

Gellius Pulcher – dream at the second mooring

There's someone standing right behind you. You can feel how terribly cold their body is, even though your armour. You don't dare to turn around, for fear that their face will be the same as yours.

You're at the games, where two terribly tired gladiators are battling. The netman is Felix. His trident is drenched and dripping blood, so that he can barely hold onto it. The other man wears a Corinthian helmet, covering his face. As he advances and raises his sword for the killing blow, you realize that his face is also yours. You are alone in the arena, with just crows around you, black-feathered and flapping. You are small, they are large.