



Topic - My Dream

My Life : The inexplicable Dream

After a brainstorming session of Mathematics class, I decided to ~~leave my class~~ walk freely through the Veranda. I curled up on an old, dusty recliner. Incessant thoughts were spinning around me. I was so desperate and weak. ~~Gradually~~ I fell into a deep sleep. I dreamt of a lush, green pasture where me and my parents ^{often enjoyed our} ~~and we were enjoying~~ holidays. We joyously sat there and enjoyed having delicious fruits and nuts. A beautiful river was flowing just in front of us. I asked my mom: "How are you feeling, mother?" "I'm feeling good, my son", mother replied. ~~Then why are you sleeping?~~

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"How happy is our life! Will this happiness ~~endure~~ ^{prolong} forever?" I asked in an unusual tone. Two of my parents gazed at me in a serious manner. My father scolded me for asking such an "intricate question" regarding human life. But my mother found a philosopher in me. She understood that I am a "thinking child". She replied calmly: "Happiness and ^{periods of} despondency ^{that embraces} are two inevitable truths ^{and short} of our lives. In this ^{and short} human life, ^{we} ~~we~~ have to taste both merriment and sadness". ^{became} From that moment, I ~~was~~ ^{became} so upset. I thought - "Until this moment I haven't experienced a deeply heart-piercing sadness. What kind of



dejection is in front of me? A disease? An accident? A death? I was full of negative thoughts." ~~A~~ I asked myself: "Why am I thinking of such terrible events?" While we were moving up along the hill ^{on our car}, I felt like something dreadful is going to happen. Suddenly, I heard ~~an~~ unexpected and deafening noise.

"Boom!". I woke up from the chair, weeping. I ^{was} vociferating loudly because the "pain" was unbearable. I walked a few steps ~~and~~ ^{to} confirm that I ~~was~~ ^{was} alive. "I saw it again, I saw it again!" - I cried aloud. Some kinds of currents ^{and flashing thoughts} were passing through my brain. I fainted. Some of my ~~colleagues~~ friends and teachers lifted me up and ~~gave~~ ^{sprinkled} some water. Still, I was unconscious. They took me



to hospital. After regaining my health, I saw the same dream again. I muttered in an unpleasant, shaking voice: "Help me, I saw it again." I was saying that again and again.

My friends noticed my unusual muttering and called the doctor. I was changed to the ~~substitute~~ ~~ward~~ ~~ward~~ mental health department of that hospital. The doctor diagnosed that I was undergoing a psychic disorder. It was ~~the~~ the result of ~~that~~ the heartbreaking accident that took the lives of my parents.

I felt dizzy. They admitted me to the hospital. The officials of the orphanage came and signed some papers. Since I was an orphan, only the orphanage-care takers were



at the hospital
present, for caring me.

On the bed my disturbed mind made a useless appeal to "my dream" - "Why are you imitating me, what pleasure do you get from ~~watching~~ devouring me?" "Would you please leave me alone?" Somehow, after a few minutes I saw it again.

After a few months I got affected with brain cancer. There was no tears left inside my eyes. My heart was burning. The evil dream continued irritating me. I asked myself: How desperate is my life, will this sadness ^{and plight} continue? The happiness and affection that I enjoyed in my family was beyond limit. As my mother said, life is incomplete
→ without both happiness and sadness. ^{I felt that this was my inevitable end: How intricate is life!!}
~~But I was not aware of the presence of the evil dream in my life.~~

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The nurse of the hospital brought some food. I ~~eat~~ had the meal and started to sleep. The nurse understood that I was dreaming. ~~She~~ She ^{often} stood there to console me when I shouted "I saw it again?" But this time the nurse didn't hear a word.