

## **Senovara – dream at the first mooring**

You are herding sheep on a high hillside. The weather is cold and wet, and it's time to gather them together to go back down to the village. One of the sheep has gone into a dark cave – you can hear it bleating from within. You follow it. The path slopes steeply downwards. Somehow you can see, despite the darkness. Water is running down the walls – it is warm, when you touch your hand to it. You taste it – it is blood.

The sheep is now a tall, strong deer, one of the four stags that draw the chariot of Latis – a major god of this part of Britain. Its horns are golden and glowing. You are a small child, and you start crying, as the stag looks at you. There is a fire around you, but it does not burn you.