



The clock is ringing midnight

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Around me, there is only silence. Everyone is long asleep.

But I'm just sitting on my bed, fully awake. Tonight, I can't get to sleep.

I'm staring into empty space.

I'm gazing into the night through my window that I have kept open. It's not dark outside even if it's supposed to be the deep of night, there's a surreal orange brightness. Everything is quiet, peaceful, only a gentle breeze is upsetting this still painting.

I'm looking at the trees. In the night, there are only shadows and shades of grey and black. The air is playing with them, drawing numerous shapes. Lots of them are just mysterious, they don't look like anything I've ever seen but one looks more real than the others. This dark shadow is either a cross or a crow or even a star, depending on the whimsical air.

Sometimes, background on the flat land, a car drives past fast. Full lights on.

In my night, it seems a firework, a streak of radiance in this darkness that gets everything under her thick shroud. A fragile shine which starts a rebellion against this absolute power.

The light pierces the darkness.

But it only appears for a short while. A failed attempt.

Soon, the Night snatches its wake and all the traces of its existence. It has disappeared like nothing ever happened.

And I'm silently watching the fireworks through the night, fascinated.

Minutes tick away and I'm staying motionless, feeling the midnight's breeze, gentle and cool over my skin. Again and again, I'm staring at this stunning spectacle.

Everything looks like it's holding its breath.

Suddenly, something tears up the silent night.

A glare.

A blast.

It's eerie and mind-blowing at the same time. Thunderbolt and lightning stroke together, not more than a half kilometer from me. Six hours before, I was walking out there.

It looked like a bomb, a flash-flood of light, a terrible contrast with the stillness before... It makes me think of a camera's flashlight, maybe that of a sky paparazzi who wanted to steal a picture from this perfect night.

I'm shaking on my bed, out of both cold and fear ; the breeze has turned into an icy wind and I'm totally scared. Of course, I've already seen this but not so close... I can't help hearing this bolt from the dark over and over again. Every time I close my eyes, I see the light.

Nature is absolutely overwhelming and so is the thunderstorm.

Facing the power of the elements is really unsettling. You feel so little all of a sudden and you can't make up your mind.

I don't even know what to do, I don't feel like I was... here.

Big clouds are coming and I can see this huge mass but I'm still captivated by the place where I saw the light coming down on earth.

Finally, I close the window on the outside kingdom.

Midnight has offered me a glimpse of the Night's domination.

If I don't withdraw now, I'll never be able to.

Night could hold me forever otherwise.

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