

Hallucinations at Hiraschandu

Past Lives Can Not Save You

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- DRAFT -

Chapter 1: Shift 1420, Revulsion 10.10, Click 25

Rick made his way along the overgrown path, working his way upwards the steep hillside. Every once in a while he took a pause, turned around and enjoyed the view of the fields of La Chorrera stretching out into far distance. High grown grass billowing in the wind and a mile or two away, a great lake glittering in the sharp day light. The air was crisp and in accordance with the weather schedule, the sky was free from clouds. There was no sun either.

From what Rick had heard he was grateful of this. Rumours had it that the sun could severely burn the unprotected skin and Rick was wearing nothing more then but a loin-cloth. He stretched himself tall and held his hands high above his head for a moment and then he turned back to the path. He had an important meeting with a civilian ahead of him and did not want to be late.

When Rick finally made his way to the meeting point, he found that he was alone on the hilltop. Promptly he lay down in the green grass and looked at the deep blue sky high above. He relaxed his muscles and took a few deep breaths.

It would have been fun to look at some of those clouds now, he thought. Maybe they got some at the other place? Who knows?

He shrugged these fruitless questions off and let out a noisy yawn. Giving into it, he found that it was enough just lying there in the green grass enjoying being alive and relaxing after a long walk.

Later he thought he heard the heavy breath of a man approaching. He stood up, adjusted his loin-cloth and with prying look he turned in the direction he thought he had heard the sound coming from. Quite right, a civilian fully dressed black was approaching. The stranger was watching his feats and Rick got the impression that the man was in a light trance or daydreaming. He recalled that it was common for the untrained civilians to fall into an involuntary trance when walking longer distances.

A light breeze were picking up, a warm soothing wind against his bare body.

Soon they were standing in front of each other and Rick extended his hand in the formal greeting. The civilian presented himself and they shook hands.

Rick thought of how odd it was that the civilians could be so much like them, while at the same time be so very different. The civilian seemed distant somehow and Rick was reminded of the fact that they did not seem to enjoy eye-contact as much as the chorintians did. Either that or the man was in a hurry, because he kept flicking his eyes between Rick and the surroundings.

The civilian asked him to tag along, turned on his heels and begun to walk without waiting for Rick to reply. Rick followed him without looking back. He had already made his farewells. Said

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his goodbyes to his friends and loved ones. Although he knew he would miss his family and friends sorely, he felt exhilarated as well. A part of him was looking forward to seeing this new place. And maybe, just maybe, Lorry were to follow him later on.

No need looking back when life is ahead of me, he thought with a smile on his lips.