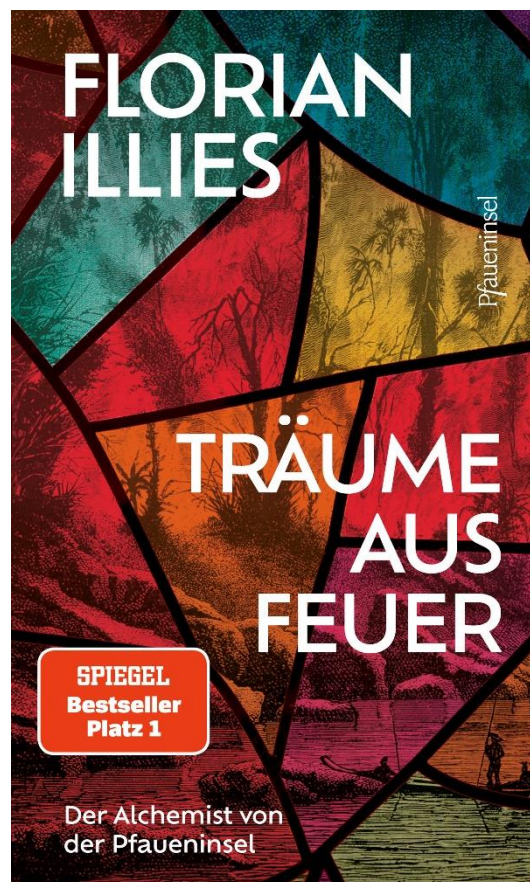


**Florian Illies**  
**DREAMS OF FIRE**  
**The Alchemist of Peacock Island**

Sample Translation by Jamie Lee Searle



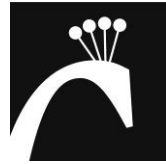
**Pfaueninsel**

**Narrative Non-Fiction**

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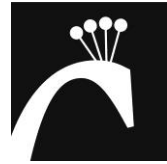


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## **COLD**

The Havel lies before him in a noble silver-grey, as though someone had transformed the liquid element into an unending sheet of glass overnight. With the oarsman's steady stroke, Kunckel's boat makes its way onwards, its bow soundlessly dividing the surface of the water into tiny waves. Mist rises from the nearby riverbanks, and as they veer to the right by the newly-built Glienecke hunting lodge towards the wide opening into the Havel, the cold air of the early winter's morning hits his face. On this morning in February 1686, silence is all around; even the water birds, the ducks, great crested grebes and shrill goosanders in the reed-fringed bays seem to be resting. And above him is only the heavy, pale-grey blanket of the exhausted late-winter sky.

Yesterday, Johannes Kunckel had paid a visit to his Elector in his Potsdam palace, it was the celebration of his 66<sup>th</sup> birthday, a grand court festival, and Kunckel gifted him one of his gleaming red glass goblets –



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though in the candlelight he had briefly felt as though it had lost a little of its shine, just like his Elector.

Today at dawn, Kunckel had immediately set off from the dark Potsdam court with all its intrigues and suspicious looks. His boat would barely take an hour to reach his Peacock Island upriver.

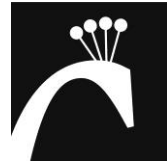
*His Peacock Island? His Elector? How can that be?*

It isn't true for the Elector, of course; he also belongs to many other people – as one can deduce from his very long name, so long, even, that it always fills the entire first page when he composes decrees or one of his famous letters.

“His Elector,” is actually – take note! – “Friedrich Wilhelm, Margrave of Brandenburg, Arch Chamberlain and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, Duke of Prussia, Cleves, Jülich, Berg, Szczecin, Pomerania, of the Kashubians and Wends, also in Silesia to Crossen and Jägerndorf, Burgrave of Nuremberg, Prince of Halberstadt and Minden, Count of the Mark and Ravensberg, Lord of Ravenstein and the lands of Lauenburg and Bütow (etc).”

Kunckel especially loves the “etc” at the end of the Elector's parade of names, as though these noble titles and riches are merely a laughable fraction of a much bigger whole, as though in reality his Elector's realm stretches once around the entire world.

Of course, the Elector primarily belongs to his possessive second wife, Dorothea. And so that everyone understands this, she can always be found right next to him, even in the austere leather tents on his campaigns to the muddy North and the bitterly-cold East; they are the only German royal couple to head off to war in a double bed. She wants to ensure there



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isn't a single centimetre of space for a mistress, not even on his travels. And so Dorothea was of course lying there on that afternoon in the autumn of 1678, happily eating pralines, right next to her husband in the giant mountain of cushions on the Potsdam electoral bed, when he received a visit from this curious Johannes Kunckel fellow for the first time.

Dorothea probably figured out immediately that Kunckel, with his peaceable double chin, attractive moustache and intelligent eyes, could protect her husband from expensive tomfoolery. Because, as he paced back and forth before the electoral mountain of cushions, Kunckel urgently warned the Elector off giving five thousand Reichstaler to a Saxon baron who had claimed to be able to turn silver into gold.

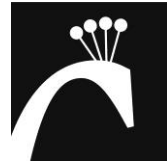
Whenever the Elector hears the word "gold", his eyes become wide and greedy, shining brightly in his face, their sparkle standing out among the silk cushions that are colourfully embroidered with the coats of arms of all his far-flung lands, and with which the baroquely-rounded Elector is propped up in bed every morning by his servants, so that he isn't troubled too much by the awful gout in his legs.

Johannes Kunckel asked the Elector for the little bag containing the mysterious powder. He sniffed at it briefly, then put a few crumbs of it into his mouth.

Great horror on both sides of the electoral bed. Wide eyes.

But Johannes Kuckel chewed. Smiled. Swallowed. And said: "Clearly a mix of sulphur, ammonium and arsenic."

The expert alchemist and chemist then announced that there was no way in which this powder, which was supposed to be sold to the Elector, could be used to turn silver into gold. He could easily remix it in a



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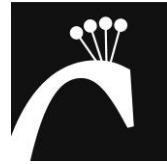
couple of hours in the Elector's court apothecary, he said, should that be desired.

This well-informed scepticism immediately enthused the resourceful Electress in the midst of her giant mountain of cushions, and so she said to her husband: "And so, my Beloved, you can see how things unfold when one surrounds oneself with knowledgeable people. Wouldn't you otherwise have been deceived out of many thousands, yet again?"

The Elector initially looked a little disappointed that his dream of gold had once again burst. But then he was filled with gratitude because he had saved so much money. By way of thanks, he took Johannes Kunckel into his employ as his "Gentleman of the Bedchamber" – instead of fifteen thousand Taler for a little bag of useless powder, he would ultimately pay the same in salary for Kunckel over ten years of service.

Even at the very beginning of this decade, the Elector had gladly spent entire evenings with him, his Kunckel, for he wanted to discover everything about the world of alchemy and the magic of substances; the only thing greater than his passion for hunting was his passion for gold. And when Kunckel was escorted out of the Elector's rooms, he felt for the first time the coldness of the jealousy of the court on his back, the rage of all those who had been hoping for months in vain for a few minutes with their regent, and he also saw the distrust of the other valets, who were worried they would lose the seducible Elector entirely to "Kunckel the Sorcerer".

Kunckel had been familiar since his childhood with the sovereigns' hope that their alchemists would someday find the recipe for gold. His father Jürgen, who in his day had been a famous glassmaker in Plön,



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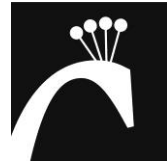
always had to maintain a “gold oven” in his workshop in case Duke Friedrich von Holstein should pay a surprise visit. And it was the same when Kunckel Junior served the Duke of Lauenburg, and after that, the Duke of Saxony. And now too with his Brandenburg Elector: the rulers’ eternal, undying hope for a gold-making oven; it was almost moving.

Our alchemist Kunckel knew these great dreams of his time only too well, but he was too much of a scientist to still believe in the legendary “transmutatio metallorum”: the art of transforming a lower metal into a higher one.

When the Elector visited his alchemist in the evenings in his Klosterstrasse laboratory, or in the glassworks at the Hakendamm in Potsdam, even taking off his wig so that it wouldn’t catch fire on the flames and almost becoming a normal human being in the process, he sent his bodyguard to wait outside the door. A pot of steaming tea stood at the ready on the table, and then, in the darkness of the room, the two men would begin to speak confidentially with one another.

Because the first thing that the Elector gifted Johannes Kunckel was his trust.

He told him his worries about his defiant eldest son Friedrich, the timid and “lopsided Fritz” with the crooked shoulder, who, after the death of the Elector’s firstborn, would have to be his successor whether he liked it or not; and about his wife’s jealousies; the chaos in his patchwork family; the unbelievable pain in his legs; his blasted cabinet and the menacing French. And then the Great Elector sometimes fell silent and stared for a while at the bubbling substances in Kunckel’s laboratory, the countless installations and ingredients with long Latin names that



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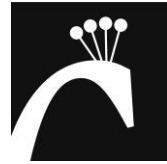
steamed and dripped, and then his mind would drift far away as he once again dreamed his great dream of the Philosopher's Stone, which maybe, just maybe, could be born overnight in this laboratory of Kunckel's – thereby resolving all of the Elector's financial concerns.

Then the Elector poured himself more tea and continued to watch the substances bubbling and the glass coming into being.

And sometimes, when the naïve Elector had stared at the stills and vials for long enough, he told Kunckel about the remote parts of his strangely-fragmented empire, the East Prussian town of Tilsit, for example, or the Lower-Rhenish Cleves, and if he were honest, he said, he didn't know what curious things had been brewing or bubbling away there, because he hadn't visited in such a long time. And then Kunckel sometimes felt as though this Brandenburg was actually just a giant experiment, the attempt to melt together very different and sometimes almost-forgotten elements in such a way that something new would come into existence. Something that no one had ever seen before. But perhaps, ultimately, it was simply too cold for that in Brandenburg's barren steppes?

It was so that he, Kunckel, could achieve precisely this – this merging of the unmergeable – that his Elector had given him an incredible gift after seven and a half years of his loyal service as “Gentleman of the Bedchamber”: Peacock Island.

Yes, so it really is “his Peacock Island”. And it has been since the 27<sup>th</sup> of October 1685. This is when his Elector transferred it to him. And as though that hadn't been aggravation enough for the court and all its intriguers, it also states in the document that the Elector is gifting it to his



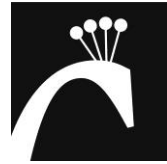
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“dear, loyal Johann Kunckel”. The court was especially offended by this public declaration of friendship. Friedrich in particular, the Elector’s eldest son, is angry and envious of the alchemist’s closeness to his father, because he and his father aren’t currently on speaking terms.

Eberhard Danckelmann, an ambitious man who was once Friedrich’s merciless educator and is now Privy Councillor in the Elector’s cabinet, also envies Kunckel the present. He finds it utterly inappropriate that the alchemist has been gifted an island, and subtly begins to sow seeds of doubt about Kunckel throughout the court; whenever the Elector is out of earshot, or away at war, or in his mountain of cushions.

The other valets are likewise gripped by jealousy. The private physician Christian Mentzel, the man who enticed Kunckel to Potsdam, now considers him to be vain and driven by self-interest, and he writes to a friend: “Kunckel wants to rule this court alone and won’t suffer anyone by his side. The situation here is unbelievable.” Mentzel himself flees increasingly from these unbelievable circumstances to an imaginary China, a distant realm that exists only in his mind – a realm of symbols, medicinal plants and ancient wisdoms. He has been working for decades on the first ever German-Chinese dictionary. And when his Elector asks him for concrete advice about his kidney stones or gout, he smiles and gives an answer like: “Lao-Tzu says: he who heals the root needn’t fear the leaf.” No wonder his increasingly irritated Elector doesn’t give him an island.

Kunckel himself needs a while before he’s able to appreciate the size and quality of the Elector’s gift. He was given the island so he would finally have somewhere to experiment uninterrupted, something he could



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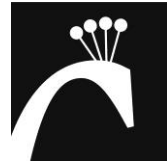
never do in the glassworks at Drewitz and Hakendamm, because there he had to produce glass in high quantities so the Brandenburg coffers could be at least slightly filled.

Now, on his Peacock Island, the situation is entirely different: according to the deed, he's allowed to build as many ovens as he needs to produce the necessary heat – and he's allowed to experiment in whatever way he wishes, to try to remix the exciting things he saw among the famed glassmakers of Murano, and to bring the ruby glass to an even deeper shine. Of course, he also has to produce a small amount for the court: crystal glass, ruby glass and glass corals, as stated in the gift deed, but first and foremost he can pursue his chemical dreams.

And all that without suspicious gazes, and without the envious who want to steal his secret recipes – that's why the Elector gave him an island that no one besides Kunckel and his helpers is allowed to set foot on. The “so-called Peacock Ait”, as it's called in the gift deed, an island in the middle of the Havel, densely grown with old oak trees. The rabbit breeding site which had been located there until this point was closed with immediate effect – though a few bunnies escaped their pursuers and fled into the island's green thicket.

Kunckel's thoughts drift gratefully back to his patron as he draws ever closer on the boat to his immense gift. Today he wants to set foot on the island for the first time in this new year, after it was transferred last autumn into his ownership, his and that of his children and children's children, as it states in the deed. Kunckel still can't quite believe it.

The icy air has made his cheeks as hard as a board. Suddenly, the island looms out of the fog before him like an apparition, looking as though



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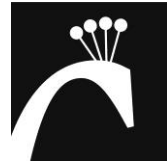
it's still slumbering, and Kunckel feels as though he doesn't only need to awaken this island from his dreams, but this entire century. He is a man on the fine line between alchemy and enlightenment, a chemist caught between the great promise of being able to transform everything to gold, and the very Brandenburg-like realisation that, in the end, only ashes will remain. He has spent his life in the German courts seeing the pendulum swing between hope and disappointment, between the fascination with magic and the fear of it, between the rulers' favour and the courtiers' envy.

With his books and his actions, Johannes Kunckel tried to lure people away from superstition towards the belief in science. But he noticed again and again how his contemporaries wished they could continue living in their magical world.

Right now, though, Johannes Kunckel is first and foremost a man who is shivering with cold.

He asks the oarsman to make a small fire on the island from the driftwood on the shore, so he can warm up a little before exploring the terrain. They moor on the small jetty on the island's southern shore, which on old maps is sometimes called "Peacock Eyot" and sometimes "The Peacock Islet", and now, according to the gift deed, "Peacock Ait".

This makes Kunckel smile as he steps onto the shore, as though he already knows that in this case, the name will come first, and then the creatures. Because there aren't any exotic peacocks at all on this island in the Havel, no, just very banal rabbits. The Elector had set up a rabbit breeding site here in order to make money, eight hundred rabbits a year, six-Groschen each, and above all in order to get more meat on the dining tables of his court. This is why the island is called "Rabbit Island" by the



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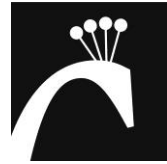
handful of farmers and fishermen from the surrounding estate villages, from Kladow and Sakrow, but then, they aren't familiar with Tacitus.

Kunckel is familiar with Tacitus and his "Germania", so he knows that the Semnones tribe once settled right here on the Havel, and that they planted a Holy Copse of large oak trees, which some believed must have once stood precisely on the small mound of Peacock Island. "Holy Copse" certainly sounded much more promising than "Rabbit Island".

Since the Semnones, however, more than a few centuries have passed, and only the oaks have remained, sowing their seed further and further on and burrowing their roots deep into the sandy soil, and sometimes a few deer and wild boars come swimming over from the neighbouring riverbanks to eat the acorns on the ground here and to enjoy a little peace from the wolves and bears that hungrily roam the dense woods along the Havel's banks.

And in May – as Kunckel has heard from people in Potsdam and Kladow – the nightingales always land on the island, finally back from their long-distance winter flight south, and their song fills the Brandenburg nights with such wistfulness that, at dawn, the nearby fishermen sometimes anchor their boats in one of the island's small bays and declare eternal love to their brides. Or rather – and this always makes Kunckel laugh quietly to himself, for these men are taciturn Brandenburg types – they are probably grateful that the nightingales do the important work, and that against this fitting background music they only need smile warmly for their brides to understand what they're trying to say.

In the chill of this February morning, Kunckel tries to warm himself a little with these thoughts about spring and the recalcitrant



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Brandenburgers, who are getting on his nerves somewhat after his years with the pleasure-loving Saxons.

Today, though, there is unfortunately no sign of the nightingales. The air is icy, and the island makes a terribly bleak impression.

The reeds on the riverbank, weighed down by the frost and ice, lie defeated in the water. Alongside are the bare alders, and meadows of brown stalks squashed by the January snow. Further inland, countless oaks stand silent. Their brown foliage blankets the ground underneath, which is scattered with numerous impenetrable thickets.

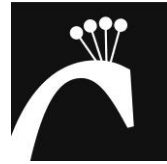
A wilderness.

And – Kunckel reluctantly admits to himself – somewhat off-putting.

Peacock Island in February is a place of absolute sadness. Is he perhaps taking on too much, in attempting to transform this forgotten island into a centre of alchemistic research?

Almost the entire interior of the island is overgrown and wooded; only at their mooring spot had a space been cleared for the gamekeeper's lodge that had been inhabited by a Frenchman, but he'd had to leave by the previous year's end, taking his rabbits with him, because from now on only Kunckel and his men were allowed on this island, and no one was permitted to know what kind of mysterious experiments he was conducting here – not even any rabbits.

In front of the austere gamekeeper's lodge are the building materials which the Elector had delivered here on barges for Kunckel last autumn, immediately after the gifting of the island: countless bricks to build the ovens and the helpers' houses, as well as wood for the windmill which Kunckel is allowed to build so he can mill the grain for his men's



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beer and bread here. They are to have everything they need to survive on this lonely island – above all, they are to have no reason to need to leave it. And no sensible person can make glass without beer; the workers drink it by the litre when they sweat for hours on end in front of the blazing ovens.

As soon as the weather gets warmer and the ground is no longer frozen, they will make a start building the huts and ovens, and on clearing the trees for the grain fields. Kunckel has already chosen his men; he has recruited his best glassblowers and ash cookers from Hakendamm, he knows exactly whom he can trust and whom he can't. The chosen ones are allowed to bring their families with them, so that they'll agree to this daring adventure. By the middle of this year, things should be ready. But for now, Kunckel doesn't even know where on the island he wants to build the ovens, or where the best place for them might be.

It's a good thing that only he and not all of them are here on the icy, abandoned island this dreary February morning, because they would immediately turn around and head home. And even Kunckel was asking himself whether this island thing was really such a good idea after all.

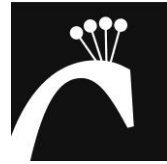
Why he is never content with what he has.

Why he doesn't just stay in his glassblowing hut at Hakendamm and continue making the glass that all of Europe is beginning to covet.

Why he can never stop dreaming.

But now it's too late. Now he is compelled by the highly illustrious and gratifying gift of an island to do precisely that: Peacock Island is his license to dream.

Once Kunckel has warmed his fingers and face on the fire that the oarsman has deftly lit, and the blazing flame and crackle of the dry wood



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has brought the comforting reminder of the magical moments he enjoys while glassmaking, when he creates a new, glassy world in the fire from a sticky mass, his hope once again grows just a little bigger than his trepidation.

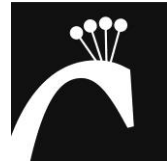
Kunckel has always experienced self-doubt, and humility too, and perhaps that's a good thing, because all the other quacksalvers and alchemists around him have slightly too much belief that they possess magical powers. Kunckel has never believed that. He always wanted to go the other way. Not towards hocus pocus, but experimentation.

This was why he tried for so long to recreate phosphor, which a doctor in Hamburg had invented by chance, until he perfected the precise recipe. It now even appears in the textbooks as "Kunckel's Phosphor", though he hears that this hasn't gone down too well with the famed Leibniz in Göttingen.

And this was also why he eventually found the exact recipe to make the legendary ruby glass shine more nobly and distinctly than anyone else before him.

Kunckel isn't an innovator; he's a consummator.

Kunckel hasn't made gold; he has used the gold from the ducats, grated it finely – what an act of decadent wastefulness. But then he added this gold chloride to the molten glass and mixed it with the crystal mass over the flames of the fire. Initially, the glass looked as yellow and pale as the moon over Brandenburg. But then the ever-new wonder of tarnishing begins. If the glass is heated a second time, it blushes, almost imperceptibly at first, and then becomes ever darker and shinier, and ultimately as carmine red as a ruby.

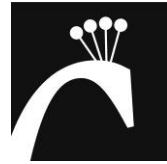


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This is another reason why the Elector brought him to Brandenburg, so he can make the Hakendamm glassworks the noblest production facility of this desirable golden-ruby glass. Though he is pained by Kunckel pulverising the ducats, he is delighted by all the coins he makes a short while later for the glass made from the ducats' powder. The rulers all across Europe are scrambling to get their hands on it, even spoilt Louis XIV, the Sun King. But the most exquisite glass that Kunckel has created so far this year is the magnificent goblet that he saved for his Elector and presented to him yesterday for his birthday. The joy in the Elector's eyes was initially immense, but then briefly clouded when the red didn't sparkle quite as much in the light of the candelabra as expected; and he seemed to look at Kunckel questioningly, but then the next guest arrived and handed over his exaggeratedly large present amidst much adulation.

They weren't able to talk in peace for the duration of the evening. The rest of the court is already full of envy towards Kunckel, and political developments are too thrilling to allow for long debates about the luminance of glass. Everyone was whispering about whether the Elector can ever make peace with his son Friedrich, who is hopelessly jealous of his siblings from the Elector's second marriage, and genuinely terrified that the Elector's wife Dorothea is trying to poison him.

In addition: the gift deed wasn't the only document that Kunckel's Elector signed in the autumn of 1685. He signed another important document two days later, on the 29<sup>th</sup> October: his Edict of Toleration. In which he offered refuge to all protestant Huguenots fleeing France from the fanatic Catholicism of the Sun King, Louis XIV. A thunderbolt.



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And it was immediately heard by the Huguenots in faraway France, who set off on the long journey to Brandenburg in order to seek their luck. Over the winter, they have been arriving in Potsdam and the surrounding villages, to widespread excitement. The protestant Elector made the invitation to the Huguenots not through benevolence for his brothers in faith, but as a businessman.

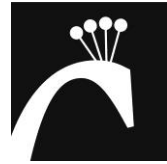
His country is still economically depressed, ravaged and financially hollowed out from the Thirty Years' War. It is in urgent need of intellectuals, tradesmen, hatmakers, clockmakers; in short, people with entrepreneurial spirit and a belief in the future. And unbelievably, it seems that the Huguenots have learnt the German language without further ado on their long journey from France to Brandenburg. Yes, even Johannes Kunckel has heard that these Huguenots can apparently master any task.

No, not everything, Kunckel says to himself with a smile.

Sparkling ruby glass without cloudiness and without the tiniest bubble, so sturdy that the refiners in the court glassmaking shop could decorate it with flowers – only he can do that.

Kunckel decisively pulls his gloves over his warmed fingers and sets off through the oak wood in his thick juste-au-corps and fur hat. On the ground is a hard brownish-grey carpet of dead leaves, which crackles accusingly with every step.

In his hand, Kunckel is holding a precise map of the island, or shall we say: a partially precise one. It was sketched more from instinct, and is correct only by the shore, near the rabbit-breeding facility; towards the north of the island, it becomes a little vaguer. The island is barely five hundred metres in width, and around one thousand two hundred in length.



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And so the route through the wood takes around half an hour, before he finds a spot among the meadows on the north-eastern shore that seems fitting to him.

Again and again, startled rabbits flit back and forth between the trees. It seems that over the years, a couple of hundred had escaped from the facility.

Kunckel's future site lies sheltered from the wind in a small bay, surrounded by tall poplars. The ground here is firm and earthy, far enough away from the swampy terrain in the north-west. A flat plateau that can be built on without having to first arduously level the soil.

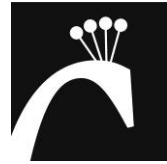
This is the place.

This is where magical things are to transpire. This is where the consummator is to finally become an innovator. He knows that this is why his Elector has given him this island. So he can make Venetian glass more beautiful than the Venetians themselves.

Kunckel excitedly marks the spot on his map, and he also takes a dozen stones from the shore and marks a big 'x' on the meadow, in order to mark exactly where he wants to begin to dream.

And where – before that – the bricklayers should begin to build. And swiftly, too.

He lays a cross, because it can't hurt, after all, to have a blessing from the Heavens if one wants to mix the elements on Earth. In Saxony, with Kunckel's previous master, it even appeared in black and white in his contract that he always had to pray first before setting foot in his laboratory. After all, it didn't do to aggravate the Lord.



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After Kunckel has found the location for his secret alchemist workshop, he hurries in his heavy boots through the oak forest back to his boat and oarsman on the other end of the island.

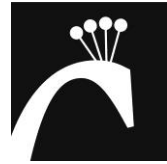
He puffs a little; he is in his fifty-first year, after all.

Is all this really a good idea?

Halfway, at the highest point, he once again marks with stones a spot in the middle of the oaks where the windmill should stand, but even in that moment he doubts whether he'll have the energy to have it built. But they have to mill malt in order to be able to make beer, and without beer there'll be no glass. And without a windmill, no flour, and the workers and their families need to be self-sufficient here, once everything is built.

Kunckel walks further south, the smoke columns from his oarsman's small campfire showing him the way. Brown acorns lie around everywhere underfoot, and Kunckel tramples them gleefully, as though he wants to say: enough now, dear oaks, the island has belonged to you alone for long enough, I'm spreading out here now, this spring you don't need to germinate hundreds more saplings, we'll trample and uproot them because we need the space for our fields, our ovens, our houses, a new era is dawning on this island, after the Holy Cope of ancient times, we are now going to seek the Philosopher's Stone.

Almost as soon as Kunckel reaches the campfire, he announces that it's time to go. The fire is swiftly trodden down and extinguished with a bucket of water from the Havel. They climb back into their boat, back to Potsdam, and this time, heading upstream, it's quicker. Kunckel is in a hurry, he wants to take the last stage coach to Berlin in an hour's time,



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because he wants to return this very evening to Klosterstrasse and his wife, who has just borne him another child.

The long route from Potsdam to Berlin is arduous in mid-February, the road full of heavy clay and wet sludge, the carriage wheels get stuck again and again, and the horses have to use all their strength to pull it back on track. In mid-February, a person only travels if they really have to.

The stage coach, a wooden box suspended by leather straps, rumbles along the deep grooves of the avenue which hardly deserves its name. Three other men got in with Kunckel at Potsdam, but in the dark interior they stare past one another; people don't speak in a stage coach, they endure. From the front, the smell of cheap tobacco from the coachman's pipe pushes its way through the cracks, and the damp cold from beneath, and the coach judders so much that Kunckel is afraid that even the mere thought of glass would immediately shatter in his head.

When they stop to feed the exhausted horses in front of the rundown inn in Zehlendorf, it's already approaching five o'clock. Kunckel climbs out briefly and takes a few steps through the ice-cold air. He looks up and sees the clouds suddenly lit from behind in the delicate, daubed pink of winter, an evening red that, around the clouds' glowing edges, really does seem to transform into his beloved ruby red.

But it's also possible that Kunckel is just imagining it all.

Because when he climbs back into the carriage a few minutes later, and looks up one last time, the clouds in the pale sky resemble only the swept-away remains of cold ashes.

**[END OF SAMPLE]**