

I'm not sure I understood what people meant when they talked about the word "aura" until that day. Of course, there were people that I got on with well and people that I didn't. Sometimes, I'd click with someone without a word being spoken and sometimes, it took a while to warm to an individual's characteristics and complexities. Yet, none of that shouted "aura" to me. Charisma, personality, mutual understanding, maybe. Aura, not really.





Yet, as my foot touched the pristine sand and my body carried me towards, but not into, the salty water, I felt it. To my right, the cow kept itself to itself, to my left, the humans stretched, at my feet, the grains of the powder beckoned me to rest my legs, then my back, my neck and my head. I lay, staring at the one white cloud that transformed from a sheep to an amused goat, to the cow that still stood to my right and finally, to nothing as I closed my eyes and dreamt of the dreamworld I had immersed myself into when I was still conscious.





I squinted. The yellow light radiating from the sky above had shone its spotlight on me in an attempt to pull me from my slumber. As I slowly peeled the lids from the whites of my eyes, they guided me in the direction of the two sleeping dogs. One had curled up by my feet, the other tucked itself into a crease of skin on my left side. Leaving the sleeping dogs lie, I finally understood the meaning of the word “aura”.

