

17- Talha İLHAN

Pablo Picasso

demons killed the angels

It was the year of 1348. Young Picasso was living in the city of England with his family for two years so far. They decided to leave France for political issues that occurred there. Back then it was a nice idea to follow. Seeing London might even help Picasso in his art that he was following very passionately. In France, he could have a better education for sure but he has always seen the French art a little bit down to its roots, too traditional and bound to never change in a considerable amount. At least he wasn't upset with this change of scenery at the beginning. The year they decided to show up seemed to be a bad year. When with all the hopes they got in London something else was starting to show itself.

In the first year things started well. Pablo's father got a job in the church and they were living considerably better than average people. Picasso had enough financial support to have a tutor at least. He never liked the complex, realistic form of art. He thought that art was about expressionism. He did well on realism despite his age yet he would rather challenge some social norms with his art, and make people question a meaning behind the symbols.

In the autumn of the year of 1350 the black death was all around now. People were afraid to leave their houses. Pablo's tutor did not show up after a while. The family thought it was about the fear of black death somehow taking him to his grave with a slow, painful death. But the truth was totally different.

Pablo did not learn enough about art at that point, but he didn't actually need the traditional parts anyways. He learned enough about how a painting should work for the audience, what parts could be shown, drawn attention to by which methods. He started to experiment. He was doing many doodle-like paintings and going for the next one non-stop, as if he was aware of the future ahead of him, he did not even sleep at night.

One day, after a long time with no sleep Pablo felt tired; not like sleepy but tired inside, and he wanted to lay down a bit. He spent a full day sleeping. Seeing strange visions in his mind, endless circles of dreams, and nightmares that were unusual, rather than angels and demons he saw strange figures of symbols. The eyes of the demons were just triangles and angels' halos were square. He woke up from this sensation of dreams with a dizzy feeling. His parents were beside him with a doctor. They were talking yet he could not understand the words as if they were gibberish. He did not need to hear them anyway as he was aware of this symptom – fever with chills – it was the black death. Some people would surely heal, yet they would have some damage afterward. He did not feel like a survivor; he could almost see his dead body.

Symptoms did not take long to proceed. First, he had diarrhea and vomiting, then nose internal bleeding, and for the last symptom, he did not even realize it. He was using all his energy for painting and all his hands were covered in colors, dark colors if we need to be exact, covering the blackness on the sickness gave to his fingers. That hopeful kid who was craving for a new, different

way to do art was lost in a gloomy world. He painted the demons killing some angels, as he saw in his dream, and he kept remembering more and painting more about the painting. One day he could not even hold the brush to paint. He just laid there with a feeling of longing for the times he could never have, a life that he changes the rules of art. But now all he got was some demons killing angels, as this black death killed him.

If his fate was different maybe he could have a much better life if he lived in another time maybe he could actually change art in unbelievable measures. But he lived in London during the black death and became one of the thousands of people who died because of black death, and demons killed his angels slowly and with the help of his only true passion. They heard the death of the tutor a bit later. It was not hard for them to see the way it occurred. A future prodigy was lost and his name is never again sound in the village nor the world, Pablo Picasso was just a boy who died in London during the black death and nothing more happened.