

Dreaming

A story of a little girl, by a little girl.

There once was a little girl, who loved nothing more than visiting her Aunty. Aunty would sit with her young niece, yarning and painting the days away. They would draw together, paint together, laugh and drink tea and eat biscuits all day long. The young girl would wake up early each morning and head to Aunties house to start their day, which was full of love and adventures.

A sad day it was, on that first day of school. The little girl did not cry because she would miss her family, she did not cry because she did not like school. She wept and wailed because she knew that her days and days with Aunty had come to an end. No more cups of tea and homemade biscuits while they painted in the sun. No more stories while they burnt toast in the fire. Now this little girl had to wear bows in her hair, a funny blue and white dress with a little tie and worst of all white frilly socks and clunky black shoes. Oh how the little girl wished she could wear her favourite t-shirt and shorts and no shoes on her feet.

The classroom was full of lots of things, but nothing like what Aunty had. At thirty little desks sat thirty little children. They all looked the same, dressed the same and acted the same... all apart from the little girl. She did not put her hand up, she did not ask questions and she did not look at the teacher.

Instead she dreamed.

She dreamed of her Aunty and wondered what she would be doing right now. Was her Aunty painting, was her Aunty yarning, or was her Aunty thinking about her?

Day after day she dreamt. No one spoke to her. In class there was silence and the teacher would yell if the other kids spoke. There was no laughing, there was no smiling and there was certainly no yarning.

At playtime the little girl had no friends to play with. The games that the other kids played were different to the games she played with Aunty. The other kids ran screaming and yelling to play on the slide that was all twisty and turny. The swings smelt bad, the monkey bars were too high and the sandpit was full of big boys with toy trucks.

At lunch each day, the little girl would sit alone behind the big watta. She would take those clunky black shoes and frilly white socks off and feel the grass tickling between her toes. She drew in her book and dreamt of yarning with her Aunty.

One day the little girl was sitting in the classroom during a maths lesson, she was trying really hard to listen and understand, but nothing made sense. The marks on the board were silly numbers, and as hard as the little girl tried - she could not understand. She looked around the classroom and saw all of the other kids putting their hand up, asking and answering questions. The little girl wished that Aunty was here to help her out, but she wasn't. A big tear slid down the little girls cheek.

The next day, the little girl did not want to open her eyes when the sun came up. She did not want to get out of bed; she did not want to put on that funny dress, those clunky black shoes and frilly white socks, she did not want to have bows put in her hair because she did not want to go to school. Mum tried to get the little girl out of bed, she even made her blueberry pancakes, but the little girl did not move. She heard the back door open and close, and a familiar laugh coming from the kitchen. The little girl immediately knew it was Aunty, but still she stayed in bed. Very soon after, Aunty came in and curled up in bed with her.

Aunty asked why she was not up and ready for School. The little girl told her how she felt left out, how she felt different, how the other kids didn't play with her and that the teacher didn't talk to or help her. She told Aunty how she lay in the sun near the watta each lunch time and took off her shoes to feel the grass, that she didn't play with the others but would read and draw on her own.

The more she told Aunty, the more Aunty explained things - and it was all starting to make sense - all those squiggly lines and funny numbers! Aunty explained how lucky the little girl was that she can go to School, because Aunty never had that opportunity. The little girl started to feel lucky.

Aunty jumped up out of bed and told the little girl to hurry up and get ready - or they would be late for the special day. Special day? What special day? Aunty explained to her young niece that there was a special art day at school and that the Principal had asked Aunty to come and paint with all the students. The little girl could not believe it - Aunty was coming to School; her Aunty was coming to her School to teach all the kids how to paint. The little girl could not get ready quick enough - it was a dream come true.

The school day started with an assembly on the back field, where Aunty was introduced to the whole school. My Aunty, the little girl thought! As the assembly finished and all of the classes started to move with their teacher back to their classroom, Aunty walked over to where her niece's class was standing. The teacher knelt down next to the little girl, and asked if she would like to go with Aunty and help her for the day. She was so excited.

Aunty and the little girl walked to the playground, and on the big back wall near the watta was the start of a painting - like the ones what Aunty paints at her house. Class by class, the students came to listen to Aunty yarn, and together they painted part of the story.

The last class to paint was the little girls' class. The other children in her class were so amazed, they all wanted to ask the little girl questions about her Aunty and the story on the wall. The little girl answered each question, no longer was she shy - she was proud! The little girl explained to her teacher and the class about the dreaming, the story of the Aboriginal dreaming that the little girl and her Aunty had helped the whole school paint.

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