

## **Gellius Pulcher – dream at the first mooring**

You are with friends, back in Rome, drinking and talking. You are edgy and anxious – it is nearly time to leave. You need to get back home, to make sure that you've packed everything that you will need. But your friends want to keep talking with you. You make an excuse and slip out of the bar.

The streets are like a maze. You go into your old school, where you were taught how to read and write by an ancient Greek slave called Paulides: it smells of dust and oil. Your mother and sister are here, and all your possessions are spread around the room. You scramble to get them into your backpack, but you keep finding more and more things, and time is running short. There's a dog, come in from the street, and it keeps getting under your feet. You try to avoid it, but you tread heavily on it, and it yelps piteously. Your sister starts to cry, and so do you.