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On Imagination And Sunrises

Molly Brown

I believe in the power of imagination. I believe in the breed of imagination in which a bucket becomes a space helmet, an old towel a magic cloak, and a cardboard box a pirate ship. I believe that when life seems bleak, all that is necessary is enough imagination to remember there is always another sunrise, no matter how dark the night.

Imagination first bewitched me at a very young age. My parents owned a bookshop—one of those charming, small town, independent types that inevitably end in heartbreak—and it was here I grew up. I read classics like *The Chronicles of Narnia*, *The Little Prince*, and *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland* and works from upstart authors such as one J.K. Rowling—who, in my six-year old self's opinion, had something quite special and was going to be immensely popular. In the bookshop, I was greeted by imagination at every turn, captured and bound within the pages of books. These books were passports, to anywhere and everywhere I wanted to go. I could swim through the deepest oceans, climb the highest mountains, travel back in time, and skyrocket into the future whenever I wanted, all within the comfort of my chair. If I ever had to leave, whether by choice or by order of higher authority, I only had to mark my place with a bit of ribbon and it would be there waiting patiently for my return.

Eight year olds think their world is invincible, and my world was the bookshop. I should have known it was only a matter of time. When that inevitable heartbreak happened and we were forced to close our doors, I was devastated. I had lost my personal library, clubhouse, and bulwark all in one go. It was like someone in the family had died, and though I had experience dealing with grief I was still eight years old. I was lost in the world, so I sought refuge in imagination, in the books that had sheltered me from pain before. In my quest for solace, I forced myself to remember the sunrise.

Beyond a child's, literary, or in my particular case, child's literary perception of imagination, I believe the same essence of imagination that exists in the pages of a storybook or a game of make believe exists everywhere, and I believe it stays with us no matter how old we get or how much we try to convince ourselves otherwise. I believe it is this essence that is responsible for all the scientific miracles, social shifts, and artistic wonders of the world. I believe this essence shall lead to the end of global conflict, the preservation of our planet, and a brighter future for all. I believe in the imagination of the sunrise, in its optimism. I truly believe we can achieve this brighter future, and I believe the omnipresent sunrise is going to light the way. This I will always believe.