



Red Moon

*Paul Riedel*



The background is an abstract painting. It features a central face with a pale, yellowish-orange complexion. The face has large, almond-shaped eyes with red outlines. One eye is closed, while the other is open, looking towards the right. Above the face, there is a circular, glowing purple and pink orb with a bright white center, resembling a stylized eye or a celestial body. The background is composed of swirling, vibrant colors: green, blue, and purple, creating a sense of depth and movement.

# The Valley

Mystery Novel

*Riedel*

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## **Paul Riedel**

Paul Riedel is a name which is recurrent in my family for many generations. You could suppose this family is short on imagination when it comes to naming their new-borns; however you would be mistaken! It is a family where phantasy is handed down from one generation to another.

We had an art historian, an editor, a technical draftsman and now me, in the current generation as an artist and computer scientist in our family. This shows that all Paul Riedels stayed true to art, directly or indirectly. As I don't have any sons, this line of Pauls will end, as long as one of my sisters won't change my prophecy for a wonder. All of my ancestors had, besides their art, another career going.

I was born in Brazil where I grew up under a mixed upbringing which included knowing about mixed ethnicity. I was raised in an afro-brazilian family who believed and baptised me in Umbanda, the Brazilian pagan believe which originates in Africa. I experienced the strict, Italian Catholics. From my mother's side I learned about the Neapolitan, and Umbrian origin to the Lutheran origin came from my father. I developed a comprehensive vision of believe and reality.

## Preamble

Revenge is the keynote which already lead to the death of many people. If thought about death as a remedy or the end to inflicted pain, it will only be after the death of someone's tormentor that they would realise, there is not a remedy to every sorrow.

There are many reasons to inflict pain. Abuse of power, ignorance or characteristic weaknesses are just a few examples.

People or animals who have to suffer from such pain are most of the time weaker and unprepared. They don't offer resistance. However, if they survive those tortures, they create their own values. Values which have nothing in common with money, power or ownership but just with their will to survive.

Many of these people are children who are equally as innocent as our pets which are just seeking for a life in harmony and love.

Quite often, the perpetrators of these painful experiences in the life of others believe in God. Allegedly, it is a God of mercy and love, of values of those who only seldomly believe in such kind of God.

But if you open your eyes up to see reality, you would realise that the alleged mercy and love of those Gods is just a lure for his victims. In a swirl of materialistic goods, the

victims can give up, offer resistance or even give this materialistic world new order.

A few victims found this option and decided to fight to survive.

## The Puppet

The first rays of sunshine, which came through the little window on the other side of the room, shone onto the dark wall. Angelika watched the sunlight creating shapes on the ingrained wallpaper and wondered how long she could still stay in this room. She stopped counting the days, but it had to be a few years already since she was narcotised and set foot in this room. "Set foot!" she thought. This phrase doesn't describe the situation very well.

She was carried into this room like an old sack of clothes, and now she was sure she would leave the room the same way she entered it. Dragged around and unconscious.

She pulled herself together to get up and pick up the breakfast, which was pushed through the narrow slot in the door. It will probably be one of those stone-like mixtures which should actually be jelly or the not identifiable pulp which they call a cereal. No matter which it will be, it would all taste the same, if it did taste like anything.

"No contact with the staff." This is what the responsible doctor, told her.

"She is confused and has to be protected from this environment before we can be successful with her therapy."

She never actually saw her doctor before. She could only remember how his voice echoed through the room and how all the assistants scribbled down notes and nodded in response to everything he said.

Angelika was only half-conscious because the sedatives they gave her were too potent for her. The following days did not get better, and everything was dulled by the medications they made her take. She even wet the bed sometimes because she just lost control over herself.

The assistant diagnosed her with “hebephrenia and dangerous paranoid occurrences” and noted it in her medical chart.

She was helpless when they rolled her into the room and threw her on her bed.

The sunlight got brighter, and she could identify a palm tree on the ingrained wallpaper.

The toilet was in the same room as her, which led to the office smelling accordingly. She couldn't tell if it was the scent of cheap soap or old urine. It didn't happen very often that a nurse came into the room and even less regularly that someone actually cleaned her room. She had the choice of either cleaning the room herself or to live with the smell. A Greek guy of whom she could never recall his name came in every now and then and groped her. She felt embarrassed every time. He wasn't unattractive, but she felt like if she got dirtier every time he came in.

It was planned that today someone would come to clean her room. It would surely be the Greek guy. As this happens about once a month and it was about the fiftieth time someone actually cleaned her room, it was a good indication that she had been locked in this hole for about four years already.

“Angelika?”, shouted a voice from the outside of the door.

She turned around in her bed, now facing the wall.

A little window in the door opened where two sharp eyes appeared.

“It’s sunshining day.” It was the Greek guy.

Angelika whined like a moody child and pulled her duvet over her head.

“My love. I don’t want to sedate you again. You have to promise that you won’t try to run out of the room or start screaming.” The nurse sounded strict but gentle. However, although his voice might sound loving, it was threatening as well.

“Yes”, Angelika whined.

“Get up. Take your breakfast and be a good girl. Can we agree on that?”

“Girl?” She thought despitefully. She was older than sixty, and the guy at the door looked like he only had his first shave yesterday.

“Yes”, she whined again. This time it was a long and stretched Yes.

“I’ll be back in half an hour with the cleaning material. Are you okay with this, darling?”

Angelika wished she was strong enough to hit the nurse with a brush so hard that he could never call her “love” or “darling” again. However, she knew, she didn’t have the strength and talking back would only be a waste of time.

The palm tree at the wall now looked like a tiara and something similar to a horse, she thought.



Her mental state wasn't in the best condition anymore after spending so many years in this souterrain. Without seeing the sun once or any kind of human interaction, she lost every connection to reality.

"I'll be a good girl for you today. We'll have a lot of fun together."

She waited for a response which, as expected, came immediately.

"Naughty girl. I'll be back in a minute."

She jumped out of bed, and her whole body was aching because of the lack of exercise. But she survived ten days already without taking her medication and she kind of enjoyed the pain.

This time she was prepared for him to molest her again. She wouldn't offer resistance. This time she was ready to finally end her time in captivity.



There are always pedestrians running around in the valley of Munich. No matter if it is the weekend or during the week, they are busy exploring the city, going shopping or simply sitting in one of the local restaurants, enjoying a beer.

Many companies rent offices there, and the magnificent entrance halls or the high-quality refurbishment of the office floors indicate how famous these companies exactly are.

Looking through an antique wooden-framed window onto the tower of the Saint Peters Church on the Viktualienmarkt in Munich shows this is a rather posh part of the city.

The sun shone bright and relentlessly through the blinds which she just let down. It forced Anne to get up to shut them a bit further.

She played an alleged heavy-metal song, which almost sounded too calm and peaceful to be categorised as such, in the background while she chatted with her other virtual friends online.

Although Anne was not a groupie of this band, it was one of the reasons for her eclectic taste in music. Listening to this particular song was once part of some research she had to do.

Anne was already in her thirties but looked, thanks to mother nature, still like she was seventeen. Many were surprised when they found out her actual age. Some even thought, she faked her ID.

While she pressed the button on the wall to correct the positioning of the blinds, she received more messages from other chat members.

Her right hand showed signs of abuse which she had to go through a few years ago. During her work as a hacker, she stepped on someone's toes a bit too much. This unfortunate encounter left her with scars on her right hand and a missing pinkie finger. She no longer missed the lost finger while typing on her keyboard.

However, in some bad moments when she looked down on her hand, all the memories came back of how she sat in a dark and dusty basement in Switzerland. Being tied to a chair, she was beaten hard and had to beg for her life.

A memory of the emerald ring of a lawyer on the ring finger of whoever hit her on her right cheek was carved into her

mind like marble. The small scar on the corner of her eye made sure she would not forget this day although she got lucky in the last minute.

*'It's already the third dog which came to an end like this. This man is a monster.'* This post popped up showing the avatar of ALize, who wrote this statement.

The blinds crunched on and had a hard time turning the blades.

For a short time, Anne massaged the point where she lost her finger. Sometimes, she had a few cramps at this spot.

*'I always knew it will be a person eventually.'* BetaMoron undermined her statement with a crying Emoji.

The message, which summoned this online circle, was the confirmation of the suicide of a woman in Wolfratshausen. Her depression eventually ended her life for her.

Finally, the blinds were in the right position. Anne's finger hurt a bit because of the restive knob.

*'Franzi's depression got bad since Basco got shot, she did nothing but crying all day long. We chatted a few times.'* ALize probably worked out more than there actually was about this virtual friendship, but at least she was the only one who felt like contradicting this statement.

A few thumbs-ups, crying Emojis or Emojis with a sad face were proof that many people read the post and expressed their sympathy.

Anne dropped a request in another window and found out that there actually were more than five-hundred messages between Franzi and ALize. This evaluation did not state

whether the statements matched or if the response actually considered the alleged friend but apparently, their paths actually crossed. Anne looked up the IP address of both participants and could confirm again that they did talk to each other.

*'ALize, who will look after her little puppy now?'*, asked BetaMoron.

*'I think it is with a friend. I didn't read anything about it actually.'*

In this chat forum, Anne's pseudonym was Fanny. Every day, she created new profiles online in different chats and on social media sides to get information about what happens worldwide.

*'But Basco was old. Which puppy are you talking about, Beta?'* Anne wanted to find out more as she didn't know this part of the story.

*'The perpetrator or his friends bought a puppy for her as a replacement for Basco. The problem is, you can replace things, but not trust and confidence'*, stated BetaMoron. The term confidant is mostly used in the Dragons and Dungeons game but not really for animals, which are attached to its master mentally. Anne assumed that BetaMoron was a role-player. In another window on her desktop, she looked up the name BetaMoron and immediately found it where she thought it would be.

*'But how sure can you actually be that the hunter shot the dog deliberately?'*, interfered Anne again. Her avatar was a pink unicorn with blue wings. *'In her suicide note, Franzi stated his name. Apparently, she already blamed him for animal cruelty before, but no one ever did anything.'* BetaMoron seemed really invested in this topic. She also

posted a link which leads to Franzi's suicide note. She uploaded this letter shortly before her death to her profile.

A picture of the hunter next to the head of the police of this district indicated his great relationship to the municipality and the local politicians.

*'He's probably caudate with an inferiority complex who lets it out on those poor animals.'* ALize was not very sensitive when picking her words. Her avatar was a pirate with a raised sword, which put further pressure on the conversation. In yet another window, Anne looked up animal abuse in this district. She wasn't overly surprised to find more than a thousand hits on this topic. She refined her search and set a date to make sure the emotions in this chat didn't mix up with weird statements of some trolls. There were still more than three hundred cases. She searched for reoccurring terms and found that Peter-Anton, as well as the hunting association "Holy Hubertus" came up frequently.

The song in the background came to an end. The next one had more bass and the high-pitched voice of a girl who apparently reached maturity.

*'How old was Franzi?'*, asked Anne's avatar.

*'Her neighbour released a death notice. Click on this link here.'* BetaMoron attached a link to her message. Anne clicked on it, and the picture of a sixty-year-old woman appeared. She stood next to a golden retriever which apparently died shortly before her.

*'They are reunited now'*, stated Anne together with a crying Emoji.

*'I will get my ass off of my chair and drive over to the funeral. It will be in the village next to mine, and I have*

*nothing else to do. I have to protest against this prick.*', ALize posted a sticker of a banana shaking her ass to make her statement a little bit funnier.

*'I didn't know Franzi, but I will post an E-card on her profile.'*

*'Beta, you can do something as well and send a sympathy card to the funeral, and yes, you did know Franzi as well. We talked a few times about the campaign against halal meat on 'Freunden-Haus', ALize seemed very determining. 'Freunden-Haus' is the name of a chatroom for people from the area who talk about local matters.*

*'Oh, her, yes. You are right.'*

*'I can't come. It's too far away for me',* lied Anne, as always. Sometimes, she couldn't determine what reality was and what's not, and because she had so many different avatars and invented so many stories, she even dreamt about other personalities. Just one thing helped her keeping her true identity. The blue unicorn with its pink wings, which she always selected as her profile picture.

*'I could kill myself',* said ALize.

*'I have to go back to work',* Anne responded and ended it as always with 'CU', signalling that she would be back soon. Usually that's not the case.

As always, Anne deleted her profile with the name Fanny and started the process of creating a new one. During this process, she inspected the incident she just discussed with the others in the chatroom.

Apparently, Peter-Anton was a cruel guy who killed a dog named Basco out of revenge. The owner suffered severe depression after that and poisoned herself with pills which

lead to her death. A neighbour found her dead body one day later.

'A sad case, just like many others in this world where cruel things happen every day', she thought.

On her desktop, she had a few neatly organised folders, and one of those folders was named Peter-Anton. She put the protocols of chats which she visited and some documents she found online in this folder. Anne was very fussy about putting pictures, news clippings and other links in an organised order. Everything had to be ordered by date as well.

Earlier cases of animal cruelty were marked on a card which also showed potential connections to the hunter's association of Peter-Anton. She drew circles around the area where he lived and where this association was based.

The door of her office stood slightly ajar before it was opened completely, and a small man walked straight through it.

"Do you have anything new?" Gutto, the scene builder of the model agency "The Valley" came into her office.

"Damn. One day you'll kill me." Anne was obviously shocked by Gutto's sudden appearance. The music in the background drowned almost every other noise close to the office.

"Did you watch online porn? Naughty girl", Gutto laughed about scaring Anne. His half-closed eyes should emphasise his predatory assumption.

Anne put her hair up today. Her black curls with red highlights were placed on top of each other elegantly. It