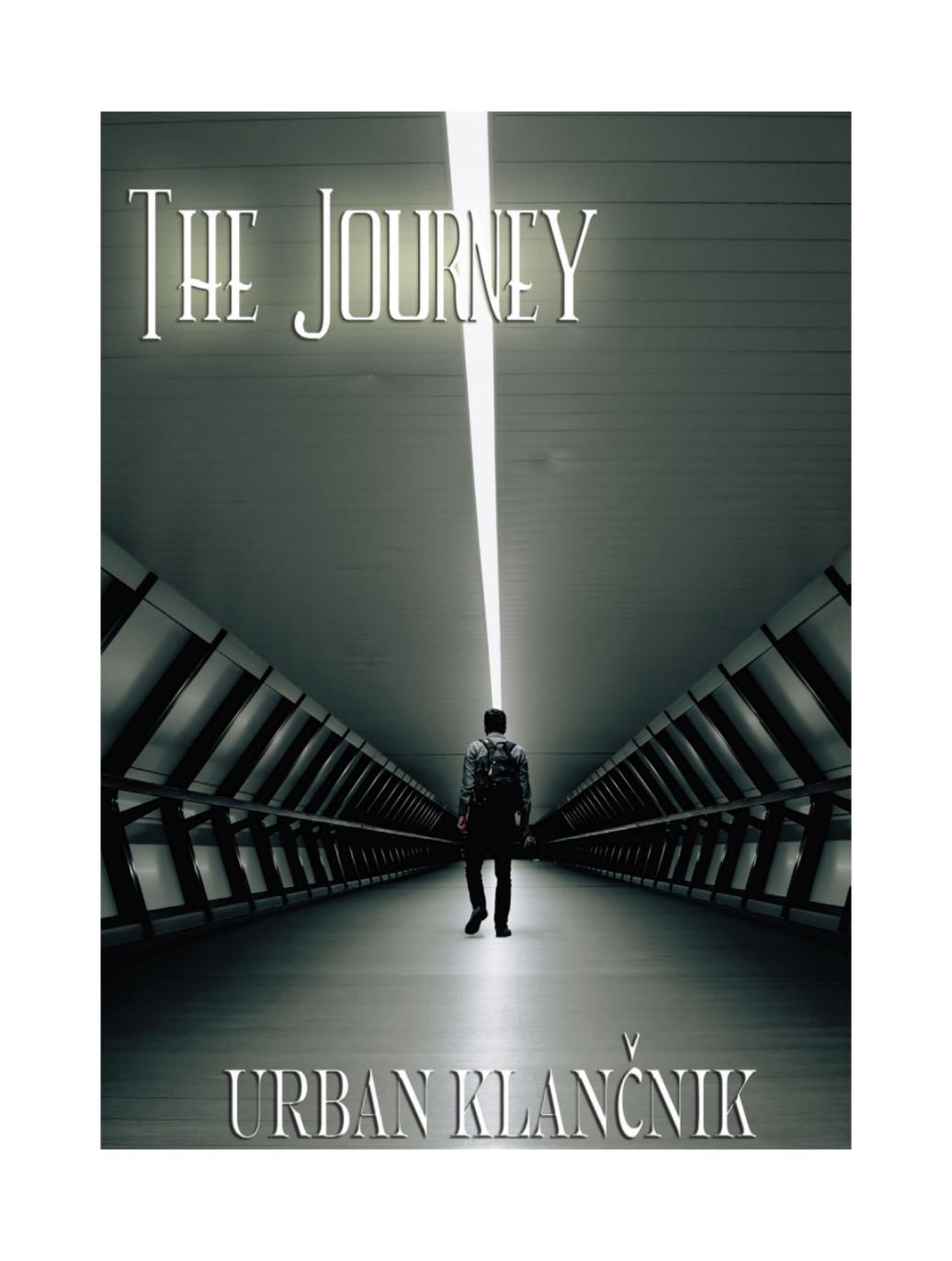


# THE JOURNEY

A person with a backpack is walking away from the viewer down a long, dark, industrial-style tunnel. The tunnel has a high ceiling and walls with diagonal structural beams. A bright, vertical beam of light shines down from the ceiling, illuminating the person and the floor. The overall mood is mysterious and cinematic.

URBAN KLANČNIK

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# The Journey

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“Wait here, please!”

Jakob stepped through the door and saw four people sitting on the bench waiting for the train. It was dark. The only light was provided by a blinking streetlight. Jakob looked at the light dismayed. Although it was blinking, the light upon the four people sitting on the bench was ceaseless for some reason.

He turned back to the man standing in the door frame, blocking the exit. “For how long?” Jakob asked.

“For as long as it takes,” said the man dispassionate. The man was completely hairless. Not shaven but completely hairless. There were no wrinkles in his face, no tracks left there by time. With cold blue eyes, the man stared at him as if he was trying to penetrate Jakob’s soul. There was a hint of a smile on his face, but it had an exactly opposite result as smiles should have. He was standing by the door with his hands crossed on his chest. He was dressed in black kimono. Jakob was afraid all of a sudden, and he thought about squeezing past the man back into the hall, but eventually thought against it.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned and saw a large man staring at him with cloudy green eyes.

“Who the fuck are you?” The man said with almost a growl. Jakob’s heart beat faster. “M-my name’s Jakob, who are you?” The man didn’t answer.

A young woman stepped towards them. She was a pretty brunette with a charming smile on her face. “Let him go, Dennis,” she said with a soft voice that probably made men do whatever she wanted. “I’m Claudia.” She offered Jakob her

hand.

He took her hand and shook it lightly. “Jakob,” he mumbled. Again she flashed him that beautiful smile. “Hello, Jakob. Please don’t mind Dennis. He’s a bully.” She shook her head towards the large man without averting her eyes from Jakob. “He’s a soldier, so he suspects everyone to be an enemy. But he’s a real sweetheart in reality.” She laughed almost too loud. The soldier turned suddenly and went back to the bench where another woman and an older man were still sitting. The man was staring at the newspaper and seemed almost as if he tried to hide within the pages. The woman was watching Jakob intently. She had to be around fifty, but a lot of beauty from her youth still remained in her face and body. Claudia grabbed Jakob under the arm, and half dragged him to the others. It wasn’t till now that Jakob realized where the hairless man brought him. He was in a waiting room of an underground railway, but he didn’t recognize which one. On each side, a dirty grey wall cut the waiting room from the rest of the tunnel. There were tracks below the bench but lost them just a few meters in the pitch black darkness of a tube. He listened if he could hear the train, but for now, all he could hear was the howling of the wind.

“These two are Robert and Amalia,” said Claudia pointing at the man and woman sitting on a bench.

Robert nodded but never raised his head away from the newspaper. Amalia rose and offered him her hand.

“I hope you’ll be more entertaining than these two. She glanced at Claudia and Dennis.

“Fuck you,” cursed Dennis, staring intently at Jakob.

“Don’t be like this,” smiled Claudia, “we’re all the same. We’re just waiting here like you.” She caressed Dennis on his face, but it didn’t soften the soldier one bit.

“Waiting for what?” whispered Jakob.

They all looked at him, even Robert managed to pull his eyes away from the newspaper. He went through his hair with his right hand, closed the newspaper and threw it on the bench. He laughed nervously. He looked at Jakob again and then searched Amalia with his gaze. “He doesn’t know?” He smiled and looked at Jakob with contempt.

“You can fuck yourself too,” said Dennis and walked to the door and hit on it nervously with his fist. He turned back toward Robert. “You don’t know either.” It was half a question half a claim. But he didn’t wait for the answer. He turned towards the tunnel on his left and screamed. “Shut up.” All Jakob heard was the howling of the wind.

Robert laughed. “Dennis, you’re a worker. A pawn. You don’t need to know. You’re a follower, you follow those smarter than yourself.”

“I’ll break your fucking neck if you don’t shut up.” For a moment Jakob thought Dennis will attack the old man, yet the soldier retained self-control.

“You see? All you know is how to work things out with your fists. There is nothing wrong with that. We need people like you.”

“How long have you been waiting?” asked Jakob.

Claudia just shrugged and turned away. Amalia crossed her legs and laughed. She took her glasses off her nose and started cleaning them with a small cloth. “These two make it

seem like an eternity.” She pointed towards Dennis and Amalia.

The young woman looked at her with a seductive smile and then turned towards Jakob. “You know what I think? I think Amalia would love to get in this panties.” She put her hand down her own trousers, and a few moans seeped out of her mouth.

“How dare you,” yelled Amalia at her and Claudia giggled. She took her hand out and looked at the older woman.

“Maybe she wants to be me.” She turned towards Jakob.

“Everybody wanted me. Men, women.” She stepped towards Jakob. “How ‘bout you. Do you think I’m beautiful?”

“For god’s sake,” said Amalia and turned away from them. Jakob looked at the young woman who stood so close her breasts were touching him. “I-I,” he stuttered as he looked deep into her eyes. She was beautiful, beyond any woman he ever had. But then he saw something ... ugly in her eyes. Just for a moment, he saw the real her. Something rotting beneath all that beauty.

“I-I,” he floundered again, and Claudia pushed him away.

“What are you, a fag?” Dennis laughed and spat on the floor.

“N-No, I don’t think so.” Jakob was still lightheaded.

Claudia stepped towards Dennis and put her arms over his neck, but she looked at Amalia. “Do you think everyone’s here?”

There was no answer, so she turned back to Jakob. “Tell me what do you hear?”

Jakob shook his head. “What am I suppose to hear?”

She pointed with her head towards the tunnel to the left. “In

the wind? What do you hear in the wind?” She stepped towards the edge. “We all hear ...” Amalia walked toward her almost in a trans and hugged Claudia from behind. They both stared into the darkness, listening to the howling of the wind.

“The wind ... “ whispered Jakob and then closed his mouth. The two women looked like a two-headed creature in the darkness.

“I can hear the screaming of a little girl.” Amalia’s words were a whisper, but even in the darkness, Jakob knew her lips were trembling. “She’s in pain.”

Claudia squeezed away from Amalia who didn’t seem to notice. She still stared at the darkness.

“Screaming of a little girl,” she said with a soft voice and turned towards them. She was pale, and she looked old now. At least thirty years older than she did a minute ago. In the twilight, her eyes looked like two black pools.

“It’s her. I know it’s her.” She stepped back toward the others.

“I wanted to reach the top, you know what I mean?” Again she turned toward the tracks and then looked straight at Jakob. “Some people, like me, are born leaders. I know we are. I believe we are.” She stepped towards Jakob but then stepped back again. “People like you, need leadership. You need someone to push you in the right direction. You need someone to lead you, to give you purpose.” Again she looked at the darkness. “Even in college, I knew what I wanted. And it wasn’t hard to get it. Men are ... dirigible and the price was acceptable.” She looked at them and put her hands on hips. “I did what I had to ... when it was needed. But I was smart, I

was resourceful. Smart enough to take charge of the party. You want to know how I won?"

Everyone remained quiet.

"A man named Cal was running against me. I begged him to step aside, to let someone capable take charge but the fat bastard wouldn't listen. I even let him fuck me." Again she turned away. "He dug up some things about me. He wanted to destroy me, but in the end, I destroyed him." She hung her head. "I swear I had no idea he was going to kill her."

There was madness in her eyes. "Like any man, he had his weaknesses. His were little girls."

She stepped towards Claudia and caressed her cheek.

"I found him one. A sweet, little innocent child. Only six years old. Maybe she was someone like you were." Claudia shook her head, and Amalia stepped back.

"I sacrificed her. There was no other way. A small sacrifice for greater good." There was pure horror in her eyes now.

"I knew he won't be able to resist her and he, of course, had no idea we planted her. We recorded the whole thing, but we didn't send the recordings to the police. It would hurt the party too if the recording became public. We send it to the girl's father. It worked in our favor that he killed the child.

The father bashed his head in with a baseball bat. Of course, I couldn't let the broken man tell anyone why he did it, so we made his death look like a suicide. Police just thought it was some nut killing a known politician and then ended his life when he saw what he'd done." Again she looked at the others. "Still, I wished he hadn't killed that girl." She smiled. "Everything worked perfectly in the end though. Cal turned a hero

in the eyes of people and me a humble successor became bigger than he ever was.”

“You fucking bitch,” said Dennis but his voice was quiet, almost soft. He went back to the door and hit it with his fists again.

“People like you ...” he turned to Amalia with a mad look in his eyes. “You think you can just play with people’s lives. Fucking ...” There was pure madness in his eyes as he walked towards Amalia.

“Calm down Dennis,” said Claudia and she seemed scared.

“No, that’s the fucking problem,” roared the soldier. He jumped toward Amalia and grabbed her by the neck. He tilted her over the tracks. “Everybody being too fucking calm. I should just throw you down there, you fucking bitch.” Amalia didn’t seem scared. “I made decisions that others wouldn’t dare. I did a lot of good. I never took any money.” Dennis pulled her back. “People like you sent us to wars. I watched my comrades die. People who were like brothers to me. They died in the mud so that people like you could fill your pockets.”

“You need us,” shouted Amalia back at him. “What would you do without us, ha?” She stood in front of the soldier and seemed stronger than him all of a sudden. Jakob could see why people were following her. He could feel her charisma. “Sometimes you have to get your hands dirty. To make a better world.”

Claudia laughed out loud, and the politician looked at her.

“You want to say something?”

The young woman looked at her, trying to control the

laughter. "It's just ... people like you have been dirtying their hands for thousands of years, and yet the world isn't a better place is it? Or if it is, it's not because you dirtied your hands." "Don't listen to them, Amalia," said Robert. Again he was staring at the newspaper.

To Jakob, it seemed that the wind became louder.

"Shut the fuck up," screamed Dennis into the tunnel.

Amalia turned towards the darkness, and her voice became a whisper. "I can hear the screams all the time. The girl. He wanted her to suffer, and we watched as it happened. We did nothing. And I can hear the screams of those protestors. Those students we ... we had to make an example. Doesn't those that achieved more, deserve more? We who fought our ways to the top? Don't we deserve more?"

"Damn' straight," said Robert, but never turned his gaze from the newspaper.

"I remember some people broke into the parliament, and then I don't remember anything."

Dennis wanted to say something but silent like a ghost a train arrived from the darkness. Inside of the train was in complete darkness. Amalia ran back to the bench and sat on it determined not to move.

Jakob almost screamed. The hairless man stood beside him. "Miss Amalia," said the man in a black kimono and pointed at the train. "Please."

Amalia stood up. "Maybe someone else should go."

Dennis turned away, Jakob squeezed beside the wall, and Robert never looked away from his paper. Only Claudia was looking at the politician. For a moment all they could hear

was the sound of the wind.

“Miss Amalia, please.” The silence was cut by a dry voice of the hairless man.

“No, someone else should go.” It seemed as if her body took her against her will towards the train. “Help, me, for god’s sake, help me.” She took a few slow steps toward the train.

“Mr. Robert, please.” The old man was staring at the newspaper. “Dennis!” Her voice was filled with horror as she stopped with one foot inside the train. She tried to pull herself back, but her body wouldn’t obey. She was pulled inside, and as the doors closed behind her, they could all see her tormented face through the window. Just like a ghost, the train without the sound disappeared in the darkness on the right.

No one noticed when the man in black kimono disappeared. Dennis turned towards the others, and he was as pale as the wall. “She can go straight to hell for all I care.”

He took a few strolls down the waiting room. “People like her,” he spat on the floor and then again turned to the others. “I killed a man on my first mission. We went patrolling, and we fell into an ambush. We lost four, they lost eight. I saw my man on the top of the hill. He tried to outflank us, but I got him. I got him good. Shot him the belly, but there was no saving that wound. My heart was pounding, and I felt sick. I was scared, but I never felt more alive at the same time.” He covered his ears to deafen the wind, but it didn’t seem to work. “I fought a lot before I joined the army. You know, when you see a guy that looks like a fagget, or someone talking shit in a bar. Or if someone had a pretty girl with

him. Why should some fucking pansy have her? At least three ended up in a hospital, and I can't tell what a feeling it is to hit someone. When a fist hits a flesh when you see the helplessness in that man's eyes. The adrenalin, I tell you I loved it. But it was nothing compared when I shoot that bastard."

"For him, you were the bastard."

Dennis turned to Claudia. "You really have a big mouth, don't you. Be careful, or I might shut it. Shut it for good. It would be a shame to ruin your pretty face, but it wouldn't be the first time I did something like that."

Claudia laughed. "I'm sure it wouldn't."

Dennis pointed in the way the train took Amalia. "It was people like her that send us, though. We were just doing our jobs. We were defending our country."

"I'm sure you did, but I would like to ask you a question, how do you defend your country outside of that country's border? Isn't that a sort of a paradox?"

Dennis looked at her. "What the fuck do you know?!" She turned away.

"I don't know how many people I shot," he continued with a quiet voice. "A lot I think." He looked at Jakob. "More than a hundred I think."

"Hey, if you wouldn't kill them, they would kill you. They were anarchists, a danger to the order. They try to turn order into chaos, to destroy what we build." Robert waved his paper in the air.

"But when you think about it, you were paid to kill people." Claudia didn't smile this time.

“Shut the fuck up, bitch.” There was no real anger in the soldier’s voice. “Maybe they were anarchists, terrorists, what the fuck ever, but maybe they were people caught in shit they couldn’t get out of. Does it matter?” There was madness in his eyes.

“I went to the private sector after my contract was done.” His voice was a whisper now. “I worked for a company, who had to ... protect their interests. It was dangerous, but I made good money. We didn’t care what the mission was. We were drunk or high most of the times. They called us one day. The company needed a part of a town to be cleared out. A shitty dirt village no one ever heard about.” He seemed smaller like something drained him of his lifeforce. “We made an excuse, some terrorist cell bullshit and we cleaned it. It was supposed to be easy. We should move the resident, maybe a little rape, maybe shoot someone to scare the others, but those fucking people just wouldn’t leave.” He covered his eyes as if that could quiet the screams. “We went mad.” He looked at Claudia. “I could have been something else, someone else if I had chosen a different path somewhere along the way.”

Claudia seemed sad. “But you didn’t. None of us did.”

“But,” shouted Jakob. He was pale, and he felt his heart beat in his chest. “I didn’t do anything.”

“I don’t know what we became. I just know that it could have been different for me. All that anger I felt as a child, as a teenager, I could have directed all that energy into something else. Into something good. But it was easier. Or at least I thought it was. I thought I can take it. I thought that there are no innocent in this world. I believed humanity is sick and

I'm just helping in the process of destruction that has to come eventually. Still, maybe I was right."

The soldier seemed even smaller now. "We broke into a house. Well not a house, it was a cottage made of mud and shit. There were a man, his young wife, and a baby. The sergeant shot the man in the backyard. You can imagine what we did to the woman before we shot her. We raped her one by one in front of the baby. The child was crying, so the sergeant shot it in his crib. Took his shotgun and splattered the thing all over the floor. After that, the woman didn't make a sound. Not even when she saw, I was going to put the bullet in her head. Can you imagine, they wouldn't live that shithole? I could tear down the whole fucking house with my bare hands, but they wouldn't leave. How fucking stupid can you get? Fuck it."

They didn't hear the train, but they felt it coming. The sliding door opened without a sound. Dennis took a few steps towards the train, but then stopped.

"I don't know. It's all so fucking strange," he whispered. "I don't want to ..." he turned to Claudia and Jakob. "I don't want to go."

"Mr. Dennis, please step into the train." Again no one noticed when a man with a black kimono walked into the waiting room.

Dennis raised his foot although he didn't want to. He turned towards the hairless man.

"Please, I'll do whatever you want."

"Please Mr. Dennis. The train is waiting."

"No," screamed the soldier but his body just took him into

the cart. As strong as he was, he had no real chance to hold himself back. His screams were cut off by the closed door. The train disappeared as silently as it came.

“That is the problem,” said Robert. He still had the newspaper in his hands. “You should never mix business with emotions. I never did. That’s why I was so successful.” He threw the newspaper on the bench and stood up. Jakob looked at the paper. He didn’t notice before, but there was no text, no pictures. Just blank pages.

“How come I didn’t notice that before,” Jakob thought but said nothing.

But apparently, not even Robert noticed it. “I always knew how to negotiate, and I was always in charge, even in times of crisis. Hell, the last economic crisis was what made me rich.” He took out his wallet. “You think money can’t buy happiness? Can’t buy friends? Can’t buy love? I beg to differ.” He stepped to Claudia. “Women like you would throw themselves at me. Everything is for sale, my darling, you just have to name the right price.” He turned toward Jakob. “We had everything. Oil, diamonds, food, gold. And Why not? We had the desire, we had the knowledge and with that came the power.”

Claudia looked at him with pure hatred in her eyes. “You think you can own the world. Own people? Own slaves? Fuck you.”

“Slaves? I had no slaves, anyone could leave their jobs anytime they wanted.”

“And starve? Watch their children starve?”

“I wasn’t responsible for anyone. They had their lives, just

like I had mine. I just knew how to exploit opportunities that's all."

Claudia laughed and walked towards him. "I bet your daddy did it all. I bet you just inherited all and wanted to show your daddy you're a man too, but you're not, are you? All you could do was stand in his shadow and take all your rage upon people who had nothing to do with your daddy issues." "Shut up you cunt," screamed Robert, but soon regained his calm.

"You just grabbed and grabbed and grabbed and threw a few breadcrumbs to people below ..."

"Don't be naive my darling," said Robert. "It's how the world works. Some of us are just better than others. We are the brains, but we need limbs to do things for us. We all have equal chances ..."

"You know what really makes me sick? That you actually believe all that shit. The world is the way we made it. No better and no worse. Admit it, your daddy gave you a company, didn't he? And you turned it into a bloody empire."

Robert was red in the face. "I earned my first million when I was twenty-four." He looked around. "Can you smell smoke?" He walked toward the tracks. "My first company wasn't profitable enough. The money daddy gave me was gone, and I needed more to expand to the foreign markets. I had good insurance. To avoid suspicion, we left a few workers in the factory. I was sure they'd get out, but they didn't. I didn't care. The money I got was enough to propel me to the top. I gave thousands of people jobs. Sure there were sacrifices, those eleven workers and that news reporter that snooped

around the company. And that whore that tried to sue me for rape. But I was strong, stronger than any of them. Smarter. You should have seen me. I had police, judges, bureaucrats, even celebrities in my pocket. I could have ruled the world ... come to think of it, maybe I have.” He pointed his fingers at Claudia. “I know idealists like you. But IT IS how the world works. Lion takes his lion’s share.”

“Actually, the lion is just a prostitute for the lionesses.”

“What?” Robert looked at Jakob.

“Lionesses just tolerate the lion because of the cubs. When they tire of him, they usually kill him and get a younger one.”

“What are you talking about? Who cares?”

Jakob raised his shoulders. “Just saying.”

“Let me tell you the difference between you and me. And those two that were taken away. I know how to negotiate. I know how to haggle. There is always a price, and I’m the one that can negotiate it.”

The train appeared silently, and the hairless man stepped through the door.

“Mr. Robert, please enter the train.”

Robert walked towards the man but was stopped in the middle of the way. It was like his legs were glued to the ground. He smiled nervously.

“How about we talk somewhere private,” said the old man as he made a few steps back toward the train. “I have money. I can do things for you, sir. Anything you want, it’s yours.”

The man in a kimono glared as Robert made a few more steps back to the train.

“I don’t even know your name, sir. Please, whatever you

want.” He turned toward Claudia and Jakob. “Claudia, my dear child, Jakob. I can make you rich beyond your belief. If you go instead of me. For god’s sake, I only did what everyone did. I lived.” He managed to grab the edge of the door. “I have money ... I have ...” The door shut behind him but they could see him scream through the glass as the train moved forward.

Claudia stepped toward Jakob. “What do you think who’ll be next, you or me?” There was a tear in her left eye.

He looked at her. She was even more beautiful now than he remembered. But he was too scared to actually care. “I didn’t do anything.”

She laughed, but there was a hint of fear in her voice. “Oh, honey.”

She stepped toward him. “I gave men what they deserved. I lost my virginity when I was fourteen, did you know? He was sweet. You remind me of him a little.” She touched his chest. “I want you, Jakob, before .. you know. One of us will stay alone, and that scares me. Loneliness.”

“I-I don’t k-know,” he whispered, but she just stepped to him and put his lips on his.

He stood perfectly still. He didn’t kiss her back, he just waited till she finished kissing him. She turned from him and stepped to the edge of the waiting room. Her voice became almost dreamy.

“I can hear cries and taste tears in the wind.” She touched her left breast. “Men adored me but only because I was beautiful. I never had to try for anything. It would have been better for me if I was ugly. I’m not stupid Jakob, but it never mattered.”

Again she stepped closer to him. “Would it matter to you? Would it matter if I’m smart or stupid?”

“I-I don’t know.” No, it wouldn’t matter.

“Can you actually produce a real sentence?” He turned away from her.

“You should have seen me. I played men like puppets. I even wondered if I could get someone to kill himself for me. I always believed I could. They didn’t care if I used them. But then I met him. He was the first man who didn’t care if he had me or not. The first who would reject me easily. We had an unforgettable night, but by morning he was gone. It hurt, but at least he left a message. He wrote it on the mirror: Welcome to the club. I didn’t believe it at first, but went to take the test.” Her face looked tired, almost ugly. “The bastard convinced me to go without a condom. He even made me bleed to make sure. He gave it to me, Jakob. The bastard murdered me.” She stepped into the dark away from the blinking light so Jakob could only see her face. “But I got them back. I slept with hundreds of men and did to them what was done to me. A little drop of blood and welcomed them into the club.” She laughed, but it almost sounded like crying. “I became like him. A murderess, destroyer of life. I know now Aids isn’t a death sentence anymore, but then it was. For most of us at least. I took lives, and I never lied to myself about it. I had no illusions of what I was. I took innocent. The men I was with then went home and passed it onto their girlfriends, wives, one even gave it to his daughter, the pedophile bastard. I didn’t care, I wanted the world to die with me.”

The man in black kimono stepped through the door, and the train slithered quietly to the station.

Claudia looked at Jakob. "I know they weren't all bad. They were just men." She wasn't struggling as she took a few steps to the train. Still, he could see she was terrified. "Earth is such a beautiful place, Jakob. Life can be magical, no matter how much pain it offers. But I believe there is self-destruction written in our DNA. We crave devastation of others and ourselves." She took a few steps more. "Maybe not all of us. Maybe that is a test. For some divine being waiting to see if we make it. I would bet against it, but you never know." She stopped by the door. "I loved, and I have been loved. Even after I got infected, I could have found peace ... and love. I could have stepped on a purer path of life, give myself to love not to hate and destruction. Oh, well."

She turned toward Jakob through the veil of terror he could again see her beautiful face. "Ta-ta Jakob," she said, and the doors closed behind her. Just before she disappeared in the darkness, he could see her face writhing in pain and terror. Jakob jumped back to the entrance to the waiting room and started banging on the door.

"Please, I haven't done anything. I didn't murder anyone, I've never stolen anything. I don't deserve this." He collapsed by the door. "I never hurt anyone." He listened to the wind and could now hear a whisper of thousands of people. He couldn't understand what they were saying and didn't really care.

"No," he yelled and jumped up. "I haven't done anything. Even when I saw that boy being beaten and mugged, I

walked away. Not because I was scared, but I didn't want to get involved," he yelled into the wind.

He turned back to the door. "Is that it? Because I didn't help? I'm not responsible for what other people do. I took care of myself. What else was I supposed to do?"

He hit the door again. "Answer me, damned you!"

He then ran towards the edge of the waiting room and felt the train coming. He ran back to the door. "Sure I knew about things, but it wasn't me. I knew that Anton was falsely accused, but if I'd have told anyone, I'd lose my job too. He was fired no matter what. Others knew, why didn't someone else mentioned the truth?"

The doors opened, and the hairless man walked towards him. "Please," sobbed Jakob.

The man watched him. "Your world needs help. You all need to help."

Jakob laughed like a madman. "That's what the others said. If I did what the others did, I would end up here just the same. "You don't need anyone to tell you right from wrong." The man stared at Jakob with a cold gaze.

Jakob just knew that the door on the train behind him opened. He raised his foot to get away from the train, but his legs took him closer.

"Step into the train, Mr. Jakob," said the man.

"No," he roared, "If everyone were like me, the world would be fine."

"Not everyone is like you, Mr. Jakob, yet you are all connected."

"But I haven't done anything. Where is my neighbor? He beat

his wife to death. He beat her before. I heard them. That drunk. He should be here instead of me.”

“Step into the train, Mr. Jakob.”

Jakob was forced before the entrance to the train. “Or my coworker. I saw him rape that drunk girl at the office party. Take him!”

“Step into the train, Mr. Jakob.”

“No, please, I haven’t done anything ... anythi ...”

If you like this story, please heck out my latest book Eye of the Snake on Amazon! ([https://www.amazon.com/Eye-Snake-Urban-Klan%C4%8Dnik-ebook/dp/B07KJMHZGK/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1543217936&sr=8-1&keywords=urban+klančnik](https://www.amazon.com/Eye-Snake-Urban-Klan%C4%8Dnik-ebook/dp/B07KJMHZGK/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1543217936&sr=8-1&keywords=urban+klančnik))

