

## LUCID

*"Whenever Henry Wilt took the dog for a walk, or, to be more accurate, when the dog took him, or, to be exact, when Mrs. Wilt told them both to go and take themselves out of the house so that she could do her yoga exercises, he always took the same route. In fact the dog followed the route and Wilt followed the dog."*

Henry Wilt did not think about living new experiences, or taking alternative routes. That idea would never appear in his mind, and he was comfortable with that. Wilt used to let things happen in his life (not extraordinary things though) and never take any risks.

One morning like the others, Wilt woke up at the exact same hour as every day, had the exact same food for breakfast and did the exact same things for the rest of the day, including being taken by the dog for a walk. At night, he was sitting on his bed and about to turn the light off, ready to fall asleep, when he saw something different. Right under his bedside table, he noticed there was a photograph. He calmly leaned to reach it and observed it. It was a black and white portrait, and showed a lovely couple sitting near to the Tower Bridge, looking one to the other, enjoying a cold morning next to the Thames River. They were laughing and seemed that they had nothing to worry about. Their hands were holding, their looks conveyed so much love, their desire to live to the fullest. It was a beautiful situation.

Wilt didn't remember seeing that photo before, and was really confused. Because he started to feel something he had never felt before... discomfort, impotence, regret? He didn't know how to call it, but it was making him think about so many things that rapidly brought him half-memories that couldn't organise in his mind. Time, people, places. He didn't know what or who they were, but had a feeling that they were part of his life, or had been part of his life.

Then something broke inside him. He suddenly realized there was a time when he had been young, had time to spend how he wanted, had a girlfriend, had friends. A time when he wasn't so alone. His body felt so vulnerable that he could barely stand on his feet. He had glazed-over eyes and a hurt heart. He was trembling in desperation to take back those years. He felt that he owned nothing and belonged to nowhere. That was his torture.

The torture of having lucid moments, of having to remember that he had let his life go away with the wind. And the worst of all, was that he thought that there was nothing to do about it. It was too late for him.



-Erin. 1.3AT