René Hector: a memoir

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Additional Information:

- This short article was published in the online literary magazine Danse Macabre, Issue 60: Lazarus. It is in the section Fictions, Renascence Tales: http://www.dansemacabreonline.com/#!/___dm-60-lazarus

Metadata Record: https://dspace.lboro.ac.uk/2134/10215

Version: Accepted for publication

Publisher: © Adam Henry Carrière / Lazarus Publishing LLC and the authors

Please cite the published version.
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Here come the flies
An attenuated nothing from a fictional drawing frame

**LE CRAYON (DU SINGE)**
Vol. 8, No, 3, Mar., 2012 pp. 49-72
Issue: *Domestic Drawing Gossip*

René Hector: A Memoir

The deckle edge sometimes known as Henri Jacques Hermine was thought curiously becoming when he escaped their calendar and he was not quite fifty seven years of age when he attended the drawing frame below which, and about a mile from the surface, was a parallel trough, by which the frames above were fashioned and whittled. Come twilight his bib was unexpectedly ensnared in the chute. In a moment he was drawn then dashed on a ground by a seductive force whilst uttering spurious and impotent words. Madame Pipe scurried towards him, an agonised and helpless audience to a mise-en-scène. She witnessed him spun in the chute and heard the bones snap asunder, crushed to powders and fibre as the apparatus drew tighter and tighter. Blood scattered as ink over the frame and streamed on the ground as his head was shattered into ambiguous fragments and phrases. At last the mangled body was rammed in so fast as to close his drawing. Once extricated, every bone was found broken, his head suitably flattened, a deckle edge, some chain and laid lines, a watermark and insensible.