



THE INDUCER

REVENGE IS A JOURNEY WITHOUT RETURN

RUTHY GARCIA

CHAPTER I

¿JUDGED?

— I remind you that the decision you just made to defend yourself, rather than suicidal, is unnecessary.

— I know, and I take full responsibility. I have the mental capacity to stand up for myself.

—Well, I just have to tell him to try and persuade this madness. As a judge in this case, my impartiality in the face of the disappearance of the Fondeur child must not go beyond my obligations, I must remind you of that. You're in time to request an attorney.

— I have nothing to be afraid of. I assume everything, I recognize the risks.

— Charges of kidnapping, possible homicide of a minor. Are you sure about this? You know, understand, and assume what you're facing?

The woman swallows dry before answering.

— Yes, your honour, I understand, I know and I assume that.

The judge looks at him from the front, tucks in her glasses and sighs in disappointment.

—Well, let's not talk about it anymore. The more time passes, the less time we have. It is time to clarify his motives, the motive for deliberately acting against this child. Everyone in the community agrees on the good relationship with the boy over the past few years, during which time he was a partner with his father here, Mr. Frank Fournier, Mac's father.

Hearing the boy's name was enough to blow up Mac's birth mother, who was in a different seat. She'd been divorced from Frank for a few years. The woman had been declared incompetent to care for the child because of psychological problems. Given that Mac was blind, the mother could not have custody of the child.

You crazy bitch! Tell me where my son is - crying in grief.

A sinister smile from the defendant is enough to blow Frank up.

—Say it at once, say it. Where's my son? It's been two weeks of pain. He's drowning in tears.

—Are you crying? Apparently it's the first time you've ever cried from the soul. I've been crying inside for years, drowned in a sea of repressed tears..

The man wonders what it has to do with him.

—You're losing your mind, Yeri. You've been my partner for the last few years. I thought I knew you, but I really realize I never knew you. I never really knew who you really were. I'm scared, very scared. I lived with a crazy little, sick woman and slept with her every night. I'm disappointed and crazy, on the verge of insanity to know what prompted you to hurt my son.

—And you will, of course you will, but when I say it and how I say it. You are not in a position to demand that unnecessary equipment be negotiated or assembled. You're incompetent, and most of all, you're a misleading accuser.

—j Shut the fuck up, you mean bitch unconscious.!

—Frank is energetic.

—Well, then, with my mouth shut, I'll say less about your son's whereabouts, or rather about what's left of him..

Those words filled the audience with fear. The father's face flushed. This one's lawyer came over and tapped him on the shoulder. Mute at these words, and with his fists, he let himself fall on the seat. I listened vaguely to the scandalized sound of everyone.

His mind went back as far as a few hours ago, when he arrived at the courthouse. He walked in the midst of all his neighbours piled up at the door, with banners saying, "You will pay for this. For a moment he felt supported, but to hear that word, "what is left of him", was atrocious, barbaric and crucial.



—Are you all right, Mr. Fondeur? — The lawyer has asked for the third time. It's when a man reacts.

In the midst of the uproar, a guard approaches the judge and hands her a sealed envelope. The judge reads the words on the front: "Evidence". It opens it. The defendant looks at him. The discussion among those present gives both women a chance to look each other in the eye.

The judge is reading and the defendant is silent. The magistrate finds another photo, several letters, one of them with more than thirty-five

signatures. What you see is amazing. He's speechless, but he can't help but be quiet, get all the paperwork back in the envelope and try to get the order back into the room again.



— Order in the court. — The judge's mallet sounds awesome and brings the man to his senses —. Twenty-minute break. We hope to clarify everything later, this community needs to rest. I hope, Mrs Yesi Polman, that you will have precise answers for all of us. This trial has been postponed several times because of some absurd demands on his part. I hope it was worth it.

— It'll be worth it, you'll see.

Officers Sander and Fatima approach the defendant, who must return to a cell until after a few minutes of recess. This one gets up. His dark complexion



is confused with the mahogany colour of the furniture of that courthouse. The up-doing hair and dark circles under the eyes are synonymous with fatigue.

Someone among those present is staring at him. He's sitting in the back. She walks slowly. Its slim body is easy for officers to carry. The handcuffs on the front look shiny, they looked new. The character watching him is one of the last to get up. Almost everyone left the room when she and the officers almost reached the door. The man got up from his seat, took his hands and joined them together. The defendant pauses for a moment and looks him straight in the eye. The man says to her, "Wraak is joune" and she makes efforts to raise her handcuffed hands and place her hands together. He does it halfway. The officers are forcing him to continue. Sander takes a few steps back as Fatima continues to lead Yesi to his cell. He's curious to understand what he told you.

- Do you know the woman? What do you know about her?

- Do you know the woman you sleep with every night? Its official life, nobody knows who's who.

The officer sees him leaving the room with a newspaper under his arm, whistling quietly. Then he goes quickly to the corridor to meet Fatima.

- Are you crazy, Sander? Do you know it's dangerous? If they see only one guard guarding only one defendant, they could lose their job.

The corridors are packed with people. Outside you can see through the glass the masses with banners. Yesi smiles at it.

- Are you out of your mind? How do you smile when you see so many people wanting to see their heads roll on the ground? I don't understand it.

- Ironic, isn't it? Should I be crying then?

- What did the man in the room say to you? Sander's curiosity is harmful.

- I don't know him, I don't know what he told me..... I feel a certain weakness in my speech.

- It doesn't look like it, black girl. Sander is rude to say it in his ear. It's a racial commentary.

- Leave her alone, Sander. Remember that the United States is made up of immigrants and don't forget that I am one. His black eyes are staring at him.



They continued walking until they took Yesi to the cell. When he uncuffed him, he sat down on the floor.

- We'll come back for you in a little while. They just reported that the trial's been postponed for another two hours. You better start thinking about how to explain where you're keeping the boy. You're gambling a lot.

- Sander, leaves her alone. Go on, get out of here.

Officer Fatima stands in front of her in the cell.



- You didn't kill that kid, did you? Tell me you weren't stupid enough to do something like that. Everyone, everyone expects you to tell them the whereabouts of the boy. We're tired. We're tired. It's been a thorough investigation and I've been up all night. I remember you came here by your own volition, having disappeared with the boy for so many days. You gave yourself up on your own accord. Please, speak up.

- Do you believe in justice?

You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>