

*A dream?*

I ran and opened the door. I saw my grandfather and my happiness at that moment was indescribable. It was my younger sister's birthday and he spent all night with us. He played with her and we all laughed, we were all together. But, unfortunately, he had to go as quickly as he came.

I woke up crying. My grandfather had been dead for seven years. He had never met my sister and I always wanted her to meet him. He always understood my wishes. Everything seemed real but I realized that it was a dream.

But still that night was special. The stars were shining magically and it all looked just perfect, and then I really heard a knock at the door.

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