

DREAM

FEBRUARY 2003



I was driving on a deserted road in my father's bright-blue, 1962, EK Holden. Ahead there was a warning sign that stuck out into the road. As I passed it the rear view mirror was torn off the door.

I kept going and the road turned to dirt. It then narrowed and began to slope downhill. Eventually it became impossible to go any further. I got out of the car and continued on foot.

The road got even narrower and steeper. Soon it was barely a track. Suddenly it stopped. Instantly I found myself balanced on a small branch of a tree growing precariously out of the side of a cliff. I looked straight down—I was a hundred feet or so in the air.

There was a beach below that promised safety. I could see that I probably could get down to it—even though it would be difficult and dangerous. However, I found myself starting to freeze.