

Marcus Constantinus – dream at the first mooring

You are hunting, in the woodland near to your family's farm. You are young and strong. It's a hot, sunny day. You've been tracking a she-deer, following her trail between the tall trees. You come to a clearing, where the sunlight shines down brightly. The deer is there, waiting for you, her head turned expectantly. You throw your spear, and catch her cleanly in the throat: blood spurts out, as she sinks to the ground. Birds' wings rattle among the treetops.

You start to gut the deer, but realize to your horror that she was pregnant – and close to giving birth. This must be the wrong season for hunting she-deer. The infant is still squirming inside – you cut it out of her. You wipe it clean, as it tries to stagger to its feet. But surely it's too young to survive, with no mother.