

I am walking along a path. It is a coastal path made naturally by the procession of numberless footsteps into ground sometimes sandy, sometimes stony. At intervals it makes its way through granite outcrops. The scenery around is green, but bare—there are no trees, just grasses, ferns, gorse and suchlike growing from the springy turf, whipped by a strong, continual breeze. The sea, the ocean, is near at hand and can be heard, & smelled, even when it is not in direct view.

After walking the path for some time I come to a bridge which separates the mainland (from where I proceed) from an isle (to where I am headed). The water below swells somewhat in the breeze, and moves with a powerful tidal flow. The bridge is of stone, and consists of single, substantial arch.

A short distance the other side of the bridge I happen to glimpse a cup in the grass at the path's side. It is small, white and made of porcelain. It feels cool and is unexpectedly heavy for its diminutive size—I turn it over in my hand before putting it in my left jacket pocket.

Not much further onwards, I catch a reflected glint in the grass just off the path, and, when I investigate, I find, of all things, what seems to be an antique wine-glass. The glass is not perfectly colourless, having a blue-green tint to it. Looking closer I see imperfections in the glass, but, despite these it is beautiful, comprising an elegant bowl that surmounts a helically twisted stem. It is fragile, and, not wanting to damage it, I carefully put it back down.

As I go on, I soon find a third object, a key this time, made of heavy yellowish metal alloy, slightly larger than a normal house-key, perhaps made to fit a heavy-duty lock of some kind. I put the key in my right-hand pocket.

At length, the path leads up to a light-

You are walking down a path. Describe what it looks like, and the scenery around it. *The path you are walking down is the path of life. The scenery surrounding is your outlook on life. Is it a difficult, or rocky path? Is it easy and straightforward? Does it wind all over the place?*

A little ways down the path, you come to a moving body of water (not a lake or pond). Describe it. How do you get across it? *The moving body of water represents your outlook on relationships and your sexuality. Does it move quickly? Slowly? Do you carefully cross a bridge, not wanting to fall in and drown? Do you splash carelessly through it? Is it deep? Shallow?*

Further down the path you find a cup. What does it look like, and what do you do with it? *The cup represents your past relationships. Do you furiously kick it over on its side? Avoid it? Carry it with you wherever you go?*

After continuing your journey, you find another container. What kind of container is it, and what does it look like? *The next container represents your spouse.*

Later on you find a key in the path. Describe it. What do you do with it? *The key represents your friendships.*

house standing on an exposed headland. It is whitewashed with a black roof above the main light. There are some similarly whitewashed out-buildings beside it. The main lighthouse door is open, banging open-and-shut in the wind. I go inside and ascend a spiral staircase into a cylindrical room, part of the lighthouse-keepers quarters, it would seem.

The room is a cosy sanctuary from the windswept landscape outside. There is much brass and dark wood. There are rugs on the bare floor and a couple of porthole-style windows set into the thick stone walls.

In the room I find a tall, elegantly slender vase which resembles one I once saw in a museum. It is glazed in a spectacularly vivid shade of turquoise. I dare to touch it, but do not take it from the sideboard where it stands.

I leave the room, and the lighthouse, and walk down from the headland to a rocky beach. There my way onward is blocked by a large tidal rockpool filled with seaweed. The only way forward is to splash through it and get my feet wet. It's slippery and I nearly fall, but succeed in getting to the other side.

After splashing through the rockpool, and scrabbling over some more rocks, I am dismayed to find a stuffed brown bear, not unlike the one I used to see in a tobacconist's shop I once frequented. I can only guess as to how it ended up in this place—maybe the lighthouse-keeper had tired of it, and had thrown it out. I am perturbed by its incongruous presence, and approach to examine it closer, and to touch its threadbare fur.

At the furthest extreme of the rocks lies a small, sandy cove—but alas my way to the cove is blocked by a tall, wire fence. The cove, sheltered between the rocky shore and the cliffs beyond, is deserted, and appears to be a peaceful place.

At one point in the path you come across an edifice. What does it look like, and what room do you enter? *The building represents your future.*

What does the room look like inside? *The room you enter represents how you feel socially.*

In the room you find a vase (if you're male) or a clock (if female). Describe the vase or clock. Where do you put it? *The vase or clock also represents your spouse.*

After leaving the room, you continue walking, and come across a still body of water (think lakes or ponds this time). Describe it. *The still body of water represents your problems.*

After you pass the body of water, you find a bear. What does the bear look like? How do you react to it? Do you approach it? *The bear represents your fears.*

At the end of the path, there is a fence. Do you cross it? If so, what's on the other side? *The fence represents your death.*