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# JOURNEY 5

A NOVELLA

**E.L. BEAN**



INDIES UNITED PUBLISHING HOUSE, LLC

Dedicated to all those lost souls who  
try to find their way...



# PROLOGUE

There are two realities in a man's life. The first is being dead in heaven without being able to enjoy it. The second is living in hell without being able to die. A hell, where even the sound of the word sends shivers down your spine. An endless waterfall that you cannot touch while thirsty, a warm, cozy bed, where you cannot lay while exhausted. It's like praying to die, but death turns its back each time you attempt to reach him.

“The fear of death follows from the fear of life,” Mark Twain once wrote, and as I was checking through my mailbox on that cold October afternoon, I found something strange inside. A big, heavy envelope. A book, perhaps? I read the name on the side. It was from my good friend Luck, whom I

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haven't seen in ages. She was too busy with her murder cases as homicide detective, and I was too busy finding excuses to avoid social interaction.

A letter from her made me curious. I didn't pay attention to the rest of the letters that were in my mailbox. With quick steps, I walked back to the apartment, eager to open the package. Anxiously, I sat at my desk, took a deep breath, and looked outside my window. The first brown leaves were already on the ground. Autumn always brings melancholy and depression, but there is nothing like it. The beauty of the nature, the smell of the air. I get easily distracted, truth be told, but this time my curiosity surpassed my wandering mind.

I opened the envelope carefully. There was a piece of folded paper inside and a black notebook with its edges torn, the pages bent and wrinkled, and the spine sacked.

I unfolded the letter and read,

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Dear Ellen,

*We haven't spoken since forever. I take a little blame in that. I hope you're doing fine. How is your writing inspiration? You must be wondering why I am sending you a letter and what this notebook is. I found it on a bridge while chasing down its owner. You will understand better when you read it. I'm planning to visit you by the end of the month. Please read carefully and let me know your thoughts. I couldn't think of another person to send this to. These are the kinds of things I'm dealing with almost every day at work, so you can imagine why I'm not able to keep in touch with almost anyone I know.*

*See you soon, my little friend.*

*Lots of love,  
Luck*

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I read the black notebook three times. Only one word came to mind. Salvation. There comes a time when a person's life can be compared to a rotten apple. Red and shiny on the outside, bruised and filthy on the inside. The longer it lives, the faster it decays. In such a condition, you have no choice but to throw the apple away. In such a condition, you have no choice but to end the life.

No one can judge a disturbed mind and its actions. The brain in fear can produce a plethora of paranoid ideas that lead to dangerous paths. It is often said that there is a thin red line between logic and paranoia and this line is called life. When life challenges you repeatedly, all you need is a little push to go astray. Are we to blame for our choices or is everything in our life affected by others?

I don't know the past of the black notebook's owner, but I know his present.