

EXTRACT: ADAM PHILLIPS

We enter her thoughts somehow...

We can do that. She remembers sitting on a jetty in a yellow swimming costume and watching carefully. Strange fires glow in the depths as though they are beckoning to her. She sees that several other people have stopped to look, called there by the quality of the light and this strange throbbing. A woman sits next to her and they both stare down. They are not aware for how long. Slowly; many more people gather around them though there is no sense of their being crushed or crowded. Even if she closes her eyes, the lights remain, their gentle glow rising then dimming, in time with her own breathing. Again, she shuts her eyes and gently leans against the shoulder of the woman next to her. Nobody sitting or standing around her says a word. The fires move silently below the surface of the lake, down deep below them, her, each of them, glowing brighter and stronger then fading in turn, coming to life and fading back around the edge as though they are communicating. Some people have gone out in boats and are floating aimlessly in the deepest part of the lake. A band on the opposing shore has suddenly stopped playing. The blackbird!