

RONJA TYREN

CRADLE OF EVIL

Author's greetings;

This book was first published in Finnish in 2015. Then there was only the first part. In 2016, the second part was released, and in 2018, I made a first common version of those books in Finnish.

In the fall of 2016, I hurt my ankle badly, its treatment was prolonged, and for that reason I couldn't step on my feet for a long time. I need to have something to do, otherwise the walls will fall over so I started to translate my books in English. Of course, according to the feedback I had received, there might be a need for this book in English.

In a way, I have studied English for about two years by translating this book. Not the easiest task, but I did it. Thanks for all the help along this trip!

This book is fictional.

p.s; Morrison is a *he* and not *it*, because I love my dogs, (who really exists), truly. <3

With love; Ronja Tyren

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The cradle of evil

part I

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1.

That woman is going to shoot me, I thought, when I felt a gun on my head. I was on my knees in a musty smelly room with concrete floor, and my hands were clasped behind my head. My gaze was to the floor.

I looked, however, the woman who walked back and forth around me. This was not the first time someone was trying to kill me, but this time it was a woman who was very beautiful. She spoke in a surprisingly gentle tone of voice. Even though that what she said did not contain any gentle words.

-Your partner is going to be killed, he is certainly being tortured. I won't bother, I was thinking just shoot your brain to decorate the wall.

I was repelled by the idea, but somehow I had to get away from this situation, and therefore I'd have to kill her.

It was such a waste of a beautiful woman. Someone like her should be in another kind of work, not swinging with a gun, and especially not the wrong side of the law.

I heard the click from the gun, and at that second I acted. I had to fight to get the gun away from her.

When I managed to do so, I shot.

It took only one shot and she was dead on the ground. Lifeless, all bloody faced, no longer a beautiful woman's body. Not even a moment I felt sorrow or pity, I was just wondering how and when her life had gone wrong.

-You chose the wrong guy, I said to the dead woman. But who was I to judge anyone? I certainly was not a bachelor of dreams, even if I was acting on the right side of the law. This kind of life was not a treat to any woman, I had already noticed. One second I thought, I did not enjoyed this myself.

In this lifestyle, there was not a shred of sense. Dead body was like watching me, and I decided that if I could get me and my partner out of here alive, where the hell we were, I would start a new, different life.

I got up and went directly to the door and opened it quietly. I looked in each direction and when I didn't see anyone, I left the room with a gun in my hand.

Down the hall was the staircase and I assumed that on the opposite wall would be a door. I hoped I was right, because I wanted out of this strange building.

The corridor was endless stale air, and I noticed a lot of doors. Ricky could be behind any of them, but I didn't take the risk to open any of them and get both of us shot.

I felt like I was in a movie like Saw, and soon I'd have to saw body parts off myself. It felt unreal to go along the corridor, which was nothing more than a dim light and a dusty, stale air. I assumed that this awful place was once one of the old slaughterhouses, or an old mental hospital. I knew deep down that I was very, very far from home.

Suddenly I heard gunshots. I stood still and listened to more gunshots and sounds that would come after them, like running or screaming. My gun was ready to spit out the burning, muscles ripping, deadly demons and I listened carefully.

I stood still just to hear everywhere and everything from my spot. Someone ran upstairs and shouted:

-You fucking junkies! Steve, where the hell are you?!

It was Ricky, my partner and my friend, who shouted.

Thank God he is alive!

I started running towards the staircase, and a likely door.

I looked quickly up at the staircase. Ricky was coming from that direction, judging by steps.

-Ricky! I'm down here! I shouted and I turned towards the door, which fortunately for us was actually there. I figured that there would certainly be some kind of vehicle outside, that could get us out of here. I did not care if it would be a tank, but I was going to get the hell out of here and start a new life. A taste of freedom in my mouth I rushed out through the door and at that moment, what I saw, I was stopped dead.

-No way! Hell no! I yelled, and I could not believe my eyes. Water! We were surrounded by water as the earth has completely lost under it, just plain damn water!

I started looking for a boat. I tried to stay low so nobody could see me. Just in case if someone stayed alive in that strange institution.

After a short searching I noticed that there was no boat, but suddenly my eyes hit a lump.

I started to walk hunched towards it, and when I was closer, I noticed that for this lump had been built its own landing area. What I saw was a helicopter.

I watched the handsome size of the chopper and

decided to get us home with it, even if I'd fly all the way backwards. Having no idea how the chopper is controlled, I went to sit in the cabin to wait for Ricky. I didn't want to waste a second, only wanted to get out of here as soon as possible, and alive.

I had already briefly acquainted with my new vehicle and suddenly I heard Ricky swearing:

- Damned venom mouths! All those nuts should be sent into space forever! There in space they can float and think was it worth to kill their own mother, or in general: anyone! And was it worth to fuck with me! A black hole will swallow those that karma can't hit!

Ricky climbed into the passenger seat and I noticed his bloody hands. In fact, he was pretty much completely covered with blood.

- What the hell? I asked.

- Those pigs took my left hand thumb, index finger and my biggest love: the middle finger. They cut it off like a piece of cake, Ricky replied. He began to be pale, so this thing should be in the air as soon as possible.

- I am glad that it is you who is right, at least mostly, Steve.

They threatened to cut off all my fingers, unless I would give names to them, or information about the two of us. I'm sure they knew anyway who we work for. They just wanted to see some blood.

Ricky pointed to the information which I had given to Ali. A drug king, whose territory and connections were already so extensive, that the world will need soon new lands, if that man would not stop his evil ways. I had infiltrated to work for him, and when he began to trust in my abilities, I recruited Ricky in.

Of course I lied everything about Ricky, including his

left-handedness. He was not, obviously, very grateful about that issue. He had already got along better with his right hand for the past 35 years.

I listened to Ricky at the same time when I started running the chopper up.

–I shot those bastards enlarged brain out. They got off far too easy if you ask me. No information about Ali, I have not seen that coward anywhere. Probably he is already out of this godforsaken island.

I looked at my partner, my best friend and I said:

– I shot his wife, Ricky.

The chopper got quiet, really quiet. Silence can really absorb everything: breath, breeze, even the sound of helicopter blades.

Ricky looked at me and he came off even paler, if possible.

–Are you crazy? Do you have any idea what you've done? You will be nailed like Jesus was nailed to the cross, do you understand?!

Ricky trembled in his seat.

–That woman was about to shoot my bald spot on the wall for decoration, do *you* understand?

– THAT woman is Ali's TREASURE! Do you realize that? He is going to make you pay for this!

–That woman tripped over her own arrogance, so Ali will do.

– That woman had chosen her husband herself, Ricky snorted.

I looked at my friend with concern, and said that now it is the time to fly away and take him to the hospital.

– Can you fly a helicopter?

–I've never flown, it can't be that difficult.

– Yes it can be. We're going to die.

– You chose the ride on your own, I answered and concentrated on the helicopter.

Ali lied under the blanket completely quiet even if he wanted to kill those both agent bastards immediately, and even though his sweat was bursting from every pore. They had agreed with Amy that if anything goes wrong, they would lie in the chopper under the blanket as long as someone would fly the helicopter to help them out, or when it was safe to fly by themselves.

The chopper rose into the air, Ali had counted on that, but he surely will not forget that Steve had killed his beloved Amy. Intense, dark curls, vanilla-scented Amy. Although Steve was brave and quick-witted man who was helping him, Ali, getting off the island, Amy's death could not be ignored. The fact that Amy will never touch him again, it felt maddeningly unbearable! His treasure had to be buried forever, and he'll never get to enjoy it again! Moreover, Amy had been carrying his children. Anger began to grow inside of Ali. Anger was churning in his veins, and it burned a grief which strives to the surface.

Sorrow was burned in vengeance of shards. Fragments of the revenge will not be like trickling tears from his cheeks. Fragments of the revenge tore Ali's soul, grate the inside of his soul to remember all the pain and loss, and it made his soul even darker.

They continued to cut increasingly ugly face to his soul. The face that Ali would always see when he closes his eyes and that is why he would woke up every night in a cold sweat. Their ugliness would make him scream at night in horror. Ugliness would make

his heart beat so wildly that his whole body would pound with the rate of the heartbeat.

Ali's soul has the devil's face, because he wouldn't shed a tear for his loved one, no, only blood.

He would avenge the death of his loved one, just as Dracula took revenge on a loved one's suicide. Ali wanted blood, and blood he would shed. But he decided to be patient, because revenge must be the worst possible kind, one that his child's murderer deserves. Plan in Ali's sick, vengeful mind started ticking, at the same time when the chopper started to get the right direction in the sky.

2.

Finland

February 2011

Thousands of miles away in the cold winter night sat the red-haired, green-eyed young woman. Her gaze was sad, and the disappointment in her eyes revealed amount of loss, if someone would look in to her eyes. She had a cigarette in her hand, her only comforter, a vice she tried to let go.

She always knew when tobacco ran out. But the end of the relationships she could not be sure, ever. As long as the cigarette lit, she was thinking, she was brooding:

I don't trust anyone. Does anyone else know how it feels, I thought to myself, not really asking from anyone, and yet hoping that every person in the world would hear my silent question.

I wanted to trust, and I had tried, but unfortunately with poor results. Better to be alone, live only to myself, because the only person I can trust, based on the recent happenings, is me. Tears were rising again into my green eyes. I didn't let them to come.

I didn't want to mourn. I didn't want to live feeling like this. Why was I so easily hurt?

The world seemed confusing and unreliable. Maybe it is not the whole world to blame, only the people in it.

I was one of them who did not understand where was the entertaining part to film drunken, when they betrayed their

partners and had sex in front of everyone. From the bottom of my heart I hated those TV-shows which had that overwhelming ingenious plot. Those shows were like a bar with a sauna, beds and cameras. I had always hated drunken weepers and whiners, so why would I want to watch how people who didn't even knew each other, were fighting with each other and criticized each other somewhere in the diary room? In real life diary was a secret for a reason. Why sex, sorrow and love, people's most personal things had become such things that may just be showing to everyone? Love existed only for entertainment, no longer for brave people. People were so easily for sale nowadays.

A real nature documentary can't be made of human being. You can't do the truth based research of people, at least not in a way when their odd living conditions are filmed continuously. A man is not himself in front of the cameras, especially when participation for the program could mean a prize of tens of thousands. I didn't see anything socially significant in the TV-shows like that, and not in those people either.

I blew smoke tangles, they were clearly visible even farther also because it was minus fifteen degrees, so the smoke tangles were like white light. Maybe I hated that show because I hated right now, and in general, bars. I hated all that alcohol had taken from me and I didn't want my own TV to show me that. From the television came the news and it was the only socially significant program, I thought. I stub out the cigarette, but I didn't go inside yet. I didn't want to, even though the frost hit really coldly on my toes.

I did not really smoke, I was an amateur. It was just a bad habit from my old life, left with the way to smoke when anger or frustration was so intense that I wanted to react to it, but I didn't know how, so I had a spare pack just in case.

I did not understand how it was possible that some got away with it, if they were drunk when doing wrong towards one another. It was merely forgivable when the alcohol content in blood is high and the primitiveness of the people had taken power. If love was only worth of infidelity, that kind of love should be forgotten. All the world's explanations of how a man should take care of the fact that he could be a father for as many children as possible in this world, that's why he cheated, were maddeningly stupid explanation and a miserable attempt to escape responsibility.

Are cheating women then manly woman? Barely not. The world is already overpopulated, and not all women even want children, or being in a relationship with a man while having a child, so men should think again what their mission in the world was. The woman has submitted a claim to the man. Quickies are no longer enough in the first place, but need for a soul mate is vivid, and if not a soul mate, at least more affectionate lover and a partner.

World is hard for those who had more love to give. I, at least, missed the man who would let women to think for themselves. A man who loves himself in a way, that he is able to love and respect other living beings. It seemed like an appealing and safe idea, and I knew at the same time that it would not exist. To men sex seem to be enough, at least enough of them to have this opinion. How many men have dared to meet this challenge, to be a man

anyway, with the pants on?

I didn't want to believe that men would be the only undeveloped creatures in the world. Or were they after all? I honestly did not want to think like that.

Can there be, somewhere, a little more sophisticated individual? Maybe in space? It would be more than nice to meet him, although X-files did not give a very flattering picture of the aliens either.

Frost bites my toes and the top of my nose forcing me to step inside, even if I wanted to be alone with my thoughts. I was annoyed.

The apartment was filled with an anxious mood, had been ever since I got to hear that my trust was betrayed. I had the full right to hate men. I looked at the couch, and there he was lying, the blond haired man. I couldn't believe how quickly love can turn to hate. In a blink of an eye your whole life could, without warning, turn into a completely different.

Because of drinking.

In real life.

What is not recorded.

It felt like I lived for nothing, at least not for myself, but for others. I didn't want to put that man in the same series with my biological father or with my ex or my friend's ex. Sadly, he got there, in the lowest caste of the wreckage. I felt such a huge sadness, because I had lost in an instant the man who I had honored, loved and appreciated. To reach that space, love and trust, required a long time. Now that time seemed pointless, like it was completely irrelevant.

Why should I trust, when life taught me all the time not to?

Again I remembered that night when he told me what he have done, yes, that much he was a man, and he told me himself. My heart began pounding again, eyes got wet. I noticed that he had cried again too. It felt wrong when I could not comfort him, crying should be comforted. My heart collapsed. Life made me harder than what I really wanted to be. I wanted to love and be good to people. I just never seemed to have a chance, only just for a little while.

Morrison came to me with a strap in its mouth. I grabbed it behind the ears and then kissed him on the forehead. It wagged its tail and looked at me with his brown, wise, bright eyes. Dogs should not be humanized, but yes, this German shepherd, my dog Morrison saved me from the biggest flip ever. I clicked the strap in the neck collar and we went for a walk. I nearly cried, and it annoyed me more. Fortunately, we did not live in the city. We saw only trees around us. I walked with terribly fast pace, just like the pain I had in me, could be walked away.

I felt that my heart and the whole body were torn apart. I had to struggle every day with myself not to get, longing for closeness, close to the man who had betrayed me.

It was miserable to live with a man in the same household, to who you didn't speak anymore and who you didn't touch anymore. A travesty of a relationship, which had previously been laughter and love.

Who wouldn't argue, but we were made for each other, along to the mother-in-law. Like something evil had touched our

For those looking for action and excitement, this is the reading for you.

From this stunning growth story, you'll notice how big a person can grow when giving the opportunity and being genuinely brave. Tessa, an ordinary woman, leaves Finland to New York to be invisible and to get rid of the unpleasant stamp on her forehead. Disappointed in her relationship, Tessa fears losing the ability to love, so a real break from past life is necessary. Saying; "Beware of what you hope for, because your wishes may come true" is true, and Tessa's life changes completely.

Earlier, Tessa's life included the tasks of a teacher of art in Finland, and a quiet little hometown where the wolf moved in the hordes. Slowly but surely, Tessa's life in New York is dipped by former agent Steve, accompanied by the deadly dangerous psychopath Ali. Luckily for everyone, the package also includes a charmingly sharp-tongued agent, Ricky.

Ali's lunatic, all-destructive tentacles are global. In order to overcome them, Finnish perseverance, persistence and sincerity are required. It is these traits in Tessa that ultimately are noticed also by Russia's Special Forces.

