

The Martyr

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Who are you?

You don't know?

No.

I'll come closer.

Your face. What happened to your face?

You don't remember?

No.

Are you sure? Look.

It's horrible. The holes in your face. Your chest. Your stomach.

Yes. So many.

Why are you laughing?

Children laugh. Don't you know children laugh?

Stop. Stop it, please. The sound. It hurts.

Yes. It's supposed to hurt.

But why do you hurt me?

I asked you that, too.

Please. Please I am begging you. Don't look at me.

I have to look at you.

The sound, the sound! But who are you? I don't understand. They said there would be virgins.