

in the skin of the devil

Chapter (1)

That day on January 13, I was alone in my office, nothing had changed or almost at the railway station, I had just turned thirty, it was my birthday. the office dated from the colonial era, made in evidence by the pile of calendars that have accumulated during all these years, one used them to write on. how much time I had sorted them until the first: 1947. the old ones were made of hard cardboard. this time I stopped in 1961 the year I came into the world. In

*the french calendars every day represented a religious feast let's seeing ...
JANUARY,13th: baptism of Jesus Christ ... a Friday !! curse?.....not
..superstitions? of course.*

*I was thirty years old, marriage, I did not even think about it, girls was not my
favorite thing but I must confess that I went to the clause's house some times,
the rest was drinks and drugs. it lasted for more than fifteen years.*

*fed up, I needed change . my friends who already lived this slump told me that
the marriage was the only solution for me. they were not wrong, as soon as I
had opted for this option, the change was felt. my wife, I did not really know
before, but I must say that with her, I have forgotten alcohol and drugs,
I consumed less and less cigarettes.*

*There was crowd this day in the town hall, I came to register the birth of my first
child, as I hate waiting, I went to have a coffee just opposite. the family booklet
in my hands, I looked at what was inscribed me ... then my wife
Melouka she also was born a13! jun,13th1969what if it was a
Friday? I ran to my office, I had to know, and I searched the calendars ...
75/74 1970 ... here 67*

*it was not there. I phoned my mother-in-law, in case she should know the day
when she had her daughter Melouka in the world. Negative was the answer,
given that she had a total of eleven children, two of them had died at birth and
didn't even remember yesterday's dinner. so I went to see my neighbor Amine
who had rented a cybercafé in the neighborhood. he showed me by a simple*

mathematical rule that one could know the exact day of any date at all times. Immediately said, immediately resolved: the 06/13/69 was indeed a friday:

“...YYee ...” I had jumped while entering home

“...did you get promoted to the stationmaster?...”

“...No ... no ...” if I didn't tell Melouka that day, that's because I had an idea at the head, I was aiming at the Guinness record. the next day, I went to see Amine again, I told him all now:

“... here... I was born on Friday the 13th, and my wife too...”

Just the time to surf on the internet and to make an announcement, he said that he 'll call me as soon as he receives contacts. five days have passed when he came to me with a big wide smile:

“... lucky ... one invites you and your wife to come to London on October 31st for the Halloween party” and he added: “... you are the third couple to be invited this year

In front of him I sketched a smile, but basically, I was disappointed, I thought we were forming a unique couple.

In early October 19 94, my wife had not yet obtained her passport, added to that the long process to get the visas, I had to give up this trip.

so my life continued, always the same train, the coffee in the corner . I started smoking again and drank from time to time. then came a friday, January 27th 1995. an unimportant date would you tell ? .it was the birth of my second child. Milk for children cost three hundred dinars, and we had to pay rent, electricity, water and gas. In short, with my single salary, I could barely make ends meet.

I must confess also that sometimes it heated it between me and my wife. we had a single television, and we shared it, the Arab soap operas for her during the day, and me the evening; info, documents ... my real passion was diabolical movies, myths, superstitions, apocalypse.... then came the day when my wife told me she was pregnant again, I got angry immediately, I didn't want to have any children and still had to put money on the side:

“ ..why did you not take your contraceptives? you will give birth at your parents this time ...”

.....

still hot during those first days of September/1996; I was in displacement in a south station playing dominoes when someone called me at the phone. my mother in law said that Melouka was on the point to give birth, then I took the hand again with my partner, a good atmosphere reigned and the tea was excellent. Just before the end of the game I got up: “ ..excuse me, but I must go to join my wife. ” this happened one wednesday, September, 11th, and my son will be born overnight. doesn't that make you any illusion? at the beginning, it was not that only one dream, then I felt it to come more closely. since my childhood I dreamed that I was an uncontested Master who was called Samhain.

Thursday, September /12th/19 96, here I am at the bedside of my wife, my dear wife, if at least she knew what she was going to put at the world, minute! ... and if it was a girl? ...

Ouf ... god be rented, they surely have to make a scan, I could not hold back my joy in front of my mother-in law, I kissed her daughter now without discretion ... courage Melouka, hold good till tomorrow and tomorrow it will be friday. that's all what came to my mind at that moment, I did not even think about my

leave, nor the guests I was going to receive, there was only the date which interested me. Night felt in the courtyard of the clinic, I was in my second or third cigarette, mislaid in what I was going to become..... Samhainyes, he was born on Friday / 13, his son venerated by a Christian sect will come to the world on F / 13 as well. this man will be heralding apocalypse, in a few years the antichrist (son of Satan) will appear and it's this child who will put an end to the tortures of humans committed by the antichrist.

there is also a sect devoted body and soul to Lucifer which have no other purpose than to put an end to the life of this child(son of Samhain) so that the apocalypse will not take place. this belief also exists among the chiytes, the so much expected child will be called: the Imam Al-Mahdi Al-Mountadar, he will gather all the jihadists of the planet and lead them towards the final victory
...here is the nurse who is calling me from the balcony of the first floor:

«_ ... **Congratulationsyou got a boy..._**»

22hoo very precisely, thursday, September 12th / 19 96... I went upstairs with a slow step. the dream was finished. so near the goal.

but notthey will not enter him now? ... two good hours to hold

“ **how are you going to call him?**” asked the nurse while taking her note-book

“_.... **wait a moment... ..please be nice**

whenever my mother-in-law or my wife pronounced a name, I said no, history to still lose a few minutes. when I entered the duty room, I finally could get a long sigh of relief, it was someone I knew

“...**a little service please...can you wait until midnight to register my son**

“_... **if you have a problem go there, I listen to you**

“ _ ..no, no.. you know me ...you will register my son for friday ... it's all

“ _..would you not have a joint?

“ _.. I'll go downtown right away, we're goanna burn a double cannon”

23:45; I was in Salim's office, smoking, while my place should be with my wife and my son. I went to join them.

*01:10; I was back in the company of my mother-in-law at the duty station, nobody was there . “ **_ come back tomorrow.**” answered-us a voice coming from the bottom of the corridor. my mother-in-law spent the night with her daughter and her grandson at the hospital. me, I went home and the next day I showed up at the first hour. when the nurse who kept the register asked me for my identity card, I could see the top of the page:*

DAY OF: 13/September/1996. two births were already there

“ ...well ... the name of the knight?..._ ”

“ _.... AL-MAHDI ... ” have I answered without any hesitation

Opinions differ about Al-Mahdi, some Muslims are convinced that's him who will kill the antichrist before the resurrection of Jesus, the Sunnits say that it is Christ himself who will do it.

Amine could not prevent her bursts of laughter in front of the audience at the cybercafé. yes it was funny my stories of friday 13th, I was in front of his keyboard, photocopies conformed, the family notebook, everything was there

“ _.... you know what you have to do now .. take all your time ... I'm not in a hurry this time

Obviously he understood that I had the absolute record, I had become a lord overnight, and that Amine did not know. then when we found ourselves at the corner café:« _... we forgot to mention your address

“ which address? ...you know that I am not stable ...tape w.f.r ” (without fixed residence)he probably noticed that my temperament had changed, I did not have the same enthusiasm. two days passed, in the evening I went home late, my eldest son opened the door: “ where did you go? ... our neighbor Amine was looking for you everywhere ” well, it's him who's running after me now

“ _ ..it springs from everywhereGuinness, Halloween clans and secret organizationswhat do you plan to do?

“ _... nothing ... I would wait.._ ” did-I reply with an insignificant air.

One afternoon on my way to the station, my colleagues came to announce good news to me; a young woman of Guinness-reccord coming especially from Brussels wanted to see me. before entering the office of the station-master, I already heard her voice mixed with laughter and good humor, a warm atmosphere reigned. when I made my appearance she stopped her smile, she took it again only once I got at home with her cameraman. one filmed us, my wife and Al-Mahdi. did the people of Guinness know who I was really or was it a simple reccord? I interpreted the questions asked to my wife, yes, it was necessary, there was money behind all this; 10,000euros., me, I saw something else coming .from the money I would have some ...better , I would be venerated, my dream had just begun.... here now the crucial phase of my existence. the news did not go unnoticed; me who preferred to live in anonymity, especially when a group of foreign investors had arrived in town, that is what was said. the mayor in person had accompanied them to my house

“...they absolutely wanted to see you ...”and he added, “.. you asked me in audience, I think ... what is it? .

my gaze was fixed on my faithful, his benevolence ceased his sweet-talk, he understood that he had to leave, they were five, the oldest advanced, was inclined for a moment and then got up:

“_ Sir William Rollyncroft, your trusty servant.. and here is Sir Gerald ”
and he also bowed. I did not remember their names very well,

“_...Sir Richard.Lof The treasurer.._” he said,
the third; another english, the fourth; a Scot, and the last was an Irish.

My mother was in my house that day, sitting on the ground, holding her grandson Mahdi in her hands when Sir William was the first coming to kneel in front of her. he kissed Mahdi on the forehead and put a chain or necklace around his neck and he pronounced something like a sermon in english, then it was the turn of the others faithful to do the same. I remember when I found myself alone with my mother in the kitchen, she looked worried

“_..who are these people? what are they looking for?..._”

I did not know what to answer :

“_..Listen, mom. ... you prostrate for God, Allah the Almighty ...these people bow down in front of me.

Sir William was my main interlocutor, the others did not speak french Suitably, I chatted with them using the Shakespearean language. obviously I was not gifted to perfection, but they understood all what I was saying. when my mother brought us the tray of tea, I invited them to sit in the living room, sir William by a sign of head to sir Gerald, this last one gave me a letter. there were some pictures

“_from now on , it will be your new home; The castle of Samhain

“_.... and .. where is it ?

«_..... in northern-Ireland ...» he said

“... we have to tell you that this day is blessed for us and for all our brothers throughout the world (the birth of Al-Mahdi), they were really beginning to lose hope in recent years ... more than a hundred in this castle are waiting for you ... master ... »

then they left all the five to join their hotel, the night had already fallen.

that night I went out of my house, I bought a few cigarettes, then I took a path which carries out at an old abandoned garden. I didn't have the same feeling when crossing it this time. I was still lighting a cigarette. one hour passed ... I returned home after making a decision; whatever the circumstances may be, I should not take my wife and children with me in Ireland

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To live incognito, to change air, move to another city and this is how I found myself in a beautiful villa on the Algerian coast. I had taken my mother with me, and she asked me of course whether this house was mine or the people who were all the time at the entrance and inside the garden

“_.... they are guardians ... this house is for us motheryou will stay with Melouka and the children the time of my absence, I have a new job with these english, we must go to EuropeI'll be back soon don't worry mom ...”

That night with my wife Melouka:

“_..... you have to pay attention to our son Mahdi ... never move without the body-guards they are four ... and they are Algerians ..._”

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