

Dystopia

Un jeune garçon isolé confronte ses parents à propos de sa différence lors d'un dîner tumultueux. Il s'enfuit dans la nuit et découvre dans un vieux hangar qu'il a été adopté, remettant en question son identité et le secret entourant ses origines.

Chapitre 1 : The Forest

We lived in an isolated house, far from any contact outside. My life was spent only inside these wooden and stone walls. I was never allowed to leave this house. My mother, Martha, took care of my education. She home-schooled me.

For as long as I can remember, my parents were my only companions. Their strange behavior and noisy eating habits troubled me, but I didn't dare ask questions. They acted like animals, devouring their food with a greed that disgusted me.

Every meal was a trial for me, but I had to go along with it. Yet, one question haunted me more and more. Why was I so different from them? Why couldn't I go out and see the outside world like other children? My frustration grew day by day, and I felt that my parents were hiding something from me.

Chapter 2: The Diner.

At the table, the family making lot of noises. The boy looked at his parents with disgust. They devoured their food, making chewing and sniffing sounds, dirtying everything around them. John, his father, ate large bites of meat, while Martha, his mother, was covered in sauce.

- "Why am I different from you?" he suddenly asked, his voice trembling.

John looked up, still chewing, and Martha wiped her mouth with her sleeve.

- "Different? How?" John grunted, avoiding his son's eyes.
- "You know very well what I mean," he replied, his frustration growing. "I don't look like you. I don't eat like you. Why?"
- "It's nothing important," she said calmly. "Don't worry about it."

Anger grow in him. They were hiding something from him, it was clear now.

- "Stop lying!" he yells, knocking over his chair as he stood up. "Tell me the truth!"

John stood up as well, trying to calm the situation, but the boy was out of control. He jumps the table, sending food flying everywhere. He was very angry.

He ran out into the cold night, sprinting at full speed without looking back. Behind him, John scream his name, chasing him through the fields. But he no longer listened.

He had to know. No matter what he would find, he could no longer live in ignorance.

Chapter 3: The Trunk

The night was dark and cold, but he didn't feel the chill. He ran, his feet hitting the wet ground, his thoughts swirling like a storm. The trees rushed past him. Out of breath, he didn't stop, determined to uncover the truth.

He finally reached the old shed in the forest, a place he had always found strange and mysterious. There was an old rusty lock on the door, but he tore it off with a strength he didn't know he had. The door opened with a sinister creak, revealing the dark and dusty interior.

Inside, shelves filled with old boxes and abandoned items stood against the walls. He searched, his heart pounding. At the back of the shed, he found an old wooden trunk, locked with a padlock. Without hesitation, he looked for a tool to break it and found a crowbar. With one blow, he broke the padlock and opened the trunk.

Inside were documents yellowed by time, photographs, and letters. His hands trembled as he went through the papers. The words and images slowly took on a terrifying meaning. A photo of him as a baby, but surrounded by people he didn't know. A letter mentioning an adoption, a biological family lost somewhere. Everything blurred before his eyes, the truth more cruel than he had imagined.

He sat on the floor, breathless from the revelation. His parents... no, the people who had raised him, had never told him he was adopted. They had hidden his origins, his true identity. A dull anger rose in him, but also a deep sadness. Who were his real parents? Why had he been abandoned? So many questions without answers.

Behind him, he heard footsteps. John appeared in the doorway, panting. He approached slowly, his hands raised in a sign of peace.

"I knew you would find out one day," he said in a broken voice. "We wanted to protect you."

"Protect me from what?" he replied bitterly. "From the truth? From who I am?".

