

The World of My Dreams

The world of my dreams is an ensemble in an indeterminate festival, of which all are invited. Picture awakening to birds in perfect harmony-the live concert of a single person-and to sunbeams enveloping you in warmth at the dawning of each day. No alarm, farthest from traffic-wonderful vibes and pancakes flip themselves for breakfast.

In such a world, going to school would be a fun zone by itself. One would learn mathematics while indulging in fun-filled games and history through virtual adventures of time travel. No examinations-just challenges that would task building of cool stuff or expansion of rampant curiosity with a mundane mystery. The teacher would now be a mentor, guiding into quest completion instead of brain-numbing lecturing.

Everyone shall then have a superpower-a gift, perhaps not necessarily flying or invisibility, but talent running the league of instant growth for plants, immediately repairing broken things with a touch, or always delivering just the right joke to instill laughter. Due to the uniqueness and the usefulness of everybody's talent, no one would be left out.

In my dream world, the environmental scenery would be heavenly, with air scented with fresh cookies, rivers sparkling in their solicitous courtesy to shake hands, and trees being friendly enough to wave their branches at you. People would commute around the town on ecological scooters that would practically serve snacks-it's always a good thing to munch on while you are on the go, right?

But the best part: Fridays will be a big day for all, music and dance, fireworks... Any day is fine, just joy and connections. There will be no worries. Life in the most fun, creative, and magical way-thriving instead of mere survival.

Such a world becomes my dream-a world where life seems a long, happy journey.