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It is certain now...despite the fact that I do not believe much in gods, I will ask Poseidon to help my brother.

Last night I had a dream that I proposed an idea to save Icarus that delighted Poseidon, although I do not remember what it was. Without dream tea I do not seem able to reliably remember all aspects of my dreams. The sacrifice he asked, if he did ask, did not make me fall down weeping, although I have no memory of that either. All I remember is singing a prayer to him, over and over, and when I woke up I could only remember the name "Perdix."

Phoenicia may think I understand what dreams are, but I am still very uncertain. If dreams make seers of us by bringing us fragments of the future, I am destined to achieve my goal to help Icarus. But in truth I am no seer, only a girl with a dark burden and enough clarity to see that time is running out.

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Today I took a ride through the waves with Petros, who was feeling lonely so I got the benefit of that. We did not go too far out because he knows I still have my dread of drowning, even though it is less now.

As we held close to the shoreline, I remembered that day when I first started venturing beyond the palace and I watched Icarus playing in the waves with his friends.

And that was when my idea, the one to save my brother, came to me. "Petros! Petros! Turn the boat to shore, I have to go see someone!"

Gerlach started barking because I startled him, and Petros said "Enough the two of you! The sea is for quiet contemplation, not a festival of harpies! We will go to shore and both of you can go have a party together and leave me in peace!"

Once at the docks, my legs could not run as fast as my head was going, and I completely forgot to thank Petros.

All the way I tried to think of the words to say to Phoenicia so she would not think me mad, but when I got to her doorstep, she opened the door before I could even knock, looked at me, and

said "Well I was going to hang my wash but it will wait. What have you seen and what do you need?"

I told her my idea straight out, without sniffing or rubbing my nose or tugging at my clothes the way I usually do when I am nervous that she will think me strange and tell me to leave.

"And how will you let Icarus know of this plan? His actions will be crucial to its success, yes?"

Well I had not thought of that, and so had no plan.

"He does not know me, has never even see me, so even if I could find a way to get his attention, I could not give him my idea, he would just go deaf like he does with our father."

Phoenicia remained silent while I thought out loud. "If I try drawing a picture and give it to Uxia to deliver with his dinner, since he seems to understand the nature of things so deeply, he might understand. But if Daedalus sees it, he will know someone is watching and that might make him do something sooner, before I am ready."

It was too overwhelming, too big a problem, and I suddenly felt small and with no more wisdom than dirt. I put my head down on her table; and I thought how much I wanted some of her tea just then... That was it! My hand slapped her table. "TEA!"

"I think you are on to something. Together, we will reach him in his dreams, and show him what to do and how to know when to do it."

Now I was excited, "I will tell Uxia that Icarus's stomach has been giving him trouble and that the palace physician sent me to give her some of your tea to give to Icarus."

"You are a good problem solver, Petra Volare. Let us waste no time."

She made a little bundle for me to take, and readied two of her special little cups. "This will ensure the correct amount of water is added." She winked. "As you know from experience, the stronger the tea, the more vivid the dream."

She put the bundle into a little drawstring bag with the cups and handed it to me. It was light, and the scratchiness of the cloth made my hands itch.

“Tonight, Petra Volare, you will use half for you, and send half to Icarus. And you and I will first help him see what is to happen so that he is not frightened. Then we will practice your idea so that, at the crucial moment, he will be so ready it will come as naturally as though he was born to do it.”

“But wait! What if Icarus draws everything for Daedalus when he says “Draw for me the sea, Icarus, draw for me the sky?”

“Leave Daedalus to me. Nothing Icarus draws will alert him.” She smiled wryly. “Given what you have told me about the quality of attention he pays to his son, it should not require excessive energy on my part.”

Then holding both of my hands in hers, she said “Stay steady, Petra Volare, and all will unfold as it needs to.”

She took the pouch from me and slung its oversized drawstring over my neck. Which meant I could not run home as I wished to, or the cups would crash together and break, so I had to walk home, an agonizing pace when I was so impatient to be to the next step of things. So I thought about what to tell Uxia to say so that only Icarus takes the tea.

And now here I sit, waiting for Uxia to come to deliver dinner to my father and brother, and my insides are doing flips like the boys and the dolphins. I hope this works. I really hope this works...