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The city of Camagüey in Cuba is known as the maze. It was designed to deliberately confuse invading pirates in the sixteenth century.

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We arrived in the rain.



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When the rain stopped we went out to explore the city.



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By chance we got talking to a man in the street. It turned out that we had all attended the same school in England two decades before.



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He told us that he was in exile. He said he had to flee after drug dealers took his friend to an industrial estate on the outskirts of our home town, made him drink petrol and set fire to him.



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The next day he took us to the park to show us a crocodile. Then he invited us to his house to see his crocodile.



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As we arrived at his house the rain began again.



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When the rain stopped he took us for a walk around his neighbourhood.

By chance we met his friend in the street. He told us that he was a member of a secret society and invited us to a ceremony that night.



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My friend refused to come back me with me. He said he thought the man from England was part of a group of older boys who had bullied him at school and he didn't trust him. He said he had a bad feeling.

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So that night I went back alone through the streets to the edge of the city.



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He led me to a hut. There was a strange light and figures inside and a strong smell of death. I thought about my friend's bad feeling.



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About ten people were crowded inside. The smell was coming from a kind of altar covered with sticks and rotting things.



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But everyone was friendly, passing rum and cigars. It started to seem like a weird club house.

They cast disks to ask the spirits whether I could take photographs.



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As the spirit possessed him a man began to call out prophecies.



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I think he told me that everything would be alright.

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As we left the city the next morning the rain began again.



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The City Like A Maze
Caroline Edge

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