

"I think I'm being followed" whispered Rose...

A tear ran down her cheek. She stifled a sob, but could not help moaning. She had faced so many things in less than a day. The sun had risen and the body of Flavia had been discovered in her room.

She could not believe it. Her sparkling blue eyes, the round features of her face, her blond, wavy hair falling cascading down her shoulders. Flavia, she would never see her again. Flavia couldn't talk to her again.

That's what she was thinking when she looked at the sign on the edge of the town indicating "Rebús".

Rebús, the city where she had laughed so much, the city where she had learned so much, the city where she had met all her friends. A sob shook her. Flavia, Rebús; she had both lost them ... The police had dared to accuse her of this murder.

Rose stood up abruptly. The despair seized her. She was hunted. She had escaped from her prison. She was no longer safe. At this moment, in all the streets, the police of Rebús were looking for her.

She had to leave, to escape, to go as far as possible. Run away, every particle of her body shouted it at her. The branches and the brambles were whipping her face. She felt like she was in the clutches of a tiger. No. It was not a tiger that bruised her so much, it was a feeling of having lost everything. Her heart beat against her ribs, her breath was chopped. Her feet stumbled on a root and she collapsed, as her whole life collapsed...

A hand seemed to touch her shoulder, suddenly she turned, got up ready to face the police. A ghostly shadow was leaning over her.

A shiver of surprise, a cry of fear, a tear of emotion.

Flavia, the ghost of Flavia...

"I think I'm being followed"

Constance Callies
Clément Klekot
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