*Sometimes I wonder what would happen if the world was black and white? Is then everyone would walk sad and did not know what a joy?*

*What would happen if people knew everything, there would be no questions, only answers? Is then everyone would be intelligent?*

*What if all our dreams come true? Is then we would not have any purpose?*

*What would happen if we were immortal, it would not be diseases, and hospitals would not be needed? Do you then not everyone will care about your health, safety?*

*What if Santa Claus did not exist? Would the children enjoy Christmas and do not try to be better people?*

*What would happen if people did not need to eat, drink or sleep? Is then we would have time to take a break?*

*But most often I wonder what would happen if at some point react differently, I would say something else, I'd go to another place, I’d change only one detail? Is the future would be different? Whether I would still be the same person I am now?*

**Friday, twenty-third December 2016**

Approaching Christmas, I did not like them. Always I associated with the family meetings in which adults are constantly talking about businesses, walking early in the morning to the church and returns late in the evening to the house. Christmas in my family, and not only what these were. Even children, no longer enjoyed the holidays, watching for the first star and dressing the Christmas tree were like for them redundant. But unlike adults they claimed first star meant to start a conversation, during which a lot of times there was a serious argument. It happened also that bombed fists. Of course, nothing to them never happened. Fortunately or perhaps not. If they killed one another maybe they would stop their pointless disputes.

I walked over to the window and carefully watched the falling snowflakes. I began to wonder whether the world should be like? Grey, monotonous days in which nothing ever happens upset me. Depression is very close to me, and I rather think that I have it butmy parents do not pay attention to me in total did not distinguish me from my older sister Victoria, which differed from me.

The world was very developed, so far the researchers said. Apparently, once people did not know that the earth has the shape of a sphere. And now? Now we know what area is the universe, how many planets there is life, and many others. Now travel and holidays at the other end of the earth is a relic, everyone have a "rest" in the cosmos. Why the "rest"? Because despite the departure of family adults they are still focused on professional life.

A few years ago I dreamed of trendy, branded clothes, the best laptop and phone, spacious room, where everything is tastefully decorated. I imagined friendly meetings on the town together with famous people around the world and taking pictures on Instagram, which made a great sensation all over the Internet. To make people think that I have the perfect life and I'm happy. And now? Now, when this is all true, I am dreaming about my old life. When I lived as a backward, obscure person in his cramped room in which anything to each other did not suit and lying on a pink bed- possible that it was stolen from Barbie- old already outmoded clothes and admire the ceiling painted with cheap paint.

I heard activated vacuum cleaner, probably my mother clean the house before Christmas, which will be tomorrow. This year's dinner will be at our house and, of course, everything has to be perfect. That is why every now and then hear the blender, vacuum cleaner, washing machine etc. Through the window I saw a father carrying a Christmas tree into the house. There is always the problem of who dressed it. My sister and I regard it as unnecessary but the parents are adamant when it comes to traditions. I ran to my room to make it all I missed.

I looked around my room. My eyes fell on the bed, which encouraged me to put on it. I walked over to it and gently sat down. What if my parents earn less money, I would not have cool house, fashionable clothing and the latest gadgets, and still people would like me? If I'm not surrounded by all these people who are flying on money, or should I then have real friends, where you can count on always and everywhere? Apparently it changed by only one thing of the past and the future would be radically different. Maybe if I did not have it all, all these material things but have a lot of dreams in my head I'd be happy?

In my mind I began to hear a voice like a familiar but I could not decide to who it belongs. It spoke very quickly and the only thing I understood was my name. It started spinning in my head, and all before my eyes getting dark. The contours of the objects were blurred, fuzzy. My head went through the pain. I’ve hard slumped back on the mattress for at hissed. Soon the voice in my head began to be louder, and I could not stand it, I began to scream. Suddenly a voice trailed off, and I was surrounded only blissful silence. Silence and darkness.

\*\*\*

The dream snatched me a ray of sunshine, which was trying to get through my eyelids, the hurting my eyes. I started nervously twirl. Suddenly I heard a familiar voice again, like before. I felt a firm grip on my hand. Lazily I opened my eyes and saw the concerned face of my mother. Not black and white, but colorful. I looked slowly around the room in which I was located. I was sure. I was in my old room in the world with joy and sadness. In present time. Fortunately it was only a dream.

Magdalena Mielnicka