

“What if...”

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Did you notice? Lately, the world feels colder. Colors seem duller. People move through life with less light in their eyes.

Do you remember when the sun shone a little warmer, laughter carried farther, and time with loved ones felt abundant instead of fleeting?

I must admit, I only realized it recently. I came across an old box, inside of which lay a diary I had written long ago. The entries were not consistent, but the days I had chosen to capture were vivid. Even when space on the page ran out, the words pressed together, refusing to be left unsaid. There were long, intricate sentences and short, powerful exclamations. Poetic musings intertwined with scattered ideas. Sometimes, it was more scrapbook than diary, a space where inspiration ran free.

I had loved writing. I had forgotten that too.

And what had I written about?

A sunlit morning and a breakfast of fresh strawberries. An afternoon meant for homework but spent giggling with a friend instead. Pages filled with excited scribbles, brimming with new story ideas.

Now, I eat the same breakfast every day because it is easy and cheap. I rarely see my friends, working until exhaustion, with my weekends swallowed by chores and obligations. The sky is gray when I leave for work and even darker when I return home. I do not write, and I do not laugh.

In the days that followed, I thought about writing. Then, hesitantly, I began. A single word. It felt straining, like I was out of shape. A sentence. A paragraph. Until, at last, the prose feverishly poured onto the page, words, thoughts, and feelings that had been neglected for too long.

I wrote about the heavy clouds, how I wished the wind would carry them away. Dissatisfied, I crumpled the paper. Then, I wrote about the sun, its golden rays, its warmth, the way it painted the world in light.

The next day, the rain broke just long enough for a faint rainbow to emerge.

I wrote about flowers, the bright daffodils, the fragrant hyacinths, the delicate tulips. I imagined vast fields, bees drinking sweet nectar, even fairies twirling in sparkling pirouettes.



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The next day, flowers bloomed beside the sidewalk, bathed in sunlight.

That evening, I chose to walk home instead of taking the bus. On the way, I ran into an old friend. We wandered through the usually empty park, now alive with people, with laughter.

I felt happy.

My friend felt inspired to play music again, and the next morning, the birds were singing too.

Then, change is only one dream away.



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