

**ERIC GASTINEL**

# **SLIDING AWAY**



**The true story of Pamela Chu**

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*The true story of Pamela Chu*

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The author thanks Kim Gastinel for editing this book.

The author warns the reader that some scenes in this biography are likely to offend the most sensitive readers.

This book is a tribute to my friend judges, prosecutors and law enforcers who supported all of my initiatives over these past years with total kindness, sheer professionalism, and devoted their life, passion and spirit to Justice...

Thank you for changing my life.

Dr. Eric Gastinel

Total acceptance of life means having a flexible mind that does not cling to the idea of right or wrong, fair or unfair.

Daimin Katagiri

# **I**

## **START-UP**

# 1

## Le Revard

This is a misconception. Another one. In the mountains, the night is never quiet. Even in winter, even when only the snow reflects the moon. There will always be scary creaks and ominous squeaks that disturb the night's tranquillity. Here you can hear the frozen snow falling from overloaded branches. There, you can hear the rustle of a passing or dying life. Wherever you take refuge, you are never alone. You are under the closest surveillance. Everywhere, you are watched, every move you make, every weakness. In this glacier universe, you are only a prey, a victim in reprieve. At the slightest sign of renunciation, death will swallow you in its great black cloak.

Rising from this silvery sea, coming out of nowhere, a car roared through the night. The music of the group *Asia* was screaming their metallic melody from the radio. At the wheel was the world rally champion. At least he was acting like he was. In his six-penny car, he was skidding and crashing on the snow-covered road. He challenged the night, the mountains and his own limits. He loved himself.

The sordid aspect of the forest, the darkness, attracted him as the magnet drew metal. He liked to go up there on winter evenings to sharpen his predatory instincts. His hunting ground: the thick cotton wool walls carved out from the season's snowfalls. At the speedometer, the hand marks over a hundred kilometres per hour. In his head, he was going fast. He was the best, there was no doubt about it. The reality was quite different. The vehicle struggled to reach seventy. In a moment it would be on its way to the plateau. A turn to the left, another to the right, he would leave the Revard junction behind him. The vehicle was now speeding towards the village of La Féclaz, the end point of a special stage of the legendary WRC Monte Carlo Rally in its heyday.

He was concentrating fully on his driving when, somewhere beyond the headlights, a silhouette appeared: A woman, running into the middle of the road.

It didn't make any sense. They were in the middle of nowhere in the middle of January and the twelve strokes of midnight had already sounded loud and clear. It was freezing outside, probably around – 15°C in this unforgiving mountain. It



was aberrant and yet this woman was running around half dressed, her bodice undone, her skirt wide open.

To be precise, she wasn't just running, she was running away. She threw her body and soul into a frantic race against two figures whom, with each stride, closed in on her. It was a strange vision.

Thanks to his Sunday driver's skills, he managed to dodge the woman by a narrow margin and heard her desperate gasp *help-meeeeeeeeeeeeee*.

Without thinking, driven by a feline instinct, he hit the hand brake, allowing him to mow the two chasers with the back of the vehicle. Under the wheels, he only felt the strong rolling of two bodies that jolted in the eternal cold. Glancing in the rear-view mirror, he noticed that the scene had come to a standstill, as if by magic. He stopped his car, and jumped out of the vehicle. He opened the boot and removed the tyre jack. The music had stopped, while he moved quickly towards the bodies that seemed to be twisting on the frozen road.

Calmly, he approached the first one, kicked it strongly and found the body slashed with a serrated knife blade at the level of the plexus. Lifeless. Not far away lay his sidekick. Life had not yet left him. Not by a long shot. He uttered a strange moan that was drowned in the now burgundy snow. He kicked him with his heel. Like an earthworm tortured by the fisherman's hook, the body moved and curled up on itself. His eyes stared at him without understanding what was happening. The confusion could be read in the eyes of the fallen man. He then lifted the piece of metal and methodically pulled it down onto the neck of the already limp body. He lifted it up and struck again at the body, which had now become stationary. Why had he hit it twice? he wondered. For no reason, just for pleasure, he concluded.

Turning away from this hunting scene, he noticed that their vehicle was stopped a few metres away on the side of the road. Still with his senses on alert, he sat on the driver seat, put the car in reverse gear and stopped by the two inert bodies. He took a blanket from the back seat, wrapped himself in it and picked up the corpses, which he mechanically placed on the driver and passenger seats of the vehicle. After the silence of the night had been confirmed, he got back to work. By reversing the vehicle, he had made sure that the car could disappear in a big final fall. Indeed, it did not require him much effort for the car to leave the

road and fall into the precipice overlooking the town of Aix-les-Bains. Luckily, this was one of the few places along the road where the fall could be spectacular. In fact, after slipping for a few metres, the car swung slightly to one side, sledged off before getting lost in the depths of the cliff. To his great surprise, there was no detonation, no flame, just the discreet sound of a muffled hum, which immediately gave way to a cold silence.

For the first time, he really noticed her presence. The girl was staring at him in terror, her eyes haggard. He walked towards her, but she didn't react, petrified by what she had just experienced.

He simply grabbed her arm and sat her in his car. She offered no resistance. She was transfixed, but didn't seem to be cold. Her world had come to an end. The snow that had just begun to fall was neutralising her memory and was already erasing the traces of the immediate past events. The whole thing had perhaps lasted a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile, no words had been exchanged. Sheer violence probably had no voice.

Now they were back on the road on the plateau towards the PLM estate gates which marked the entrance to the forest passage on the Revard plateau. The driver made the introductions. He introduced himself as Jeremy and at the same time searched in his car door. He offered her a *kit-kat*® he had just found. It wasn't much, but it would do the trick. In a breath, she quickly told him her name was Pamela, as she took the chocolate bar. He started talking in a playful tone of a motorist, who had just picked up an ordinary hitchhiker. His sole response was the hallucinated gaze of someone who had just had a *rendezvous* with Death. He didn't pay attention to it and didn't seem to realise the incongruity of the situation either. He had already moved on. When you are young, you live in the present. You only anticipate the immediate future and do not bother about the past.

What now retained his attention was the even and flawless face of the passenger, as well as a body that hinted at harmonious forms and appealing perspectives.

His special stage had turned out to be more acrobatic than expected and the timing tonight would be poor. However, in the end, he had every reason to be fully happy. OK! OK! The stopwatch wouldn't be famous. So what, if it isn't? It