

Greetings,

So, you may have been wondering what all this business about "Helping my novel save the world" is and why I have decided to let the public read my work for free.

I wrote this novel with the intention of encouraging readers to help the people who suffer in Uganda, Africa. It is my goal to make readers feel a desire to donate to the World Vision Organization while being entertained by my work along the way even though the plot has nothing to do with the country itself. If you would please, donations can be made via the World Vision Website, www.worldvision.org/

Whether or not you choose to donate will never change the fact that my novel will always be free for the public to enjoy. Though the novel is 100% copyrighted to me, I give permission for anyone to link to my blog, download and store my PDF files for as long as they wish, and to cite my work for educational purposes under the condition that they do not modify any of my files in any way.

Nevertheless, I hope that you enjoy my work and will return to my website to read more chapters. If you really like my book, then why not pass it on to a couple of your friends? On the contrary, if you don't like my style, pass my website on to some people who you don't like so that they will waste their time. Either way, several years of my life have gone into this novel and I hope that people in Africa will ultimately benefit from it.

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Chapter 11

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Tears never came to me. I learned a lot during that time: emotions aren't really what we think they are. I've learned to consider emotions as nothing more than a person's will to conform to our society; that's the way to beat them. Emotions are just a way of pretending to "feel" what it is our society expects for us to feel. It's all just a façade that our subconscious mind directs over our conscious self to do. If we give in to society and "feel", then we can believe that we are sane and belong in the world. Other than that purpose, emotions are anything but our unspoken will to be indifferent from the other people around us. So I did not cry about Skye. I wanted to live on my own two feet and be real.

Did I want to cry though? Did I try? You bet I did. But could I? No. My brain is wired a different way than are the rest of the people in society. What separates me from a common robot is my own desire to cry. Robots do not have a state of mind called "desire", but I do. I wanted to cry. I wanted to conform and show my grief to the world around me, but I couldn't because I knew that I was something different.

So I wandered in false sorrow. I'd try to talk to people about my "depression", but I could never get the words past my lips. Maybe I was silenced by some kind of trauma, but I don't know. I've heard of people who have witnessed murders and who were unable to talk

about it for years. Was I like them? Was my inability to talk about Skye normal?

Back then, I did not care about me to the extent which I cared about her. I just kept replaying the moments that we spent together. I kept watching every moment that we'd spent together up until the end and then I'd rewind the videotape of my head and then play it all over again. Each time around, the images became clearer and more in focus. But each time around, I became filled with more "melancholy". At least I wanted to. Unfortunately, I was too numb.

Over the next few weeks, my "sorrow" caused me to lose weight. I stopped eating. Why? I just did. I lost about fifteen to twenty pounds, I think. I guess that you can say that I was fasting. But still, I was starting to wonder if my absence of emotion was in fact an emotion. Was indifference and apathy to the world a state of "feeling"?

Anyways, I needed a way to distract myself from my "depression". So my monster played the role of a phoenix. You see, when a Phoenix becomes 500 years old, it willingly burns itself on a pyre and then completely destroys itself. Afterwards, out of the ashes, a new Phoenix is born. So that's right, I brought the monster part of me back and began to steal things again. I did this because adrenaline served as a cure-all for all of my problems. When I got the chemicals flowing through my head, the emptiness of my heart was filled with a rare, new kind of joy.

So I robbed stores. Unlike when I had exploited businesses when I was in the Hyde's company, I worked single-handedly. I even returned to the same electronics store that I had taken Skye's Christmas presents from months earlier. From there, I made off with hundreds

of CDs. What made me even greater than the thief I was before was that I did not set off any more alarms. I had plenty of tin foil and more confidence than ever. Despite all of my increase in skill, I continued to have adrenaline. I loved every moment of it. But what did I do with my stolen property? I didn't keep it for myself of course; I'm not a thief because I'm greedy. Instead of increasing in materialistic wealth, I returned to the goods to a competitor's store. All of the CDs that I took were secretly delivered to another store, and at that store I would take some of their things and return it to the first store. At one point, Best Buy had half of Circuit City's music albums and Circuit City had half of Best Buy's. It was a mutual trade for them, but I benefited from it all.

When people started figuring out the effects of what I was doing, I got a couple of interesting newspaper articles written about me. They called me a “phantom exploiter” and “proof that the competing corporations had some serious issues”, but I hardly cared. Those were not my names. Not my true names anyways. The world did not know me, but it was not their fault; I would just have to introduce myself to them.

So I climbed up to the top of the highest building that I could find. Atop of that massive skyscraper, I screamed my name out for the entire world to hear: “MY NAME IS SMILEY ASYLUM! I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST THIEF!”

And that was it. After shouting out who I was outside in a public place, the city of Warknew knew who I was. Whether or not anybody actually heard me was not my concern; the point was that I did it. But there is more to my desire than that; I wanted to make my name more famous. I wanted the world to know who I was or at least what I stood for. I

found an idea as to how I could manifest myself a higher degree. I got the idea when I was walking past a graffiti infected building. Normally, media such as newspapers and television programs didn't devote much coverage to what the gangs tag on walls. What they write is often unintelligible to the common person and people usually never stop by to read what is written. Using my clever mind, I figured out a way to tag something and gain more attention than all of the gang members combined.

In the middle of the night, I snuck onto an elementary school campus. Not just your average, ordinary elementary school, but your city's best one. Warkew had a school that almost the majority of the students attended, so some government leader made sure that lots of funding went into it in order to make the campus look nice. I used spray paint to deface it all. However, unlike the gangster hoodlums, I did not tag obscene and profane words and gang signs. Instead, I wrote more interesting words such as "LOVE", "FRIENDSHIP", "EMPATHY", "KINDNESS", "CONSIDERATE", "DILIGENCE", and other things that would raise attention. In the center of the campus I wrote a letter to the city:

"Howdy there, futile police.

Ever faced a wall defacing such as the

Ludicrous words that you didn't expect? The

Lovable, child friendly work I have

Openly displayed here?

I hope that you like it. It's only

My first time, deliberately

Striking against the police with
My paint. My High and Mighty Color.

I'll tell you a story:

Lost, something I have

Ever ever after.

You don't know anything about

Anyone. You are snagged,

Snagged in chains that

You cannot escape. Never. How not

Lucky you are. But luckier for me. I'm

Unchained. I'm free. Me, my mind,

Me. Free forever, so don't try to chain I."

I wrote it in red. When I finished writing it on the main office doors, I stared at my poetry. Hopefully, the police would be able to find the second message. All that they had to do was read it a special way. Then, they would realize that I was introducing myself to them. You see, my salutations were the first part of my grand plan of gaining the ultimate adrenaline rush. All that I had to do was build up a reputation with them and then I could use a police force as a distraction for my scarred heart. Because that is all that I wanted from life; Skye had left a big hole and that hole needed to be filled. My adrenaline was the only way to fill that hole, and what's a better way to get it really pumping if you have the whole police force chasing after you?

“Can I really trick the police force?” I asked myself. I don't know why I even bothered to ask that question; I knew that I could deceive and manipulate them all into doing as I desired. I would, without a doubt, get the ultimate adrenaline rush that I wanted so bad. I just had to take control of them and then I would be able to get whatever I sought after.

“I'll get them all!” I hissed to my graffiti. “I'll fool the whole world!”