



# JACLR

## *Journal of Artistic Creation & Literary Research*

***JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.***

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***That was a bad one***

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## That was a bad one

*"If I had a world of my own, everything would be nonsense. Nothing would be what it is, because everything would be what it isn't. And contrary wise, what is, it wouldn't be. And what it wouldn't be, it would. You see?"<sup>1</sup>*

*(A car is driving to the edge of the village at dawn. It's pouring down, raining cats and dogs, as the old would say. Inside the car, JOE KING is driving, paying attention to the road and laughing at the same time. ALICE LIDDELL is at his side.)*

JOE KING: Why? I don't get it. *(Laugh)* A desktop and a crow, you say... Do you know more? C'mon, you know I like to have fun, tell me another.

JOE: Okay, okay, I shall try. My turn then. Listen to this one: There are two people, a man and a woman, going in a car and the man has a gun... Wait! You've already heard of it?

JOE: Damn it! Thought this would be a good one but what's the sense of telling it if you wouldn't laugh?

JOE: Okay, it's fine. Don't worry. Everything's fine.

JOE: Well, I don't know. Guess half an hour at least. What? You excited about it? I guess you should. It's a very nice place to be. Hopefully, you won't have to move again.

*(Silence)*

JOE: Hey! Have you heard of the one in which a man shoots... Also? My gosh, Alice, you know every damn joke about guns or what?

JOE: Yes, you're right. Once you heard one, you've heard all of them. By the way, what do you think about that serial killer, Dreamcatcher? Nice name for a murderer, eh?

JOE: Well, that's like saying you haven't heard anything of him. The news says that he has killed ten random people. Can you imagine that? Ten random people and no *modus operandi*!

JOE: Yes, clear as it sounds. However, what newspapers haven't said is that... Jeez!

*(JOE swerves off the road.)*

JOE: Have you seen that? No! I can't believe it! You were looking in the opposite direction. It was a dog running after a cat. Ever wondered why dogs do that, run after cats? Thought myself a lot about it. I once even saw the result: it was at night, the dog was chasing the cat and then... The cat stopped and the dog as well. They both stared at each other. Damn! Dogs have been chasing cats during all their fucking history and when one reached the cat, he stopped without knowing what to do! C'mon! He didn't know what to do with the cat but the cat knew it, oh, yes, he knew it. He waited until the dog was desperate without knowing what to do and attacked him. So ridiculous... Can you imagine a cat defeating a dog?

JOE: No, neither can I. What? Oh, yes! The serial killer. Where was I? Oh, the *modus operandi*. I was saying that Dreamcatcher has a very precise method of choosing their victims: he sends them a letter claiming that he knows them so well that he is able to guess what they have dreamt about the night before. If he guesses the dream, he

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<sup>1</sup> This statement was said by a mute man that had to walk with his hands due to his lack of legs. A famous writer recovered it when the fact was nearly forgotten. When published, the narrator was accused of lunacy but he claimed his neurological system, including his brain, was in perfect conditions. He died of epilepsy at 65.

blackmails them, asks for money and when they're about to deliver it, wham! He kills them. How is that possible? How can he guess what their victims have dreamt about? Well, here's the trick: he doesn't.

JOE: Oh, don't mock me! You already knew that, did you? You knew that he sends tons and tons of letters to different addresses and that only a few stupid bastards answer him back. That he guesses the dreams of people is just nonsense, stupid, ridiculous... And you know what? The police haven't figured out yet how he does it.

JOE: You did? Wow, impressive!

JOE: What? That you even know who he is? Then, why have you jumped into my car?

JOE: You knew I am the Dreamcatcher and decided to let me give you a ride? Why, Alice? Why? Hum... I guess it's like the dog chasing the cat, like talking to a wall or to a corpse, like talking to you. Seriously, what drives dogs so mad that they have to run after cats? What makes a young beautiful girl like you get into the car of a serial killer? Might be politeness? *(Laugh)* Okay, okay, bad joke. And the fucking dumb cops see me as a riddle, a curious specimen who doesn't fit in their logic.

JOE: Why? You don't get it? You ask me why?! Yes, sure... Your father, the psychologist would say that I must have had problems during my childhood, that I must have been raped or something else... You know what? That's not true. You know me, I am your friend: I was a kind of spoiled boy. Mum always loved me. Dad played cricket with me. They never fucked me up. I guess it's my nature.

*(The car goes over a pothole and trembles.)*

JOE: C'mon, Alice, don't look at me like that. I don't like that face... I should try to draw a smile on your face. Oh, now I remember: you don't like my jokes.

JOE: Please, don't insist. I'm not going to tell you why I killed those people... Look. Here we are. Just in time.

*(JOE gets out of the car, walks around it, opens the door, looks for ALICE's lipstick and draws a smile on her face over her dead lips.)*

JOE: There you go. Now, what a lovely pussy you are.

JOE: No! No! Don't get me wrong... Bad choice of words, I admit it. I meant 'cat,' I promise, a lovely smiling cat.

*(JOE takes the corpse over his shoulder and takes it to the cliff. He puts the body down.)*

JOE: Yes, I know: a little bit wet... But look how you smile! You must be delighted with the landscape!

JOE: Okay, okay. You keep insisting, not my fault. I'm gonna give you a hint, but don't blame me if you don't like the answer. Well, you know what? I shall better keep my mouth shut. Bye-bye, Alice. Enjoy your new home!

*(JOE pats the corpse and it falls from the cliff to the sea.)*

JOE: Poor girl... She will wonder why I did it... If only she knew the difference between a riddle and a joke...

**Bioprofile of the author:**

Arsène Fablet was probably young when he was born. Eventually, he killed a man for the sake of curiosity and now he is devoted to writing. He is now too old to die young but he might never pass away. Ultimately, at most —and he can claim this with certitude— he will disappear.

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