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When you wake up in an unknown motel room, that's never good news. Especially for me.

It always brought some small problems, such as not knowing where you were or what you had done the night before. This was, of course, my case. Because, let's be honest, I was often the first to go for a big party in a bar where getting drunk wasn't a worry.

And despite that, I was still an FBI agent. I was constantly wondering why, but then I remembered the feeling of saving people. It felt good, it felt reassuring.

Still, I didn't know the reason why I was there. And I had to admit, I was beginning to panic a little bit. My body was sore (it had never happened before), my head hurt and I felt sick. When I finally got up, I noticed some strange things. I had bruises on my wrists, and I realized I couldn't remember *anything*. I had a 24-hour blackout. What had I done?

*A few hours later...*

- The victim's name was Lydia Dustin, 26 years-old, and she didn't have any criminal background. She had been discovered by her friend, Kylie Martin, at 8 a.m. on that morning. Miss Martin (had) found the body hanging in the bedroom. However, it wasn't suicide. Someone had wanted Lydia Dustin dead.

As odd as it seemed, the name was kind of familiar to me. I didn't know this woman, but feelings were settling over me. Sadness, pity, empathy. But, with time, you learn how to control those emotions, and how to hide them. I kept a straight face, and set to work.

The first thing I did was to see Kylie Martin. I had solved enough cases to know that the killer wasn't always the one you thought him (or her) to be. In this situation, jealousy or envy were never to be dismissed.

- So, you're the one who found the body, right?

She took a deep breath, and answered:

- Yes. I...I never thought she would do anything like this. She was my best friend; I know she was thinking about leaving and beginning a new life, but... A suicide! I can't believe it...
- Actually, your friend Lydia had been murdered. It wasn't a suicide. I am truly sorry for your loss.
- A murder? she opened her eyes wide. But...who would do that to her? She was kind, always smiling to everybody!
- How was she, lately?
- Very well, except for last week. I think she broke up with her boyfriend, and he didn't appreciate it. His name is Jake Miller. That's all I know.

There it was: jealousy! The angry ex-boyfriend killing the girl for revenge!

- Thank you, miss.

I had the feeling that she was telling the truth, she seemed really affected. This made the case a little bit more complicated; we only had one suspect left. Evidence were missing, and no witness was present. Well, I had to hope our next "guest" would talk...

According to Kylie, Jake Miller liked to spend a few hours in his favorite bar, once a week. And, fortunately, that day was next. We had to wait to catch him, since we couldn't get his address. The

case was beginning to look like a game, a puppet show, where the master controlled everything and everyone. I didn't like it.

The Deja Vu Bar was a nice place, with warm lights and wood smells. This spot seemed familiar to me, even though I had never come here before. I had sometimes heard of it, but it wasn't a famous and crowded place with celebrities and loud music.

When I walked to the barmaid, I noticed that the bar was almost empty. Only a young man, a woman and a couple were present. Fine, that shouldn't take too long...

- Can I help you? the bartender addressed me.
- I hope so. Have you ever heard of a Jake Miller?

I saw the man at the counter react, and turn his head towards us. Ooh, that was interesting! What could have caught his attention? Maybe...maybe he was the person I was looking for! Or at least, he could know some things that would help us.

- Excuse me, sir. I assume you've understood my situation. Do you know this Mr. Miller?

Then, suddenly, he got up and went out of the bar, running. At that moment, I became conscious of how idiot I had been. Of course that was him! Sometimes I wondered how I survived being that dumb...

My partner and I started to chase him, but my head began to hurt for the second time this week. But, unlike the last time, I almost fainted. I wasn't drunk, so why? My body was shaking, I was sweating, and, suddenly, a scream echoed in my head.

It was horrible, like a prayer that couldn't stop. A woman was crying, and I felt her pain. I felt the fear in her eyes; I felt the life leave her body as minutes went on. I couldn't do anything; it was just hallucination, but the most vivid one I'd ever seen. It looked like the scene had taken place previously, but I couldn't remember anything at all. And the worst...the worst was that *I* was the killer. I was seeing the scene from the eyes of the murderer. I saw his hands move to her neck, and squeeze. The light in her face disappeared; he attached her with a rope and hung her. And that was when I realized...

The woman I had just seen was Lydia Dustin.

I had memories from Lydia's death.

I had had no hallucination. The vision I'd just seen was a memory. *My* memory. Jake Miller was innocent.

I was the one who had killed her. I was the man I was looking for. I was a murderer.

When I got home, I fell on the bed. Thinking about my life. About what I had done. I couldn't believe it. I hadn't even known her! So I drank. I drank a lot. Then, when I was so drunk that I couldn't remember my own name, I looked at the gun on the table.

I grabbed it, and the only thing I saw next was black.

BLACK OUT - THE END