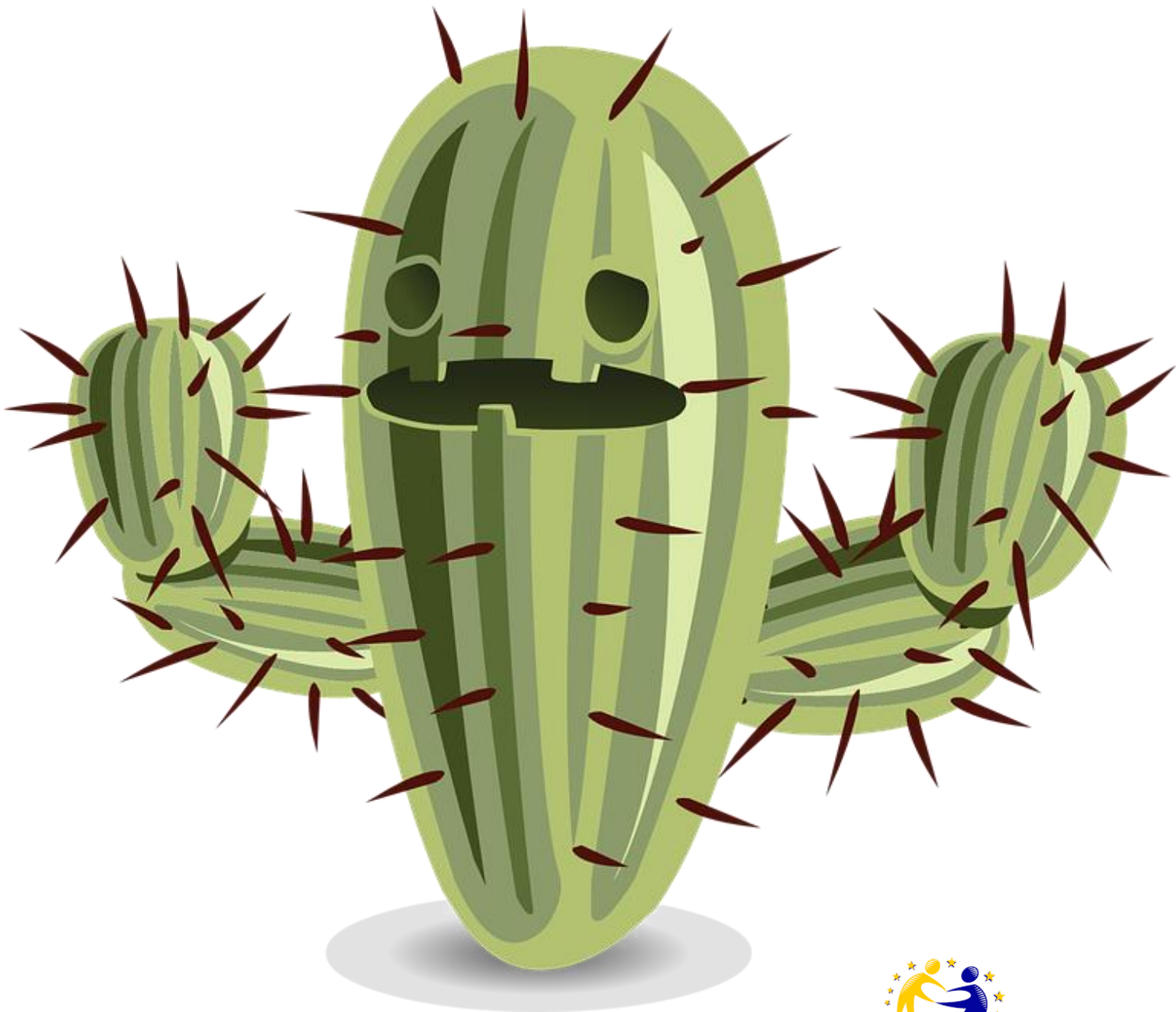




PROJECT "TO BE CONTINUED..."
2016-2017

CORRUPTING LIGHT



CORRUPTING LIGHT

“Just a few more hours and I’m there”, said Peter Nicholson to himself. He has been driving to Mexico for almost five hours and he was hungry, bored and tired. But wait! There’s a strange sound coming from the engine. Peter stopped the car and – of course – found out it was broken. “Now what?”. Peter is desperate. He doesn’t own a mobile phone, there are no cars on the road, and the nearest gas station is 30 kilometers away. It’s almost midnight, it’s cold and.. what’s that strange light in the distance? A car or...?

Bam! He suddenly wakes up. It’s 7 am and he needs to get ready for his long trip to Mexico. He’s going to visit his younger sister who lives in Guadalajara. She moved there a year ago and they haven’t seen each other since that day. “It’s going to be a long trip”, said Peter while making coffee. “And what was that dream? I barely remember what happened, but I know it was creepy.”.

He decided not to think about it and went down to his favourite restaurant. While he was eating the last bite of his waffle, Peter saw it was 8 o’clock and thought “I better get going!”. As he walked toward his car Peter started feeling extremely dizzy. A hushed voice rang in his head “Don’t go!”. After a moment he saw a shadow at the corner of his eye. Peter ran for the shadow and came to the end of the alley but there was only a cold breeze. He thought “It must’ve been my imagination. Damn, I need an Aspirin!”.

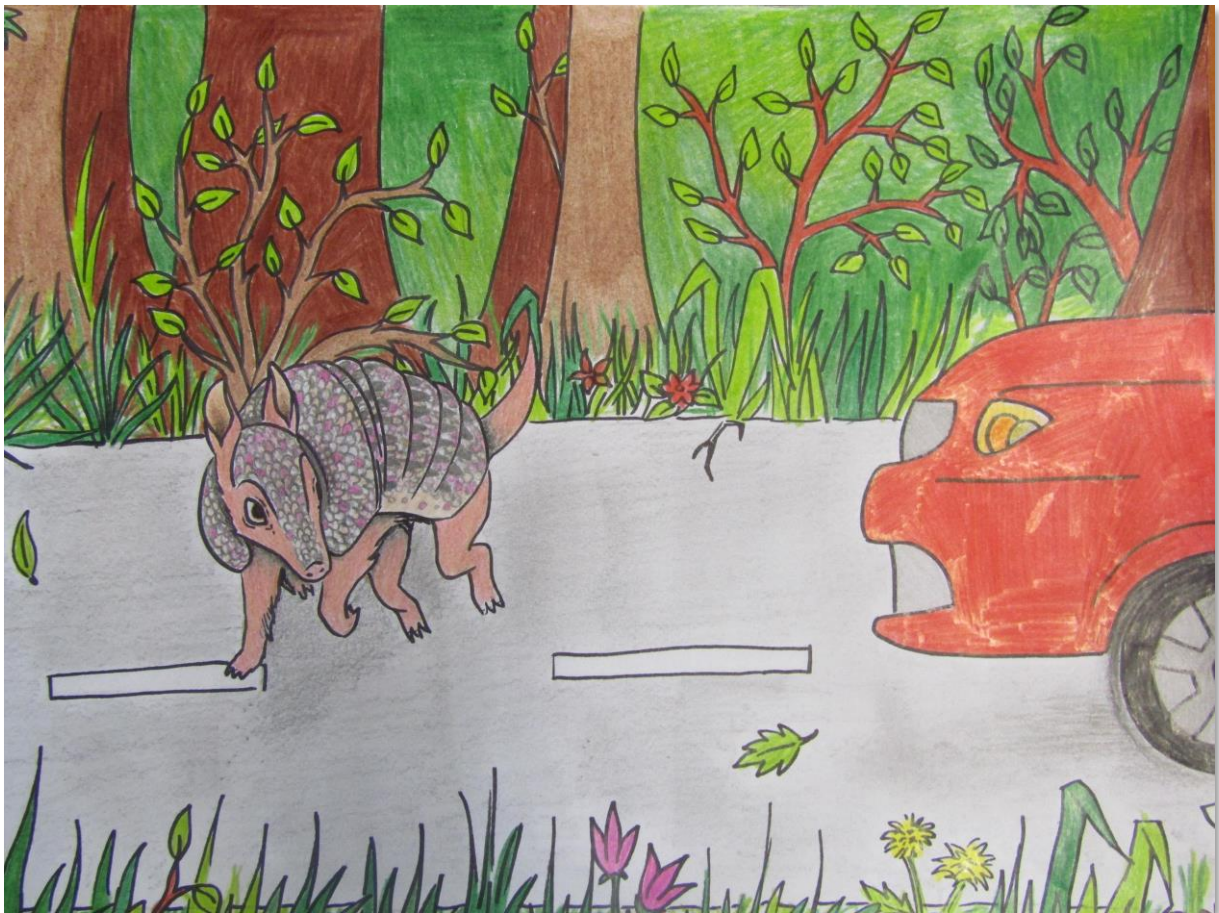


He went to buy some aspirin, got into the car and started driving. Peter was already driving for several hours when he found himself in the middle of the forest. It was getting dark and he began to feel uneasy. Suddenly, a strange creature, all black with shining white eyes jumped in front of the car. Peter screamed and turned the wheel. The car ran down from the road and stopped in a ditch. "Oh no! I've just had an accident. Like in the dream!".

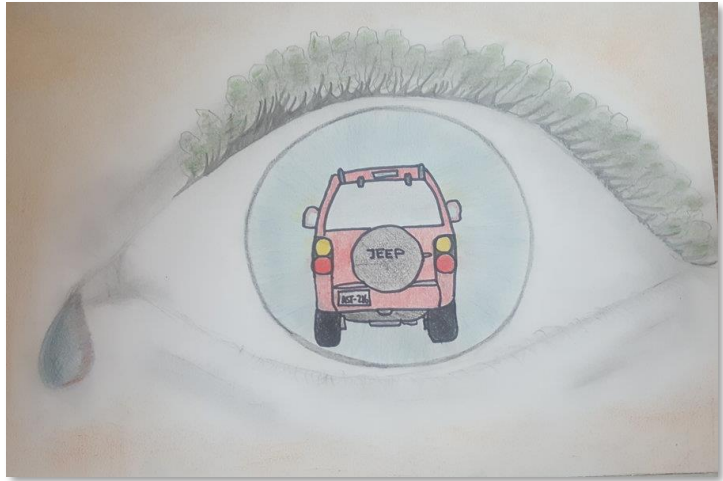
He got out of the car and looked around. It was all still, except a big armadillo that crossed the highway and disappeared in the bushes. He felt scared, tired and hungry. Tried to call home but there was no connection. Peter looked at the car – it seemed stuck and he noticed black smoke coming from its bonnet. Suddenly, Peter saw a road sign saying “Gas Station – 30 km”. He took his most necessary things and went in that direction.

After walking for two hours Peter finally reached a building near the highway. He saw that it was a cafeteria and he heard voices coming from it. Opening the door, he noticed several people – they were all eating cake and drinking wine. He turned around to ask the bartender if he could get some help with his car.

Suddenly, Peter got surrounded by a very bright light and, just before blacking out, he saw dark figures standing next to him and slowly surrounding him in a circle...



Peter woke up. The bartender was standing in front of him. "Are you OK?" asked the bartender. "I feel tired and hungry" replied Peter. The Bartender passed him a big bowl of nachos with cheese sauce. Peter looked around. There were no strange people that surrounded him the day before. "Where are they?" asked Peter. "Who?" asked the bartender. "Those people drinking wine from yesterday. "What are you talking about, no one has driven this road for ages. Shall I call an ambulance?!" "No! I had the accident, and I need some help with my car!"



Shortly, Peter and the bartender were going along the road. The strange noises were coming from darkness of the forest. They were slowly approaching to the car, when a huge angry albino armadillo jumped out of bushes and caught the bartender into his jaws and it disappeared with him into the forest. Peter was in a big shock. He cried out loudly "What the hell is going on here?!"

As he looked closely there was a path that albino armadillo has left behind himself. He went down the path following the track. He heard some screams from the distance. After a moment, he found armadillo and the bartender fighting against each other in the long grass. Peter opened his bag and the only one thing that was left there was a toothbrush. He took it and stabbed it into armadillo's red eye...

The injured armadillo freaked out and ran into the bushes. The bartender was lying on the ground and coughing blood. Peter helped him to get up and they started slowly to head back on the same path until they got back on the road. While walking the path they decided to continue walking the last kilometres to the broken car because it would be faster than going back to the bar. After half an hour they reached the car and Peter helped the bartender to get into it. Using the tools they had taken with them, Peter started to repair the car.

Suddenly, another car full of angry looking guys stopped near them. Peter and the bartender were grabbed and put into the trunk. They both couldn't see anything because of the bags on their heads. They were transported to a dark cave with big metal doors guarded by three guys with AK-47. "What do you want from us? Who are you?" asked Peter. The bandits didn't answer. One of them came closer and put a jar of pickles in front of him. "In case you are hungry" said he with a strange Spanish accent. After a moment, there came another man who was also the boss of the others. The bartender said to him: "Look, Carlos, I know that I owe you a lot of money and I promise to pay it back. This guy doesn't have anything to do with me or you. If you let him go, I'll tell you where the money is." So the bandits put a bag on Peter's head again and after a short while he was dropped out of the car in the desert and left there alone.

Peter knew that he can't stay there in the middle of nowhere and started to go. After more than hour walking he was thirsty and exhausted. Peter stopped and sat down in the shade of a big cactus. Than he noticed something in the sand. It was an old suitcase with a lot of stickers on it. It was unlocked. After opening it, Peter was shocked – there was a lot of money and ...



...some drugs. Peter took the suitcase and started walking towards the sun. Everything was going fine, but then he heard the sound of an engine. He started looking for

where it was coming from, but couldn't find it. The engine kept getting louder. He noticed smoke in the distance and started to get nervous because he knew somebody



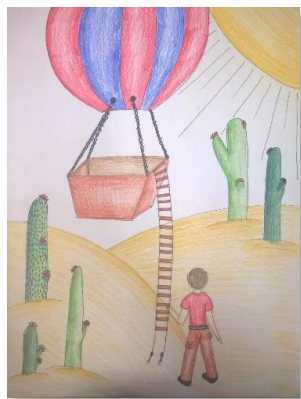
was there. After a few seconds he saw a mass of cars. At first Peter was happy, but when he saw the "loco" flag, he was shocked. It was Juan Loco and his gang. He immediately started running from them, but the suitcase was too big to run comfortably with. So finally he tripped, hit his head on a rock and fainted.

When Peter woke up, he realised being kidnapped by the cartel.

He desperately tried moving, but he couldn't because he had been tied to a pole. A young lady brought him some food and Peter immediately started asking her questions but she was silent. After some time Juan Loco personally came and started shouting at him in Spanish. Peter couldn't understand anything. Juan asked where his money was, but his English was very poor. Peter understood that he was talking about the suitcase he had found.



Luckily, the suitcase was back in the desert, so Juan had to



go to look for it. This was the opportunity for Peter to escape. When Juan left, the woman came again and cut the rope he had been tied with and led him to the hot air balloon, which as later came out belonged to the gang. He jumped into the basket and landed right on a gun. Actually, it was an AWP. Immediately he fired up the balloon and flew away.

Peter was flying to the south because he had heard some cartel people mentioning that civilization is in that direction. On the way he saw a field of bloody red roses, a small village fashion show hosted by a few silly kids and...



...he felt very tired and then fell asleep. When he woke up, he saw a huge colosseum. As he gets closer he notices "a...a...a...unicorn!?". He had no time to think

as his hot air balloon pierced by the unicorn caused him to drop to the ground. A thud resonated as his body met the sandy ground of the colosseum. He got up, very confused and noticed two things.

The blood-thirsty gladiators and the sniper rifle lying next to him.

Peter, thinking quickly, grabbed the rifle and had it aimed at them! The gladiators wisely chose to back up and prepare themselves as the first shot was about to be heard. Click. The gun is empty. The fighters looked at each other with



smiles behind their masks and began walking towards him. He dropped the rifle and began to back up before a growl from behind him stopped him in his tracks. He turned around and came face to face with a tiger who had the famous Excalibur clenched in his fangs. While he was reaching for it the tiger bit off his arm. Peter was in shock as he fell on the ground. Unmoving. He stared at the stars. The stars appeared to have formed a new constellation. An eggplant. What could this

mean? Am I dying? A gasp came out of his throat. He woke up and realized it was just a dream.

He found himself tied to the same pole. What was in those pickles? A gang member came through the door, untied Peter and told him to come with him and to not resist. As they opened the boss's room he saw his sister. They were both shocked. She called the gang member away. They hugged each other knowing they might not meet again.

She opened the window and told him to run. At the same time a gangster walked into the room and saw him jumping out of the window. He pulled out a gun, ignoring his boss's screams and shot Peter Nicholson without a chase.



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