



## Surrealism

It is a truth universally acknowledged by butterflies that everything resolves at the end.

Pirates occasionally comforted devil twisty tulips in a decaying wonderland. Meanwhile, bones were silently flying with a dozen of gloomy snow-white dolls. Last night, blue flowers were graciously squeezing lost ivories though they had to listen to poisoned mushrooms. And these were crying, as the car avoided the tower under the grass, where the sun goes down. Planes inhaled drastically by courting back to front. Slowly but then, all at once, this distant whisper rose from the abyss of an empty beehive.

“Then, from my lips by thine my sin is purged! ... Romeo? Are you there?”

Suddenly, everything turned black. And I was falling. Falling deeper and deeper into the rabbit's hole. And then, it seemed to me I had arrived - at least I was somewhere.

This is queer. I was flying on a résumé.

The swell rose up and slowed down, buffering creepily to find a new hiding place. The non-squared windows didn't appreciate it and sailed away. And that's when everything fell apart. Gathered altogether, Indian crows were throwing rhododendrons everywhere... Everybody mourned a lot until the day when rubber bands became trendy again, ending up months of painting pine trees in blue. An endless stream of hair piled up to create a mountain through town but it sounded like good news to everyone because of its nice smell of wood. Even grandmas stopped biting their nails. But did tattooed cows consider it the same way? That is something only the sheriff will ever know. “What do you think about chocolate?” he always sighed to change subject. Burgundy doves shaved their foggy units and that inspired tricycles to gain autonomy. How unreasonable! Even I thought so. I decided to move out because all this sounded horrendous.

“Now, were shall we go?” interrupted the rabbit. As if this brat thought he was part of the story. I pinned him on the wall and rolled away singing my jam. Looking back to all that had happened, it had been really exhausting. Moreover, I started to feel like sleeping. To do so, I packed myself up under a marble chair and waited for the all high and mighty crooks to sing along. It never happened and I figured out I might as well keep going.

Eventually, I caught a little felt-tip pen who was walking around there and I decided not to draw on my face. It was a very long process which was supposed to let me know if I could one day meet the mad hatter. As I was trying not to draw a pink piggy bank on my third imaginary arm, this tiny little fluffy Buddha appeared next to me with an awful banging. He was extremely rude since he didn't even say hello before boxing my ears so as to hang me on the wall. We were not connected on the same frequency.

At that moment, a door appeared behind me. I could see it, because mirrors had appeared in front of me. As I reached the handle, a loud noise made me startle; I stood still. On the spur of the moment, some clouds ran into me, wrapped me and then we were flying amongst the wild ocean of rain. I almost collided with a humpback whale.

She shouted at me so as to complain about the bruise I had made her. A young gossamer calmly blew lapdogs in the treacle. His posterity had trebly been uncloaked by a burked landlubber. He was having a concert in a pink burial ground, between a travesty potato commonly called Ben and a bungaloid asparagus known as Francis. A meddlesome opera freak - he had mischievously been seen in a huge bush-whacking - whose slackness led him to play ocarina. Quite surprisingly, a walking ham had slunk to a shelve and was now spitting on him.

And he spitted so much that a sea appeared around us, drowning everything. Fortunately, my grandmother and the Doctor used to swim with me during the summer holidays on Gallifrey, and they taught me everything about swimming and how what doesn't kill you makes you stronger. Three yoghourts had escaped in a wide flowery meadow, and now they were playing with a big rock soup. Welcome, the future of carrots is witty, especially since we cannot make hay since June. "You dork! He said, eat more oat and everything will get better." And again, the dark.

"Oh please! It's not funny anymore!"

In this very last shout, I felt that my strength left me. I was falling once more, I couldn't stop falling.

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I landed...on my bed. I sat up and opened my eyes, breathless. It was dark. I trembled with panic. I was totally dismayed. Was this even reality? Was I finally back?

I came out with a really low "mom..?" The silence answered me.

I tried repeating it a bit louder... And heard steps coming from the corridor. Thank god. I was now certain to be safe.

My mom came in, and asked me what was happening for me to be calling her so late at night.

“Did you have a nightmare, darling?”

-I don't even know what it was... Everything has been so... odd.”

I told her what I could remember of my experience while she was quietly listening to me.

“Indeed, she told me once I was done, this is quite irrational. But quite funny too. I mean, it's unusual and I wish I had had this kind of dream. Do you know what it makes me think of? Something I had learnt about at school: “Exquisite corpses”. It is some kind of game created by the French surrealist movement. It consists in collectively assembling words in order to create a sentence. But each collaborator is not allowed to see what was previously written, which often makes the result quite unexpected.

My dear, somehow, you may have been an exquisite corpse.”

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