

# Mark's lament

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Author's Note: **WARNING!** Objects in the mirror may be closer than they appear. Not everything in this chapter is in chronological order.

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## Chapter Ten

*John Sheridan: ...and I was wondering if they will remember us in hundred years from now or a thousand. And I figure probably not.*

*Delenn: But it does not matter. We did what we did because it was right and not to be remembered. And history will attend to itself. It always does.*

- The Deconstruction of Falling Stars, Babylon 5

“Councillor Horatio! Horatio! Wait up!” The tall man ran after the Israeli-looking teen. The teen looked to be about 5'6” with black hair. The taller man looked to be about 46 years old, 5'7” with green eyes.

“What is it you want, Judas?” Horatio had little patience for Judas. It was one of those longer days.

“How is it you got the name Horatio, anyway?” Judas looked at the younger person.

“I was born the day after my parents went to see *Hamlet*, remember?” Horatio snapped at Judas. He had told this story many, many times. It got to be a sore point so many centuries later. “The first time Shakespeare had put it on.”

Judas looked apologetic. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

Horatio just starred at Judas. "Yes, yes you did. Ever since we broke up, you've been nothing but a giant asshole towards me, Judas! I suppose your name is very apt. How did you get your name, Judas? Huh? Huh?"

Judas looked down a little. He whispered, "You already know how I got it."

"You got it because someone decided you needed a new name, and you were acting like a *Judas* at the time! So fuck off!"

"WAIT!" Judas ran to catch up to Horatio, who was walking away from him at a brisk speed.

"What now!" Horatio stopped, turned and looked at Judas.

"It's about Canada. I really did have a reason to talk to you." Judas smiled. He still liked Horatio, he felt bad about their break up, though it had been years ago.

"What about Canada? It's still there, I assume!" Horatio turned to look down the hall, but didn't move yet.

Judas pulled out a paper report. "We just got word that *she* went to Canada."

"And why do I care? I'm a Councillor, not her keeper."

"The whispers, the winds all say...."

"I don't care what the whispers and winds say. I really don't. You know I have more respect for *her* than I do anyone else on the council, including Chairman Mao."

"But they say..."

"Can it!" Horatio glared at Judas. Then he resumed walking down the hall, again at a brisk pace.

"They plan to call a meeting" Judas called out, hoping Horatio heard him.

"Let them!" Horatio disappeared from sight.

Judas hrumphed. "Seems he cares more than he lets on."

"Yes, it seems he does" said a mysterious shadow not far from where Judas now stood.

"What do we do now?"

"Wait. Wait and see."

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“Tina! Tina, get ready! We have to be at Bob's party for 7:00. You know I promised to help him set up!” Stacey was ready, but Tina was still running behind.

“I don't see why you had to volunteer. I doubt there's much to set up. All we do there is dance and drink, coming home slightly mentally altered each time!”

Stacey grabbed Tina's hand. “Let's go!”

45 minutes later, Tina and Stacey's car arrived at Bob's house.

“Great, we're late!” Stacey grumbled.

Tina scowled a little. “If we were going to be late just for the start of the party, we could have taken some more time and not rushed!”

“It's not my fault there were three collisions on the Queensway! Two between Bells Corners and Kanata!”

“Whatever! Let's just go in.” Tina and Stacey got out of the car, and made their way into the house. The music was already playing, nice and loud. The two girls got a couple of beers, and found a place to sit.

After an hour, Tina found herself sitting alone. She wondered where Stacey had wandered off to. She stood up, and saw a teen male approach her. She hadn't met him before. He came up real close, and put his hand on her hip.

“Do I know you?” Tina asked, shyly.

“No, but what do you say we go out back and do some... exploring?” The teen said this in a flirtatious connotation.

Tina blushed a little. “Okay.”

The two held hands as they walked out back. Finding a secluded corner behind the shed, they started to make out. The male teen started to kiss Tina's cheek and neckline, and finally Tina screamed. The teen's fangs dug into her neck.

No one heard Tina's scream however. After a few minutes her body was left behind the shed as the teen male left looking like all was ducky. He went to the driveway, got into his car, and drove home.

Stacey returned from the bathroom. She looked at the sofa where she expected to see Tina. But she was gone. Stacey went to find Bob, a 16 year old teen who had the bluest eyes she had ever seen.

“Bob, do you know where Tina went?”

Bob shrugged. “No, I don’t...”

“I think she went out back.” Steve finally spoke up.

Lisa finally spoke as well, “Yes, I saw her go out back with some guy. They were pretty into each other.”

Stacey headed for the back door, looking around the well lit backyard. She didn't see Tina anywhere at first, but then finally caught the shed. She inched around, wondering if Tina was making out with someone, and let out a loud shriek!

Lisa, Bob and Steve ran to where Stacey was. They all saw Tina's body laying on the grass.

Lisa looked over to Steve. “Call 911, do it now!”

Stacey was shocked. “How could she... but why?” She started to cry. “Why Tina, why? Why you?”

Lisa put her arm around Stacey. “There was nothing you could have done. It's not your fault. The police will be here soon. Do you want to freshen up?”

“I should send everyone home” Bob said to Lisa.

“The police may want to interview them,” Lisa replied thoughtfully.

Bob scratched his head. “Oh yeah, I didn't think of that. We should make sure no one disturbs the scene.”

Lisa just nodded.

Two days later, Stacey was working on her homework with Lisa, Bob and Steve when Tina's parents had called.

“The autopsy showed she died from a lack of blood.” Stacey blurted out, still upset over Tina's death.

“What? How?” Lisa asked.

“It's like all her blood had been sucked out, stopping her heart.” Stacey said, trying to focus on her textbook.

“But that's not possible!” Steve exclaimed.

Stacey started to involuntarily shake a little. “It isn't possible. The coroner is stumped as well.”

“Poor Tina” Bob whispered.

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*“Get your ski's shined up, grab a stick of juicy fruit, the taste is gonna move ya, take a sniff, pull it ouuuuuuuuuuuuuut, the taste is gonna move ya when you pop it in your mouth, juicy fruit, it's gonna move ya”*

“RONALD JOHN LUGGE THE THIRD! TURN OFF THAT TV, YOUNG MAN! DON'T MAKE ME COME IN THERE!” Ron's Mom was yelling.

“What did I forget to do now, Mom?” Ron came out of his bedroom, TV turned off.

Mrs. Lugge just looked at her son with her mean face on. “You forgot to check on your laundry, and now there's a big mess!”

“Oh no!” Ron replied with horror as he ran to the laundry room. Except there was no mess. “Mom, I think you made...”

“No mistake, Ronald! I cleaned it up. Now go and do the dishes. When are your friends coming over to do homework?”

“They aren't, Mom. We finished that project last week.”

“Did you get an A+?”

“Yes Mom. Miss Sandoval said she'd even buy an R.B. Brite after our marketing presentation.”

“You can sell her your sister's if you want.”

“MOM! I can't sell her Tina's doll, even if she is gone.”

Mrs. Lugge sighed a little. “I know, Ron. It's hard on all of us.” The two embraced, sharing the hug for a few moments.

“When is Tina's funeral, Mom?” Ron asked a little somber.

Mrs. Lugge quietly said, “On Wednesday, Ron. You don't have to go back to school for the rest of the week. Your teacher's said they would send your homework with Mark or Stan.”

Ron went back to his room, and logged on to *Windows Live Messenger*.

young09anarchist: Hey.

vamplayer92: How are you feeling?

young09anarchist: Could be better, you know?

vamplover92: I do know.

young09anarchist: My Mom said you have my homework?

vamplover92: Yeah. Christian's going to drop it off on his way to the post office tonight. Is that ok?

young09anarchist: It's fine.

*vamplover92 has signed off.*

stacey\_gifford: Hi Ron

young09anarchist: Hi Stacey.

stacey\_gifford: Your Mom asked me to do the eulogy... being Tina's best friend...

young09anarchist: It's fine.

stacey\_gifford: Are you sure?

young09anarchist: Yeah, it's really fine.

stacey\_gifford: Cool. Look, I have to go, but call me tomorrow. Next week I still want to go on that date.

young09anarchist: Sounds good. I'll call you soon.

*stacey\_gifford has signed off.*

*young09anarchist has signed off.*

The doorbell rang.

“DOORBELL!” Mrs. Lugge called out from somewhere in the house.

Ron got up and went downstairs. He opened the door, and there were two police officers.  
“Can I help you?”

“Are you Ron Lugge?” One of the policemen asked.

“Yeah, who else would I be?”

“Put your arms behind your back please. You're under arrest for the murder of Tina Lugge. You have the right to remain silent...”

Ron was put in the back of the police car, and driven off downtown to the main police station.

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Fuma Landris petted her dog patiently. She rocked on her old-fashioned rocking chair, hearing the floor boards creak each time she went back and forth. The laughter of children could be heard in the distant background.

“Yes dear, I know. You wish the children could be more like you.” She smiled, either at a distant memory, or something in the recent past. She continued to pet the dog.

A small boy of about 9 years old approached the wooden front porch. “Hi Mrs. Landris. I have your newspaper for you.” The boy reached into his bag, and handed the elderly lady her rural newspaper.

“Thank you, Timothy. I have been waiting for this for the last few days. You know my grandson Philip won the hockey tournament with his team? They’re in today’s paper.” Fuma put the newspaper down on the table beside her, and reached for her coin purse. She pulled out a twonie, and offered it to Timmy. “Here you go, thank you.”

Timmy used to object. Every time he brought her the paper, she gave him \$2. Collection was taken up by the newspaper itself, so he didn’t have to handle money. But Mrs. Landris gave him \$2 each week. “Thank you, Mrs. Landris.” He had learned last year to stop objecting.

“How is your brother Scott doing?”

Timmy smiled. “He still lives in Ottawa. He will be at the University of Ottawa in pre-med in the fall. His boyfriend Drew will be in kinesiology.”

Fuma smiled to the young boy. “That’s good to hear. I’m glad they are happy. How are your parents doing?”

Timmy wiggled his nose a little. “They are fine. They say that Scott has changed a lot in the last few months. I guess he stopped hanging out with the wrong crowd. Mom thought he was on drugs, but I guess it must have been something else.”

“Why do you think it was something else?” Fuma asked out of pure curiosity.

“We never liked his friend Tommy whenever we’d visit. Grandma always said it felt like someone walked over her grave when they’d meet.” Timmy said candidly. “His new friends are different. I stayed with him for a week during the March break.”

“What did you do?” Fuma asked, honest curiosity again.

Timmy thought for a few moments. “His friends Lisa, Stan and Mark all took me for pizza at Pizza Hut. But his friend Mark didn’t have any. I don’t think he likes garlic. I’m not sure why.

Then we went bowling, and we had ice cream, and we went to lots of different movies.”

“I see” Fuma smiled.

“But his friend Christian, we only got to see him at night. He doesn't work, I think he's rich. Mark lives with him. They're really nice. They bought me candy!” Timmy grinned toothily. “Anyway, his friend Christian was really nice. Though,” Timmy started to remember, “he warned me to watch for dark alleys at night.”

Fuma just nodded a little sagely. “Do you buy candy with the money I give you?”

Timmy gave a big grin, “Oh yes! I always buy it on the way home!”

Fuma smiled, “Good. I'm glad you are happy, Timothy.”

“Mrs. Landris, what is a vampire?” Timmy asked curiously.

Fuma studied Timmy for a few moments, “Why do you ask?”

“Christian said that's what I had to be careful of in the dark alleys.” Timmy scratched his head. “But I don't go anywhere near a dark alley all the way out here in Carleton Place.”

“I wouldn't worry about it. You run along home now. Your Mom must be ready for dinner.” Fuma advised.

Timmy grinned again. “Yippy! Thank you, Mrs. Landris!” Timmy ran off back to his bike, and headed towards home.

The dog gave a growl.

“I think we should invite them all over for supper.” Fuma stood from her chair, heading into the house. The dog followed, giving a happy sound, and wagging his tail.

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The doorbell rang. It was about 7:30 pm. Mark got up from the sofa, and headed to the door with the doorbell.

“Mark, who is it?” Christian called out from the study.

Mark was almost at the door. “Let me find out.” Mark opened the door. There was a teenage black male in a wheelchair, and a white teenage male of about 17 standing next to him. Both were wearing suits.

“Hello. We're from the One World, One People Book-of-the-Month Club. Is there something missing in your life?” The wheelchair bound 16 year old asked.

Mark thought about it for a few moments. "You know, I think there is. Christian, come to the door! We have guests, and they're both gay!"

The two teens exchanged questioning glances.

Christian came to the door, and saw the two teens. He smiled. "Come on in. Would you care for an individually wrapped butter tart, or a cup of coffee?"

Christian and Mark lead the two teens to the family room.

"Uh, sure. I'd love an individually wrapped butter tart." The teen in the wheelchair replied. "My name is Joe."

Christian smiled to Joe.

"My name is Cleveland." The able-bodied teen said.

"I'm Mark" Mark returned with a coffee for each, and handed Joe the butter tart.

"I'm Christian" The older of the four said.

Joe finally spoke up. "The book this month is about how abilities and differences can bring all people of Earth together. How through understanding and caring, we can build a better society."

Christian wondered if there was a 'one world, one vampire book of the month club'. "Does that include those who eat other people? I would think that would be a pretty big obstacle."

Cleveland looked at Christian a little. "What?" He was so confused.

"Nevermind. My mouth has a mind of its own." Christian smiled.

Mark grumbled, "That's not the only thing of yours with a mind of its own."

"I heard that!" Christian exclaimed.

Mark grinned a little. "I bet you did, sweetheart."

"Are you both gay?" Joe finally asked.

Mark went over and sat on Christian's lap, giving him a long passionate kiss. After a few moments, the two came up for air. Mark looked at Joe. "Does that answer your question?"

Joe smiled and looked at Cleveland. "So are you ready to admit you're gay yet?"

Cleveland just glared at Joe. "I'm not gay! Just because I'm attracted to you Joseph Greenburg doesn't mean I'm after other guys!"

Christian picked up their catalogue and took a look through it. He flipped through the pages. "I'd like to buy something, but I don't see anything here that really interests me, gentlemen."

"That's okay." Joe replied. "Can we come back next month? We get paid on commission, and both Cleveland and I are saving up for school. Cleveland wants to join the Ottawa Police, and I want to own a deli!"

"Doesn't Algonquin College offer Police Sciences?" Mark asked out loud.

Cleveland nodded. "I've already been accepted for the fall!"

"Congratulations. They don't just take anyone!" Mark smiled.

Christian studied Joe for a few moments. "Why would you want to own a deli?"

Joe grinned a little. "All the meat I could ever want!"

Christian groaned. "Bad joke, kid."

Joe and Cleveland made their way to the door. "Thank you for the coffee and butter tart, Mark."

"You're welcome. It was a pleasure to meet you," Mark replied with a smile.

The two teens left, leaving Mark and Christian alone. Mark went back to sitting on Christian's lap. "I enjoyed meeting them."

"Me too" Christian leaned in to nuzzle Mark's neck.

"We have to hunt tonight." Mark said a little more seriously.

"We should have just feasted on those two," Christian said idly.

"What a great idea! Let's feast on the one world, one people book of the month sellers! I'm sure the media would love that!"

"You're grumpy."

"I'm hungry."

"Then let's get out of here."

The two stood from the sofa, and left the house with lightening speed.