



**MARIE (ENGLISH  
VERSION)**

**Daniel Olender**



# Marie (English version)

Daniel Olender

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En lecture libre sur [Atramenta.net](http://Atramenta.net)

## The shot

"15 minuti ss madam!" With a strong Russian accent, cold as a tube taken out of a medical fridge, a nurse gave her a usb key marked AZA.

"Thank you, *spaciba*" She tried to get on her good side. Waste of time.

Before, it was everywhere and unlimited. Now, I had to work for free a whole Saturday just for these few minutes ...

Marie entered the cabin. It looked like those they used in Paris to phone in bars a long time ago. The door closed. It allowed only a pitiful day through a window barded with metal. A chair, a table, a computer screen, a meter where she plugged the key.

She was lucky this time. At the beginning, there had been endless rows and clashes. Brigades had intervened. Marie had waited. She did not want to risk her life for that. Her life! She had already lost it anyway. Jeremy had left her for a short-lived conquest met online. It didn't last but she did not have the strength in her to surmount this test and "try again". He had erased the history but forgot to remove the webcam, as cunning as he was! What an idiot! How could have I loved him! And I gave him 4 children!

Her children? They had grown up. Each separately. Before the Great Change, at home, we spoke and we saw each other little. Her husband had his sport channels and she looked at other programs in her room, alone. "A match, it has to be seen on a big screen!" The boys played online. It was so violent! And her daughters sulked: "But mom, it is private, it belongs to us!" What privacy, having put on

Internet their pajama and bra party being 14 and 16? Then they left, living their lives and gave only little news.

As for her family and friends ... what friends?

She moved forward and inserted the gadget. It was slow. The seconds ticked away and she saw every heavy minute as one hour of her work of washerwoman. Finally, the screen ignited.

MARIE CONTANIEUX. 53 YEARS. SINGLE WOMAN. 4 CHILDREN. TIME REMAINING : 10 min.

The computer knew everything about her. Before also, but well. A message displayed automatically: "Within the framework of the plan of digital detoxification led by our Great Leader, you are authorized to consult three sites of your choice and to communicate freely with one of your close friends" Then an official, military and flashy spot praised the virtues of the New World Government. She did not listen any more. It was everywhere, all the time. "Brainwashing!" she thought bitter. With her fingers bent and bruised, she typed the address. Ah! The site was always opened. A cooking site. A simple recipe, all she wanted was to consult a simple recipe, impossible to find:

*CHEESE CAKE "Saint Amour":*

*When this cake is cooked in a heart-shaped mold we call it "Saint Amour". This cheese cake is light and smooth. A small point of Yuzu powder or of lemon peel will give it its pep and allows a very pleasant end of mouth. Very easy to realize ...*

She skipped lines. Fast. Ingredients. To print it was ten kopecks. She had to memorize everything:

INGREDIENTS

300 g of fresh cheese (*I still have some...*)

15 g + 15 g or 30 g of sugar ... (*Ouch!*)

30 g of cornstarch (*Chestnut flour, would that go?*)

2 eggs (*EGGS! where am I going to find them?*)

1 pinch of ...

The page closed. A message appeared: "We thank you Mrs

Contanieux to follow the treatment of digital detoxification proposed by our New Government and its Beloved Leader. We answered your wish and it is for you that this effort was granted. Be freed of this addiction. Like all of us now, you have only a single desire, to serve to your best your great homeland. Glory to Aza, glory to our Great Leader!" She went out noiselessly. The nurse had already left. Outside, a drizzle pierced the rare passers-by bending their head. A lost yellow neon lit an endless street. She didn't want to be seen. It was too hard. A dream. Her past was a dream, the dream of a child who becomes a princess the time of a game.

Home, at last. The second chamber of a collective apartment. The other girls already slept, exhausted by washing linen in basins of icy cold water. She quickly refreshed herself with some water put aside. One of the rare advantages of the laundry. Even the soap was counted. The water, the electricity, the abundance, Internet and business for all, everything would soon return, the Beloved Great Leader had promised. But priority was on the administration, the hospitals, strategic centers, the army and the police. Everything had been destroyed overnight. Without noise. Without attack. Without explosion. A virus? An overheating? In an instant all the countries of the world were thrown into the utmost chaos and complete anarchy. Until the supernatural arrival of "the Solution", accepted with a mad enthusiasm: AZA, a World Government ruled by the Great Leader. Why? What really happened? She knew not. For her, Internet was just her tablet and moments of fun with her friends. Or the last extremely expensive fashion shoe that she would buy in a more affordable version. And the news? Horrors everywhere, all the time. She checked her bank accounts, true. But even the money, the numbers posted on the last line marked "balance" had disappeared. Her papers. Her address. Everything was digitized. Everything was virtual. Everything was false. An illusion. A vapor. A cloud. And everything had gone as cloud in the sun following the huge electric cut and the crash of Internet. When order finally returned, at the time of the Census, she chose "Marie" as the first name of her grandmother with whom she used to go as a kid helping her do

laundry in the communal wash house. As for her "true" first name she had never liked it anyway, she always chose pen names.

Then, three robust kopecks in hand for fifteen minutes of dream, by using electricity which could have help a sick person, it was already good. It was already better. And nevertheless ...

She thought again one moment about the passage of Romeo and Juliet, read in the dented and yellowed book borrowed from the dusty room of the municipal library during her break:

*O, speak again, bright angel! For thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.*

She smiled. Her last "catch", when net was still going on, a casual lover "adopted" on a site, had told her after a night without much delights: "You're the first girl who touched my wiener since my wife left" And then, he never contacted her again. Nor answered any of her messages.

Next Sunday, resolved, she would take one kopeck for a ticket: a ballet of Pushkin. On stage. Real young girls who dance, full of freshness and child's dreams, just like her at their age. And she will be accompanied by Igor, a little bald and sticky, a "ruski", an "invader" as she called them before. But that was before. Maybe she would ask him which papers to fill to obtain this famous solution which would allow her to resume her work of secretary. After all, she was alone, without anybody to help her and at her age, being a washerwoman was to put her health in danger. Public hospitals were still in a pathetic state. Yes, she would ask. She finally fell asleep and unaware, murmured slowly: "Glory to Aza, glory to our Great Leader ..."



## Waiting

One week already. How time flies! Igor made his early ablutions in his personal bathroom and he let the hot water pour as an insult, electrifying her nerves. Such a comfort! Of course, it was not for hot water that she had decided to accept the demand of her "ruski". He was charming after all, despite its insistence. He sometimes had on her a look of anthropologist and the manners of a child on chase for butterflies but he remained soft and thoughtful though he had sometimes some inexplicable mood swings. "Men can be so strange" she thought aloud.

" What did you say, dearr? " Igor had gone out, a white towel marked with the sign of AZA on his shoulder. She knew well this model as her hands had twisted it many times under the ice-cold faucets of the laundry. But she did not wash any more the linen. Nor made her bed. Nor took care of her house.

A house! Her had been devoured long ago by credits impossible to honor and had disappeared legally during the Big Change. It seemed to her like a dollhouse forgotten in an old family attic.

" This house? " An old lady, with a soft and enigmatic smile opened a door. Smells of grass freshly cut invaded every space of her wounded memory. There had been a time of happiness in her life and it refused to make way to the long night which followed.

" Grandma! Are you here? " The shadow faded as Igor pulled sharply on the curtains.

" Mariya, my sleepy bird, get up, it's a big day! " The Demand! It was today! After months following her case, the new authorities had

agreed to receive her. Igor had obtained that she could settle down at his home, but one "problem" delayed the moving. Marie, patient, had waited. She would pay a little more attention to her tasks, not by desire of excellency but rather by the diffuse feeling of being constantly watched.

Yes, she understood the big work that did the New Government and the necessary parades for popular enthusiasm. After all, she used to assist at military shows with her family and danced during Bastille Day. This date entered her heart like a dagger. Nice. 2016. She refused by instinct to see again and again the images of this nameless butchery. Of those who had happened before. And of all those who followed. Her maternal fiber could not assimilate so much horrors nor understand the motivations of some and others. Men liked war, the one we see. But there was another war, invisible and sneaky, dangerous and covered by make-up and fake smiles in plush lounges. Then yes, she preferred her laundry where the only concern of the day was to see lowering a little the pile of dirty linen. There was no cadence. There were no quotas. What for? And how to count, verify, analyze... Then, before another truck poured another pile, the girls hummed Russian or Brazilian airs and Marie sang Claude François or Johnny which the girls just loved. Love as birds sings all year round and under all weather. Tune and words change, the language adds to it an exotic flavor, but the joy of loving and being loved never goes out of fashion. Had she loved? Had she been loved? Yes, long ago when a piece of bread covered with butter and with sugar soaked into a bowl of hot milk put on the table of a farm hidden deep down in her memory.

\* \* \*

"I am really sorry Igor, but she is not ready! Her file will never be approved! I assure you that I made every effort for it!"

"You lie to me of good heart and you do not even hide it, Abraão! Your smile had no effect this time ?"

"Sim claro! You know me! Your friend Natacha may be as cold as

a lake of your country, my Brazilian volcano makes her always boil!"  
Abraão pointed its crotch but Igor shot him with an angry look and raised the voice.

"Then, what is the problem?" Abraão's face changed face. He approached the ear of Igor and whispered to him:

"I do not have the right to tell it to you, do not speak about it and do not never say that it comes from me but we found her daughter!"

Abraão murmured to him even more low:

"And it is not good for you"

## The dawn

*"We are the glorious children of AZA!  
All forward, always straight, let's walk!  
Our Great Leader holds us by the hand  
And it is him who shows us the path!  
Glory, glory to our Guide!  
Glory, glory to AZA!"*

Children scattered like birds in an aviary laughing at the last notes of the hymn of the cadets of Aza. They played and bickered without much consequence, worried of not dirtying their beautiful uniforms. They sat around big tables attended by *babouchkas*, happy to have a bit of youth and company. They got sandwiches of a black and hard bread soaked according to each kid's rank into some water or warm milk. Nobody disputed this order of things. It was necessary from the youngest age to grant to all the joy of living together in the new world government. Some rules would not shake the enthusiasm to build the glorious Homeland. The photographer made some pictures and the bus by leaving erased from the horizon the last one of the smiles.

Tired by so much agitation, the staff had a break.

" Aren't they adorable? "

" What a joy to see them again! "

The day was far from being finished. In camp 27, dedicated to the cleaning of waste, clocks had lost their hands. It was time to prepare for the night. The guards verified their weapons. Sometimes, in this

lost part of the jungle, a wandering animal attracted by smells could attack. " It already happened once, *Pantyukhova* Marie, I was not there yet, but Chandrima told it to me "

Marie noted the feigned insistence of the newcomer. " She wants her points " She despised her with a look then joined the team of supervisors.

"Ah, *Mariya*, here you are! We waited for your report. What a beautiful day for our children! Glory to our Big Leader!" "Glory to Aza!" answered the choir of the leaders. They read some notes, they registered on paper pads the points gained by some. Only 12 were needed to be finally recorded. Without this pad, Marie still remembered it, she did not exist. Simply not.

"Geneviève does not seem to appreciate her place. To sort out fabrics, it is important nevertheless! That's how we all began. Glory to our Leader who taught us to waste nothing. What an arrogance!" The other matrons agreed. Marie knew what it meant. Tomorrow, she will be sent to the medical sorting. And the little of life left in her, she would lost it in the middle of syringes, medicine and filth still mixed.

"A disease will certainly take her, thought Marie, and it will again be necessary to waste some fuel to burn her body!"

Igor had to join her soon. Six months already. While she waited for the answer to the Demand, two men had approached her. She followed them, thinking of some state employees. To her surprise, they led her outside in front of a vehicle.

" We are verry happy to answer your insistence. Please take this taxi which will not be lacking along the way to explain how the big generosity of our beloved Guide has allowed to grant your request. Glory to Aza!" "Glory!" answered tap in the tap Marie, been used now to these pavlovian ceremonies. The guards left her, and nobody forced her to rise. But she knew what she had to do. On the way the driver showed himself very talkative: "What a chance to have! You allocated right now to the Big Cleanup! What a horrible world our parents left us! I spit at their names and I deny my origin to kiss the hand of our Supreme Leader!" At the same moment, Marie

accompanied him by her ritual spit. The Big Cleanup! Deprived of electricity, internet cut and without fuel, the trade world which she had known and which she liked so much had collapsed. All at once. With it, after the plunders and the riots where the crowds had killed each other for a useless flat screen or a fast-exhausted reserve of alcohol, mountains of garbage, abandoned vehicles, tons of plastic covered as a scene of hurricane the centers of big cities left to agony and chaos. When things calmed down, it was necessary to face the facts. The Great Leader had a plan to restore everything and he was going to need the enthusiasm of all. No need to ask for it! People by thousands chanted: "Glory, glory to Aza, glory to our leader!" And day after day, garbage after garbage, each bustled about its task. Marie soon discovered her new post. The *pantyukhova* of the moment welcomed her with a frank embrace. "Glory to Aza, you were able to come! As I, I see that you are eager to work for the good of our Great Homeland! And what a better fate that to have been chosen for camp 27!" She would have sink in the depth of this nauseating ocean if she had not received after a few months a letter of Igor. An official one. With the stamp of Aza.

"*Maryya, ya tibia lioubliou.* I love you with all my heart as your devoted admirer. I had the honor to receive a special mission directly from our Great Leader and I was not able to accompany you during your first affectation. Be brave as you showed it to me always and soon your pad will be filled with stars which will open you the door for the Demand. Glory to our Great Leader, Glory to Aza!"

A pad? Points? Her new state of mind seized in an instant what all this meant ...

"*Patyua?* Can we go to bed?" Marie, lost one moment in her memories, went out of her musing. She also had to sleep also to carry out bravely her task. Yes, a New World offered itself to her! Yes, Igor loved her! Yes, the Great Leader would succeed in restoring the world. Yes!

The night advanced hot and clingy. Shouts and screams disturbed a band of monkeys. They left through the thick foliage of an endless jungle. Far off, one abnormally hot sun pierced the toxic mists of

immense garbage dumps which spread out as far as the eye could see and drew to the Lost Continent an unhealthy horizon where death itself did not venture any more. Only some barges poured on poisoned banks more and more waste. Sometimes a cargo plane released on this infinite discharge a salvo of bombs become useless. Since the appearance of the Great Leader and his world plan for peace, accepted and signed by all nations, war had disappeared, eradicated of the planet and peace had finally become the song of men.



## The gift

"*Mariya, moyé cerdtche cgaraiet ot lioubi*, my heart burns of love for you! How you changed! You became so strong and so proud! The glory of Aza glitters in your eyes"

" Igor, *ya menia gave a doucha gorit*, I'm so moved to see you again!

And what a magnificent suit! Another medal? You will tell me all your exploits soon! Thank you for coming for the Ceremony "

After two years, Mariya had been named director of the camp 27. Under her guidance, considerable progress had been made and the Ministry had been informed about it. The Big Leader also had kept promises. There was now electricity! Not these dirty meters which spied on you by extracting your very life sometimes before the Big Change.

No! A "Warden-Klinsky" tower had been installed and the harmonious waves of Tesla flooded the camp. When reserves were needed, it bustled, attracted thunderstorms and blazing flashes of lightning came down in gigantic bows, streaking the night black of luminescent arabesques, terrifying the jungle of metallic sounds and filling it with crackling ozone. The Big Leader brought down the fire from the sky! And not for His glory, but for the beloved people of AZA! From "A" to "Z". To redistribute everything back to "A"

With this precious help, big works were undertaken. Marie oversaw the digging of the Hole, an immense construction planned to bury billions of cubic meters of waste. Filled with quantum oscillators, their vibrations would vaporize in one moment up to

molecules of accumulated garbage of the time before. The Time of Babylon. The accesses of the camp had been largely cleared and nocodes dug furrows for the next plantation of potatoes. The soldiers did on the sly a vile vodka. Mariya knew it of course but she let it pass. Men should have fun little. Moreover, there was going to have an exceptional opportunity for that: the Ceremony.

"It is with an immense honor and a very big pride that we welcome among the Codes our beloved Mariya. Devoted since the Big Change, every moment of her life had only a single purpose, a single motive: the Glory of Aza!" Igor hammered the sentences. They resounded in the air as on anvils of titanium. 5D Images were projected in sphere all around the assembly. Marie, moved, held firmly her hand by squeezing the bandage which still recovered it. "Don't bleed, not now!" she thought.

Igor stopped dead. He examined her intensely, a strange light in his eyes darkened by the strength of his look.

"Why, Mariya, would you hide your blood? Be proud of it!"

He took her by the hand, raised her arm, tore away the bandage and she made a superhuman effort not to scream as the wound was still painfully lively. Igor brandished his trophy: "Look how our Big Leader rewards those who by their acts and their value deserve your respect!"

There was a shock. Of admiration. Of desire. Of determination. To become a Code! Finally! It was possible! In front of the assembly, everywhere and all around at the same time, amplified by fields of distortion lasers, Marie's hand appeared as an immense hooked spider. On the top, visible to all, an implant, hardly rusty, was put and screwed straight to the bone through hardened flesh. The operation dated a week and despite a high fever, it set. On top, three numbers were engraved: 536.

The row, the order and the merit.

"Never more will the tyrants be adulated for their privileges and their laziness! Never more will money dominate your hearts! Never more the insult of inactivity will destroy your lives! Look! Today

Mariya joined the Codes, and with which notation! One 5 of the entrance! Bravo, bravo to you, Mariya! " A thunder of applauses covered the subsonic beatings of one of the rare songs still left from the Time of Babylon, an extract of Pink Floyd:

*"Hammer, to hammer, tear down the Wall!"*

*Hammer, to hammer, tear down the Wall!"*

"Yes, Glorious People of Aza, our Big Leader rewards your efforts! And he also punishes those who made you suffer so much! In Tribute to Mariya, here is your reward!" The crowd kept silent all at once. Soldiers brought a group of wild and bristly men and women, lost in the middle of the arena of railings which had just formed in the middle of the assembly. Igor gave a collusive look at Marie. "Look: your ex-husband! No, no, do not spit, I know your heart. Free you!"

He wanted to hug her, but she withdrew with an abrupt movement. How her, a simple Code, could be so close to a Supra-Code? She did not want to soil her hero! He understood her confusion and presented then her a small box of sculptured wood: "let make for today" He squeezed her for the last time and left with his escort. She watched him going away, eyes filled with a submission and a canine love for this master who had taught her so much. Then, infected by contained hatred, she advanced towards the railings. With an electric cane, she struck bars at chosen places.

"Larisa! What have done that one?" "He kidnapped my daughter in my village in Romania, beat her and then abused her. He sold her to the soldiers of Kosovo!" Raw and shocking images splashed the vibrating space with aggravated violence.

"Ahmed, what have done that one?" "He threw us overboard when he saw the coast guards in the Mediterranean Sea! My brother did not survive"

"And that one, this bitchy girl, this dog, what did she make?" Four stout women roared: "she stole us from our husbands, then stripped them of our savings, those of a whole life!"

" Hammer, Hammer, To death, To death! "

" Break down the Wall! Let us destroy the Wall! "

" Yes, my friends, this evening, the Justice of Aza is going to speak! This evening, our Big Leader rewards your efforts! This evening, our Beloved ruler gives you the burning desire of your hearts! Justice! This evening, the old world and its horrors will disappear in front of you! Let us destroy the wall which separates the peoples! Let us destroy the very bricks which build the barrier between the powerful and the poor people! "

« AZA ! AZA ! AZA ! »

In a mystic trance, galvanized by the unchained crowd, Marie pointed her cane toward the tower supporting an immense brass ball. A flash of lightning of an incredible power came down on the prisoners. Only her ex-husband stayed alive. Ballasted by heavy shoes, completely shocked by the scene, he was paralyzed, not understanding what had happened. Taken by a patrol while he roamed for weeks after the Fall, the events had no more meaning for him. His verdict arrived.

"As for that one, here is the worst kind. Hidden in his lounge by a mouse click! Poor madman! By your fault, so many traffics! So much flouted innocence! So much drugs! So much violence to feed your vices! You lived as a pig, you will die as a pig!" Marie stopped dead. She gave him a look so black that her ex-husband realized suddenly whom she was. How would he have been able to recognize her? Triumphant, she moved slowly such an antique priestess and settled down in the grandstand. The Ceremony was broadcasted by tours and she needed to be at her best. Hogs were released. Taken in this paroxysm of vengeance, as the condemned screamed for the last time, she enjoyed. With an eye full of concupiscence, she indicated two guards and gave vacation for the rest of the evening to her team. The girls threw themselves into the arms of the soldiers and the arena gave way to a track of dance. They covered with sawdust the still hot pools of blood and in the sound of the last composition of Vladimir Rovkirski "The sirens of Babylon" couples were made and danced till late in the night:

*"Babylon, oh Babylon, you stole my life*

*You took my spirit Mother madam,  
This evening we shall burn your heart!  
Witch, shrew, you dominated the earth  
I shall bury you there, I shall bury you there!  
How did you fall, Queen of prostitutes?  
In one hour, in one hour!  
How did you fall, Queen of prostitutes?  
In one hour, in one hour!*

*Again, I found my heart  
Again, I found my Malika  
My girl with the beauty spot  
My girl with the beauty spot "*

Marie spent two hours quenching her animalistic passion. Then, dismissing the guards, dipped with sweat and seed, she tasted once again the powerful poison of hatred. One by one her memories, such as needles of a voodoo doll, entered and went out of her heart, deforming her lips with a dirty grin. She had wet dreams and, in the morning, very early, she prepared the coffee with the kilo sent specially for the opportunity. While the unusual smell spread among the camp, she opened the small casket that had been offered by Igor. It contained a pack of cigarettes. She took one, lit it and while she smoked, instead of warming itself, her body paralyzed, leaving her suddenly solitary in an immense ocean of ice. The emptiness she felt seemed to her deeper than the Hole which she oversaw. Her vengeance finally quenched had changed nothing. The long night continued, and the furtive shadows had thickened, darkening her soul. She got up as a puppet, with empty eyes and a frozen heart. She took the way of the jungle and disappeared in the morning mist, irresistibly attracted by the soft smell of a sweet sandwich of butter and hot milk.



## The Hole

She put her safety helmet. And signed the register. By habit? No, when we must leave, let's do it well. That our disappearance will be dignified. Graduated. Conscious. Strategic. The climax of a life dedicated to perfection where death is the only perfect conclusion. Don't bring back a little of life to save a being so purified! Don't impose on a still young body the torture of aging! She moved forward the telescopic arm which controlled the crane of supervision. The drill had been removed for inspection. A present of Hellion Musky. His inventions hit the headlines before the Fall. The day pointed and drew on the Hole a halo of light which got lost in the depths. How many meters? Nobody knew. The engineers had reached a cavity and various theories circulated. She knew the echo. The shouts of some contrary nocode had resounded there and the soldiers, laughing bet on the minutes. She would hear her own echo, for a long time. Fascinated as a cat by a half opened cardboard, her eyes tried to find the bottom. From the blackness came out images, sounds. The wind grew slowly on the fork which rocked as a hammock.

" Come, come Marie, join me! " Join Jeremy, this pork! He had deserved his end. Hell awaited him. Hell? So much superstitions! Paradise, angels and lottery tickets. No, the Big Leader had opened their eyes, happiness should be deserved, and the judgment is here when the leaders love justice and their people! "Glorious people of Aza" she thought. She had understood the absolute, mathematical and binary wisdom, behind so many barriers, codes, and steps. In a

perfect world perfect rules, put on a healthy base, were needed. Then every element found its place and the collective happiness flooded on the face of each. But then why? Why this emptiness? All her life returned to her. Not as in a movie, comfortably set to nibble at some popcorn as in the time of Babylon. It was a grapeshot, sustained fire of immediate and motionless images, that jumped within a quantum moment. Moment after moment. With each, a reproach. A strong advice. A correction. A punishment. A training. And for the same thing, two rules, and even three! And it was always HER fault. Nothing was ever good! Then, when the world government settled down, with an absolute simplicity under bureaucratic riddles and authoritarian decisions, mentally, Marie accepted. Then adopted. Embraced. And yesterday, she had finally realized all her dreams, glory to Aza!

It was time. In the kitchen, the first newcomers certainly had asked themselves questions. Some coffee? They would not look for her, that was sure. She was *menedzhera lagerya*, responsible for the camp. And Code, since yesterday. But who would take care of N°27? Not her younger assistant, quite honeyed and false, despite her points. Not her strong lover, dedicated as a rock but incapable to manage a team. Who? Of the Hole went up a tepid vapor. The sun had strengthened. Fatigue and excesses of the day before beat down on her. Rocked by the crane, as in her childhood by the arms of her grandmother, she fell asleep profoundly. Notes for a long time forgotten finished removing of her spirit its first decision:

*Little girl, it is bedtime  
Close your eyes  
Listen to the stars  
Everything is quiet, resting  
You hear bells tinkling  
And tomorrow morning, little girl  
You will find in your slippers  
All the toys which you dreamed about  
Little girl, it is bedtime.*



## The reunion

"Come on, m'dam, move forward! Can't you see you are blocking the way?"

In the lifeless mists of a badly unfinished dream, an insistent and vulgar voice took out Marie of her musing. What a boldness for a nocode to wake her so! New comer surely, whom it will be necessary to teach respect. Marie turned around sharply and showed the top of her hand to the impertinent. "Look, idiotic girl, 536" She pointed proudly the chip which had cost her so much and made her suffer so much. There was nothing on her hand. She made a rapid tour of the situation. Flashes of light crushed her eyes. The diffuse hubbub of busy customers, cut by diverse announcements destabilized her. "Good morning madam, do you have the store card?" She did not understand. A milky whirlwind of stars threw itself on her and she collapsed, causing a shock in the middle of the rows of the supermarket. The guard called the medics and Marie was taken far from the place of purchase towards the hospital.

" Poor Jeremy, I did not know that I held it against him so much! "

" Mom, it was only a dream! You know, if you keep things inside, after a while, that blocks. I sent you an e-mail on that, you did not read it? I did put you in copy with all my contacts!"

"An e-mail?" A disproportionate smile destroyed the cramped space of the room. Rays of light seemed to pass between them and Nadia moved back a little, surprised with this sudden brightness on the face of her mother. " *You would have made a good Pantyukhova on Aza, too bad*" she thought. "No, my darling, I had not read your

e-mail. But tell me, what are you doing at the moment? Do you see anybody?"

" You will see that on my profile, I have to take off, I have an on-line evening on a new role play which has just gone out, "Papers, Please!" You had to hear about it! It is on all the media! Mom, try to follow a bit at least or you'll be out! "

In the early hours, after the merry-go-round of the diverse authorizations, Marie went out of the hospital. It was nothing, a small drop in blood pressure. Along the way, a girl approached her:

" Madam, a writer is there, do you want take advantage of his presence the during your stay here? "

" I was leaving to be exact... " She did not leave. She decided to accompany this young student who certainly did that to pay a part of her studies. What a liberty! To change road at random of a whim! What a perfume! The air of AZA was sorely lacking it, as if a hand had put on this world of busy and unconscious ants an opaque and soundproof bell.

"Yes madam, it is my first book. It's an essay on quantum physics applied to the human relations. Did you know that we vibrate all as atoms and that it costs us to change opinion or situation? Then sometimes an external event has to arise which will force us to look at the world since another perspective. It is absolutely and mathematically possible and ..." He spoke to himself, as if he tried vainly to understand what he had written. In spite of his age close to retirement, he had the joyful look of a child, the enthusiasm of a teenager but the marked wrinkles betrayed more than a fight of adult. She bought him the book, more to escape his litany that by interest and going out finally of the hall, she smelt deeply the freshness of the air, dazzled by the morning clarity.

## References (in french)

Le jeu, Papers Please !

<http://papersplea.se/>

Le Trou :

<http://www.jdubuzz.com/2017/04/05/cache-au-fond-du-trou-le-plus-profond-du-monde/>

Toujours des problèmes :

<http://www.lefigaro.fr/conso/2018/06/02/20010-20180602ARTFIG00065-nous-n-avons-pas-ete-a-la-hauteur-admet-visa-apres-une-panne-geante.php>

Pucés ? Dépucelés ? :

<http://www.bilan.ch/techno-plus-de-redaction/une-puce-electronique-simplanter-peau>

Faire tomber la foudre :

<https://www.unige.ch/campus/campus1262/recherche2/>

Tesla et le laboratoire de Wardencllyffe :

<http://www.teslasciencecenter.org/wardencllyffe/>

Elle est (pas encore) tombée :

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8fUVAgGtd6k>

Et pour finir, la recette du pain perdu :

<http://www.750g.com/pain-perdu-r1181.htm>

**FIN**

**Merci pour votre lecture.**

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