



Item Code:

695

Participant Code:

106

Checkmate.

"Axar, we've got a problem!" As I didn't recall the voice of the caller, I asked "Sorry, may I know who this is?"

"It's me, Maxwell, you're fellow Alumni from St. George School"

"What's up maxie, long time no see."

"Guess we're gonna see soon." Well I'm currently working

at Munich police department. There's been a lot of

missing cases ⁱⁿ at this area. I called you to inform the

disappearance of your grandfather. would you mind coming

here. We've got some questions for you."

"Of course, I'm at Berlin right now. Will ^{be} ~~come~~ there by evening."

"Thanks man, see you there". He hanged up.

I'm in a lot of problems. Now this too? I ~~got~~ looked

at the clock it was ~~8 past 8~~ Eight past Eight. I stood in front

of the mirror. Axar Agreste, just turned 26. Lives alone. ~~He~~ Light

brown eyes and black hair. ~~let~~ Lost parents at a very young

age. Grandparents were his home on his childhood days.

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I got ready so that I can take the next train to Munich. It's been a decade since ~~I was~~ I was there last time for my grandma's funeral. I remember being the only person present there. Had to dig her grave by myself. No one was there to help or that's what I remember from my scattered memory. And now I'm back here again.

I went to MPT. Max was waiting for me with his co-workers. After asking a couple of questions in the Innageration room they told me to stay there for a couple of days. I agreed and went to my ~~old~~ grandpa's house, my childhood home. The door wasn't locked so it was easy for me to get in. At first I took a shower and started the only thing I loved, sleeping. The next day I got a call from max. He told me to be there.

From what I heard and understood. Granpa was the 15th person went missing this month. And 15 is my lucky number!

I felt so lonely. So I looked around the house. Those days... ~~to~~ I was just 6, my first dream popped out of my head.

"Grandma! I'm gonna be a superhero when I grow up Superman, Batman or Spixlerman and I would save the

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world." Because that was the time around the worldwar II. I wanted to stop the war and bring peace to everyone. I was just a kid back then. I remember at school, when I told everyone about this. They bullied me for being a fool. It was hard for ^{me} I couldn't defend. I was powerless. I was afraid to face my grandparents after school. It all changed when that day came. I showed my all anger to ~~my~~ grandma. I yelled at her. Even though she didn't like it. she didn't get mad at me. The ~~nexte nexte~~ next day I did the same thing to grandpa. he said quietly: "Son, if you don't heal what hurt you, you'll bleed on people who didn't cut you."

"....."

"I couldn't heal because I kept pretending I wasn't hurt."

"why?"

"I-... Boys don't cry and... and I'm a boy."

~~to~~ "Who said that?" He looked pissed

"I-I don't know." tears rolled over my ~~face~~ cheek

"look kid, are tears different for girls and boys?"

"N-no."

"that's it, you should cry too. It'll make you feel better."

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He was a good fellow back then. ~~At~~ I haven't seen him for years. Now that he is missing I should search for him. When I was a kid, to save the world. I thought it's ~~to~~ it was to remove bad people from the ~~worst~~ world. My grandpa, he was an executioner employed by the US Military. He executed all the criminals and bad people. I wanted to do the same. To be a superhero, to save the world!

I tried to find any clues. In the basement there was a huge box of which the key was missing. I got a knife and cut opened it. Found some books there. Didn't know grandpa was an Intellectual. There was a Chinese book. I remember grandpa used to teach me Chinese and told me it will be a big use in the future. As I looked through all the books I found a diary. It was written "Johann Reichert." That wasn't my grandpa's name but the handwriting was certainly his. I started to read it ~~at~~. I found many negative quotes. One was: "Hell is empty, all the devils are here. One maybe inside me."

Yeah it's ~~shakespt~~ Shakespeare's quote but I don't remember it having the last sentence. And oh my god grandpa is

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negative. Finally in the next page I found one positive quote: "Can someone really retire if he is passionate about what he does?"

Then just a second later I remembered grandpa was an ~~exec~~ executioner after all. I read the diary ~~at~~ only to get heart attack. In the last page it was written "meet me at the graveyard"

I ran to there as ~~soon~~ ^{fast} as possible. There I found it "Johann Reichart 1893-1972". And no one was there. Does that mean...? Suddenly I heard a gun shot many police surrounded me and handcuffed me. I was confused. Took me to the police station and handed me a letter. I took a look my grandpa's handwriting?? As I read...

"He is the one! can't believe he is my grandson!"

- Jones Richard

My grandpa's name: So he's blaming me? ~~Everyone~~ ~~told me~~ police asked me some questions: "Tell the truth!"

I looked at them and said: "The ~~the~~ sad truth is... the truth is sad."

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In the backpage of the letter it was written some thing in chinese: 'checkmate'. I see, so that was what he ~~meant~~ meant by 'in the future'.

I ~~He~~ spotted a gun of one of the police. I grabbed it so ~~nicely~~ ^{smoothly} smoothly and shot them all down and ran. ~~He~~ I ^{the bullet} wispered: "It's not who fired the shot but who paid for it."

~~He~~ I went to graveyard put the gun over the tombstone of ~~his~~ ^{my} so-called grandfather. ~~He~~ I said "I wanted to be a Superhero. But it looks like ^{you disagree with me} you want me to be a

* As my story came to an end. I found out I was the Villian all along. Yeah, that's ~~unig~~ right the devil was once an angel."

Suddenly the alarm clock went off I woke a up smiling. That was a good dream. I looked at the clock. It was two past eight. All of a sudden I got ~~an~~ a call from an unknown number. I accepted it. The caller said

"Asrar, we've got a problem!"

I wispered "checkmate, my dear grandpa."