

# NO MORE DREAM

BY OLIVIA VICO MARTÍNEZ 3º ESO C

I don't usually read the newspaper, but now, the TV isn't working. They will fix it on Tuesday morning, and today is Sunday. I couldn't wait two more days to watch the news or to continue my series on Netflix, so I thought, "And what if I buy something in the kiosk?". Therefore, here I am. Sitting in my new and comfortable armchair, with a newspaper in my hands, ready to start reading. On the front page, I can see it says something about Catalonia, and my interest on the paper starts to decrease. I can imagine it's an important piece of news, but I am not interested in that. I am too tired of that matter, even in TV they don't stop informing about. But instantly, I think "Come on, It is just the first page!", so, as a result, I go to the next article.

***"Less than 50% of the pregnant refugee women in Greece, don't have acces to health"***

This is bad. I don't understand why things like that are still happening in Europe. The worst thing, is that people know that it happens but they do nothing about it. Maybe, they think it will be solved with no help, or maybe that it is just one more problem in a million. I can think of place in wich people help each other, and my mind starts to imagine.

In my head, I stand up and I look out of the window. Instead of the poor man who used to be in the corner, there is a woman distributing some advertisement about helping people in other countries by donating money and things like that. I go down the street, and I can notice there are more foreigners. Normally, in this part of the city there didn't use to be many color people, but now, all that, has changed. Lots of different races of people are living together, helping each other, exchanging cultural experiences and being accepted. But that reality is still too away. I continue reading the newspaper.

***"Merkel's Germany failed in gender equality"***

I stop in this article, and keep reading. Apparently, the European Union placed Germany under the average in gender equality. But not only this country failed. Actually other countries like Greece or Romania are not good at this matter. Maybe, if I continue reading this section in the newspaper, I will find lots of horrible things about sexist violence and inequality that are still happening. I can think of a place in which all is different.

In my imagination, if I go to work, in the place were a very nasty man used to receive me, now a nice and patient woman says to me "Hello, good morning". Later, when I am sitting in front of my computer, I notice that there are more women surrounding me than other days. I don't know why, but I feel good. Surely, all the people in this office are earning the same, because in my ideal Europe, it cannot be otherwise. I instantly search on the web cases of sexist acts, to make sure that everything goes well, and I happily see, the last incidents happened many years ago. I hope this becomes true one day. I return to the newspaper.

### ***"The ghost of racism goes again over Europe"***

Nowadays, in countries like the Czech Republic, Poland, Romania, Slovakia, Austria, Slovenia and Bulgaria, xenophobia and racism are increasing more and more. Scandalous things like;

- Gypsy children are sent to special schools.
- Lots of them live in separated villages or neighborhoods without access to the same laws.
- In some restaurants they don't allow Romanies to enter.
- The 90% of the Gypsies are unemployed.

Those things should not be allowed in any of those countries. In fact, they should not be allowed in any part of the world! Even so, it happens. Racism. I can imagine a ideal place, in which all the people are accepted.

In my mind, I go shopping to the supermarket near my house. I take the food I need and I go to pay. Attending in the cash register, there is a man, to tell the truth, a gypsy, and he is cheerful, maybe, because he is working. Later, at home, while I am having lunch, I watch the TV, actually, a documentary about a man who travelled around Europe. He is talking about how well the immigrants

integrated in all the countries of the continent, and how well we accepted them. I am happy to hear that. However, and sadly, this utopia is just a product of my imagination.

I leave the newspaper in a little table close to me. I can't continue reading after seeing all those disappointing news! On the other hand, it is too late, and it's time to go to bed, so I brush my teeth, I put my unicorn pijama on, and I go sleeping. I can't close my eyes, because I can't stop thinking of the news I read, but, if I stop and relax, I realise that all these articles appear also in TV everyday. I know there are more people that watch TV instead of reading the newspaper, but anyway, they should hear that at least once, and they do nothing about it! Maybe, it's because it has been normalized by the social media, and now we don't pay attention to problems that happen everyday. "Tomorrow I won't buy any newspaper". At the end, I fall asleep.

I wake up with the sound of my noisy alarm clock. I dress up and I prepare breakfast, a glass of milk, some biscuits, and a toast. Today it's Monday, so I have to go work, but I feel so tired. When I realise, I see that I have to run if I want to take the bus at eight o'clock, or if I don't want to be late the first day of the week. I go down stairs of the flat until I reach the principal door, which is old and heavy so, it is hard to open. "I'll call someone to change it". It's what I think every day, but I never do it. I cross the corner, and, like always, the poor man is asking for some money. I give him some cents I have in my pocket and I walk quickly down the street until the bus stop. The only color people I can see, are two black men talking in front of a shop, and another poor woman under the stairs of a building. Fortunately, I arrived on time, and I take a seat in the bus. It is full of students and workers, like me.

The bus stops after 20 minutes. Now, I'm waiting for the elevator. I work at the ninth floor, so I prefer going in a full little lift instead of nine floors by the stairs. I arrive, and the nasty secretary greets me with a sharp "Good morning", to which I do not answer, because I know the man will look at me strange if I do it. I sit down in front of my computer. I don't pay attention to my fellow. In fact, the only friend I have in this place works two more floors up. The most are men. There are just five women in this part of the building. I sigh, and I start typing and clicking on my computer, like always. Later, I read some papers, and finally, I

make some calls. I have an hour to have lunch, but I only need half an hour for it, so I use the rest of the time to make photocopies in a store or to relax. It depends on the day.

When I finish my afternoon shift, I take the bus and return home, but before I have to go to the supermarket, to buy dinner. I decide to have pasta, so I buy some spaghetti, tomato sauce and cheese. I have vegetables at home. I also take milk, yogurt and toilet paper, and finally I go to pay. The woman who is attending me seems to be bored, and she has a deep and tired voice. She said: "Nine euros fifty. Would you like a bag?", I say no (I have my own bag) and I give her the money.

I arrive home, I leave the bags in the kitchen and I start cooking. When I finish, I set the table down and I instantly remember the TV is broken, so I have dinner without watching my series or anything I like. Later, when I am getting ready to go to bed, I realise I didn't take the mail, so I go down stairs and, for my unhappiness, when I look in the mailbox, there is a newspaper. "Come on". I want to throw it into the bin, but something inside me tells me to keep it and read it. So, here I am again, ready to read the news again, although I know what they are going to say.

***"The Greece Parliament approves a law that facilitates the legal change of gender identity"***

Well, I admit I don't expect that, after what I read yesterday. It's good to see people worry about that kind of things and also that there aren't only bad news.

***"First adoption by an homosexual couple in the history of Germany"***

Again, the newspaper surprises me. A family tribunal in Berlin approved the request of two men to adopt a kid, and they are the firsts to do it! How nice! These two men should be very happy, and all the homosexual people in Germany should be happy too! This is a big advance in the German society. Maybe it is too late, because in other countries this was approved many years ago. Anyway, is it ever late for good news, no?

***"The female Norway national football team will earn the same as the male"***

Apparently, the men will assign some of their salary for women, so they will be equal. This is very good news. The only thing I can say about, it is that not only female footballers must earn more. All women should earn the same as the men with the same job, therefore, we will be all equal. However, this is pretty good. I hope one day women earn the same as men.

***"There are more women in the Italian Parliament"***

Regardless, we are improving. Italy is one of the countries which are increasing in gender equality. "Good, Italy, good"- I think. Now, it is the turn of the other European countries, and the other countries in the world to accept women as men in their companies, governments or systems. Little by little, all will be possible. I hope so.

***"Kosovo celebrates its first gay pride"***

***"The regular partners in NGO increase a 10%"***

***"The Aliment Bank recieves 46.000 euros from the literatura world"***

***"Ireland it,s ready for its first gay minister"***

I blink two times. I can't believe it after what I read yesterday! This is incredible! Maybe, my ideal Europe is closer than I thought.

I feel better after reading the newspaper, and it also makes me consider some things. Maybe Europe is not the dissapointing continent I think it is, and it has some good things. Maybe, my utopia is closer. But we have to fight (not literally) for the things we want and we think they are better, because without help, we are not going to get anything.

In essence, Europe is not perfect. Things are the way they are. But there are lots of people that believe in one, more than we know, and one day I will wake up, and I won't need to imagine or to dream with a perfect place, because that place already exists. A place where everyone is accepted and equal. Men, women, black, white. It doesn't matter what you are, it's what we think better for us, respecting each other and ourselves. We want equality, respect and freedom. And I think many people want the same, and together we will make our ideal Europe. I am sure of it.

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