DREAM JOURNEY

A WORLD REIMAGINED

Close your eyes. Take a deep breath, breathe. Let yourself drift, slowly, into another place—not far, not unfamiliar, but... different.

You arrive in a town, or perhaps a city. Life moves at a steady pace. People go to work, come home, check their phones, repeat. The streets are clean, the lights are green, everything works—more or less.

But something feels quiet here. Not peaceful quiet—more like a quiet that sits behind people's eyes. Conversations stay surface-level. Smiles are polite, not warm. In public spaces, people mostly keep to themselves. You sense a hesitation, like everyone's waiting for permission to speak up, but no one knows who from.

You notice that most decisions are made elsewhere—in offices no one can access, by people no one really knows. Some seem to have more say than others. Certain voices—those with the right connections, the right background—are heard more often, given more weight. Others are left out, again and again. You see posters that say *Have your say!*, but most don't bother anymore. They say nothing changes. Some don't remember the last time they felt they could make a real impact.

You visit a school. The students are clever, full of questions—but the lessons stick to what's been approved. Time for open discussion is short. Creativity fits between tests. Passion is something for after school—if there's time. Some students have more resources, more support, better chances. Others are told to be realistic. Their futures are mapped before they've had a chance to choose.

You walk through a neighborhood where new buildings rise, but longtime residents are being quietly pushed out. Services disappear from some areas, while others get shiny upgrades. You overhear someone saying, "That's just how things are now." Others nod, but no one seems sure what to do.

There's no crisis. No flames or alarms. But there's a slow erosion of connection, and a quiet kind of unfairness that seeps into daily life. People care—but often alone. Many feel tired. Many feel unheard.

And still—here and there—you notice signs of something else.

A group of neighbors planting a community garden. poster made by a young person for a meetup that dated last year. A young person organizing a local meet-up, hoping someone will come. A mural painted on a wall that says: *We Belong to Each Other*. It hasn't been removed yet. (in a negative way and dramatic)

You begin to feel a quiet question rise in you: What if things could be different?

And now... imagine this: **You** have everything you need to make change. You have **time, energy, courage, money and anything else you need. you never get tired, you never get afraid and overwhelmed.** You are **connected to others** who want something more. You don't need to wait. You don't need to ask for permission.

What do you do first?

Do you bring people together—to talk, to plan, to act? Do you start small, with one street, one school, one story? Do you push for a new policy, or build something entirely outside the system?

Do you listen deeply? Do you reach across differences? Do you hold space for people who never felt invited in?

Now take a breath. Imagine it clearly.
What does your more just, more open, more hopeful city look like?
Who is part of it?
How do people participate?
What are you changing?
What are you protecting?

Let the answers rise. They don't have to be perfect.

Slowly, gently, bring your attention back to this moment. Hold onto what you imagined.

Because the world doesn't change all at once—but it *does* begin with someone imagining that it can.