

"When I found out I had Paracrerimanes, I was devastated ... yet I had a grain of satisfaction - because after so many years of questioning, I finally had a answer."

PARACRERIMANES

By Théo Aron

A man sits on his bed in his room, facing the camera.

MAN :

"You're probably wondering what paracrerimanes is. Well, it's a extremely rare disease that I have suffered since birth. According to the various doctors that I've met, I'm be the first person in the world to have it. This brain disease reaches my creative capacity. In fact, because of it, it's impossible for me to imagine anything... well, I'm not saying I can't think, but I can't create an idea of my own mental capacity."

We see a glimpse of the man's memories, harkening back to his childhood. One such memory takes the audience to his elementary school days as he sits on a school bench, watching his classmates play.

MAN :

"Unlike the other children, I couldn't play knights and castles, imagining myself with a sword. All I could see was the little piece of wood I held in my hand."

We return to the man in his room, away from the memories and in the present moment. Facing his bed is a suitcase. He can only wonder what is in it, considering how he knows absolutely nothing of it - and his illness does not let him imagine its contents. In fact, he does not even know where it came from.

He has the impression that it had always been there, that it had been part of the setting for ages. Today, however, is the time for him to finally open that suitcase. He has to know out what was inside.

MAN :

"I'll open it ... but why today?"

He hesitates for a moment, trying to form his thoughts into words.

MAN :

Well, it *is* my last day. Yes... I've decided to put an end to paracrerimanes, the disease that rots my life. I tried to imagine how I could get rid of her, but again, my disease to gain."

The desperate man holds a rope firmly in his hand. A few more minutes and he would gonna die. Before the moment, he stands up and before this mystery. He had passed the suitcase for so long without ever having the curiosity to open it.

This desire to know the truth about the potential treasure was the only thing that kept him alive - to end the mystery would end his purpose. Today, unable to wait any longer, he prepared for the end of it all. How was he to open it? This question entered his mind many times, yet again, his brain refused to give him an answer.

Furiously, the man violently grabs the suitcase - the most precious thing in his eyes - and sends it flying across the room. The suitcase crashes against the blue wall of his room. The impact is powerful enough to break the object into several pieces.

It is done. The man checks the contents - after so many years of questioning, he had succeeded in opening the impossible.

Walking slowly towards his final destination, the man affords a grin. He has, against all odds, deceived his illness. His anger fueled his actions, allowing him to imagine - if only for a moment - a future where the suitcase would be opened.

The man takes the suitcase with one hand, holds the rest of the handle with the other hand, and opens it. What he discovers is ... surprising, to say the least! He could not have imagined finding a miserable piece of paper! Unthinkable! However, it is not just a torn bit of paper; he finds a sentence on the back.

The man takes the piece of paper, turns it around, and reads:

"Paracrerimanes does not exist."

Per these words, the piece of paper disappears, with the remains of the suitcase, in a flash. Like a thunderclap, the man understands what has just been revealed to him: he had imagined everything.

Théo Aron, PARACRERIMANES

