

Noisy

World of Dreams

A Story in Pictures
by Robert Jahns

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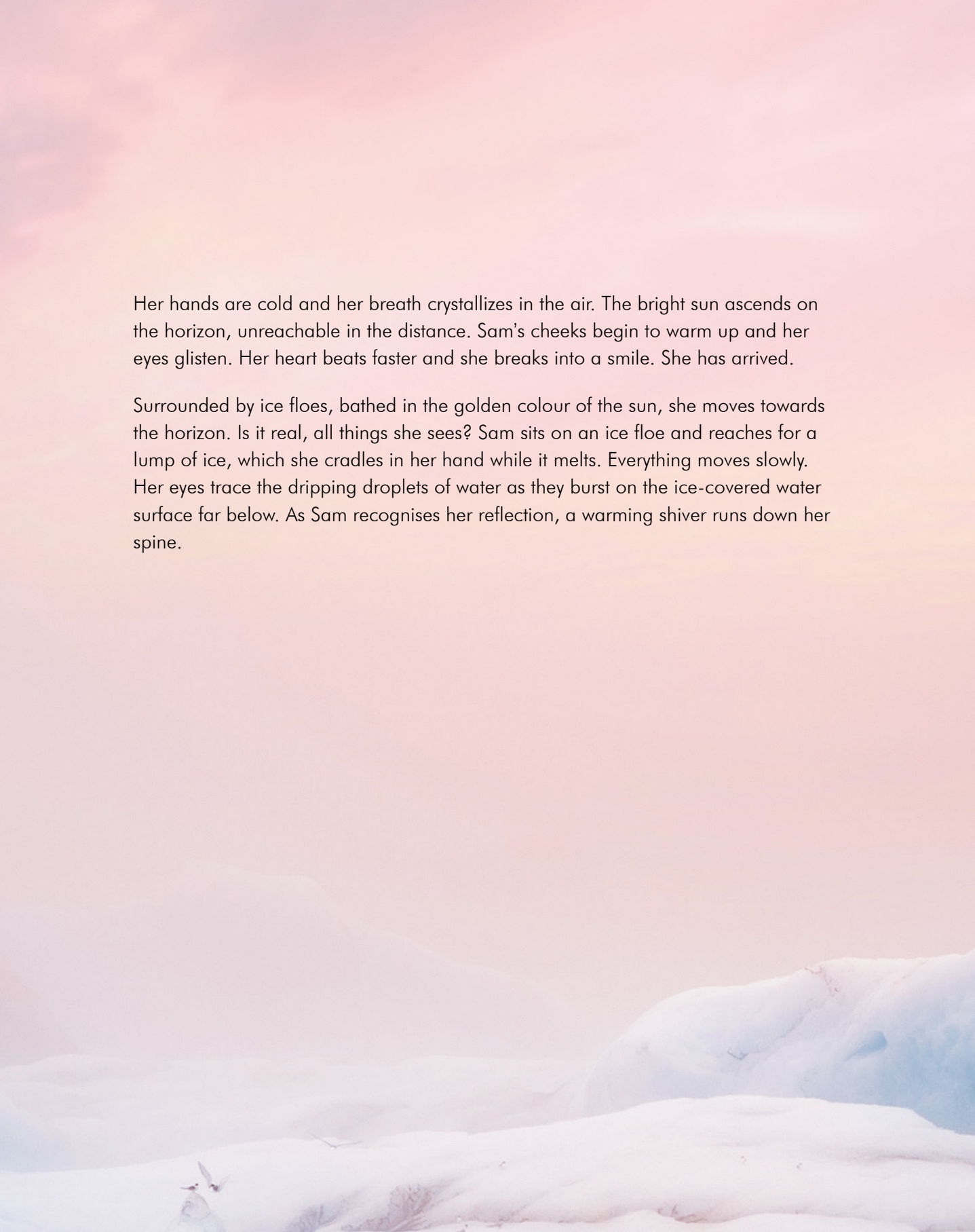
*This book is dedicated to everyone
who believes in their dreams
and is open to new adventures*

Foreword

What would it be like if we could really experience all the things we imagine? If we could make the world more beautiful – at least a little bit? The older we become, the faster time passes. Before we know it, a new day begins. Every morning when we open our eyes, we have the chance to change both our life and the world. Every decision we make can set us on a new life trajectory. So how do we dream 'big'? Quite simply, we have to be bold and daring; face our fears and experience things, which let us grow as people. When did you last feel your heart race because you glimpsed a place, which astounded you? Adventures are waiting to be experienced. They are everywhere – you just have to get up and embrace them. Right now.

Sam closes her eyes. She feels ever heavier, then absolutely weightless. Her thoughts dart from one thing to another; her body starts to tingle. It is a pleasing, warming feeling spreading from her head to the tips of her toes. She senses that it is time to live her dreams. Suddenly she wakes up in a strange place. Never before has she felt so alive.



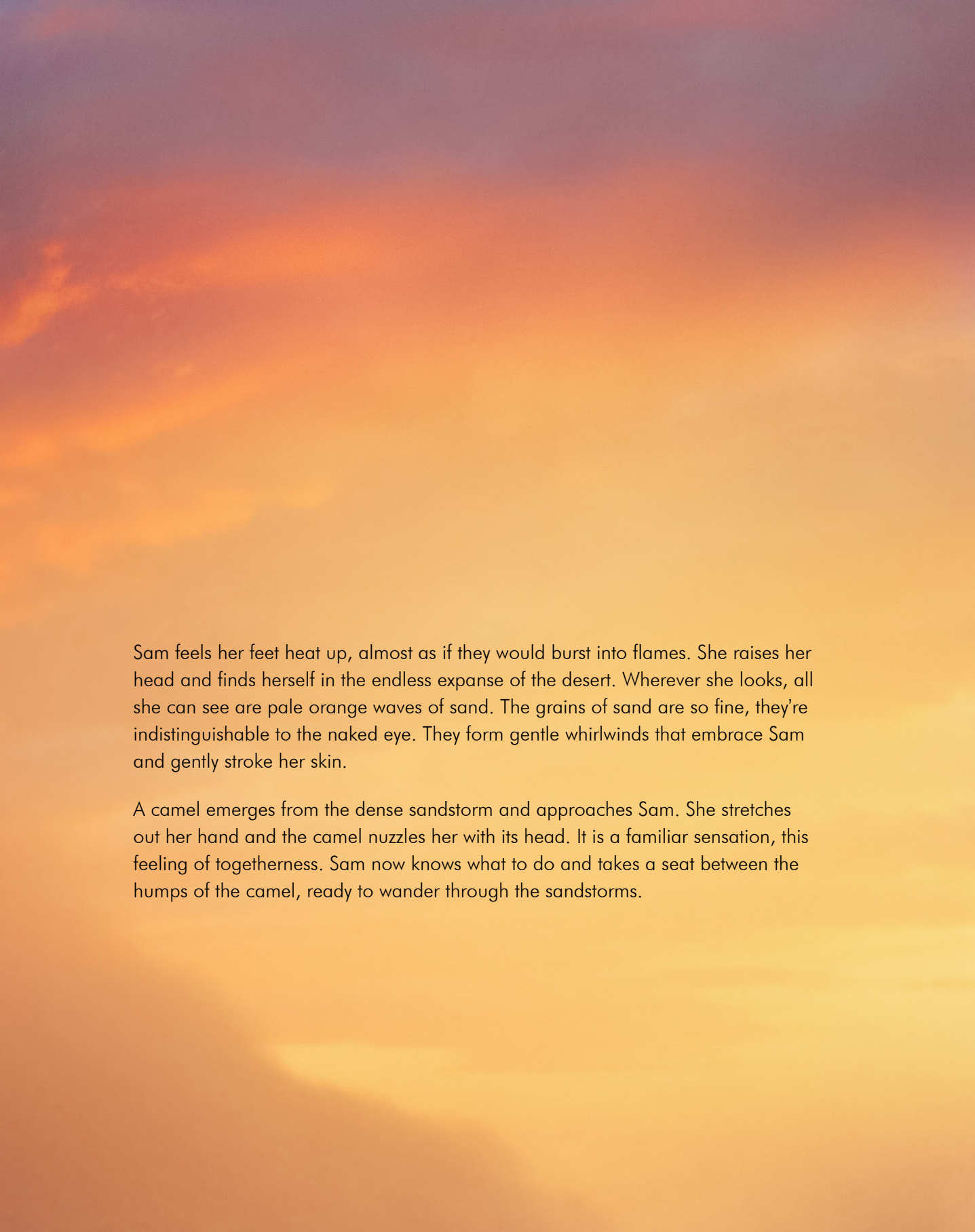
The background of the page is a soft, ethereal landscape. It features rolling, snow-covered mountains or hills under a sky with a gradient of pink and orange, suggesting a sunrise or sunset. The overall mood is serene and dreamlike. The text is centered in the upper half of the page.

Her hands are cold and her breath crystallizes in the air. The bright sun ascends on the horizon, unreachable in the distance. Sam's cheeks begin to warm up and her eyes glisten. Her heart beats faster and she breaks into a smile. She has arrived.

Surrounded by ice floes, bathed in the golden colour of the sun, she moves towards the horizon. Is it real, all things she sees? Sam sits on an ice floe and reaches for a lump of ice, which she cradles in her hand while it melts. Everything moves slowly. Her eyes trace the dripping droplets of water as they burst on the ice-covered water surface far below. As Sam recognises her reflection, a warming shiver runs down her spine.







Sam feels her feet heat up, almost as if they would burst into flames. She raises her head and finds herself in the endless expanse of the desert. Wherever she looks, all she can see are pale orange waves of sand. The grains of sand are so fine, they're indistinguishable to the naked eye. They form gentle whirlwinds that embrace Sam and gently stroke her skin.

A camel emerges from the dense sandstorm and approaches Sam. She stretches out her hand and the camel nuzzles her with its head. It is a familiar sensation, this feeling of togetherness. Sam now knows what to do and takes a seat between the humps of the camel, ready to wander through the sandstorms.





Sam rubs her eyes, barely able to see for all the sand. All she can see in the sky is the sun dyed red from Sahara dust. The grains of sand drifting over the desert expanse sound like thousands of raindrops pattering on the surface of the sea. Slowly, slowly it begins to clear and the thick dust flies away in all directions, yet the sky remains dark. Sam glances up and can hardly believe her eyes as she sees the wild dark clouds, seemingly fighting with each other. Is it really going to rain? A raindrop falls on the tip of Sam's nose and its cool wetness rolls slowly onto her upper lip. All she hears is the muffled sound of rumbling thunder, but it seems to be far away. From one second to the next it becomes so bright, Sam has to close her eyes tightly.

