# Searching for Aurora

There is a woman named Aurora who is quite shy, she likes to dance in private and swirl her coloured skirts to and fro. Aurora hunters come from all around to view her colourful dance, but she is demure and hides behind the clouds - only peeking out occasionally. The day we were due for our hunt we rested up, rumours circulating that Aurora was displaying her skirt in Finland and late in the evening. But a phone call from our tour guide and we were devastated, our tour was cancelled. Thor had made heavy, thick, puffy clouds and Aurora was hiding behind them.

We knew our time was limited, as a tourist we can only book ahead and hope that our dates marry with the dates that Aurora wants to dance. Our next day we spent in the town of Tromso, admiring the newly fallen snow. Crunching the snow under our boots so different yet so similar to the crunching of sand under our feet which was our normal sound on beach walks half a world away. An afternoon nap to be ready for our next night’s hunting and we were well primed to see our dancing queen. We left early evening, driving two hours with snow falling and nothing to see but whiteness. Next to our driver was our guide, with his phone on the radar, the radio listening to other hunters, and another phone connected to another guide. Was this, our last night in Norway going to be another night where Thor triumphed over Aurora?

Then up a hill and some stars stated twinkling ‘Hey! Come here! Look at this dance!’ so we stopped and waited. Slowly Thor moved the clouds and Aurora started to show herself, getting more confident and brazen in her dance, she filled the sky with an arc over our heads.

We watched in awe for over an hour until Thor decided it was time for Aurora, and us, to rest.