give up, and now I could appreciate everything I was living. I felt a little guilty though because my best

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friend was a mess, her son was missing, people were dying everywhere, planes were crashing, and I felt good... Anyway, for once I just wanted to be there, alone with myself. Clouds started to show up, but it didn't matter, nothing actually did matter but the fact I was there to enjoy the beauty of the world. And at that time, I realized it was like I had been blind so far. It was like I was seeing those landscapes for the very first time. I couldn't explain it, maybe the fact of caressing the death like I did, had just woken me up, but why now? I didn't want to know. This new feeling was so intense that I almost fell into tears, I could barely breathe, but I was happy of this revelation even if I felt something was missing. I had been carrying a strange feeling since the accident and I thought the missing thing had something to do with that.

I was suprised to be that close to the gas station because I didn't pay attention to time. But I was at five minutes from it already. It was quiet, calm, the sun was a little higher and I was warm, it was perfect. I arrived, smiling, well dressed in my working clothes.

"-Dad? Holly? Anybody here? "

I asked, even if I could guess they probably wouldn't be there, I was a little late anyway . I noticed there was nothing written on the door "Shut until ... (unspecified day) next service station: five miles away." It was closed? Why? What happened? I was about to freak out, but I saw my father sitting outside. I just pushed the chair under the window to talk to him through it.

"Dad? What are you doing here that early? I saw you closed the station today, why? What's wrong? And did you see Holly, I gotta talk to her, I think she really needs my help right now..."

"I'm really sorry honey, I closed for you today you know."

"For me, but why ? Oh, I'm sorry I'm late, it's just that my car broke down, and I..."

"I should have been there..."

"Dad, are you okay? I mean, you seem weird...?"

"I'm okay... I'll be okay, I know you don't want that, you want me to be fine, I know that sweetie... Don't worry..."

He was crying, his words didn't reflect his acts.

He was looking at the sun, crying but quietly, lost in his thoughts. Something was wrong, I knew it because usually he wasn't that quiet, but asking all the time for Holly and I to do some stuff here, to make everything perfect, as he always said. He looked very white and thin. I was worrying now...

"-Dad...? What happened? You want me to call the doctor or something? "

"-I'm so sorry you know... "

"-Okay it's not funny, I'm begging you, tell me what's going on, because you know me, I'm gonna freak out in any second... Maybe I'm gonna be pissed off first. "

Without saying a word, he just got in to call someone I didn't know, I was about to follow him, to at last know what was wrong first with him and to know how was doing this poor Holly too, but I saw her outside, which suprised me, she was in a car with some of our common friends. I rushed out at once, but she was already leaving, I guessed she didn't see me. But where was she going to? What was she up to? I wanted to go back to my father, I was really anxious now about both of them, but no one inside.

"-Dad? Where are you? Please, what's going on, you know I don't like when you don't want to talk to me, so please. Is something wrong? "

No one, definitively. I heard a car start then, I rushed out again, it was him, leaving too. I was completely panicked now, it came that this well started day was turning out like hell. I was worrying, for Holly, for my dad, something was happening, and I didn't know what. I felt so powerless. Just like it wasn't enough, the sky was becoming more and more grey, it was about to rain.

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I decided to follow him, I started to run, imagining some awful stories, the worst stories actually I was ready to accept, ready to survive to. My mother's death made me a little, well, sensitive, I was working on that, I didn't want to be a weight for my father then, it was the same today. But I knew I still had a lot of work to do... I assumed he didn't want me to follow him, because he didn't even stop the car, whereas he might certainly see me running behind, I even saw his eyes on me in the mirror. Hopefully we lived in a little town near the gas station, and we approached the limit of the city. For once, I was grateful of all those years of running in the high school team. What surprised me was that he was taking a road no one usually used, the one that was driving to the cemetery. "Oh no!!" I thought. "Someone died." That was why he was so weird, but who? And what was he protecting me from, not telling me? I stopped a few steps before entering in the limits of the cemetery, preparing myself and also to take my breath again after running that fast. Once ready, at least as much as I could be, knowing someone was dead, I decided to walk in. But I stopped again «oh, no, Warren, oh no no no...» It couldn't be true, he was just a little boy, I remembered looking after him years ago. But it was certainly him, he was dead, he just vanished days ago and now they had found his corpse lying in the woods half-devoured by a huge bear or something that horrible, poor Holly. Rushing to the gathering of people, I felt like my heart was about to leave my chest, like it was beating so fast, that it would stop in any second. I wanted to cry so badly, but I knew his mom didn't need that. They seemed so far, like I could never reach them. I made a step ahead, and it was like I just made two steps behind, it was very frustrating, and horrible. I wanted to shout, I wanted to go back about an hour ago, when I was well, and almost at peace. But I was well here, in a cemetery, and I had to make my farewells to a kind sixteen year-old boy. But why wasn't I aware? I would ask them more explanations about all that, even if it didn't really matter, no, a child was dead, for what damn reason could I ask them more explanations. I was lost, I didn't know what to do and I knew that besides they probably had the best intentions not telling me. At last, I arrived right behind them, some of them were crying. I was going to take Holly in my arms, but near her, I saw her son. He was there, he was back...? God, since when? I smiled realizing he wasn't dead. But, then, who was it? God I wanted it to stop, all of that, all that damn day. Unfortunately, issues were just beginning for me. No, I would never be the same, that was for sure...

Instead of just trying to guess who was dead, I looked at the name over the grave. I couldn't believe it, in one second, my whole world just vanished, I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think. All I could do was staying there for what appeared to me like being the eternity. Instead of thinking about what I just found out, I was looking at the wind whispering in the trees. I was just listening to the rain on the umbrellas, and I realized I didn't feel anything, I was empty, empty of life. All around me was darkness, I was slipping in a very dark and quiet hole, right underneath my feet. I still didn't know what to think, so instead, I let my mind fly over the heads, with the ravens attracted by death. I just wanted to think of the bright colors of the leaves, and the clouds shapes: a dragon, a witch, a turtle... Nature was singing, and the wind, the trees, the grass were dancing around me. I had never felt so many feelings at the same time: sadness, grief and sorrow, confusion, anxiety, regrets but I also felt relieved because they were okay, soothed, calm and amazed in front of the beauty of the sight I could admire. The rain was calming down, the sun was piercing the clouds which created a splendid rainbow. Then I wanted to focus on the people that were there, but when I lowered my head, nobody was there, I was alone in this death field. I was right, something did happen, something awful and sad. I smiled, not because of what I knew, but because I remembered, the black hole was filled: the accident, and what happened right after, the hospital, the doctors' faces, I remembered the

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cold, my blood slowing down its race... I wasn't proud of me at all, no, because all the credits I gave to myself earlier were unwell-founded, because finally I did give up, I wasn't as brave as I wanted to think. But a little part inside me was telling me that it wasn't my fault, I believed it, for my own sake... At least I knew I didn't give up easily, no, I tried to resist, I did all I could, and that was exactly what I needed to think right now, if I didn't want to lose my mind.

I was alone, alone but at peace, in front of a grave, on which was written: "To our beloved daughter and friend: Elisabeth."

The End

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