

Wait your turn by Carole Lydon

ADILAH waits for her turn. Eager flames force her back from the glowing coals. Impatience burns up through her throat. Just as she starts a new protest her mother moves over to the fire with the tray of roti they have beaten and rolled together. Adilah watches like a coiled snake as her mother places the roti in the pan. Golden oil cheers each roti reach perfection.



Flight of Mind – Three Women Dreaming, by Lisa Conolly

*Why can't I put them in the pan?
The oil spits and burns. You are not ready little one.*

Adilah bundles up the fire within and waits her turn.

KATIE can't believe her brother is sitting in the front seat again. He knows it's not his turn and if she hears her mum tell her it is one more time, she will explode. With a mind like an almanac she knows exactly how many times her brother has sat in the front seat, chosen the movie, eaten the last muffin, gone with dad to the shops, had his friend over, bought his lunch, walked to the park alone, faked sick days and snuck to the dog into his bed. She swallows the mushroom cloud, buckles up and waits her turn.

SORA knows exactly how she got here. After walking for weeks to reach the refugee camp, she lined up for food waiting her turn. They said they could help find her brothers but she must wait her turn. Weeks before she was jostling for a spot at the clinic window for a glimpse at the new nurse. The teacher came out and told them to stand in line and wait their turn. Sick of waiting, Sora and her friend ran off to hide behind the big hill. Five minutes later they watched in horror as their entire village was killed. When the fires at the refugee camp darkened, Sora dragged herself under the security fence and disappeared. No more waiting.

