

nouvelle

Silence was all I could hear, the library was almost empty. I had an English paper due on Monday, and I was far from completing it. I continued rewriting it as it didn't quite make sense to me. I looked around the place for inspiration, all I could see was a group of girls, working together and a boy looking at romance books. The library was my favorite place to work from since it was calm and the smell of books was my favorite scent.

As I got back to my

writing, the door of the library opened and a cold silence settled. The place was already quiet but now it was deadly silent. I raised slowly my head and a man with a black robe was in front of me. Looking at me. A Reaper. Shit. I was only 16, it couldn't be right. I could not die this young no. He kept looking at me, or at least the black veil on top of his head did. My heart was beating, way too fast not to die of a heart attack right away. I did not move a finger ever if I wanted to I wouldn't be able to do so I was paralyzed. If he did come to kill me, how would he do it? With a gun, a knife, suffocating?

"Come with me fys" The Reaper said. I left my school work behind me and followed this dark figure to a quiet corner of the

library "fys Everdeen you have been chosen to become a Reaper"

I grabbed the shelf next to me and I tried not to fall. Me a Reaper impossible. I don't even think refusing was ever an option. "Why me". I whispered.

"No explanation needed. I'll meet you tomorrow". Say goodbye to your family and friends you will never see them again

"He didn't let me ask where and when we'd have to meet as he left right away.

Reapers see and

know everything of anyone so he'll find me. I packed my stuff with the slowest motion possible. I couldn't breathe correctly I feared this could happen but I never really believed it would. I will have to kill. To take away a soul from someone's body. To rip apart a family by taking one of their members.

How was that normal. long,

ago, people died or anything and everything, Nowadays we are sort of immortal. I died when I was five but after three days at the hospital, I was back just like before. Now only a Reaper causes a true death.

When I came back home I smelled fried chicken and fries perfect for a last dinner with dad. My dad was cooking and dancing along to some jazz. He looked at me with a bright smile like he always does. My hands started to shake, my smile too. Tears exploded and my dad ran to me and hugged me tight. He listened to my story without interrupting and tears started to run down his cheeks too. We always had

a

closed relationship. we ate the dinner he prepared and we watched movies all night. I didn't want to leave him but I had no choice. So I made a promise to myself protect him at all cost

it has been three months since became a Reaper well a Reaper in training. I didn't have the Immunity ring yet

The

past three months were only theory I got to learn about how people died in the past and the 10 best ways to kill someone with and without hurting them

Rowan, My mentor

asked me to join him at my old school today, The victim is called James Carter, he is 17, never caused any problem he is actually the first of his class. But the Reaper are supposed

to kill like life in the past would so it's still up to faith. Rowan waited for me in front of a school class. he never speaks to me when he has to kill, I guess it's sort of a preparation mindset. lots of noise were coming out of the room behind us, but they don't know what's going to happen to them. The Reaper opens the door and as he enters, the deadly silence is back again, like last time.

I recognized James. He looks beautiful, the type of boy that really takes care of himself. Rowan seats with him and I stay in front of the door. The teacher goes back to his lessons but he stutters a lot

more now

"Do you want a drink Mister" says the teacher. Of course, people always try to please the Reaper for their pity 'No thanks'

Rowan responded. The class got back to normal and

Rowan searched for his weapon in his pockets. For James, he choosed a small dagger , sharp cut for a quick and easy use

And he started to talk to

James

"How are you James"

Well, I'm alright" his

voice cracked , he lied "are you here for me "" Yes" "Oh" Rowan then hugged James tight. James closed his eyes

I first thought he wasn't dead yet, but no. Rowan had stabbed him in the heart quietly and it didn't seen painful at all surprisingly. A few students understood that James was gone and they started to cry. But the Reaper left, leaving James's body on his chair un alive. He simply said

"The clearers will arrive soon goodbye"

"Fus, I believe it is time for your first killer today, the victim is on the computer, go chose your weapon and get back to me" Today was the day, I was going to kill a human I was ready, my knowledge on weapons and how to use them was immaculate. I knew how to find the victims, what to say to them before taking their life, what to do with the body, I was prepared. But the idea of comiting the act was widely uncomfortable. I went down the cellar to find my weapon I already went down there to clean them but never to use them the room felt cold and the smell of old blood and metal was awful. A thousand knives were exposed on the walls and some weird ones were on the shelves for, I guess, special kills. I took a modeste one, I didn't want to be proud of the way I killed people, I just need to complete the job. I went up the stairs to find my mentor eating his dinner, chicken and fries . It feels sometimes weird to see

Rowan do normal human things like it was out of character.

"Are you hungry"

he asked since I was staring at his plate. "Not really" I replied. "I know how you, don't worry fys, you're going to do great"

"Thanks " I couldn't had more to my reply, do I wanted to do great at this? "I left his identity on the computer go look it up" Stress increased quickly.

I took the computer and opened the document and started to read. A man, tall about 6 foot 1 grey hair, 59 years old name:

My father, I had to kill

my father. My muscle started to shake, I closed the computer slowly, trying to control my nerves

The sound of Rowan

eating seemed so loud I wanted to kill him

"Take

your time" he said

Take your time. What a joke

Since he saw that I was reacting he continued

"if you can't kill him

I will have to do it myself." "can we not chose someone else" I tried.

"fys if we choosed them

it would not be faith anymore"

"Just this time"

"No,there aren't expectations."

"why?"

if we don't kill who is chosen by the computer we get into big trouble" what do we risk"

"well you know that reapers kill humans because they are sort of

immortal and we need then to be restricted to a certain number right, so that's why we kill them with respect and no pain"

he paused " well if a Reapers makes a mistakes than the High Reapers torture then until they die"

But we can't die" he responded with a silence

"You have no choice but kill him fys"

I Stood in

front of me dad's porch

Many souvenir came back but

I ignored then. My black robe made it impossible for me to pretend it was all back to normal. The dagger | had in my hands also. I didn't want to hurt him, it had to be quick and painless. I knocked on

the door and heard his footsteps behind the door. the door opened up and my dad's smile disappeared right away.

I was

scaring my own dad. I had to wear a black veil so my dad wasn't able to recognize me

But by the sound of my voice he will, that's why I won't speak to him. I entered his

house and tried to pretend | didn't know the place when he directed me to the kitchen.

"Do you want some thing to eat" I shake my head to sign no

"At least take a drink please I want you to

have it

"I repeat the same motion

"my time has

come right " My heart skipped a beat as he pronounced

this sentence. I don't respond, it wasn't necessary of course he knew. We sat on the couch where we used to watch movies all the time I turned to face him, the house felt empty without the music he always played " I'm ready" he says.

I Lean close to him to give him a hug and

stab him in the heart

"I'm sorry dad" I say before

he's conscience leaves him. I take the dagger out of my dad's dead body and began to cry. I just killed my dad