

# **Immersion into Oblivion**

## **Final Chapter**

*"Starlet adrift"*

A set of notes for a novel about adolescence  
with some unfinished texts.

**Summer 1972 - Spring 2003**

Ensemble de considérations

Intelligence corrupts everything, weighs down the senses and emotions. To achieve the desired lightness in Nel and Chris's relationship, too much reflection must not be induced.

After all, won't their separation come from reflection?

*Nelly, I love you so much I could die.*

*And yet you don't exist (I know this because his lies have sent me back to my lies), you are not even a character in a novel.*

*You have a semblance of existence in a few photos I took on the net.*

*And yet yesterday I plunged into you, my body was pounding and my hands were shaking.*

*I was you, I was with you, there was only you, your smell.*

*There is only your soul in my empty body and I love you so much.*

### **The trip to the lake - First Kiss**

*This weekend with dad, my stupid brother and his mother we went to the lake. I was really happy because dad agreed that Chris could come with us. Chris is my best friend since forever and ever, we even decided to become sisters.*

*In the car Dad is driving, and as the journey is quite long we all more or less fell asleep. Justin was drooling over his stupid comic book and Chris put his head on my shoulder, I took his hand and our fingers entwined. As I can't sleep well in the car I look out the window. After a while Dad said he needed a break and would buy us a general ice cream round at the next rest stop.*

*When we got to the station Dad said to stretch our legs because there would be no other stops with the lake. Justin and his mum went to buy ice cream and comics, I wonder when he'll stop acting like a big baby. I go to see Dad while Chris calls his mother. He tells me I look tired and ruffles my hair. I yell at him because I don't like him treating me like a baby. Well, actually I do like it : P But not in front of everyone, I'm still fifteen !*

*At the lake, Dad and his wife have rented a mobile home but as the weather is nice I take the opportunity to ask if Chris and I can sleep outside in the tent. Dad says yes and gives us torches and blankets, Justin also wants to sleep in his tent. I hope he won't try to scare us. Dad tells us not to go outside if we hear a bear walking around. I think he's just saying that to annoy us because I've never seen a bear around here.*

*Chris tells me about the boys at school and asks me which one I think is the cutest. The truth is that I don't think any of them are cute, they're all jerks and the ones I hate the most are the boys on the football team. Chris asks me if I know what it's like to kiss a boy.*

### **Some common memories, evoking the separation of Nel's parents**

#### **Scene with wet hair, the first time**

*Nelly came out of the shower, her hair wrapped in a large towel. Chris was already waiting for her, taking pictures of the girl's room. Nelly dropped the towel on the floor, rushed into her room and shook her head to spray Chris. She let out a little scream like only teenagers can.*

*They chased each other before Chris took refuge in the sofa, Nelly jumped on him and smeared his face with her wet hair. Chris met her friend's eyes and she was confused.*

*"I love you."*

*"Never as much as I do"*

#### **Supermarket trip with Brooke and Eve / the boys from school**

#### **The party at Brandon's house (photo of the bathroom)**

*Chris has been my girlfriend for almost two years now. We're invited to Brandon's birthday party, I don't really want to go but I'm going anyway because he's Chris's cousin and I really want to be with her! Anyway, guys never think it's weird for two girls to be stuck together all night. Chris and I walk around the house, we have deserted the living room because downstairs they are having a beer contest, I take a few pictures of Chris and give him hundreds of kisses too. We take a picture of each other in the bathroom, I am behind her while she leans forward. The situation is very funny so I take the opportunity to take a picture. I want to take thousands of pictures of her, of us. I want us to exchange so many kisses. She's more than my girlfriend, she's my princess charming.*

#### **The open lip**

*"Please Chris, give me a hug".*

*Chris laughs and shakes her head no no no, she seems determined to tease Nelly.*

*"Steuplaît, I don't want to laugh, I really want you to hold me very tightly."*

No no no, Chris waves his finger and grins broadly. Nelly pretends to approach her so Chris starts to walk around the table. Nelly runs after him.

"Nooo, I said no hugging you, you're too ugly"  
"Don't say that..."

Chris runs happily around the table, Nelly in tow. "Chriiis, I'm not kidding, I'm not kidding". Chris jumps behind the sofa, Nelly wants to do the same but gets her feet stuck in the carpet and collapses. Her lip bursts when she hits the tiles and her angelic face is quickly flooded with blood.

"Come on Chris, please, please, please, take me in your arms. Chris is not laughing at all and is even disgusted by the girl's bloody face.

"Oh fuck stop raving you look like that son of a bitch Marilyn Manson".  
"Chris, please give me a hug"

### **Chris's weekend / SMS anxiety**

Chris is away for the weekend with her parents and Dad is at work. I'm bored out of my mind, Brooke is sending me videos of her dancing with Eve, Justin is watching some lame movie called Scream. You have to be really retarded to watch a movie about people killing each other.

I don't know what to do, so I send Chris a lot of messages. I miss her so much, it's like I'm being robbed of a part of myself. To pass the time I decided to take lots of pictures of her. In some of them I am without panties. I decide to send her one to amuse her. It's 9pm and I still haven't heard from her, I guess she's at one of those crappy barbecues with the rednecks. I miss the smell of her hair, I'm not sleepy but I want to go to bed so I can be tomorrow faster. I can't wait for Monday... :(

I sleep tightly with my mobile phone in my hand, so I jump abruptly when I finally get a message. Of course it's her, however I'm surprised because I was expecting a fiery message but all I get is a laconic "sorry could not call sooner, see you monday, need to talk. XXX". I try to call her back but it goes to voicemail : (

She must have forgotten her charger because I didn't hear from her all Sunday, although I sent several messages.

## **Breaking up**

### **Teasing, anorexia, depression**

*It's been almost a week since Chris was with Jason, I don't feel like going to school anymore, I don't feel like eating, I even feel like dying.*

*This morning [...] came to see me, this fat pig was sweating from head to toe and wringing his hands. This moron has been in love with me since primary school, he should wash up a bit and stop eating at KFC.*

*"Hi Nelly, can I talk to you?"*

*"It seems to me that's what you're doing!"*

*"Obviously, yes... Hey, do you have a date to the prom yet? The All-Dead Band will be playing there, I thought it would be nice to go together.*

*The Prom! And with him as a bonus! Please finish me off...*

*"No, I wasn't really planning on going." I wanted to add that he should have gone with Miss Piggy or the algebra teacher. Someone with his looks, you know...*

*"Hey Nelly honey, you're not with your codpiece anymore!!!"*

*"Fuck you, Steve!"*

*Steve sticks out his tongue and waves it around in a parody of what he thinks is cunnilingus.*

### **The end of the year, towards college, goodbye, the end of adolescence**

*Sometimes I want to go out but I don't really know where to go, I want to hurt someone but I don't really know who. In truth the only person I would like to hurt is myself. Because I would like things to change but they always remain perfectly equal.*

*And the end is always the same; we get on the bus home.*

*And that no matter what we say to each other, no matter what we do, no matter what we promise each other, we will never be teenagers. All that remains behind us are enhanced memories and unfulfilled love stories.*

### Some personal memories

My first steps into adolescence, after my first fictitious parties I see Nelly again. She is more beautiful than I remember, I tell her. She asks me if I was the guy who stank in primary school.

My first cigarette to impress [...] / I recite poems to [...].

Early in the morning I arrive at the house of two girls from high school, I rummage through the cupboards and make them a coffee while they watch "Two boys, one girl, three possibilities".

I go out with [...], as I don't know how to deal with the situation I roll around in the dirt (later I'll do the same thing by rolling around in puddles on the football field).

[...] dies, for months I'm convinced that it's my fault because I gave him a chop while watching Zombie Hell.

I tell [...] and [...] that my father is in the special forces, that he has a bionic leg and that he kills sharks with his best friend. I am a high school student.

When [...] and I want to kiss, [...] arrives. She turns her head to kiss me.

A dwarf laughs at me, I want to kill him. I jump on him and strangle him. We are in maths class.

I am in love with a girl who has glass bone disease, she is flattered by my company. I can't help but want to knock her down.

After my first date with [...] I can't help but tell everyone that she talks to trees and does witchcraft. She finds out and tells me I'm the dumbest guy on earth. At the time I felt flattered. Years later I still regretted it.

I have sex with [...] in her parents' house. There is an indoor pool.

With Jesus the Tramp we meet [...]. He greets us and looks very cheerful, which is really contrary to his habits. JC trembles when I tell him that we have crossed a larva of the Very Low Astral.

I dream [...] and [...] tell me about my grandfather's death as I cry. When I wake up, my father tells me that [...] died in the night.

I kiss her despite her mouth being studded with chips. I am finally happy that this kiss tastes like chips. I become aware of my love for her.

In the car with [...]. We play hooky. The car is parked in a field, we kiss. A cow is watching us. I have a terrible erection but she doesn't want to go through with it (later she will confess that she didn't want me to risk ejaculating on her red dress).

### *The Humanoid Club*

The name of the place announced the colour, we knew that we were going to be spoiled. At the entrance, two eyes scanning you from head to toe. A security guard in chain mail, he needs this because let's say that for a security officer he is quite small and skinny. He might be wearing a black belt with a Chinese or Japanese device used to eliminate his opponents in a jiffy.

Then we enter, a spiral staircase descends into the stomach of the beast. We are sprawled out on the sofas, the walls are lube and condom dispensers. A human being or something close to it is attached to the ceiling by four chains. A crowd of other humanoids are twirling him around and doing other unsavoury things to him. The alcohol is starting to take its toll on me. My collaborator now looks like a mechanical lobster that sings 'New York New York' when approached.

As the atmosphere becomes more intimate for some people, the lamps are turned off and a black light appears, revealing the traces of cum on the sofas. The collaborator and I get up immediately. We descend further into the beast. Humanoids have sex on the stairs and in the cramped corridors. Downstairs a whole series of dungeons. You who enter here, abandon all hope. My collaborator and I are already quite drunk and we decide to enter one of these dungeons to rest. While I vomit my guts on the spongy floor of the dungeon, the collaborator tells me that he has the feeling of being imprisoned like the Marquis.

*Once the alcohol and my embryonic predigested meal are spilled on the floor I get up and leave the place, the collaborator following me. Humanoids offer us sex along our arduous climb to the open air. Finally, in a parody of childbirth, the beast releases us.*

*It's not perfect, but it's better. Anything would be preferable to the current reality.*

*Where we go there will be no children*

In the hospital we wait in the corridor while the nurse does her job in the room. We are in a geriatric ward where many elderly people are talking to their television sets or standing for hours at the window looking out over the hospital grounds.

A demented old woman screams in her room. "Lock the garage door!", "Where is the garage key?", "Bring me the bill, I'm leaving." "No one will come now.". She screams these same phrases over and over. To the point of madness, if I may say so... And in the middle of this hell, my grandfather. This man who was tall and proud, who made me fly a kite, who took me to the swimming pool every day.

His room-mate is a painter with a degree in fine arts, a former member of the Resistance and a great traveller. He has travelled through Siberia.





*None of us will escape Hell.*