

V CONCURSO ESCRITURA CREATIVA 2013 DE LA ESCUELA DE LENGUAS MODERNAS

Une perception de l'âme

JOSE MARÍA SOTO

De cette douce ardeur
Je vais te confier toutes mes peines.
Tu verras les vitraux de mon cœur
Ce temple déjà libéré de la haine.

Le tendre et profond silence
Inonda les anges en pierre
Et, sans la force ni la violence,
Tombèrent chacun des masques de la terre.

Le goût de cette souffrance,
Les ombres des ténèbres
Abîment mon enfance
Livre mince des oraisons funèbres.

Les murs de mon temple ne demandent aucune délicatesse,
Minuscules morceaux d'une énorme fontaine.
À quoi sert déjà un regard de tendresse
Ces ruines ne seront plus les merveilles anciennes.

Des cris jamais entendus d'une mère,
Des cris des lutins fous dans la profondeur,
Des larmes vierges qui désespèrent,
Entourage de mon château de frayeur.

Or, viendras-tu fouiller dans le marécage ?
Crois-tu que les parois seront remplacées de dentelle ?
Est-il possible de changer ce paysage ?
Avec amour nulle contrainte ne sera éternelle.

Comme les sorcières et leur exécration magie noire,
Existent-ils des êtres lumineux,
Des créatures qui me donnent la foi, à ce que je veux croire
Afin de rendre mon temple heureux.

Les statues aux yeux sombres plongées dans la sueur,
La même dégoutante substance qui coule les murs,
Mon esprit éloigné de la céleste douceur
Après cet exécration tourment mon âme sera enfin pure.

À travers les châtiments des peines,
Mon souffle est enfin libéré.
Je quitte donc les infâmes chaînes
Et pars vers le chemin illuminé.

Schizophrenia

DIEGO RODRÍGUEZ ZAVALA

« **A**près avoir laissé passer tant de temps sans franchir, sans mot dire, j'ai enfin pris le courage nécessaire pour lui écrire quelques lignes. Je pourrais parler d'une centaine de choses et mon discours pourrait être teint d'une rhétorique pathétique aussi bien que soutenue, en débitant de bons arguments qui tenteraient d'expliquer ce qui s'est passé le mois dernier. Nonobstant, je n'ai pas pu trouver une réponse logique et satisfaisante qui puisse éclaircir nos pensées... »

La soirée était glaciale, mais la chaleur émise par le chandelier était suffisante pour Jean-Jacques. Étant profondément concentré sur la lettre qu'il composait, de petits détails comme le froid, la faim, ou bien le sommeil, n'étaient que de petites choses sans aucune importance. À quoi bon de penser à ces soucis lorsque le cœur accélère son battement ? Il y a naturellement d'autres gênes qui méritent beaucoup plus d'attention et Jean-Jacques le savait très bien.

Né sous le régime de la Terreur, le jeune homme devint orphelin le premier jour du massacre du château d'Aux au cours de la révolte vendéenne, à peu près quand il avait deux ans – c'était son anniversaire. Son cousin Jean Loirant, gracié par la commission militaire en raison de son âge, accepta la responsabilité de le prendre en charge. Depuis ce temps-là ils avaient vécu dans une grande maison près de la Loire, jusqu'à la mort de Jean, qui fut affreusement déchiqueté un mois auparavant.

« ... J'ai commencé à croire qu'il existait un monde irréel et fantastique dehors. Un univers plein de créatures malveillantes et démoniaques. La cruauté humaine n'est pas si grande ! Tu le sais bien, j'ai vu des atrocités incroyables au sein de la Grande Armée, mais jamais dans la vie je n'aurais pu concevoir telle affreuseté... À quoi bon d'attacher ses membres ? Il n'était pas suffisant de l'avoir égorgé ? Ce monstre invisible, être satanique et puissant, vient des enfers pour faire payer aux assassins de tous martyres, je le sais... »

L'homme était assis au bureau de sa chambre. En face de lui, il y avait une fenêtre entrouverte donnant sur le jardin qui permettait aux lucioles d'aller et venir au rythme d'une danse macabre. Au loin on pouvait entendre des sons bizarres et mystérieux. Il semblait que Jean-Jacques était déjà habitué à cela.

On disait qu'elle était hantée, cette banlieue. Le voisinage racontait que depuis la mort de M. Loirant, des cris perçants s'entendaient aux alentours presque toutes les nuits. Était-ce quelqu'un de ce monde, qui poussait de tels bruits ? On dirait que non, puisqu'ils étaient si intenses et pleins d'une allure terrifiante qu'on dirait infernale.

« ... Je te demande de t'en aller aussi loin que possible. Les jours passent et la peur grandit au village. Hier, le corps mutilé de Madame Le Maire est apparu tout déchiré. Avec elle, ce sont huit citoyens, ceux qui ont été assassinés. Je ne voudrais pas qu'un jour on te trouve immuable, sans cœur et sans oreilles... »

Même si on pensait que le village était pris par des forces obscures, les victimes qu'on avait retrouvées ne furent tuées que par un homme mortel, dont le mysticisme qu'on lui attribuait n'était plus grand que sa faiblesse : la folie... il était un être tourmenté, plein de ressentiment mais pas capable de l'exprimer d'une manière orthodoxe.

Ce meurtrier aimait se revêtir de boue avant de faire la chasse aux villageois. Pour arracher la vie des personnes, il disposait d'une faux toute rouillée et d'une faucille pointue avec lesquelles il traversait la poitrine de ses victimes, en même temps qu'il gémissait d'une façon diabolique. C'est alors que les gens pensaient que le responsable de ces forfaits était un être d'outre-monde.

« La Chasse à été notre compagne ce jour-là : on a pu échapper des griffes infernales qui nous menaçaient et notre vie a été sauvagée. Mais aura-t-on toujours le même destin ? Pas possible ! Pour cette raison, il faut que nous... »

- **Parbleu ! Le démon est ici !-** Jean Jacques s'est écrié tout d'un coup et s'est mis debout en renversant l'encrier sur la lettre.

Dès la fenêtre, il a pu observer quelques silhouettes qui s'approchaient en vacillant sur leurs jambes. Des chuchotements inquiétants s'intensifiaient en même temps que les figures s'éclaircissaient, grâce à la pleine lune qui venait de

sortir. C'étaient des êtres sinistres : des haillons de viande et de toile, attachées aux os découverts, volaient dans le vent frôleur qui s'était intensifié tout d'un coup. Ils étaient des morts-vivants ! Des créatures putrides créées par le Satan et relâchées dans ce monde pour accomplir sa volonté.

Jean-Jacques, ne résiste plus ! L'homme tourna sa tête et, pour comble de malheur, l'un de ces cadavres se trouvait là, à côté de lui. Il a pu regarder des asticots qui tombaient jusqu'au sol. La chambre était alors embaumée d'une odeur dégoûtante, pareille à celle qu'on sent aux cimetières.

-Vade retro, Satan ! Jean-Jacques était rempli d'effroi, il savait que ce démon allait le tuer ; donc, il a pris le chandelier qui restait sur le bureau et a frappé fortement la tête du cadavre, qui à son tour est tombée aux pieds de l'homme. – **ce monstre a invoqué les morts-vivants !-**

Sans beaucoup y penser, il a couru vers la porte de derrière. Mais... Tant pis ! Les autres diables étaient déjà dans la maison ! Ils voulaient l'attraper, peut-être, pour l'emmener à son maître, le Meurtrier aux faucilles.

Jean-Jacques, ne voulant pas mourir violemment, s'est muni d'une grande faux que son cousin gardait dans l'armoire du couloir. Il a alors commencé à trancher des têtes : des coups allaient et venaient ; il ne regardait même pas où il frappait. C'était la folie, l'envie de survivre, quand-même !

-Laissez-moi ! Laissez-moi ! Le malheureux criait. Quelques instants plus tard, de larges flaques rougeâtres avaient teint le sol et l'odeur d'une lutte sanguinaire tenue contre les forces malveillantes remplissait tout le couloir. Jean-Jacques était très agité, son cœur battait rapidement et la sueur parcourait les creuses de son visage.

L'image était funeste. Une dizaine de cadavres saignaient sans cesse. Jean-Jacques n'en croyait pas ses yeux, il avait réussi à abattre tous ces démons. Mais ... Attendez ! Les têtes riaient et fixaient leurs regards sur lui ! Elles avaient éclaté de rire, comme si elles se moquaient de la malchance de Jean.

- À quoi bon, tout ça ? Tout de suite, il a pris la faux à nouveau et recommença à trancher. Tête par tête, il a frappé ...

Soudain, le malheureux tourna son regard vers le miroir qui penchait près de la porte de sa chambre. L'image qu'il était en train d'observer était notamment incroyable : le meurtrier aux faucilles ! C'était lui, le meurtrier aux faucilles !!

Tout étonné, il a regardé les corps qu'il venait de massacrer. Ils étaient les gendarmes du village, pas de morts-vivants ! Jean-Jacques était effrayé de lui-même, il ne pouvait pas arriver à comprendre ce qui se passait. En arpentant, il est entré dans sa chambre, pour voir qui avait-il tué avec le chandelier.

Sur le sol restait le corps immuable de son amoureuse. Une grande blessure au crâne laissait voir le cerveau **-Ma belle ! Pourquoi ? Non !!!** Très doucement, il s'est approché d'elle et l'a prise entre ses bras, en lui donnant de petits baisers sur le front. Ses larmes se mélangeaient avec le sang de sa bien-aimée, qui ne recevrait jamais la lettre qu'il était en train de composer.

-La lettre ! Jean-Jacques se mit debout et marcha vers le bureau pour prendre la lettre. Elle était trempée d'encre... D'un air triste, l'homme saisit entre ses mains le papier. Puis, il prit la plume et commença à écrire ces mots :

« À quoi bon penser aux soucis quand on sent le cœur qui s'éteint ? Le sang, qui ne parcourt plus mes veines comme jadis, aux jours de printemps, s'accumule tranquillement sous ma chair pour jaillir de mon existence.

Il sera bien agréable de ressentir la caresse bienveillante du vent pur, effaçant toutes les inquiétudes qui ont troublé mon esprit. La belle Artémis –témoin fidèle de mes forfaits- me sauvera pour la dernière fois. Elle prendra garde de moi jusqu'à ce que mes yeux ne regardent que l'immensité du néant, ouvert à moi par le baiser magique des rochers pointus qui m'attendent.

Je serai libre enfin ! Les terribles crépitations de mon cœur furent éphémères et la folie ne pourra plus combler mon esprit, pas non plus ! Maintenant je ne suis pas moi. Non ! Je ne suis personne ! Je me dépouillerai donc de ma prison en acceptant humblement la main d'Atropos, qui va couper sans pitié le fil de mes jours. Tout m'est égal ! »

Ayant terminé, Jean-Jacques s'est dirigé au grenier, puis au toit. Le paysage était merveilleux : la pleine lune s'imposait devant toutes les étoiles et les arbres brillaient d'une tonalité argentée. Il est bien nécessaire de dire à ce point-ci que la maison du malheureux comportait trois étages, sans y compter le grenier... Trois étages qu'il a crus trente au cours de son départ ... trois étages qu'on aurait dits éternels ... Eternels du toit au sol...

Tick, Tock, Chew Some

MARIELA LÓPEZ

The sound of the 13 clocks, which chimed perfectly at 9:00 pm, was in charge of warning it was time to go to bed. Everyone had five minutes to get to their rooms and cover themselves with the green sheets. Otherwise, they would have to deal with the 13 keyclosed doors at exactly 9:06 pm and, therefore sleep outside.

All the kids ran rapidly towards their bedrooms, not only to avoid sleeping in the hallway, but because of the possible consequences that action represented. Victoria subtly laughed.

The feeling of joy was a rare thing for her. Being close to a bunch of stupid kids who only worried about making dolls talk and chasing soccer balls

increased her contempt towards them. At the age of ten, she had realized that making them suffer gave her a sense of relief and, somehow, made her happy.

She was often in a bad mood, carrying a bitter face and incorporating profanity to her vocabulary. Ever since she could remember, she had felt a constant and keen pain in her teeth. As a result, her only pleasure in the world was the sweet and moist sensation of chewing gum.

Gum, she asked for her birthday. Gum, she asked for Christmas. And gum, she got in any occasion that could involve her receiving a present.

Victoria didn't care about having to sleep outside often; she preferred to spend her nights hidden under an old desk in the lobby, which nobody used, and entertained herself by reading erotic novels she had found in one of the old drawers, novels that some kinky carer had left inside several years ago. Of course, she marked the last page she read by sticking a piece of her gum on it.

When she found out that some kid had been left outside by night, she enjoyed giving them torture. She would take a piece of her gum, force the kids to put it into their own mouth and then began to tickle them. They laughed powerless while the gum rambled in the middle of their throat and made them feel like they were choking. After the fun was over, she managed to get the gum out with enough time for them not to swallow it...and die.

As you can imagine, kids were terribly afraid of her, and she became the reason why they would never be late to bed. She told them that if they said something to the carers of the orphanage, she would find the way to choke them for real, so they remained silent.

Listening to the clock ticking gave her comfort while she fell asleep on the carpet under the desk, waking up early enough to get back to her room by 7:00 am, when they reopened the doors.

She stored her precious gum in a box under her bed and locked it with a key as if it were the most valuable belonging she could ever possess. Her desperation when she ran out of gum ended always in madness, while the pain in her teeth increased by the second. The last time she had ran out of it, she went outside to play with some bunnies they had in the orphanage, but stroked them so hard that she dug her nails until the blood sprouted. As a result, the carers had been getting her bubble gum periodically, to avoid her experiencing that awful pain and losing her mind.

Although she was falling asleep, one seemingly regular night, she was under the old desk reading perverted lines of the books when she heard a sound that called her attention. It was not the sound of the clocks ticking, but a paused, wet sound that came from upstairs.

Annoyed, she stood up and went to the second floor to find out what was so rudely interrupting her late reading, but saw nothing. She kept hearing the piercing sound that mixed with the noise she made by chewing the gum. It felt as if there were several people chewing over and over, and it drove her crazy. She walked straight as the sound became louder and felt closer. Finally, she stopped in front of door number eleven, her room.

She hesitated for a second before opening the door. Normally, she would

not be frightened by anything, but fear invaded her. Nevertheless, she slowly approached her hand to the doorknob and shakily turned it to open.

She woke up.

Her forehead was wet and she was breathing hard. She panicked for a second as imagining she no longer had gum to chew, but was relieved when she could feel the tiny piece inside her mouth. Frenzy, she chewed and chewed as if the gum would disintegrate with every strong bite. The pain in her teeth had become more intense, so she took the last piece of gum she was carrying and also the one she had been using to mark the pages, and masticated until she had a thick gumball to chew against. Then, she kept reading vaguely and after a while she fell asleep.

As any other day, the next morning Victoria went back to her bedroom. She was still agitated by the nightmare, but tried not to think about it. She stared at the big “11” on the door with suspicion, entered the room and lied in her bed for a few seconds before looking under to grab her gum supply for the day, but when she was about to take it, she realized her box was gone.

A scream was heard all over the orphanage. All the carers ran afraid to check what was going on. They got to her room and were stunned at the sight of Victoria who was desperately searching around, trying to find the box. A few tears started to come out of her eyes; anger had possessed her.

Where is my gum?, she yelled while running out of the room, grabbing by the hair with indescribable rage every kid she found on her way.

The carers asked the other kids to return the box with desperation, but no one said a word. The closest store was far away, and it would take a long time for someone to come back with the candy. She screamed with difficulty while taking her fingers inside her mouth to push against her teeth with the purpose of diminishing the pain. Her eyes were red and watery, and showed her suffering. Two carers lifted her and took her to an empty room so she wouldn't hurt the kids, but Victoria kept screaming and crying.

Although one of the carers went outside to get the gum, the rain of the day made it harder to get to any place quickly. In the meantime, the rest of the carers tried to get her something to eat that could feel similar to gum, so they gave her fruits, chocolate and even a piece of vanilla cake with chocolate syrup, but Victoria threw it all and remained in a state of madness. Nobody knew what to do, and they were all going crazy as well.

The other kids were disturbed and some of them started to cry. There weren't that many carers, so a lot of them had to take care of the rest of the children. Finally, the principal decided to give Victoria a painkiller and leave her in the room for a while until she calmed down by herself. Her screams lasted for another hour until there was silence. One of the carers went to check on her and saw she had fallen asleep. It was a hideous picture though because her mouth was open and a considerable amount of saliva came out fluidly, but she was finally quiet and that's all they cared about.

The person who went out to buy the bubblegum came back a few hours later, but since Victoria was sleeping they preferred not to wake her up. The night

came by and it seemed like she was still asleep, at least no sound came from the room where they had left her. None of them wanted to provoke another scene such as the last one, so they figured she could stay there until the next day and early in the morning they would give her the gum she needed so much.

Every day, at exactly 6:30 am, the janitor cleaned the orphanage. He swept a bit and removed some dust here and there around the building. He was mopping the lobby when he saw something on the floor that caught his eye; he grabbed it and stared at it for a few seconds. Its texture was soft and dry at the same time, but the man couldn't figure out what it was and guessed some animal had brought it inside from some random place.

Little did he know that what he had picked up was just a hint of what the carers would find some minutes later, when the clocks ticked at precisely 7:00 am, as they prepared to reopen the doors.

The day before, kids had turned pretty happy after Victoria's incident because she would not be around making their life impossible, and she was locked in a room for the rest of the day. Some of them had taken the freedom to play outside until late hours of the night, ignoring the warning of 9:05 pm and sneaking from the carers through a small hole in one of the walls that was adjacent to the garden.

The first thing the principal did that morning was walking to room number eleven to wake Victoria up and give her the gum. Her steps were rough, like the ones of any woman raised to strive for excellence. When she was almost in front of the room, the keys fell from her hand and she turned pale from head to toes. Victoria was gone. The bed was a mess and the only chair that was in the room had been thrown and broken. The principal got closer and was able to notice that its upper part had some bite marks on it.

She gasped and went out worried. "Have you seen the girl?", she asked to the janitor, but he shook his head. She started to open every other room with rush and checking on the kids. Room number one was fine, and so were number two and number three, but it was different when she opened number four.

Where are Charlie and Emma?, asked a little girl with confusion. A deep scream came from outside.

Stay in your rooms children, she ordered.

The principal ran to the door, got out of the room and stopped shakily when she saw the most nerveracking picture she could have ever imagined: Five little children were on the floor with their pajamas scratched and covered in blood. One of them had half arm peeled out and parts of his face were lifted; another appeared to lack a piece of her ear, others had wounds all over the legs and hands, and their fingers had been reduced to bone. They wondered how it was possible that they couldn't listen to them shouting for help, when they discovered that their mouth had been filled with something that looked like balls of hair.

Two other carers had joined them to observe the terrible scene, but the principal commanded them to go inside and prevent kids from coming out.

As the grownups approached the bodies, they could distinguish that the skin of the children was covered by lines of tiny red marks. Tiny, as the ones you leave when you bite an apple. They were teeth marks.

Suddenly, a boy peered through the door crying. The carers were surprised and they took him inside trying to sooth him. He was not crying because he had seen the orphans on the ground, instead, he pointed at the old desk on the lobby.

At the same time, all the carers approached the desk the kid had pointed at. Victoria was under it, lying in her usual spot, dead. She was blue. Her eyes had the blood vessels broken, her head looked swollen and she had bald spots in it. She was holding one of the erotic novels under an arm and clenching her fists with strength. The janitor bent towards her and opened her hands, finding they were full of pieces of the material he had found earlier. It was skin, large and thin scraps of skin.

Some of the carers started to cry in horror. The clock ticking increased their agitation. With disgust, the janitor opened the mouth of the girl and looked inside. Victoria had a piece of tissue stuck in the middle of her throat, a tissue she had gotten from chewing the skin of her fellow companions in a moment of oblivious desperation and supreme pain, when she woke up in the middle of the night and found them playing outside. As she had been pulling her hair because of the anxiety, she did not encounter a problem in pulling out a portion to stop the kids from screaming while she bit them and chewed their bodies with anger to relieve her pain.

Nevertheless, when she had mortified them enough and left them severely injured or dying, she came back to her usual spot under the desk and continued to read. It was too bad that skin is not anything like gum. The several pieces of skin she had eaten began to accumulate in her little throat, making it impossible for her to swallow later that night.

Indeed, as she had been often doing, and with no intervention of her precious gum, she still managed to torture some kids that night. Sadly, the 13 clocks ticking at exactly 11:05 pm betrayed her by suddenly stopping at the moment she was reading one of the most shocking lines of the novel, which made her swallow the skin she was chewing by accident, blocking her throat. The thing is, she actually provided to someone the sensation of choke and agony that day, only that this particular time, the victim had been herself.

