



Dear Homeopath,

I am nine years old and need your help.

My parents first decided to invest in their career. In their mid-thirties they both had an executive job, with good salaries, company cars, a newly built house full of modern stuff, and went on holidays several times a year. They were both working out, looking great and had a busy social life.

At that time they realised there was one commodity missing: a child. So they decided to have one. But, despite keeping control of all parameters and having sex at the right time, there was no sign of pregnancy, me. Why? Probably a mix of lowered fertility as a result of pollutants and unresolved problems with their own parents, and perhaps there is a difference between deciding to have a child in the same way they had obtained all other signs of prosperity and a really heartfelt desire to become a parent.

They went to the doctor and asserted their right to beget a child. The whole medical machinery was geared up to produce the desired result, me – tests, medicines, investigations, you name it. Finally, while my parents were relaxing in a spa, a doctor managed to create me in his lab. A little later I was sucked out of this natural habitat and placed in the alien surroundings of my mother's womb.

A couple of months later my creator stuck a needle into the womb to check whether I could stay, or, because of some imperfections, would have to be removed. Again some months later he opened the womb with a sharp knife. In that way my parents had less risk of losing me, the doctor less risk of being sued, and my mother was spared the pain of giving birth to me.

Behind the glass of the incubator I felt home again, like in the very beginning. They had everything under control, and no stone was left unturned in providing me with a healthy future. I was bottle-fed so they were sure I was exactly getting the nutrition I needed, and my mother's breasts wouldn't get worn out. Again, needles were the tools to guarantee that all my parents had gone through to get me would not be in vain. I was injected against every possible disease.

My bedroom looks like a showroom, my clothes have labels from popular fashion designers. Everything is top quality. As early as possible, my parents invested in my career. When just a couple of weeks old, I was already allowed to go to a nursery full-time. I remember how, sitting in my buggy, I was allowed to be buckled in at the front seat while my father drove me. I got all my meals there, so that when I got home again my parents could bring me to bed directly. A sweet babysitter would watch me while they went out for dinner.

Now they have sent me to the best possible school for children with problems like I have. Yes, despite all that was done to secure a perfect future for me, I have failed them. I'm overactive, find it hard to concentrate and have difficulties relating to people. All I care for is sweets, TV and computer games. The worst thing is that I'm not happy, dissatisfied, and lack feelings of gratitude towards my parents, who soon had to decide that a brother or sister would be out of the question since I was causing enough trouble already. I guess I have spoiled their life and caused their divorce.

Can you help them by prescribing for me?

I understand dreams are important for you. I don't remember my dreams completely, but here are some images. I dream of old-fashioned ovens and the smell of warm apple pie. I see soft hands holding a waving skirt with which my nose is wiped clean. I see myself playing in dirt and putting worms in a jar. The same hands again that don't keep me at a distance because mine are dirty, but clean them with the same skirt. I dream of sitting on my mother's lap, my head resting against her breasts, while she sings for me. I see my father in overalls, fixing my bike in a barn, and I help him. I see a small girl with long blonde hair, bending her head back with laughter, while she rides a pony on my father's back.

There are many more like this, all making no sense whatsoever.

I hope you can help me get rid of my dreams.

Harry van der Zee, Editor