

AXE 5

Évaluation



Odea Donahue has been able to travel through people's dreams since she was six years old. Her mother taught her the three rules of walking: **Never interfere. Never walk the same person's dream more than once. Never be seen.**

Dea was six years old the first time she ever walked a dream.

It was an accident.

They'd been living on the outskirts of Disney World then, in a large condo¹ meant to look like a castle, with turrets on the roof and flags hanging above the doorway. [...] There was a girl, Mira, who lived in 7C. Like Dea, she was too sick to go to school. She had bad asthma and legs that were kind of collapsed, so she walked really slowly [...]. She was one of Dea's first friends. Dea and Mira made up elaborate stories about the other residents of the condo, invented a new language called Inside Out, and buried treasure in the potted plants so that aliens would someday find it. [...]

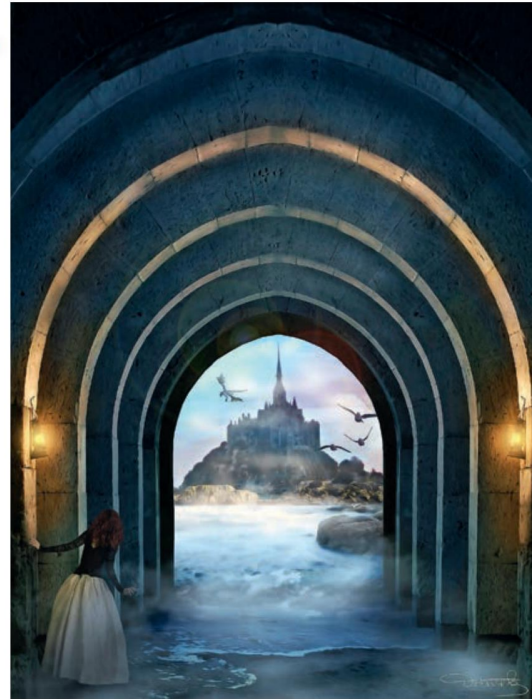
15 The day it happened, they'd spent the morning pretending to be scientists, inventing names for every flower they could think of, drawing them carefully with crayons in a big book of heavy-duty artist's paper Mira's dad had bought her [...]. [...] At some point, they fell asleep, lying next to each other in their shorts and T-shirts, their feet just touching. And Dea found herself walking down a narrow stone corridor, open to the air on both sides and half collapsed, as in a castle gone to ruin. As she moved forward, the stone shifted and reformed into individual doorways. Later, she learned from her mom that this wasn't uncommon. The dreamer, sensing an intrusion, builds walls, buildings, sometimes whole cities, to prevent the strange element, the walker, from getting in [...]. But Mira's mind wasn't very practiced, and so Dea passed easily through one of the doorways and ended up in the open, standing on a vivid stretch of green grass. Walking someone else's dream was like moving through a stranger's house. Everything was unfamiliar, and Dea knew instinctively not to disturb or touch anything.

On a tennis court several hundred feet away, Mira was playing. She was running back and forth on legs that were both strong and straight, and each time her racquet connected with the ball, there was a satisfying thwack. Then, midair, each ball turned into a bird and soared² away. Soon there were dozens of birds, circling overhead, as though waiting for something.

Even at six, Dea knew that she was trespassing³ on something very private.

All at once the birds converged and became an enormous kite⁴, so large it blotted⁵ out the sky. Then the court was swallowed in shadow and she knew it was time to wake up. [...]

35 Her mom knew what she'd done. At the time, Dea didn't think that was strange. She was Mom. She knew everything. [...]. That day, Miriam sat at the kitchen table, gripping a mug of tea so tightly Dea could see individual veins in her hand, and explained the rules of walking. The first rule, which Dea had already intuited, was that she must never try to change anything or intervene in another person's dream. The second rule, related to the first, was that she might walk as many dreams as she wished if she was careful, and followed all the rules, but she must never walk the same person's dreams more than once. And the third rule was that she must never, ever be seen.



Robert L. Anderson, *Dreamland*, 2015

1 immeuble en copropriété • 2 s'envoler • 3 pénétrer illégalement • 4 cerf-volant • 5 hid