

Reflective Essay:

“Dreams: Golden Thoughts”

Close your eyes for a minute, and just imagine. Imagine you could fly; imagine you could fly like a bird, and you were sitting at the top of the world. I would like to stay there forever: dreaming, wondering, wishing. It is amazing to think how many dreams there are in our heads, waiting to be discovered. But sadly, there is no certainty that dreams will come true – unlike fate.

I would define dreaming as an art: some people do not feel creative at all and when you ask them “What have you dreamt?”, they will answer “Nothing” or “Don’t remember”. Some days people feel creative and they remember their dreams. There are those who have long dreams; dreams which last for days; dreams which are interrupted because you must wake up and which you resume when you go back to bed that same night. And over and over again, our dreams go on and on.

Why are dreams so special to me? No matter how absurd they may seem, dreams always make sense – at least while your head is on your pillow. You may be dreaming you are fighting with a dragon or flying in a hot-air balloon. Only when you wake up do you realize how far-fetched this was and you can seldom make heads or tails of it.

Dreams reflect who we are, what we have done, how we feel. A dream is a person’s purest reflection. If somebody stole my dreams, they would learn a great deal about me, for if something important happens to me, this is what I will dream about. If I read a book, I dream about that book; if I meet someone new, I dream I am with that person. Dreams can even reveal our emotions; when we are in love, we dream about that special person too often; when somebody does something evil to you, don’t you dream about it? When I am nervous, I dream I am naked at school and, to make matters worse, when I notice, it is too late – I am in the middle of an exam.

Dreams are intense. They may be spectacular, joyful and happy or they may be melancholic, full of cruelty and unfair. The most realistic dreams come when you sleep plenty of time, like at weekends. When I have one of those, I realize that I am dreaming and with great effort, I try to open my eyes. Then I wake up, and sadly, it is time to plunge into the real world.

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