



A flickering bright trail moves slowly along the woods' path. The small flames dance cheerfully into the darkness, partly illuminating the way. This bright parade, like a long snake, slides slowly towards the inhabited area. The figures, cloaked in white, hide their identity through a hood, pulled down over their faces. Suddenly, the full moon emerges from a blanket of clouds: it projects long shadows along the path and it illuminates also the dark faces of these ghostly participants. Their bones creak and their index finger raises above a small flame to illuminate the way. Their deep and empty orbits dominate those gloomy faces, in which shreds of life, which has gone forever, returns to animate them for this unusual parade. The moon guides the return of the dead once a year for an uncommon feast. After the party and the dances, however, they must return to the bare and cold ground for another year, in a continuous succession of life and death.
