

Any subject, up to 2000 words max, but must finish with the line “Job done, no going back now”

I feel as though I have just woken up. I am floating, wafting around. It's cloudy – or misty perhaps – everything is greyish and there is no visibility. What am I doing here? Why is there this mist? I look around, but there is no horizon, no sky, just this blank opaque grey cloud, and no possibility of getting one's bearings. It's very pleasant though, drifting around, warm and comfortable. I feel rootless, light and free, no responsibilities, I have nothing to do or be. There is just a vague feeling somewhere inside me of impending-ness, as if something, somewhere, is germinating. I wonder if this is how babies feel when they are in the womb : do they know – have some kind of fore-knowledge - of what they are going to be? I try to focus, but I can't, and the thought vanishes as swiftly as it had appeared.

Now, though, I am starting to feel a little movement. I can't see where I am going, but it feels purposeful, pulling me forward. I am wafted gently to a different place, not quite so misty, and here, every so often, I can definitely glimpse black shapes as the mist drifts. I can't make out what they are – there are curves, straight lines, circles – but the mist obscures them and, to be honest, it doesn't seem to matter very much.

But then, suddenly, I am swept along. It is as if a great warm wind is swirling me – where? I still don't understand what is happening. The clouds have gone now, and I can see that I am being conveyed through a long, dark tunnel. As I advance, I start to feel more defined somehow, as if I am moving towards some kind of resolution. Something is about to be revealed, it is hovering at the edge of my consciousness, waiting for me to let it in.

I look down and, even though it is dark, I can see that I, too, am black and have curves and straight lines just like those shapes that I spotted in the mist. I am very long. How on earth I will manage if this tunnel has any bends, I really do not know. There are others preceding me down the tunnel and, doubtless, others behind me as well, although the speed I am travelling at prevents me from looking around.

Everything is happening very fast now, I shoot around a corner (there, there was no need to worry!), and the tunnel continues, narrowing slightly. I am feeling great, the journey is exhilarating and with every moment that passes I feel more positive, more alive. I am wanted, I am needed. All at once the tunnel splits into 5 smaller tunnels and I am swept into the second one, down to the end and.....out, into the light. There is a white space in front of me and I land on it with a series of bumps. As I land, I look down at myself and I can see that my body has been shaped into letters, and my letters are becoming a word, greyish-black on the white surface. This is what I am! To my left the shapes that preceded me have already formed themselves into words, and to my right the shapes are tumbling down onto the paper. I have taken my place in the sentence and I feel a huge pride : I exist now in this space, on this paper, I have meaning, I convey meaning.

And there I am, job done, no going back now.