



## Le Violon d'Ingres

I was in a tiny blank room, sitting on my bed, looking at a painting. There was a beautiful naked woman with the lowers of a violin on her back. She was also sitting on a bed, looking to the left. I was staring at this beautiful piece of art when I heard a melody. It was a sweet sound of violin which was coming from the canvas. Suddenly I stood up. I didn't know why I did it but I was here, right in front of the picture.

The woman moved. I wasn't scared, but hypnotized by this music and this woman. She held out her hand and took my shoulder.

“Come with me...” She said in a sweet and beautiful voice, and she took me through the canvas. I was in another world. This whole place was red, like on fire. The violin's song changed into a huge cacophony as if there was an out of tune orchestra. The sky was black, the sun was like a big amber boulder.

The hubbub was driving me crazy! I put my hands on my ears and started to run straight in front of me. I hardly took three steps when I came up against something invisible. What the hell was going on here?! Where was I?!

I ran the other way but was stopped again. I was locked in an invisible cage.

I felt like a huge pain in my left arm, something invisible again was clutching me. I turned back and a big white light appeared and drowned out the whole world that I was in. When I regained conscience, two firemen were holding me and screaming :

“-Wake up ! Come on wake up !”

My vision was still out of focus when I opened my eyes.

“-You were sleeping, how could you with these loud noises ?

-Well... I...don't know I ....just felt asleep...”

I looked around, and I saw the painting of the woman. It was hanging on a wall in ruins. Was I in a kind of dream after seeing this canvas ?

Behind the wall, there was a mountain of ruins and destroyed houses. Skyscrapers were on fire, burning far away, changing the horizon's colour from a black to a dark red.

I escaped from the firemen and started to run faster and faster ! People were burning around me, screaming hard and suffering. Everything was destroyed, only the most durable buildings had kept their foundations standing up on the horizon.

I stopped in front of a street sign. "Nekodesu", That was the name of my street.

A crawling man saw me. He looked straight to me and said : "Help me..."

These were his last words, his face fell on the floor. Life had left him.

He was not alone, the street was filled with dead corpses. Men, women, children, they were all dead. Some were still alive, crying and trying to help the wounded survivors.

"-Is it a nightmare? What's going on?!"

I ran in the street, all the faces I saw were either horrified or completely burned.

I arrived at the 3rd house on the left in the street. It was mine. Well... It had been mine...

Now it was only a waste land where nothing was living anymore. Nothing aside from a little TV. It was in the middle of the wreckage, like if nothing had happened to it. It was sizzling but not unplugged.

As soon as I saw this TV, the same violin song started again in my head. The same feelings, but not the same atmosphere. It was a whole blank world. I couldn't see anything but a huge flash.

I tried to move again, but my arms were clutched by something. I tried to take those things away but without success.

"-Hey ! Calm down, okay ?" I heard.

Suddenly, my vision became clear. I could see everything. I was in a room, a lot of people were staring at me. There was a TV on the wall in front of me. It was a report about Hiroshima.

"-I know it's been a huge striking event, but now it's all finished, please calm down."

This voice was nice. Everything became clear in my head when I saw the nice-voiced man. He was wearing a spotless white overall and a swipe card. On it was written "Masahi Hasan. Psychiatric Hospital, Tokyo."

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