

**(Your Story Years 5-7)**

**The Vision  
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Startled, half-starved kangaroos jump away from me across burnt-out plains in search of water and what little grass remains. The light dims as the sun hangs low on the western horizon. I look back at my ragged old shack standing in the middle of nowhere and feel scorched grass crunch beneath my boots as I trudge onwards.

I remember the helmet I have been carrying. I place it slowly on my sweaty head. Suddenly, everything is green and beautiful. Butterflies flutter from flower to flower and lush green grass gently sways. The air now seems moist and pleasant. Crickets chirp contentedly and colourful birds fly in tight formations overhead. The moment draws me back to an earlier time.

Suddenly, everything starts to flicker and goes slowly black. I take off the helmet and stare at it in disgust. Once more everything is burnt and quiet. Kangaroos again bound dispiritedly across the plain. I check the helmet but don't see anything suspicious. 'It must be the solar cells,' I sigh. The sun has disappeared and a shadowy haze hangs thickly.

I wearily place the helmet back under my arm. 'I'd better go home,' I shrug, as cold darkness creeps around me.