

## The Intuitive Story - Glastonbury 1964

I'm typing on a typing machine, an office with lots of people work there too with me, numbers, and I hear the sound of lots of typing machines also. I'm wearing a suit, it's some kind of company, a bank, we work for a bank, a huge cooperated job, I have a lot of numbers in my mind, lots of paper on my desk, i don't have high position. I lost my friends, right now I don't feel connection to them anymore, I don't feel the connection to the work I'm doing either, I work here long, I mean real friends from the past, that know me very well, it's not that I lost them physically, just in my mind, in the sense that I don't feel any affection to them anymore. They seem dull in a way. Loveless, and there's no... I don't feel the warmth of friendship anymore, I don't know if I ever felt it.

You know how it is. I have classes, a lot of classes, a lot of students, a lot of work. But I enjoy it. I am one of the lucky ones – I love my job and I love my students. Since I moved from Bournemouth to London- I have not looked back. I enjoy the busy atmosphere of the city. Sometimes I miss the quiet of the forest and the lake in Glastonbury. And I miss my daughter and my grandchildren- sweet little monsters- they love to pull my hair. Haha. Darlings...

I am leaving my office and as I enter the corridor I bump into a student. His coffee spills on his white shirt. As the guy turns, I apologize and try to find a handkerchief. But he says: **It is alright... But I have an exam today...** The poor guy. I eye him up and down- black pants and a white shirt that has a stain now, a tie. Black shoes- polished. - His Sunday outfit, I am sure. And I ruined it. He looks young- maybe like 21. He is expected to look proper at his exam. I feel bad. I have a white shirt in my office. You could wear it for the exam. **It is alright**, he replies barely audible. It is not alright. He seems to be quite nervous- does not want to disturb me. He has red cheeks. Let me fix it, please. Who is examining you? **Mr. Taylor.** I nod and ask him to come into my office. He follows hesitantly. On the walls there are hanging a lot of photographs of the cult. He looks at them curiously- he is especially enchanted by a picture of the lion statue with male and female genitals. And he likes the pictures of the cave – I think they are mesmerising him a little bit. **Where is that?** quiet voice. In Glastonbury...It looks like magic, right? It is magic... I open the cupboard and take a white shirt out and give it to him.

Standing on hard mud, old floor, not made of anything, solid soil, earth, wearing sneakers, brown, old shoes, I think I'm a man, it's indoor, very dark, light a Zippo, I got it from my father. The room is not what expected, I expected stone wall and empty room but it's very stuffed with furniture, it's a living place, there was somebody living there 30 years ago, still stuff on the table and old books, all dusty. Sitting on a wooden stool on the corner. Found a candle, I light it up. I feel ok, kind of excited, like to explore the space. There's a **bird** in the kitchen, it came from a window I didn't see, she's trapped in the kitchen, and she can't find the window. I try to get something for her to eat or drink so she will get used to my presence. But she's very shy, she is very upset, sitting or jumping in a pan, but it's empty and she has nothing to eat and she's breathing heavily, but now I took some water and I get it to her but she's shy and doesn't drink. I explore the kitchen, it looks like someone used it in the summertime, now it's autumn, there are some old yellow pictures on the wall, but it's hard to see the color is faded, young people, parents, mother with children, still some plates and cups on the table, made of plastic like for children, colored, and also a fireplace, but the burned wood and the place before is dark and dirty, there were some flowers on the top of the fire place and they're dry. The bird is on the table, exploring the place like me, so I just open the window, it's old it's not easy but I made it, the bird doesn't notice yet.

The square and the street are further away, there are some trees and behind there's a hill, I'm going there, **Storch** is flying over me. And I go up the hill, it's a bit windy, and the way leads around the hill in circles till I'm there. now I'm at the top. It's nice looking down, there's a house on the top, just one house, like a wooden tower, and on the other side there's a lake, and the house looks a bit like a house of a witch in a fairy tale, and Storch is sitting on the roof, and I think she thinks about making a home there, and when I look to the lake I see other hills from above on the other side of the lake and then I go inside the house there are stairs and on the top a window, and I hear Storch from there above me, and from there I can see the street where I came from. All very little. It's my first time in the house, I live in one of the house down there, and my name is **John** and i feel older. It's cozy here at the top of the tower house, orange brown light, nothing much, just the hole I can go down with a ladder. Perfect for thinking and writing. I can see clouds, same height as me. I think maybe there's an old woman living here alone. She's not here. I feel good here on the top. Maybe I will eat sth. I need to go down to the kitchen.

There're some chicken, I can eat them, I can replace them, I don't think she will say anything if I won't eat everything. It's dry, I like it, I think she made it. There some chickens outside, its pity for the chicken but it's delicious. There're also sheep outside, it's a nice atmosphere. There are some people outside, here and there, single people not as a group, lying on the grass, taking a sunbath, observing the sheep, and a little house for the chicken. One woman is from Russia, but she speaks very good English. I can call her Nastia. She wonders what this house is, I say it's from a friend and if she likes she can go there and we go in. And I show her the room on the top and Storch is coming back and sits on the window. She takes Storch's legs and Storch is flying away and she's hanging on her legs, Storch must be very strong. I'd like to do it too. Storch is coming back and we try, no it's not a good idea, I need better clothes... there are some clothes in the house; I think I can borrow them, it's women's clothes but doesn't matter. I try. I'm falling down a little but Storch is strong enough and I'm flying down the hill about 5 meter above the ground, I'm falling down in the water at the lake, she couldn't hold me anymore. I'm some meters under the water, swimming back above and going out the water lying on the grass, letting me dry with the sun. I was a little bit scary but I'm glad I did it. Storch is sitting next to me. There's a path I'm not sure where it leads, one way leads back to the hill, the other to a forest, I think I go to the forest. Storch is following me, flying above me. And there's a fox, observing me, he thinks I don't see him, it's a bit cold in the forest but not too cold. I'm still in these women's clothes, a bit wet but not too wet. The fox has a family, smaller foxes too, I'm going further to a hill, made of rock, I can look down to the houses and going down a path, and on the ground there's a cave, and Storch asks me not to go inside but I'm curious.

In the forest again. Now I'm 18 years old and i'm a forest guy or sth like this, I look a bit like the big guys who found me when I lost my parents. I'm not so big though, i have the raincoat and the boots but they're bound to my belt, and I'm hunting with bow and arrow. I'm quite good at it now, not outstanding good but enough to make a living. I didn't hunt anything yet today. There's nothing happening. When it's like this, I take a break, drink something, relax for a moment and move on again. I feel the **Deer**, she sees me, she's not scared of me, to be honest I'm scared of her, maybe she knows why I'm here. Animals like her should be hunted down but she's not scared, looking right at me. I ask myself this sometimes, like, why I'm here. Not every time I have answers. I'm moving on. Didn't catch something. But I'm not bothered about that. The town

where I'm living is more populated than when I was a kid, feels over full, I'm thinking about leaving this place.

I just left my parents' house in a town near London, but I don't like that town. I have sth to do, I need to get to the city, I have an appointment, with a person I don't know yet, but I want to get to know. I'm **Paul**. I think it's a woman. We meet at the university's cantina. I just started study City Architecture. I'm on the third semester, but I don't know if it's the right thing for me, but the woman is like, she's studying not like me but we've met each other on the first year, we had two classes together, she's like sth about design, product design, so we started drawing lines and circles to get used to, was fun, nice to see her working because she has this wild dark blond hair and she doesn't use wax or sth to fix it, just a pen to tie it up, but it's not like a date, we're just learning together, I don't know if it was the right decision to meet at the cantina, maybe we just want to have coffee. So I go to the bus station. It's pretty early, two hours before and it takes me one hour to get there, I like sitting in the bus, it's the only thing I like about this town.

I'm in the cave there's a lioness. She is still quite young, her feet are still bigger and she's still a bit clumsy. Her name is **Adella**. I feel ok, I want to touch Adella, but I'm not so sure. Yes, I can touch her, I touch her head and behind the ear. She likes it. Adella says I should take a bottle from the lake and write sth on a piece of paper that is in the bottle. The lake is in the cave. There's some kryptonite or animal or fish that start glowing when I get into the water. The bottle is turquoise color and there's a small rolled paper inside, its old paper maybe from another century. There's a riddle on it, I need my glasses, I take it out of my jacket. The riddle says: "Over here. Goodbye" and I should write my name on it. My name is **Nils**. I'm a man. I'm 50. And a scientist, I work in the university and it's my first time here, I came because I heard of this place and wanted to study sth in the cave but now Adella says I should write my name and put the bottle back in the water. I have a pen my mom gave me when I graduated from school. I did it and put the bottle back. The water is really glowing when I touch it. I wear hiking shoes and trekking pants but I have an old corduroy jacket cause I don't like to look too sporty, I also have a tie, I don't like to leave the house without a tie. I want to look proper also when I have hiking shoes. Casue I'm a scientist. I left Bournemouth to London I wasn't happy there, I like the sea, that's why I moved there and I like the people but I also want to experience sth new, my colleagues are so boring, they are much like me, and quite wretched, and I'm also quite wretched but... I was married and my wife left me. I heard about this cave so I wanted to see it

and experience some magic and escape my life in Bournemouth, I think she has a lover but she doesn't say anything about it but... Adella looks at the water, she saw a fish, she's hangry and she says either I take a fish and give it to her or we'll go out, but I'm not so good at finishing and also there are more people out there and they're having a party, I can hear it loud over the lake and there're lights, i think it's sunny. I'd like to go there also, I get pretty chilly.

Barefoot, i'm a man, about 40. I wear dark grey pants, it's daylight, forest, very few trees, the air is spring time, warm but not too much, a bit windy. Sitting on a piece of chopped down tree, inviting an animal, a female squirrel, her name is Suzy, she's cute, adult, she wants sth to eat, I have an apple, but she's not interested.

Suzy is moving and I'm following, she's going through the forest to a more sunny spot where there's more grass and a house made of wood, someone built it himself, she wants me to go inside, it looks very old as if there will be no one in it, it's a bit spooky. Reaching the door, it's open, there're very few things inside, a bed and an oven, small chair, small table, all looked like somebody made it out of wood, lots of books and written journals, there's a little window above the table, but it feels as if I intrude somehow, like somebody was there not so long ago and they might come back. Suzy is outside waiting, she tells me to pick up a pen, old ink pen, and take it with me, I want to go outside, I'm standing in front of the house, Suzy is on my shoulder, tells me to go straight ahead, outside the forest there's a trail that leads out of the forest, and the weather changed, it's getting grey, a bit chilly, and rain is coming now also.

It's dark in the cave but I have a lighter. I'm going down and there's some very small passages I can crawl through, and some crystals, lighting, I don't need the light anymore. I go down, there's a hole, very deep but there's a path leading down and on the ground there's water and another way, I'm going through it and there's sth made by human, like in a tunnel of a tube, and I take the path, the tube turns it's quite a long way but just one direction. Storch is following me, I hear her stepping through the water, she's a bit afraid, there are rats, but otherwise it's very quiet, just water and the rats, and it leads to another hole, very deep and dark and the water is running down and circling, and I can walk around the hole, I can't see the bottom of the hole its too deep, and above me there's a little light, leading very high, I'm in a spring Brunnen. I think I should climb up. Storch is faster than me, she flies and says I should follow. When I'm looking out I'm on another hill, a mountain, rock, very grey place, and I can see the hill where I was far away, I'm on

the big rock inside the forest, I'm a little bit sweaty, it was hard to climb up. I'm afraid of the height. It would be hard to climb down. I breathe and watch the clouds getting darker. Storch is circling in the air, it's raining now. I like the water, the rain, touching my face, I think it's just good to sit here. The fox, maybe he has a problem because of the little foxes. He has no wife, and I think he has a problem raising the kids, Storch could help I think, my part is not so important, maybe it's on me to think about sth, how to help. We could bring the kids to the city but I'm not sure it's a good idea. Storch said she found his wife but she's dead, someone shot her with an arrow. We can't find another wife for him, so Storch should bring the babies to the city. I think I can help raising the little foxes, if fox lets me. I'm climbing down but fox doesn't hear me, I need Storch to ask him, to help him. Fox brings some food to the babies but I think they need milk, he's nice and Storch says that he's ok if she brings the babies to my home, but he's very sad too. He says goodbye to his babies. And he leaves, he doesn't want to see them go away. And he disappears in the forest. I take a piece of the clothes of the old woman I borrowed, I'm tearing it to make a bag for the foxes. And Storch is taking them in the air and flying to the city. I thought for a moment maybe it's a good idea to bring them to the old ladies' house, because I live in a house on the street, not sure maybe with the sheep and the chicken, and I'm shouting to Storch to come back because I had a decision problem and I think it's better to take them to the old woman's house. She flies back and takes them to the woman's house. I'm walking back, it's not so close, I need some time and it's getting dark.

Looking at my feet I'm wearing shoes, I'm a kid now, I'm alone, I think I'm searching for someone, my parents, there's maybe a hunting trip and I lost my connection to the group. The deer is coming to be with me. I've been alone for a few hours now. I'm walking around the cave, I know this cave, same cave I'm going to live in later when I'm older. I just stay here to stay safe, and wait for them to find me. I have a backpack with something to eat and drink, blanket, and there's a bow for hunting. I don't really know how to use it, I made it. I don't know my name yet. I'm not hungry, just a bit cold. It's sunset time.

Later that night, I'm still in the cave. Still alone. I like being here. I hear some steps, but I don't know if it's an animal or a human. I'm trying to check outside and not making noise. I can't see anything, it's too far away and too dark, but I hear where it's coming from. It's getting quieter, further away, I will try to take a look. I'm walking towards the sound. In the forest. Now it stopped. I think it's an animal, now it's running very fast. But I see a little fire light between the

trees. It's a lamp. Maybe these are people who're searching me. I'm running towards it and trying to stay fast but not tumble down. Yeah, these aren't my parents but I know these forest-people from the group. They were searching for me. I feel not so scared anymore. I feel relieved. Two big guys with raincoats and boots. They're nice to me, also speaking very loud. I think I'm quite quiet child. They also hear the animal but they don't have to go after it but they're interested in the sound. But they know it's better to take me back to my parents now.

There's a spring Brunnen and a woman, she looks very... with a red bright cape or a jacket, maybe she made it herself, she's getting water in a bucket, it feels like the 18<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> century, I'm not sure it's Glastonbury 1964. She sees me also, I'm still a man in my 40's, I'm also tall, big feet, I'm very strong, when I'm moving I have a lot of energy, she's a bit nervous to see me, as if I caught her somehow, like maybe she's stealing or sth, it could be her house, Suzy tells me to help her to get the water, so I go over to her and I see that she has 4 or 5 wooden buckets to get water in, and I start to help her, I can see that her leg looks deformed or maybe some kind of a wooden leg, she's not walking normally, she's limping a bit, but she's younger than me, maybe in her 30's, I feel she's a bit nervous, maybe not used to talk to people. It's her house and I feel bad cause I've stolen her pen, but I'm not telling her, and I'm helping her to get the water. she has vegetable and herb in the backyard, so she needs the water. I'm watching her watering the flowers and veg but the water is very dirty, she has a long hair, she looks like a woman in a fairy tale maybe, she can't move very quickly because of her leg. I feel like I should go and leave her alone, it seems like she doesn't feel comfortable with me being there and watching her. I'm leaving, but another path this time, not the one from before. It's also in the forest but another trail, and I go up a little hill or maybe, big grey rocks, Suzy is on my shoulder, it seems that she's scared, nervous, she tells me there's something behind that huge rock, but I'm going anyway, and I feel tense now, because Suzy is nervous, don't know if I should continue but I'm also very excited at the same time to see what's there. I come a lot to nature, it's not strange to me, but this place feels familiar and foreign at the same time, I have a bag with apples, I carry them on my back in a very old carrier you put on. I'm still climbing the big rock, still barefoot, it's a small village, it has a wall build around it and I can see smoke, maybe there's big fire they made, I don't think something is burning, I can hear children voices, I don't have children.

I follow the deer deeper into the woods, then after dark space of needle trees there's a field again and there's a campsite. Big Tippy tents made of leather, big fireplace, people are working,

some chopping trees, making like building a shelter for the horses, but I see no horses. I'm standing about 600m from there. I've been here before, I'm older now again maybe 24. I get closer along the tree line, it's better, not being seen. I'm moving between broken trees and circling around the field to get a better look, barefoot, its ok for me, it's not a thing. I'm closer now, I can see the faces of the people, some are inside the tents, and there are roads and footprints and cars prints. The earth is very muddy, and turned ground, like they're about to grow things there. I don't know how I feel about them, men and women and there's no big different in the clothing, they wear old used raff material, looks like old potato sacks. The deer is behind me. She doesn't like this place. She looks like she's ready to run to the woods. I want to see more of this campsite. I'm walking in and they can see me now. They're very busy working, they dry meat I think, and there's a big cooking place, I see also children now, two guys saw me but gave me no reaction, as if I belong here, but they also don't greet me so I don't know if they know me or not. Am i working here...? I'm walking behind the tents, taking a watch between the tents and the paths, what the people are doing, inside the tents there're packed stuff, like lots of textile bond together, and wool, and tools, like axes. Like they're preparing for sth. I can ask one of the guys in the entrance, the wood-worker with the big hat, I would ask him, he looks friendly. I called him, he's friendly but has not much time, I asked him what they are working for. He says they want to make the place bigger, build more, I think they want to raise up their standards, they want to stay. I don't think they want to live here, it's more like a factory or sth.

I follow the party noise in the forest, people outside, having barbeque and wear colorful clothes and they're dancing and playing music and there's a wooden statue with a lion's head, and the body is both man and a woman, it has both genital and it has arms, 4 arms on each side, and the fingers make Yoga sign. They are also chanting, not sure it's Indian or sth language I don't know. One is playing the mandolin and a flute, they look very different form the people I usually meet. It's a very vast area and hard to say how many people, some sit and have a picnic and the trees surround it, some sit in the trees, others on the grass, some in the cave, there's also a house, many many, 50 people or more. It's my first time here, they look a bit surprise because I look so different. There's one woman my age, now I see more.... They have long grey hair, and beards, the man also have very colorful clothes, pink and yellow and orange, some of them wear little cups, some smoke I think weed. It's really warm, summer, it's daylight, I'm warm in my coat, birds are singing. I would like to talk with a young blond woman, she has pink pants, and an



yellow orange top, and no shoes, she has Indian bracelet around her feet, she about 20 and looks very nice. She reminds me of my daughter, she look very familiar to me....actually... she is my daughter. How come I didn't recognize her?? I didn't see her for a few months, she left the house and I didn't know where, I was really worried, so now I'm very happy but also angry that she just left. I didn't know she's here. She did not tell us anything, and actually it also destroyed the relationship with my wife, we fought all the time... I was angry that she wanted to get married with a guy that had already 3 other wives, and she wanted to join this cult and I said no, and then she just left, but now I found her. She didn't see me yet. I want to go to her but I'm a bit scared. But I'm going to her, I want to know why she just left. She should also apologize to me, yeah... she saw me now, but she's not so happy I'm there, ohhh... she shouts and makes a sign to the others and they all stare at me and she left into the house. So I follow her to the house. I'm in front of the house, Adella followed me and she's getting in so I follow her. Now I'm standing behind my daughter, and, I don't know what to say... We look at each other.. Oh, it hurts. She's not my little girl anymore... I want to take her in my arms but she looks like a stranger as well. I ask why she ran away and who's her husband, but she doesn't want to speak with me. The older woman I saw before asks me to come to another room with her, she gives me a cup of tea and she's the mother of the man my daughter married to. She's very friendly and nice. And she has really blue eyes, I can see the universe in her eyes, it's strange, I think there's something in the tea... I feel quite tickly, ☺ I don't know what she put inside but yeah ☺ things are not so horrible anymore, but it tastes good and I want to drink more, now it's too late anyway ☺ I feel tired and dizzy but also happy. She shows me a bed and I can lie down there, in the corner there's a small globe, and she puts on some music and lays next to me and Adella is also on the bed, I hear the other people outside laughing and the woman is touching me. It's too much, I don't want this, so I stand up and say I want to speak with my daughter. Outside the room, my daughter is sitting at the table with 3 women, and they are wiring sth, like some sign, a star-flower or sth, and a big eye inside, they're wiring it from 4 sides. I ask my daughter to speak with her. She stands up and takes my hand and we go outside and sit on a bench. she has a dress now, and also a coat, and she opens it and I see she's pregnant. I think we jumped in time. it's spring now, still cold, the flowers are a bit frozen as well... I wasn't there all the time, I was also in London but I came to visit. I feel much better about this place, the people are nice, I come quite often but like a tourist, I don't live here, I go to see my daughter. And it's nice but it's not a home, I need a structure and they don't have this. On my last visit I discover I really like photographing so now I take a camera

with me and make a lot of pictures. I like the colorful clothes but I don't want to wear them. Only when I'm here sometimes but not in London. She's gonna have twins. I've also met her husband.

I'm in a house with one of the woman of the village, white beautiful dress and long hair, lots of food on the table and all the children around me, lots of them, and a few men also, they all seem very interested in me, they're nice, but I don't want to tell them anything cause I feel they also have a secret even though they seem very nice and show hospitality they seem like they have a secret so I don't tell them anything about me. I tell them that I came to the forest from a big city to find myself. There's a sort of a shrine. Candles and flowers, and crystals, it drew my attention because it makes the room brighter, it has a religious atmosphere. The woman who invited me to the house notices that I notice the shrine and tells me that If I want to know more she can take me to the place where I can get answers, because I'm looking for myself, or to find myself, I also feel like I lost something, like I lost a lot of information and people in my life.

She's taking my hand and leading me outside of the house, also out of the village, now it's a bit darker, I can't see everything, the light is blueish, and she's taking me to a little river, very small, stream of water, she's giving me sth, it looks like a pill maybe, she wants me to take it, and drink the water from this little stream, it's very cold but it taste very clear water, and somehow I trust this woman, I don't feel like she would or could be bad or... now I feel very calm and I don't feel like a stranger anymore, and she's showing me a little journal book or sth and tells me that she wasn't able to write for a long time but she carries this book with her anyway because she thinks maybe one day she'll get an idea, and then she'll start writing, and she's handing me one journal with blank pages as a gift. The river is now bigger, and she wants me to swim in it, or maybe just go inside and let my body and my... just go with the stream of the water, and I go inside and it's very cold but doesn't feel too cold, and I can lay on my back and I have the feeling the water will bring me to somewhere safe somehow.

I float in the water for a while, then get out as I see kind of a little beach.

In the distance I can see a man, younger than me.

He is wearing a strange shirt & holding a jacket. He is in the water with his feet.

As I go towards him I can see that he is much younger than me. He holds his jacket and his shoes in his hands. He is smiling as I say hello.

He greets me, I learn that his name is John and he tells me about a stork that was his companion, but now is gone to help some foxes.

As he sees Suzy sitting on my shoulder he smiles and reaches out to her. Suzy quickly runs over to John & he caresses her. It feels like he has a way with animals. I tell him that and he tells me about his childhood. John tells me that he is looking for his father and that he lost his mother and misses them a lot. I show him the photo of my loved one and tell him that I know what it feels like to lose someone. John seems wise for his age, but his eyes are those of a little boy. He asks me where I'm from and I tell him about London and my job, and that I came here to find myself. About the village and the people who live there.

I don't tell him about the pen. I still feel bad about taking it.

But then John says he also met an old lady and took her shirt.

I tell him about the secret I sensed in the village and his eyes start to sparkle. **Secret?**

I tell him about the shrine and the children & the young women who led me to the stream of water where I floated right to here.

**That sounds nice**, he says. **Sounds like a big family**. I can hear sadness and at the same time happiness in his voice. We are hungry and decide to get up and find some food. I tell him about the apples I had but left them in the village not far from here. **Let's go there**, John says. **I already had chicken, apples sound nice**.

I'm in a group of people, we're going somewhere to work outside, feels like foreigners, physical work for sure, I'm in Glastonbury but somewhere I don't know, and I also don't really know the people, I'm new in the factory work. We're a big group in a line, walking on a road, wide fields left and right, we're not working in the fields, we're about to meet other people, to trade, changing stuff, we're over 50 people, all different ages and looks, the weather is not so good, very windy and very rainy, there are also people who has problem with carrying their stuff, they're falling behind, they can't take it anymore, but each one has stuff of his own stuff to carry. We reach the meeting point, both caravans meet each other. there's a group of other people, they have cars with stuff on them, but we lost too much of our stuff so we can't make the deal and they canceled. I don't talk with the other people, they have a fight and somebody is separating them, I take a step back, I know people from both groups. I don't know what we're trading, but it's very expensive, we can't use it for our interest, something like that. I don't really understand. There's an argument. It's escalating and comes to a fight again and the other group is badly hurt. We rob their cars so they lose their stuff and cannot come back. Lysander has to help reload the caravans and take their valuables from the strangers. Many of the strangers are

badly hurt, some don't move at all. The caravans begin to move with the stuff while the others are busy with trying to protect their valuables or taking care of their wounds. The caravans use the opportunity and flee. The others can't hold on and fall off the caravans piece by piece. Lysander is not allowed to help them or to hold the caravans. Everything must happen in fast Tempo. They cry for help but Lysander is not allowed to help. The group is on its way back, celebrating each other for victory. The others did not stand a chance. They were too many, too violent, and too armed.

It's night and we made a camp. Lysander knows that they are not far from the place of the conflict. Lysander waits until everyone sleeps and steals things for first aid. When he arrived at the place at night, many people disappeared. He follows the tracks in the forest and finds cold bodies along the way. Finally, he finds a group that he can nurse. The group is mixed with members of both caravans. Those who stayed behind and meant something to him have disappeared. One of the two caravans is the group of the factory. The other is a closed, isolated system, the cult.

I leave my house secretly to go out finding my father. My mother doesn't know, I'm going. She would be upset. I'm very hungry, too. My father didn't come back since yesterday. On my path after some miles, I hear noises. So I go into the trees and bushes, so nobody can see me, I wouldn't want them to tell my mother, I was here. It's the camp with tipis. I can't see my father anywhere. I smell delicious food from a campfire. I'm coming out of the trees, passing the sunlight. I hope, nobody will recognize me. A bearded man recognizes me. He has a delicious piece of chicken meat in his hand, taking a bite. He offers me something, I want to grab it, but he takes it away and laughs. The other men around the fire laughs, too. So I grab a whole piece of chicken from the fire and run away. The bad man runs after me, to the trees. His attention stops, after he sees an arrow in front of him. I hear the sound of the flying arrow. But I can't hesitate, I need to run, as long as he doesn't decide to come after me. After some miles, I come to a stream on a clearing. I sit down at the stream, washing my hands, starting to take a bite of the chicken. Then I hear footsteps. It's a stranger, an adult, smiling. He takes down his bow and his bag of arrows. It look like the arrow, which landed in front of the bad man. He looks at my chicken. I offer him half of it, but he just takes a quarter, gives me back the rest. **Thanks** he says. I say nothing. But I feel safe. After a while he stands up, walks some meters, stands and turns, looking

at me. I follow. We come to a cave at the middle of a mountain. It's quite cosy inside. He tells me, he lives here, because I prefers nature instead of humans. It is getting dark. He lets me sleep on the fur and he sleeps sitting in a corner. The next morning, after eating some bread and fish, I tell him that I was looking for my father. He offers me his help. So we go outside to the town. On the way, he asks me how my father looks like. I give him a short description of his appearance. I tell him, he is a wood cutter or something like that and that my mother is doing all the work by her own now. I tell him that my father used to write. He wanted to be a writer, but he had so much work to do. That was the price for being independent of other people, to live in harmony with the nature. The stranger tells me that it would be bullshit. Everybody can do whatever he or she wants. Life would be not so complicated and in the strangers ears it sounds like he felt to live his own life without a family. I think that's not true. I think, something happened. The stranger doesn't believe it, but he will help me. When we arrive at the town, there is a festival going on.

I was late for the train at Paddington station and rushed through the crowd in the main entrance hall. It was Friday afternoon and everyone was on the way home or getting out of the city for the weekend. I think I even slapped accidentally someone's meal out of his or her hand. Nevertheless, I got to my compartment, right next to the restaurant compartment. I really had to get a beer, it was a very shitty day at university, I had an argument with a professor, and I think it was something about traffic development in London city or so. Or maybe it was about waste disposal, I don't know, London was and will be always a fucking construction site. So I didn't even got to my reserved seat, I went straight to the restaurant compartment and ordered a pint of cold and tasty London porter. The compartment was crowded but there were still some free spots to sit. But I just wanted to sit at the bar counter. Then, as I watched the other passengers, I spotted that strange old guy. He looked so familiar, but I couldn't remember from where I knew him. He had those weird clothes on, very colourful and not at all like London people dress themselves. And then he spotted me too. For a brief moment we looked directly at each other. I immediately turned my head to my beer and thought "oh no, please don't sit next to me, hell no!" But he didn't. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him still sitting there. But I started to drink the beer a little bit faster and left to my compartment when I was finished.

I was just taking a nap after reading through one chapter of a book about Glastonbury myths and legends, when the compartment door opened and he entered and walked towards me. He

pointed at my book and said something about having the same destination goal. I replied with some phrase I can't remember and yawned. In that moment I figured out who he was. He was a professor from my university everyone was talking about at that time. And I met him before. I think it was some months ago, I can't remember in what circumstance, but I talked to him and he told me something about minerals and caves and who knows what else. But he was so different then, with his suit, kind of sweaty and restless. Now he was the exact opposite. He asked me about Glastonbury and why I wanted to go there. I found out that he is going to visit the same town festival. And then he remembered me too, he wasn't sure either before, if he knew me. I asked him if he wants to take a seat and he did. And then he went on telling about his daughter, how she mentioned this event in Glastonbury and how she changed his life and it was just for a brief moment, when he mentioned "that new group" he got to know, when I was thinking, "what is he talking about? Does he mean Hippies or what?", and where I had a feeling that it was a mistake talking to him. He asked me if we want to have a beer together and I immediately thought that the train ride is going to take about eight hours. So I agreed. Emptying half of his beer in one sip, when I just started to drink mine, he went on talking about life and how short it was and that he is letting his wife go. Because she filed for divorce and he thought he never would get over that. But he was very committed starting a new life with a new woman. And then he went on talking about the war in Vietnam and politics and the peace movement. That old guy, I thought he was so conservative before was more idealistic than I was at that time. On the one side I thought, maybe he gave up on something he did not tell me yet, because he seemed kind of relieved. But on the other side I had a feeling that he regret something. I wanted to ask him about that, but I thought he would talk about it himself, he just needed another beer. So I ordered another round. We had a long way to go.

Street, in front of the market. Lysander is in front of me. I'm following him. At the market, I see the center, open space where people walk. I scan the place. The people, he told me how his dad looks like, so i do a fast scan. It's not something that happens often to me, having a kid attached to me, so it feels a bit strange, maybe that's why i want to find the dad pretty fast, i'm not annoyed but i think it's really not my comfort zone, but i don't want to leave him alone so... i'm working in front of a house, my hands are dirty, sand, it's a house where i live in now with a family, not my family, it's in the town, where the festival is, i don't live with the cult at the village in the forest, but the people i live with are also from the cult. The house is very close to the

market, i can see the festival. I'm working in the garden. I live in Glastonbury but not with a full heart. I'm also pretty new here, i know some places in the market but not the people, i go here for special meetings, buy things or so. I feel lonely in this crowd, and confused, and yes... that's how i feel. And i asked people, if someone saw my father, but i have no.... Nobody took me seriously, i'm pretty dirty, my clothes are smelling a little bit, trouser and t-shirt. I'm in the market, watching a fire artist and he puts a flame into his mouth, and breathing fire, i think it's very fascinating and i recognize him from the cult actually, so i ask Paul if we should go and greet him, and Paul and i are quite drunk so when we go i feel quite tipsy and i bump into some people and they are not so happy about it, i think many of them are actually foreigners, tourists in this place and all thought i drank a lot i still want to drink more so now it's a decision if we should go and look for some more alcohol or go and talk with the guy who spits fire but he's in the middle of his show so i don't want to disturb so that's why maybe, yeah.. I just want another drink. I saw a place where they serve beer and a woman is standing behind the bar and she has blond hair and blue eyes, a bit like my daughter but it's not my daughter, i think Paul thinks she's quite attractive so i want to set them up and i ask Paul if we should go there and we go to the woman. I think it's nice for Paul to have a date with her so i tell him he should go and buy the beers and i'm standing on the side and watching but not too obvious cause it would be quite embarrassing as well, and i have trouble standing on my feet, i'm nearly falling to the ground but, i still want to drink something. I'm feel very light, like i'm floating, above the market, i'm kind of in this stream of people which are pushing me towards the stage and yes, so, Nils kind of motivated me to talk with this woman, i feel... yeah, i feel good about it, because i think it's a nice day and i have to take the chance and i feel very motivated by this guy i just met, so, i don't even need to drink another beer to talk to her, so, but i try to get to the stage and i know Nils is kind of watching me. I just watch the woman, i think she has red hair, like dark brownish red hair, but she's still on the stage and i watch her performance, and someone beside me talks to me and asks me where i'm from but i don't really listen to him because it's so loud and i only think how will i approach this woman on the stage, and that moment she looks at me or my direction i'm not sure and this guy next to me, he sees that i'm staring at the woman and he say he knows her, but i kinda don't believe him or sth so i'm going to where it's not so crowded next to the stage and i decide to buy two drinks, like maybe for Nils and me, and when i try to get back to Nils i see the woman near the stage and kind of disappearing in the crowd so i'm thinking about following her and just invite her for a drink so i go to her direction and Nils saw that, where i'm heading to and i think

its ok, but, yeah, so, i'm heading to the crowd and trying not to spill the beer. She notices me but she looks like... she has similar clothes like Nils, a lot of people in this festival, and she asks me directly if that beer is for her, she was reading what i wanted to do on my face, we have a chat, i ask her about where she's coming from, is she from town? I was thinking about, because i don't know the people here, maybe the best plan is to put that kid on my shoulder and walk a bit in the market and if someone knows him, they will maybe, that's how we can find his father and we also need to find people that are living here and just to ask them, i don't know, maybe places he could be. I can see Lysander and John. I recognize John from my trip-dream, it feels strange but also familiar and good at the same time. I'm still in the garden. I don't know Lysander yet. I'm not sure if this is his father or not. I see Leo, i see this man staring at the boy, and i ask John if he recognize him, and i just walk over to Leo. I can't find my father. When Lysander comes to Leo and asks him if he knows me, i recognize something familiar from Leo, but i don't know him and i ask if he knows where my dad is. I say i don't know but i can help them find him because i know this town, and they look a bit, not lost, but lonely, even though they're together. Your father is a writer right? Actually he worked as a wood-cutter but writing was his dream. Where do young and upcoming writers would go, or making money out of it? Maybe there's a library or rooms for artists and writes? A Bar or Cafe where writers meet each other? I tell them about the village where all the people write their journals and also there's some kind of secret about the leader, that i don't know yet, but maybe we could go together. It's been about 6 or 8 weeks since i did this ceremony in the river. I think i want to stay and talk to the woman, but on the other side, i feel i left Nils, so i ask her if she wants to come with me to the crowd and meet him, but she kind of says she has to get ready for her next performance, the stage is at the end of the market so maybe, yeah, we just say goodbye for the moment and maybe see each other later that day or tomorrow, so i try to get back to Nils but i can't find him anymore. I felt very tired so i decided i should start walking to the village of the cult, i totally forgot that Paul is there, i mean, i invited him but now i totally forgot and i'm quite clumsy so i always have to touch the trees so i won't stumble, and i also see things a bit blurry so sometimes i stumble because i touch a tree but it's only an illusion, and it's quite difficult and the way is long, i didn't think it would be so long, but maybe also i'm so slow, i'm not sure, and yeah... now i'm standing in front of a really beautiful tree and i just want to hug the tree because i have the feeling the tree has a lot of love inside, and i want to take the love from the tree, now im putting my arms around the tree and maybe i can rest a little bit before i continue my way. And in the distance i hear birds and then i



remember Paul because he told me about the little bird that visited him, and oi... the problem is i can't go back to the market, i'm not sure i will find it... and i feel bad because i just left Paul but he will be fine... i hope.. He will find me. I just... need to rest a little bit, maybe i drank too much. It would be nice, actually i feel very hungry, it would be nice to have some food and i have the feeling i smell some food in the distance but i'm not so sure if its my imagination or not and yeah, i think i just need to sit down for a while. We are in the village, and in the middle there's a cutted tree and a statue with a lion's head, and some people are sitting there and thinking and there's a campfire too and it smells like food and i'm hungry and i ask Lysander if he can get some food. I didn't see my father so far but there are people with masks so if he's here, maybe i wouldn't recognize him. This is the village i'm a part of. I'm very welcome, the people approach my guest, especially the little boy john, because there are lots of children and they're excited to see a young boy that they don't know yet. I tell them that he's really hungry, both of them are really hungry, and so they take them inside and give them food and drinks. I know about this place really good but i was never here, i know it because it's in the middle of the woods and it has something to do with the Tippias factory and i investigated it when i walked around but never walked directly in it. In one way i think it's ok, maybe even better, because they live the way they want to and they are able to build a functioning system with this living path and they're in nature and not living damaging life, so for itself it's a really good idea, but on the other hand, yeah... they're just a bunch of people... and that's a bit strange, i just don't know those people and got thrown in too fast... and now i'm finding myself in a house of stranger people and i'm surrounded by them but... yeah, they are not threatening to me so maybe i can calm down or sth.. I'm kind of lost but i don't feel bad, i feel very good, but it's the end of the song and it's getting very... the crowd is leaving and i was dancing with them but i start to feel a bit dizzy in my head because i drank the last beer too fast and i kind of after the song i kind of leave the crowd and walk to the other end of the market, i have the hope i will find Nils again, but i don't know, but i don't care so much about it if i see him now again or maybe later or tomorrow, so i just walk and i see the old house i visited some months ago, but i don't enter it, and i see like, some other people which are totally, don't dressed like the other people, like young hippies, but also not like normal clothes, they dress like casual and kind of similar, but they look very happy and, i kind of watch them for a while and see them leaving the market and kind of going straight into the beginning of the forest, just enter, and i think what are they doing there, i stand about 100 meter from them, a young group of people, maybe young parents with kids, maybe they just going for a

walk, into the woods, but i don't follow them, i decided first to walk to the other end of the market, i guess that's why i walk there, the music behind me is mixing with the new music from other side, i don't have like a specific goal, just thinking about following the other group while i walk the street i take a look now and i'm not sure if to go after the group or towards the girl. I'm in the village still with John and Lysander, inside the house, i can sense that both of them feel, not scared but not very safe maybe, so i'm thinking about, staying with them, so not leaving them, i don't trust the people in the village 100%, amm, i have an idea maybe the leader of the cult, could know something about John's dad because no one ever sees him, the leader, and i know that everyone in the cult is writing, the writing is very important. I think i decided to go towards the forest because i really have to pee, so i go straight to the grass. It's nice because everyone, you feel so watched by the people and it's so noisy and when i enter the forest, i feel like very free. Because i thought maybe, i put this kid in a strange village, with stranger people, so i got the thought it's not so good in a way of safety so i think i should be aware, and keep an eye on him, and them, their faces, and sense if there's something strange, i feel very on guard. I feel very safe, i think i drank something wrong and i feel dizzy, i feel like going out and scream in the village, and these nice trees, and i climb up, yeah but i'm not leaving you alone, i'm very fast and Lysander is after me, he catches me so i'm shouting my father's name. If he's here he would hear me now. I hear some loud shouting and i wake up, i think i fell asleep, now i wake up, and i realize i left Paul, alone. I stand up and walk towards the city center again, and on my way i see a small boy running very fast and a man is running behind him and i have to smile it looks so funny, and i try to run with them but i'm too slow, i fall down, and then i stand up but it's also so cozy so a lay down again. It's close to sunset time. I'm confused about the lion's head in the village because my name is Leo... a strange connection now, it's not the first time i see it but now it hits me, only now that i shown other people the village, and yeah...

John is running away into the woods. For some reason he is very hyped. I run after and catch him. While I hold him he is screaming his father's name. I smell something from his mouth. Now I see his red cheeks. I'm curious and ask him if he is drunk or did drink from a strangers cup. It's funny for me at first to see this drunken hysteric kid, but after a moment he still doesn't come down and I see real fear in his eyes. I remember when I was lost in his woods as a child and searching for my father also. I remember that I wished somebody will come along and help me. Like a hero out of nowhere. I don't know how to help him but I will try

to start with the feeling first. Give him the feeling that I really want to help him or that I am friendly anyway. I start to scream his father's name too. He stops and looks at me with big eyes. I scream the name again. I tell him that to yell in two directions could be more effective. He calms down. I don't tell him that I understand his pain and I won't leave him until I reunited him with his dad. I don't tell him that his safety is important to me because I was there where he is now. He tells me that my face is moving. I start laughing while I see his eyes are moving rapidly in a shivery movement. I want him to get sober so I give him water. He tells me that he wants to search his dad. I decide to let him walk it out until he is tired. Than I can just carry him back to the Village.

When Lysander chased John to the forest I stayed in the village for a while. I start talking to the people and for the first time notice a man I've never seen before. He is responsible for the drinks and I ask him about the drink he gave John. He refuses to tell me about it but I notice a little green herb in his pocket. I take the herb and his face turns red. He gathers courage and tells me with confidence: "The Leader Told me to do it, he says. This boy is special, he needs to see the future, this herb will help him."

I run after Lysander. In the distance I can see another man, younger than me, coming towards us. John is now playing in a mud, he seems to be high but is cheerful. He stands up and talks in tongues, looking somewhere in the distance. Now John seems very serious. **Everything will be alright, he says. The girl will meet you , you will meet her again.** I'm far away but I can hear him. **Ever joy at home of you, you are my family. I can see my father.**

Lysander tries to calm him down. Now John is crying. Still looking at the young man in the distance he says **he can feel our pain and our joy at the same time.** And collapses and I'm thinking about

I feel relieved. I'm still standing at the edge of the woods watching all those people walking that path which leads through the forest. I follow them with some space between us. I smell different spices and campfires. I hope it's a campfire and not a fire... Some kid just saw me and fell down on its knees. A young man nods at me with a smile. It's me and him here. Ah and the boy.

We go back to the village. I carry John and Leo is a few meters ahead. Another guy appeared out of nowhere, says his name is Paul. Why am I with this group? While we are walking, I think about that maybe I am making John weak, because I help him. I had nobody when I wished somebody would help me anyways. To be forced being the own support and meeting the tall guys in the coats, I learned that I have to leave the weak to get strong. Maybe I don't help him when I am

with John so I make plans about leaving.

"John, wake up!" I hear from outside. I think, I have fallen into a coma, but I'm not sure.

Suddenly, I see a light. I follow the light. I go through it and I'm in a desert. A lion stands at the horizon and roars. "Follow me," says the lion. I'm following it, but it disappears, I'm running to the horizon. It's hot as hell. But finally I reach the dune, where the lion was standing and now I see a bigger animal, it's half human, half lion, it's a sphinx, it's enormous, it's head reaches the sky. The head is blurry through the atmosphere. I ask for water. But then the head bows down to me, it has the eyes of my father. It opens its mouth, puts out its tongue and the tongue catches me. I'm inside the belly of the sphinx. It's gibbering, sticky. I can't breathe. "Help!" I shout.

"Father! Where are you?" In the dark, I hear my father. "John," he says, "don't look out for me.

I'm here with you, always was." He walks and carries the boy, and I walk with him. I kind of want him to notice me. It's quite dark. I wonder where Nils is. We reach the faircamp, without a warning the red haired woman from the stage is running towards me, totally excited to see me and hugs me. I mean we don't know each other, so I guess she's drunk or smoked something, but she really seems excited to meet me again. The woman says her name is Rose and she really wants to dance with me. She drags me along the way, let go from me and turns in the same move as she disappears behind some people, lurking me with her forefinger to her. I hear some drums and we tend to go there. I just see Rose's back and red hair as I get to her. I am back at her side and she is smiling at me. We dance where a lot of other people are dancing. Rose is a good dancer. I am not. But she doesn't care and gets closer to me. I grab her hip with my left hand, but she grabs mine with both of her hands and our movements synchronize. She presses her lips against my neck and I know she can feel my pulse. Relieved and exhausted, Rose and I sit down at a fireplace. She says she's getting something to eat and wants to invite me. I say she doesn't have to, but she insists to return the favour of buying her a drink in the afternoon. I want to go with her, but she says I should occupy the spot, so I stay. As I wait for her, I see the boy from before waking up through the flames of the fire in front of me. The man who was with him recognizes me and walks towards me. He occupies Rose's spot and I say nothing. I want to know his name.

I don't remember how long I have been sitting here. But it feels really cosy. I must have fallen asleep. It was dark and I heard some strange noises. Above me the sky and the stars. What kind of animal is that? Is it singing or talking? Or complaining? Maybe looking for love? Maybe it is

hurt. It is probably a bird. There is a noise behind a tree, two gleamy eyes- „Adela, you found me. How are you?“ Adela came closer and I pet her behind her ears. „I missed you. You are so big now and - who is that?“ Adela says it is her son and a name I cannot understand. I tell her that I am going to call him Pepe. Pepe came closer timidly. I touch him softly and he curls up in my lap. In the distance I hear some men chatting. A big group of men is approaching and as the first guys pass, I recognize some friends from the cult. They see me and start laughing. „Nils, are you alright? Why didn't you tell us you were coming?“ „But I told you!“ , I answer. „Can you help me up?“ Pepe jumps from my lap, they help me up. „Are you drunk?“ „Not enough.“ , I answer and we all start laughing. The men are singing and happy to return to camp after a long work day at the tippie factory. We are all hungry. I am dreaming of a pastry and maybe some homemade bread with vegetables.

As we reach the house now, I see the boy and the man that was chasing him in the forest. Paul is also there. The others look at me. Why don't i feel so welcome? Kathrin and the twins are sitting at a table, eating, listening to Leo. I sit down next to Kathrin as Leo finishes his words. She gives me a hug and stands up to get me some food. The twins start feeding Pepe. „Aren't you gonna say hello to your granddad?“ They start laughing but don't come to me. The little boys- Barry and Toni - are too busy.

Outside there is a fire and a barbecue. I am so hungry and start eating right away when Kathrin comes back. „You know, we are buying a new property- as we are too many people now...“ Kathrin looks proud. And some other news - I am pregnant again - a girl - I am sure of it. Paul comes to our table. „Professor, there you are. I've been looking for you all over the place.“ „I am sorry. Really. I fell asleep in the forest and then... well, now we are both here. Did you see the house already?“ I wake up at night at the lions statue. There is a fire on the statue and I'm lying on a bed of stones. My ears are hurting. I touch one of my ears and I have blood on my fingers. I think, I must have fallen or is it the pressure of the blood? Lysander is sitting there, too. Nils is looking outside of a window and observing everything. How do I know his name? I finally know who brought my daughter to the cult - the Leo man- founder of the cult. But he does not seem to know it himself either? I look outside the window and although I am drunk, my thoughts are clear as sharp knives. Kathrin must have met Leo and ran away to marry a man of the cult, to have children with and to stay here. Why didn't she tell me? Why didn't my ex wife tell me? It's been a few years now - I grew to like the people of the cult but this Leo is a mystery to me. His stories start in the future and finish in the past, as if he were a time traveller. And I am scared for

the little boy John- he has blood on his ears. What happened to him? Did they do a ceremony- what should that be? Listen or bleed? No- that can't be right. I have to find Kathrin and first I am going to talk with Olaf's mother, the nice old lady here. She went to bed, Kathrin said that she is ill and has a room to herself. I knock on her door, she asks me to enter and I sneak into her room. There is a candle burning. I sit down on a chair, close to the bed. She looks tired and much older than I remembered. „There is a little boy- his ears are bleeding... is that a kind of ceremony?“ „No, don't worry“, she answers. „He took some herbs that caused the bleeding - but it is not dangerous. John is supposed to be a cult leader after Leo renounces. „What happened to Leo? He does not seem to remember he is the leader!“ „Well, it is hard to say. He went on a trip and when he came back, he was not the same anymore.“ I have a vision: I am an adult, standing on top of the snowy mountain, the moon is bright and big shining very high. It's midnight. I see lightnings at the horizon. But I am still a little boy here in this village. I see that man on the mountain, I see Leo with a flower crown on his head 100 meters next to me. A lot of people are following him. They are celebrating something. The moon's shine is the bright shine of emotions, pain, joy, everything around the little boy. It makes me grow. The man absorbs these things like the boy absorbs every feeling around. So everybody around feels relieved. I ask myself, am I the reason for it really? I remember my vision of the sphinx. I begin to realize how unimportant it is to know my father. He is in everyone, he is everywhere and in all things. I realize that I need to accept that. It feels good. I don't care about the blood on my head. I feel alright again. I am ready for everything. Everybody is welcomed to join.

After people started following my ideas i did it too, it took about 4 years till it became a community. The woman, she was the first one believing my words, and she brought the people, i think she was in love with me, or something. It's the woman with the wooden leg. I never really leave and never really stay, i built it with them but i went back and forth, like i had the Office-Leo and the Forest-Leo. I got crazy. I lost touch, my mind split maybe, i'm going back and forth, when i'm back in the office i fall deeper in this pit of feeling shitty in the city and this job and then going away to find answers about myself and finding myself but i don't believe what i find, don't believe them and what they say, about love, i don't buy these words, i don't feel belong or any connection to this place, i don't trust them, anyone, everytime again, and they know it already, maybe they think it's some kind of test, like i'm messing with their mind, testing feelings, testing trust, or some crazy shit. This been going on for years, maybe 8 or 10 years, i'm 43 now, in the beginning i was full in, but then this crack started I came during the happy days, Leo wasn't

there, Olaf- Kathrin's husband was the main person I take John to a house i've never been before, or so i think, but then i realize it's the leader's house, my house. I lay him down in bed, he doesn't look scared but maybe he's nervous, we're alone in the room, when i took at John, Lysander followed us but he's waiting outside the room, i need to tell John that he's the lion's head, and we are the four arms and he stronger than he thinks and emotional stronger than me, being able to feel empathy but he needs to grow from his pain, i know he's a child but i know he's strong enough if he has our support. I can accept everything but i don't understand everything, i don't care about my body anymore, i see Lysander watching me, he's waiting outside the room, Leo seems to care about me, but i think that's alright, nothing to fear, i didn't understand what these arms mean, i'm the head, i don't understand, it confuses me, but it feels somehow good, like being responsible for something and Leo thinks i'm strong and i think i'm strong, i think it's not so obvious, i'm with Nils outside, he's very afraid that something bad is happening to John, so he tells me this book i read it's not a normal tourists guide, it was written by the cult to gather and get people for this village but he doesn't know what to do to help the boy so i think maybe he wants to find out what or where or who took John because he's afraid they're doing something inside. I'm looking for Rose, i think maybe she stole the book but maybe it's not useful, i have the feeling we have to find Lysander and maybe together we're stronger and we can do something. Nils knows where Lysander is. He went to the forest to get somethings he left there and he doesn't know what happened with John because he asked us to keep an eye on John when he's away but i don't have a sense of time cause i'm so worried something will happen to the boy and i hope Lysander will come back soon because at least he knows the people longer than i do, and maybe he knows a cure for the herbs. I'm in the house but Leo wants to be alone with the boy, i searched the house for an open window and i got in at least to hear what's going on but i don't want to escalate things, i just sit in a good position in case something happened, i wouldn't leave him alone. I try to convince Nils to get inside the house, we decide to get in and talk with Leo to see what's his plans. Someone from the cult is watching the door, it's one of my friends, i ask him to come in, he says it's not allowed, kathrin comes and said i shouldn't get involved because i'm not a part of the cult and i don't know what's going on, like it's not our responsibility and i feel really hurt because, ok, i don't live here but i always thought, it's also my home and now kathrin doesn't want to help me help the boy and she also doesn't know what's going on either, she just believes everything other people tell her and i didn't raised her like this, i don't really recognize her, she usually would do everything to help a

little boy and now she doesn't want us to help him or even find out what's going on and i don't understand it because I mean, it must be very strange otherside why can't we come in, what's the secret? If its normal there shouldn't be a secret, i'm angry maybe she helps the people that harm the little boy, i mean i don't know what going on there! Paul and i decide to look through a window, the others are watching. also the windows, everybody is watching us now, because we're not a part of the cult, i feel like i'm the enemy and i don't want to be the enemy i just don't want them to do anything to the boy that he might not want, because he's a child and he cannot decide for himself yet they can manipulate him as well, he was hurt and bleeding already, and it's not ok that a child bleeds, it doesn't matter what's the reason. Now they come and hug me and tell me they feel my pain and i don't want their hugs i want to know what happened with the boy, they love me and hug me but it doesn't matter if they don't tell me about the little boy, it would be the same if something happened to kathrin or my little grandchildren, it won't be ok for me, they can just tell me what's going on! They don't know. Trust Leo, and i should too, hmmm. I'm talking to john. Since i'm in my house, i have the book i wrote 10 years ago, it belongs to me, the original. I remember being very hurt in the past. I felt lonely and refused by others. I realized, while still working at the office, that I has a lack of love all my life. It's kind of like my mind split: there was office Leo & the me that was angry & suppressed a lot of feelings. I Read books about psychology in order to help myself... now I see me again going away to the countryside, to the old house where my grandma used to live. Staying there, alone. Losing touch to my life. I want to be able to show people love. And I started writing. A book. This book. It felt like a religion, writing this book. Finishing it. A book about love & trust.

When I met that woman in Glastonbury I started to read it to her. She was in love with me, but I couldn't feel it at that point. I was already numb. The women started to believe in the things I wrote. Started to believe in that book. More people followed. The religion grew & I started to fade away inside. Now i start to read to him, the part i wrote about a boy who doesn't have a father but has all the love inside of him that anyone can wish for and also can receive a lot of love. Not like me and i tell him i think he's the boy i wrote and imagined years ago, that i will meet him that he will come for us, to this place, i take Leo's hand and i thank him and i think he's wrong he cannot receive love, he's a nice person, but i understand, i touch his hand and let him now that he's loved but i have dirt on my hands, i have blood because my nose is bleeding, i can feel his words being true and i can feel i was right, he's that boy and i get a towel and clean his face from the blood and give him some water to drink, and i tell him that being that person,



being the lion's head, it is normal to feel pain and that he should, someday, he should be able to feed out of pain, and transform this into straight which he already did with this thing with his father i don't hear everything but i get the context. I feel a little bit, like it's wrong or something because all the time i kept my eye for potential damage for the child but now they're onto something intimate, talking, and the boy is talking also strong so i think he's ok, how he talks to this grown up man, i'm pretty angry to see how those people behave with Nils, don't answer his questions, and i suggest we go back to town to call the police, and i'm thinking of making a distraction, like burning something so the police can get them, i'm a bit further away, and i hear Nils still talking to the people, Nils didn't get into the house, i pulled him away and told him to call the police, i get benid the house, i need to break something maybe to get inside, i don't want to make a fire, maybe i just throw a stone at the window, i'm around the house, i'm torn between calling the police but i also want to trust the people i've known for 3 years, it's a difficult decision, i know if i call the police they might destroy everything, and i can't leave anyway, everybody is watching me. So i throw a stone to make a distraction, and I run behind the house where it's darker and there are no people, i want to have more information, and try to get inside, i go to the broken window at the upper part and there's light inside but no one in this room, i stand and try to listen and no one is there, i climb inside, i get in, i'm trying to be not so loud, on my toes trying to find something heavy to defend myself but its very empty place, not much stuff. I go to the doorway, pressing myself against the wall, and i hear voices talking, i try to listen what they are saying, i hear the people talking about Nils, and i don't know what to do, i don't know how many rooms are there and how to search for the boy, so, i feel, maybe that was a bad idea going inside, i can't go back now, and i don't know where the others are, i just wait some minutes and see what's happening, i just have a look how the next room is built and if some one can see me from there, it's a living-room and i look back to the window to make sure its' still open in case it gets risky for me i can jump out again. I take off my shoes to be more quiet and go to the living-room, more voices are coming, talking calm and friendly, i'm not sure if i made a big mistake but when i think how the people treated Nils... i don't like how the cult is so closed, so i step forward and go to the end of the living room, and there's like a smaller living room, there's a fire place, very warm light inside, and there's someone talking, someone i don't know, and i hear someone crying, so i dont what to do, I see Lysander by the door too. He doesn't say anything. should i storm in...? I just hear them, i don't want to be seen but the door is half open, so maybe, i hope Nils called the police but i don't know, so, i have to do something and maybe i need a... i

think i have to step in the room and be very surprising and start shouting because maybe they feel very, maybe if i'm very loud they will think there are more people than just me, i want to confront the people, what they are doing with the boy. I take a deep breathe and kick against the door. There's someone sitting and the boy sits next to him and i just shout, what's going on here. I really don't know what's going to happen but the boy looks scared, i don't know if because of me or what's happening there. when i heard the window breaks i felt fresh air and my head was hurting, and i cried, now the pain is still there but i have it under control, i mean i feel pain but it doesn't hurt so much, i get use to it,. He stand there, i go to this guy who broke the door and came in, he comes to me, and grabs me and i hug him and i ask him not to be so violent, and he, lets me go and i'm standing there, and go to the window, there're lots of people outside, all looking, looking sad, and i'm not sure what i should do, i go away from the window. I go to the corner and sit down there, i'm confused. I'm realizing there's a hussle outside, and John the boy is scared and intimidated by all this and i should do something about it quickly and i leave the room, i leave John with Paul, when i get out i see Lysander standing by the room, i tell him John is alright in the room and he can go in, and he should be with him because he's scared. I go outside and see Nils, very angry and hurt, and i tell the people to let go of him and to come inside. He does but i see he has a strong, he's very angry with me, but i'm calm, i'm going inside and invite Nils into the room also. When i'm back i see Lysander is with john, John is calmed again like he was before when he hugged Paul. we're all in the same room now. John is in Lysander's arms.

I am standing in the middle of the forest. The forest is burning and it's the day before i die. Gigantic burning trees. The sky is black. A little point, that's the sun, which cannot shine through the dark. The river. It's the only place, which could be save. The air is so hot, and I almost can't breathe. I run to the river, it feels good, this coldness. I swim with the water. When I reach my home, the town is empty. No people, it's foggy, the sky is still black. I'm walking in the middle of the street, it's warm, so that my wet clothes get dry quite fast. Then I hear shots or something, explosions like bombs. The earth is moving like earthquakes. I see a man on the roof, but I can't see who it is. He's observing the area. It is the roof of the house where I lived. I go upstairs and climb to the roof. There he is, looking at me, wondering. His eyes look like my eyes. But he wears a mask. A mask of a lion. He suddenly starts to laugh. I get angry. Why is he laughing? I am exhausted. I want to hit him, so I run into his direction, but something holds my shoulders from behind. It is the man with the lion's mask. What? I think, isn't he standing in front of me? I look

to the man, I wanted to hit. It's Nils. He lies there, I'm not sure if he is dead or not, then I see him breathing a little. I try to bring him away, I bring him downstairs, I take him to the street. Somewhere must be someone, who can help him.

Then I see a light, it's a window, I look through it and see Paul. It looks clean in his room, I shout to him, ask him to open the door, but he doesn't react. He looks out of the closed window and smiles. He seems very happy. The door of his house is closed. The street gets hotter. Bombs are falling again, more and more. They are coming closer. I run to the direction of the hill, with Nils on my shoulder. The house where Paul was inside explodes. Then I see another man running to the south, it's Lysander! He runs with nothing, just his clothes, no bag, no bow and arrow, his eyes catch me, so he stops, surprised to see me. He waves me to follow him. But I don't want to follow, the bombs are coming from south. I am looking for Leo and I must find him on the hill, where he lives now. Then Lysander runs away to the south.

I go with Nils on my shoulders up to the hill. I'm very exhausted. I reach the house and let Nils lie on the floor, but I don't find any person. Suddenly, when I look at Nils, I don't see him. I see the man with the lion's mask. And he's laughing again. I want him to stop that. I try to take off his mask, but it's like grown into his body, I can't take it off. I run upstairs and I see Storch. She doesn't move at all. Storch is stuffed. Through the window, I see the bombs falling around the hill to the town and the burning forest. I kick against the roof. I smash everything, I make a hole into the roof. It's quite easy, because it's old. So I stand on the highest top of the wooden house, almost without roof, looking around the hill, at the town, the forest, the rock and the lake. I cry. The sun is coming, some of the dark air is going away with the blowing wind. The sun shines on the house, on me. It's hot, it dries my tears away. But it's also a burning sun, it burns my skin. I take Storch and hold her in front of my face, but my hands get hot. Storch falls down, the wind is blowing stronger and it blows Storch away, down to the ground. I look down to the hill and then I see how the hill is going into two parts. Storch is falling down between those parts. Everything is shaking and the wind is blowing stronger, the house falls down, but not me. The wind is blowing me away.

I'm flying over the forest. It's dark, when I look down, and I see the flames. And over me is the sun, some other dark clouds are moving there, too. The wind is blowing stronger and stronger and then I see the ocean below me. It feels like the wind is blowing me around the globe. And then it goes up. I see the earth becoming smaller. I feel pity for the earth. But when the wind blows me down again, I see that the darkness is gone and the area is full of rivers and lakes. It

blows me away and back above the hill again. There is no house, and no forest around, but a yellow desert. I come closer to the ground and I see a lion's family on the hill, relaxing and playing around.

I am lying in a bed. I remember we were all in my room last night. Nils is not here. Paul is running around, kind of happy, decorating me and my bed with flowers. He runs out, shouts: "Ready!" Then I hear a bunch of people coming into the house.

Leo comes to my bed and tells me, everything will be over soon and touched my forehead! A crowd of people is coming in, then standing in a line, which goes through the room, the house and maybe much longer. One by one is touching my forehead, they feel relieved and go out happily. Everybody wants to touch my forehead.

I feel hot and ill. But Leo is standing there at my bed, too. Telling me nice words, I feel relieved. I'm not sure, but it looks like, he has wet eyes. Lights are coming out, I got used to the pain. Lisander is watching everything like a bodyguard, standing with a frozen face. Yesterday, I was in pain. I began to accept it. Now, I feel like flying. Leo is talking to me, saying everything is gonna be alright and over soon.

I heard the boy got into a nice care family, but also hold contact to the person from that cult. I didn't contact no one since that night. The woman with the red hair wasn't the woman I got married to, but we spend some nice month together. But the night was a good Story to tell, and I still tell it to people today. The boy changed something in me, Things to care about more, like some upcoming disagreement or fight with my parents seemed less bad than before, But also I also got more focused on the stuff I care about, not about political stuff, but about the people in my university and my community. I decided to work for City planning, after that night, I wanted Plan something for the the community. Something to have. To care for.

5 Years later, Lysander is walking down the forest, the factory is ahead. He is now working with the Cult and coordinates the delivery and preparing of supplies. He thinks back when Leo told the little Boy that he is the chosen one. He thinks about that he trapped himself in this cult by failing in protecting this little boy. After that night, Lysander told them about the past and the clash of the caravans. After they knew his true past some guys told, that they were survivors of that night long ago. Lysander told, that he tried to find and help them. Now they ask Lysander for safe routes through the forest and the mountains. He tells them what place of forest they can chop

of, so they don't harm the forest not too much and have woods all time long. Maybe Lysander thinks that is a good excuse to stay in the forest and keep looking of what the factory is doing in near future. Maybe he wants to become... He becomes in future a smuggler. That's how he ends up in far future. Maybe after the night of John's death when he saw Lysander was running into the fire in the woods. Maybe that all happened because Lysander sabotaged the factory.

When I look back at that day with John I can feel hope & saw new world coming. I was certain that John could have been the Messiah, the one to come and free us all. At the same time I remember that I knew then That I didn't want to be saved, I mean I couldn't anymore. I felt sorry for John but knew that he could handle it. And I felt his pain in a way, and his strength. He gave me hope in a way. But I still was too depressed. I had to handle a lot, I was the leader of a cult that I didn't love. John had all the love I needed from all those people That I needed to give them. Looking back at this day I remember there was finally unity between all those people.

The lake is peaceful. All is quiet except a few birds singing in the trees. I contemplate my reflection in the water. It is constantly moving and shining brightly, when the rays of light touch the water. I am happy it is all over. The cult has left the area- moved somewhere else, I don't know where. And Katherin returned to Bournemouth with the twins. She shares the house with my ex wife. It is alright.

Why did I come back to this place? Why can't I forget the night with Leo, John, Lysander and Paul? We were in the house. Leo explained why John was the real leader of the cult and I just couldn't grasp it. I didn't understand, it didn't make any sense to me. John then took my hand and when he touched me I felt a great wave of relief - as if a huge weight had dropped from my body and I understood what Leo meant with the hidden power. Suddenly, I felt as if I had lived a lie- but I couldn't grasp which part of my live felt wrong as it all was weaved together like a big lumpy net. „I must change!“ I realized. „I must leave for awhile and find myself. Science is an answer but not to all questions.“

John let go after what felt like ages. I looked at the others, Paul nodding approvingly. Leo looking earnest and relieved and Lysander sitting on a chair, staring at the room. John said: „It is never too late.“ I nodded and left the house. I went to the fireplace and sat down with the others not really knowing what to do. The next day I left back to London. I asked the university to take some time off, went home and packed my bags. Amelia didn't understand why I wanted to go to India

but she joined me. We had a few happy years traveling, teaching English and Biology at various universities. Then I decided to come back to England because I missed my family. Amelia wanted to stay in New Zealand. We got divorced...

I don't know what happened to the four men. I just know that it changed everything I had believed in so far. I mean, I still believe in science- I am scientist after all. But there are ends to everything... Nothing can explain the mystery of live. I will never find the answer. But I found magic and that is enough...

The sun is setting. I am feeling a bit cold and lost. Maybe also a bit sad hat the cult left. Not sure it even exists anymore. This place here is so beautiful. It carries me. My soul? Can I believe in a soul as a scientist? It does not matter... I should go back to the hotel. Maybe have a cup of tea there...