



BLIND

fransánchez

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Blinded

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Аннотация

A big catastrophe arrived on the humanity, has left most of the population suddenly blind. Only few ones escape to this situation. Our form of life and our daily routines disappear, we all are forced to the change. They all must choose a moral and ethical position, while some make use of its superiority situation for its personal interests, others get overturned in the disinterested help the others. The novel is divided in several histories, the same situation lived by different protagonists from its different points of view A computer programmer with low self-esteem. An observer of safety, innate hero. A blind person of birth, seller of coupons, turns out to be vital to adapt and to improve the life of clairvoyants and blind persons. A profession doctor remains a blind woman, but it does not lose the hope. What would be your option? If you do not decide, simply close the eyes.

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Translated by ZionXVI

“Blinded”

Written By Fransánchez

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Episode 1

The Computer Scientist

He emitted a desperate groan as he felt a sharp pain, opened his eyes and glimpsed someone dressed in white. His eyelids closed again and another painful prick forced him to wake up. The frenzy of staff in white dressing gowns and pajamas throughout the room was unceasing. That tide of activity that swept from one side to the other overtook him, he didn't know where he was or what was happening, he tried to get up, but his strength failed him, he chose to desist and return to Morpheus' world.

“What's your name, what's your name?” he listened insistently.

“Ra... pha...” he muttered with both eyes closed.

“How many pills did you take? How many pills did you take?” the young woman questioned again in a firm and determined voice.

He found it difficult to keep his eyes open, he just wanted to sleep, and those people were bothering him.

“Let me... I am... sleepy...”

“No way. Wake up!” he ordered the voice.

The pain caused by the heavy pressure on his earlobe opened his eyes, and he angrily searched for the cause of the attack, but

his wrists were bound to the stretcher.

“Calm down, cooperate, it’s for your own good.”

He understood that he was in the hospital, in the emergency room, he was very sleepy, but alive. The last thing he remembered was the titanic effort he made to press the red emergency key on his state-of-the-art mobile phone.

Suddenly he was more lucid and alert; the intravenous injection given by the nurse on the young doctor’s orders had had an immediate effect. The doctor, already in a softer tone, began to interrogate him for his medical history. She asked him if he had any allergies, if he had any illnesses, if he was taking any treatment, his family history. Rapha answered docilely while he was fascinated by the beauty of the doctor; “Alice”, he could read off the identification card that was hanging from her unbuttoned gown.

For the first time in his life, he felt relaxed, calm and at ease with a woman, except for his mother of course. He entertained himself by watching Alice, her swaying around the room, writing on the computer, whispering orders to the nurses in a velvety northern accent:

“Activated charcoal stomach pump, then psychiatric consultation.”

Rapha remained fascinated, Alice was tall and slender, brunette with tied long hair in a ponytail, blue eyes and full lips. Her swollen breasts were trying to escape from the generous neckline, wasp waist, behind the medical scrubs you could guess

a tight ass.

“Yes, my shift today is twenty-four hours, I leave at eight in the morning,” he heard her say to a fellow worker.

After the typical sermon about the goodness of life and the stupidity of suicide, she encouraged him to look for solutions to his problems. Alice said goodbye very politely and wiggling her way through the critical care room to the hallway to her office. She had to continue attending to the long line of patients who were still waiting for medical attention in the waiting room. Rapha watched her in a daze as she walked away.

After finishing vomiting, he was transferred to the psychiatric area. First thing in the morning he had no choice but to have a long and sincere talk with the specialist.

Rapha was a chubby kid, even in his own in style, not good at sports and all the games that required physical effort. Given his peculiar appearance, he often had problems at school and in his small hometown, famous for its iron bridge, which is located in the Alpujarra Mountains of Granada.

He was always the focus of ridicule and scorn from his classmates, who made fun of him. This caused him a great social isolation, becoming a reserved person. In his childhood he only found refuge in novels, comic books and history encyclopedias, becoming an avid devourer of literature of all genres.

He reached his adolescence suffering from extreme shyness. The only advantage was that he had a lot of free time to devote to study and to one of his favorite hobbies, computers.

Genetically he was more like his father than his mother, so he inherited his short, greasy hair and short height.

His move to the city and entry into the university environment did not change his life much. He already had premature alopecia and great myopia, adorned with thick, unstylish, high-prescription glasses that made his morphology stand out even more.

He graduated with excellent grades, which allowed him to easily look for his professional future as a programmer. He found it in Almería, a city in the southeast, on the Mediterranean coast. But too far away from the only stable and loving relationship of his whole life, his little family. He adapted his work to his lifestyle, became his own boss. His profession was carried out at home, with no schedule. He was presented with the development of an application or the design of a web page, he only had to concentrate, immerse himself in the task and dedicate all his time to it. He found that he worked better at night, his Internet connections were clearer, his computer was much faster, and his web pages went up more quickly. So, he changed his life habits, sleeping more in the morning and working on his projects in the afternoons and evenings.

One day he found himself in his forties, with no friends, no partner, no family, no relationships, just alone and bitter. Given the circumstances of his life, he always had a depressive personality that he solved with medication and many hours of work.

He liked sex a lot, like almost everyone else, although he had never had any relationships, he was a virgin and incapable of even talking about banal things with any woman. He was so nervous that he could hardly speak, causing a ridiculous stutter. On one occasion, newly arrived in the city, he tried to hire the professional services of a prostitute. When he went up to the room in the boarding house, while the girl was undressing, he felt so nervous that a bitter taste in his mouth made him retch, which he could not suppress, without warning and without being able to avoid it, he threw up on the prostitute. The girl, who had already been paid in advance, was furious and found the perfect excuse to finish her work and send him off with a shout:

“But that fatso will be disgusting! As my name is Susan, don’t ever look for me again! Pig! Get the hell out!”

After the colossal brawl, Rapha, very ashamed, hurriedly fled from there in a pitiful state of anxiety. After this disastrous experience, his sexuality continued to be reduced to his collection of porn films and his very dear and faithful friend “masturbation”. His life circumstances provoked a strong rejection to society, a resentment and a deep general hatred.

That fateful dawn, things were going terribly wrong. He was stuck, as if thick, he was not doing well at all. He decided to take a break, watch some TV. There was nothing interesting, lots of quiz shows, those very easy to answer, hooks to get money out of people over the phone. He found in a local TV channel a great and beautiful girl, with impressive curves. She was doing a strip

tease to soft music, after five minutes he had an erection and after another five minutes the man was cleaning his semen with a handkerchief.

The unfortunate senior continued feeling bad, she went to the medicine cabinet to take her usual antidepressant pill but in a fit of tears he took the whole bottle. He lay down to wait on the couch, while watching on TV what he missed most, the soft and velvety human contact of a woman. Rapha found it increasingly difficult to hold the eyelids, they insisted on closing, he couldn't cope with them. He didn't know why, moved by an unconscious spring, perhaps the instinct of survival, he stretched out his arm trying to grab the mobile phone from the table, the cable that kept it plugged in to charge the battery prevented him from doing so and it fell to the floor on the other side. Rapha got up to pick it up, his legs no longer supported him and he also fell to the floor. After crawling, he managed to reach it, it was off, he turned it on with difficulty. He could not fix his eyes to mark the pin, he pressed the red emergency button and when he heard the voice of the operator, he only managed to sigh "help" before losing consciousness...

Rapha left the hospital convinced of the idiocy he had committed; the washing of the stomach had been an experience he did not want to repeat ever again. He had had a hard time convincing the psychiatrist that the autolytic crisis had ceased and that he would take things differently, facing the problems of his life.

He arrived home, but an unpleasant surprise awaited him, the door was smashed in, only kept closed by local police stickers that read “Do not cross”. The interior was a bit messy, he was too tired to tidy up, he wanted to sleep, so he left the mess for later and blocked the door with a simple chair. He went to bed leaving his bedroom in the dark, with the blinds completely down and the opaque curtain extended, as was his custom. As he entered the dream, he couldn't help thinking of Alice who had made a deep impression on him, he knew she was unreachable, she would never notice a guy like him. He fell asleep whilst fantasizing how he could get that woman's attention.

He rested for several hours, although, despite being in a deep sleep, distant voices woke him up. He was drenched in sweat, hearing voices again, but this time closer. He opened the bedroom door and the voice was louder, he couldn't understand what's being said, but yes, it was here in his flat, he deduced that someone had snuck into the house taking advantage of the broken door.

“A burglar!” he thought worriedly.

He had some computer equipment worth more than fifteen thousand euros, he was going to find out about the “crook”, he took a heavy lamp from the bedside table and went quietly to the kitchen where the noise was coming from. He entered and found the individual on his back, as he was not that brave, he wanted to avoid a confrontation, he didn't hesitate and gave him a strong blow on the head. The delinquent fell to the floor unconscious

and a trickle of blood that flowed from his head, quickly invaded the kitchen floor. The sight of so much blood frightened him.

“I’ve killed him,” he thought.

He knelt down and turned the body over, leaving it on its back.

“Shit, it’s the neighbor!”

I didn’t even know his name; I only knew him from "hello" and "goodbye" in the corridor. He took the thief’s pulse and didn’t find it, he wasn’t breathing, and he was indeed dead.

He panicked and a thousand thoughts sprang to mind: the police, the arrest, the trial, the prison...

“Keep calm, Rapha,” he thought aloud.

He could claim it was self-defense, that he was under the influence of strong medication, plus what the hell was he doing to the neighbor in his house, snooping around? But what if he wasn’t dead, he wasn’t a doctor. The best thing was to ask for help, so he picked up his cell phone and dialed 112, the line was busy. He tried again with 061, the line was busy, then he dialed 092, this one did give a call, although they didn’t take it.

“What a shameful country,” he thought.

He tried 091, a recording told him to call back after a few minutes. He decided to focus on 112 and dialed again, busy, he was pressing redial for a few minutes and nothing.

The man looked more closely at the neighbor, and from the pool of blood that had run through the kitchen and the increasing paleness of his face, he knew for sure that he had died. He decided to go down to the street to ask for help, and as soon as

he left the doorway he ran into a man.

“Help me,” he said.

His interlocutor replied in a bad mood:

“What, are you blind too? Another one with the little joke?

Well, fuck you!”

And he walked away, tapping away from the sidewalk with his long white cane.

Rapha didn't understand anything, suddenly he noticed a strange commotion and when he paid attention, he noticed the landscape, it was dantesque. A multitude of vehicles had collided with each other, others had merged by great impacts, unrecognizable, some were smoking, others were burning, and others were embedded in the shops and commercial premises. A car from a well-known French manufacturer hung dangerously from the slope of an access ramp to an underground parking lot.

People were constantly asking for help and assistance. They moved clumsily and senselessly, stumbling over the untidy tangle of cars, twisted irons, vehicle parts and pieces, fenders, mirrors and torn doors, various scrap metal scattered on the asphalt.

Some people were engulfed in flames, others lay motionless on the ground, bloodied, and others skidded and fell comically into the roadway from the layer of oil and debris spilled by the wrecked cars. Others, frightened, remained inside the wrecked vehicles. Some pedestrians were huddled together, crowded around, forming a strange gathering, like a melee at a rugby match.

He was deeply impressed by a bus that had collided with one of the busiest stops, crushing and running over a large group of citizens, sowing the sidewalk of mutilated bodies in different formats, amputated limbs and viscera bathed in blood.

In another area of the street, he observed a woman fall down a flight of steps, remaining motionless on the ground. Another man was seen sinking into a construction ditch, another stumbled over a carpet of glass from a broken shop window, cutting his hands and arms several times. Suddenly a smoking vehicle exploded, knocking out the people around it and causing a deadly shower of scrap metal and debris that reached another group nearby.

He turned his head to look down the street and the scene was similar all over the avenue, with several fires causing a smoky fog.

Rapha was petrified by the surprise, what had happened, no matter how much he thought about it, he didn't know what was happening. Surprisingly someone collided with him and took him by the arm, with great anguish he begged and pleaded for help. Another stumbled behind him and grabbed him by the waist, crying out for help. A very close individual braced in the air and managed to grab him by the other wrist, while a boy of about seven years of age hugged his thigh, and almost in unison, in front, a mature lady of about fifty years of age hugged her neck tightly. Rapha was trapped, surrounded and while everyone was shouting, he tried to get away with it without success. He could not move, they were hurting him and he felt very overwhelmed,

he tried to reason with them but they had entered into a kind of collective hysteria, everyone was talking at the same time making communication impossible. He couldn't stand it anymore, more people were coming, so he chose to lose his balance and throw himself to the ground dragging them all. He managed to get some of them to let go, where it was easier for him to get rid of the rest and roll a few meters. He got up quickly, sore and eroded, and turned the corner.

He was trying to get over the shock when suddenly someone collided with him again and grabbed his arm tightly while imploring and pleading for help. He recognized him right away, he was the manager of the supermarket on the ground floor of his building.

"What's the matter with you, neighbor? What happened?" he asked.

"I can't see, I can't see anything, there's no light, everything is dark, I can't open my eyes," he said.

"What do you mean you can't see, something has fallen inside you, some liquid or sand?" Rapha replied as he looked straight into his eyes.

His eyelids were closed and somewhat swollen, his eyelashes were like a welded together yellowish, viscous paste that oozed from his tears.

"No, the blinding light, the blinding light!" he repeated nonsensically.

Rapha still didn't understand anything and the man was saying

incoherent things.

“What blinding light? Calm down and tell me everything so that I can help you,” he said.

The manager calmed down a bit, told him how he was in his supermarket, saying goodbye to some customers, when suddenly everything turned white, a powerful light suddenly appeared and invaded everything for a few endless seconds. Then a great pain appeared in his eyes and from that moment he had lost his vision, he was blind, it was very difficult to open his eyes, even if he managed to open them, he still couldn't see anything. He also told him how he heard the brakes, the beeping of the vehicles, the collisions and the shouting. He asked him if he had asked for help, and he answered that he had, but no one had come.

It was extremely hot, unusual for that time of year, Rapha was still drenched in sweat and it was very difficult for him to think and make decisions. He let go of the manager's arm and headed down the street, while the manager shouted again for help. He kept walking, eluding and avoiding everyone in his path, he had learned his lesson.

As he passed a parked vehicle, he noticed that the driver was repeatedly trying to connect to emergencies on his “hands free”, the lines were not working, that story sounded close to him. As he watched this scene, he deduced that no one would come to help, everyone would be calling the emergency lines, and what if the help services were the same and they had also lost their sight, what if there was no one to help them, what if he was alone to

take care of everyone? There were so many people, how could he organize everything, what to do first, what decisions to make, he began to feel the weight of responsibility on his shoulders, he panicked and ran.

As he ran down the avenue aimlessly, the view of the adjacent streets was very similar: smoke, screams, disorder, chaos, junk, inert bodies, blood, and human clutter. Rapha stopped running immediately, his extra kilos and the suffocating heat prevented him from doing so. He was very thirsty, so he went to a nearby bar. But before he entered, a tearful old woman, with unusual speed and skill, grabbed his arm and asked for his help. Rapha looked at her in terror and without thinking, almost instinctively lied to her:

“Help me, I got blind!” shouted Rapha.

The old woman let him go, realizing that he was in the same situation as her, and that he would be of little use to her. Rapha, surprised by the ease with which she had solved the problem, entered the empty bar. There was a television connected, it only emitted an image of an empty table, without sound. He changed channels looking for information about what had happened, in some stations the programming was normal, films, series, documentaries. On others it was time for the news, but there was no news, in one they focused on the floor, in another you could see a room with people feeling up the walls, the panorama was comical to some extent.

He poured beer into a glass and drank several one while

thinking. The man felt overwhelmed, overtaken by events, powerless, and was convinced that his help would be like a drop of water in the immense desert, that he could do little. He already had his own problems with the last night's events, and he felt resentment and hatred towards this society that had tripped him up so much during his life. He had always felt marginalized, humiliated, why would he help them now? He thought that perhaps now was his time, he was overcome by a certain sense of revenge. At that moment a young and beautiful girl entered the bar, groping and stroking the air. She was wearing slender thighs because of a very short miniskirt that flapped when she moved, leaving her buttocks naked with only a thong in between. Rapha got up and hesitated, the effects of alcohol clouded his reasoning, he remained pensive for a few long seconds. He approached her from behind with stealth, pushed her and imprisoned her tightly on a table, the surprised girl stirred with all her strength as she screamed with great desperation, he didn't care about the woman's screams, as they overlapped with those of the street. With his weight he prevented the girl's struggle and waited patiently, after a few minutes the girl's strength began to decline and with her defenses down, he took advantage of the situation and slipped clumsily inside her. After a few brief and strong swings, he relieved himself after many years of abstinence. The young woman only had strengths to cry, Rapha fastened his fly and invited her to sit down to rest, he gently grabbed her arm to guide her but the young woman drew strength from her

own weakness, becoming agitated again in an attack of hysteria and feeling liberated, she ran away madly, tripping over chairs and tables until she finally collapsed on the floor, bruised and exhausted.

Rapha left the bar while turning his head in all directions to make himself sure that no one would have witnessed the events, leaving the poor girl there amidst pitiful sobs, thinking that her first time had been hideous and too fleeting.

The depraved man walked without remorse, convinced of the justification of his actions, of how badly society had behaved towards him, about morality or immorality, which he had to adapt to the new situation and if it favored him, he would take advantage. He owed nothing to anyone, it felt good to him, almost euphoric, sure of himself, he thought that his personal problems, inferiority complex, could be diluted by the unexpected turn of events. He had no obligation to help the community of which he never felt part. Besides, he was not a hero, nor a fireman, nor a policeman, nor a doctor... doctor! At that moment he remembered Alice, the intense, good and shocking impression she had made on him. She did deserve to be saved and helped, he was capable of making an effort, and he could be a hero... her hero, so he would find a way to get her attention.

Looking for an available car, Raphael found one with the keys in, and its radio was playing low volume. Perhaps it was broadcasting a news program, he tuned in to the stations, various programs were playing, probably from those pre-recorded

programs, the announcer was asking for help on a channel because she had gone blind. He kept looking and on one got some vague news, the announcer, who had also lost his sight, but not his nerves, was repeatedly broadcasting some sort of emergency report. He told how most of the phone lines were overloaded with calls. That it all started with a powerful blinding light of which they were unaware of the causes. He ventured several hypotheses, it could be because of an atomic bomb, an unlikely possibility, and the country did not suffer direct threats or reasons for any aggression. Nor was any new type of terrorist attack ruled out. Perhaps the entry of a large meteorite into the Earth's atmosphere would cause a large flare, another possibility was due to an unknown weather effect or some anomaly caused by the Sun such as a huge solar flare. The announcer continued to give some basic advice, to stay at home because it was the safest place, the one we knew best by heart, not to venture out into the street because it was dangerous and to wait for help.

"Ha! Help..." Rapha thought ironically.

He started the car and began to drive through the desolate street, it was impossible to move forward, having to avoid the other parked vehicles, since no one was driving. The worst thing was the people who were in the middle of the road and moved very slowly, when he managed to get a pedestrian to leave the path, on the other hand was again interposed another, it would take ages to reach the hospital. He had to find another means of transport, he found the possibility of running over people very

excessive. He abandoned the car and walked for a while; the man was already beginning to adapt to the new situation by avoiding the area of action of those affected. He made as little noise as possible and, if he had no choice, Rapha would shout for help, just like the others.

He found a moped, he had never been skillful at driving them, although it might help. He drove clumsily to the hospital, and of course this vehicle was much more practical with which was easier to avoid people and vehicles.

He went into the emergency room, it was very much like the zombie movies he liked so much, chaos and disorder everywhere. Of course, the health staff was also affected, no one helped anyone, and everyone had enough to do. She wandered through the corridors, the rooms and the doctors' offices, she couldn't find her, where would she be, she suddenly remembered that last night Alice had told another colleague that she was leaving at eight in the morning, so she thought maybe she could be in the car park. He went there by bike but didn't find her. She looked around a bit, until she saw an area under construction with a sign that said staff parking, forgive the hardships, we are working to improve. He approached and suddenly saw her, she was sitting on a curb in the shade, with a big pair of sunglasses covering her eyes, someone was with her, and he assumed it was a companion.

"Hello, do you need help?" Rapha asked.

Alice stood up with a start, between frightened and surprised.

"Yes, yes, we've gone blind after the great glow, take us to

the emergency room please, no one's been here for hours. We haven't dared to go ourselves because the area is full of holes and potholes from the work.”

Rapha explained that he was on a motorbike and that they could only go one at a time. He helped Alice up, told her to hold on tight, and they set off while he noticed Alice's breasts placed on his back.

Rapha thought it was time to decide, he certainly was not going to the emergency room, why? There would be no one there to help. He decided to take her home and hide the fact that he had been her patient the night before. When she got off the bike, Alice, who was surprised, told him that it had taken too long to get to the emergency room. She asked what was happening, after hearing the cries for help from the people who were clumsily heading towards them, following the noise of the motorbike. He hastily informed her that they were not safe there and were in danger. Then he would explain everything to her more calmly because it was imperative to go out there, he implored her for a little confidence and after overcoming Alice's suspicions, he got her home.

He sat her down on the sofa, Alice asked for water, Rapha went to the kitchen to get a glass and surprise! The neighbor's cadaver was still there. Because of the frenetic succession of events, he had completely forgotten about it.

He felt sorry for him and lamented his bad luck, the killer understood that because of his blindness he had entered his flat

by mistake. The remorse punished him because that situation could have been avoided if he had acted differently, if he had tried to scare him, if he had tried to dialogue... Of course, everything became clearer after that but there was no solution.

Rapha returned to the living room and after giving the glass of water, Alice asked for her colleague who was waiting in the hospital car park. Rapha, first of all, gave her a brief explanation of the current situation, where everyone had lost their sight, where no public service was working, and told her, with great exaggeration to horrify her that gangs of survivors were looting, pillaging and killing. He told her that because he was sleeping completely in the darkness when the phenomenon occurred, he got no affection. He suddenly got the idea that more people like her partner might not be blind. But the tricky man saved that problem for later.

He asked Alice to wait for him there, while he went to pick up her friend. He closed the door of the room for safety and so that she would not notice that he was taking the killed neighbor's body out. After dragging the heavy neighbor to the street, he placed him next to a wall.

Well, he had to start getting organized and setting priorities. He had to think about food, security, medicine, how lucky he was to have a doctor at home. He would solve any problems that arose by improvising as only he was good at.

He went into the supermarket under his house, where he met his neighbor, the manager. Under protest and a struggle, he

took him out to the street, took away his keys, closed the doors and lowered the security shutters. The manager was left outside helpless, banging on the door and shouting.

“He’ll get tired very soon,” Rapha said.

He made a small inspection; the market was fully stocked with food and all sorts of products. All the freezers were working and replete of goods. It had a back door with independent access to the block’s aisle, he could enter and leave the store comfortably without having to go outside.

While walking by the grocery store, he had an unexpected encounter, the supermarket assistant, a young blonde girl was lying in a corner. Rapha approached her stealthily and found that she was asleep. Rapha did not count on this setback. Now he would have to open the heavy metal blinds of the big door again to get her out of there or he could take her out through the back door and go out through the entrance of the block. He thought about it for a few moments as he watched her. The truth was that the young woman was attractive, she wore a short gown that left a smooth, soft thigh in the air, and her lips were fleshy and pink. He thought better about it and after a lewd smile, it occurred to him that her situation was ideal for satiating his base instincts repressed for years. Now was his moment and he was not going to waste it, his imagination evoked the pleasant instants of a sultan with his concubines, his particular harem. He felt powerful, strong, and euphoric and a surge of self-esteem encouraged him.

There was plenty of food there, he could feed her as well. Determined not to expel her he thought he could not leave her there, she would put his pantry at risk, and could spoil something, break it, or cause a fire by accident. He could lodge her in his house next to Alice, although he thought about it more carefully, perhaps later. Rapha had to think, consider, he came up with a brilliant idea, the house of his neighbor, who died “by accident”, was the house next to his own, because of its proximity it was much more practical for such plans.

He needed those house’s keys, so he went out the front door of the building, approached the body of his dead victim. He looked for the keys and when he found them, he went up to the flat which it was empty. Quickly he prepared it, tidied it up a bit, removed the elements dangerous for a blind one, and went down again to get the girl. She was still asleep, he had to make up a coherent story to get her to come up to the flat without any problem. He looked in the office and found a portable radio, he tuned in to the station he was listening to, there was still that announcer with his short piece of news, more exhausted, but there he continued. Rapha gently woke the girl, who after a few moments reacted sharply:

“I still can’t see, I can’t see anything, who are you, what happened?” the girl asked nervously.

“Calm down, my name is Rapha, I am a friend, listen to the radio for a moment and you will understand the situation.”

The girl heard the news and fell silent in surprise. After a brief

cry, she asked for her manager, Rapha told her he didn't know, that there was no one else there, but the girl heard the knocking on the door and asked for them. Rapha explained to her that they were gangs that wanted to enter the supermarket to rob it and that they had to leave from there since they were not sure. The girl nodded and they both went up to the neighbor's flat where he placed her as comfortable as possible.

Rapha gave her a long talk about the new situation, the world had changed and they had to survive. She was blind, weak and defenseless, unable to fend for herself. The outside had become dangerous, because of the gangs and because for her, now, the outside was a new and unknown world, with its architectural barriers and its difficulty to get food, medicine, welfare. He told her not to worry, that he would take care of her, feed help and protect her. For the time being, this would be her home, which she would have to memorize and learn the location of her belongings to be able to move around safely.

The girl was very grateful for the help, saying that she did not know how she could express her gratitude; Rapha took the opportunity and in a friendly tone, took the girl's hand and let her know that he was single. That he needed company, that he had needs, that she could become a great burden and a great responsibility, but he would make a great effort to comfort her. He bent over her and gave a kiss, but she was startled, turned around and walked away getting scared. She let him know going into shock confessed that did not like that situation, the girl

begged the man to let her go and take her home.

Rapha was furious, he shouted at her that there would be no one in her house, or they would be blind or dead. What did she want, to be left all along right in the street, at the mercy of the troublemakers, sure that they would rape her among all of them and then kill her? Rapha told her that he had already seen many bodies lying in the street, and if this did not happen, she would die of hunger and thirst anyway. While she was sobbing the young girl made an ultimatum, what she perhaps needed was some time to consider and to learn what lay ahead of her being alone, without any help. He would lead her to experience a similar situation, suffering from hunger, thirst and need. He turned off the water and removed all the food and drinks which were found in the kitchen cabinets from the apartment. He slammed the door, turning the key so she couldn't get out.

He continued with his plan, he needed to secure his place, so he decided to go door to door to see if anyone was still alive there. In one of the houses, an overweight, frightened, mature woman opened the door, asking for help. Rapha reacted quickly and told her that he was from the ambulance service, which would take her to the hospital emergency room for treatment. The confident lady followed him, but before that Rapha asked her for the keys to her house to close the door and after putting them in his pocket, he lied to the lady indicating that he had put the keys in her bag. They went down to the street, he turned two corners, made her confuse a little and let go of her arm, stealthily leaving the woman

there, while she, surprised, called out to him insistently.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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