

*Night Sand.*

You romantic fool.

*I am Logan, I was escaping the Dome, full of people near my age, some older reaching towards Last Day. I was trying to avoid the Sandmen by crossing the railway tracks onto the sand in the dark, searching for Sanctuary. I was with someone, possibly a Jessica, not sure of the numeral, but lost my companion somewhere along the way.*

Except it wasn't 2274, it was 1985. It wasn't the domed city, it was a Blue Light Disco at the Seabrook Hotel on the Somerset waterfront full of others my age, a liminal time between childhood and adulthood. There was no Last Day. There were underage kids socialising under supervision whilst heading towards some kind of societal threshold. The Sandmen were actually out of uniform cops and there was no real reason to avoid them. I was soon standing alone on the night sand, slightly unsteady underfoot, with a breeze blowing on my face and the sound of the waves rolling in. The roar rendered the bad 80s music into a distant, muted drone. The smell of illicit cigarettes, hormones and too much perfume replaced by crisp, salty air.

Did I actually have someone with me? Did they change their mind or was it an imagined scenario. I do recall, I was of the age that I was considering some kind of physical partner quite often.

*What was I hoping to find in Sanctuary? Where was I looking?*

I recall the fascination of the little hollows in the beach-side vegetation. These imagined scenarios of what went on there would be given some credence at times. I never saw anyone go in to these dens, nor come out, but I sometimes saw the evidence of activity. Empty bottles, condom wrappers, female (and sometimes male) underwear.

*The secret, hidden adventures, a pair's fumbling encounters, stopping on the way during their search for Sanctuary.*

Those romantic fools.

*And I too considered this to be a place to go, not with someone I just found on the grid, but with someone with genuine affection, whatever that may mean. It was not to be, not then. Was I actually ready to leave the Dome? Did I believe this really went on, but yes, every so often there were signs of humanity.*

I was alone on the shore and I moved closer to the waves and and the wind blew the salty spray onto my face and it was okay to be alone at that moment. It was completely fine.

And I realised at that moment that I could visit *Sanctuary* regularly, and still return back to the *Dome* and that the *Sandman* that blocked my way was me. I have gone beyond the determined *Last Day* and I still like to visit.

I, romantic fool.

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