

Shibuya – Franklin D. – 2017-2018

It all started in Shibuya.

I met a woman and was taken to a house where there was a room with two chairs and a round table.

She gave me a suitcase with money in it; there was a million yen inside. I was impressed. I went back to Shibuya to wait for my train when I felt someone push me; I turned around and saw the woman with two tall men behind her.

“It was him! It was him!” she shouted.

I tried to run, but when I realized it, it was too late. The men grabbed me and threw me tied up under an abandoned train.

I had to get out of there or I would die. When I managed to free myself, the train moved. I realized I was on line 72 without clothes and lying under a train.

The train moved and crushed one of my arms that was on the track. I didn't scream because I didn't feel any pain. I found this strange. When I realized it, I was no longer looking at myself in the first person, but in the third person.

Everything went dark.

I was in Shibuya again.

Everything starts in Shibuya.

Or is it déjà vu?