

Uroš Petrović

Fairy Tales

The Fourth Seven



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■ Laguna ■

Fairy Tales

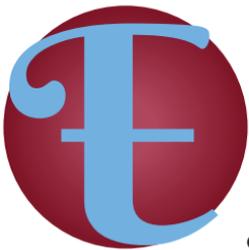
The Fourth Seven

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Boomerang



than lived on a sprawling estate on the edge of an island as spacious as a continent. As the only child of a farmer, he had quite a number of household responsibilities, but also a lot of free time in between.

Each day, the boy often went to explore his surroundings farther away from home. He was already used to meeting kangaroos, koalas, herds of long-ago runaway camels, even colorful lizards and scorpions.



Once, when he had wandered much farther than the previous day, the little boy came upon a terrifying scene - an old bearded Aboriginal man with completely white hair and a dark body studded with white ritual patterns, who was sitting on the dusty yellow earth. In front of him, there was a boomerang buried in the ground, which the old man stared at before looking up at the newcomer.



Overcoming his discomfort, the boy approached the old man tentatively. There was no surprise in the old man's foggy but gentle gaze – only the look one gives to an acquaintance, or at least someone expected.

The old man silently pulled the boomerang out of the ground and handed it to the boy. It was a skillfully crafted wooden device made of dark polished wood with seven white patterns in the shape of winged creatures, similar to children's drawings of



angels. Ethan hesitantly accepted the gift and bowed slightly in thanks. The old man raised his wrinkled fists towards him and pointedly showed him seven raised fingers. Then, waving his thin hand, he signaled for the boy to leave.



Facing a multitude of mixed feelings inside him, the boy obeyed him without question. He turned and quickly started walking away. He looked back only once when he was already too far away to see his unknown benefactor.

Ethan then ran a good part of the way home.



When the family gathered in the evening, the boy told them about his experience.

“These people are sometimes singled out to go to the other world alone, bidding farewell to their spiritual ones. You came by at that moment and obviously he wanted to give you his weapon,” his father told him gently.

“It felt like he knew I was coming.” And why did he show me the number seven?” Ethan said uncertainly.

“Maybe because of those seven drawings. Son, the real question is also what state his mind was in when you found him. Did you try to throw it?” he asked him.

“I didn’t. I was afraid it would break,” he said.



“Look at it! It must have been thrown thousands of times and you can see that it still remains whole. That dark wood looks pretty durable to me. I think he gave it to you to use it,” his father told him and gave the ancient wooden weapon back to him.



The next day, when the boy was alone again, he went to the field and brought along the mysterious boomerang. He took a deep breath and flung it into the distance with all his might. At first, he was surprised by the sound - a loud intermittent whistle. Then he was taken aback by the unexpected length of the flight - the device flew until he lost sight of it. He ran in the direction the boomerang had flown

