

Looking out of my window – with hope When is Tomorrow?

In a park, perched high on the monkey bars a little boy calls down to his mother.

‘Mum, when is tomorrow?’

‘Tomorrow.’

‘No, when?’

‘I’m not sure,’ she calls back, ‘but here is Afternoon and I can see Dusk coming.’

‘Where?’ he calls.

‘Look, over there,’ she points. ‘Can you see Afternoon? He’s leaning against that hillside, looking out over the valley. Did you hear him sigh?’

‘Yes,’ says the boy. ‘He looks tired.’

‘He is. That’s why Sun is basking us in this soft, golden light. And see Dusk, she’s down there, tiptoeing up the valley. The Birds are calling out to her.’

‘Yes,’ says the boy.

They watch Dusk scamper up through the forest. She rustles leaves and whispers in burrows, ‘Come out. I’m here to play.’

The boy looks at his mother, eyes wide.

‘Dusk can be a little mischievous, keep watching,’ she says.

On the hillside, Afternoon curls up and nods off just as Dusk approaches. She sneaks up and tickles his toes.

Sun has seen this many times but it always makes him laugh. He chuckles orange and purple over the horizon.

‘She’s so naughty. Come on, we can walk home with Evening.’

The boy swings down into his mother’s arms as the light fades.

Evening enters the valley. As he winds up all the colour, cool darkness creeps over the land.

At home, the boy rushes into the kitchen.

‘Dad, when is tomorrow?’

‘Tomorrow.’

‘No, when?’

‘Well,’ his father peers out the window. ‘Listen.’

‘Night,’ Evening calls softly.

The boy looks with wonder into the back yard.

Under the cover of darkness, Night has arrived.

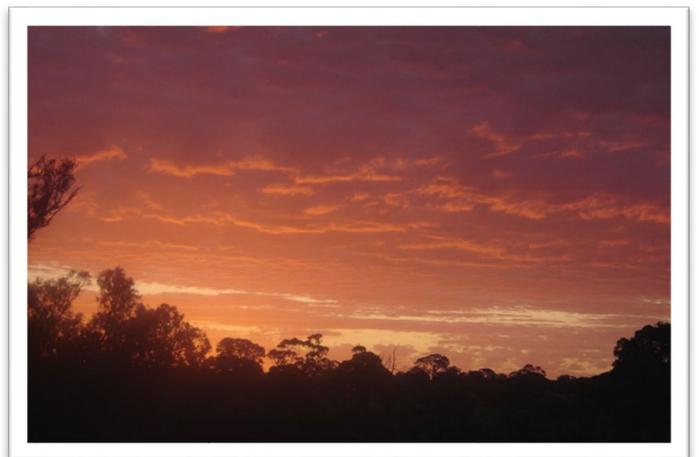
Later, tucked up warm, the boy looks out his window into the dark and is scared.

His mother sits on his bed and leans towards the window.

‘Do not be afraid.’

‘Mum, when is tomorrow?’

‘Listen. Night is singing to the stars with her friend, Old Man Moon. They will cross the slumbering land and bring you tomorrow.’



A giggling squeal wakes the boy. He rushes into his sister's room.
Standing in her cot she points to the window. The boy raises the blind and they peer into the inky darkness.

'When is tomorrow?' he whispers.

'Tomorrow', she gurgles back to him, then points and smiles.

The boy sees Night pausing on the horizon as she looks for her daughter.

'Dawn,' she whispers.

Suddenly there is a crack in the dark.

To the East, he sees Dawn standing tiptoe on the misty mountain top with Sun rising behind her.

Dawn streams colour as she slides down the slopes. Sun's golden light follows.

'Morning!' Dawn calls as she disappears into the sunshine.

The boy and the little girl wake their parents. The family skip and shuffle to the kitchen. They all look out the window.

There, in the garden, Morning stands tall and the air rings with bird song. He smiles and fills the world with promise.

'Look to this, Day!' he shouts.

The world turns and they all look to Day.

And here is Day. She looks around, sees the boy and asks,

'When is Tomorrow?'

The world pauses.

A faint voice whispers on the breeze.

The family strain to hear.

'You can wish for tomorrow and dream of yesterday,
but I am always here.

You always have me, for I am Now.'

'Now,' says the boy and leans out the window.

'Now,' he smiles as he calls, 'Let's play, Now!'

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