**THE UPPER HOUSE :**

DiffusionBee : He arrived in a short time at the Upper House, a club located in the center of the Village and a few minutes' walk from his home. The area was full of freaks, vagrants and junkies, and even several Orphans, like himself. The outcasts of society unconsciously hang out there. As if the hopelessness and heaviness of their living brought them all together to share the pain they shared. , Cinematic, Fisheye Lens, , Melancholic, black and white.

Dall-E: He arrived in a short time at the Upper House, a club located in the center of the Village and a few minutes' walk from his home. The area was full of freaks, vagrants and junkies, and even several Orphans, like himself. The outcasts of society unconsciously hang out there. As if the hopelessness and heaviness of their living brought them all together to share the pain they shared. fish-eye lens, film noir, night lighting, black and white 19th-century lithograph style.

Stable Diffusion XL : He arrived in a short time at the Upper House, a club located in the center of the Village and a few minutes' walk from his home. The area was full of freaks, vagrants and junkies, and even several Orphans, like himself. The outcasts of society unconsciously hang out there. As if the hopelessness and heaviness of their living brought them all together to share the pain they shared.

fish-eye lens, neo noir, night lighting, black and white, cinematic.

**MADGE:**

Stable Diffusion XL: When I left her house, an expression of sadness and melancholy had been drawn on Madge's face. She greeted me in a thin voice and seemed to be trying to call me back with her gaze and an unsure body posture, somewhere between jerkiness and uncertainty. It seemed as if his mind had figured out what was going through my mind in those moments, and an atmosphere of doom had descended upon our meeting.

Finding myself on the sidewalk in front of her house, I tried to look up to watch the windows of her apartment, hoping to catch a glimpse of her expression for the last time and throw her a tentative greeting. But the lights were off, and she was not there.

Dall-E: *A urban setting where the mood is heavy and the atmosphere tinged with nostalgia and future dystopia. The street is barely illuminated by the neon lights that flicker with a high contrast against the dark, making the scene both vibrant and somber. The building, captured in a retro 35mm film style, exudes an old-world charm with a grainy texture that enhances its aged facade. The windows of the apartment are ominously dark, indicating her absence and adding an air of mystery. In the foreground, a lone figure stands on the sidewalk. We see them from the back, looking up at the darkened windows of the apartment, their posture reflecting a blend of hope and resignation. This figure’s longing and the finality of the moment are palpable, evoking a deep sense of emotional turmoil as they attempt to catch one last glimpse of Madge, or perhaps just the memory of her presence. This visual, captured as if on analog film, would convey a rich narrative of parting, unspoken words, and the stark ambiance of the world.* This is the scene that has just occurred in this cinematic setting:When I left her house, an expression of sadness and melancholy had been drawn on Madge's face. She greeted me in a thin voice and seemed to be trying to call me back with her gaze and an unsure body posture, somewhere between jerkiness and uncertainty. It seemed as if his mind had figured out what was going through my mind in those moments, and an atmosphere of doom had descended upon our meeting. Finding myself on the sidewalk in front of her house, I tried to look up to watch the windows of her apartment, hoping to catch a glimpse of her expression for the last time and throw her a tentative greeting. But the lights were off, and she was not there. , 35mm film style, cyberpunk, retro, high contrast, analog film style

(en italique, c’est le prompt que Dall-E a construit au sein de notre discussion).

DiffusionBee : (40 steps, guidance scale : 14-15, seed : 3). This figure’s longing and the finality of the moment are palpable, evoking a deep sense of emotional turmoil as they attempt to catch one last glimpse of Madge, or perhaps just the memory of her presence. This visual, captured as if on analog film, would convey a rich narrative of parting, unspoken words, and the stark ambiance of the world. This is the scene that has just occurred in this cinematic setting: When I left her house, an expression of sadness and melancholy had been drawn on Madge's face. She greeted me in a thin voice and seemed to be trying to call me back with her gaze and an unsure body posture, somewhere between jerkiness and uncertainty. It seemed as if his mind had figured out what was going through my mind in those moments, and an atmosphere of doom had descended upon our meeting. Finding myself on the sidewalk in front of her house, I tried to look up to watch the windows of her apartment, hoping to catch a glimpse of her expression for the last time and throw her a tentative greeting. But the lights were off, and she was not there.

(L’expérimente ici est un peut plus différente, j’ai choisi de prendre le prompt conseillé par CHATGPT et de le coller dans DiffusionBee pour augmenter la couche de médiation par l’IA).

**MORTE**:

Playground v2 : When I returned home I was alone. I sat in silence in the living room for several hours, staring at the white wall. I couldn't even hear my breath, nor the beating of my heart. I was already a corpse. Yes, I had been for some time. I had been since the moment I stubbornly set myself against the trends of the world. I had been since I decided that I would never let Lino's image be lost in the void of memory. And now that news: I was going to die. In a short time I was going to become nothing, I was going to disappear from the face of the earth, and along with my flesh my consciousness was going to be pulverized as well. I would have been nothing, these memories would have been erased all of a sudden, remembered perhaps only by a few relatives for a few more years to come. I, however, would not have remembered my existence, for I would cease it. I, for me, would never have existed precisely because that "I " would no longer be there.

Thinking about this, about my death, a lump came to my heart and my eyes filled with tears. I wept thinking about that dead self; I was compassionate about thatself that would be extinct. I wept for me, for that poor boy too quickly an adult. I wept because I had not loved myself enough. I felt sorry for me.

sad, light room, dystopian, cold colors.

Dall-E: *Imagine a sparsely furnished living room bathed in the cold, gray light of dawn, which barely streams through a minimalist window. The walls are stark white and the room is enveloped in shadows, creating a somber, almost dystopian atmosphere. The person, a solitary figure, sits motionlessly on a simple, unadorned chair, facing the wall. Their posture is one of defeat and introspection, suggesting a profound disconnect from the vibrancy of life. The room is captured in an analog film style, emphasizing high contrast where the light and shadows starkly intersect, enhancing the feeling of isolation and finality. The cold colors dominate the scene, mirroring the chilling realization of mortality and the ephemeral nature of existence.* In this setting, this are the protagonist's thoughts: "When I returned home I was alone. I sat in silence in the living room for several hours, staring at the white wall. I couldn't even hear my breath, nor the beating of my heart. I was already a corpse. Yes, I had been for some time. I had been since the moment I stubbornly set myself against the trends of the world. I had been since I decided that I would never let Lino's image be lost in the void of memory. And now that news: I was going to die. In a short time I was going to become nothing, I was going to disappear from the face of the earth, and along with my flesh my consciousness was going to be pulverized as well. I would have been nothing, these memories would have been erased all of a sudden, remembered perhaps only by a few relatives for a few more years to come. I, however, would not have remembered my existence, for I would cease it. I, for me, would never have existed precisely because that "I " would no longer be there. Thinking about this, about my death, a lump came to my heart and my eyes filled with tears. I wept thinking about that dead self; I was compassionate about thatself that would be extinct. I wept for me, for that poor boy too quickly an adult. I wept because I had not loved myself enough. I felt sorry for me."

(en italique, c’est le prompt que Dall-E a construit au sein de notre discussion).

DiffusionBee: (40 steps, guidance scale : 14-15, seed : *random*) When I returned home I was alone. I sat in silence in the living room for several hours, staring at the white wall. I couldn't even hear my breath, nor the beating of my heart. I was already a corpse. Yes, I had been for some time. I had been since the moment I stubbornly set myself against the trends of the world. I had been since I decided that I would never let Lino's image be lost in the void of memory. And now that news: I was going to die. In a short time I was going to become nothing, I was going to disappear from the face of the earth, and along with my flesh my consciousness was going to be pulverized as well. I would have been nothing, these memories would have been erased all of a sudden, remembered perhaps only by a few relatives for a few more years to come. I, however, would not have remembered my existence, for I would cease it. I, for me, would never have existed precisely because that "I " would no longer be there.

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