

## *A short (nightmarish) trip...*

By Orélye Menor

I spent a few days at London last March and one morning, as I was walking I passed in front of the Court. There were some people outside and I noticed three men. Two of them were speaking with large gestures while the third was staring at them obviously surprised and should I say, lost. I couldn't help but think of some characters of *Boston Legal* and imagining it brought me to laugh... which they noticed. I kept on walking, a little story on my mind. I was able to write down this story in my own way but I'd like to dedicate it to those three *Boston Legal* characters looking like men...

Orélye

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At first, he wondered why Shirley Schmidt had asked him to go. Of course he was flattered that she thought of him to handle this little simple problem. He had to leave for London the next morning to assist the local associates in what she called an “upcoming crisis”. He naïvely thought it had something to do with the new partnership with the most prestigious firm in town. A matter of organization like the one he encountered when Edwin Poole had to leave the office. At that time he was the one who called Shirley to ask her to come and take the firm under her leadership. Now maybe it was his time to be in charge. He remembered he came back happily in his office, not realizing he forgot to ask her what the “little simple problem” was. But this was no more important *now*. Thinking back, he should have noticed her strange behaviour. She was unusually busy. And she never looked at him directly like she always did. But in a way, he was the only one to blame for the situation. He should have paid attention to her, to what she told him. Why didn't he ask any questions? Of course she knew he liked to go to London. Of course, she knew he would be so happy to go that he wouldn't ask the right questions. Of course he was naïve – at least *this time*. All she said was that he would have the file in time and that she would call him when he was at the airport.

And so she did. At 5am, as he was heading to the boarding room, he got the call.

“Good morning Paul.”

Her voice was strangely far and soft.

“Hello Shirley, you shouldn't have waken up to greet me a nice trip.”

Silence.

“I’m about to board now.”

“Did you see them?”

“Who?”

He was now in the queue with a lot of passengers. And he shuddered, suddenly worried about the answer.

“Well, Denny and Alan.”

The lady next to him sent him a strange glance and he supposed he got pale in a second.

“Who?” He repeated.

“Denny and Alan. They are coming with you.”

The voice was steady. His was a little trembling.

“Why... didn’t you tell me...”

The woman next to him looked at him with sympathy. No doubt she thought he was being dumped by a woman.

“Paul, you will assist them. And keep an eye on Denny.”

The sound that came out of his throat was something between surprise, agony and despair. But Shirley seemed not to notice it and wished him a nice trip before hanging up. He gazed around him in confusion and the lady next to him took him gently by the arm.

“Are you alright Sir?”

A well-known voice answered from behind.

“He is alright, I take it from now.”

Alan smiled charmingly at the woman who stepped back and he grabbed Paul’s arm and lead him to the door.

“Hello Paul, nice to see that you made it after all. I was a little concerned that you would decide not to come, knowing that you would share quite a few hours in our entertaining company.”

Paul remained motionless and let Alan guide him.

“Denny is probably waiting for us. Here is he! Denny! I found him.”

Denny Crane was waiting next to a few seats and he smiled when he saw Alan coming towards him, obviously holding Paul up.

“I knew it! She didn’t tell him!” Said Denny laughing.

“She wouldn’t do that to an associate, would she?” Answered back a mocking Alan.

Thinking back, it was probably at that very moment that Paul realized why Edwin Poole had to enter a psychiatric hospital. And his next thought was that he would probably be the next one.

He kept hoping that maybe, just maybe, he would enjoy the flight sitting next to the nice lady he shortly saw before Alan's appearance. But it was futile to hope that Shirley would have mercy. Not only did she place him with his two colleagues, but she had managed to place him *between* them. And even before the plane took off, Paul's next hope was that it would crash to put an end to his torture.