

# The last (red) Line

With each step I took, the feeling of accomplishment and anxiety got more hold of me. The journey had been long, eventful, complex, boring, unrewarding and immensely interesting all at the same time. But I wasn't there yet, I had to keep going.

By now a mist had obscured the landscape around me, the road I was walking had turned into a swamp. I had lost almost all feeling of direction, had it not been for the determination I felt I was headed in the right direction. With each step daylight faded on me, but I knew I was close, very close.

In near darkness I reached my goal. The familiar feeling of the fence I had visited so often in my life, but never dared to cross. My fingers ran over the markings I had made, reminders of a past long gone, the wood weathered and beaten. Some of the markings had smoothed out throughout the years, others had been overcome by the working of the wood.

Taking some deep breaths, I peered over the fence to try and spot anything I could recognize, hoping for a guide, a signal, an omen. But nothing changed, the mist obscured any detail of what was beyond. The silence around me failed to give away any clues. I could not imagine what lay beyond the fence, but I knew I had to cross it in order to find the answers I so desperately sought.

Closing my eyes I ran through all the memories that had lead me here, that had first lead me to this fence. For a brief moment the feeling of accomplishment flowed though my mind and body, only to be replaced by uncertainty as I reached the memories of all the warnings. I had asked so many people what lay beyond. Most had no idea, others could not remember ever going as far as the fence. But some had warned me of steep cliffs which appeared out of nowhere, each step taken beyond a chance to drop off into oblivion, the eternal fall into emptiness.

Puling myself together, I took another deep breath and jumped over the fence, the darkness swallowing me like a wolf feasting on his first winter kill. Not wanting to stray too far from the familiar fence, I tried to keep parallel to it, scared to lose the one certainty I had in this darkness. But inevitably I lost track of it, wandering off into the nothingness, first taking small steps, careful and considered steps towards the goal I had so long desired to reach.

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The small steps had been replaced by long strides. I had even run into one direction for a long time hoping to bump into something, wishing to find something, even if it meant falling off the cliff I had been warned of. But I found nothing other than the darkness, never ending, never starting, never changing.

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Eventually, I gave up. I sat down staring into the darkness. It could not be, there could not be nothing. Why would someone put a fence around nothing? It made no sense.

Or did it?