



The Colene Hill's Case



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EDITIONS ABISAI

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Written by
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CHAPTER 1

Some obese women were sitting in a doctor's office, waiting for their turn to see the doctor, a specialist for losing weight. A few moments later, two other obese women entered in the waiting room. The thin receptionist raised the head and sighed.

"Good afternoon, do you have an appointment?"

"Yes, Colene Hill."

"Is this your name?"

"Of course not, I am Amina Hill. Colene is my daughter's name."

"Where is she?"

"But, she's here, you don't see her?"

"Oh, I thought she was a lady, sorry about it. What's the reason of your visit?"

Colene was bored. "Seems I am too fat, isn't it obvious?"

The receptionist widened the eyes. "Well, I don't really know. If you feel well the way you are, I think that's the most important, right?"

Amina became angry. "And what about all these women sitting over there, you think they are happy to be so biggy biggy fat? Rather than saying anything, why don't you tell her she is too fat?"

On that, she turned back. Colene and her mom took two seats each and waited for their turn to see the doctor.

“Mom, am I so heavy? How heavy am I? Do I look horrible?”

“Dear, how do I know?”

“How about you?”

“Ummm...” the mother’s face was red. “You should never ask the weight of a woman!” she snapped.

“But mom, you just asked for mine!”

“I didn’t, you asked me about how heavy you are, not the same thing at all.”

The doctor’s door opened. “Colene Hill,” a voice said.

Colene and her mom entered the doctor’s office.

“What do you want me to help you with?” asked the doctor, looking at Amina.

“Well, I think my daughter is too heavy for her age,” Amina said.

The doctor raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

“We want you to help her check how heavy she is,” added Colene’s mom.

“Mom, how can she check how heavy am I?”

“Good question,” the mom said. “This doctor is a specialist in losing weight, she will help you with it.”

“I already know that I’m so fat.”

“Of course you are, you’re a Hill!”

“How about you, mom?”

“Ummm...” the mom stopped.

“Colene, are you ready?” asked the doctor.

“Ready for what, doctor?” asked Colene.

“For checking your weight!”

“You didn’t know you should never ask a woman’s weight, it is quite impolite!”

The doctor raised both eyebrows this time, speechless.

“How do you want the doctor to help you if she doesn’t know about your weight?” said the mom.

“Good point,” said the doctor. “Now Colene, come over here on the scale.”

“Will it hurt?”

“Maybe...” the doctor said with a smile.

“Erg... I don’t want to suffer.”

“That’s fine, you will not. It’s just a scale. See, you just stand on it and it will automatically print a little paper telling me your weight,” the doctor said while showing it.

“But Doctor, your scale is not very big. Do you have an extra-large one for overweight? I think I need one.”

The doctor kept smiling. “Try this first.”

Colene tried to stand on the scale but she was too fat. She even couldn’t see the little screen.

“See? I can’t stand on this mini scale. I need a large one.”

“Doctor, do you have a bigger scale for my daughter?”

“Maybe I can find one.”

The doctor went into the other room, searching for a bigger scale.

“Mom, will she have a larger scale?”

“If she doesn’t have one, it’s your problem.”

“How do you check your weight when you’re as big as me?”

“I said you should never ask a woman’s weight!”

“But I really want to know!”

At this moment, the doctor came into her office, carrying a large scale with her.

“Colene, try this scale.”

She stood up and the print came out. The doctor took it and was surprised. “Let me measure how tall you are.”

She pulled out a long ruler but needed to scale it down to the top of her head. “Well, you’re not very tall.”

“I know, I look like a ball,” she said sadly.

“Don’t be so sad, Colene.” Then Amina looked at the doctor. “Doctor, how can she lose her weight?”

“That is quite difficult. She weighs 200 kilograms. However, it’s not impossible. You can start by doing more exercise and eating less.”

“But I like to eat!”

“So do more exercises.”

“I hate doing exercise.”

“That’s why you’re so fat, Colene,” the mother said. “You must listen to the doctor. Eat less and do more exercise.”

“But mom, you eat more than me!”

“You’re so impolite, Colene.”

“Mom, why don’t you check your weight then?”

“I don’t have any problem with my weight!”

“Then, why don’t you try the scale!”

“But you will see my weight and that’s not good.”

“Why?” Colene said.

The doctor raised an eyebrow again. Amina sighed and stood upon the scale.

Colene smiled. “Same as me, 200 kilograms! You look like a ball too.”

“Don’t think so because I am taller than you! Right doctor?”

“Umm... You’re as tall as your daughter.”

“What? Impossible!”

Colene was so happy now. She was as tall as her mother. She didn’t need to be afraid of being so short.

“Mom, I finally know how heavy you are!”

“Colene, you’re really impolite! You shouldn’t laugh at your mom like that.”

“I’m not laughing at you, I’m just telling you how tall you are, meaning short!”

“I won’t forgive you, Colene!”

“That’s Ok, mom, no need to worry. Are you hungry? I think it’s time for a good big lunch.”

“You’re right. All this stressed doctor visit made a big hole in my stomach.” Then she turned her sight to the doctor. “So, finally, what can we do to solve her problem, doctor?”

“Well, at first, we need to cure the mom...”

Amina became red. She stood up. “Follow me, Colene, time's up.”

Colene smiled, more than happy to leave. “Goodbye, doctor! If I were you, I would eat more. You are as big as a toothpick!”

The doctor sighed. *‘They are desperate cases, both of them’* she thought.

“Mom, what’s for lunch?” Colene said while walking on the sidewalk, taking all of it. Other pedestrians needed to walk on the street.

“How do I know? I haven’t started cooking. Let’s go to a restaurant, but you have to promise to eat less!”

“No problem, Mom, but I’m very hungry!”

“So, when you finish eating your lunch and rest for 30 minutes, you must go down and play badminton.”

“With who?”

“Me.”

“Mom, you know how to play badminton? Can you teach me?”

“Well, we have to learn by ourselves.”

“Oh, I thought you were a professional.”

“I’ll be one day. In the meantime, you have to run, not rolling, understand?”

“I’ll try my best, but rolling is faster.”

“The idea is not to go faster, but to do exercises.”

Colene rolled her eyes. *‘What a boring topic. Always talking about doing exercises.’*

CHAPTER 2

The following morning, Colene's mom woke her up very early.

"Come on Colene, time to wake up!"

"Mmm... Mom! Why do I have to wake up so early? I want to sleep more!"

"Colene, today is a great day! It's your first day at school. You can't be late."

"I don't want to go to school!"

"You must study, Colene. When you finish studying, you can find a work so you can earn money."

"I would like to become a chef when I'm older."

"Why?"

"Because I will be able to eat a lot of food."

"But the food is for customers! You can't eat it by yourself."

"Anyway, how do I go to school?"

"You must walk to school instead of rolling."

"But why? There's a road going down straight to the school. If I roll, it would be very fast so I'll be there in no time. I think it will be exciting. Moreover, I can sleep more!"

"Yeah, you can create an accident on the road."

"I don't think so. If the people see me, they will run away and I can roll!"

“Why will they run away? Because you’re too fat?”

“Of course! Maybe they would be scared of me.”

“Why would they be scared?”

“Because I will bump into them and they will be as flat as a sheet of paper!”

“Colene, you are so mean when you want. Come on, I prepared breakfast for you.”

“What’s it?”

“Just twelve toasts covered with spreading cheese, one pound of bacon and three cups of hot chocolate milk with some cream in it.”

“Only that?”

“Yes, it’s time to take care of your diet.”

One hour later, Colene finished her breakfast.

“Mom, I’m so tired now.”

“Of course, Colene. You’ve eaten a too big breakfast.”

“I’ve only eaten what you prepared.”

“And what about the three hamburgers and two hot dogs?”

“Well, just in case I’m hungry before lunch as I won’t have a snack. Even though I think I won’t be able to wait until lunch.”

“What? It’s just three hours!”

“I may need a small snack in case I am hungry.”

“I’ve prepared something for you already.”

“What is it?”

Colene’s mom took a small bag out and gave it to her.

“What is it inside this small bag?”

Colene opened it. “What? An apple? What do you want me to do with this apple?”

“Eat of course. It is healthy, right?”

“I don’t think so. Hamburgers are healthy.”

“Of course not, Colene.”

“Mom, what is your snack? An apple also?”

“I’ll try my best.”

“Mom, you must eat an apple for your snack. You said it is healthy!”

“I said I’ll try my best to eat an apple for my snack. Now, quick, change your clothes and go to school. Remember, don’t roll.”

Colene was on her way to school. She walked. “Oh, this is so exhausting walking.” She looked behind her, then on both sides, then in front of her. “Great, my mom didn’t follow me. Maybe I can just roll a bit.” She laid down on the sidewalk and let it go. She rolled down the slope and couldn’t stop. She warned people in front of her. “Get away from my way guys if you don’t finish as a thin pancake!”

She finally stopped in front of the school. “That’s great, I am even in advance on my time. Maybe I can sleep more tomorrow morning.”

She entered the school as many other students did too. “Where is my classroom? I shouldn’t have registered in this school. So weird and so tiny people are coming here. I will look like an alien among pygmies.”

Colene looked around to find someone as big as her, but she couldn’t find any. Suddenly, she saw a teacher standing in the corridor.

“Excuse me, may I know where my classroom is?”

“What is your name?”

“Colene Hill.”

The teacher glanced at a list. “Oh, your classroom is on the third floor, room 316.”

“Where is the elevator?”

“Elevator?” There isn’t any elevator.”

“What? So how can I go to the third floor?”

“You can use the stairs like the other students. There are 80 steps per floor, so...?”

“I need to climb 240 steps? Can I not go to the third floor?”

“No, Colene. You’re fifteen years old, right?”

“No, I’m twelve years old.”

“What is your name? I thought you’re Colene Hill.”

“I am Colene Hill.”

“So you’re fifteen years old!”

“I hate walking.”

“Colene, be quick. You’ll be late!”

“Where’s the canteen?”

“No canteen before twelve, which is the time for lunch. You have to wait until then. Don’t you have a snack?”

Colene sighed. “I do, if I can call an apple a snack.”

“It is. Good for you. You can eat it at recess.”

“Where is the recess?”

“Ground floor.”

“So it means I have to get down from the third floor for the recess and 15 min later go up to the classroom?”

“That’s right, you understand quickly!”

“Oh my goodness, I am going to die before the end of the day, that’s sure!”

Slowly like a snail, Colene went up the stairs one after the other.

“Sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four...”

All the other kids were climbing two steps at a time, glancing at Colene and smiling if not laughing. The bell rang.

“I guess I’ll be late. Two hundred and thirty-eight, two hundred and thirty-nine, two hundred forty. Finally arrived,” she said while standing on the third floor.

Colene took a look at the long corridor. “Where is it now, surely not at the end of the corridor, I hope.” She inspected the numbers, one after the other. “Here is 301, and there 302. Hum that means 316 is at the end of the corridor. So far!”

A teacher arrived next to her, the one she met previously. “Colene, why are you still here? You’re late already!”

“I’m looking for room 316, is it at the end of this corridor?”

“You’re right, be quick!”

The teacher went to her classroom.

“Room 304, room 305... How long do I need to walk?”

She rested for a while when she arrived room 310.

“Room 315, room 316! Finally, I arrived.”

She knocked on the door, opened it and stepped into her classroom.

‘What? My classmates are all tiny people?’ she wondered.

“Colene, I guess,” the teacher said. “Why are you so late?”

“Because she’s too fat!” one student shouted. All the other students laughed.

“Don’t be so mean to your classmate, Jamie,” the teacher reproached.

Jamie didn’t mind but hid her smile behind the book.

“Good morning Colene. Here you can take a seat, in the front row.”

A student raised his hand. “Can she sit behind me at least, otherwise she will hide the entire view of the board. I may fail this lesson easily!”

The students laughed again. The teacher looked at the student.

“Jaden, please be polite to your classmate!”

Coline sat. The chair cracked under her weight but fortunately, didn’t break. A student behind her saw it.

“Teacher, I think Colene needs a bigger chair.”

“Colene, do you need one?”

Colene shook her head. The teacher looked at the class. “Today, students, you have to introduce yourselves. Are you ready?”

“I hate to introduce myself,” Colene murmured.

“Colene, would you like to be the first one?”

“Not really, but can I not stand up in front of the classroom?”

“No, your classmates won’t see you.”

“Wrong teacher, we can see her very well because she’s so big!” Jamie shouted.

“Be polite to your classmate,” the teacher said with a reproaching tone.

Jamie didn't mind. The teacher sighed. *'Why does this class not know how to be polite? I must spend time teaching them this serious subject.'*

Colene stood up and went in front of the class. She was shy and became reddish. "My name is Colene and..."

All the classmates were paying attention, looking for any occasion to laugh at her.

"I like to write fantasy stories with monsters..."

"Not difficult, she looked at her in the mirror!" murmured Nancy, seating not too far from Jaden.

"Be quiet, class!" the teacher said. "Colene, you can ignore them."

Colene nodded and continued introducing herself.

"I like to tell horror stories and..."

"That's easy! You can ask the monsters to look at you and they will be more than happy to describe how monstrous you are," said Jaden.

All the classmates laughed again.

"Be quiet I said!" shouted the teacher, angrily.

CHAPTER 3

“So Colene, can you tell us your full name?” the teacher asked.

Colene nodded. “I am called Colene Hill, and...”

“I thought it was Colene Mountain,” Jaden said.

The whole class laughed again.

“Thank you Colene. As we are at the beginning of the school year, you know we are going to make projects. Therefore, and to make them more fun, you can make groups of 2 or three. I expect you to choose your teammate well and work hard,” the teacher said.

Colene looked at her and nodded. She was embarrassed while turning her sight to her classmates who stood up and as a chaos, they were all speaking to their friends, asking and almost begging to team up to each other. None of them looked at Colene. The teacher rapidly noticed the problem.

“However, if you can’t find a teammate, I will assign one for you. And as Jaden seems to love to be with Colene, there you are, both of you teammates!”

“What? I need to be Colene Mountain’s teammate? No way!” Jaden shouted. His face turned white.

“What’s the problem, Jaden?”

“I won’t be Colene Mountain’s teammate, never.”

“Why? I think you seem to appreciate being with Colene.”

“Of course not, I’m just wondering why her name is not Colene Mountain!”

The whole class laughed.

“Jaden, you have to be Colene's teammate. Otherwise, you aren't going to make this project.”

“Fine!” said Jaden. “Better this way because she can't do anything!”

“How do you know?” the teacher argued, angry.

“Because she's too fat!”

The whole class laughed again.

“Jaden, be polite to your classmate. If you were Colene and the whole class laughs at you, how would you feel?”

“It's impossible to be as fat as her.”

Colene became red and ashamed. A tear rolled down her cheek.

“See? Colene Mountain is crying!” shouted Jaden.

The whole class laughed.

“Jaden, you stop right away or I give you the punishment you deserve.”

“But she's really crying!”

The teacher turned her head. Colene's tear is still rolling down her cheek. She gave Colene a tissue and turned back.

“Oh my goodness! I don't want to stay in this school! I will ask my parents to leave this school and go to another

school. So, I will have another teacher and I won't need to be teammates with Colene Mountain! I hope my parents will agree with me," Jaden sighed .

"Jaden, you are so mean, you're hurting your classmate's feeling."

"So? I don't see any problem there!"

He crossed his arms and bent his head. Slowly, he turned his sight to Colene. She had the feeling to be watched and raised her head towards Jaden.

He smiled. "You are a BFG, you know that?"

Colene looked puzzled. "BFG?"

"Yeah, for Big Fat Girl!"

"And what about you? MTS?"

Jaden was puzzled at his turn and didn't know what to say.

Colene tried to smile. "More Than Stupid!"

The whole class laughed. It became funny to have two nick-named students. The teacher tried to change the topic.

"Today's project is writing a story, from 500 to 1000 words. You decide yourselves about the genre."

A girl raised her hand.

"Yes, Nancy."

"Teacher, I'm alone! May I be teammates of Jaden and Colene?"

The teacher looked at them. “Do you agree to have Nancy be part of your team?”

Jaden murmured, “Whatever.”

“Yes, sure,” Colene said.

Nancy jumped and smiled. “Great!”

As she ran to their table, Jaden couldn’t believe someone wanted to be with Colene.

“So, what are we going to write, Colene?” Nancy asked.

“And what about me?” Jaden mumbled.

“You? Are you able to only hold a pencil, MTS?”

“Stop it!” Jaden exclaimed.

“Well I join you only to be with Colene. She said she likes to write horror stories, and I love horror stories!”

CHAPTER 4

“...And then, the vampire arrived and looked at the little boy. *‘Oh! It’s Jaden! He’s so young. Surely his blood is tasty,’* the vampire wondered. He bent over the little boy and smelled. *‘Wow! He smells delicious!’* Against all odds and all of a sudden, the vampire bit the little boy’s neck. Jaden screamed in horror but the vampire continued drinking his blood. He tried to struggle but the vampire held him on the ground. Drop after drop, sip after sip, Jaden’s body turned white. The vampire stood up. ‘I need to find a girl now.’ He left. The end.”

“Wow! Colene, I love this story!” Nancy said. “I can’t believe I was part of this story.”

Colene felt happy. “Sure, that’s a team work. You had wonderful ideas too. You see, it’s not so difficult after all to write.”

“Yeah, because I didn’t have a chance to put a word,” said Jaden.

“Well, it was up to you. But you preferred to moan on your seat,” Nancy snapped.

The teacher, who was walking back and forth in the classroom, clapped. “Times up, students!”

“What?” Jamie exclaimed. “We haven’t finished yet!”

“But Colene, Nancy and Jaden finished. They are three. More you are, the more difficult it is.”

The teacher turned towards the first students. “So Nancy, Jaden, and Colene, do you want to present your writing to the class?”

“Of course!” Nancy exclaimed. “Jaden, you’ll do it.”

“Why not you?” Jaden replied.

“You said you didn’t have a chance to speak. Now it’s the chance to do so!”

“I don’t want to. You’ll read it.”

Nancy refused. She was always shy to speak in front of the class. Colene looked at them. Jaden crossed his arms and turned away. Nancy reddened.

“I can’t speak in front of the class.”

“All right, I’ll do it,” Colene said.

She stood up, took the sheet in her hand, and changed her voice into a mysterious tone.

“This story happened 500 years ago, in Transylvania, a baby named Vian Brasov was born. The little boy was not an ordinary baby. Every time his mom fed him, he cried and bit the mom. One day, her blood came out. He soaked it and calmed at that moment.”

Every student was speechless. They were agape, without any expectation of what Colene was going to tell.

A student raised his hand. “Is the mother going to die?”

The student in front of him turned his head and put a finger on his lip. “Shhh!”

“Time passed,” Colene continued. “The baby became a young boy. However, his taste of blood didn’t change. His parents didn’t want him to attend school because of his horrible behaviour. They had to kill chicken and feed their boy with the blood, to satisfy his envy of such a strange habit.”

“What happened to the mom?” the same student asked.

“She’s going to die,” Jaden mumbled.

The student put his hand on his mouth.

“Shhh...” The student behind him whispered.

Colene continued with the same mysterious voice. “When the young boy grew up into a teenager, chicken’s blood was not enough for him. His parents didn’t know what to do. The only thing they could do was to let him find food by himself. That was the only choice for them.”

Colene paused. Students wanted to know more. “Then?” some students asked.

“The mom was angry at the boy, Vian, but she couldn’t do anything. In fact, she was scared of him. As she was cleaning the wall above the stairs, Vian passed next to her and pushed her in the stairs. The mom tumbled, rolled, stumbled and ended flat on the ground floor, unconscious. Vian looked at her and stepped down.

“Not even a drop of blood, that’s not a good way.”

He bent over and bit her neck. Blood was coming, he smiled.”

“What? He killed his mom?” screamed the same student.

“Shhh...” whispered the student next to him.

“When his dad heard his son’s sound, he rushed to the stairs and his face went pale.

“What happened? What are you doing to your own mother?” his dad scolded him.

The boy didn’t answer and finished drinking while his father rushed down the stairs. Vian pushed his dad away and climbed stairs two by two up to his bedroom.

‘Why don’t my parents like to drink blood? I think it is the yummiest thing in the world,’ he thought.

He heard his dad calling the police.

“Well, it’s time for me to fix some little things here. My dad deserves a correction.”

He opened the door but at his surprise, his dad was right in front of him, aiming a gun.

“Sorry son, but you can’t live anymore. You went too far.”

Vian tried to escape but his father was the fastest and pulled the trigger.

Several days later, the mom and her son were buried at the cemetery. The police didn’t charge the father. The report said it was a suicide according to the father’s story.

Six months later, the dad married again. His young wife became pregnant and gave birth to a beautiful son. And naturally, she fed him. He was very hungry. Suddenly, he bit her.

“Ouch!” she screamed. “He bit me and, oh my goodness, blood! I’m bleeding!”

To her surprise, her son soaked it and kept calm. At the scream of his wife, the father rushed into the room. When he saw his wife and the blood coming out her chest, he hit his head.

“Not again! He took out his gun.”

Colene raised her head, looked at the class. “The end.”

Everybody was speechless, but Nancy smiled and clapped.

“Wow Colene, you have such a way to tell stories!”

But still, the whole class was speechless. The teacher just woke up from the shock of such a strange and horror story. She clapped too.

“Congratulations, Colene. Well told and congratulations to the team who wrote this story. Although, I think this story is a bit horrible.”

At this moment, the whole class clapped. Jaden was not feeling good. He thought the class would be on his side. Against all the odds, from that moment, the class was on her side. *‘That is really not good,’* he thought.

CHAPTER 5

The following week, Colene's classmates were with her at every recess and even wanted to partner with her for any group project. She became the favorite student even though she was not good in any other subject, Students were willing to help her.

However, Jaden didn't appreciate her. He was jealous and thought she was enormously too fat.

One morning, Colene was going to school. As usual, she rolled down the hill, but she didn't see that Jaden stood in the way. She rolled on him. Jaden became as flat as a sheet of paper. Several days later, more and more students rolled down the hill to school. Jaiden walked to school and forgot about the incident of Colene rolling on him. Suddenly, a student rolled onto him and he became flatter than a sheet of paper. He raised up, angry at the student. But as he couldn't see who it was, he assumed it was Colene. Four days later, more and more students wanted to eat fast food.

"We love big fat girls!" they shouted. Parents went to school and asked the principal why their daughters and sons wanted to be fat. The principal didn't answer although he knew the reason.

However, one morning, Amina Hill woke up as usual, and as usual, knocked on Colene's door. "Colene, time to wake up!"

She expected to hear the same excuse Colene was saying every morning, but I that morning, nothing came.

“Colene?” Amina asked again. But she didn’t get any response as well. She opened her door. She saw a BFG written on the wall. She looked at Colene who was sleeping on her bed, with a big smile on her face.

“Colene, time to go to school!” Amina repeated. But still, Colene was not moving. Usually, she was grumbling and mumbling to get another five minutes, but not at that moment.

“Colene, what does BFG mean? Why did you write this on your wall?”

But she couldn’t hear anything. “Colene?”

Amina became worried. She touched Colene’s shoulder, shook it. “Colene?”

No response. Amina took off the blanket and stepped back in horror. She almost fell on the chair but under her weight, the chair broke and Amina fell on the floor. She tried to stand up right away but the sight made her panicking. “Oh my goodness! Colene, say something?”

There wasn’t a sound.

“Colene? What happened? Why aren’t you talking?”

When she looked at Colene’s body again, she fainted.

After 10 minutes, the phone rang several times before Amina could wake up. She was still in Colene’s bedroom. She glanced at Colene who was in the same position, smiling. She looked down. Colene’s pyjamas was stained of red. *‘I didn’t dream, she is...’* She didn’t want to think about it. The phone was still ringing. She picked it up.

“Good morning Madam, are you Colene’s mom?”

“Yes... I... am,” she said, hesitating. Her voice was trembling.

“I am Colene’s teacher and Colene didn’t show up yet, so I was wondering if she is sick or just late. Usually, she is always on time and in fact, everybody misses her!”

“That’s horrible... I have to call the police,” she hung up and dialed 911.

“Police Station Officer Palmson,” the voice said.

“Please, come, my daughter doesn’t wake up and when I went to her room, she was bathing in red, please, come now, I don’t know what to do, maybe she is dead, oh no, please, come,” Amina moaned.

“I understand Madam, please stay calm, an inspector and ambulance go to your place right now.”

But Amina didn’t listen, she was shocked. She hung up.

“Oh my goodness, I don’t believe my eyes...” she murmured.

After 15 minutes, she heard the piercingly loud sound of the ambulance.

“They are coming Colene, they are coming! I must know everything.”

She ran over the door and waited. After a while, someone knocked on the door. She quickly opened it and let them go in.

“Madam, where’s your daughter’s room?”

“At the end of the corridor. Follow me.”

She let them enter Colene’s room.

The paramedics examined the body and one of them shook the head in the direction of the inspector. He glanced at the room and saw the letters BFG painted on the wall. He looked at the mom. “Madam, your daughter is dead. I am sorry.”

Amina let roll a tear down her cheek. “What...? How is this possible?”

“We have to open a case and conduct an investigation.” The inspector pointed the letters on the wall. “What does BFG mean?”

Amina shook the head. “I don’t know either. I asked my daughter before but she didn’t answer... she was dead and I didn’t know.”

At that moment, Amina realized her loss. She was desperate. She cried.

“Hum,” mumbled the inspector, “these letters remind me of something.”

Suddenly, he recalled distant memories when he was a child, a big fat child.

“*Hey BFB, what are you doing?*” said his classmates, laughing at him.

“BFG, Big Fat Girl,” he mumbled again.

Amina looked at him, astonished and paralyzed. “What did you just say?”

CHAPTER 6

The mom needed to repeat. “What did you just say? BFG? Big Fat Girl? Are you saying my little sweet daughter is fat?”

“No, I didn’t, but these letters painted on the wall, this is what they mean, Big Fat Girl.”

Amina looked at the letters and realized that the one who killed her daughter was a hater. She put back her sight at the inspector. “And who are you?”

“Oh, I am so sorry, I didn’t introduce myself. I am Inspector Evan Little.”

“Evan Little, you do not look so little,” Amina murmured.

“You’re right, I am not. And I can say your daughter was not a big fat girl.”

“She is not.”

“She was not you mean.”

“She is not.”

“I am sorry Madam, but she ‘was not’ is more appropriate as she is dead.”

Amina let roll tears. “You make me cry again.”

“I am sorry, but what can I do, she is completely dead, no sign of a little life in her big body.”

“You are hugely cruel, Mr. Little!”

“I am sorry, Madam. I don’t mean to say that. I am just telling you the truth.”

“Don’t make me cry again, Mr. Little.”

“Of course. So can you please stop crying? I don’t like to look at women crying.”

“You mean ‘woman’ as I am only one person.”

“Oh, I am sorry, I said it wrong.”

“Can you please don’t always say ‘I am sorry’ ? You have said it five times already!”

“I am sorry Madam. I won’t say it again. Not including this time.”

“How many ‘I am sorry’ do I need to listen, Mr. Little?”

“Ummm, I am sorry Madam, I don’t know too!”

“I don’t want to hear anymore ‘I am sorry’, Mr. Little.”

“Ok, Madam. I will not say it.”

“Finally,” said Amina. “So Mr. Little, how did you know BFG means Big Fat Girl? Who told you that?”

“When I was a child, I was so fat. My classmates called me BFB, which means Big Fat Boy, so I think BFG means Big Fat Girl.”

“If you were fat, how is it now? You are not fat anymore?”

“Well, that’s a good question. Some say I am, some others say I am not. Honestly, I think I am not, I only weigh 250 kg, almost nothing. But I keep training so I believe I am a muscled man.”

“The doctor told us she weighs 200 kg.”

“She weighed...”

“Don’t start again with your past tenses!” Amina shouted.

“ I’m sor...”

“ And don’t tell ‘I’m sorry’ again too!”

“Oh... err... right.”

“So, as I said, I don’t know who was so cruel to kill my daughter because she is fat.”

“Was...”

Amina glanced at Evan Little, frowning.

“Is, I mean. However, we have to investigate. Where was she used to go often?”

“At school, of course. Do you think she was not admitted in a school because there were no chair big enough for her?”

“I didn’t say that!”

“ Well, I still don’t know who called my little sweet daughter Big Fat Girl. She’s not fat at all!”

“Agree, I think your daughter was so thin.”

Amina glanced again at Evan Little.

“I mean, is so thin.”

“Don’t say ‘I’m sorry’ or any past tense again, or else...”

“Or else what?”

“Good question, I don’t know.”

“Why can’t I use past tense?”

“Because I don’t like it.”

“But why?”

“Don’t ask so many questions.”

“Ok, Madam,” said Evan. “So can we continue investigating?”

“Ask yourself. If you ask me, I will say yes.”

“Ok.”

“What question do you want to ask?”

“Did she have any enemy or friends at school?”

“Are you trying to tell me that she has an enemy?”

“No no no, I don’t mean that. Did she have any friends?”

“You mean she doesn't have friends?”

“Not that meaning. How many friends does she have?”

“She said that she has many because she’s good at telling stories.”

“Ok, Madam.”

“So do you have any other questions to ask me?”

“Of course!”

“So can you ask now?”

“Does she have any enemy?”

“I told you already, no!”

“Everybody has an enemy, at last one...”

“Stop it, Mr. Little. She didn’t have any enemies, my daughter is a nice girl.”

“Was... sorry, of course, Madam.”

The inspector flipped the pages of his notebook. “I think that’s it for the moment. We’ll tell you as soon as we have more information.”

“You bet, otherwise I will become angry.”

Evan was surprised. “I beg your pardon?”

“You heard me well,” Amina said, pointing her little fat finger under the inspector’s nose.

He was obligated to narrow his sight to look at it.

He glanced at the paramedics, and all of them went out, carrying the big body on the stretcher.

A few hours later, the coroner found out the bullet which killed Colene. “That’s strange.”

Evan Little was sitting his big fat body in a chair, waiting. He raised his sight. “What’s so strange, doc?”

“This bullet seems to come from a police gun.”

“A police gun?”

“Yes, do I need to repeat my sentence?”

“Of course not, doc.”

“So what can I do for you now?”

Evan Little looked at him.

“I don’t know.”

“But you should know. Think. Who will use a police gun to kill this big, fat girl?”

Evan raised his eyebrows.

“She’s not fat at all. If she’s fat, so what am I?”

“Umm... Good question. So what can I do for you now?”

“Nothing. I mean... Let me think of it.”

After a few minutes, the coroner looked at Evan.

“Have you finished thinking?”

“What do I need to think?”

“A few minutes before, you said I need to give you time to think. So what can I do for you now?”

“You’re saying this sentence for the third time, did you notice it? You’re like me, I always say ‘I am sorry’, right?”

“No, you didn’t.”

“Umm... who can tell me what I should do now?”

“No one. You’re the inspector, not me!”

Evan Little put his head on his hands. “From where this bullet comes?”

“We have to test the 10,000 police guns to answer this question, and we are talking about the policemen of this city only. If we added the police guns from the country, it goes to 1 million, and if we take into account those from the

continent, more than 10 million, and if we talk about the whole world...”

Evan raised his hand. “Enough doc, I’m able to calculate myself.”

“I was just answering your question, inspector. And about the other question...”

“Which question?”

“If she’s not fat at all, what are you? So if she is not fat, maybe you are just an elephant.”

Evan became speechless. “You’re horrible, doc, did you know that?”

“I know. My wife tells me that every day.”

CHAPTER 7

Some weeks before the murdering, Colene saw a classmate with a very nice little pink dress. “Wow, Minnie, what a cute dress you have!”

“Oh, thank you Colene. You’re very kind.”

“I think I can fit in it.”

“What? You can fit in it? Umm... I mean... You need to eat less fast food and do more exercise. Then you can fit in this dress.”

“But I hate doing exercise. And... I didn’t know what exercise I should do. The only thing I am good at is rolling down the hill. Is this a kind of exercise?”

“Umm... Maybe this is not an exercise, but you can try.”

“Actually, why do I need to do exercise?”

“I don’t want to say this out, but... There aren’t any XXXL sizes!”

“I am just wearing a XXL shirt!”

“I checked it already. The largest size is XL. No bigger than this.”

“So you mean I can’t wear this dress?”

“Until you do exercise and eat less fast food, about 1 time a week, then you can wear it.”

“What? I can only eat fast food for one day in a week?”

“Of course, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing. I think I don’t need to wear this dress.”

“But you said it was cute and you wanted to wear it, didn’t you?”

“Well, I have more than enough clothes at home and my mom will complain if I buy it for me. Moreover, if I become slimmer, all the clothes I have won’t fit me anymore. My mom will just be angrier at me.”

“Oh! That’s a big problem!” Minnie said, almost smiling.

“It is, but why are you smiling. It’s not funny at all. And I am almost the same size as you.”

“Really?”

“Really!”

“Well, anyway, it’s better to go, the class will begin in a few seconds.”

“Oh no! I must go to class on time.”

Colene started to roll to her classroom while Minnie was walking.

“Minnie, why aren’t you rolling? It is faster!”

“Yeah, but my new dress will be dirty and my mom will scold me.”

“Oh, my mom never scolded me. The only thing I don’t like about her is she won’t buy new dresses for me.”

“You said it is because you have so many clothes!”

“Yeah, it is true, but at least she can help me to buy one, or two new pieces of cloths.”

“Yes, you’re right. But the class is starting. We have to go!”

Colene kept rolling up to the stairs. Minnie jumped the steps two by two. Colene looked at the steps like the biggest challenge of her life. She sighed. “I wish I could be as small as Minnie.”

CHAPTER 8

The news of Colene's death spread like death flowers twirling in the wind. In not time, the word "Colene" was on every lips.

"What? She's dead?"

"What happened?"

"Who did that?"

In the class, Colene was missing. Not because she was taking a big seat, even though it was true, but her presence took a big place in the students' hearts.

"I know that you're sad, class. Everyone hopes the investigator can figure out who did it. However, there's anything we can do," the teacher said.

The only student who didn't say anything was Jaden.

"Jaden, why are you not talking? Aren't you sad? Colene was really good at telling stories!" the student sitting behind Jaden asked.

Jaden didn't answer.

"Jaden? What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," he mumbled.

"Oh, do I disturb you? If so, I'm sorry!"

Jaden didn't reply. That morning, he was not feeling at ease to hear all the students complaining about Colene's absence. *'Are they missing her because of the horrible and stupid stories she was telling, or because she was rolling*

down the hill every morning, or maybe because she was not good at anything in fact,' thought Jaden.

“Jaden!”

He raised his head all of a sudden to the voice calling him.

The teacher was looking at him, angry.

“Er, what?”

“I was right, you are again daydreaming,” the teacher scolded. “So?”

“So what?”

“The question on the blackboard, what is the answer?”

“Umm...Can I have some time...”

“To think? It is so easy!” The student behind him whispered.

“You think it was easy, but to me, it’s difficult,” Jaden mumbled.

“Jaden, what are you saying?” the teacher barked. “Do the questions! I chose the easiest one for you and you are telling me you don’t know the answer?”

“Er, teacher, I really don’t know the answer...”

“And you’re daydreaming in my lesson! Even Colene would be able to do it!”

“Sorry, teacher, but...”

“But what? Stand behind the classroom!”

Jaden walked to the end of the classroom slowly. *'I still don't know why my classmates like Colene, she's so fat!'* he thought. He turned towards the teacher. "And why now everyone is talking about Colene? She was so fat, so stupid and so annoying, don't tell me that even you are missing her!"

The whole class froze at Jaden.

"Jaden, what are you talking about? Everyone misses her, not like you! And you shouldn't say your classmates was fat, or annoying, or even stupid! Jaden, I'll ask your parents to come and I'll tell them everything you said," the teacher said, angrily.

"Jaden doesn't like Colene? And he said she's stupid? Impossible! Jaden is not even good at telling stories!" the students murmured.

"Yeah, what's wrong with Jaden?" Nancy asked.

"Don't ask me, ask him!" Jamie said.

"Do you think he's crazy?" Nancy added.

The teacher was desperate. He looked at Jaden. "Tell us, Jaden, why you didn't like Colene?"

Jaden bit his lips. "In fact, I liked her a lot."

The whole class froze again at Jaden's words.

"So Jaden, why did you say she's stupid? Can you tell me?"

"Because..."

The classmates started to speak again.

“Jaden likes Colene? Wow!”

“He’s changing so quickly. He just said Colene is annoying, and now he said he likes Colene!”

“Yeah, we should ask him why.”

“Jaden, can you answer my question? Why you said Colene is stupid?” the teacher repeated.

“Was...”

The teacher smirked. “Right, was... so why did you say she WAS stupid?”

Jaden closed his eyes. “What if I die tonight? Are you going to complain about my death and tell each other how good I was, that you missed me, that I was a good boy and all the blablabla you do at the moment?”

The students froze again for the third time. Jaden waited. He glanced at the clock and smiled. The bell rang. *‘Saved by the clock,’* he thought.

That was the recess, but he was not saved so much. In the playground, many students surrounded him.

“Why did you hate so much Colene?” the students asked.

“This is not your business, keep your nose in your own problems,” Jaden replied.

“Colene was a good girl even though she was a little bit too enveloped,” Nancy said.

“And she liked rolling rather than walking, I tried and it’s true, it’s faster,” Jamie added.

“And she was so good at telling stories!” another one said.

They all looked at Jaden. “SO?”

“So what? You’re so annoying, do you know that?”

“So why do you hate Colene? Give me a reason!” one of the students said.

“There’s no reason, can you go away? I need to go to the library!”

“You must answer the question. Why do you hate Colene?” Nancy asked.

“You’re not good at rolling and telling stories!” Jamie said, looking at Jaden.

“What’s the matter? This is not your business, did you hear that?”

“If you don’t answer the question, we won’t let you go.”

The students looked at Jaden again. “JADEN?”

“I won’t answer you unless you let me go. Don’t block my way!”

All the students surrounded him. He tried to push but they were too many.

They all glanced at Jaden. “We won’t go unless you answer our question. Everyone likes Colene, except you! This is the reason why we want you to answer us.”

“Fine! I’ll just wait for the bell.”

“Then we’ll surround you for the whole lunch,” Jamie said.

“You must give me time to eat.”

“We will give you five minutes,” Nancy replied.

“Eat... that is my answer.”

“Eat what?”

“I can’t tell you more... because you’ll think it’s very horrible.”

“Trust us, we won’t.”

“I already answered your question, can I go now?”

“No! You must tell us more,” Jamie said.

“I told you already, this is a secret, I can’t tell you my secret.”

“You must or else you can’t go anywhere.”

“Why? I don’t trust you, I told you two times already, it’s a secret! If I tell you, you will tell the teacher and your parents... and everyone will know my secret.”

The students looked at him. “It’s true that a secret is a secret,” Nancy said.

“Unless the secret involves other people,” Jamie added.

“And if he has a secret, it means it is something not so good, mainly about Colene.”

“Did you kill her?” a student shouted.

“Kill her? Why do I need to kill her?” Jaden asked, his face turned pale.

“So why did your face turn pale?”

“Is this another question?”

“Yes, it is.”

“By the way, why do you say I killed Colene?”

“I’m just asking you. So why did your face turn white? If you didn’t do something wrong, you shouldn’t be like that.”

“Why are you asking me so many questions?”

“Because we must know why you hated Colene.”

“Then why are you asking me why my face turned white?”

“Don’t ask so many questions.”

“But you’re also asking me so many questions!”

“So?”

Jaden smiled. “I did.”

All the students became speechless. Jaden looked at each of them. With a heavy silence, Jaden stepped forward and the students spread on both sides of his way, scared of him. The bell rang. They all ran as fast as they could.

It didn’t take long that once in the classroom, the teacher looked at Jaden in an uneasy and scary way. The quietness that was floating in the classroom was awkward. The students were barely whispering to each other. Some glanced at Jaden, but once he looked at them, they turned back their sight to the front.

'Now everyone is scared of me, that is great! They won't surround me, asking so many stupid questions anymore,' Jaden thought.

He looked at the teacher but the teacher quickly turned her sight away from him.

'That's great! The teacher is also scared of me. I can do anything I want.'

However his thoughts were interrupted by a knock-knock sound on the door. The principal entered the classroom followed by a big man. Jaden turned whiter than in the playground. He tried to hide behind another student.

"We heard that a student had killed Colene. I am sure this is a stupid gossip, and surely girls' gossips," the principal said while entering the room. "But as your principal, it is my responsibility not to take any chance, mainly when it is related to the security of this school. This is why I called the investigator in charge of Colene's case, Mr. Evan Little."

Jaden bent down the head, trying to be as little as possible in the classroom. The Inspector looked at the students, one after the other. His sight stopped at a shoulder and what looked like hair hidden behind another student.

"Hum," he said.

Jaden slowly raised his head just above the shoulder of the student hiding him. He peeked at the Inspector.

"Why are you hiding Jaden?"

"Oh, Dad! Hi! Errg, I was looking for my pencil, I dropped it on the floor."

When the classmates heard Jaden calling the investigator Dad, they gasped.

“What? The investigator doesn’t know what his son did?” Jamie whispered to the girl behind her.

“Yeah, impossible!”

“Be quiet class!” the teacher said, turning to Evan. “Thanks for helping, Mr. Little.”

Jaden was embarrassed. *‘How come my dad is the investigator on Colene’s death? Hum...’*

Evan looked at Jaden. “Then sit straight when you pick it up.”

“Errg, yes Daddy.”

All the students looked at Jaden.

“I heard that a student is responsible for Colene Hill’s death,” Mr. Little continued, getting the attention from all the students turning the head towards him. “Even though it is quite unusual, I wonder why such a crime has been done? So, whoever knows something about it, no matter what it is, please call me or talk to your teacher who will pass the message.”

Evan wrote his phone number on the board.

“Thank you, Mr. Little. We’ll try our best to help you with it.”

“Thank you, Madam. You can continue your lesson.”

She smiled at him and looked at the student to stand up before the inspector left.

“Jaden, stand up straight, please,” she snapped.

All the heads turned towards him. He didn't like people looking at him. He glanced at the teacher but caught the sight of his father on him. He reddened.

“Jaden, stand up!” the teacher said, angrily.

Jaden stood up slowly. “What will she do to me?” he murmured.

“Good day students,” Evan said. Then, he left the classroom.

“Jaden, your behavior even in front of your father is really horrible. Stand at the back of the classroom,” the teacher ordered.

Jaden walked to the back of the classroom slowly like a snail.

“Be quick! Don't waste our time.”

Jaden didn't mind wasting the time. He still walked slowly. The teacher left him alone and continued the lesson. But as soon as the door closed after the two men, all the students started to speak at the same time.

“Ms, Jaden killed Colene...”

“Ms, Jaden told us that he hated Colene...”

“Be quiet, class. The investigator will find out everything,” said the teacher. “And why did you say Jaden killed Colene? Did he tell you?”

“No, but...”

“Yes...

“Not really...

“He turned white when we asked...

“He hates us too...

The teacher raised the hand. “Stop all of you. I think the principal was right. You are making gossips for probably nothing.”

She looked at each student. “Understood?”

They nodded the head.

“Good. Let’s continue our lesson. If you know something about this case, tell Mr. Little. It’s lesson time now.”

‘I hope they won’t continue asking me those stupid questions. If they did, I would not answer them,’ Jaden thought. ‘Otherwise, my dad will be very angry at me.’

CHAPTER 9

Once at home, Jaden silently opened the main door and tiptoed up to his room. *‘That’s so bad my father is the investigator. I’m sure I’ll sit in the interrogatory room in no time with a big light towards me and forcing me to admit my fault. I just have to pretend I’m sick and skipped the din...’*

A “Toc, toc, toc!” on the door interrupted his thoughts. Jaden became white, then green, then blue. *‘Oh no, here he comes.’*

“Dad?”

“Jaden! Help me open the door!”

Jaden walked slowly towards the door.

“Jaden, can you be quick?”

“Umm, sure.”

Jaden opened the door. *‘Does he know what I did? Will he ask me questions like my classmates?’* Jaden wondered.

His dad looked at him, frowning. “Jaden, have you finished your homework?”

“Umm, not yet, Dad. I’m doing it now.”

He quickly ran back to his room and slapped the door on his dad, leaving him behind it. He took his homework out.

‘Oh my god! So much homework? I’m going to die.’

He took out the Chinese homework. *‘Always so difficult to do. Why do we have to learn this?’*

“Jaden! Have you finished your homework?” his dad asked behind the door.

“Not yet, Dad. Don’t disturb me please.”

‘Seems like he didn’t know what I did. That’s good.’

“Once you are done, we have to talk together.”

‘I spoke too fast, he is going to kill me after strangling me.’

“Right?” his dad said.

“Yes, Dad. As I said, I have so much homework to do and so little time!”

“Oh, it doesn’t matter. I have so much time!”

‘Oh no! I’m going to the interrogatory room at midnight! What should I do? I thought he didn’t know what I did!’

“Jaden?”

“What’s the matter, Dad?”

“Tell me when you finish your homework.”

“Ok, Dad, I will.”

‘Will he arrest me or what? Or will he call the police and put me in jail for the rest of my life?’

“Be quick!” his dad shouted.

“I do my best, Dad.”

“Do better than your best! It’s an order!”

‘Oh, he sounds angry now. It is said, never tempt the devil or he will eat you. I never thought my dad would be angrier than the devil.’

“I’m waiting for you in the dining room.”

‘That’s the interrogation room. I have to be quick. Internet first.’

He turned on his computer and looked for ‘In case of arrestation, what a criminal should do.’

“What? Two million Pages? Why are there so many criminals posting things here? That’s crazy!”

He clicked on the first website. The page appeared

“Rule 1: Never be arrested, no matter what you have done.

Rule 2: If ever you are arrested, never admit what you have done.

Rule 3: If ever you admit anything, always say it’s someone’s fault, not yours.

“Wow! Great ideas!”

His father heard him typing on the computer. “Jaden! I said finish your homework. Why are you using the computer?”

“Oh, nothing Dad. We need to do a project at school so I’m searching for something useful.”

“Be as quick as possible!”

“Sure.”

“And what have you said just now? What criminals?”

“Nothing, Dad. Don’t disturb me.”

‘Should I do what the internet tells me? What should I do when I’m arrested?’

After a few minutes, he entered a new search, “What if you killed someone you should do...” and clicked.

‘Much better, only ten pages? But still, I can’t read that quickly! No matter what, I’m going to die, or by reading, or by my father!’

“Jaden, I’m waiting!”

“Ok, Dad. I said don’t disturb me.”

“I already waited for ten minutes! How much homework do you have?”

“Too many. I’m searching for something useful, Dad.”

“Be as quick as possible, Jaden!”

“I will, Dad.”

He clicked on the first website.

“Hmmm... nothing useful.”

He entered another new search, “What should you do when you’re in jail...” and he pressed ‘enter’.

‘Oh my Goodness! Another one million pages? Here we go again. Why do so many criminals post their suggestions here? It’s crazy!’

Jaden sat back on his chair. “What should you do when you killed a classmate?”

One hundred pages list showed up. “Too many. What should you do when you killed a classmate during the night?” But again, a long list appeared. “What should you do when you killed a classmate you loved?” Ten thousand

pages list appeared. *'Ah! We are making progress.'* “What should you do when you killed a classmate you loved and your father is a policeman?” A list of 2 pages appeared. “Here we go! Yay!”

He clicked on one of the websites.

Rule 1: Never let your father investigate this case.

Rule 2: Never tell your father what you did.

'It's not useful at all! My Dad is already investigating this case, and he surely already knows what I did!'

He clicked on the other website.

'Same thing? Impossible! Did the same person post these things?'

“Jaden! Have you finished your homework? I already waited for twenty minutes!”

“Dad, my teacher gave me so much homework. You want me to do it in twenty minutes? Plus, I need to search for something useful for my project.”

“Do. It. As. Quick. As. Possible.”

“Sure, Dad.”

One hour later, “Knock, knock!”

Jaden jumped on his chair. “Errg, yes?”

“Open the door, it's urgent!” his father ordered.

Jaden stood up and reluctantly opened the door. The father entered and looked at the computer screen.

“What were you doing? You have research to do on criminals? Killers?”

Jaden gulped. “Oops...”

“So?”

“Errg, yeah... in a way. But what did you want to ask me, Dad?”

“I’m asking you, why do you have research to do on criminals?”

“Umm... Nothing, Dad. Today’s project needs me to search for criminals, so...”

“The school won't let you do these.”

“Umm...”

“Don’t talk about these. Now go down with me and let’s talk.”

“Umm... Sure, Dad. What are we going to talk about?”

“You’ll know that later.”

“But Dad, I haven’t finished...”

“Your homework? You haven’t finished your homework in one hour? Impossible! Whatever, we need to talk now.”

“And... may I know now or is it a secret?”

“Colene Hill.”

Jaden became suddenly pale. “Colene Hill...” He stopped in the middle of the stairs.

The father turned to him. “Anything to tell me about her?”

“Errg, what do you mean?”

“I said, anything you have to tell me about this girl, and when I say ‘anything’ it really means ‘anything’?”

“Errg... not really apart poor girl, that’s horrible what happened to her.”

“Yeah, and I’m the one who’s investigating this case.”

“Errg, right.”

“If you know anything about her, or about this case, remember to tell me. It will help me a lot.”

“Errg, sure, Dad. I will.”

“Nice.”

Both of them went down and the father conducted Jaden in the dining room. There was a lamp on the table. Jaden sat on a chair and his dad lit the light and threw it towards Jaden’s face. “Now, tell me everything!”

“Errg, Dad, what are you doing? This room is like an interrogation room!”

“This is.”

“But our house is not a police station!”

“Do you want to go to the police station?”

“Errg, no, Dad. Of course not.”

“Ok. Tell me everything you know.”

“What do you mean, Dad.”

“Tell me everything that I asked you.”

“Sure, Dad.”

“Do you know what was the expression on her face when she died?”

“Well, Dad, why are you asking this question?”

“Who am I?”

“My dad, of course!”

“Wrong answer, I am the investigator of Colene’s Hill murder, so I am the one to ask questions.”

“If you say so,” Jaden said, waddling the head.

“Just answer me. It’s not the time for you to ask questions.”

“Hmm... smiling?”

“How do you know that?”

“Umm... She was always smiling at school so I guess she was smiling too when she died.”

“You mean she wanted to die?”

“Maybe. She was so fat...”

“If she’s fat, what am I? Super fat?”

“Yeah Dad, you are super fat.”

“You know you are very impolite?”

“I know, my teacher said it so many times.”

“And what else?”

“That I am not a good student, I always disturb others, I don’t do my homework...”

The father sighed. “Stop it, what else about Colene?”

“Oh, well... she loved to tell horror stories, is this going to help you?”

“Hmm... I don’t know, but maybe. Any other things?”

“Almost all the students liked her.”

“Hmm... This might help me a lot. Continue.”

“Continue what, Dad?”

“Continue telling me things about Colene!”

“Let me think...She’s good at writing stories.”

“Great... but you already told me that.”

“Any more questions, Dad?”

“Yes. Do you know who could go into her house at night?”

“I don’t even know where she lives, how should I know that, Dad?”

“Who knows?”

“Well, you are the investigator, not me, so you should. Where does she live?”

“Not far from here, up the way to school, on the hill.”

“Oh yeah, there is a big tree right next to her room, right?”

The father looked suspiciously at Jaden.

“Errg... I guess...” Jaden murmured.

“We need to talk more,” Evan said.

“Don’t you think we already talked enough?”

Evan waved the hand, sweeping what Jaden said. “How do you know there’s a big tree next to her room?”

“Umm... One time I went on the hill... and I saw a big tree there... so I guess there’s a big tree next to her room.”

“Hmm... But why did you need to go there?”

“Not so important, every time I saw her rolling down the hill... and honestly, I may admit I wanted to roll like her...”

“Well, you’re too thin. You can’t roll. I remember you told me you hate rolling when I wanted to show you.”

“I just wanted to try...”

“Hmm... Strange. You know, if you want to roll, you need to eat a lot of fast food and strawberry cake sandwiches with peanut butter rolled in brown sugar cream.”

“That’s too sweet, Dad. This is why you are so fat, no wonder. And by the way, what’s so strange, Dad?”

“You don’t need to know that, Jaden.”

“So, Dad, do you have any more questions to ask me?”

Evan looked at Jaden. “Yes, a last one and I am sure you can easily answer me, clever as you are. How has she been killed?”

“Oh, that’s easy, Dad. She’s been killed with a gun.”

Evan dropped his jaw, speechless for a moment. “Jaden, how do you know that?”

“You already said that, I’m clever...”

“You didn’t even see her dead body and you already know that she’s killed by a gun? I don’t think I’ve told you before, right?”

“You did tell me, Dad...”

“When? Why don’t I remember?”

“Well, errgh, I remember.”

“Hmm... When did I tell you?” Evan murmured, putting his big fat head next to Jaden’s, looking right into his eyes.

“Umm... Maybe they said that on the news...”

“No, nothing has been said, yet.”

“Errgh... Dad, any more questions?”

“Yes,” he said.

“What is it?”

“The same one I just asked. How do you know she has been killed with a gun?”

“That’s not fair. You should not ask twice the same questions!”

“Jaden, we are not in a TV game, we talk about reality. Someone has been killed and everybody said you are the murderer. So?”

“Hum, that’s indeed a very good question.”

“I’m still waiting.”

“Waiting for what?”

“Waiting for your answer! How do you know that she has been killed with a gun?”

“Errgh... I just... guessed maybe?”

“Guessed? Why don’t you think she’s killed by something else? Why not a hammer, a knife, a baseball bat, poison, or even choked?”

“Umm...”

“I still have more questions!”

“What is it, Dad?”

“Do you know who can go into her room at midnight?”

“Classmates...?”

“Why do you think it was a classmate but not a school-mate?”

“Nothing, I just guess...”

“Even the police don’t know. I’m asking you why do you know that. Everything you tell me is right and it’s impossible to say it correctly when you’re guessing.”

“Yeah, Dad. But you said I’m clever...”

“Right. Too much clever. Now tell me. Look right into my eyes. Did. You. Kill. Colene?”

Jaden didn’t say anything.

“Jaden? I’m talking to you. Did. You. Kill. Colene?”

Jaden still didn't reply.

"Jaden, if you don't answer me I'll bring you to the police station and let the police ask you."

Jaden opened his eyes widely.

"No..." he murmured.

"No? So why do your classmates keep saying that you killed Colene? Jaden, tell me the truth. Or else I'll bring you to the police station, but I don't want to. If you did, I'll do my best to protect and ask a good friend to be your lawyer!"

"Tell me Dad, do you really believe that I, me, your son, can be a murderer?"

Evan stopped for a while, thinking.

"Everyone said you are, so I must trust them."

"Do you trust them or do you trust your own son?"

"I should at least pay attention to what it is said. Now you can only choose one of them. Tell me the truth, or I'll bring you to the police station."

Jaden opened his eyes wide again.

"You trust them? If I were you, I'd trust my own son!"

"Do you trust me?"

Jaden was surprised by his turn. He didn't expect his father to be so clever. After all, he is not an investigator for nothing.

"Now isn't the time for you to say these things. Tell me the truth or go to the police station, choose one!"

“I did.”

Evan made a pause then, thought about to say. “Well, I don’t really trust you...”

“But Dad, you just wanted to know if I killed her, saying you believed that, and now you said you don’t trust me?”

“Yes, because you don’t even have a gun...”

“So Dad, do I need to tell you everything...?”

“Yes. What did you use to kill her?”

Jaden’s face went pale.

“I used a gun. Your gun,” Jaden said slowly.

Evan took out his gun from his belt, opened the charger and looked into it. “Are you serious, Jaden?”

“Yes I am.”

The father counted the bullets, one was missing. He became pale and a drop of sweating rolled down his forehead. He looked at Jaden with a big question mark in the eyes.

CHAPTER 10

Jaden smiled at his father. “Seems you have a more interesting question, Daddy?”

“What. Did. You. Do. Exactly?”

“Oh, I thought your question would be more interesting than that.”

“Tell Me Everything, Jaden. Now.”

“Well, can I not tell you that?”

“Then I’ll take you to the police station.”

“Oh really? You said that you don’t want to do that! You don’t need to force yourself, Dad.”

“I’m not. Now isn’t the time for you to talk. The only thing you can say is...What did you exactly do?”

“If you bring me to the police station you’ll be guilty too...”
Jaden murmured.

“What are you saying?”

“Accomplice by fact... Dad...”

“Accomplice? Where did you take that? Tell me!”

“Internet is so full of lying and stupid video games, you once told me. That’s true. But there is so much good information about different ways criminals act. And they are more than pleased to share their tricks with whoever falls on their sites. Therefore, as it misses a bullet in your gun, the question should be ‘Where this bullet is?’ Right?”

Evan stopped for a while. Then he asked. “What do you mean?”

“You should know that, Dad. You are the investigator, not me!”

“I know what you’re saying...but why are you saying this?”

“Because...Maybe you don’t know?”

“I know it. I got it. No need to tell me this again.”

“But Dad, what can we talk about? Or should I go?”

“No. I won’t let you go. Stay here and don’t move.”

“You want me to become a statue?”

Evan looked at Jaden. “No.”

“You want to arrest me?”

“I don’t know yet.”

“You know that if you arrest me and you conduct me at the police station and they put me in jail, they can’t keep me more than 24 hours without having any proof, right?”

Evan bent the head strangely.

“And what kind of proof they may get to keep me longer and probably arrest me and conduct me in front of a judge?”

Evan stayed silent.

“Are you going to find your friend to be the judge?”

“No...or yes,” Evan said slowly.

“What do you mean?”

Evan stayed silent for another moment. “Wait. And when they’ll ask what did you use to kill her, what are you going to say?”

“Who killed who?” Jaden said. “Did I say I killed Colene Hill, the BFG?”

Evan shivered. He remembered the three big letters painted on the wall. Even though that was not convincing enough. “You already said that we don’t have any proof, do we? Admitting to tell the fact is already a proof, didn’t you know it?”

Jaden smiled. “Yeah, you don’t. But what’s the matter? Your gun had lost one bullet! I think this is more convincing than anything else, don’t you think so?”

“You don’t need to tell me that. I know.”

“So what are we talking about? Do I need to tell you what I did? Probably not.”

“Yes. At the court, even though we know who is guilty, we want to know the whys. So, why?”

“Why did I kill her? You don’t need to know why! Have you seen any criminals telling the police everything they did?”

“No.”

“So I’m not going to tell you even though you’re my Dad.”

“Then let’s go to the police station together.”

“They don’t have any proof! Do you think the words are enough? Of course not!”

“At least we have some.”

“But the bullet is the most convincing! That’s the definite proof. And from where this bullet comes from?”

Evan didn’t answer. In fact, he didn’t know where his son wanted to lead the discussion.

“Dad? I’m asking you where the bullet comes from! I’m sure you know that, right?”

“What are you saying?”

“Where. The. Bullet. Comes. From?”

Evan still didn’t answer. He didn’t know what to say.

“Well, I’m telling you that they can also put you in jail if you bring me to the police station.”

“Why?”

“You still don’t know? They can’t put me in jail without any proof but when they are going to investigate more about where the bullet comes from, things may become a little bit delicate for you because the bullet comes from your gun! And therefore, you can be easily put in jail.”

Evan knew this already. *‘What should I do? What can I do?’* He kept thinking in his head. “Why did you use my gun?”

Jaden smiled. “Because I didn’t know what else to use.”

“So, you admit you killed her!”

“Did I say that?”

“You’re playing a dangerous game Jaden, a very dangerous game. I am an investigator and knowing what you have done, even though you are my son, I should arrest you.”

“I’m going to see if you can catch me.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re too fat.”

“I. Am. Not. I’m still going to the police station.”

“And you’re going to be arrested by the other police, Dad.”

“Don’t say it again, Jaden. I won’t let you do this again. This is very dangerous, Jaden. I hope you know it.”

“Of course I know. Everyone at school was nice and became friends with her. I don’t know why!”

“And this is why you killed her? Only this reason?”

“Of course not, who said I killed her? And even if I did, I’m not going to tell you.”

Evan walked into the room, pacing the tension. For the first time, he smiled. “I know you were jealous. That could be a sufficient reason. Most of the murders are committed by being jealous, or envy, wanting to become like the victim. I understand.”

“You really think I wanted to be a big fat boy, like you?”

“I didn’t physically speak like that. But mentally. Being popular or people like you beyond your physical appearance. Moreover, you are a glutton.”

“A what?”

“A glutton.”

“What do you mean? I’m popular? You really think I wanted to be as popular as the BFG?”

“Yes. Everyone wanted to be as popular as her. But even though you wanted to be popular, you didn’t need to kill her!”

“I didn’t say I killed her, Dad.”

“You did. When I asked you why you had to use my gun, you said you didn’t know what else you could use, right?”

“Yes, I did.”

“So, you already said it! Now tell me, why did you kill her?”

Jaden looked at his father.

“I just want to know why?”

“You’re right. I’m a glutton. Time will become hard and I thought it would be good to have some reserve, food reserve. Imagine, like you, how many kilos of meat are you carrying around?”

Evan became pale. “You killed her to eat her?”

“Yes, I did. What’s the matter?”

“Umm... You’re really disgusting. Why would you want to eat human meat?”

“I don’t know. But what I know, she was really fat. And give her to any butcher, I am sure they would be able to cut different parts like roasthuman...”

“You mean roastbeef.”

“She was not a beef, but a human.”

The dad didn’t smile at the sarcastic and horrible sentence.

“Then why didn’t you want to tell me everything earlier?”

“Because...I know you’ll think it’s disgusting, and a criminal won’t tell the police everything they committed!”

“But why did you choose to tell me now?”

“It could be appropriate, just for you.”

“Do you have anything else to admit? Like, will you really eat human meat?”

“Maybe. It is worth a try. We all need to survive. If I don’t, why did I need to kill her?”

“How do I know...”

“Ok, I’ve told you everything I wanted to say. Do you have any more questions?”

Evan shook the head. He took his handcuffs and handed them to Jaden. Jaden laughed. He stood up and pushed his father in the stairs. The dad stumbled, rolled and stumbled over the steps, breaking the handrail under his heavy-weight, and finished rolling way beyond the last step. Jaden jumped the stairs two by two up to his father.

“I hope you didn’t hurt yourself. Now, I have to take some fresh air. That’s the last time you see me. I am not intended to spend the last days of my life in jail.”

Evan was dizzy and barely understood what Jaden said.

“Time for dinner Jaden, you don’t go anywhere before eating.”

“Oh Mom! I didn’t notice you. I’m sorry but I think I am not...”

But the mom interrupted him. "It's an order!"

"But why do I need to listen to you?"

"Because it's an order."

"So? What's the matter?"

"So you must listen to me. And why is your dad on the floor?"

"I'm surprised you didn't hear him. He made such a big-bang-boum noise while stumbling down the stairs."

"What? You pushed him down?"

"I did. And you stop shouting, I can't stand it anymore. I'm leaving."

The mom looked at him, speechless.

"Why did you push him down? Did he do anything to you? Are you sick?"

"No I'm not. Don't ask so many questions, Mum."

"Can you answer me?"

"No, it's a secret."

"Jaden, it's also an order. Tell me!"

"Ask Dad, he will tell you. If he doesn't, that's his problem, not mine. He wanted to arrest me for a crime I didn't commit. He's a bad police officer and the worst investigator I ever met."

"Evan, is it true?"

"He used my gun to kill her..."

“To kill who?”

“One of his classmates...”

“Jaden, why did you need to kill a classmate? Do you know that you may be arrested by the police?”

“I know.”

“Then why did you do that? Is this why you pushed him down the stairs?”

“Yeah...kind of. So?”

“That’s not fun, Jaden.”

“Of course I know.”

“Then... I don’t understand.”

“Ask Dad. He can explain to you.”

“He wanted to eat the girl. Our son is a cannibal. So disgusting... He told me that.”

“Eat human meat?! Are you crazy, Jaden?”

“No, I’m not. You should try?”

“My son is insane,” the mum claimed, raising the hands above her head.

The dad stood up with pain. He took his phone. “A fugitive is on the run. He is suspected to have killed Colene Hill.” He looked at Jaden. “You don’t have much time in front of you.”

Jaden opened the door and laid down and tried to roll down the street. After a few meters, he stood up. “Dad,” he shouted, “it doesn’t work at all!” He ran away, laughed, and enjoyed his freedom.

Evan got out of the house. His son was running too fast for him. With a sigh, he laid down and rolled after his son.

THE END



Vianne Lam is 9 years old. At first, she didn't want to write any story, but after a while, she simply said: «I don't know how to write a story... ». That was her debut as a Young Author.

Vianne Lam lives in Hong Kong. Her big sister Marjorie is also a writer, a productive one!

Vianne is going in grade 4. She loves to go to school, enjoys computer games, and of course, reading books. She also likes to watch the cartoons on TV. Later, she would like to be a teacher!

Vianne enjoys her writing time and making her stories dramatic... or simply funny.

«The Princess and the Witch» was Vianne's first story. «The Good, the Bad, and the Funny Things» was her second book, followed right away with «A Ghost Story» which is about... ghosts, those living in Disneyland! To keep going with her imaginative mind, «Three Wishes» was written! What would you do if you had three wishes? And she kept writing. The following book was «The Three Black Magicians» who were not skilled at their black craft, making mistakes over mistakes which were more than funny. Then, she created a dramatic novella, «Tiana's Story», with more than 11,100 words.

In the middle of the summer 2020, she just finished her seventh novella, «The Colene Hill's Case». This dark genre with a pinch of dark humour will not leave indifferent. Written with more than 13,000 words, the elaboration of the characters and the range of emotions she plays with, demonstrates a talent beyond what you may expect at first sight. She is still young, but she is definitely a writer to follow. She hopes you are going to enjoy her latest story!