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THE STORY OF GEORGE GALLAMUS
L'AVENTURE COMPLÈTE DE GEORGE GALLAMUS

English version
translated from french by Abia Dasein

George is an average person. When she was a kid, she was neither pretty, nor ugly. When she was a teenager, she never got into trouble. At school, she was neither good, nor bad. She managed to find a job quite easily. She doesn't question herself a lot. She lives in a tiny flat in a large building. Alone.

I. GEORGE GALLAMUS AND THE THOUSAND SHENANIGANS

This morning, George didn't go to work. Instead, she woke up, had a copious breakfast, left the city and walked straight ahead.

She discovered the beauty of nature, birds, flowers, mountains, forests, insects, fruit on trees and the starry sky under which she fell asleep.

While she wandered, she heard bursts of laughter and songs in the distance and decided to have a closer look. It was Magloire's day; people wearing fancy clothes and funny hairstyles were feasting, drinking and dancing. They warmly welcomed her to eat and drink anything she wanted, which she gladly did. The wine was so good that when she tried to get up, she realized she was completely drunk. She spent the night laughing and dancing and hardly remembered when she went to sleep.

II. GEORGE GALLAMUS BATHES IN MOUNTAIN WATER

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IT'S STUNNING

III. GEORGE GALLAMUS AND THE SCHIST THUNDER

George Gallamus woke up next to Claude. She was feeling a bit dizzy and couldn't remember the names of the others who were still sleeping. She noticed a giant cumulonimbus rapidly approaching, woke her companions up, got dressed and went to look for a shelter with Claude. The storm was getting more and more threatening as they were running among the bushes. They were soaking wet when they finally took refuge in a cave.

They emptied their pockets to share their paltry supplies: two tins of sardines, a cork, a half-full flask of Brandy, some dry tobacco (without skins), a pocket knife, a promotional matchbox from a Dutch lounge bar containing five matches and a little brown croquette, an open pack of Breton pancakes, a two-cent coin and a flashlight without batteries. Well protected from the thunderstorm rumbling outside, they lit a fire to dry their clothes and shared a tin of sardines while happily chatting away about their lives and desires.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning hit the mountain and broke the schist. A massive rock fell and blocked the entrance of the cave forcing them to find an exit at the back. In order to see in the dark, they threw together a makeshift flashlight with a stick and some fabric from a t-shirt damped with sardine oil.

They had to avoid holes and resist panicking at the sight of bats, stick insects and giant spiders. They had to jump, crawl, hold hands and support each other for they couldn't see a thing. They had to walk straight ahead, run in the dark and break walls with their buddies.

When they finally reached the back of the cave, they found a door.

What could be behind it?

IV. GEORGE GALLAMUS AND THE SECRET FACTORY OF ESTAGEL

George and Claude opened the door and stepped into a vast underground warehouse. Huge and dirty machines were loudly rattling. They tried to understand what was happening and discovered that part of the system's purpose was to slaughter monstrous pink wild boars who seemed to have never seen daylight. Pinky grey sausages were spurting from big stinky pipes. Grey human beings who looked zombified were sluggishly repeating the same task, staring into nothing like robot-human zombies. They were all wearing a thick metal collar and didn't seem to be disturbed by George and Claude's presence. Dumbfounded, George took out the cork from the bottom of her pocket and wedged it in one of the gears hoping it would shut down the devilish machine. The system started to slow down, its valves spitting dirty smoke, and it finally stalled.

Time stood still.

George and Claude had stopped the machine from making low-quality sausages.

They listened to the silence.

The world wasn't that bright.

The silence made way to their own breathing sound. The robot-human zombies seemed to be able to finally stare at something. The nightmare surrounding them and the look of the others. Under the pressure, the cork gave way and the valves blew up. The machine was broken. Suddenly, they heard a door creaking.

The smell of bad cooperative wine and cold cigarillo blew into the room. About thirty men of all ages and sizes silently entered the warehouse. They were dressed in big camouflage-patterned flashy orange jackets and were wearing caps crowned with wind turbines. A pack of identical and voiceless dogs were by their sides, silently barking. They looked weird with a storage hook transplanted on their backs and some of them had a missing eye or leg. All of the men were wearing a ridiculously big rifle over their shoulders. They looked around and noticed that the machine had stopped working and that some of the robot-human zombies were already trying to take their metal collars off. Slowly, they headed towards a large metal cabinet, which the fattest of the hunters opened by turning the wheel of a combination lock, revealing a supersized electrical board with supersized switches. The smallest of the hunters activated one of the switches and one of the robot-human zombies' head immediately blew up in a torrent of black blood. Another switch, another head, and another one, and another one again... Hidden and helpless, George and Claude were watching the scene. The robot-human zombies were ducking their heads, waiting for their turn. Claude, who was a qualified electrician, knew how to cut the main power and urged George to escape while the meter was being sabotaged. Without thinking twice, George rushed out. Run, George, Run!

V. GEORGE GALLAMUS, A NIGHT ON TAUCH MOUNTAIN

George was exhausted. Her breath and legs had led her to Tauch Mountain. She was sure nobody had followed her. She stopped running and thought about Claude. She was ashamed of leaving her behind but decided to find a calm spot to have some rest and think about what had just happened. She sat at the base of a wind turbine and fell asleep while rewinding the whole story in her mind.

A grunt woke her up. She opened her eyes and saw a sounder of wild boars lit up by the moonlight. As they came nearer and nearer with a threatening look and despite George's fear, she couldn't care less. The leader of the sounder, who looked like a king because he was wearing a crown, charged into her legs. A fight started. The King of the boars was decidedly very good at Brazilian Ju-Jitsu. George was dodging his defensive punches and trying to get him in a lock, which is quite hard to perform on a feral animal, unlike the school judo lessons. The King of the boars was very stubborn. George didn't know what he wanted from her, she tried to ask what his problem was, but asking a boar a question is difficult, unlike asking your Scottish pen-friend. George started to think that he just wanted to kill her for no reason. She tried to escape but to no avail. The fight was getting boring and extremely tiring. The King of the boars' stooges even started to leave because they couldn't figure out where all of this was getting. George lost her clothes. Unstoppable and invincible, the King of the boars seemed to be driven only by hatred. George couldn't take it anymore and surrendered, showing the King of the boars she was ready to accept her fate even though she didn't understand what he really was. Satisfied, the King of the boars turned around to show his stooges how strong he was but they were all gone. He stood there just for one second, taken aback and disappointed at the same time.

Just when she thought all was lost, George dealt the King of the boars, who had torn all of her clothes off, a lethal front kick.

Her heel landed right in between the King of the boars' eyes. He fell down on the spot, all alone. George's foot hurt a little, she shivered a bit but she curled up and fell asleep.

VI. GEORGE GALLAMUS HAS NO MORE SKINS

George didn't sleep well. She felt freezing cold, cheesed off and she was craving to smoke a big fat cig before going to the megalopolis of Narbonne to find new clothes, a kebab and the comforting atmosphere of the city to reflect upon what had happened to her. She grabbed what was left of her trousers and tobacco pouch. There were no more skins.

She rummaged through again and again and finally discovered one crumpled skin at the bottom of her pocket.

She unfolded it but noticed there was almost no more sticky bit on it.

She gently put the last tobacco dust from her pouch in it but a gust of wind took it all away.

She was just fed up.

VII. GEORGE GALLAMUS STEPPED ON A BEE

George stepped on a bee.

It hurt but luckily enough she was not allergic.

Ouch!

This was bad timing.

VIII. REVENGE IN NARBONNE

Limping on her bee sting and naked, George kept moving towards Narbonne. At the edge of the city, she met Achille Babylone, a Dionysian blues-man busker. He willingly gave her his clothes because she would need them more than him. So she arrived in the city wearing clothes that were too big for her. She was hoping to feel safe and find some comfort. But all the awareness that was raised by this adventure was already well too embedded into her. All she was seeing was the poverty and injustice of the world. Her kebab didn't even taste good and she found it weird that the manager called her "chief". She heard some scrap coming from the street and saw a Metropolitan Police squad picking a fight with Achille Babylone all because he was naked. She got closer and attempted to calm them down.

Suddenly things escalated with the constabulary.

Resistance. Verbal assault. ACAB.

Fortunately, Achille had many friends and there were also people who didn't really know him but who held a grudge. A riot kicked off.

Everyone is happy.

IX.EVERYTHING IS OURS

From Sigean, the smoke from Narbonne could be seen in the distance. George and her new friends had properly ransacked the city, which looked nicer that way.

Shopkeepers were looting their own shops.

Kids were burning their school bags.

Dogs were starting to walk on two legs.

George and her friends were exulting and singing their heads off:

“Thou art killing us, we shall kill thee, we shall thou thee, thou art stealing some, we had some, thou cannot prevent us, thou shall ram!”

Hunger started to kick in. People took out their dishes and pots and cooked a feast. Claude, who had run faster than the hunters, got back to George as well as other friends from Magloire’s day. Thirst followed. People took out their booze. Achille proudly performed his legendary ballad standing on a barrel. People told about what was weighing on their heart. Time stood still again.

THE STATEMENT

1.EVERYTHING IS FREE

2.EVERYTHING IS TRUE

3.EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE

4.EVERYTHING IS FALSE

BOOM !

EVERYTHING IS OURS !