

Dream?

I had a peculiar dream some time ago. Maybe it wasn't a dream.

That morning I woke up as usual. I went to the kitchen. My wife was already waiting for me there, wearing a flowery sarong, and breakfast was ready. I asked her if she managed to find the wedding ring that I had lost. She said she had not found it yet, but she would search for it more thoroughly during the day. She asked me to check on our three-year old son, to make sure he was correctly dressed. Ever since he had learned to dress himself he would accept no help, but he did need it sometimes. Then she asked if I could leave her the car for the day. She had some urgent arrangements to make and the car could ease her task. I had no planned activity out of the office, so I agreed.

I used the phone to call a taxi. It was an old-style phone. When I put the receiver to my ear I heard the operator. I asked her to connect me to the nearest taxi station. The cab arrived a few moments later. By then, my younger boy was already awake. I kissed my wife and my sons and rode to the office. The taxi looked quite old-stylish, but so did the other cars on the road. I couldn't remember if my own car looked different.

My secretary was waiting for me at the office. She wore a flowery sarong as well, but it didn't look so nice on her.

I had lunch with one of our biggest clients in a nearby restaurant. It started raining while we were there, so we took a riksha back to the office. There are always rikshas waiting for clients near the restaurants.

I received a phone call from the French embassy during the afternoon. The high-ranking official on the other side asked if I could meet His Excellency to discuss an important matter. My secretary set up an appointment for lunch on the next day. She knew I liked having such conversations in a leisurely atmosphere.

I came home in the late afternoon. I spent about an hour with the kids before helping my wife bath them and put them to bed.

My wife was glad she found the missing ring in the bedding chest. I remembered helping replace the winter bedding with the summer ones a few days ago. I discovered I lost the ring some time later. I put the ring back on my finger and held my wife's hand. On her finger she wore the matching ring. Our rings were both made of gold, were very smooth and had no decorations except for a very fine engraving of our wedding date.

We spent some more time in our favorite way before trying to sleep. When I was already drowsy, my wife whispered in my ear that she hoped we started a girl this time.

Next morning I woke up as usual. Mommy was already in the kitchen, preparing my breakfast and the sandwiches she makes me take to school. She bent over a little, so that I could give her a “Good morning” kiss and then she hugged me. I love it when she hugs me, but only when nobody sees. Daddy told me I was growing each day, cuddled my hair and left for his work. A buddy called me on my cell phone and we agreed to meet at the school gate.

School is not very far. I always walk to school. While walking, I suddenly remembered I had a meeting with the French ambassador. Impossible! I am only ten years old. It was probably just a dream. I had a lock of hair falling on my brow. I raised my hand to shove it aside. Something was shining on my finger. I looked again. It was a smooth golden ring with a very fine engraving of my wedding date – exactly fifty years ago.