

# A Second Chance

By Tim Goldstone

I developed a childhood phobia of the wind when I fell asleep on a sea-damp towel on the sand. Drifting in and out of the edge of dreams, I accidentally saw precisely what the wind looked like. It's body. It's face. And knew instinctively that is forbidden and I would be silenced. Instantly I was infused with cold despite the afternoon sun. Holiday noises coming off the sea became muffled and shivery against a fuzzy ragged chime of waves while I dreamt of a big white star on top of a tall white tower against a clear unending blue.

In years to come I will remember this exact moment—as while I slept, an inexplicable, lethal blockage of my airways failed to kill me by a split second only because I woke gasping at the sound of crashing waves. I will remember it while lying in a derelict outbuilding resting from dry stone walling high in isolated hills, looking up through a ragged hole in the roof at the big bright white blades of a wind turbine motionless against a perfectly still, clear summer-blue sky, reminding me of a dream I'd had as child lying on a towel, dying on a beach:

Huge shapes hold themselves perfectly still as my closed eyelids fluttered. This time the wind, determined not make the same mistake again, holds perfectly still, so as not to wake me until certain my breathing has ended and this time will not return.

A few minutes later the wind turbine's blades begin to move again, and small white clouds speed jubilantly across both summer skies.

TIM GOLDSTONE has roamed widely and currently lives in Wales between the mountains and the sea. Fiction published internationally in numerous print journals and anthologies, both online and in print. Prose sequence read on stage at The Hay Festival. Scriptwriting credits for TV, radio, theatre. His writing has also appeared on websites including The Royal Court Theatre, Sherman Cymru Theatre, BBC, and Waterstones. Twitter [@muddygold](https://twitter.com/muddygold)