

# Johan B. White

"If there was a fight here,  
it was certainly that of the dead man against himself"

**INSIDE THIS BOOK**

MACL6

Johan B. White

By MACLó

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Johan B. White





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**This is a work of  
fiction**

Johan B. White



# JOHAN B. WHITE

“If there was a fight here  
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His face completely disfigured, as if it had been torn apart by furious swipes of a beast's claws, laid the corps of Johan B. White that Monday morning in the desolated office space.

No portrait, but that of broken muscles, could be taken from the corps' face. In fact, there was not a face. The Risorius, and Zygomaticus Major and Minor muscles were in pieces, together with the flesh that once made up the face of the deceased.

## HIDDEN TEXT

A highly ranked family member, showing much worry for how her social position could be affected by the dramatic incident, requested not to make public the name of the now deceased. She was extremely worry about staining the B. White's family image; whatever image they hold it to be.

According to what some of the ex-employees said during





that celebrating night, such family name started with “mum”, who wanted to make sure that her son would grow up considering himself, body and soul, a B. White.

## HIDDEN TEXT

The bar, that at the beginning of the twenty first century, continued to play music from the seventies and eighties, used to sell tickets for boring as well as for interesting people. On the main door laid a sign saying:

*Tickets for boring people 500 including one drink.*

*Tickets for interesting people*

*(MOST IN DEMAND!!!)*

*only 800 including three drinks.*

## HIDDEN TEXT





Angelo, a behavioral psychologist interested and cross-cultural studies, to whom everybody in office called the analyst, not long after having foreseen the fall of the B. White “empire”, told Leyga that her problem, and only reason of her migraines, was her personal narrative about who she was, and that to make it worse, she was also one of the many around the world carrying the religious punishment of being guilty –of who knows what from the time she was born. “The only blame in you”, the analyst told her, “is to believe such nonsense”. “Rather than that”, the analyst said, “you seems to be an intelligent and problem-free person”.

## HIDDEN TEXT

As the fun grew louder and the camaraderie set in, someone mentioned that Clea used one third of her time at work to grease her hands and face with all kinds of creams, and to rub all kinds of stones and crystals that would keep her beautiful and with positive attitude at all times. We all laugh, but made her feel good by lying about how young





and beautiful she looked. “Cheers!”, and we cheered again.

## HIDDEN TEXT

Amalia Ye, a local islander and strong believer in astrology explained to us that Johan had an unfortunate destiny. “Think about this”, she said, catching everybody’s attention, “he was born the year of rabbit, which is not good or bad, but we was born on January twenty two, which makes a four”, and January is not necessarily the best month to be born for a rabbit, not to mention that it was almost at the end of his year”, which made it even more difficult for him to find out his true identity. If he were a tiger it would be good, but he was not. “He was misplaced”, she said, “on the wrong geography and by the wrong people”.

“To what’s written in the starts!”, someone cheered, and we all raised our glass and drink.

## HIDDEN TEXT





“Men don’t cry”, his mother told him many times. But his ex-employees believed that if he had been allowed to do so, perhaps he would develop into a less mentally ill person. One thing was clear to everybody who knew Johan, he lacked the most precious treasure a human being can possess, companionship and a family in the emotional sense of the word.

Nobody really knew if it was Johan the one who conceived and directed the death of those applicants to the vacancy, but somehow, all died withing a year after the interview.

## HIDDEN TEXT

The Monday he died, as any other working days, Mr. B. White entered office late in the morning; and as any other day, he looked over his right shoulder with arrogance, this time to see an empty office.





## HIDDEN TEXT

His mother also told him that those reflections on windows and glasses on the street were just antithesis of reality, and that only stupid people would stop to see themselves on them. “Life is much more than reflections on street windows”, her mother told him. So, Johan grew up convinced that the sort of horrific face he would occasionally see on windows was the opposite of his true beauty in the real world.

That Monday, the prints of the deceased were all along width and depth of the office, printed in all directions inside the office area, the restroom, and the warehouse, where he kept a box labeled “lost love”, which had nothing inside. The prints found by the investigators described something like a person who, trapped behind the flames, and blinded by the smoke, desperately looks for the way out.

It seemed that Mr. B. White had run several times to every desk and every possible space where someone could hide, just like a person who goes back to the same place, over and





over again, to be sure that the lost object is really not there.

His prints were also found under every desk. So it was presumed that, on the way to escape his dreadful reality, Johan knelt down on the floor, now dark of dirt, as if he was looking for someone who could assist him in such moment of desperation.

## HIDDEN TEXT

The mirror became Johan's last station in life, a station in which he met with the face he hated the most... his own.

## HIDDEN TEXT



Johan B. White



*If reality were different,  
fiction would certainly take a different form.*  
(The Author)

