

The small blue lake was completely at rest, the water clear and the rowboat rested peacefully in the shallow water near the shore, inviting and enticing, ready to be taken on a ride. So simple, so beautiful.

As I went aboard and took the oars I felt happiness and joy. It was beautiful to row out on the lake, surrounded by clear, calm water, completely immersed in the serene idyll of nature. But when I started to row and the boat was about to move out I noticed a resistance, an inhibition. The boat didn't want to go forward any further. When I turned back I saw on the lake, that a strong chain showed up in the water holding the boat surrounded by with an iron grip. I had not noticed it previously, only clear calm water, completely the boat's movement brought it up. immersed in the serene idyll of nature.

And at once I knew that a big heavy  
anchor  
down  
at  
the  
bottom  
of  
the  
lake  
would  
hold  
the  
boat  
and the anchor  
would be so stuck  
**that I never could  
move the boat. It was chained with diabolical treachery,  
and I with it.**