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## Dreams as the Most Important Part of Our Life

Airplanes are one of the few things that extremely fascinates me in this life, no doubt gigantic things have a way of getting my attention, airplanes amaze me the most, I'm filled with awe when they move in my sight, they look like car monsters but much under the control of human beings. I grew up very inquisitive, but I had a lot of limitation to access resourceful information because of the surroundings I found myself. When I was around the age of seven I was daunted with the fact that airplanes looked so tiny in the sky looking up at them from the ground, yet they claimed it contained so many people, so the idea was that airplanes were so tiny that people had to be shrunk in some sort of techy way and then transported to their desired destination. My fascination did not end there as it filled my entire desire to want to fly one. I had over a hundred paper plane types I imagined myself flying severally and if you needed a quick favour from me all you had to do was add pilot to my name and opensesame I'm all yours.

I had different types of locally handmade airplane prototypes of different tiny sizes, I always looked forward to my turn of being shrunk to fit into the plane. I know the question you're probably having now and yes I did ask people around, but unfortunately they obviously didn't know or blatantly told me lies. It's a lie I can tell my kid just for fun anyway, and being the kind of introvert I am I spent a lot of time alone with my thoughts. However, my imagination was soon caught short as my dream came through when my school announced that it was taking her students for excursion to the airport, the only old and abandoned airport around my vicinity, which would suffice massively. I can beat my chest to tell you that I so much looked forward to that event like as if it was the coming of the Christ.

Finally when I got to the airport, I was bamboozled by what I saw, a mega gigantic crafted mechanism that had enough space to fit hundreds of people with massive engines and thousands of control button, it was infact the most amazing sight I had ever beheld, and yes it surpassed my imagination. We were allowed to go into one of the abandoned planes to take a look at how the entire interior was set up. There are still no words enough to quantify how I felt that day and even every following week after. The excursion answered a lot of my questions especially the underlying questions relating to the misconception I had about the airplanes space complicity and the shrinking hullabaloo.

I was able to properly align my dreams into more realistic formats if ever they would stand a chance of happening. Afterwards, my desire to want to become a pilot skyrocketed. The pilot craze was so profound that it became something people around me knew me specifically for, it was my dreamest dream to become a pilot, to fly a plane, to be in those amazing skies and just control that majestic craft, it went for nights, drawing of jets on anything I could lay my hands on

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became a constant involuntary hobby.

However, the dream came to an end gradually when I got to understand the condition I found myself was not sophisticated enough to aid the pursuit of that career, without even telling anybody, the whole craze seemed to bring itself to a halt even in the sight of others. It's like when we have a dream, the universe conspires with us to aiding us in keeping that dream alive, or if not, why do something's become coincidences when some dreams are ignited, only for those coincidences to occur at that time. Before my uncle bought his first car, he had a dream he drove a car into his compound, and he was sure the car was his, with the way he felt. The next morning, on his way to work, someone tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to come to repark his car that he was obstructing traffic. He was first pissed off, he doesn't even own a car, thought the person wanted to mock him, he was also shocked, then confused, then he became happy when he remembered his dream earlier, he bought his 2 cars 1 month after. A coincidence right?

My uncle could achieve his dream no doubt, but my question lies in this, when a dream has been achieved, what happens to that dream? Is that all there is to be with that dream? I've asked so many people this question and they've all come up with awesome feedbacks, one very interesting one I derived was that people love to dream no doubt, but stick to that dream or even water it enough to take it fruition is the problem as we are often too quick to abandon ship and return to base, or hop on another dream, that's not theirs. Once an endeavor encounters some type of challenges, we are quick to throw these dreams away for lesser more convenient. This post is not based on or directed to/at these sort of people and dreamers, but rather on a totally different aspect of dreams. When dreams have been accomplished, what next happens to them. Do they disappear? Or die? Or just stop being a dream! I can classify dreams in two categories highest most pleasurable sense of completion of immeasurable accomplishment in one's existence, and; something in the order as the first.

People like to see dreams as accomplishments that cannot be attained naturally but with the eventful event of fate-meet-opportunity kind of scenario. For example, it was Ronaldo's dream to play professional football and be the best in the world. Now Ronaldo has no connection that will land him in the big leagues, big enough to get him to the world cup because of his limiting surrounding factor like his financial capabilities and a bunch of reasons that could have worked against him, but that is the thing with dreams, it is a fight of determination against all odds, because in life nothing is unachievable.

Eventually Ronaldo achieved his dream in life at a very young age, he got all the awards that ever existed and was the best at everything that concerned his professional football and he achieved all his dreams. I know another man, an extremely talented athlete, growing up, his dream was to become the fastest man alive, a lot of people will call that out rightly a big dream,

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but are dreams really big? Dreams are naturally big, that's why they are called dreams anyway. Anyway this boy grew up with all odds against his dream, but as fate will have it, he worked his way up to the Olympics and received gold medals for beating all the known records of his category of competition, he achieved his dream and he became the fastest man alive. Dreams are like deep itching desires that pump our enthusiasm with positive energy.

However, when the desires have been met, so does the itch, what next then? An itchless redundant skin with no sauce. This athlete didn't stop there as he went ahead to dream more, he had a new dream to break his own set record. And guess what, he did. He defeated the world, became the fastest living man, he defeated himself again, and broke his own record, Usain Bolt, fastest man alive. How then can we qualify dreams in terms of its size. There's no size to dreams, they are just dreams. So I wondered, will this man have another dream after this one? Or what's next really?

According to research, kids are the most dreamers, as they constantly create dreams even when they are involuntarily doing so. Coupled with unlimited imaginative gift, and the freedom bestowed upon them to act as they wish because they don't know what they are doing and probably can't do any better because they are children, kids. But as they grow up, this freedom is being stripped off by societal expectations of behavior that kills the things we will like to dream about. I know very well that I had a couple of dreams that I outgrew, so yes dreams can be outgrown, even without being accomplished at all. Dreams don't itch forever, if the time of the itch is not recognized, then we might lose our chances of ever being able to accomplish that dream. But how do we then recognize the itching time of a dream? Join me in my next post as we go further in the conclusion of the trio, thanks for your time.

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