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Aboriginal's dream

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Aboriginal's dream

The story of the beginning of a new age.

I open my eyes.

I'm not on the earth. I am flying in the sky. I see my tribe and the bush. In the distance, I look at mountains. These mountains are remote in a huge and wild desert. However, my people went there every year, at the seventh moon. But now, they have forgotten this place. I'm the only one who remembers the tradition.

" You have a mission, says a voice behind me. See that fire in the sky. It comes from our territories. Go eastward and watch for danger."

It's my ancestors. Their spirits are imprisoned in several carvings scattered on the land and they speak to me in my thoughts. Their ghosts are with me under the stars. Now, I live between clouds seaward. On the earth, I look at many rivers and villages lived-in by my people, the Aborigines.

The moon shines on my skin and I fall into waves. Several whales jump out the oceans. I observe, on the horizon, little sails coming toward me. With them the sun wakes up and my world is absorbed in the darkness.

I open my eyes again and say :

" I saw the dangers ".

I begin to walk in the sand. It is warm. It's dawn, the beginning of a new age.

R.J.L.