

**SECRET DIARIES FROM
HELL
(Volume I)**

RAY ANYASI

Copyright © 2013 by Ray Anyasi.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the copyright owner.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

For my sweet mama,
Philo Anyasi

A ruler has to examine the dark side of human life and understand that men belong to that darkness.

Bessie Head -*Tales of Tenderness and Power*

In This Collection;

A Coward's Regret

I Killed Them Both

How I Sold My Soul

Someone Help Me Kill My Past

A Coward's Regret

I finally found the shame to tell this story. My father named me Jorge-Hernandez Castrella Gonzalez after a Cuban boxer he met the year I was born, but I grew up to become a sorry coward. I live in a little town near Ossa, near the Peru border region of northern Chile. Ossa use to be a gentle town blessed with beautiful sceneries and families that have perfected the art of minding their businesses. Everyone lived relatively happily till mid 2011 when young boys and girls began to disappear.

At the beginning, it was at a rate of a person or two in a month. Each case was duly reported to the police, but we were all aware of how ineffective police could be around here. They would do a flimsy nosing around on each case then put the victim on the eternal missing persons list. When we suspected the occurrences weren't just cheap coincidence, we called for and organized a more elaborate community security routine, it did not help either.

Things got out of hand in May 2012. Two people each were missing in the first three weeks and on the Thursday of the fourth week, seven girls were declared missing. In that last number was Senorita Selena Reyes.

I will be 27 in a few weeks and I have been dating Selena almost my entire adulthood. The last time we saw each other, we were having a petty argument over when to begin to live together. She was very traditional; she insisted we would have a wedding at the chapel conducted by Father Xavier Augustine before all our folks. What do I care about ceremonies? All I wanted was her waking up every morning under my roof. As

always, she won the argument, she then rode a bus to her father's house, except, she did not get to her father's house.

The next morning was crazy. I went with her parents to the police. I answered all the questions they had for me and did all I could to assist them do their job. That period, I was a mad man. I would wander the streets night and day with the innocent hopefulness of a five year old.

Three days into the search, the police still had no clue what might have happened to her and the other six girls. Selena's parents were devastated. I was going mad. I still traced the route from my house to her parent's house every five hours or so.

One evening, the fourth evening after her disappearance, I was walking by the market. I was lost in my thoughts and paid little attention to all that went on around me. I was rightly on the sidewalk made for walkers and moving slowly, so I cared less about motorists, but this one, he kept honking loudly after me. It did that for long before I noticed it. It was a Ford minivan. I flung a pedestrian glance at it then walked on. The Ford kept crawling right by me and honking continuously. It did that so annoyingly that others by the roadside began to yell swears at the driver.

It was then I decided to ask the driver what his problem was. I lowered my head a little to look through the window.

Ahhh...a very familiar face.

A face I would never forget, Martinez Calderon. We went to school together and he once dated my cousin, Maria. That was however not the reason I would never forget his face. Martinez bullied the crap out of me, that's the reason why I would never forget his face.

This time, he was beaming a generous smile at me.
'Jorge-Hernandez *mi amigo*, come in now.'

'It has been ages,' I said the moment I sat on the passenger seat beside him. He wore Khaki brown pants and an off-white tank top; he also wore cheap metal-rimmed sunshades. Apart from the heavy beards he'd now grown, he had not changed much from the last time I saw him eight years ago in Santiago.

'*Si, mi amigo.*'

'*Como esta?*'

'I'm fine. Where are you headed?'

I shrugged, 'I have no distinct destination, just having a walk.'

'Hmm, interesting.'

'I heard you are based now in Albuquerque.'

'Yes, but I've been in town for the past couple of months. I have a business to take care of. What about you? What do you do?'

'I am very much in town. I run an electrical workshop.'

'Electrical workshop? Like you fix electrical stuff?'

'Yes, why do you look surprised?'

'No, no, no, I am not surprised. Maybe a bit happy. I have been driving around all day looking for someone to fix a broken generator for me.'

'Ridiculous, there are hundreds of us in this town.'

'Not just anyone. I need someone I can trust. It is, uhhh...it is, like a secret work. I want...'

'Secret work?'

'Classified. I know I can count on you.'

He drove me straight to this compound and I did not ask much question as we travelled all the way. I was only curious to see how *secret* or classified repairing a generator could be outside the Pentagon.

He pulled up beside a brick fence and we stepped out the vehicle without wasting time. He opened a wooden gate and let me in. It was an old brownstone reputed to have been built by President Jose Manuel Balmaceda himself. To the best of my knowledge, it was last

occupied by an aged Araucanian couple eleven years ago.

‘Does anyone live here?’ I asked him and began to slow down my steps behind him.

‘Not exactly,’ he said, and then he turned back to look at me, ‘I might not be in a mood to entertain too many questions, so it would be nice if you just stick to doing your job and leaving in peace.’ This tone he used reminded me more of the Martinez of years ago than the one who said almost every word through a broad smile in the car.

He showed me the generator under a zinc-roofed shelter, ‘Wait here,’ he said, ‘I will return shortly with tools.’

Without delay, he returned to hand me a dirty sack filled with tools. I went to work instantly. While I was working, I couldn’t stop wondering what made the work such a secret that just anyone can’t be trusted to do it and why Martinez thought I could be trusted to keep his secrets.

Clues to my answers were not too far away from me. I raised my eyes from the generator and saw a girl’s scarf, a multi-coloured silk scarf. I recognized it quickly even though it was heavily stained by grease and mud. Selena had it on her that evening she left my house.

Selena was right there in that building, I was sure. Droplets of sweat began to form on my forehead. I was trembling.

Martinez joined me again from the main building. ‘Any progress?’

I looked up at him, ‘Yes, yes,’ I had coupled back the generator and was getting ready to test it. I started it through the ignition key; a bulb glowed from the corridor. It worked, but not for long. We heard a loud cracking sound and saw a bright flash from a spark from inside the main building.

Martinez started running inside, 'Turn off the refrigerators, turn them off quick.' He was shouting as he ran, 'if the surge damages them we're finished.'

After ten minutes inside, he came out to meet me again, 'There was a little burning in a circuit box inside. Can you fix it?'

'I have to see it to know,' I said and followed him.

The moment I stepped into the sitting room, two of six bulky men pulled out pistols and pointed them at me.

'Who is this you got here?' they were asking angrily and rapidly.

I threw up my hands and was about to dash out through the door, but Martinez pulled me back.

'He is an old friend, a childhood pal. He is fixing the power source for us.'

I did not have the mind to look straight at their faces but I was sure from the way they spoke they were Mexicans and the dark men were Americans.

'Man, you can't go out the street and drag in anybody to this place. That is fucked up shit, men.'

'I told you he is not just anybody. I can trust him. He will fix the power and be gone quickly,' Martinez said calmly.

One of the black guys stood up and pointed his gun close to the back of my head, 'Now get your ass to work, if you as much as look around, you've got to be sure I'm gonna blow some brains unto the damn wall right here.'

Though I worked with faltering hands, I was able to do a quick job. They got their power back and I couldn't wait to be out. Martinez led me back to the gate. He gave me eight ten dollar bills. I did not say a word but turned quickly to leave through the gate. He forcefully grabbed my elbow to pull me back.

Then he whispered into my ears, 'If you make the mistake of telling anyone whatever you saw here, I will kill you.'

All I saw was a scarf, but I had no doubt they had Selena and the other missing people. From that place, I can't tell how I got back to my house. Till the morning, I couldn't figure out my mind, I wasn't saying anything, neither was I thinking. It was like I blanked out through the night from that moment I left the building.

It was at day break I began to think of running to the police, but just like always, I was scared, too scared to move an inch. I locked myself indoors all through the day. I knew where to get my Selena back, but too afraid to do a thing about it. It felt as if Martinez and his gang of heavies were stationed outside my door, waiting to see if I would step out to speak to anyone.

Very early the second morning, the news broke all over town. In that same compound, the police found fifteen bodies without internal organs. Selena's was one of them. All the culprits were gone with the harvested organs.

Every day in this town, I think of those fifteen boys and girls. I see their faces when I see their parents and siblings. I know they will never forgive me for folding my arms in pusillanimity when they needed me to show a little pluck for the first time in my life. They were sorely unfortunate that the only man who had the chance to rescue them was the most pathetic chicken to ever walk the earth.

I Killed them Both

Love at first sight was bullshit till I saw Sarah. Her skin was smooth, dark and shiny like the skin of a Moroto cobra in rainy season. She flashed a bright gorgeous smile –not at me, but at the driver of the bus we rode to work. Quickly, my mind captured that smile and stashed the picture away somewhere in my brain where it is untouchable. Simply put, her smile was only a tiny fraction of her entire beauty, yet, only the most blessed and purest of men deserved to be seeing such smile every day.

I said a hearty good morning to her and she blessed me with that smile, it was proof enough that God loves a man. That was how it seemed to me that morning, you must be loved by God if all you do to be gifted such a smile is to say a common good morning. That was how we became friends. Every day from that day onwards, we took not only the same route, but same bus to work. We will often sit next to each other and have a good cheerful conversation all through the ride. She constantly reminded me of that girl in that Bryan Adam's song, *Eastside Story* except that in my case, I gave her my name and number and got hers.

Soon after, I invited her to have lunch with me in my favorite restaurant –I mean the restaurant I'd loved to be frequenting if I were rich. She agreed to join me for the lunch but not that easily. She made me beg on a knee with a gift in my hands. That was just for me to have the chance to spend a fortune on a skimpy meal while sitting opposite her, grinning from ear to ear.

Aren't women impossible to comprehend? The same lady who gave me her number gleefully as if she's been

waiting half her lifetime to find me has succeeded in making getting a simple date as hard as getting a blowjob from a Khaleesi right in front of her Khal.

After spending a third of my monthly take-home pay on a Chinese dish in a Kampala restaurant, she said it was a fair meal and thanked me. *Fair meal? Are you fracking kidding me, miss?*

By my standards, we had a great time; I saw that smile over and over again. That was worth more than the miserable meal I paid for. I will say it once again, her smile was God's blessing best represented on a broken face.

Our friendship was the stuff of a fairy tale, at least from my end. My friends who saw us together envied me...well, even the once who said I was being *retardedly* disgraceful to manhood for being that *hot, hot* after just a girl. I had a head full of phrases and comments that people described me with as it concerned my friendship with Sarah. One friend said I was too lucky for his liking. So, on a certain evening after work, I decided to push that luck a little further. We met at the bus station. Just like me, she'd had a pretty tough day at work. We decided to take a sit under a tree and talk before we hop into a bus.

'I like you Sarah,' I said while scanning her countenance. It goes without saying; my heart was already beating fast, the way my voice came out was strange. I never heard myself sound like that; I never even thought it was humanly possible to sound like you were talking from an empty hole. I can't tell if that was how she heard me, anyway.

‘Of course you do,’ she giggled softly.

‘Do you like me too?’

‘Will I be sitting here if I didn’t?’ she sounded as if my question was the silliest thing she ever heard from a grownup.

Being loved back will mean a lot to any man. If the woman be Sarah, then it will mean everything. ‘Sarah, I like you beyond the, the...normal...normal like between friends. I mean –I love, love...you. I love you. I want you and I to, to, to be more than friends because I ar...ar...am in love with you, Sarah.’

As I stuttered and chewed my tongue for up to three minutes trying to say those few words, Sarah kept this bowled over stare on me like she thought I must be out of my mind. The moment I said the last word, she busted into a mocking laughter. It was humiliating. Embarrassing even, but I was prepared to soak that up.

‘Sarah, this is no laughing matter,’ I managed to say from trembling lips.

‘Of course it is no laughing matter, but it makes me laugh all the same.’

‘I know you would have preferred a more articulate speech, but please pardon my fal...’

‘It has nothing to do with the way you said it. No, not at all, my dear. As a matter of fact, I’m flattered to see that I took all your boldness away,’ she kept the smile everlasting as she spoke, ‘the thing is, you’re not just my type as it concerns intimacy. I like you, you’re nice and caring. You’re a good person, but definitely not the type I’d date. I’m sorry I laughed, seriously, I’m sorry.’

‘So, so, I can’t get anything from you?’

‘What do you mean by anything?’

I too don’t know what I meant. I was just saying arrant gibberish.

‘We are still friends, aren’t we?’ she said, ‘I like to remain your friend, always.’

The way I saw it then, it was the hardest thing to do in the world. To be just friends with such a woman with astronomical desirability. To think that you would eventually have to condescend to marrying a mere mortal female after being that close to a goddess. It was unthinkable.

That night I could not sleep. I talked about it over and over again with my roommate, Yacob. Yacob was what I considered a chronic loafer. He had no job or any formal training that could fetch him one, and he was uninterested in finding one by the way. He was annoyingly content with living off others. Yacob was what my father would have called a *lifetime receiver* if they had met. He lived in my apartment, he ate my food, he wore my cloths...everything he did, I funded and everything he used, I owned. I wasn’t complaining though, he was a fun company to have. You never get a single boring moment with Yacob. So it was like having a live-in standup comedian at a little more cost than financial.

I talked to him about Sarah almost every night from that day I got that first smiled on the bus stashed away to that corner of my memory. Actually, he was the one who urged me to ask her for a proper affair. He said I’d regret not acting fast if another man came for her. The thought of such eventuality was unwelcomed...alarming

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

