

Mark's lament

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October, 2008

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<http://ca.groups.yahoo.com/group/phoenix-writing>

Chapter One

The figure quietly sipped the tea. He listened carefully.

“You have a deal, Mr. Yonge. I'll see you in ten years.” The figure stood from his place on the sofa, and long black trench coat back on, he quietly left the house as quietly as he had arrived.

“Alex, do you really think this is a good idea?” The woman in her late twenties asked.

“Do you see another alternative, Eva?” The man looked over to his wife.

“No.” came the simple reply.

“Let's hope he won't condemn us both to hell.” Alex said, looking for some comfort.

Ten years later...

*I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing
Roman Cavalry choirs are singing
Be my mirror my sword and shield
My missionaries in a foreign field
For some reason I can not explain
I know Saint Peter won't call my name
Never an honest word
And that was when I ruled the world*

The Coldplay song started to play, as the alarm went off to wake Mark up. It was 6 am, and time for him to get up and get ready for school.

Yawning, Mark sauntered out of his bedroom, and entered the shower. The wetness of the water with its warm aura brought him to the world of the waking. Rubbing his eyes, Mark stepped out of the shower.

Mark was a decent looking kid. He was about 5'5" with green eyes, and brown hair. He wore a pair of frameless glasses. On this day he went to put on some clothes, and by 7:30 am, was outside waiting for the school bus.

Getting on the bus, Mark went over and sat with his two best friends Lisa and Drew. He pulled out his iPod, and listened to the Coldplay song again during the long bus ride to High School.

"Mr. Yonge!" the teacher said abruptly, looking to Mark.

Mark was shaken out of his daydream, and looked up at his history teacher. "Yes Mr. Bell?"

"Did you get last night's homework assignment completed? I don't see it in the pile here." Mr. Bell said. On his desk at the front of the classroom were all the essays that had been assigned. They were usually due at the beginning of class.

Mark reached into his backpack, getting out his essay. He handed it to his teacher. "Here, Mr. Bell. I'm sorry I forgot to leave it on your desk."

Finally the bell rang. Mark took his stuff, and headed to his locker.

"How was history class?" Drew asked of Mark.

"Another boring class, what else can I say?" Mark asked.

Mark finished up at his locker, putting the stuff he needed in his backpack, and started to head for the school exit. Drew and Lisa had gone ahead outside. Three boys started to block Mark's path.

"Well, well. Looks like I can't take your lunch money, Yonge. But I can beat you up!" Tommy threatened.

Mark smirked. "If you want to be caught on camera," he motioned to the hallway security camera, "by all means."

Scott, Jake and Kyle stood behind Tommy. Scott and Mark had once been friends, but for the last few years, Mark had been on the wrong end of Scott's fist. Tommy's too, along with Jake and Kyle.

Tommy huffed. "I'll get you when you least expect it, Yonge! And I guarantee you, there won't be any cameras there!" Tommy and his crew turned and left the school.

Mark gave a sigh. Outside the building, he met up with his friends Drew and Lisa.

“Hey! What took you so long?” Drew queried of his friend.

Mark just gave Drew a look that said he didn't want to talk about it.

“Are you ok, Mark?” Drew asked, a little concerned.

“Yeah Mark, you have to tell us if something is wrong!” Lisa remarked.

Mark looked over to Lisa and Drew. “Everything is fine, but Tommy threatened to beat me up when I wasn't looking.”

Drew grimaced a little. “Oh yeah, that would be something wrong. I'm sorry buddy, you know we'll both be there to help you.”

Mark looked over to Lisa, and then Drew. “Thanks, but you guys can't be everywhere. I suppose I will pray that I make it out alive.”

Lisa sighed a little. “We'll do our best to protect our friend, Mark. You know we will.”

Mark smiled slightly. “Thanks guys. That makes me feel a little better. I'll see you both tomorrow.”

Mark had missed the school bus, so decided to walk home. It wasn't that far, and it gave him time to think. Finally he reached his front door, and once inside, he put his backpack down, took off his shoes, and went to get a drink in the kitchen. On the way, he saw his little sister Ashley in the family room watching some sort of teen TV show.

“Hi Ash” Mark said from the kitchen, walking into the family room with a glass of orange juice.

“Hi Mark. You weren't on the bus. Did you miss it again?” Ashley asked, a little concerned.

Mark just nodded a little, sipping his OJ.

Ashley smiled, “I'm glad you're home.” She turned her attention back to the TV.

Their mother came into the family room finally. “Don't you two have homework to do? You know that you have to do it as soon as you come home from school.”

Mark looked over at his mother. “I finished mine at lunch.”

Ashley turned off the TV. “Fine! I'll be in my room.” She took her backpack, and headed upstairs.

Mark took the remote, and turned on MuchMusic. The song from this morning by Coldplay

was back on.

Mark's mother Eva looked at him a little concerned. "I think you should go see Drew tonight. It would be good for you."

Mark looked over at his Mom. "Alright, I'll go over after dinner."

Eva smiled. "Sounds good. Dinner will be ready in an hour. Make sure you wash up before then, Mark."

Eva turned and headed to the kitchen, as Mark kept watching TV.

After dinner was over, Mark picked up the phone to call Drew.

"So is it ok if I come over for a while? My Mom thinks it will be a good idea." Mark spoke into the phone.

"Well Mark, my Mom had the same strange idea. I don't suppose they called each other while we were at school, did they?" Drew asked over the phone.

Mark smiled. "Anything is possible with those two. Call Lisa and have her come too. I'd better start walking now, it'll take me about 20 minutes to get there."

Drew nodded into the phone, "Will do. See you when you get here, bye."

Both boys hung up the phone. Mark put on his coat, and shoes, and headed out the door.

Lisa sat patiently in Drew's family room. She only lived about 5 minutes away, it was easy for her to walk over. She brought over one of the *Harry Potter* movie's. Drew hadn't seen any of them yet, but both her and Mark were caught up to most of them.

"Shouldn't Mark be here by now?" Lisa asked as she looked at the clock.

"You know he always says 20 minutes to make himself look good, it takes him more like 30. Cut him some slack." Drew suggested.

Lisa smiled to Drew. "I can do that."

"How's Stan?" Drew asked of Lisa.

"My boyfriend is fine. How's your boyfriend?" Lisa queried.

"I don't have a boyfriend, Lisa." Drew replied.

"Then maybe you need to get one." Lisa winked.