

-- dream --

*The wind strenghtens, whirling dust and dry leaves from underneath their feet.*

*It could happen any moment now. It is too late.*

*The first raindrops splash against his face, yet he is unable to avert his gaze. She will never make it down in time, not alive. Either the storm gets to her first, or she slips on the narrow scaffolding and falls. Trees rustling, first echoes of thunder approaching from the lake. She is still running. It is his fault, he knows. Only now he notices the elevator platform, slowly climbing upwards. And someone standing on it. He cringes. Too late, too dangerous! He wants to interfere, yet finds himself unable to move. She is almost at the the junction now. The platform comes to a halt, having reached the top. The wind is so strong it bends the trees, breaking branches, the lake underneath them the color of ink, reflecting the approaching storm. He squints through the rainfall at the frail figure above him. All of a sudden, she jumps. At the same moment, a flash of light so strong it blinds him, hair standing up all over his body, ear-splitting thunder –*

He sat bolt upright in his bed. His back drenched in sweat, the clenching feeling of guilt still lingering in his mind, not bothering to pass.