

I have never thought that it would be so difficult for me to open my eyes. But sometimes it seemed to me that it was rather easy to be blind for not being struck by all the poorness, sorrow, and despair day by day. However some people were telling a story about the New Land which was waiting for everyone who would be able to cross the ocean. Still almost none believed in that fairy tale. Despite the fact I aspired to the mystic land called New Canada, I hoped to get there and find the life which wouldn't be filled with something disgusting and miserable, where I wouldn't be a creature that was trapped. I desired to breath in fresh air, drink clean water, and eat as much as it was necessary.

My thoughts were broken by the squeak of the opening door. I had to open my eyes. Grey lifeless sun rays went through the dirty pane, touching the ragged walls, the breaking floor and the old rusty bed I was lying on. He shook me up coarsely whispering something and shouting my name. Day! My mom gave that name for my "great intrinsic shine". But in my opinion this mystic light inside me was put out by that world damned by the God. I made myself look at him. Drag... he had been helping me stay alive. Every day he forced me to stand up, to do anything for continuing my existence. . "I've got them! I've got the tickets to the New Land!" Drag said it as quietly as he could. He brought that words right towards my soul. Then he told me something about the ship and the voyage but he passed over the way he got the desired tickets in silence.

"Stand up, Day. We have to go," - he finished his story with that words. I wasn't able to rise to my feet myself, so Drag had to help my exhausted body to fulfill that task. He made me go to the next room. We came in and started packing our traps into the old rucksack covered with lots of dingy patches. Trying to make our thin but warm quilt as small as it could be I accidentally saw myself in the mirror. My skin was grey and looked like it was made of paper, I became emaciated, every bone stuck out and I reminded myself a kind of a robot created by the crazy scientist. Drag took my hand and led me away.

We went through the dirty streets covered with some strange mass, through some buildings full of the inventions of the same crazy scientist, through the place that used to be a park so many years ago... I hoped that it was the last time I plunged into the atmosphere of despair. So we reached the port. And I saw something that amazed me to the innermost of my heart. A large iron ship stood beside the jetty. It was covered rust, somewhere the paint faded, but that didn't made it less majestic. I didn't remember how we went on it; I didn't hear what Drag was talking with another man about. I came to myself only when we appeared on the deck. In front of me the greatest and the saddest view spread. Groups of low ramshackle houses, market reminded an ant hill, smoke of several chimneys... The loud hooter resounded and the gigantic ship started moving. Somewhere inside me the hope arose and I felt its warmth - no! heat - spreading in my soul.

Our trip continued for so many days that I had no idea for how long we could see only water rounded us up. But finally the sailors' attention was grabbed by the little line on the horizon. There was that mystic land we desired to reach. During the journey I became more emaciated and it seemed that I was standing at death's door and no one could save me. When I made the first step on the new land to my new life filled with the hopes that could seem crazy to somebody, I fainted away, fell down into the sticky darkness.

I came out of that slush being broken physically but strong in my soul. That was the first time when I wanted to open my eyes. And I did it. Because I was not afraid of uncertainty. There was different light, different air, it was different world which surrounded me that day. The room was charged with sun so I could see every mote soaring in the air. I stood up but the dizziness returned me back. I sat for a while admiring the freedom of breathing and the beauty of golden rays, and then tried to stand up again. The second try was successful and I slowly went up to the door. I took a deep breath and opened the portal to the unknown world. The sunshine dazzled me for the moment but when the red shroud fell from my eyes, I saw water that was splashing right beneath my feet. The hovel I left was standing on the tiny island. Lots of such islands were around, covered with huts and people fussing around them. Those little pieces of land were connected with low bridges that seemed so frail that they could break if you made some steps trying to cross it. Day! I turned around and noticed him standing on one of the bridges. He asked me to come up to him, and I went on very slowly trying not to touch the water that wished to lick my feet. One more little effort, I was on the bridge hugging Drag. He helped me to reach another island that was much bigger than mine and covered with trees which tops were piercing through the bright blue sky stitched with the sun rays. We came into the wooden house plunged in that green native magnificence. There were a lot of people sitting right on the floor, eating and chatting. No one paid any attention to us. Anyway the hall was full of hospitality and kindness, full of intrinsic shine passed through everyone. They were the people of New Canada, the inhabitants adopted us the poor orphans of the old world, cracked once and never restored. I felt how the light of that people's lives covered me, pierced through me, and filled me up. I had so many dreams about that mystic land called Canada... but the main was to stay there forever, to dissolve in its calmness and peace. And I got my aim.

She saw how her breathless body was lying on the bed. Her soul saw how some men caught Drag, robbed him, killed and left in the dirty lane. There was no Canada, no hope, but just the cracked world that would never be restored. But she saw the light. Even it was just a dream. Her dream about Canada.