

THE INDUCER

REVENGE IS A JOURNEY WITHOUT RETURN

RUTHY GARCIA

Ruthy Garcia

The Inducer

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The Inducer
The Instigator
Revenge Is A Journey Without Return
A Novel by
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Appreciations

My parents, my husband, my children, all of them have contributed to making me the person I am. That is why I thank you for your patience and tolerance.

A person who has trusted me, I don't know why. Well, I don't know if he deserves that trust. Thank you, Lusa Guerrero. You've been a driving force of motivation and learning for me. I wish you the best and greatest success.

If I am betrayed, can I take a better revenge than loving the person I hate? À Pierre Corneille##



Four characteristics correspond to the judge: to listen courteously, to respond wisely, to ponder prudently and to decide impartially.

Socrates

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.”

“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 gavel 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.
- Ironical, 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?

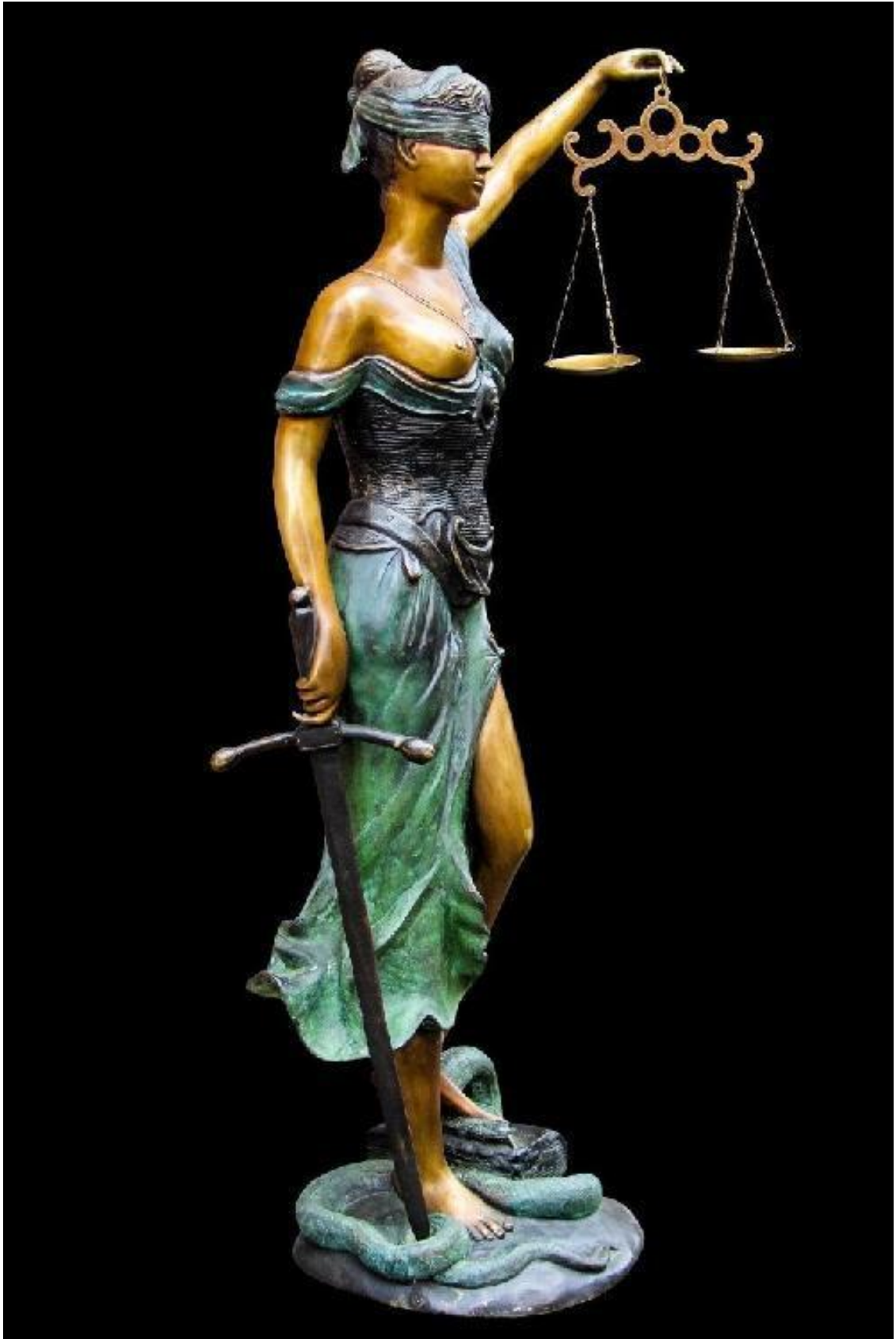
The question brought the officer closer to her.

- Yes, of course, I believe in her. In a way I practice it, I'm part of it.

- Indirectly, yes. The police, the judges, the lawyers, they all think they have justice in their hands, but no one speaks freely of what is wrapped up in their hearts at times, what sometimes keeps them awake at night. You don't know until it's your turn.

- And what is it? What wraps up our hearts?

- Vengeance!



The officer paused. He turned and looked back at the woman with some distaste. She saw how all her companions were getting ready to go to recess, going to lunch and other things. She had given

herself to Yesi. That cell hallway was quiet. There were other cells, occupied by individuals accused of other crimes.

- I think what everyone says is true. She's sick, Yesi Polman. What they say about you seems to be true, that revenge has to do with your surrogate relationship. She's crazy!

- Crazy? Do you believe it? His face is coming intimidating towards the bars.

The officer pulls up a wooden chair that is glued to the wall and sits down.

- Convince me, come on! Tell me how I can change my perception of your misguided approach to kidnapping a stepson, holding him captive, heavens, perhaps even murdering him. God, I have kids. What can be so justifiable about this, tell me?

- Do you really want to know?

- Yes, we have two wonderful hours to break this down. Make me change my mind.

- Only if you can do me a favour at the end of the day.

- I don't have to negotiate with you.

- We are not negotiating, just quenching your thirst for knowledge, but I must count on you for a small favour.

- At least tell me what the favour is.

- That's the problem, I'll only tell you when I'm done talking to you.

The officer thinks twice about it. Her curiosity is greater than her responsibility.

All right, but I'm warning you, I don't accept dishonourable, dishonest propositions. I want you to be clear about that.

-Not at all. I would never ask you to be a cop a second time. It's sarcastic.

Smile lightly at Detective Fatima.

- We have a lot in common, officer.

- Oh, yeah? For example?

- The cigarette. Her teeth are from a smoker.

- Her are white, he doesn't seem to smoke.

- It's African to have teeth that are white and strong, it comes from my genes, but I smoke, in the last two years I've learned to smoke.

- She says it with pride.

- No, it's just one of the few things I've learned in these violent times.

- Tell me about these things.

- There are so many of them! -Smile.

- What about you? Tell me something about your life.

- I was a very happy woman, until my husband decided to divorce me, he took custody of my son from me and I came to live in the United States after the American dream.

- Wait a minute, is she the mother of the Fournier boy?

- No, and that man is not the husband of whom I speak; rather, I speak of my former husband, Yaro, to whom I gave a son, to my misfortune.

The officer remains perplexed. These details of the defendant do not appear in your file.

- I didn't know this.

- I know. I came to this country as a single woman. I had to overflow a plane to go to a hospital for months.

- Did she come in sick?

- No, I was never healthier than I was then. At that time anger, hatred, resentment had not clothed this dry heart.

- I'm sorry.

- Can I have a cigarette?

- Of course. Here you go. He turns it on and gives it to her.

- You can't imagine what I was craving to smoke. Do you know what? When I started doing it, it was to fit in a circle. Funny, I ended up liking him. He's throwing smoke up.

- Tell me about that circle.

I'll talk to him, I just have to tell him the facts from the beginning, so that he can better understand and collaborate with what I'll ask without hesitation.

â##Come on.

â##Revenge Is A Kind Of Wild Justice â##

Francis Bacon



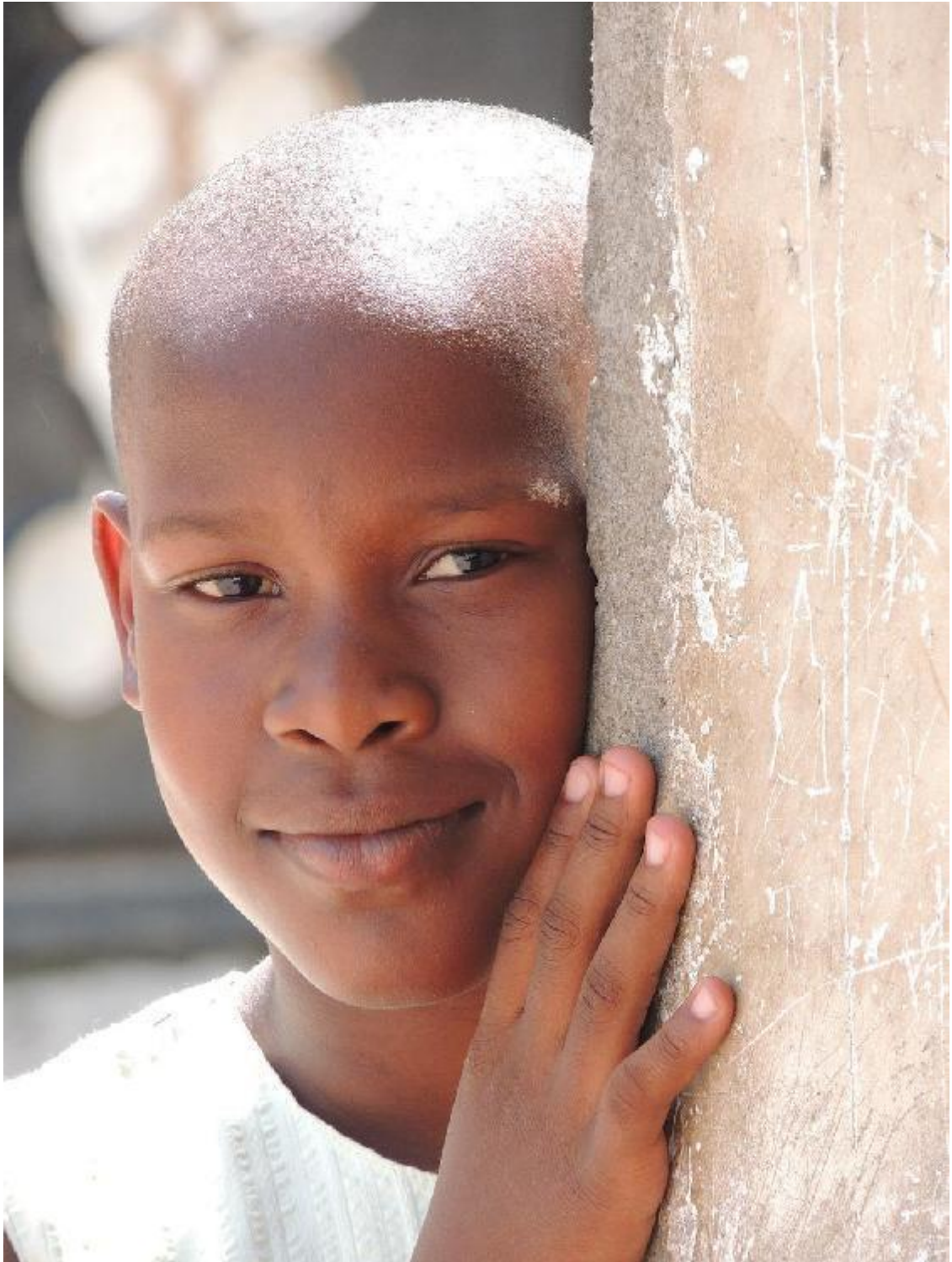
CHAPTER II

Confessions

- The radiant woman coming from Kenya left her charm at the Nairobi airport after the call from my old husband, who told me at that moment the gravity of our sixteen year old son, my beloved Ismat, was in.

- She cries as she says her name, but continues to speak in tears. It was disastrous to see him in a coma. It was terrible. My little one, so many years without seeing him and seeing his face again, touched his hand without real life, connected to a device, as if he were a doll. I stayed by his side, never left him.

- What happened to the boy?



- Something unexpected. Well, a mother always thinks she'll die in her bed after having her whole family around about that time, but sometimes it's not like that; at least, I never thought of it that way.
- It must be painful what happened to you, I put myself in your place.
- You never wanted to be in my shoes, admit it. Deep down, you're terrified of my case, my reasons and my consequences.
- That's right - she sighs - but I'm a mother. Before I became a cop, I was a mother more than anything.

- Then, mother to mother, you'll understand me. HER eyes look watery. There's a deep regret in that look.

Officer Fatima was silent for a few seconds. I was impressed. The woman had struck a chord with his being. It made her feel a void for the unknown and a pain for what he would meet in the next two hours.

-Yes. She lowers her head, lifts it up and moves closer to the fence, their faces being very close. Only the cold bars separate them. Mother to mother, I promise.

-Good. He withdraws from the bars and sits on the floor at the back of the cell. You only see the smoke and the little light of the almost finished cigarette.

- I have to tell you, this is very strange. I know this case very well, I have interacted with the child's family, I have seen their suffering, but I must admit that their mystery has me totally captivated. It's a little hope.

- Hope? So, do you think I'm innocent? It would be a miracle. Everyone in this state and in this nation thinks I'm guilty. I don't recommend that you be any different from them. Well, at least for the duration of our talk.

- What's the point of me listening to her without hope?

- Well, do it for your children, think of them now. Close your eyes, think about what would happen if someone touched a single hair of theirs.

Fatima clearly understood that this woman could be more guilty than innocent.

- Then I will listen to her without hope, that's what I must do.

All right, that's the way I like it. The elements of surprise are indispensable in this conversation.

-Let's start again. Time is running out.

- I told you I was in that hospital for months, three and a half. At first there was hope that he would come back, but no. His case was very strange: he went into a deep coma that ate away his young body. It looked like a corpse connected to a machine. I hope it didn't hurt. Well, the doctors say Ismat didn't suffer at all. Maybe they're saying it so that I as a mother can feel resigned to it. I had an argument with his father the day I arrived, and with his mother, who was responsible for my husband's waiting with this country and deciding to leave everything to come and live here. At the time, the idea of leaving my life in Kenya was not attractive to me. We were happy, we had a home. He worked as a motorcycle mechanic downtown and I did fabric work. I'm a seamstress, although when I got here I gave up sewing, but it's what I do best.



He reproached me for the fact that I never wanted to come to live in this country. He was a fool, he thought I didn't realize that his mother had for him a wife he would marry when he got here, even though it was to get papers, but he did it, hidden from me. That's why he's asking me to get a divorce before he leaves Kenya. I didn't listen to any of it. His stupid argument only filled me with courage to realize that my son deserved to fight for it. To have come to the United States on my own was a feat. He was shocked to see me, never thought I'd make it on my own. Yaro fell into chaos at the sight of days passing by and Ismat did not awaken. He started drinking, took refuge in alcohol, suffered from severe depression. After spending three months living in poor conditions in a hospital, I had lost a lot of weight. Do you know what? I was a sturdy woman. In my country, the thinner the woman, and the fatter you are the more hopeful the husband is, the more on the contrary, on this side of the world. When I noticed the clothes were hanging down, my shoulder bones looked like deep basins and the lack of sun had cleared up my dark complexion a bit. That's when I started to go to sea, it was the only thing that calmed me down.

On the fateful morning when my old mother-in-law was visiting the hospital, my angel died. I only remember his smiley face at the airport when he was on retreat with his father. And to think I signed his permission to bring him here, thinking he'd have a better life here! And you see.

After several days, something unexpected happens: my old husband hangs himself after three weeks locked in his room with a terrible depression.

I had no more tears left. My mother-in-law almost went into shock, but I gave her support to keep her from collapsing.

I went to live with her for a while, in California, so I left the hospital and all the things in New York to go take care of Munga. Even though what bound us had disappeared and my heart at one point made her responsible for my divorce, I decided to follow her. Knowing she loved Ismat so much protected him while she could. That made me get close to her. In time I can say she's like the mother I never had. My parents abandoned me in a church, raised me there. As time went by, studying sewing, I met Yaro. The rest you know. My mother's heart needed a visit to the home of my son and former husband in New York. Munga wouldn't give me the keys, but I insisted so much he did. When I got

there, my heart almost exploded: seeing her things, her photos, it was a traumatic memory. But I've got the courage. That's when I found what I probably shouldn't have found.

- Drugs? Officer Fatima's eyes were like two fried eggs. I was fascinated by that debutante confession.

- No, it wasn't drugs. It was his personal tablet.

-I see.

- Yes, a discovery that marked an ante and an aftermath in the life of this woman who is here. She gets up by throwing her cigarette butt on the floor. The officer looks at her with this bad habit, but her enchantment only allows her to ask for more information with her huge black eyes.

- I found a series of normal files for a kid his age: games, music and... chat. In that chat room I had a very pleasant and strange conversation with a person. I looked for old messages and found it. That guy was inducing Ismat to use cocaine. He even deliberately wrote to him that he would give him free to try, that it was nothing, to do it together. Yaro told me when I arrived that Ismat had had a sudden change in behaviour in the last six months before he died. He became uncontrollable.

He would go out at night, arriving late, in fact, as a result of addiction.

- And what does all this have to do with the missing boy?

- A lot. Both are lost now, one confirmed, the other we don't know yet.

The officer gets angry. She hates that sadistic way of talking about the kid. He was practically her son, she was her stepmother for a while.

- It's cruel. I hope all this will lead to something good.

- You'll understand, you'll see.

- It is time for me to know step by step the truth, my reasons and motives, my feelings. To detest, hate, punish loses meaning in some abysses of revenge. There is something beyond it, but you have to live that to understand it. I used to judge people when they commit crimes, I used to question them, but now that has taken a back seat, it is not relevant, because it is my skin that is experiencing the harassment and accusation of an entire nation, and why not also say, of the whole world.

Revenge, personal satisfaction

Batman



CHAPTER III

IN TO

Entering Ismat's life as an unknown teenager was traumatic. The data I had to know as his mother left me with a huge empty taste. Knowing that I was incompetent, cowardly and most of all stupid for letting my family go to an unknown place that killed me. I should never have taken the key and gone in there, although as the days went by I was plunged into discoveries about my Ismat's life with Yaro, his father, I was brought to immense strength for bringing down the man responsible for this event. It should be noted that Yaro was also a victim; had Ismat not died after the overdose, he might have been alive.

It's a pleasure to meet you, Officer Fatima. My real name is Yeri Mariga and this is my story.

A TIME AGO

YARO AND ISMAT DEPARTMENT IN NEW YORK

Yeri was trying to repair her heart from the pain she felt when she put Ismat's clothes in the drawers. Though she had been crying for hours, her thirst for tears was not quenched.

That's when she finds the kid's tablet and tries to turn it on, but it's dead. She grabs the charger and puts it on a charge.

In the top drawer of that mahogany-coloured bureaucrat there are also photos of Ismat with a girl, no more than seventeen years old, tattooed on her arm and looking like she is not sleeping. They both looked smiling, but their glasses in their hands said they had had too much to drink.

Staring at the photo, she is transported to the moment when she says goodbye to Ismat for a long time. It's when she gets scared with a voice that surprises her.

- Sniffing around?

- By God, Munga, you scared the hell out of me!

- I was tired of waiting. The waitress at the coffee shop on the corner looked at me suspiciously. Maybe he thought I wouldn't pay the bill. Gosh, I've been on that coffee for almost three hours.

- Maybe you were mistaken for a terrorist or something.

- Ha, ha, ha, ha! I don't think so. If they didn't stop you at the airport, they wouldn't stop me.

They looked at each other, smiled, tried to lead a normal life, but it was impossible. The recent death of two such loved ones was insurmountable.

Munga lands on Yeri, hugs her and they start to cry.

- Isn't it unfair this world to take two children of two mothers who only hope to love them for the rest of their lives? I'm devastated. Munga cries on Yeri's shoulder and vice versa.

- You had them with you, at least you have that comfort. You lived many happy days at his side; I, on the other hand, missed the best part.

Munga separates and wipes away Yeri's tears, taking the picture from her hands.

- She was his best friend, Pons. They'd go everywhere together, chat for hours. One day he confessed to me that he liked the girl, but that he was afraid, he didn't want her to reject him, so they were always friends.

- Except for the night of the photo and the clothes she's wearing, she looks beautiful.

- She's beautiful, isn't she? That picture was the night Pons was celebrating his trip to Paris. I'd go into a dance school. She's an excellent dancer. The photo should be a while ago. If you want to see the real Pons, enter the social networks: she is one of the most acclaimed young urban dance talents on the web.

- Oh, boy! I'm happy for her.

- When she heard about Ismat and Yaro, she called from Paris. She told me she was too sorry, she cried a lot.

I hope that my son has experienced happy moments in his friendship with her, which gives me some satisfaction.

- That's for sure, Yeri. They went out all the time and I enjoyed it. Ismat was a healthy young man at the time.

- What about her dark circles under her eyes?

- It's normal, Yeri. They had fun, all the young people do it.

- With alcohol? No, Munga, that's not investment for a young man, it's not.

Yeri left the room throwing the picture on the bed. Munga takes the shot and chases him.

Is that the woman who says she loved Ismat, the one who went through the world to get here and take care of him? I don't think so.

Yeri stops, turns around and yells at her mother-in-law:

- And you? But she is the woman who will know a family to achieve her low intentions of having her spoiled, despicable son by her side! That monster was raised by you, you're responsible. You came here with your dreams of an American nationality, abandoned your roots, and then dragged my Yaro and my beloved Ismat into this madness that ended badly. You know, it ended badly. His voice is strong, his face is exalted.

-Yeri, I... -The woman tried to defend herself.

- No justification on this earth will bring me back to my family. You dug their grave. You should have left us alone in Kenya.

- I just tried to give him a better life.

- You call that a better life? Please, just shut up.

- You kill me, Yeri, your truths kill me.

At that moment Yeri sees Munga's tears. He's starting to feel bad, but he's not saying anything, just shut up. The pain is deep.

After this Munga left. Yeri insisted on staying. She closed the whole house and plunged into the self-torture of going through all the memories of her loved ones through her things. I imagined them both in the kitchen, having breakfast, watching TV, taking a shower, leading a normal life. It was frustrating, but I needed that. A few hours later she fell into a deep sleep. The furniture was his bed, that's when he has nightmares.

In those dreams she plays hand in hand with her son and her husband in that park. They have fun at a fair, but the sky starts to get dark. Black hands coming out of the ground pull Ismat and he cries out, "Mom!" but inevitably he is swept away by that mystery. Wake up sweaty. She sits down and looks at her watch: its three o'clock in the morning.

She remembers vaguely that the tablet must be loaded, so she goes for it and turns it on.

To her surprise, it wasn't blocked, so they started getting all of Ismat's messages in.



Lots of messages from friends. His Facebook page was full of condolences for his departure, its cause for more tears.

There are several chat bubbles: one said "Pons", the others did not recognize them. She went into the girl's room and started reading, surprised. In those conversations she discovered that the young people had died when Pons went to Paris to study Dance. They confessed their love and had a beautiful relationship through chat conversations. Ismat dedicated beautiful songs to her, she danced for him. The last few conversations, however, had a mixture of bitter uncertainty: her claims for the young man's carelessness. Sometimes it took many days to connect.

The young lady in that photograph had been left behind. Apparently the tattoo was temporary. On her Facebook profile she appears renewed, fresh. His oriental features gave her a unique personality, stylized, thin but not malnourished. She looked pretty good.

Certain conversations in the last few days before Ismat's death had shown that the young man had taken a strange attitude. The claims were many.

Yeri sees the green dot going: Pons is connected. A curiosity invades him, so he writes.

- Hello.

It takes about 25 seconds.

- Who are you? What are you doing with the Ismat account? Respect the dead.

- I amâ#

- I don't like this, it's sinister. Please stop using Ismat's account, let the dead rest.

- Did you love him?

- If you continue I will denounce you; what is more, I will block you.

-Wait, I'm.... Wait, don't block me.

He didn't have time, it was late.

The young lady complied and did the blockade. She could no longer see any publication of it from the Ismat account.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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