

Felix – dream at the first mooring

You are swimming in your own river, the gentle Hurler, tributary of the mighty Rhine. The water is warm and clear. Fish swim around you, some with human-like faces. Through the water you can hear the muffled sounds of fighting, on the bank: but it is none of your concern. Those who must fight, will fight. She who dyes the sand red will have her tribute.

There is blood in the water, now: it swirls and glistens around you. You see that the fish are drinking it. You know that you must not do the same. You will have to leave the water, back out into the cold air. You don't want to – but then a hooked spear catches you in your side, and you are pulled painfully towards the surface. You wake suddenly, clutching yourself where the wound should be.