

Whiter than Light

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Silence the witness, get rid of the suspect.

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“Agent Domilas?” said a grim voice over the phone.

“Who is this? This is my week off!” just when I was about to date.

“We have several reports of a suspicious looking white-haired man, sparking light out of his forearm usually to light his cigarette. You are to immediately investigate and then report at the headquarters!” as always I had no clue who I was talking to. Everyone’s identity within the organization and any related information was highly classified. Governmental orders to be obeyed up until death.

A sigh of hesitation. Knowing I had no choice, follow orders or to start living a life as a fugitive killing off, hundreds of sweepers sent after me. The later was exciting and tempting. Took in a deep breath of relief, I still didn’t lose my free will even in a police state. Clenching my fist, squeezing the juices out of the apple between fingers.

“Sure, you can count on me. Whatever the old man does, I will find out.” With an intensified grip, the fruit shattered to pieces. Juices filled with aromatic scent of a fresh fruit flew around the room, some into my face, a tiny drop into the right eye, enraging me. Convincing her to meet another day would be really hard.

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According to the safe connection SMS received, witnesses report to have seen the man either walking toward a bus station near a shady neighborhood, or lying in wait peacefully smoking his cigar. Perhaps a foreign spy, plotting something for years and after getting accustomed to the surroundings, he left his guard down for one crucial moment which helped us indentify the danger.

Procedure obligation stated to first visit the witnessâ house.

The door bell resounded throughout the house with a wooden exterior, painted in white. Green vines were covering the lower wall. As I was about to grab one of the grapes, the door opened. This man was about to notice my obsession with acidic fruits. â I was merely admiring the plant, am tendering a garden of my own at home.â

The guy was staring at me bewildered. Why did I have to excuse myself, if I hadnât mentioned anything regarding it, he perhaps wouldnât notice my weird habit to check on every green fruit. Most people would just be too scared of an agentâs appearance and wouldnât even see their wall is getting peed on by exactly the same agent. My strong body build in the dark suit with the shades I was wearing is that much distracting and fear inducing.

â I hear you have observed a suspicious man around shooting lightning?â

â Well yes, every morning on my drive home from the gym I notice the guy waiting for the bus. Itâs really near my home.â the man was afraid, this was a sign this part of the job was going to not cause difficulties.

â Listen carefully. You are not to talk to anyone about this and must keep everything secret. If word goes spreading around, weâll kill you, bury your body in the desert and nobody will ever find you.â

Customer part solved. Always remarkable, how easy the little poem would silence people, mainly those pesky UFO eye witnesses. Most people. As for those that speak up, they got what they were promised. With a grin on my face, I knew I was close to finishing my job, so all I had to do now was to sit in wait, hidden in my car, which I parked near the now intimidated guyâs house, just as if some relatives have come to visit.

That place offered a very clear view across the large road. From a side angle I could almost see the bus station. But it was all good; the bus would come from that direction and the suspect from the other side, so I wouldnât miss his arrival.

As expected, he did show up. White jacket, blank pants and a grey t-shirt, sunglasses lift over the top of his head, with a frowny look on his face he took deep breath from his cigar and was steadily walking in a calm manner towards the bus station.

I followed the bus, up until the mystery man dropped down near the city center. He walked towards an desolated side street. This was where I had to get out.

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In a dead end street near the bus stop, he constantly sparked light out of his hand and opened a portal. No idea what drove me to, but I jumped after him through the portal.

We were now in a white room, flooded with light. Some strange white haired men, radiating strong rays of light, were sitting in front of us.

“Have you succeeded in your task today?” asked one of them. He clearly ignored my presence.

“No. I shall need yet another day.” said the man I followed.

“You know we all need to hurry up. We must bring light to all people, before they destroy each other through their hatred and violence.”

“I know. We’ve been doing this for ages, but it will still take more time.”

He turned around and was now staring at me, I was shocked. A bolt of lightning came out of his hand and hit me.

Next thing I knew, I was sitting on the concrete. The strange man looking upon me said in a very low voice:

“Listen carefully. You are not to speak to anyone about this and forget everything that happened. If word goes spreading around, we’ll kill you, bury your body in the desert and nobody will ever find you.”

We all think we are tuff, until the day comes when we meet someone stronger, it can happen even to us agents or an entire federal agency. Such shocks cause us trauma and we retire. Clearing the way for new foolishly brave people.

Now that I saw the light, I knew I had to join a conspiracy movement.

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