A young man was sitting in the armchair by the fireplace. He was dumbly staring how the sparks danced over the flames. The whole room was dimly lit by the fire. The wooden balks, wooden furniture and white furry covers over the walls( also wooden) fitted perfectly into that cosy aura. Everything was really charming until the moment the man bleart the silence. He sighed hardly and went to the darkest corner, towards the glaringly not matching cupboard. He opened the shelf and started to look for something really important. He took out a small candlestick, a pillow and rapidly, with visual cringe, he closed the first shelf. He opened the second one and with a smile he straightened with a mellow blanket. However he looked at the pillow for a while and went back to his armchair holding both achievements. He sat back gently, covered himself with blanket and made a headrest out of the pillow. One more time he sighed, but this sigh was really pleasant. Again he started to admire the fire dance, however his eyes closed automatically. He felt like he was subsiding lower and lower, it became hotter and hotter and not even knowing when, he passed to another world…

 Whiteness… wherever he turned his head he saw a big, white glade. Everywhere, beside that strange cupboard on which he was sitting completely barefooted. He jumped on the ground( he didn’t know exactly how he knew that there was a ground not just a big white nothing) and he felt his feet freeze. Wondering what to do he opened the first shelf and so he did with others. He collected a candlestick with candles, a rope, green socks, leather shoes, downy jacket, shammy gloves, woolen cap and a knife. He knew that there were things that he needed that time. After dressing up he strained his eyes to see anything in that icy desert. The only thing he spotted was bloody sun covered by the clouds and touching a horizon. He collected all the equipment he had found and set off on the journey towards the sun. He was walking quite long and he found a big tree. He admired it for a while but no sooner had he discovered how exhausted he was than he sat down. Afterwards he looked at the rope and back at the tree. He did it several times. After quite long brainstorm he said

“Not now, Nick, not now…”

He laid down the tree and fell asleep almost at once. He was sleeping well but when he woke up he saw the most beautiful sight he had ever looked on…

The sky was covered with a kind of luminescent smoke… but it wasn’t smoke. There were green lines which twisted like a snake and those lines looked as if someone had blurred them. The magnifying view was escalated by the perfect darkness around. Nick wanted to say something, but he just muttered

“The...Northern…Lights…” and he sighed when he kept on admiring the beautifulness of nature. It was impossible for him to take in that such wonder could exist. Nick was sitting for about 5 minutes and said

“And what would you, you stupid bum, have done?! It is always a reason to keep on… “

He didn’t end his speech because he heard a branch cracking behind him. He slowly turned his head and…

He saw a big polar bear. Never before he had seen this animal( or, let’s better say, beast) but he could bet that it was the biggest polar bear in the world. As Nick turned head the giant straightened and stood on two legs unto Nick’s terror. Afterwards he turned back to four-leg position and at a snail’s pace he was walking towards terrified man. Nick was sitting and couldn’t even move. However, his malaise started to gave way for clear-headedness. He gently moved to the knife and when he got to his destination he assumed a fighting position holding knife in his right hand. The bear stopped surprised at the fact that something is standing in its way. And so they stood and watched each other- the bear Nick and Nick the bear. After a minute( for Nick it lasted like an hour) a bear rushed on him. Only as he attacked, Nick stood even more firmly and waited. A second later man felt a pain as the bear’s paw touched his chest, but betweentimes he sticked knife into his furry body. They both dropped on the ground but the giant was lying on Nick. He felt something wet on his face and he realised it was a bear's blood. However instead of killing it, the beast was even more burned up. Nick was almost unable to move but he kept on jabbing his rival and yelling. He heard someone saying “Nick…” and afterwards he felt a painful hit at his face. He screamed loudly and began to jab bear furiously. Another “Nick…” spread in the air and another time he was hit in his face. He couldn’t have hold that. He gave up. He just kept on saying “no, please no”. One more “Nick” but that time he felt quite firm, but gentle stab in his belly. The bear started to disappear in a kind of a swirl. Then he saw a strange shape standing upon him...

A strange shape turned out to be Laura, a woman living nearby. Nick was so surprised that he just stared at her and didn’t even move. Laura felt quite confused, however she started hesitantly.

“Hi… Your door needs… oiling…”

He kept on staring questioningly.

“Oh, you forgot…” she muttered to him with visible saddent.

That wasn’t true, because Nick was still somewhere between his dream and Laura. However as soon as he saw her miserable face a big basket with water was poured on him.

“No, no I remember” he smiled gently. “I wanted you to come”.

This time Laura looked at him with a question in her eyes.

“Well, I’m sorry for being so mysterious both today and yesterday” he began more firmly, “ but you know that I’m leaving tomorrow and you're the only person quite close for me in here...”

Laura couldn’t have hold that:

“Nick! How can you be so calm! You’ve been trashing for more than five minutes! I wanted to wake you up but you kept on shouting and waggling your hand! I was terrified!”

“What… did I tell?”

“Told? Shouted! Firstly you said( she accented said strongly) ‘not now Nick, not now’ and it was quite strange. Than you said that you’re a fool and there’s always reason to keep on…” she stopped for a while hoping he would finish it. As he said nothing she continued. “However the worst was about to come! You laid calmly for a while when you started to yell and tremble terrifyingly. I wanted to do something so I said your name. I did it few times but as nothing happened I hit you gently in your face and afterwards I did it 2 more times. I was so frightened when you started to beg ‘no, please no’ that on the spur of the moment I stabbed you. And now you’re back.”

 Laura was really exhausted with her story but wanted an explanation.

“What have you been dreaming about?”

“A snow…The Northern Lights… polar bear” he ended thoughtfully.

“And…”

“And what?”

“You must have dreamt about something more!” she almost shouted.”

“The bear… it attacked me” he replied and started in other way “Well Laura, I need to tell you something.”

“But the dream?!”

“Please, let me finish. At first I wanted you to come because I hoped to tell you goodbye, however, as you have heard all I’ve said( or shouted) I think you’re the right person to say something more about me…”

 Laura was listening very carefully. She didn’t know what she was about to hear, but she knew that it was very important.

“A year ago, I was quite successful in my life. I had well-paid job I really liked, I had a girlfriend. But that time everything went wrong. I was fired, I was banished from my flat, I splited up with the girl I loved. I was completely down in the dumps. I thought... about… about… suicide and I decided to do it here, in the mountains where I spent one of the most beautiful moments of my life.”

Laura was so shocked that she could barely sit. She opened her mouth to say something, but closed them a moment later. Nick continued.

“I wanted to do so but… but although it was just a dream I… I know it may sound strangely but…”

Laura grabbed his hand

“Nick, calm down, I’m here…”

“I know” he smiled pleasantly. “Well I wanted to tell that… that this dream changed my standpoint. There’s always reason to keep on… You’re my reason to keep on… I just love you…”

He dropped his head and waited, but instead of hearing his door creaking he received an answer.

“I love you too…”

It is really hard to confess to mistakes, it’s even harder to confess to suicide thoughts. But I will because my story sounds almost impossibly. I don’t know whether anyone will read my diary, but now I don’t care. I’d even say I’d like to. I don’t want anyone to do what I’ve almost done. My name is Kevin Nick and now I know that I avoided terrible thing. And my reward is my life. I’m one of the happiest man in the world. I’ve found better job( however impossible it would seem) and I’ve got loving family and wife. You may guess that my wife’s name is Laura. That’s all about me. But in the end I want you to remember that there is always reason to keep on living…