

THE DREAM PILLOW

Vivadi



WHEN THE STARS ARE OUT AND THE MOON
SWINGS IN THE SKY, AND THE LIGHT IN MY
ROOM IS LOW, THINGS ARE DIFFERENT.



THE PIRATE PUPPET SWINGS HIS SWORD. THE
MANGO TREE BENDS ITS BRANCHES. EVEN MY
TEDDY BECOMES A DIFFERENT SORT OF BEAR.



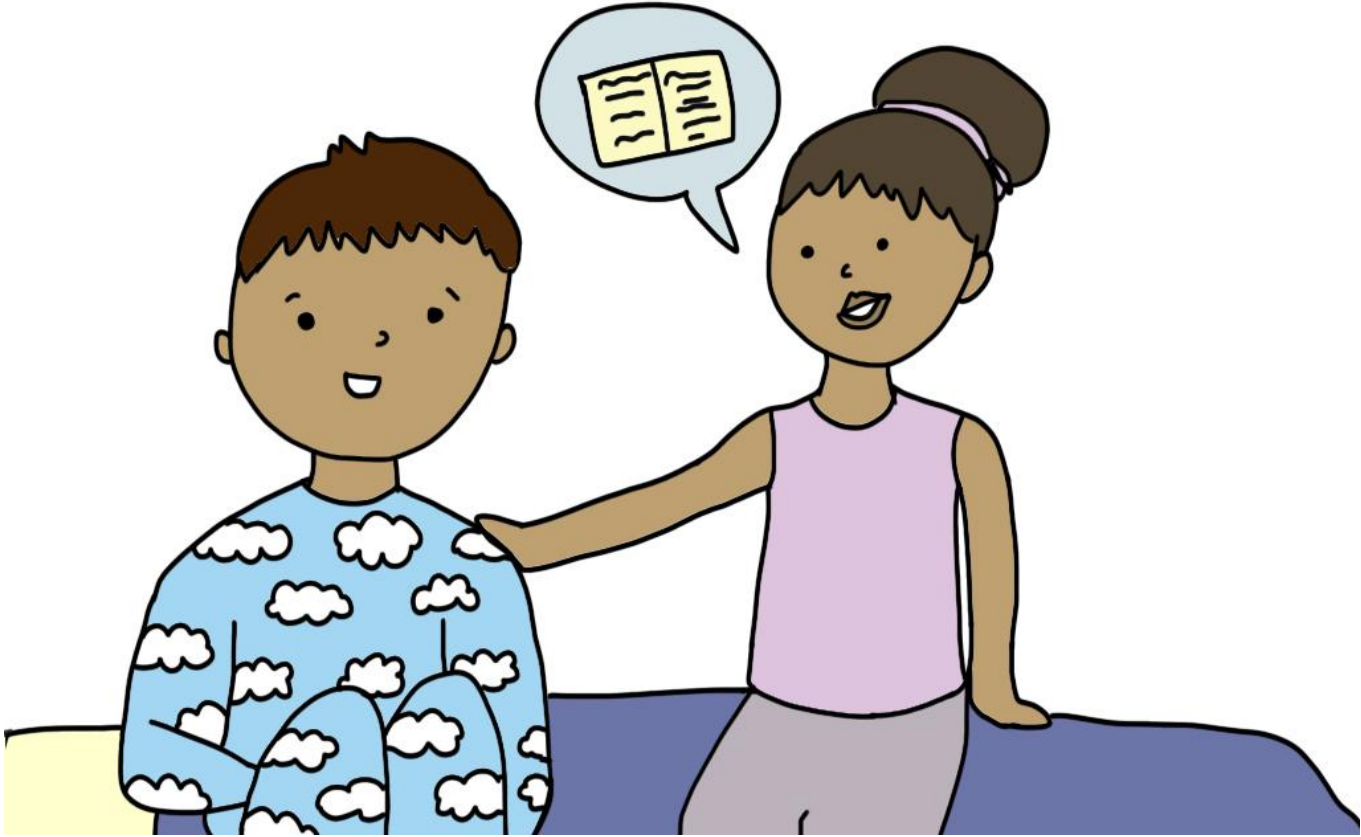
I KEEP VERY STILL IN MY CAVE OF BLANKETS
OR I CALL “MAAAMAAA! DAAADDYYY” OR I
JUMP INTO THEIR BED.



I TELL MAMA ABOUT PIRATE, TREE AND BEAR.



“YOU HAD A REALLY BAD DREAM”, SAYS MAMA.
“WHAT’S A DREAM?”, I ASK. “WHEN WE SLEEP
WE THINK ABOUT OUR DAY, BUT EVERYTHING
GETS MIXED UP. IT FEELS REAL, BUT IT’S FAKE.”



“IT IS REAL”, I SAY. “YOU KNOW WHEN WE READ
A STORY TOGETHER, IT’S MADE UP, BUT WE
LAUGH, OR GET SCARED OR EXCITED? A DREAM
IS THE SAME.”



“YOU MEAN A DREAM IS A STORY?”

“YES!, BUT IT HAPPENS AT NIGHT. YOU PUT YOUR HEAD ON THE PILLOW, YOU FALL ASLEEP AND THEN THE STORY HAPPENS.”

“SO A DREAM IS A STORY YOU FIND IN YOUR PILLOW?”



“YES!”

“CAN I PUT THE STORIES IN MY PILLOW?” “YOU
CAN.”

“HOW?”



“LET’S WRITE DOWN ALL YOUR BEST STORIES,
FOLD UP THE PAPER AND TUCK IT INSIDE THE
PILLOW.”



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