As you walked down the busy street, late for your work meeting, you thought about why you were even going into work that day. What else could you be doing rather than working as a slave under a huge company that could let you go at any time. What if you just quit?

Of course, you let your thoughts get to you as you slammed into a pole, others snickering around you. Embarrassed, you rub your head, pick up the bag you dropped and notice something that wasn’t on it before. Clipped to the handle of your beat up black bag is a tiny bottle with a note inside. Curious as to how it got there, you unclipped the tiny bottle and opened up the note. It read: You’re welcome. Scrunching up your eyebrows you shake your head and throw the bottle and note into a nearby trashcan as you hurry into your office building.

As your work meeting begins you hurry into the room with cup after cup of coffee. You pass out the corresponding cup to each millionaire as they talk about their tiresome evenings out at five star restaurants and with famous celebrities. Just as you’re finishing up, you trip over a briefcase on the floor and spill hot coffee all over the president of the company. Now what are you going to do? You quickly stand up and apologize profusely as his enormous mouth in the middle of his angry, red face slowly opens with rage. You wished none of this had ever happened, imagining that everything had gone perfectly fine so you wouldn’t have to deal with being yelled at by this short, bald man. Your eyes are closed as you cower back, waiting for the blast of sound from the president, but it never comes. You’re standing by the conference room door with an empty carton and the president was at the head of the table sipping his coffee with a smile on his face.

Had you just imagined it all? Was this some kind of sick trick your mind was playing on you? Unsure, but quite happy, you headed out the door and back to your desk. What had happened?

After work ended, you left the office heading downtown to meet your friends for drinks. After what happened earlier, nothing else was out of the ordinary, so you set the entire incident aside from your mind thinking nothing of it. Your brain must have been tired from lack of sleep and stress. As you enter the restaurant you see your friends surrounded by men as always. You had always been the invisible one, sitting to the side as your friends had drinks bought for them. You imagined what it would be like to be the center of attention for once and in the next second, you’re surrounded by the same guys that had been surrounding your friends. Surprised, you gladly took all of the drinks they gave and smirked at your friends envious faces. What was happening?

Days and weeks pass and you realize what great power you have received. All of your dreams come true, no matter what they are. The only thing is, they need to be dreams. You could easily think about something you want to happen, but nothing ever happens. Only your daydreams come true, because they are things that your heart wants, not your mind. But, what could be bad about this?