Last weekend, I booked a bed at a hostel in Lisbon. When I arrived, the guy at the reception started asking me who I was, where I came from, and what I was doing in Lisbon. «Why all those questions? Why don't you just give me the key and tell me what time to leave tomorrow, as usual in any normal hotel in a touristic place?» — I thought, tired.

Probably, all my thoughts were written on my face.

«Actually, we don't have many guests like you here, — the guy leaves the counter and starts showing me the hostel. — Most of our guests are volunteers».

«Hm?...»

«Yes, they come from different countries to help with social projects: someone collects food for the poor, someone works with children. Here are pictures of pupils from a school for mentally disabled children, 75 euros per piece. Would you like to buy one? Here are the containers to separate the garbage. We make our own compost right here on the terrace, you know. But if we have food in good condition left, we send it to the poor.

Speaking of food: that is Josefina, she cooks for volunteers, but you can join us for dinner if you pay. Here, take an orange from the company „Beautiful people eat ugly fruit". Well, it's fruit that is sorted out in stores just because it has a curved shape or a spot on the peel».

An hour before that, I had been in a museum where I was looking at pictures with utopian buildings that we would be building in case a terrible disaster occurred on Earth.

And I thought: you can dream of spaceships in which we will fly to another galaxy in search of a New Earth. Or you can start improving things on this one: like separate the garbage, eat ugly oranges or give time and food to those who really need it.