

Dheghōm

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Summary

Death of a Child

Account by:	Marjorie Laleek, 54. Kindergarten teacher.
Source:	Transcript of Interview.
Location:	Epps, Louisiana, United States.
Event:	26 Sep 1983.
Report:	8 Mar 2014.
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Report

Interviewer: David Scott (DS).

Interviewee: Marjorie Laleek (ML).

DS: ... testing this is on, OK, so, it's 10:43 on Saturday, the eighth of March, 2014. I'm David Scott, and I'm interviewing Mrs Marjorie –

ML: Miss.

DS: Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Marjorie Laleek – in the McDonald's restaurant on Constitution Avenue in Oak Grove, Louisiana. Can you just confirm that you're OK with my recording this, Miss Laleek.

ML: Call me Marjie. Yes, I don't mind being recorded. I can stop the interview at any time?

DS: Yes, of course, this isn't official or anything, I'm just interested in what you have to say.

ML: Good, don't suppose I *will* stop it, you've come a long way, but in this day and age you can't be too careful, lot of people around with strange ideas and stranger agendas. Anyway, you want to talk about what happened at Little Rascals?

DS: That's the kindergarten you worked at in Epps?

ML: Yes, it's closed now – *love* your accent, by the way, you sound so ... educated!

DS: Why thank you. I was hoping you weren't going to say "villainous" – Hollywood has a lot to answer for.

ML: (laughs) "Cancel the kitchen scraps for lepers and orphans, no more merciful beheadings, and call off Christmas!"

DS: *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*, right? I'm a fan of Alan Rickman's.

ML: Me too! (laughs) I think we've established a connection.

DS: A rapport!

ML: (laughs)

DS: (laughs) So, about what happened in Epps: the way the newspapers reported it, two men in judo uniforms, armed with swords, went into the kindergarten; they attacked you when you tried to stop them, then they killed a child and left. Is that broadly what happened?

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ML: Nothing you've just said is wrong, but there's a whole lot more to it than that. Firstly, there were two of us working there that morning, me and Nadine. Nobody ever mentions Nadine. I came out of it looking the regular heroine, but I was only wounded. Nadine, she was killed. One of the two gentlemen – grey, wiry hair he had, like unpicked steel wool – he walked right in, didn't say a word, Nadine asked him if she could help him: he lopped her head right off her body where she stood, backhand, as if he was returning a serve in tennis.

DS: The police say she overslept and was still at home.

ML: I do *know* why they'd think that, but I saw what happened: decapitation.

DS: So why *would* they think that?

ML: Well let me tell you what happened next. The second gentleman – he was big, like the first – came in and tried to chop me in half. He raised his sword above his head, two-handed, then brought it down on me. I saw what was coming and moved aside, he struck my shoulder instead of my head. I almost lost my arm – I'm so grateful to the doctors and nurses who managed to save it. Heaven knows what would have happened if I hadn't had insurance.

DS: Did he make a second attempt, to finish you off?

ML: No, the wire-haired gentleman said something, I don't know what, then they both

laughed and went for the children. Sorry, I find recollecting this a little emotional.

DS: Take your time, there's no hurry.

ML: No, it does me good to think of this once in a while.

DS: You said that the men went for "the children". So they didn't just attack the child who died?

ML: All the children died. They killed all of them. Some, they ran through, others they (sobs) hacked at, their little bodies (sobs) ... I'm sorry, this was thirty years ago, but you don't (sobs), don't forget something like that. Be strong, Marjie.

DS: The newspapers said that the children were all asleep except for one, Jimmy French, who had been stabbed.

ML: Well that's what makes this even crazier. I was losing a lot of blood, but I was still fully conscious, and what I saw was ... well, I don't know if it was a miracle or what it was. The bodies, the body (sobs), the body parts, they disappeared. Same with Nadine. They were there, then they weren't. Only little Jimmy remained where he fell. The children were back in their cots, as if they were just waking up after a nap.

DS: Did they know what had happened?

ML: Oh, they *knew* what had happened, they started crying in fear, some were calling for their mammas (sobs) – the two gentlemen were still there, see, weapons drawn. Soon as they were sure that Jimmy hadn't resurrected or whatever it was

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that the rest had done, that seemed to satisfy them. They cleaned their swords on the drapes and left. One of the kids, Donny, was together enough to bring me the phone so I could call 911. The police and an ambulance showed up a few minutes later – they were quick, wonderfully quick – and I was taken to the hospital to have my life saved.

DS: What did the police make of what they saw?

ML: Well what could they make of it? There was blood everywhere – way more than could be explained by my and Jimmy’s injuries. It was like a horror movie, *Carrie* or something. I explained what I’d seen, the children backed me up, and Nadine told her side of it too, she came running in while I was being loaded into the ambulance – she lived close by. She was really out of breath, I remember. Right after she’d died, she’d found herself in bed at home; she’d picked up her revolver and come back to help.

DS: Does she still live locally?

ML: No, she married and moved to Canada, she was getting a lot of hate. People said that if she hadn’t slept in, maybe the gentlemen with the swords wouldn’t have killed Jimmy. A fat lot *they* know.

DS: Are you still in touch with Nadine?

ML: No, she had kids, I never married; we drifted apart.

DS: Have you some idea why Jimmy French didn’t wake up in his cot?

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ML: Sure, he was dead. Jimmy is easy to explain – it's why the others *did* wake up in their cots that's unnatural.

DS: Was there anything special about him, do you remember?

ML: I discussed this with Nadine. No, he was just this precious, sweet little boy, never any trouble except for that one time he gave us a scare.

DS: What did he do?

WL: Well Nadine and I were occupied at the time – Joey Dubbs had bitten Tiffany Glassia and drawn blood. Jimmy must have managed to open the door to the office on his own, Nadine wouldn't have left it ajar. Anyway, we heard this crash and found him with the printer on top of him. He must have caught on the cable or something.

DS: Was he hurt?

WL: Not at all – but he should have been. Lucky kid: we were expecting to have to call an ambulance, but he was right as rain.

DS: Can you tell me anything about his parents?

ML: They weren't married. His mother, Nicole, said his father was in the army and had died in a training incident before Jimmy was born. That little boy meant the world to her.

DS: Do you know where she is today?

ML: No, Jimmy's death broke her, she left Epps and moved to New Orleans.

DS: Has anyone else asked you about what happened that day?

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ML: Lots of people. Whether I tell them the truth or stick with what the police cooked up depends on who they are. Mostly, I follow the police's line. It's easier that way.

DS: I'm honoured, then?

ML: You don't seem to be hoping to exploit my story, so yes.

DS: Is there anything you'd like to add, anything I've missed?

ML: Hmm, well I can tell you this: I think the two gentlemen with the swords were specifically seeking to kill Jimmy French. They didn't know what he looked like, so they simply killed every child in Little Rascals, and then they hung around to make certain that one of them didn't recover.

DS: They killed girls as well as boys, though.

ML: That might have been for sport.

DS: Ah. So you think they knew that only Jimmy would stay dead?

ML: Seems that way to me.

DS: Interesting.

ML: Nicole's brother.

DS: Sorry?

ML: Nicole has a brother, I've just remembered. Ben French, he's a construction worker.

DS: Do you think he'd talk to me?

ML: I doubt it, he's kind of taciturn, but he might speak to me. Would you like me to try his number?

DS: If you would, yes please! Ask him if he ever met Jimmy's father.

ML: OK, well I think I have him on my iPhone.

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(sound of handbag opening)

The one advantage of not having children or a husband is you get to spend your money on yourself.

DS: I don't –

ML: Hold on, it's ringing.

Hi, hi Ben, it's Marjie here, Marjie Laleek.

--

Yes, very well thank you – and you?

--

Glad to hear it. Is it OK to talk, or are you on site?

--

Fantastic, listen, I have an Englishman here with me who wants to know about your sister, Nicole.

--

No, he doesn't want to speak to her, he seems genuine, he wants to know about the father of little Jimmy.

--

Yes, your nephew, that little Jimmy.

--

You did meet him, though? Jimmy's father?

--

OK, let me just repeat what you're saying so Mr Scott can hear. You were driving along highway 134 with Nicole and you saw this gentleman...

--

Hispanic-looking, yes...

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--

You picked him up because he seemed lost...

--

You took him to Epps ... Sorry, when was this?

--

Between Christmas and the New Year, OK.

--

He didn't understand English...

--

Nicole suggested taking him to the church, so you dropped the pair off there.

Did you wait?

--

Oh yes, she did live nearby, didn't she.

--

OK, there was no-one at the church so she took him home and one thing led to another and she got pregnant...

--

I'm glad to hear that, I was going to ask.
(whispers) He didn't force himself on her.

--

I'm sure you would have. Do you know what did happen to the Hispanic gentleman, then?

--

Neither of you ever saw him again. So Nicole made up that story about his being in the army?

--

I guess it's a possibility.

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DS: Can he describe the man in more detail?
How old was he? What was he wearing?

ML: Sorry, just a moment.
What did you say?

DS: Could Mr French describe the man in more
detail? How old was he? What was he wearing?

ML: Mr Scott would like to know if you remem-
ber how old the man was.

--

Similar age, early twenties. Do you remem-
ber what he was wearing?

--

No, no, that doesn't matter, it was a long
time ago.

DS: Nothing strange or unusual, though?

ML: Nothing strange or unusual, though?

--

Not that you remember. OK.

--

He's trying to figure out what happened to
little Jimmy.

--

Yes, I'll let you know if he does. How's
Nicole, by the way?

--

Married? Oh, that's wonderful! When did
that happen?

--

2009. Oh, I'm so happy for her!

--

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Yes, I understand. Pass her all my love when you next speak.

--

Yes, nice talking to you, thank you for your time, I appreciate it.

--

(laughs) Yes!

--

OK, well I don't know if that was any use, but it's all he had.

DS: It was very useful, thank you.

ML: Do you know the Hispanic gentleman?

DS: No, but I have a theory.

ML: Care to share?

DS: It's ... somewhat off the wall.

ML: I showed you mine, you show me yours.

DS: (laughs) OK, well I think the Hispanic man and the two in the judo outfits are from a different reality.

ML: A different *reality*? What, like ... a different universe?

DS: Sort of. The thing is, I have evidence that when someone from that, let's call it universe, when someone from that universe kills someone from our universe, they don't stay dead, they wake up again, usually in the nearest place they last slept.

ML: So for Nadine that would be her house and for the children the cots? (laughs) For me, it would be the desk where I fill out the tax forms!

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DS: (laughs) Yes. Also, if people from the other universe kill each other, they too come back to life, but somewhere else, nothing to do with sleeping. I think it's connected with ancient sites. They seem to be able to move between them.

ML: Poverty Point is only a few miles from here.

DS: On highway 577, yes, I drove past it on the way.

ML: Just over a mile north of the junction with highway 134.

DS: Indeed.

ML: So the Hispanic-looking man is Jimmy's father. Why would the two men in the judo outfits want to kill Jimmy?

DS: Perhaps his father offended them in some way, or perhaps there's a law against cross-universe children; I don't know.

ML: Yet Jimmy died and stayed dead.

DS: So it seems. It's the same as if he was killed by someone from our universe.

ML: Or by someone from the other universe if he was in that other universe?

DS: (laughs) Possibly, I hadn't really thought of that!

ML: Yet he wasn't hurt when the printer fell on him.

DS: Maybe applying the same kind of safety protocol twice over cancels it out or something.

ML: What happens if one of us kills someone from the other universe?

DS: At a guess –

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Waiter: Excuse me, ma'am, sir, but we're getting complaints from the other guests.

DS: Oh, I'm so sorry, I do apologise! I hadn't realised we'd got so loud.

Waiter: It's more to do with your topic of conversation.

ML: That's OK, I think we're done here, we'll go. I'm sorry if we caused anyone distress.

DS: That wasn't our intention at all. Could I perhaps pay for everyone's food?

Waiter: This is McDonald's, sir.

DS: Ah. Maybe a big tip then.

(sound of chairs moving)

Waiter: Thank you, that's very much appreciated.

ML: Shall we continue outside?

DS: We're getting funny looks. Perhaps informally.

ML: I have further questions.

DS: Interview ended at ten past, er, at 11:12.

Notes

Nicole French is now Nicole Maddison. She bears heavy psychological scars from the death of her son, so no attempt has been made to contact her.

Nadine Monroe lives in Moncton, New Brunswick. When asked over the telephone about the incident

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at Little Rascals, she stuck to the police version of events.