When you’re on one side of the house it’s summer and afternoon but as soon as you walk around it to the other side it’s autumn and night and a dim light at the door and people one by one saying good-bye and drifting off on their dragons.

So you keep wishing you were back in the other place again playing the magical hide-and-seek there among your silent friends whom you never really see and who are present only in this particular dream.

Yes you wish you were back in the summery afternoon place where the sun is behind the chimney but you cannot return for you must stand shivering in the darkness which increases when someone turns out that last light.

And dry leaves float down all about you noiselessly like brown snowflakes and on them are seated tiny elves certainly sent from the heavens.

No salvation from these.

They disappear upon reaching the ground and all you hear is a very faint tinkling laughter far far off over the hills and you cannot follow.

Now you shall stand there in the dark perhaps for ever and you do not even see the house any longer for you are lost lost lost and sleeping off your soul’s pain and memories of the gentle summer that may never have existed but as a lesser pain.