

brought back with him. Trying to make himself understood by gestures and trembling writings on the wall, he questioned ... but did not get any answer. In rage, he had killed that first person, beating him to death with a shovel. Then he went back to the city at night and kidnapped someone else ... and then someone else ... for two years he had been kidnapping and hoping to learn things.

And today, his new victim had announced interesting news, while he broke his fingers one by one.

His mother was dead. Mrs. Rose ended up dying from drinking too much. Her husband had been imprisoned and was to be released today and their daughter adopted by Sheriff Harper. Peter had looked at his prey, right in the eye, seeming to wait for the rest.

“What ... what do you want?” The man sobbed “Let me go ... that's all I know about this family ...”

Peter winced and went back to the wall where the words “**Rose family**”, “**City**”, “**incident**” and many others were registered. He took the stone that he used to draw his words, and wrote “**SON**” followed by a question mark.

“Son?” Read the poor man, “What son? The ... the Rose family? They ... they do not have sons ...”

Peter stared for a moment at the frightened man. He was an old farmer Peter had already met in his childhood. He had even helped him, several times, and he had only scorn in return. This man had lived in Everton for so long, and knew everyone.

Peter took back his stone and noted the word “**fire**”. The man did not seem to understand again.

“Oh ... yes ... a fire ... that's why you are ... why you are ... burned? From ... what fire are you talking about?”

This time, Peter's anger darkens to become hatred. A mad hatred. The city

of Everton ... had just forgotten him? Even Novalie, so gentle with everyone, had not looked for him? He punched his fist against the wall, snatching a small scream of fear from his scapegoat. Raising his valid eye towards the frightened man, he finally straightened up and walked towards him, catching in the way, an old rusty screwdriver that had been hanging in this shelter for a long time. Placing his hand on the farmer's mouth to prevent him from screaming too loud, he planted the tool in his throat, slowly, watching the life leave his eyes, and the blood flowing, suddenly taking a certain pleasure.

Peter untied the links and got rid of the body by swaying it outside. Some hungry animals will take care of it, as for others. He paused for a moment in his shelter.

The city had let him down. He had been completely forgotten. Had he only had a burial, even without a body? He gritted his teeth and grabbed a chain. It was rather long and rusty in some places. At

the end was a hook a little bigger than his hand. He wrapped the other end around his wrist and gripped it firmly.

Before leaving, he crossed his reflection in the dirty window of the cabin.

His hair had been able to grow back in sixteen years. They were long and dirty. But his skin was not properly treated. He was horribly burned on the whole body and horribly disfigured. His eyes were smaller, just like his nose. The right eye was still working perfectly, though without the eyelid that had burned, but the left had become blind. The skin melted around and covered this eye, making it totally unusable. Since he had not had the necessary care, his flesh was always flayed and raw in some places, and he suffered in silence.

He still wore his ballroom outfit, too small for his much larger, ragged body, but the fabric had fused with his skin on some of the patches of his body.

Letting the chain drag on the floor in a worrying squeak, Peter headed for the city with a first objective: to find his