

Everyone was anxiously waiting  
for the starting signal and was  
looking forward to the procession.  
The mostly home-made lanterns  
were already burning and threw  
their meager light into the  
dark November night. It was cold  
and a light mist had developed.  
Therefore

parents and children had  
to dress warmly in order not  
to freeze along the way.  
Everything was a bit strange,  
eerie. The thin

light beams, attempting to  
lighten up the darkness, the  
pale faces of the parents  
who also didn't have  
any power over the  
darkness. The expectant  
eyes of the children, who  
knew nothing about horror.  
The misty vapor in  
front of their faces, the

pleasant anticipation  
for the mystical  
walk with the lanterns.  
Finally it began  
and we marched from  
kindergarten in the direction  
of the adjacent street  
and then toward

a little pathway in the fields.

Lantern after  
lantern swung into  
the night and shone  
like small dots of  
light.

I was scared. The  
weak, glimmering  
lights of life didn't seem  
strong enough to  
resist the  
coldness of the night.  
I was  
disturbed by this  
procession of people  
who were engulfed in darkness

and sought companionship  
because of Angst, who didn't  
dare to leave the group even for  
a small distance. Who marched  
and marched and yet didn't  
know the destination.

Who tried to encourage  
one another but  
still couldn't  
get any comfort.

And don't you dare turn around