

until you realize with a little shock that you are in quite a dense forest, climbing up a fairly difficult trail and there is, for some reason, an insistence within you that you keep on going. The trail gets steeper and more difficult. It is really more of a guess now, where the trail actually is; the rocks are treacherous, sometimes you slip and get muddy and scratched with the branches and brambly undergrowth. You skin your knee and twist your ankle as you climb over and crawl under fallen logs and you are getting quite tired, and you think to yourself, "This is crazy. Why am I doing this? I must go back!" Yet still you continue. After a long, long time, the trail suddenly changes quite noticeably, just within a few yards. It's easier to travel along, much less steep, the trees seem to have been left behind. But you are in the midst of a dense fog, so that you have no idea whatsoever where you are or where you are going. And you say to yourself yet again, "I must go back", but you keep going forward. You realize that, although the fog is so thick, you can still see the edges of the trail and as long as you watch each footstep, you can stay on it. For some reason, this makes you feel safer. So you continue, and this part of the journey also takes a long time. And then again, quite suddenly, within a few yards the thick mist seems to evaporate away and you find that you are high up in a beautiful alpine meadow. The sun is brilliant, the sky an incredible blue. You look back and see that, yes, indeed you were going through dense fog, in fact, it looks rather like a storm cloud. Through the lower part of the cloud you can see the tops of the trees in the forest and below that, the grove of trees, and then the silver ribbon of the little river and the postage-stamp of the meadow. And then you turn, and look out, and you realize that you can see farther than you have ever been able to see, for as long as you remember, way out in the distance, right across the horizon. Things look very different from up here. For instance, you see that there are many roads down there; and that they all lead some where.

Some roads lead to particular places, towns, maybe, and some places have many roads leading to them, and some only a few; some roads lead to other roads and some lead back to the same road again, but they all lead somewhere. And somehow this