

Aidan Sweet  
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Martin Luther King creative writing essay

# I Had A Dream

I peeled back the covers, and placed my body gently onto the bed. Out came a large yawn. As I tenderly tucked myself in, I released all thoughts, but did my best to do so in the least amount of effort. I started to fall asleep. My thoughts and stresses became wisps, slowly fading. They disappeared finally, far from being poised to creep back into my mind for the upcoming day. All I had to do is let my dreams take the wheel, until the warm, welcoming morning sun slipped through my window.

I opened my eyes. Still in bed. My *dream* bed anyway. I could tell this was a dream. This environment appeared many times around me as I entered a dream. Bedroom, alarm clock, mirror, dresser- all the normal aspects of a house. The rest of the house was always the same too. Only when you went outside did you see your new setting. It was about time I learned mine. I raced down the stairs, tiptoed down the hall (to sneak past my dream parents) and darted out the door. I looked around. The sun shone brightly, and I thought I heard myself sizzling. Birds chirping and the grass a perfect shade of green- it was a wonderful sight. I could sit on the front porch all day feeding my eyes with that view, but I decided my discovering was far from over. I found my way into town. The clothing was much different and the cars were all old models. Some shops had televisions, but they were all small, had no remotes, and played in black and white. It was all so much to take in. This must have been the mid 20th century. I didn't know much about it other than my mom might have been around then. She says it isn't possible but you never know.

I rested on the green bench exhausted from all that exploring. All of the sudden I spied something in the corner of my eye. A black man being beaten. A white man started beating him. I let my jaw drop to the ground, my eyes filled with horror. I bellowed, "STOP!", but he didn't hear me. I could not bear the sight any longer, so I ran. As I whizzed by, people looked at me skeptically. My clothes and brands were attracting unwanted attention. People had never seen them before. I ducked into the nearest building, hoping to avoid attention. Mission failed. I ended up stumbling into a bar full of people. I was so awfully exhausted that I decided it would be fine if I put my mission on hold (mission being the one where I tried to evade attention) and got a glass of water. As I walked on by every body in the bar kept their eyes on me. All their hawk-like glares seemed to burn holes in my soft, flawless skin. There was something about them, some similarity between them all. One older man strutted towards me. He reached towards my cheek, and pinched it a little. I swung my arm at him and it knocked his hand away. My heart pounded as he announced, "That is indeed some white skin!" The people in the bar gasped.

"What's wrong?" I questioned. The fire in my eyes showed that I demanded an answer. The eyes were all I needed, I didn't have to expound my request.

"You! That's what's wrong. *You* ain't 'part of this picture. Now git, son!" His gruff voice was so powerful that I felt my lips quiver as his large frame loomed over me. I ran out of the

bar. I wasn't running around aimlessly this time. I was running straight to the dream house. There were some serious matters to discuss.

The door opened gently. "Yes, Aidan? What is it you want to talk about?"

"Everything about this place. But in a short summary, this thing with the blacks," I replied. I had figured it all out with the bar. They were all blacks. That was the similarity that I had pulled from the picture.

She nodded. "Blacks here don't have the same rights as whites. The whites have more power. Not just here in your dream. It happened in your world too, I believe," she concluded a little misgivingly.

Whoa. Wait a sec. *My dream.*

"Thanks mom, that's all I needed," I said. The gesture I gave her showed that she could leave.

She closed the door softly. The moment the door closed, I started letting my thoughts fly wild within the vicinity of my brain. Let them get too far, and they become real. Next thing you know, your working on something crazy and hopeless. But I knew that the best ideas started that way. So I let one fly. I let a prisoner loose from the prison. A horse from the corral. Next thing I knew, I was about to reconquer the most powerful period of prejudice using the one special person who was experienced in this particular category.

Laid back in my incredibly real dream bed, in my unbelievable vivid dream house, located in my astonishingly lush dream world. Whatever I dreamt would become apart of the dream because it was my dream. I had realized in there at one point that I would wake up and leave the dream. So none of it mattered to me. But it did to them. I wasn't about to leave them stranded in the devil's kingdom. I was going to join the unauthorized alliance of amazing men and woman who want to squeeze out every little drop of prejudice contained in our unimaginable amount of galaxies. I dreamt Martin Luther King. He was the perfect guy to complete the task. He had won the Nobel Peace Prize award before. His non-violent methods were so clever that it was surprising. He had said great things during that speech. Martin Luther King suggested methods referring to no violence. The vision hit me.

"I accept this award as 22 million negroes from the United States.....", and so on. The things he said during that speech were life changing. He knew that just yesterday, people were suffering, writhing. Only to be slaked with sunlight, penetrating the thick shadow of racism. He believed that we could accomplish brotherhood without even thinking of leaning towards violence. He didn't believe that we would always have to have two different worlds, like two different species. These were his motivators as he ventured off down the path of peace and justice. He could bring it to this world as well, and he would have double the honor of conquering racism twice. As I backed up from my vision and re-entered reality, I prepped myself up for a good sleep. I was dreaming inside a dream.

When I woke up, the sun in my dream land seemed to shine just a little bit brighter. It felt more pleasant overall. The sight that laid before through the window was most heart warming though. I looked down and saw all the blacks and whites talking and gathering, not a single scar resembling violence on any of their skin. The old man from the bar saw me in the window, and tipped his hat to me. I waved back. Then I turned around and leaped down the stairs in a rush to

see the paradise that Martin Luther King had created. But just as I reached the doorknob, everything swirled around in circles and brought me back to my room in my normal old house. I stomped my foot in frustration. I couldn't believe it stopped me at the good part. But I calmed myself down, because I had it all right here. Without Martin Luther King though, most of my friends wouldn't be at my side anymore. So as I walked out into the morning sun, dressed and ready for another day, I assumed that my dream people must be feeling the same warm welcoming feeling. When you can walk outside, and everything is perfect.