

The city never slept. Neon lights flashed through the fog, and every window seemed to hide a different **dream**. Some people dreamed of wealth, others of freedom, and a few only dreamed of love. Among them lived a young architect named Lina. She spent her nights designing impossible buildings—towers that twisted like ribbons, bridges that sang in the wind, homes that glowed like stars. Her **dream** was to make the city breathe again, to turn concrete into poetry. But investors laughed at her drawings, calling them childish fantasies. Still, she kept drawing, believing that even one real dream could change the shape of the world. Years later, when she was nearly forgotten, a small art gallery displayed her old sketches. Visitors came, stood before her designs, and for a moment, saw something they had lost—hope. A decade after her death, the city finally built one of her towers. It rose above the skyline, bright and weightless, like a **dream** finally made real.