



Péléane

Between the lines

Collection Reflections

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Between the lines

Marion, Stacy and Leo

Trigger warnings: This book contains many violent and difficult-to-read topics that may offend the sensibilities of readers.

Between the lines
Marion, Stacy and Leo

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Marion

Large house on Boulevard Avenue for sale for only \$450,000

Welcome to Arnone where you can find your dream home for only \$450,000! Imagine! Five bedrooms: one for you, the largest, on the ground floor, a beautiful master suite; three more bedrooms upstairs, all the same size, with a shared bathroom for your children, along with a huge open-plan loft-style room that could be used as an office, library, or playroom; and a last one, in the basement, with a private bathroom so your guests can enjoy their privacy. **I am being observed.** With this, you will also find two others smaller rooms on the ground floor, which could very well serve as a cinema room or an office, to each their own space! **I am hiding.** The kitchen is fully equipped and opens onto a very large living/dining room which opens onto a terrace that can accommodate a family table and a barbecue to accompany all your evenings.

So you say, what is the catch? Joint ownership, walls not very well insulated, but you can very well carry out work and create new interior insulation to protect yourself from noise and the weather. The exterior: apart from the terrace, there is not a bit of greenery. And the neighbourhood: the house is located in the northeast, not far from the large

Morance shopping center, where crime has been at its peak for more than ten years now. **I am being watched, I'm hiding, but what's the point?** But will that stop you? You can't refuse a deal at this price!

Marion Bert,
January 9, 2023

Pool or no pool?

Are you hesitant about having an in-ground pool built in your new home? Let's look at the pros and cons to help you make a decision. I am sure you will have a thousand other points to give me. **You have already categorized me.** Here are the ones that come to mind first.

Pros. It is always nice to have a swimming pool at home; It makes you smile; It is refreshing in summer; Let's not hide it, midnight baths are exhilarating; Your friends will come to see you more often, family too.

Cons. A swimming pool is expensive! Not to mention the increase in your property tax; It must be maintained, and therefore cleaned, every day; When there are children, the screaming is horror! Goodbye calm; Your friends will come to see you more often, family too. Goodbye quiet Sundays. **I am one of the bad guys.** And then, a swimming pool is dangerous. How many parents divert their child's attention for thirty seconds to pick up a toy or go turn off the oven? **The most horrible beings alive on Earth, killers.** While it was not even me who pulled the trigger. Thirty seconds, is enough.

So? Think about it, in-ground pool or not in-ground pool?

Marion Bert,
January 16, 2023

Fire alarms in buildings

We all know that two out of three times the fire alarm is triggered by mistake or for fun. “**If the son did this, it’s the parents’ fault. They didn’t know how to educate him. Look at them, they are bad, you can see it in their eyes. Their daughter will do the same thing if the authorities don’t take care of their case quickly.**” So yes, none of us want to go down the many floors, by stairs no less, especially in buildings where there are thirty or more! And you should see the crowds at the elevators once the alert has passed. So, we do not go down, we stay warm in our apartments, **I am hiding. I am hiding because you are observing me even when I am not in front of you and you are judging me.** and we act as if we did not hear anything.

But think about it. What if for once, this alarm bell was a real alert? If the apartment above yours is on fire and you decide not to pay attention to the noise piercing your ears. In the crowd, it is not just you that you’re putting in danger. **I am hiding because I am weak.** But also the fire-fighters who will have to evacuate you and waste time with you when there could very well be someone in the apartment above who really needs help and who is in danger! **I am hiding because I am ashamed.** Stop being selfish, do not just think of yourself, save lives!

Marion Bert,
January 23, 2023

Do Home Staging to better sell your property

You love your house, it is your home, you feel good there. However, for reasons known only to you, you have decided to sell it, and therefore to get rid of it. But what does a buyer see when he comes to visit you? He sees all your frames, your personal effects, your accumulations of useless things, your collections that are too numerous and cumbersome, the dilapidation of your furniture, the old tapestries. He sees your life, not his life. **I do not know what to do! I do not know what I missed! I do not know how to survive this! I do not know, I do not know, I do not know!!!! Why did this happen to me? What did I do? Why did I deserve this? WHAT DID I DO? What...** He is incapable of projecting himself into a place that has lived too much. Home Staging is a concept that allows you to get rid of all those things that are too personal, all those old things that are no longer relevant. This makes your home more attractive to potential buyers. The principle is simple: **I am a good mother, I am a good mother, I am a... delete your family photos, frames and decorations to put impersonal things, depersonalize; get rid of old, outdated tapestries on the walls to put paint in neutral tones, change the curtains; declutter, those chairs that have been lying around in rooms for a thousand years, which take up space and are ugly, remove them, create large living**

spaces; smells, it must not smell of humidity, musty, wet dog, in short, it smells like death during the visit. **During the attack, standing in front of the building, in the middle of all these people, police, paramedics, all these noises, these screams, these cries, these tears, I only expected one thing: tell me my son is dead. I wanted him dead.** Get rid of these odours, use sprays with very light perfumes so that they do not irritate the nose; create a modern and simple atmosphere so that people can easily imagine themselves in the place.

Home Staging is a way to ensure that potential buyers are non-judgmental. **I do not need you to make me feel guilty! I can definitely do it myself! I do not need your words, your disdainful looks, your... your... Go to hell! I suffer just fine on my own, I do not need you to add to it.** Work on yourself, make an effort. Would you like to visit properties where you could read about people's entire lives?

Marion Bert,
January 30, 2023

The rise in credit rates, what consequences?

Having reached such a low level that property sales have exploded, now comes the desperate moment when banks raise their lending rates again. But where are we going? Going from 8% to 14% interest in just six months is crazy. You accuse me. You accuse my son. Yes, he is guilty. Martin is guilty. I deny none of this. I know it, I am aware of it. Martin is guilty. And it should not stop. But aren't your children? What does this mean for your sales? Aren't your children guilty too? It is simple: you do not sell.

Buyers arrive with a predefined budget given by their bank or a bank broker. **The police found Martin's diary. We read it.** In this budget, everything is included: "Today, it was Steven. A punch in the cheek, well felt, which knocked me to the ground. Then kicks in the stomach. Well hidden, invisible to everyone. I spat out the little air I had swallowed. With blood. I am in pain." the purchase price of the property, notary fees, agency and broker fees if applicable, and the estimated cost of work if necessary. "Alicia. She took a picture of me. Head to my locker. I found myself hanging on every wall, in plain sight. Weak that I am." Once they have this amount, there is almost no possibility of having more than expected. "Roman, Marcus, Sophia and the other three whose names I don't know. They have nothing done. They saw bullies coming and ran. Again." If credit rates increase, this means that buyers must lower their expectations on the cost of the

work and/or the price of the property to be viewed, because the purchase of a loan will cost much more than you could imagine! "Steven. Again. I stink of garbage." Buyers therefore have less money to allocate to the purchase itself. Properties eventually become too expensive, are no longer viewed, and consequently, remain unsold. You then have to give up, "I came home hungry, again. What will tomorrow be like? What are you going to steal from me? My bag? My sweater? My underwear?" or at least lower your expectations and reduce the price of your property if you want it to sell quickly, "What have I done? What have I done to make you not want me? that I am so invisible to you. Or too visible..." or simply that it sells at all. And again, "Even today. Again." we must hope that the rates do not increase between the search for the property and the final signing of the credit contract, which can take several months. The consequences would be disastrous, I'll stop there, I think you understand. My son is guilty. Yours as well. If your children had not harassed him, tortured him, destroyed him, none of this would have happened. And they would all be alive. for all parties. My Martin too.

Marion Bert,
February 6, 2023

Sound insulation

Before purchasing real estate, it is important to visit the property at several different times. Do not visit an apartment or a house only once before deciding on it, do at least one second visit. **You must be thinking that I am even more horrible than you imagined for throwing all this at you. But did not you start it? You accuse me, I accuse you, it is as simple as that.** Who knows what you might hear?

The property is in a public housing type building. Go visit it outside of school hours. You will see if the kids from the neighbour upstairs who are exhausted from their day are screaming loud enough for them to be heard from the first to the top floor. **If you had educated your children well.** You will be able to evaluate the sound power of the next door neighbour's home cinema. **If you had taught them good manners.** You can tap your feet while you walk and see if it makes the neighbour below him jump off his hinges. **If you had taught them kindness... None of this would have happened.**

You are on a busy street, go there during rush hours to see if the noise bothers you. **You, parents of aggressive, out of control, manipulative... psychopathic kids...** Between the cars with huge exhaust pipes, the Harley Davidson, the buses, the trams, the people who honk their horns, **They like to torture the weakest, they like to see them suffer, they like to make them ridiculous.** you will

have something to be annoyed about!

You are on a super quiet street, will this really suit you? Does not that mean you will not be able to make a single noise in the evenings and weekends? **They want to feel powerful. It is easy when you attack the weakest!** Does not that mean your neighbours will be watching you too closely? **If you had educated your kids better, they would be alive!** You are as guilty as I am. But you could also enjoy the calm of the place, even between 8 and 9 am, even between 5 and 7 pm. It might be a little depressing, going home alone. **But think of one thing, just one thing.** We have all lost our children in this story. You, me, and you others too, those who are still alive. Are they still the same, or have you since discovered a different side to the one you already knew? Yes, we are all in the same basket. We have lost them all. But at least some are still alive. Maybe it will be different. But, **Cherish them.** you can enjoy. I am sorry.

Marion Bert,
February 13, 2023

All these things we hate about a real estate sale

It's a subject that is rarely discussed, but it's necessary. So let's go ahead, let's talk about the bad things, talk about the negative, because ultimately, we need that to move forward. **My son. I loved him with all my heart. I still love him, with all my heart. No one can change anything. No one.**

Selling a property means above all abandoning a place of life that has welcomed us for a long time. It is always difficult to part with your home because you have experienced so much there and have so many memories. But then why get rid of it? Maybe you can no longer bear the costs of this huge and too old house that consumes so much! Maybe you bought that house with your ex-husband or ex-wife and you do not want to hear from him or her again! Maybe your kids have moved out and the house is too big for both of you! Maybe the ghost of the person you love most in the world is too present here. **He did horrible things. He did unforgivable things. But I am his mother. I am still his mother... I carried him in my womb, I took care of him. I took care of his little words.**

Selling a property involves tons and tons of paperwork. It is endless, it is getting crazy! **I did... everything I could?** Your home should be clean all the time, as if you have all the time in the world to do constant cleaning so those pesky visitors can arrive unannounced. And you also need to

remove your personal belongings. It is still your house! They pry into your business, enter your house and never take that stupid smile off their face. **I am a good mother.**

And what is more, they judge your decoration and the layout of your house that you imagined yourself! But where do they think they are? **I am a good mother and you manage to make me doubt it.**

And it is long! It takes so long to sell a property! And full of failures, worries and disappointments.

Not to mention the move! 10 years you have lived there, 10 years accumulating all these things. You will never get out of this. I say, throw everything in the trash and we will not talk about it again! Judgments, bad memories, outdated things, and starting again in this new life which, we hope, will be better.

Marion Bert,
February 20, 2023

I missed my sale, what should I do?

A real estate sale can fall through and it happens more often than you think! There are several reasons for this so-called failure: the bank loan is not provided to the buyers; one of the two parties – or both – decides not to continue with the purchase; the suspending clause included in the contract is not respected; etc. But how do you react when your sale breaks? Those around you will tell you that you should not think about your defeat, that starting again will be easier because you now know how a sale goes, that if you had already found a first buyer, there is no reason why you can not find others. So yes, they are right, or rather, they are not too wrong. But they do not think about what missing a sale actually entails. **I should have listened. Not just asking "How was your day?" and let him go after he shrugged his shoulders and replied "It's okay."** I should have stood there, in front of him, and really listened to him. Not cooking, not cleaning, not walking away while he was trying to talk to me. I should have listened to him, stood still and listened to him, really heard him. **I am sorry. Now, it is too late.** It was not them who had imagined their beautiful future life in this new house that you have been eyeing for months, it is not them who have even more persistent money problems due to this non-sale, they we are not the ones who planned their future lives on this damn sale! They

we are not the ones who had a dream that ultimately did not come true. Then begins the depression of failure, the new endless wait for a possible buyer, the new and too many visits, or on the contrary the zero visits to the property. It is a heavy and endless restart, tiring to the highest degree.

Here are the choices available to you:

1. You cancel your plans, you keep your property, you forget everything. **I would like to tell him that I am here. I would like to tell him that I will take care of him. I would help him get up, I would help him cope. I would teach him how to live again. If only he was still alive. No matter what you think, no matter who you take me for, I will take care of my child. I would believe in him, again, as I always have. Do you believe in yours?**
2. You start again, it is necessary for your future life.
3. You decide to change strategy because you are in a hurry: you go through a real estate agent, you lower the price of the property, you rent.
4. You wait, even if it takes six months or one year, you will still sell this house!

It is up to you to see what you have to lose and gain, weigh your choices. Make this decision for yourself, and alone. It is your life!

Marion Bert,
February 27, 2023

Building in the 18th district of Parous for sale as is

In its original state, this three-storey building located in the 18th district of our neighbouring town of Parous, is for sale for \$1,200,000. Perfect for investors who will have the means to renovate it and bring it up to date. The building is made up of eight apartments, two on each floor, all identical to the nearest square meter: 678ft. A large dining room, a closed kitchen, a large bedroom, a bathroom and a separate toilet, and a small storeroom in the entrance. The furniture is sold with the building, which will allow you to save money on your notary fees! However, you will have to throw everything away because they are also as old as their previous owner. Also plan in your budget for a major facade renovation with checking for two or three fairly significant cracks. There was that day when, for the first time, you came home with a black eye and a cut on your cheek. I was distraught, completely alarmed. What could have happened to you? I was so worried that I kept asking you questions and talking to you without even giving you time to answer them. I hugged you and you grimaced. You had managed to place a “Don’t worry mom, I just missed a few steps and hit the flower pot in the face. Nothing serious.” I suspected it was false, deep down I knew it. But I respected your silence. Then there were the next few times, maybe three or four. I asked questions but you remained silent every time. Each time, I respected your silence. Then after that nothing more. Nothing was

visible anymore. Everything was invisible. Now I know. I know what happened. I know what I did not see, I know what I missed. Because I did not insist. I should have made you talk. But would that have changed things? Yes surely. Or maybe not, maybe it would have sped them up. I cannot know. I blame myself, more than anything in the world I blame myself. Was that the trigger, which I do not insist on?

Ultimately, is this acquisition worth the cost? It all depends on the negotiation you make! I miss you! Oh how I miss you! I will never get over your absence. I need you, my son...

I am cold, I am shaking without being able to stop. I turned the heating up to full blast in the house. I know the heat is stifling, but I am still cold.

Marion Bert,
March 6, 2023

Sale or rental?

Many of you are hesitating between these two options. Should I sell or rent my property? The answer is not that easy to obtain because there are a lot of factors that play into this decision. If you want to rent, you will need to be present at each lease signing, each time the keys are returned and especially each time the tenant needs you for informations or minor or major problems, which can happen at any time. I confuse day and night. The therapist's medication is taking its toll on me. They put me to sleep. I sleep constantly. It is a great way to forget, to get rid of it all, to not think about it anymore. But it does not take away the stress, the migraines, or the nightmares. I sleep eighteen hours a day. So I am only awake six hours a day. You can of course leave your property under management, which I recommend. It would no longer be up to you to manage the problems, the visits and all the fuss that entails, including the maddening paperwork, but up to the real estate agent who will have your property in their portfolio. He/She will be the person to contact first, plus you. Of course, the problem is that you will have to pay for this service. During these waking phases, I sometimes eat. I have lost fifteen kilos since the attack. You are starting to really see my bones. My husband no longer dares to touch me. Already because he can not get out of it either, but also because he is afraid of breaking me in two. Because nothing is free. But what is your peace worth? I am not going out. So, I do not meet any of you. So I do not have to put up with your stares.

Although it is false. That is not true because the walls of the house are thin and I hear you cursing the three of us. I feel your accusing glances, black and full of anger and contempt. I cannot see you because I am surrounded by four walls, but I know you are there. Why do not you leave us alone? Why do not you mind your own business? Of your children? Of your lives while you have them? Because yes, you still have one. You whose relatives are still alive, you others who already did not have any, you who are not even concerned. You judge me the most. The others are too devastated to really care about me, and hate me more than anything in the world. But they have other things to think about than us. compared to a little money lost? Then, renting means paying more taxes! No more property taxes AND social security contributions! You will pay less if you rent furnished, but be careful, everything that is useful for living must be present and in good condition. However, a furnished apartment rents less well than an empty one. But renting also means income every month. Provided that the tenants are good payers. There is of course insurance to avoid this kind of problem, but once again, you have to pay. So yes, I confuse day and night, I sleep for hours, but I still suffer. And you know what keeps me going? Do you know why I survive? For my family. For my husband. For my daughter. My other child, who also did not ask for anything. She has not spoken since the attack. She is traumatized. Just like us, she never would have imagined. They spoke little to each other, were different, but they loved each other. This love/hate that only brothers/sisters can have. In short, renting comes down to: earning money every month, but paying more. Do the math, do you cover your costs if you rent out your property?

And now, the sale: it takes a few months of your time, it is heavy and complicated to bear, and it is full of paperwork that seems endless, but in the end, **For her I would hold on. For her sake, I will stop taking medication. For her I will succeed. I would not let her down.** I am going to help him get through this, I'm going to help him. She will become a beautiful and intelligent woman with the life she has chosen. It will be accomplished. finished! Nothing left to do, cleared! And you have money, lots of money, which will allow you to repay your credit, to repay your debts, to buy a new property, to start a new life. There are of course negative points, but peace of mind, and not having to worry about anything in the future, **Not having to worry about anything in the future.** Is not that important?

Marion Bert,
March 13, 2023

I miss my old place so much

It is now four months **Life turns, time passes, and I still see nothing except my sadness, my madness, my hell.** that you live in this new and beautiful apartment. You are happy, but... you are starting to miss the old one. You cannot help but compare the two, ultimately telling yourself that you should not have moved. It is not easy to let go of your old property, we have our habits, our little landmarks, and lots of memories that come to the surface all the time. In the old home, you had this kitchen that you had fitted out yourself, here it is classic and ordinary, white and gray, like everywhere else. The same goes for this bathroom, which does not even have a bath and is more like a shower room. You had this extra room which served as your office and which welcomed members of your family when they came to see you. There, the office does not exist, it has been sacrificed for the benefit of this large family living room. More peace possible, more privacy for guests, more room just for you. The same goes for your children's rooms. There was one for each of them. Before. Now they are gone. You miss them terribly. You cannot even go to their room to silently mourn their absence anymore. There is nothing here that connects

you to them. You miss your accommodation.

To tell the truth, **I do not know what to do.** Here I am, every day, sitting at my desk, in a catatonic state. I do not move a bit, I do not make a movement and only my breathing breaks the ambient silence. I am lost. I am alone. I feel lonely. The presence of my husband and my daughter changes nothing. I know they feel the same way I do. All three of us feel this constant emptiness in our hearts. A piece is missing, a big one. It weighs us down, it tortures us. The heart, the stomach and the mind. We are no longer complete. We will never be again. and that is normal. It will still take you a long time to truly free yourself from everything you have known. It will happen eventually, at some point. You just have to be patient.

Marion Bert,
March 20, 2023

This house that is so dear to your heart

This is a difficult decision you have to make. Your parents have just passed away and you are left with all the costs that entails. You are not rolling in gold, you are clearly not rich, you are just getting by for yourself and your little family. **I had a life. Before.** The only solution you have to free yourself from all these charges is to sell the family home. But how could you do that? How could you have even imagined it? This house is your childhood home. **I remember the day we bought you a swing. You were so happy! You laughed out loud, you enjoyed the happiness of a four-year-old child so innocent and so pure. Why could it not stay like that?** These are all your memories, all your laughs, all your stunts. It is the last thing you have left of your mom and dad. If you sell it, you will no longer have any points of reference, no more ties to them. This is a decision you are incapable of making. You do not know what to do. **I am tired. I had nightmares again. Could it be the medications?** Yes, you know what to do, but you do not want to. Because you are not ready to cut the cord. **This morning I called Martin, as if nothing had happened, as if he was still there.** To everyone in this situation, I wish you all the courage in the world. You are stronger than you think.

Marion Bert,
March 27, 2023

Insulate your property well

Marion Bert,
April 3, 2023

If you do not want to waste your money, check your home's insulation!

Do you feel the cold coming through the walls? **I feel your looks.** Can you feel the wind blowing past the floor-to-ceiling windows? **I feel your judgments.** This is a sign of poor insulation of your property. This means that you lose a lot of heat, so you heat harder, for nothing, and therefore you pay more than you should. It is up to you if you want to leave things as they are **But what I do not feel is your prayers, so that the world gets better.** or if you want to change them. **Can the world get better?** So yes, you will have to spend a large amount of money initially. But you will gain in the long term. Because given the price of electricity these days and given the increases in heating bills and everything that goes with it, that's something to think about! **What did I do to deserve this? What have I not done to deserve this?** Have your heating consumption assessed with your property as it is, and do the same if you carry out judicious work: thermal insulation, renewal of joinery, new glass wool in your lost attic, etc. Make quotes, compare. So what happens? **I did not eat, I am not hungry, again. I just want to sleep a little longer.**

You chose this house for your children

There is this beautiful apartment, perfect for you, exactly what you imagined: three bedrooms, two bathrooms, one large dining room with open kitchen, one small independent living room and one small terrace, in a popular area, with a coffee just at the bottom of the building and close to your favourite shops. However, you are hesitant with this large house, at the same price on the outskirts of the city, close to a school and a college, perfect for your little family life. You would be calmer and the neighbourhood will be much safer for your children. The house has a fourth bedroom which could very well be used as a games room, and it is not a balcony, but rather a huge garden which can accommodate all the friends of your children for their little parties.

I remember this day on your eleventh birthday. You asked me what it meant to fall in love. You had just entered sixth grade and life had just taken a completely different turn. You had suddenly grown up, you were no longer the little boy who had left primary school. You were a preteen who was starting to look for yourself and who was starting to understand that some things could be difficult. You began to ask yourself questions and discover things about love. At your level. I smiled, inside and out. It made me so happy that you came to me first and not your father for these kinds of questions. I thought I was in the best position to answer you because you were still young and you did not need to know the overly revealing points that men can give. I told you then that when

we fell in love, our blood rushed to our brain, all at once. When we fell in love, our bodies sweated so much that it felt like we were in the summer sun at every moment. When we are in love, every time we look up at the person we love, our heart beats wildly, it races to show us that something is happening. It stresses us out a little and makes us feel different, powerful things. It makes us understand that it is more than everything else. The blush rises to our cheeks; sometimes we cannot speak; sometimes we stammer; sometimes we smile without realizing it; sometimes we stay in place without being able to move, immobile. Nothing exists other than the person we see. Nothing can make us forget her anymore. Nothing is important anymore. Except for this person. You did not seem to have understood everything. You had the creases on your forehead marked, like every time you were thinking intensely. Then, a few hours later, your friends and girlfriends arrived home to celebrate your birthday. When Stacy showed up at the door with her cute smile, you could not do anything, neither move nor speak. I immediately understood. I hurried to invite them in before the young lady realized something was happening. But when I looked at her, she had blush on her cheeks. Right after saying a shy "Happy Birthday Martin." We looked at each other with his father, laughing discreetly. I think he always loved you. I do not know why you never dated, or maybe you did and I did not know, but yes, I think he always liked you.

So, your children, or your desires?

Marion Bert,
April 10, 2023

You've reached the end!

Today it is almost over. I have already reduced the doses, I have doubled the visits to the therapist. For her. I am starting to get through it. But not just with the help of pills or the doctor. But also thanks to words. With these words, my words that I share with you. With each article that I have written for more than three months now, with each column, I tell you my story. Or his history. Or the story. I share with you my life, my survival, our survival. This is my way of reacting. You saw it, my editor too. As the days go by, I leave more notes of my own, and the articles come out. The columns are still published. You are tired, even exhausted, but finally, you see the end of this long and exhausting period. Today, you go to the notary to sign the agreement for your property. No more visits, at any time, any day of the week. No more unmanageable and tiring paperwork. No more endless negotiations. Done, done, done! For about three months. About three months where you will be able to breathe a little, try to rest, take care of yourself. For about three months, you will be able to think about something else. For about three months, you will be able to change your priorities. Because in three months, it will be the final signature. You will finally see the light, at the end of this tunnel that seemed endless to you. I did not mean to accuse you. But are you giving me a choice? You hate me for what I did not do. For what I did not see. For what my son... For what your children... No... I'll stop there. It will not change anything just to add more. It is my way of reacting, my way of trying to get through it. I write to let the feelings go.

This is my outlet. Hoping all goes well... It is up to you to find yours.

Marion Bert,
April 17, 2023

Facade renovation

Today is the horrible anniversary of... Five months, exactly. It is April 22, 2023 (the article will be published on Monday since it is Saturday). My husband and daughter could have forgotten that it was today, they are not like me having to write down the dates every day that goes by. Suzy does not have classes on Saturdays and Richard does not work. So they could have forgotten. But no... They could not forget because YOU decided.. YOU decided to come to our door and reprove us even more. You are all in front of our landing, on our lawn, on our sidewalk screaming that we are killers and that we should go as far as hell. **WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE!** How easy is it? That we need you to know that we are cursed? That we are not already ashamed? We do not need your words, your signs, your demonstrations! I am not going to continue. I am too angry for that.

Sorry. I repeated myself today. I said things you already knew. But I was pushed to the limit. So maybe at least yo wi'll forgive that. Or maybe I am deluding myself? There are still many of you here this evening. I do not know if I should continue to suffer from it or just get exasperated.

The older a building is, the more fragile its structure is. It can threaten to collapse, in the worst case, or it can create irreversible damage that cannot be reversed over time. A facade in poor condition will also cause you problems with insulation and water infiltration. It is important to reinforce the structure of the building every ten years on average in order to maintain it in good living conditions. How do you know that your property needs renovation? You see cracks, peeling of the plaster, brown spots, paint that is no longer hold-

ing, the joints are in poor condition, etc. If these warning signs are apparent, it is time to act, and quickly! Because the longer you wait, the more you will pay. And it is better to pay less rather than spend an astronomical sum which could ultimately be of no use.

Sunday (April 23, 2023). With my husband, I cleaned the walls of the house covered with rotten tomatoes that you threw in the night. We also removed the toilet paper from the branches of the tree. Suzy stayed in her room all day. And to think we had almost managed to get her to talk! A smile. A tiny half-second smile. We had almost succeeded. Usually this kind of nonsense is for Halloween. We all know that on November 1st we will have to clean up the garden, we never take it badly, the children have fun. But today was something completely different. Because on top of all that, there was also this inscription on the big white wall "killers".

I want to break down... Today, while I am writing, I want to take the medications that are in front of me, on my work desk. I resist. I resist for my husband and for my daughter. They need me. Richard cannot run the house alone, nor can he cope with all the discrimination we face. And Suzy... We will get there. Together, the three of us will get there. There you go, I just threw away the tube of meds. They are scattered on the ground. Good for them, I am going to crush them every time I step on them. I am going to crush them like I am going to crush these damn behaviours.

Marion Bert,
April 24, 2023

Vandalism

Marion Bert,
May 1, 2023

Burglary, theft, ransacking. These are scary words and rightly so. You come home, you discover your house upside down. You remain on your doorstep, unable to move, not daring to return, for fear of discovering the extent of the damage. I still have nightmares, all the time, every night. Yesterday I dreamed that you... and that... There were so many screams, so much fear, so much blood. I woke up screaming. Your father took me in his arms and whispered to me that it was just a bad dream, that it was over. Yes, it was a bad dream, but no, it is far, far from over. Will it ever be? I doubt. Your disappearance and your absence will remind me of it indefinitely. You manage to take a step: the frame of this beautiful family photo is on the ground, the window shattered. You take another step: the papers are on the ground, torn, the family record book too. The day we got married, we promised to love each other, through joy, illness and all the blah blah that we are asked to repeat. But we are never prepared for this kind of situation. How many couples are like Richard and me, how many have really held on after this kind of ordeal? And who knows, will we finally hold on? Another step: that wonderful gift from your children is gone. Another, then again, again: the family jewels are nowhere to be found, the beds are unmade, the sheets torn to shreds. Today it is worse... Today, it is not tomatoes on our walls, but paint; bright red, ruddy. We are going to have to repaint everything. I can already feel your eyes on my back. "They deserved it". It was not just theft, it was revenge. Rats, you are Rats!

1 year of sale

It is been a year since you signed the purchase of your new house, and... blah, blah, blah...

This morning, I dared to go out. It is Suzy's 16th birthday! I wanted to make her a cake but we ran out of flour. Richard was at work, so I was the only one who could go to the convenience store to pick up the missing groceries. I gathered my courage and went out.

"How dare she show up?"

"She should be ashamed!"

"Is she the mother? Are you sure? She doesn't look so..." "Oh yes, believe me, she's a horrible woman."

"They say she beat her son and her husband...well you understand. Who knows what happens to their poor daughter."

I left the convenience store, my head on my shoulders, ashamed. I missed a step and fell. The flour exploded on the ground. It became mushy mixed with my incessant tears. I could only think about the cake I wanted to make for my daughter, but I could not go back into the store, I could not even get up. I was a poor shabby thing in front of the landing of the neighbourhood grocery store, crying all the tears I had. I was sniffling, my nose was running, my knees were bleeding, and I was thinking about my daughter's cake that I would never make for her. Then, suddenly, Mary appeared. Her look was sad, extremely sad. Her features were drawn, her lips trembled. She wanted to speak but could not. She helped me up and took a kilo of flour out of her shopping bag. She then left towards home. Without saying a word.

Mary, I am sorry. If there is one person I can apologize to, even if I have not done anything, it is you. I understand your pain. It is not the same as mine but it is similar. When I think of you, of our years of companionship, of sharing, of complicity, I feel even more sad. You knew me. You really knew me, just like you knew the four of us. You know I am a good mother. You know so much about me that... I understand your

pain and your distance. I understand that you need to feel away from me. I understand. But I need you. It is selfish, but I need you. Of our moments. And I cannot help but think that you feel the same way. You must certainly feel this emptiness weighing on you. This void of the absence of your child, but also that of your best friend. You probably have no one left to talk to, except perhaps your husband with whom you share the same pain. But it is not the same, I know that. I wonder every day how Richard does it, how he manages to put up with all this? Every day, every moment! How do you do? And you Mary, how do you do it? I sincerely hope that you do not receive criticism as is the case for us. You are my best friend, I hope people aren't stupid enough to blame you too.

That you helped me yesterday saved me. I could have finished it. I really could have. But you lifted me up. And you did not accuse me; nor flouted; nor destroyed. You only helped me for five seconds. That was enough for me. That was enough for me to tell myself that I must continue to live. Because I felt that you needed me. So I will wait for you. I am not leaving the house, you know where to find me.

We finally ate this cake. Suzy even smiled. And it is thanks to you. Thanks!

Marion Bert,
May 8, 2023

The bird

A bird came and landed on my window sill.
He comes back more and more, I leave him
seeds so that he can feed himself and take
care of his little family. It makes me happy
to see him, he chirps all the time, so happy to
find food in the same place every day. I feel
close to him. I nicknamed him Martin. It is
as if he was still there.

Marion Bert,
May 15, 2023

I feel empty

Marion Bert,
May 22, 2023

The process

I see blood everywhere. I see death, everywhere. It is normal, my therapist told me, it is the process that wants that.

Marion Bert,
May 29, 2023

The bird (bis)

Martin, the bird. I found him dead this morning. Are you the one who did this? Is this a new way you found to punish me?

Marion Bert,
June 5, 2023

That moment when you signed that piece of paper It is the end.

During the final signing at the notary, you felt that pang in your heart that hurts so much. That day was the day you left your old life, your old home, for good. You had to say goodbye to all your habits, to all your memories. You may have even shed a tear when you gave your keys to the new buyers. Do not blame yourself, you have the right to feel sad about letting everything go like that. It is not easy to be in your position, do not be ashamed. Tell yourself that you will never be able to forget all the beautiful things that happened there, nor all these precious moments. Think about your children's first words in this house, their first times, like the one where they said mommy and daddy while still cooing a little, or the one where they took their first steps. These memories belong to you and they will never disappear. They are yours, for your whole life. And then; you are going to start a new one, and it might very well be better! What will stop you?

Why did I do this? Why did I write and tell all this? At first it was for me, only for me. Because in addition to writing my boring and tedious columns on an equally boring subject, I needed to get out the words that came to mind. I did not want to attack you, I did not want to accuse you. Just because some of you do it to me does not mean I have

to behave like one. This is obviously easier said than done. So, I let off steam, a little too much. But you cannot deny that I am completely wrong. My son did one of the worst things anyone can do in the world. However, he would not have done anything if the other children, adolescents, if his friends had been more sympathetic. If he had not been harassed all these years... I only made you read a hundredth of what he wrote. If you only knew everything he went through! I will let you imagine, I do not want to dwell on this subject any further. But the facts are there. And the facts eventually showed. He ended up exploding. There is another if: if, as he said – and you will soon read it – we adults had listened more, had really looked; If we had paid more attention, he would not have done that either.

I denounced the harassment, past and present. I did not invent anything. I wanted to show what it is like to live in this anguish, every day. What it is like to live in fear of the night, and in fear of tomorrow. What it is like to live in this social madness, for days, for months. I wanted to make you understand. At first I wrote for myself; subsequently, I wrote for everyone. To prevent. Pay attention!

Martin, forgive me. Forgive me for not being the mother you are... I love you.

Those who watch TV or newspapers know who I am. With my name on every post, it is hard to ignore. For the others, my name is Marion Bert, and I am the mother of Martin Bert, the teenager who killed four of his school friends and two of his teachers during the Monale school shooting, November 22, 2022.

Forgive his handwriting.
Forgive his mistakes.
He was just a teenager.

Tuesday November 22, 2022

I'm tired! Of getting up every morning! Of having to watch my back, all the time! Of encountering the ~~sun~~ and his demons, every day! I'm tired of fighting for my survival!

At every moment, in this school, ~~you~~ sooner ~~will~~ of these students, of these teachers. ~~will~~ Every hour, in these classrooms, in these corridors. At every moment, At every attack, At every mental or physical injury!

NOW, it's time for ~~you~~ to change !!!!!

Now, it's ~~your~~ turn! You will suffer like I suffered! You will bleed like I bled! You will cry... It's time for you to see, to feel, to pray, to BEG! You will find yourself in my place. You will live as I have lived, all these years. It's time for things to change, it's time! It's too late for you! Nothing can change my mind anymore. NOTHING can stop me anymore. I've been planning this for so long...

NOTHING!

I called for help for days and months! I left the signs, I left the clues. The Warts! The Bruises! The Sores! The Scars! Everything was visible, revolting! I showed my face, my drawn features, my discomfort, my incomprehension, my fear! I even put words on the copies "Help me", "I can't take it anymore", "suffering", "Suicide"! I called for help, you didn't answer me. **NEVER!**
Now you will pay.
You are all going to DIE!

Mom, dad, sister, I don't blame you, you were busy, you had other things to do. You will survive, but you will suffer, still, I'm sorry. You don't deserve it. But it's a stage that I can't stop happening. Hold for a while, a few years, so that it doesn't fall too hard on you. It's not your fault, but... I can't stop people from talking. Maybe if you... No, you tried.

I'm sorry for the pain I'm going to cause you.

I Love You!

As for the rest of you. Stoffer!

DIE! BE DAMNED!

Lef. I hate you ALL! Students, teachers.

B. Anyone who crosses my path will be shot
IN THE HEAD!

Because you are all Guilty! Guilty to
hurting me. Guilty to humiliating me. Guilty of
laughing. Guilty of having done Nothing.

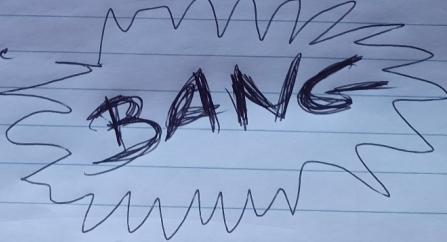
H. You are happy? Are you Happy now that
you ruined my life?

You're all going to DIE! I hate you!

I HATE YOU ALL!

DIE! ALL!

Today is the day
This is the time
for ever



Martin Bert, November 22, 2022

Marion Bert,

June 12, 2023

Stacy

November 21, 2022 – 8:13 pm – Chat

- Do you start at 9:30 tomorrow?
- Yes why?
- To know
- OK

*

November 21, 2022 – 8:56 pm – Chat

- I love you
- I love you <3

*

November 22, 2022 – SMS

9:00 am Martin, U'R here

9:01 am Martin, answer me

9:01 am Damn Martin

9:02 am Martin!

9:02 am They say there's an armed guy at school

9:03 am Damn Martin answers HOLY SHIT!!!!!!!

9:07 am Martin please

9:07 am Martin R U okay?
Yes

9:07 am Ah damn U scared me!

9:09 am Are U still at school?
Yes

9:19 am R U okay?
No

9:10 am What!

9:10 am R U hurt?
Yes

9:11 am Seriously?
Yes

9:12 am Go to the cops outside! We're all here, the EMS is coming too!

9:13 am Martin

9:14 am Martin!

9:16 am Martinnnn fucking answers to me!

9:18 am Martin why are you not going out?
No

9:18 am What No?
No

9:19 am What the hell are you doing!

9:20 am Martin!

9:22 am Martin... U

9:22 am U dead?
Yes

*

November 23, 2022 – 6:01 pm – Chat

— Martin, are you there?

Yes

— You are dead?

Yes

— But then why are you answering me?

Yes

— Yes?

Yes

*

November 23, 2022 – 10:16 am – Chat

— Martin, are you there?

Yes

— Are you doing well?

No

— No?

No

— Me neither...

*

November 23, 2022 – 10:23 am – Chat

— Martin, are you there?

Yes

— Are you really dead?

Yes

— Then why can I talk to you! ...

— Martin? It's you?

Yes

— Martin, talk to me. ...

— But fucking talk to me!!!!

— But damn, talk to me?!

Yes

*

November 23, 2022 – 11:16 pm – Chat

— Are you dead, for real?

Yes

— But I can talk to you.

— I can talk to you?

Yes

*

November 23, 2022 – 11:26 pm – Chat

— Martin?

Yes

— They say you're the killer...

— Martin?

Yes

— They say you're the killer!

— Martin?

Yes

— Are you the killer?

Yes

*

November 24, 2022 – 8:16 am – Chat

— They closed the school.

*

December 5, 2022 – 2:31 pm – Chat

— Martin, are you there?

Yes

— I don't want to talk to you but I can't...

*

December 5, 2022 – 2:36 pm – Chat

— Martin, are you still here?

Yes

— I miss you

*

December 25, 2022 – SMS

0:01 am Merry Christmas Martin

*

January 1, 2023 – 12:00 am – Chat

— Good year

— You...

— You are here?

Yes

— I...

— I still love you...

*

January 2, 2023 – SMS

7:15 am Martin, U there?

Yes

7:15 am They reopened the school

7:16 am Did U know?

Yes

7:55 am Okay, here I go

12:01 am It's hell

12:01 am Why U did that

12:02 am WHY DAMN IT?

Yes

12:03 am FUCK YOU!

*

January 16, 2023 – 5:55 pm – Chat

— Damn, I can't take it anymore!
— It's because of you! Because of you!
— Why did you do that?
Yes
— You are horrible...

*

January 24, 2023 – 5:58 pm – Chat

— Martin?
Yes
— I think your mother is trying to talk
— I have the impression that she speaks in her columns
— She does that?
Yes
— Should I do the same?
No
— No?
No
— No because I'm already talking to you?
Yes
— All right

*

January 24, 2023 – 6:58 pm – Chat

— I don't understand why you did that.
— ?
No
— You tire me by only answering no or yes.
...
— Martin?
Yes
— Why did you do that?
No

*

January 24, 2023 – 8:58 pm – Chat

— Martin?

Yes

— I miss you and I don't know how to live with that ...

— Martin?

Yes

— I love you, you know?

Yes

— Why do I still love you?

Yes

— YES YES YES, YOU'RE ANNOYING! ...

— You're annoying?

Yes

— There you go, because of you, I'm crying again!

*

January 25, 2023 – SMS

12:10 pm Enjoy your meal

12:30 pm Was it good?

Yes

*

January 25, 2023 – 5:53 pm – Chat

— Do you know we're still talking about it?

Yes

— Do you know we'll be talking about this for years?

Yes

— Are you proud of yourself?

— You do not answer?

No

— Why not?

No

—You don't know, right?

No

*

January 27, 2023 – 3:11 pm – Chat

- It's Friday.
- It's the weekend.
- I'll be able to breathe...

*

January 27, 2023 – 6:11 pm – Chat

— Do you remember the day you kissed me for the first time?

Yes

- It was good
- It was good?

Yes

— One of the beautiful days of my life.

*

January 30, 2023 – SMS

10:00 am Martin your mother! That's horrible! How can anyone think anything like that?

No

10:01 am No, it's not horrible? Or no, it's horrible?

10:04 am U don't answer

*

February 06, 2023 – SMS

10:00 am Martin it's true? What does your mother say?

Yes

10:00 am Why U said nothing to me?

No

10:01 am You didn't mean to hurt me?

No

10:02 am BUT MARTIN AFTER ALL!

10:02 am U'R being harassed!

*

February 6, 2023 – 5:31 pm – Chat

— Martin! Why didn't you tell me! They harassed you!

— Martin, were those the marks?

Yes

— And I didn't do anything?

No

— Was I one of the indifferent ones?

Yes

— But still I loved you! I was in the same high school! Did I miss all this?

Yes

— Was I the only one? Having seen nothing?

Yes

— I am ashamed.

— Should I be ashamed?

Yes

...

— How could I have missed this?

Yes

*

February 6, 2023 – 5:32 pm – Chat

— We're all ashamed, you know?

Yes

— Do you think that's good?

Yes

— It makes you happy?

Yes

*

February 8, 2023 – 1:01 pm – Chat

— I'm going to see a psychologist today

— Do you think this will do me any good?

Yes

— Are you sure?

No

— But you just said yes?

Yes

— Rrrraaaah, but you're really no use to me!

...

— Do you think I should tell him about you?

Yes

— About you now?

Yes

— From you today?

Yes

...

— But it risks destroying our relationship!

— ?

Yes

— Are you sure?

Yes

— All right

*

February 8, 2023 – SMS

3:58 pm He has 1 bald spot as big as a hen's ass!

3:59 pm Shit! He saw me laughing!

*

February 11, 2023 – 4:54 pm – Chat

— The psychologist says I don't have to talk to you anymore
— I try

*

February 13, 2023 – SMS

10:00 am Damn your mother is right
10:00 am We R guilty
10:01 am R we guilty?
 Yes
10:01 am But suddenly
10:01 am R we guilty or R our parents guilty?
10:03 am U don't answer?
 No
10:03 am Because it's the 2?
 Yes
10:10 am Do U think we've changed?
 Yes

*

February 15, 2023 – SMS

4:04 pm I don't have to talk to U. The psychologist insists.
4:04 pm Is he right?
 Yes
4:05 pm Asshole!

*

March 4, 2023 – 2:51 pm – Chat

— I'm bored

*

March 4, 2023 – 3:51 pm – Chat

— I'm always bored

*

March 4, 2023 – 4:51 pm – Chat

— I shouldn't talk to you...

*

March 4, 2023 – 5:51 pm – Chat

— I miss you

*

March 4, 2023 – 10:51 pm. – Chat

— I'm bored

*

April 10, 2023 – SMS

10:00 am Asshole!

10:00 am You... You...

10:00 am R U having fun?
 Yes

10:01 am Yes? R U serious?
Yes

10:01 am How can U do this to me!

10:01 am How can U do this to me?
Yes

10:02 am Am I playing?
Yes

10:03 am ASSHOLE!

10:03 am ASSHOLE!

10:03 am AAAASSSSHHOOOLLLLEEEEEE!!!!!!

10:04 am I don't want to talk to U anymore!

10:04 am I don't want to see U anymore!

10:04 am Go to hell!

10:05 am Your mother and her chronicles of shit too!

10:06 am FUCK YOU!

*

May 22, 2023 – 8:30 am – Call

Beep, Beep, Beep.

« The dialed number is no longer assigned. »

— ...

Clap.

Leo

Neo730: He left me alive, the bastard!

Strike_666: ?

Neo730: He left me alive! I wanted to die!

Frappe_666: But what are you talking about?

Neo730: Of Martin

Frappe_666: Martin?

Neo730: Yes from this son of...

Frappe_666: Martin, Martin Bert?

Neo730: ...

Frappe_666: Are you in the same school as him?

Neo730: I was.

Frappe_666: But then that means...

Neo730: Yes! He fucked it up! Because of him I can't do anything!

Frappe_666: Are you serious?

Neo730: I look like I'm messing up?????

Frappe_666: But damn! What are the chances that two of you at the same shitty high school want to do the same thing? So what about our plan? What the fuck do we do now!

Neo730: Obviously, for me, it's dead.

Frappe_666: Damn...

Neo730: I know.

Frappe_666: What do you mean by "he left me alive"? You saw it? Were you with him?

Neo730: Yeah... In the hallway. He advanced calmly, shooting on sight at anyone who passed by him. And he didn't even know how to aim at the bastard... Here I am, facing him, I did it on purpose! I wanted him to shoot! I fucking wanted him so badly to pull the fucking trigger and not miss! May it touch my heart that finally everything is over.

Frappe_666: And what happened? Did he shoot you? Did you miss him? Are you hurt?

Neo730: Not even!

Frappe_666: What? What happened? What made you?

Neo730: He smiled at me, the bastard!

Frappe_666: Wait what? Did he smile at you?

Neo730: Yes he smiled at me. He recognized me. I raised my arms horizontally so that he could understand. I was waiting. He had to do it! I wanted him to shoot. But no... He moved towards me, slowly and unhealthy, calculated steps. I was his fucking centre of attention, he didn't even pay attention to the other idiots running around us to escape. He only saw me. He was only five steps away from me when he spoke to me, "You don't deserve to die." "What! What do you know about that?"

“Because you’re like me.” I became Rage! I didn’t care what happened to me, I wanted to die anyway and this was the perfect opportunity without shooting myself. I pounced on him like a lion! I punched him in the cheek. But he let it go for the first time. For the next one, he held me back. I was no match for him, he was twice as strong as me. He held my wrist and pulled me out looking me straight in the eyes: “Leo” he said to me “You’re just like me. I know everything they do to you. If I do this, it’s not just for me, but also for you. I know everything. You don’t hide very well you know. If you want to buy weapons, do it more discreetly next time. And at least put on a hood.” Then he let go of me. I wanted to smash him, throw him against the wall, destroy him. He read my mind the ass-holes “You’re talking to the wrong person. I am not your enemy, but your friend. It’s the others that need to be finished. And believe me, that’s what I did. But you will stay alive. See it as a new chance! Don’t fuck up like I do. Use me as an excuse to your family, tell them that you want to leave this shitty town, that you can’t take it anymore, that you can’t take anything here anymore. That if you stay, you too will cause a massacre. Go away, away from here, away from all these ass-holes. I killed them but I may have missed a lot, I’m bad at shooting and my grenades don’t explode. So get out of there!” The guy thought he was a philosopher! “Get the fuck out and live for me! Live for us! Live for everything we missed. Start a new fucking life and try to find happiness, try to be happy...” He even started crying. I didn’t really know what to do. I wanted to die, but deep down I understood what he meant.

Frappe_666: And then?

Neo730: He shot. He killed himself. In front of me, in front of my eyes. I got his fucking blood on me. My pants, my t-shirt and my face! But that’s not the worst part. Do you know what’s the worst?

Frappe_666: No?

Neo730: It’s because the cops made me take off my t-shirt in front of the school in their shitty tent that supposedly served as a place of safety. They all saw me shirtless. They have all seen the monster that I am.

Frappe_666: Damn...

Neo730: And instead of reacting as usual, these little shits looked down. As if they were ashamed. I was the one who looked at them all with disdain and challenge! They didn’t know where to go, the bastards! They were even scared when they looked at me, as if they knew that I was preparing this too! Martin wanted to fix the things he told me. And he succeeded, the asshole! Those who are alive now fear me! I am the master of the world! Now I am no longer ashamed.

Frappe_666: Wow! And you will do what? Are you still going to get revenge?

Neo730: I don't know yet. I'm smarter than all of them and right now I'm being followed by all these idiot journalists. They never let me go! I have no place to hide. They want me to tell them what happened, in every details. Before it was teenagers who pissed me off, now it's these asshole adults! We just have to hope that none of them took a photo of me in the tent otherwise I swear I'll bleed straight out!

Frappe_666: Oh fuck, dude! What a story!

Neo730: For the plan, it will be without me. I can't do anything anymore, at least for now, I'm stuck. But it's up to you. Do you want to end up like Martin with your head so smashed in that your body has to be hidden even from your family or do you want to try to start a new life like he asked me to?

Frappe_666: I don't have any family...

Neo730: Okay. Well, good luck.

Dear readers,

1. You are not alone

Many people surround you and are there to support you. People you know, from your close or distant circle, or even strangers. You are not alone, because there are and always will be people to listen to you, to lend an ear, to take care of you. Whether they are professionals or not, they are there.

Here are some numbers and organizations that can help you overcome these challenges. This list is not exhaustive, but it should give you a starting point.

- **Your family and friends.** Your close circle is not there to judge you, they are there to be by your side.
- **School staff.** School staff are there to help you, take care of you, and prevent any kind of harassment or discrimination. They are generally the first source of support at school, but also the ones we least dare to talk to. And yet, they are the first people to intervene.
- **Psychologists.** There is no shame in consulting a psychologist, on the contrary. They are healthcare professionals who are there to help you talk about and overcome or manage the challenges you have experienced, or are currently experiencing.
- **9-1-1**, the number for immediate emergencies. It is for emergency situations requiring immediate help from the police, fire department, or paramedics. 911 emergency communications officers are available 24/7.
Law enforcement is there to help us, listen to us, and intervene if necessary. They have services adapted to all situations, and staff trained to listen to you.
- **8-1-1**, the Health Link line. Free and confidential telephone consultation service with an intervention professional, 24/7, regardless of the issue, including bullying and cyberbullying.

- **Kids Help Phone.** Kids Help Phone is the only online mental health service available 24/7 in Canada, offering free, multilingual, and confidential support to help all young people process their emotions.

I highly recommend this association, which consistently comes up in all my searches on bullying, suicide, and mental health support in Canada. It is comprehensive and seems perfectly suited to many situations.

<https://kidshelpphone.ca/>

- **The NeedHelpNow Association.** The NeedHelpNow team helps young people in cases of non-consensual distribution of intimate images, luring, sextortion or other forms of cyber sexual violence.

<https://aidezmoisvp.ca/en/>

- **9-8-8.** Canadians can call or text 9-8-8 for bilingual, trauma-informed, and culturally appropriate mental health and suicide prevention services. The service is free and available 24/7, year-round. Trained crisis responders will listen and provide compassionate support, offering a safe space to talk.

If you or someone you know is in immediate danger, call 9-1-1.

<https://988.ca/>

2. It's not your fault

Whatever you think, whatever they try to make you believe, whatever you imagine, whatever they tell you, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES, and I repeat, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES is this your fault. Whether you are a victim, whether you have been hurt, harassed, or whatever else, you did not ask for it, and above all, you do not deserve it! **IT IS NOT YOUR FAULT.**

Good luck, and don't forget: you are not alone, and it's not your fault!

Péléane

Thanks

There are people I want to thank. I'll try to keep it short, even though I'm really not good at it. The end of the page is my maximum. ^^

Thank you first and foremost, my love. Because without you, I would never have dared to start writing, I would never have been able to try, I would never have attempted self-publishing, I would never have done things the way I want, I would never have done anything at all. I love you.

Thanks to Elizabeth J. Haynes, the first reader of this text in English, and what a reader! She helped me when I was starting out, during a meeting at the Calgary Central Library. She was the author in residence and she contributed a lot to my development. Thank you for your time!

Thanks to Larissa, my second reader, neighbour and friend. You supported and helped me in correcting this text, I owe you a lot!

Thank you to everyone else, you will recognize yourselves, family and friends, I love you.

And finally, thank you, readers. Thank you for giving it a try, thank you for reading, thank you for being here. THANKS.

Thank you, Péléane

P.S.: Did you enjoy these stories? Let me know; tell others about them. Didn't you enjoy these stories? Please tell me! I need to know, I need your feedback to do better next time, so please share it with me.

P.P.S.: Don't forget, you are not alone, and it's not your fault.

Thank you again.

Between the lines

Péléane

1. You are not alone
2. It's not your fault

Collection



Reflections

Péléane
Publishing