

Dandelion Daydreams

By Avery Abramson

497 words

I breathe in and smile. “Last day of school,” I whisper, walking through the doors of the building where I have learned every day since first grade. The receptionist hands me a tardy slip. “Have a great last day!” she calls as I dash down the hallway. I enter the classroom as my teacher, Mrs. Molly, is discussing today’s schedule. I sit down and try to listen, but my mind wanders. I rest my head on my desk and close my eyes.

I start to daydream, which leads to me gently falling into sleep. I am drifting away from this planet and onto a new one, a better one. While floating, I look up into the sky. I see dandelion seeds drifting on the wind, and have an urge to make a wish. Closing my eyes, I wish that everything in this fantasy world would become reality. As I make my wish, I hear voices calling my name. I shut my eyes tighter, holding on to the dream, but I know that I have to wake up. Reluctantly, I open my eyes.

“Avery,” says Mrs. Molly, “did you fall asleep *again*?” I yawn. The class laughs. “It appears so,” I reply groggily, making my classmates laugh even harder. Mrs. Molly rolls her eyes, but I can tell that she’s suppressing a laugh, too. I yawn again, readjusting my desk.

I manage to pay attention until right before recess. This is when Mrs. Molly explains that since it’s raining, we won’t be able to go outside. She then tries to convince my reluctant classmates to watch a movie. I smile inwardly, laying my head down and floating into my world of dreams.

When I open my eyes, I am back amongst the clouds and dandelions. I look up into the daisy-colored sky and let flowers weave themselves into my hair, observing other students as they pop into my dreamworld. I smile contentedly, watching the pink-and-white sunset, wishing again that I never have to leave.

You don’t have to leave, a ghostly voice whispers. *You and the other students can stay here for eternity. You would never have to do anything you don’t want to, like taking a bath or paying taxes. You just have to wish.* I think about the offer, but decide to decline.

“You can’t have sweet without salty,” I say, “and you can’t have happiness without sadness. Living here would become meaningless and dull, because not all bad things are terrible-like that sinking feeling you get on a rollercoaster before the drop, or that moment of stage fright before you perform the play you’ve been rehearsing for months. Not all hardships end in tears, and sometimes, they even make the good things better.” The voice sighs. *Very well. I’ll send you back, on one condition-never return.*

I laugh. “You’re crazy if you think that’s happening!” I jump off of the cloud, enjoying the bad feeling of falling before the good feeling of being back home.