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↑ [-] ThrowawayFuck2015 557 points 15 hours ago

↓ Je l'étais au bataclan ce soir. Je suis rentré chez moi il y a plus d'une heure mais impossible de fermer les yeux de toutes façons.

Je n'ai pas l'histoire complète, la situation a rapidement fait que nous n'avions aucune visibilité tant sur les objectifs des terroristes, tant sur la salle, etc. Je donne mon ressenti; "ma" version.

Au moment où nous avons entendu les "pétards", j'étais dans la fosse près des marches quand les terroristes sont entrés et j'ai directement couru en direction de la scène sur le côté droit, par réflexe.

Dans mon "coin", tout le monde était entremêlé dans des positions improbables et douloureuses pour tout le monde, visage qui fait face au sol, la tête reposant sur ce que l'on trouve, une jambe par exemple. Avec un fond un bain de sang. Et c'est comme ça que le pire jeu auquel j'ai jamais joué a commencé.

Le jeu de l'attente.

Un silence plus que pesant dans la salle interrompu ponctuellement par des coups de feu. Pas de timer, de logique, rien. Juste, de temps en temps, un coup de feu. Et on se demande si le prochain coup est pour soi-même.

Attendre que la police arrive, sans aucune notion du temps (pas de montre, portable inaccessible). Sentir des gens se lever pour se faire abattre aussitôt. Et encore. Et encore...

Pas le droit de bouger car un seul geste augmente encore plus les douleurs - les siennes comme celles des autres (nous étions réellement entremêlés). Pas le droit de parler, de chuchoter, rien. Quelqu'un commence à pleurer? Cette personne est accueillie par des "chut's" collectifs.

Les terroristes n'ont rien dit, à part vers le début quelque chose à propos de la Syrie, de Hollande et du fait que ça n'était que le commencement. Au début, ils "exploraien" les lieux, tirant aléatoirement sur des gens couchés au sol. Puis on ne les voyait plus. Puis on entendait des coups de feu. Impossible de se lever rapidement et de fuir pour moi, tous les muscles sont engourdis et impossible d'avoir une vue sur la salle sans potentiellement croiser le regard des terroristes, un chameau que je n'ai pas osé prendre. J'ai tout misé sur la police.

On se dit qu'un événement de cet envergure, ça doit ramener l'armée de terre voire le Charles-de Gaulle sur la seine, que quelqu'un va entrer et intervenir. On n'a évidemment aucune idée de ce qu'il se passe simultanément à République ou au Stade de France. Et personne ne vient. Et les coups de feu continuent (pas de salves).

Alors on continue d'attendre, de jouer au lotto avec les terroristes. On a des pensées affreuses de type: "pitité, pas moi, vise l'autre côté de la salle". Ces pensées sont encore interrompues par des coups de feu.

A un moment (on va dire vers le "milieu"? Ma notion du temps était plus que faussée), une explosion retentit. D'après d'autres témoins, c'était une grenade qu'ils ont balancé dans la fosse. Je ne peux pas confirmer, si ce n'est que c'était une explosion.

Et là le jeu de l'attente prend une autre tournure. Ils ont des explosifs. Des fanatiques armés d'explosifs et sans aucune revendication... Votre cerveau a le don de penser directement au pire: nous ne sommes pas une monnaie d'échange. Je me demande naturellement si le but n'est pas tout simplement de faire exploser le bâtiment ou au moins nous. L'attente n'est plus du tout la même. Le temps devient plus long. Les douleurs s'intensifient. Les gens paniquent/s'oufrent de plus en plus. Les téléphones sonnent de plus en plus car les proches cherchent à avoir des nouvelles, un élément de stress supplémentaire (pas de bruit!). On cherche du confort dans des jeux de regards avec les quelques personnes que l'on voit pour finalement y trouver la même peur.

Où est la police? Que fait-elle? On commence à réellement désespérer intérieurement.

Enfin, quelqu'un chuchote "la police est là". Et là tout change. Le temps devient encore plus long car elle n'intervient pas tout de suite (repérages, etc.). A ce moment, je pense que les terroristes sont montés quelque part dans le bataclan car les policiers sont rentrés sans tuer.

Puis une horde de policiers rentre. Au moment de se lever, d'aider les autres à se lever, de voir des policiers en armure débouler dans le bataclan... C'était un soulagement indescriptible. On se regarde les uns les autres, médusés d'être vivants. On reste évidemment vigilants. La police ne sait pas si les terroristes sont parmi nous ou ailleurs (et j'aurais été incapable de le dire). Finalement ils étaient ailleurs d'après les infos.

On commence à marcher, mains sur la tête, presque joyeux intérieurement. C'est encore une fois vite stoppé par LA vision de CAUCHEMAR. Des dizaines de cadavres, des gens agonisant, une marée de sang dans toute la fosse. Affreux. Horrible. Je regarde la zone dans laquelle je me trouvais avant de courir vers le fond et je vois de nombreux corps. Cela aurait pu très facilement être moi.

Je suis rapidement, toujours mains sur la tête, en croisant le personnel de l'entrée du bataclan gisant au sol (les "pétards" qu'il a entendus avant que les terroristes rentrent). Quelques pas en longeant le trottoir et je m'effondre. Un torrent de larmes. Je ne me souviens même pas de la dernière fois que j'ai pleuré avant ce soir, mais impossible d'arrêter. Je tremble de partout. J'ai des acouphènes. Mais je suis vivant.

Enfin, nous sommes regroupés dans des cafés de la rue adjacente, soulagés de s'en être sortis et dégagnons nos téléphones pour donner des nouvelles. Et nous apprenons le "reste". République, Stade de France, etc. Quelle tristesse putain. Tout ça pour quoi?

Je n'apporte pas d'info essentielle à travers ce message mais ça fait du bien. C'est "frustrant" d'être au cœur de l'événement et de ne servir à rien, rester face contre sol/jambe/bras/etc. pendant 2-3 heures n'aider pas.

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↑ [-] shapkaushanka 150 points 6 hours ago

↓ English:

I was at Bataclan tonight. I came back home over an hour ago, but I can't sleep anyway.

I don't have the full story, the situation quickly meant that we couldn't see what the terrorists were doing, or elsewhere in the room etc.. I will give my version.

The moment we heard the 'fireworks', I was in the mosh pit near the stairs when the terrorists came in, and, out of reflex, I ran directly towards the right side of the stage.

In my 'corner', everyone was on top of each other in contrived, painful positions, face on the ground, head resting on whatever, a leg, for example. On top of a bloodbath. And that's how the worst game I have ever played started.

The waiting game.

The heaviest silence in the hall was punctuated with gunfire. Not in time, with no logic, nothing. Just, gunfire now and again. And we asked ourselves if the next bullet was for us.

Waiting for the police to arrive, without any notion of time (no watch, couldn't get to my phone). Feeling people getting up to suddenly get shot down. And again. And again....

Not allowed to move, because a simple movement made the pain worse - mine as well as theirs - (we were really all intertwined together). Not allowed to talk, to whisper, nothing. Someone starts to cry? They were met with 'shushes' from everyone.

The terrorists didn't say anything, apart from at the beginning when they said something about Syria, French President Hollande, and the fact that it was only the beginning. At the start, they 'explored' the place, shooting randomly at people lying on the ground. Then we couldn't see anything. Then we heard gunfire. It was impossible for me to quickly get up and escape, every muscle was numb and it was impossible to see the rest of the hall without potentially coming into view of the terrorists, a chance that I didn't dare take. I was counting on the police.

You think that with an event of this magnitude, the army will be called up and that someone will come and intervene. We clearly had no idea about what was happening at République or Stade de France at the same time. Nobody came. And the gunfire continued (not bursts). So we waited, playing lottery with the terrorists. You have these awful thoughts, like "I beg, please not me, aim at the other side of the hill." These thoughts are interrupted by gunfire.

At one moment (shall we say near the 'middle'? My idea of time is distorted), an explosion rang out. According to other witnesses, it was a grenade which was thrown into the pit near the stage. I can't confirm, if it was only an explosion.

And there, that is when the waiting game took a turn. They had explosives. Fanatics armed with explosives, without demands... Your brain has a way of only thinking of the worst: we are not a currency to be changed. Of course, I asked myself if the aim was not simply just to blow up the building, or least us, the crowd. The waiting was not the same as before. Time became longer. The pain intensified. People were panicking/suffering more and more. Telephones began ringing more and more, as friends and relatives were trying to get information, which just intensified everything more and more (don't make a sound!). We looked for comfort by exchanging looks with people around us, only then to come back to the feeling of fear.

Where are the police? What are they doing? We really started to despair. Finally, someone whispers 'The police are here.' And everything changed. Time became longer again, as they did not come and intervene straight away (scoping things out, etc). At this moment I think that the terrorists went upstairs somewhere inside Bataclan, as the police came in without shooting.

Then a horde of police came in. Getting up, helping people to get up, seeing armed police bursting into Bataclan.... It was a relief I cannot describe. We looked at each other, shaking, still alive. We obviously stayed extremely vigilant. The police didn't know if the terrorists were among the crowd or elsewhere (so we wouldn't have been able to). It turned out they were elsewhere, according to the news.

We started to walk, hands on heads, inside a feeling of almost joy. That soon came to an end by THE vision of a NIGHTMARE. Tens of bodies, some at deaths door, a tide of blood in the pit. Awful. Horrible. I look at the place where I was standing before I sought cover towards the back and I can see numerous bodies. That easily could have been me.

I get out quickly, still had my hands on my head, seeing staff at the entrance of Bataclan lifeless on the floor (the 'fireworks' that we heard earlier were the terrorists coming in). A few steps down the pavement and I collapsed. A torrent of tears. I can't remember the last time I cried before tonight, but it's impossible to stop. I was shaking all over. A ringing in my ear. But I am alive.

Finally, we gathered together in cafes in the adjacent street, relieved to have got out, pulled out our phones to update people. And we learn of the 'rest', République, Stade de France, etc. How fucking tragic. All that, and for what?

I am not giving any essential information in this message, but it's cathartic. It's 'frustrating' to be in the heart of such an event and to be of no use, staying flat against the floor/a leg/arms/etc. for 2 to 3 hours and not helping.

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↑ [-] sim-my 19 points 5 hours ago

↓ Thank you.

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↑ [-] Gyhsler 5 points 1 hour ago

↓ Thank you

permalink embed parent

↑ [-] a233424 20 points 15 hours ago

↓ Je suis sans mot et très ému devant ton témoignage. Le Québec vous embrasse, cousins. Soyez forts.

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↑ [-] Frenso 17 points 14 hours ago

↓ Merci beaucoup de nous avoir transmis ce témoignage. Prends soin de toi. Je ne sais pas ce que les autorités vont mettre en place pour vous, mais n'hésite pas à te faire aider.

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↑ [-] Kaelidox 14 points 14 hours ago

↓ Apres ce que je viens de lire, je suis content de te savoir chez toi en vie et en sécurité !

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↑ [-] A_french_chinese_man 13 points 11 hours ago

↓ J'ai les larmes aux yeux rien qu'en te lisant et en imaginant les atrocités que tu as pu vivre.

Courage. J'ai pas d'autres mots.

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↑ [-] Leiloshere 10 points 15 hours ago

↓ Merde, je suis désolée. Prends bien soin de toi.

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↑ [-] MileRed 7 points 12 hours ago

↓ Je suis vraiment heureuse que tu sois sain et sauf. Je ne peux même pas imaginer l'angoisse que tu as du traverser. J'espère sincèrement que tu as pu te reposer un peu. Les jours à venir seront très difficile, j'espère que tu seras soutenu, écouter. Si tu as besoin d'une oreille attentive, tu peux me PM.

Câlin Internet <3

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↑ [-] hydad 5 points 13 hours ago

↓ Courage, surtout prends soin de toi !

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↑ [-] sdfghs 4 points 13 hours ago

↓ Merci pour raconter ton expérience. Quelle était l'expérience avec la police? Qu'est qu'ils ont fait une fois que vous êtes libre?

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↑ [-] 1986_1979 4 points 11 hours ago

↓ Il est essentiel de parler à un pro, franchement ça aide. Et merci et bon courage pour toi et ta famille et tes proches.

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↑ [-] fo41 5 points 10 hours ago

↓ Je sais même pas quoi dire... Courage à toi.

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↑ [-] thrawaway_translate 5 points 7 hours ago

↓ [ENG] I was at the Bataclan last night. I came home one hour ago but I can't sleep anyway.

I don't have the full story, the situation was so confused, we couldn't see what the terrorists were doing, or what was happening in the concert hall. I'm just telling it the way I lived it

When we first heard the « firecrackers » I was in the mosh pit, near the stairs, when the terrorists entered I ran towards the scene, on the right.

Where I was everyone was huddled up, faces down, head resting on whatever you found there, a leg for instance. With a bloodbath underneath. And then the worst game ever started. The waiting game. There was an unbearable silence in the hall, only broken by gunshots. No logic, no timing, nothing. Sporadic gunshots. And you're left to wonder if the next one will be for you. You wait for the police to come, without any idea of the time elapsed (no watch, can't reach your phone). You feel people standing up, only to be gunned down straight away. Again. And again. You cannot move because any motion will increase sufferings (yours and others', we truly were huddled). No talking allowed, no whispering, nothing. Someone starts to cry? They are hushed from every side. The terrorists didn't say a thing, except at the start something about Syria, French president Hollande and something about it being the beginning. At first they were taking in their surroundings, shooting people haphazardly while they were lying down. Then we couldn't see them anymore. And suddenly you'd hear gunshots, I couldn't get up and run, all my muscles were numb and I couldn't look around the hall for fear of coming under the terrorists' radar. I didn't risk it. All my hopes were with the police.

You think that this attack should warrant the army's intervention, you expect the Charles de Gaulle (French army ship) to intervene, that someone is about to come and help. You have no idea that something is also happening in République and Stade de France. And nobody comes. And the gunshots keep coming sporadically (no sustained fire).

So you keep on waiting, playing the game of chance with the terrorists. You have horrible thoughts « please, not me, aim for the other side of the hall » Those thoughts are cut off by gunshots.

At a certain point (around half time ? I had no notion of time anymore), we hear a boom. Other witnesses say they dropped a grenade in the mosh pit. I can't confirm.

Then the game changes. They have bombs. Fanatics with bombs and no demands... you think about the worse : the don't want a ransom. T wonder if they just want to bomb the building, with us inside. It becomes a different kind of waiting. Minutes are stretching out. Wounds are hurting more and more. People are panicking and suffering increasingly. Phones are ringing everywhere because friends and families are trying to reach us, which causes even more stress (nobody wants to attract their attention). You seek comfort in others' eyes, where you can see your fear reflected. Where is the police?

What are they doing? You start quietly despairing. Eventually, someone whispers « police are here », and everything changes again. The wait becomes more strained because they don't intervene straightaway (scouting, positioning themselves...). I sense that the terrorists have moved up in the building because the police comes in without firing. Then police swarms in. I get up, help others get up, we look at each other, dumbstruck by our luck, but we're still on alert.

The police doesn't know if the terrorists are still among us (I couldn't tell one way or the other). Later, we hear they were gone.

We start filing out, hands on our heads, almost giddy inside, but it is quickly stopped by a nightmare vision.

Dozens of corpses, people fatally wounded, a bloodbath in the mosh pit. Terrible. Horrendous. I glance at where I was laying and see numerous bodies. It could have easily been me. I get out quickly, hands on my head and I see the Bataclan's staff on the floor (the first victims, what I heard earlier were the terrorists coming in). A few steps down the pavement and I collapsed. Tears streaming. Can't remember what was the last time I cried, but it can't stop, shaking all over. Ears ringing. But I'm alive. We are grouped in a nearby cafe, relieved to be alive, and get out our phones to comfort our families. That's when we hear about the other attacks : République, Stade de France. All this sadness. For what? I know this testimony doesn't give any piece of information but it felt good writing it. It's frustrating to have lived this and not been able to do anything, just lying face down for 2-3 hours.

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↑ [-] KleoKalypso 2 points 11 hours ago

↓ Merci pour ce témoignage qui m'a fait monter les larmes aux yeux. Pas d'autres mots.

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↑ [-] BeSLN 2 points 10 hours ago

↓ Je suis triste de lire cela. Heureuse pour toi et les autres en vie. Triste de lire ce carnage. Ces gens abattu alors qu'ils se relèvent, cette attente... c'est horrible. On se projete aisément à ta place.

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↑ [-] Doudoumasta 2 points 6 hours ago

↓ Merci camarade (citoyn? bro?). J'étais en train de dîner et de boire du champagne comme un con à raconter ma journée de boulot avec le portable en silencieux alors qu'une heure avant on te tirait dessus. Ca c'est inutile :)

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