

## Jeanne Foulon - Jane Scare –2021

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour early in the morning, but since my **transformation (Mrs Reed made me become a ghoul, like all my relatives) my appetite for fresh meat was so powerful and daunting**, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question.

I was **famished but somehow** glad of it : I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons : dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my self-control inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama, in the dining-room. She lay reclined on a sofa **by the remains of their dinner, a middle-aged man unearthed earlier in the day**, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarreling nor crying) looked perfectly happy and full.

Me, she had dispensed from joining the group ; saying « She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance, but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation, **that I mastered my new nature enough to be able to control my hunger and not to pounce on the first human being I pass** – something lighter, franker, more natural, as i were – she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children ».

« **Who does Bessie say I have eaten ?** » I asked.

« Jane, I don't like cavilers or questionnaires, besides, **who this hapless was**, is not the subject, there is something truly forbidding **in a ghoul eating humans being alive**. Be seated somewhere, and until you can **tame your need in warm human flesh, remain silent**.

A **cold storage room** adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a large **choice of appetizing freshly dug corpses**. I soon possessed myself of a **young woman**, taking care that it should be a **chubby one, my favorites**. I mounted into the window with my **meal-seat** : gathering up my feet, I sat crossed-legged, like a Turk, and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement and starving.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand, to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not relieving me **from the desire of blood**. At intervals, while **pulling tasty but a bit rigid shred of flesh**, I studied from my window the aspect of the **delectable looking meals wandering**. Afar, it offered a **crowd of plump and dew-skinned preys**, near a scene of **three little children running after each other with sparkling eyes before one of them stumbles and skinning his knee and therefore releasing an exquisite smell of blood**.[...] Alongside I cannot tell what **mournful** sentiment haunted the quite solitary churchyard, with its **glassy-eyed, cold, rigid and lifeless corpses**.