



! A Siren.

I wanted to live something hardcore! I wanted to know what thrill was! In short, I wanted to have fun!

It was a Saturday morning like any other. Mummy was already at work. I decided to go out and get some beers, you know, to get fresh! It was in the local supermarket that I met Jerry. Oh my god! What a mug he had! He told me that he had been working on a great project for several weeks. He was preparing a big rave in the Dead Marsh. This place is said to be haunted. For more than 2 centuries the Marsh has been on quarantine, however there are always madcaps like me to go into shady places like there. So, I just said O.K.

In the afternoon, I went with my pal into the Marsh. It was the first time I went there. We left the car at the border of the civilized world and entered on foot. The place was all surrounded by a high wall and on the gate, an old banner coming from an old western : "Do not Enter". One more reason to cross the fence.

This marsh was so creepy... It looked as if nobody had ever been there. And it stank so much! It smelt like a rotting corpse must smell. The perfect place for an awesome party.

Further in the marsh, a group of guys was already present. It was just 4.30 pm, it was dead calm. Jerry joined his friends and invited me to stay with them but I said no. I wanted to go for a walk in the marsh. It was so beautiful. The sun reflecting in the bayou and the silence of the place. No birds twitting, no insects singing, as if nothing had ever walked on that ground. An attractive silence. It put a spell on me, the silence put a spell on me. My legs were moving by themselves. I walked on and disappeared among the trees. Suddenly, something moved between the trees, a shadow in front of me. I started to freak out and then, a hand fell on my shoulder. My legs stopped. The thing turned me over. Phew! It was Jerry. The artists had just arrived, they needed me. I turned one more time my head toward the Dead Marsh... So creepy...

That rave was killer! Jerry was right! The environment was fantastic. The light was reflecting everywhere and the groups were awesome. Now, imagine everything combined when you are spaced out, it becomes orgasmic!

Everybody was having fun except a girl, a nice rugged beauty. I had already spotted her. She was so attractive and couldn't stop staring at me. Alone in a dark corner she seemed to be waiting for me. I tried my luck. I got two drinks and came closer. She made space for me, I sat next to her. She didn't stop checking me out. Embarrassed, I started the discussion but she rapidly screwed up her eyes. She didn't understand. In reply she told me something in Cajun. I didn't get a word of it! She smiled and woke up. She took me by the hand and ran off. She carried me away. We sank into the dancing crowd, people fell as we went past. Then we left the humane tide and passed the scene. I was completely in a trance and didn't realize that this girl was dragging me into the Dead Marsh. As we were leaving the rave, the music gave way to silence. The light blew out. The contrast woke me up and I realized that the girl was shedding skin, and shedding flesh. The arm which was dragging me turned into a skeleton. I wanted to stop, to backpedal. Impossible, she possessed me. I looked at her or should I say at it. It was a corpse, a walking skeleton. We started to sink into the swamp. It was cold. So cold. The monster disappeared into the water but its arm was still holding me. I sank with it. The water was cold. And so is death. So creepy...



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