

A Dream Come True

I dreamed of sunlight,

Not the harsh glare that baked the cracked streets of my city, but a warm, living light filtered through green vines climbing glass towers, through solar petals that tracked the sun like flowers. I walked barefoot across moss-grown walkways that hummed softly with stored solar energy, watching children laugh beside streams that once were clogged rivers. In this dream, drones carried seeds instead of weapons. Wind turbines spun lazily among golden fields of sustainable wheat. The air smelled like rain, not like the fuel that once filled the sky with exhaust.

Then I woke up to a cracked ceiling.

The hum was gone, replaced by the buzz of old neon signs and cooling fans trying to fight off the heat. My window showed nothing but concrete and cars letting out exhaust that blurred the sky. “Just another dream,” I muttered. But it didn’t feel like one. It felt like a memory of something I had lived before.

For days, I couldn’t take it. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw that city again, the one with trees growing through skyscrapers and solar sails drifting between rooftops. I started sketching it on scraps of paper, then coding small models on my old computer, then hunting for leftover tech in junkyards. Maybe it wasn’t fake. Maybe it was a sign.

I spent weeks building a strange device, a solar receiver that could respond to sunlight in ways no machine should. I didn’t know exactly what it did, only that it turned really bright when the sun touched it.

On the summer solstice, when the sun burned its longest path, I aimed the device at the horizon and switched it on. For a moment, the air shimmered. The smell of freshness and flowers filled my lungs. My vision blurred, and then the world appeared.

When it cleared, I was standing on a rooftop garden but not my own. One far above Toronto that glowed with life. I looked down and gasped. The skyline was alive. Green vines wrapped around skyscrapers, solar glass glistened on every wall, and people in eco-friendly fabrics walked across bridges covered in blooming plants. Toronto breathed alive, clean, and beautiful.

A girl tending to a patch of orchids turned toward me. Her hair flowed like sunlight, and her dress shimmered with yellow sunflowers.

“You made it,” she said, smiling like she had been waiting for me. “We’ve been dreaming you’d come.”

Tears filled my eyes like the heart of Niagara Falls. “So it’s real?” I whispered.

She nodded gently. “It could be. You just have to believe hard enough to cross the line between dreaming and building.”

I looked at the sun, at the glowing Toronto that haunted my sleep, and said, “Then I’m not waking up again.”

“It doesn’t work like that,” she said softly, her voice calm and sad.

“What do you mean?” I asked, confused.

“You can make this change,” she said, her golden hair glinting in the light. “But not here. Not yet.”

“How?” I begged.

“Go and change the world, my dear,” she whispered. “I have to go now.” She looked at her golden watch that shimmered like liquid sunlight.

“NO, WAIT!” I shouted as she lifted off the ground, leaving behind a trail of glowing sunflower petals.

Then everything went white.

I woke up on a hospital bed. My throat was dry. The sheets were too clean.

“A dream again,” I mumbled, staring at the ceiling. But something was off. My bed wasn’t the broken one from home.

A nurse entered with a smile. “Oh! You’re awake, dear. I’m Nurse Sarah.”

“W-w-where am I?” I croaked.

“You collapsed on the sidewalk,” she said gently. “You’re lucky someone called for help. You could have lost your memory.” said nurse Sarah

“It... it can’t be,” I whispered, tears dripping one by one onto the tiled floor.

“Where’s the woman with golden hair? The one with the sunflower dress?”

The nurse blinked, startled, and hurried out of the room.

Moments later, a doctor came in, flipping through papers.

“You’ve been experiencing vivid hallucinations,” he said with a heavy tone. “You have Lewy body dementia. Dreams like the ones you described can feel incredibly real.”

My heart sank.

So it wasn’t real. There was no glowing city. No rooftop gardens. No girl.

Just my mind making hope where none existed.

But as I lay there, a thought sparked. *What if I could build it anyway?*

That night, I made a decision. I wasn’t going to let my dream stay a dream.

When I left the hospital, I started small. I broadcasted my thoughts. protesting against fossil fuels and corporate pollution. Most people ignored me. Some laughed. But a few listened.

Then more did.

I began writing online about clean energy, showing sketches of solar-petal towers and floating wind fields. My posts spread. Engineers reached out. Students joined. Then a small startup offered to collaborate. I named it **Plotto**, because every good story, even the world, deserves a plot twist.

With a \$7 million grant from the Canadian government, we started producing affordable electric car batteries and rooftop solar tiles for apartment buildings. We worked day and night, fueled by nothing but hope and coffee.

Soon, our designs spread across Toronto. Apartment owners allowed us to plant rooftop gardens. We transformed grey roofs into patches of green. People started to notice not just the beauty, but the difference. The air got cleaner. The heat is less harsh.

Every time I saw a new vine climbing a wall, I thought of her as the girl in my dream.

Plotto grew fast. We expanded into electric transport, then sustainable farming tech. We turned abandoned factories into solar-powered community centers and cramped old highways into green corridors for wildlife.

I was no longer dreaming. I was building.

Thirty years have passed. The world had changed.

“And the Nobel Peace Prize goes to... **Elais Armstrong!**”

The crowd erupted. Cameras flashed. I stood on stage, trembling with disbelief.

“That’s it,” I whispered, smiling through tears. “I actually did it.”

When I got home that night, my grandkids ran to me. “Wow, Grandpa! You’re a hero!”

“See, kids,” I chuckled, “a dream isn’t a fairytale, it’s a motivation.”

“Time to sleep,” I said with a grin. “Here comes the... TICKLE MONSTERRRR!”

They screamed with laughter as I chased them around the living room, my heart full.

The next morning, my son ,Orto, picked them up in his brand new **2065 Pro Electric Car**, built by the company I founded, Plotto. I waved from the doorway, smiling.

Then I went for a walk.

The city had become what I once saw only in my sleep.

Vines crawled up skyscrapers like emerald veins, and trees filled the streets that

once choked with cars. Wind turbines sang softly in the distance, and solar glass gleamed like water.

People sat on café terraces made of reclaimed wood. Children splashed in streams that ran clear again. Every block had a garden. Every building hummed with stored sunlight.

As I crossed the street, a group of young engineers spotted me.

“Mr. Armstrong!” one called. “Thank you for showing us it’s possible!”

Their excitement made me smile. I saw myself in their eyes the same stubborn hope that once drove me.

I stopped by a schoolyard where children were planting tiny gardens along the sidewalks. “Look, Grandpa!” my grandson shouted, pointing to a row of sunflowers. “We planted these for you!”

My heart swelled so much it almost hurt. The flowers glowed gold in the sunlight just like her dress.

Even the city’s sounds were peaceful now: the rustle of leaves, laughter, and the quiet hum of energy flowing through clean circuits. Toronto was alive again.

I never saw the golden haired girl again, but I felt her everywhere in every beam of light, every green wall, every child’s laugh. She had told me to change the world. I had.

That evening, I climbed to the top of the tallest tower, the one crowned with a rooftop garden that faced the sunset. I sat down on a bench surrounded by orchids and sunflowers.

The sky turned gold, then dark red. The wind whispered through the vines.

I closed my eyes and smiled.

I heard her voice, soft and warm, like sunlight on water:

“You did it, Elais.”

“I did,” I whispered. “We did.”

The air around me shimmered softly. I could almost see her again, standing in the light, her golden hair drifting in the breeze.

“You can rest now,” she said. “The dream lives on.”

A peaceful warmth spread through me. My breath slowed. My heart beat in rhythm with the hum of the city, the same hum I once heard in my dream.

And as the sun dipped below the horizon, Elais Armstrong took one last breath, smiling, surrounded by the world he had built.

He died there sitting on the same bench where his creativity bloomed.

The city glowed beneath him alive, green, eternal.

Somewhere, a sunflower bloomed.