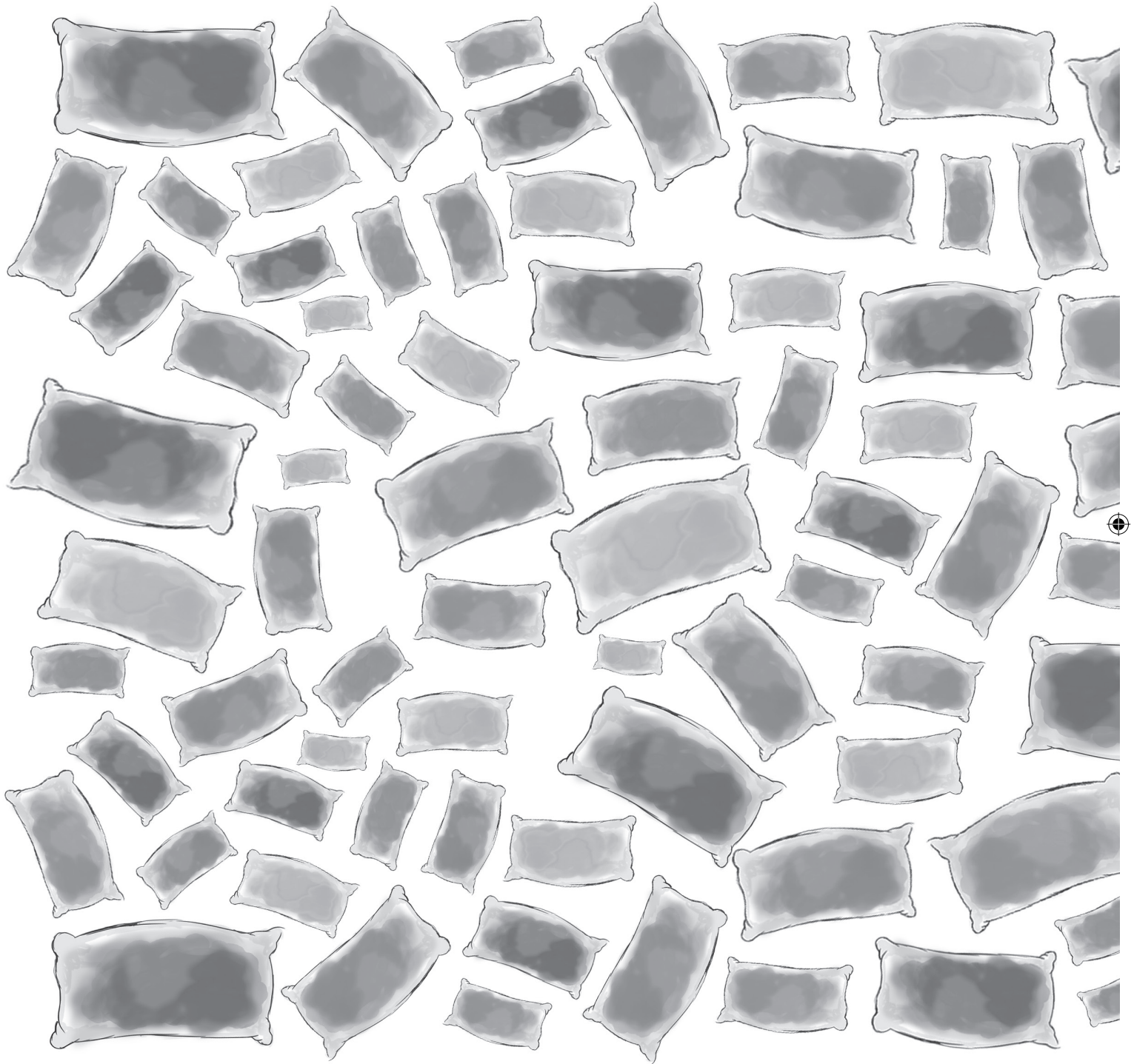


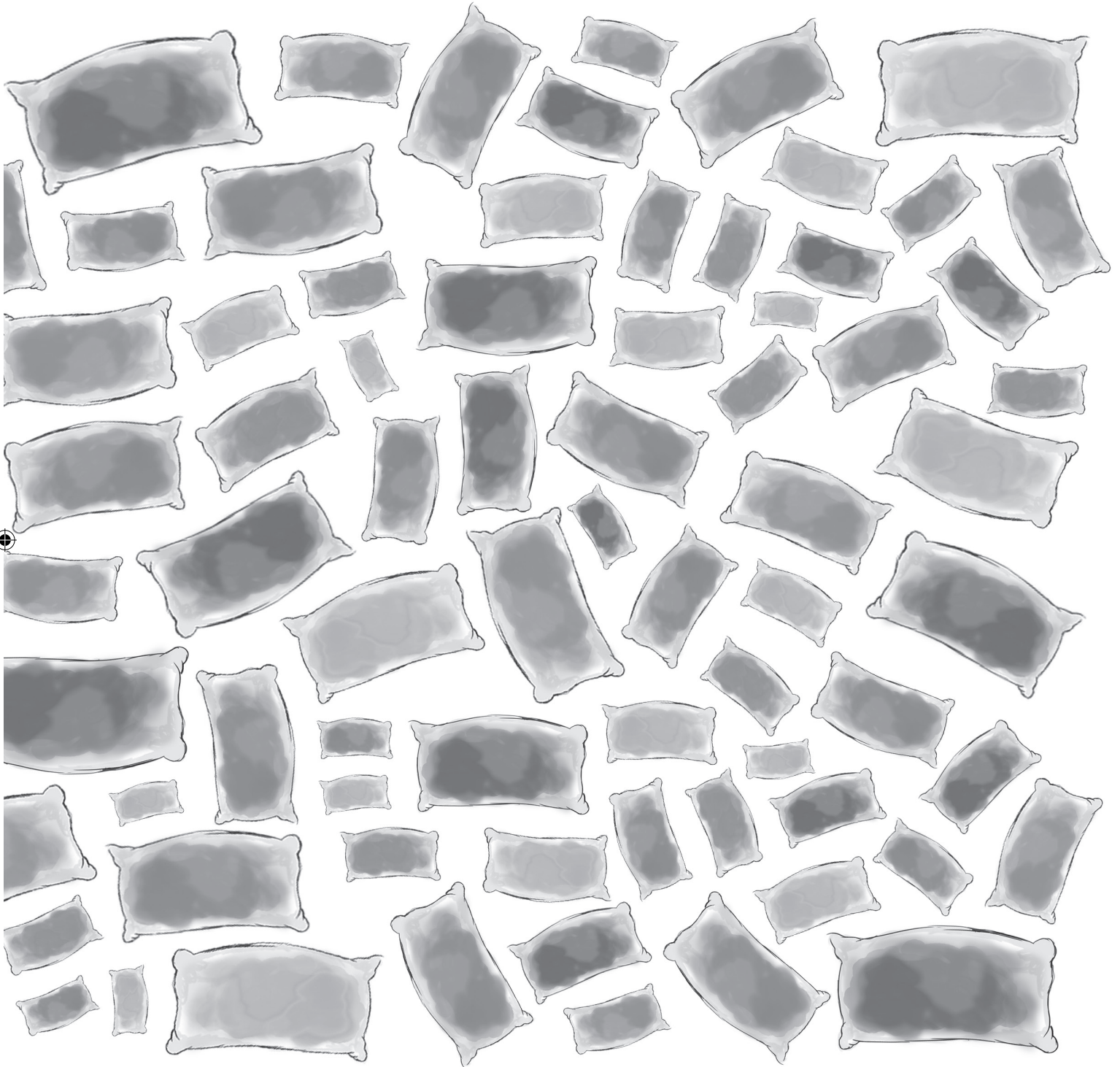


THE DREAM PILLOW

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The Dream Pillow

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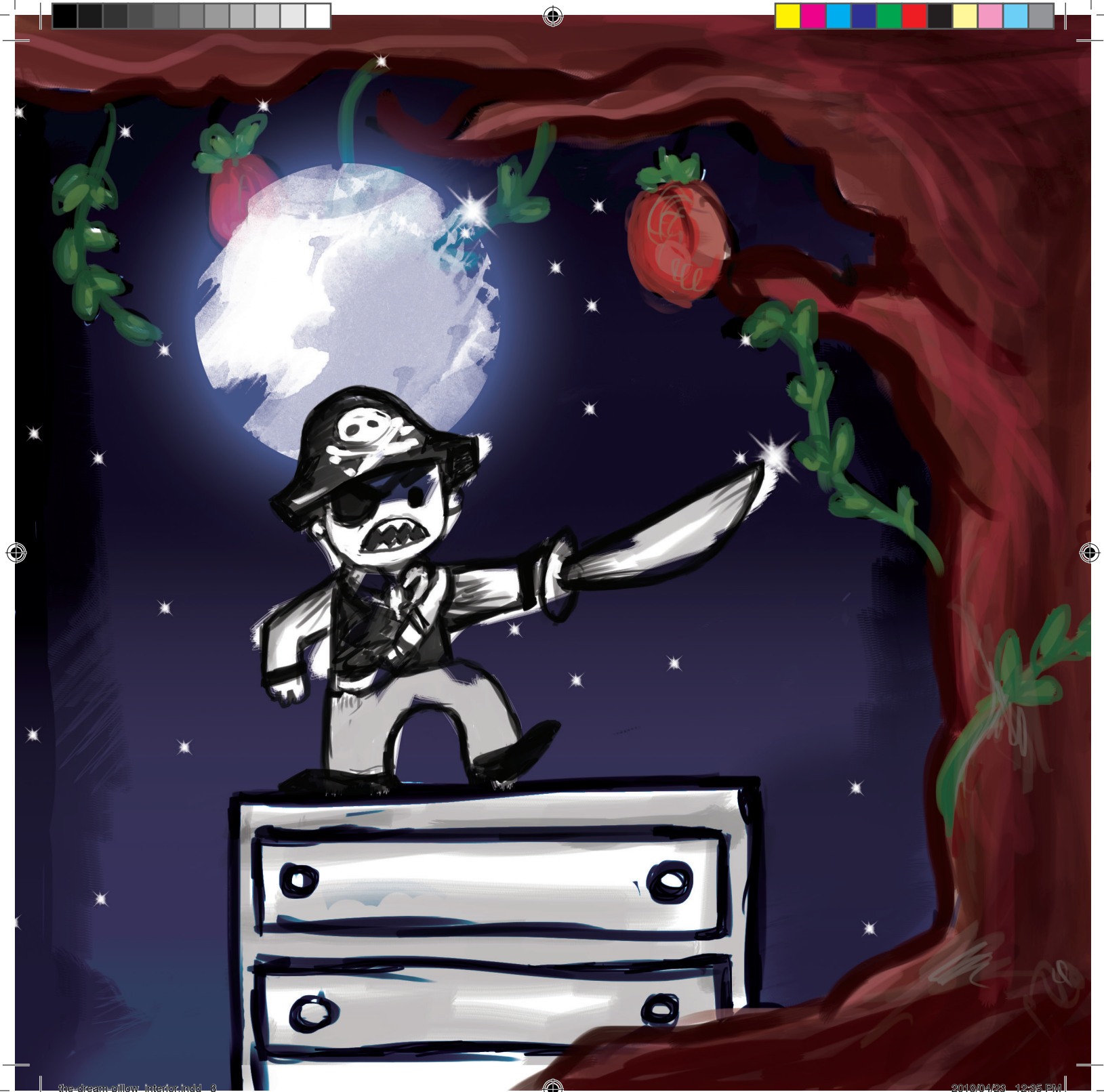






When the stars are out
and the moon swings in the sky,
and the light in my room is low,
things are different.

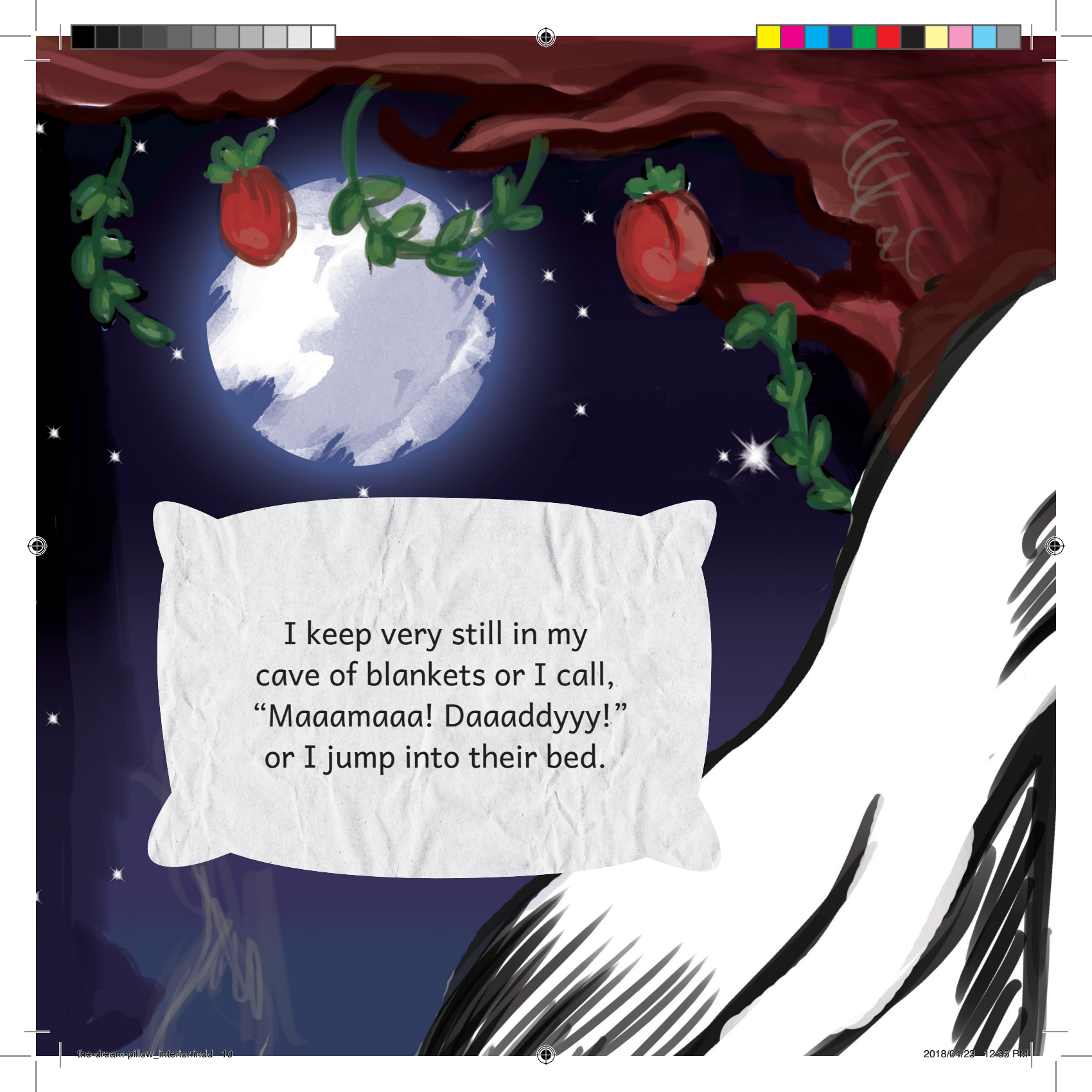






The pirate puppet waves his sword.
The mango tree bends its branches.
Even my teddy becomes a
different sort of bear.

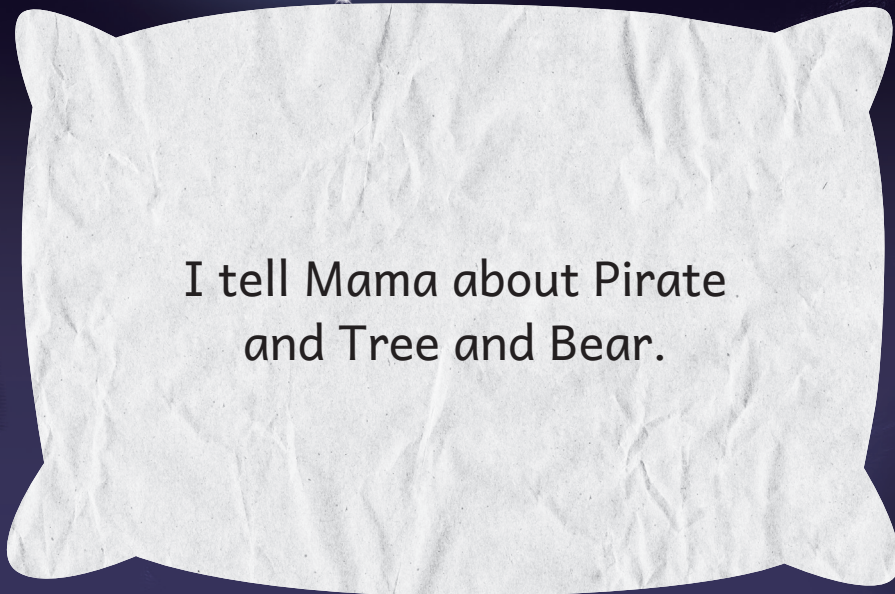




I keep very still in my
cave of blankets or I call,
“Maaamaaa! Daaaddy!”
or I jump into their bed.



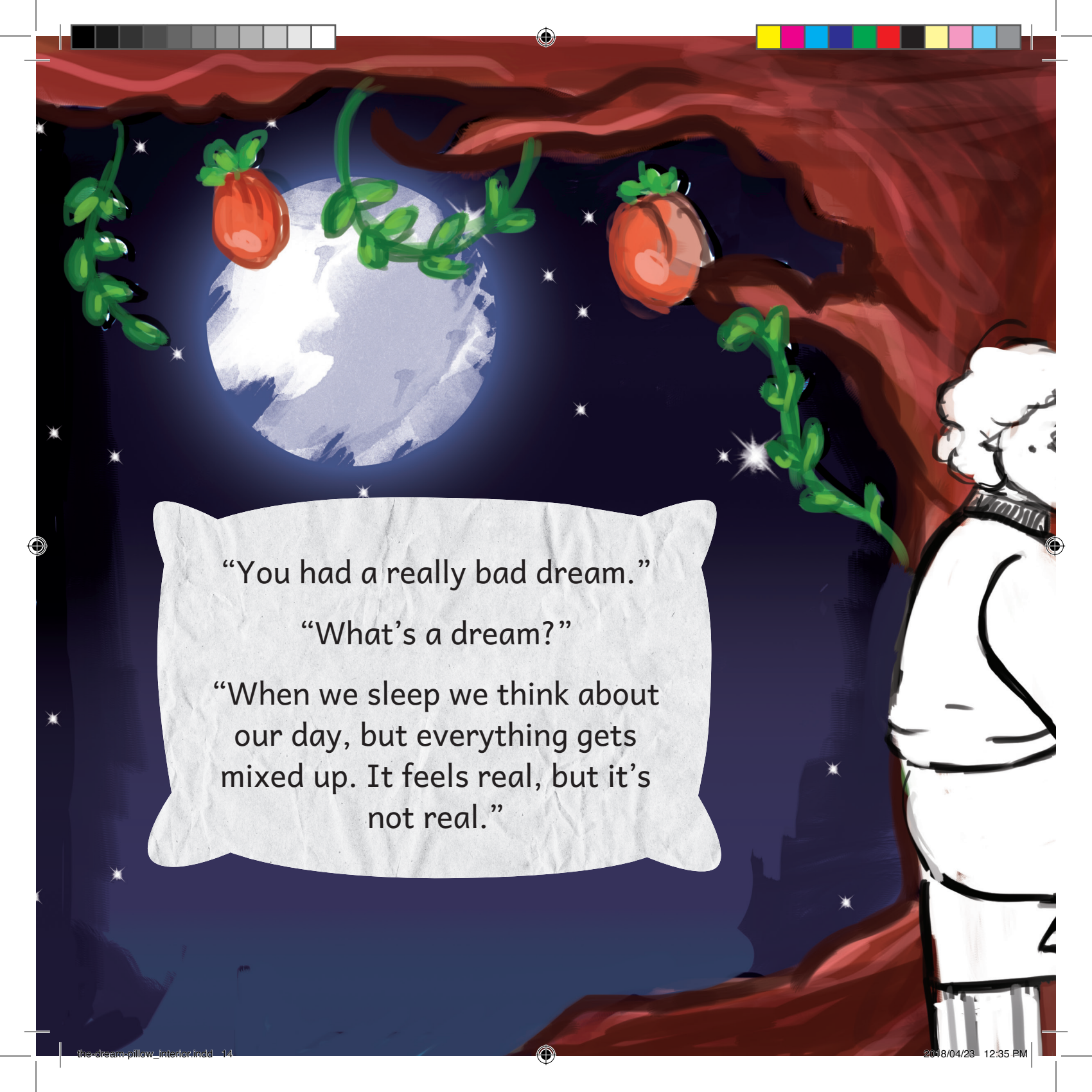




I tell Mama about Pirate
and Tree and Bear.







“You had a really bad dream.”

“What’s a dream?”

“When we sleep we think about our day, but everything gets mixed up. It feels real, but it’s not real.”







“It *is* real!”

“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.”





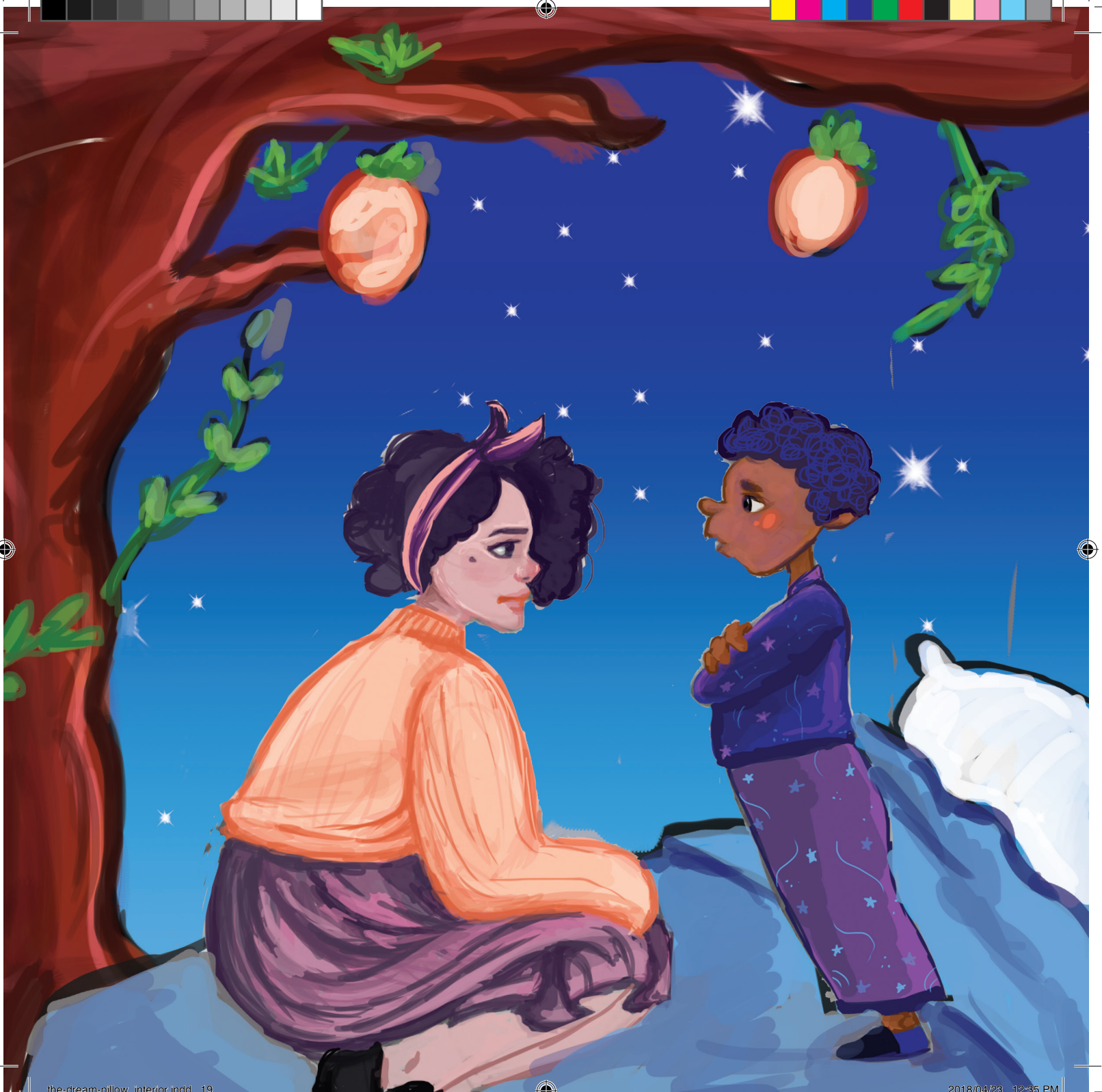


“You mean a dream is a story?”

“Yes! But it happens at night. You put your head on the pillow, you fall asleep and then the story happens.”

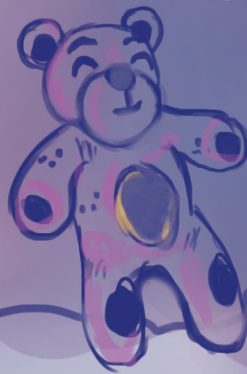
“So a dream is a story you find in your pillow?”

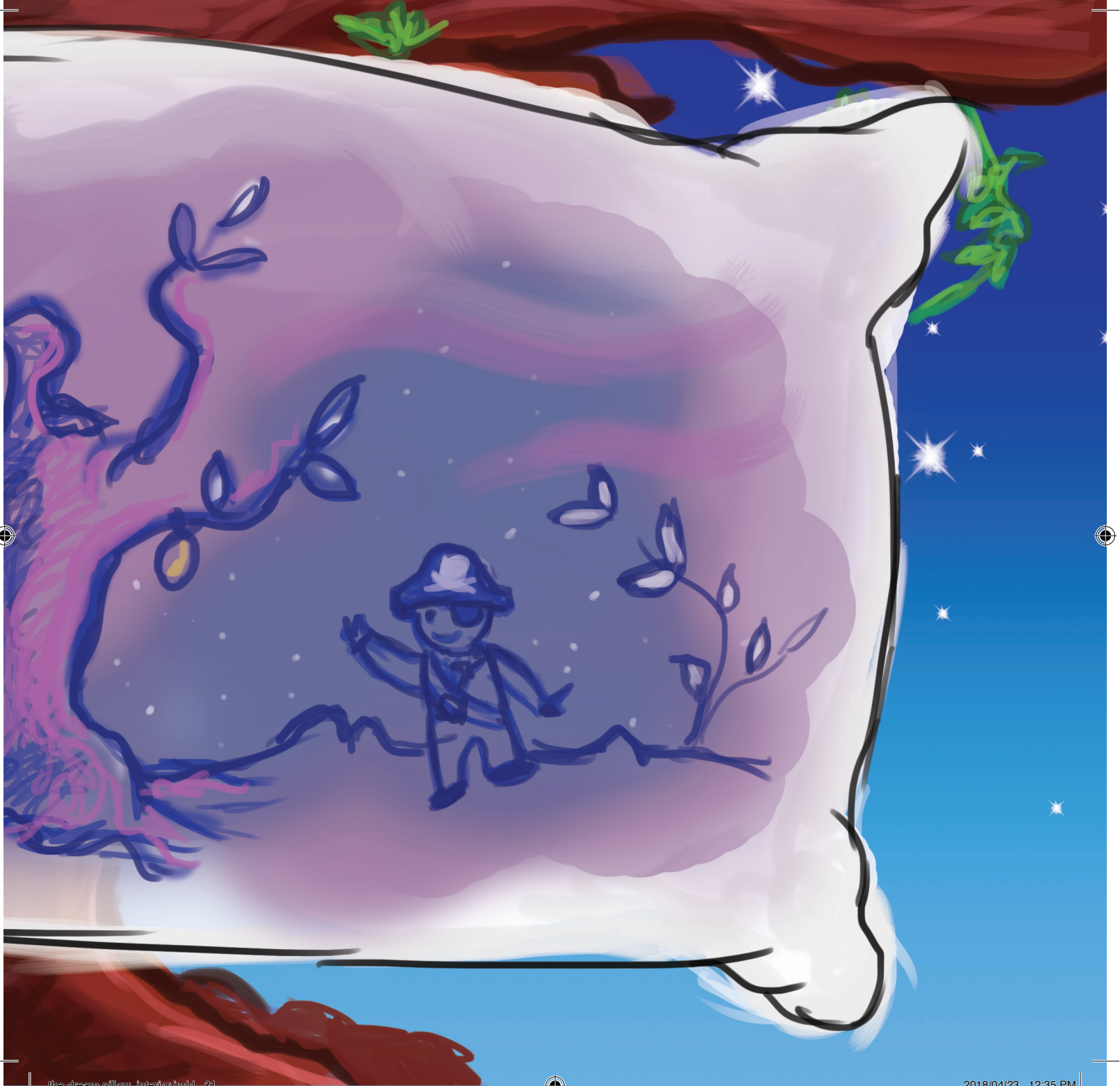


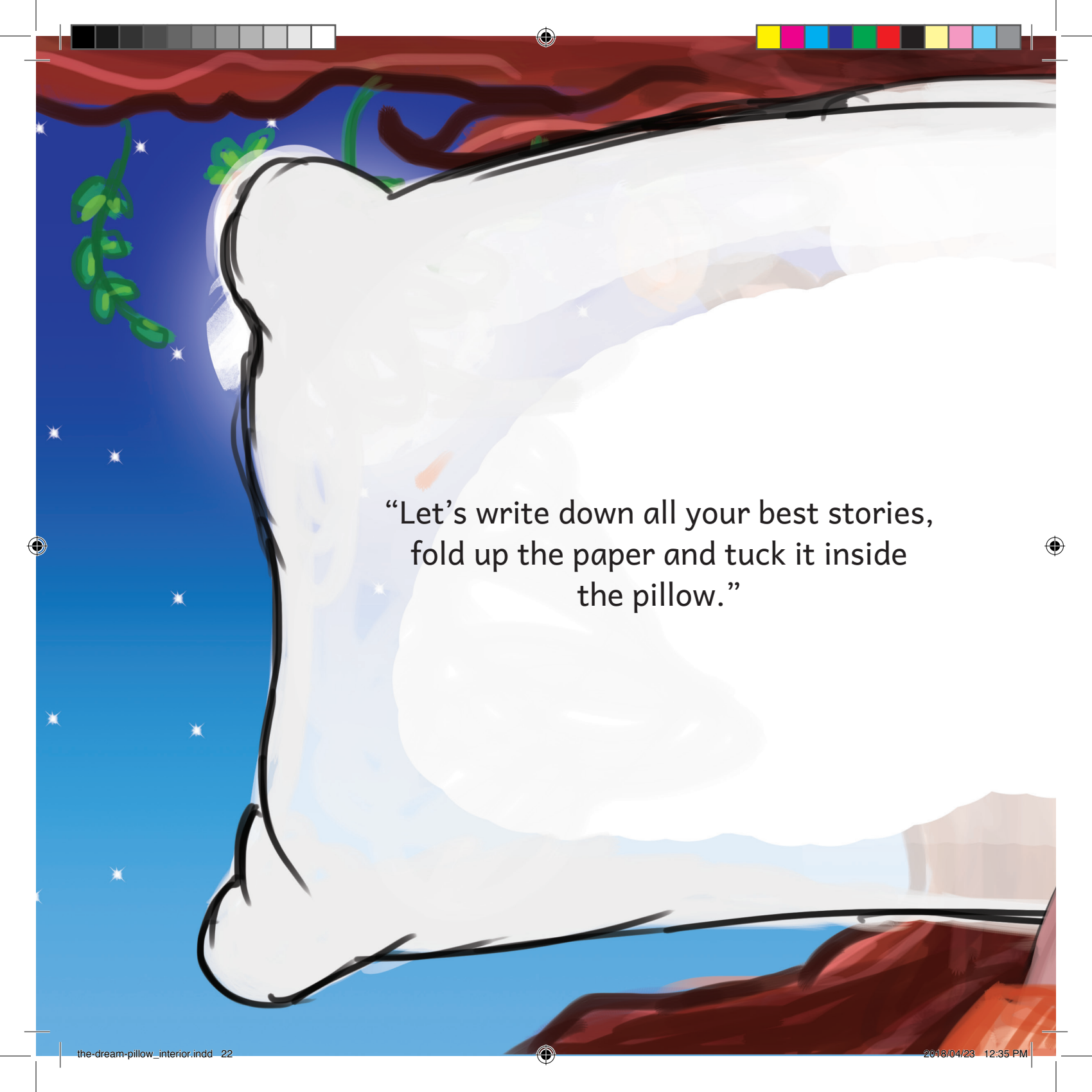




“Yes!”
“Can I put the stories in my pillow?”
“You can.”
“How?”

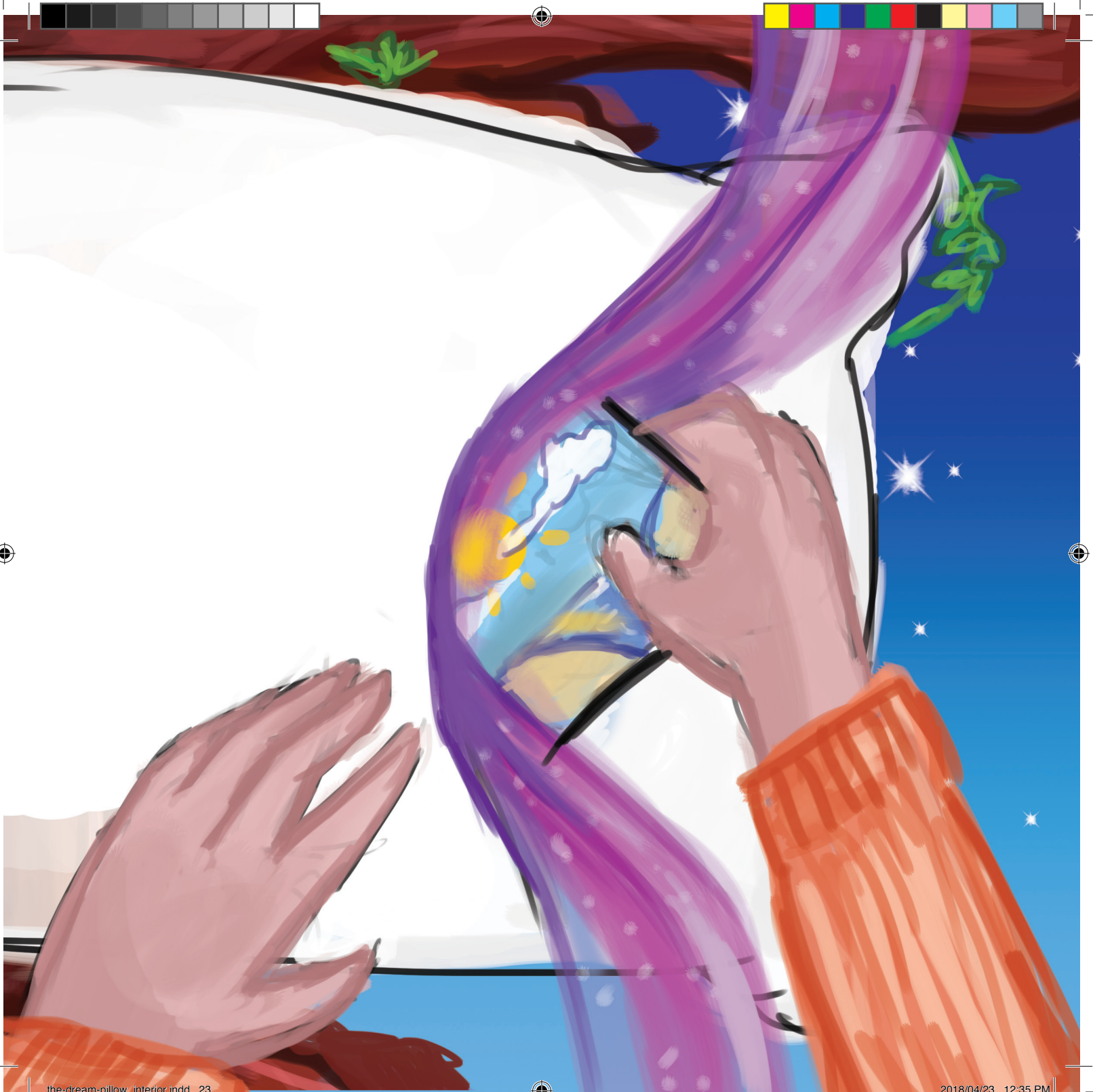




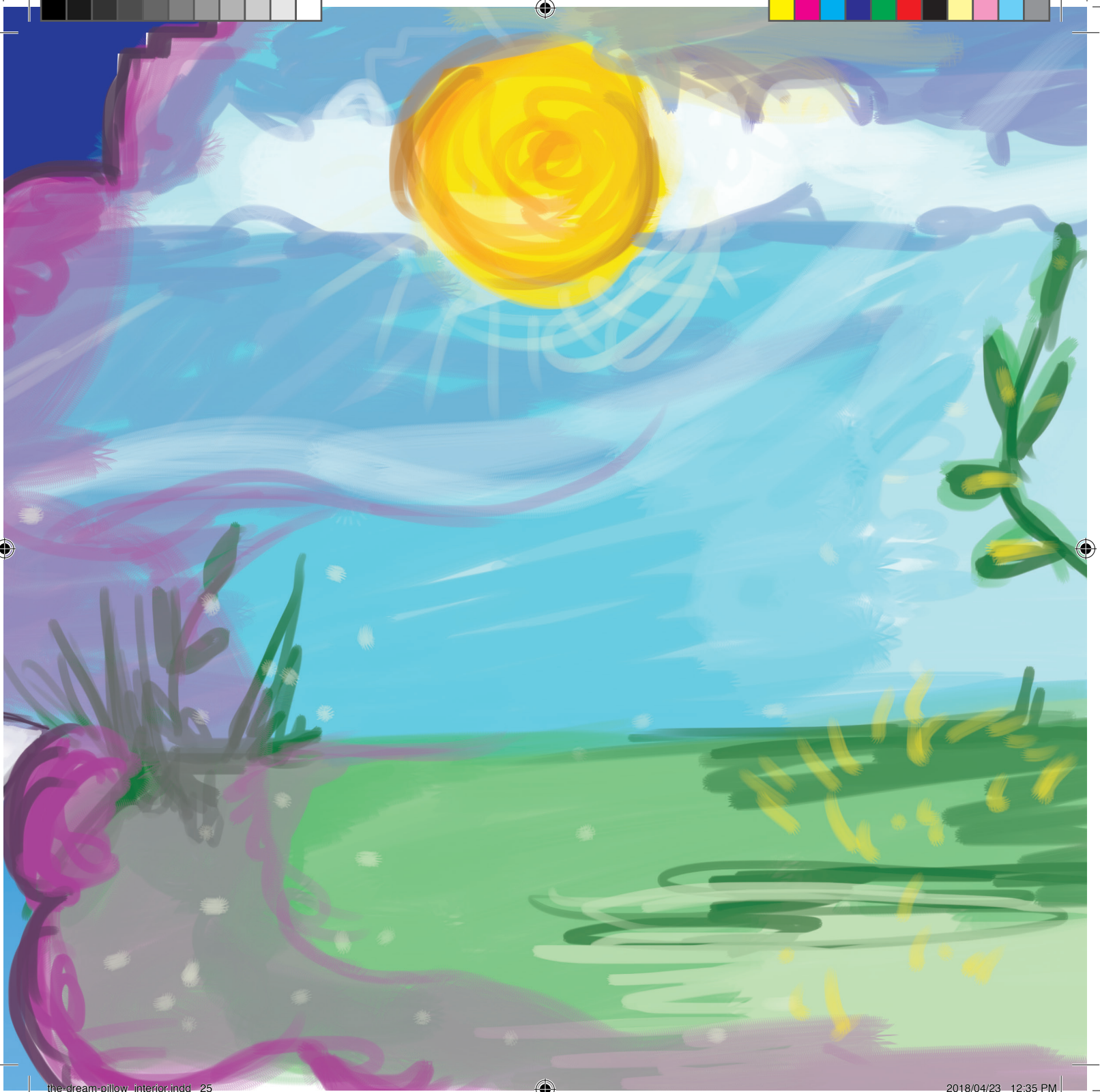


“Let’s write down all your best stories,
fold up the paper and tuck it inside
the pillow.”





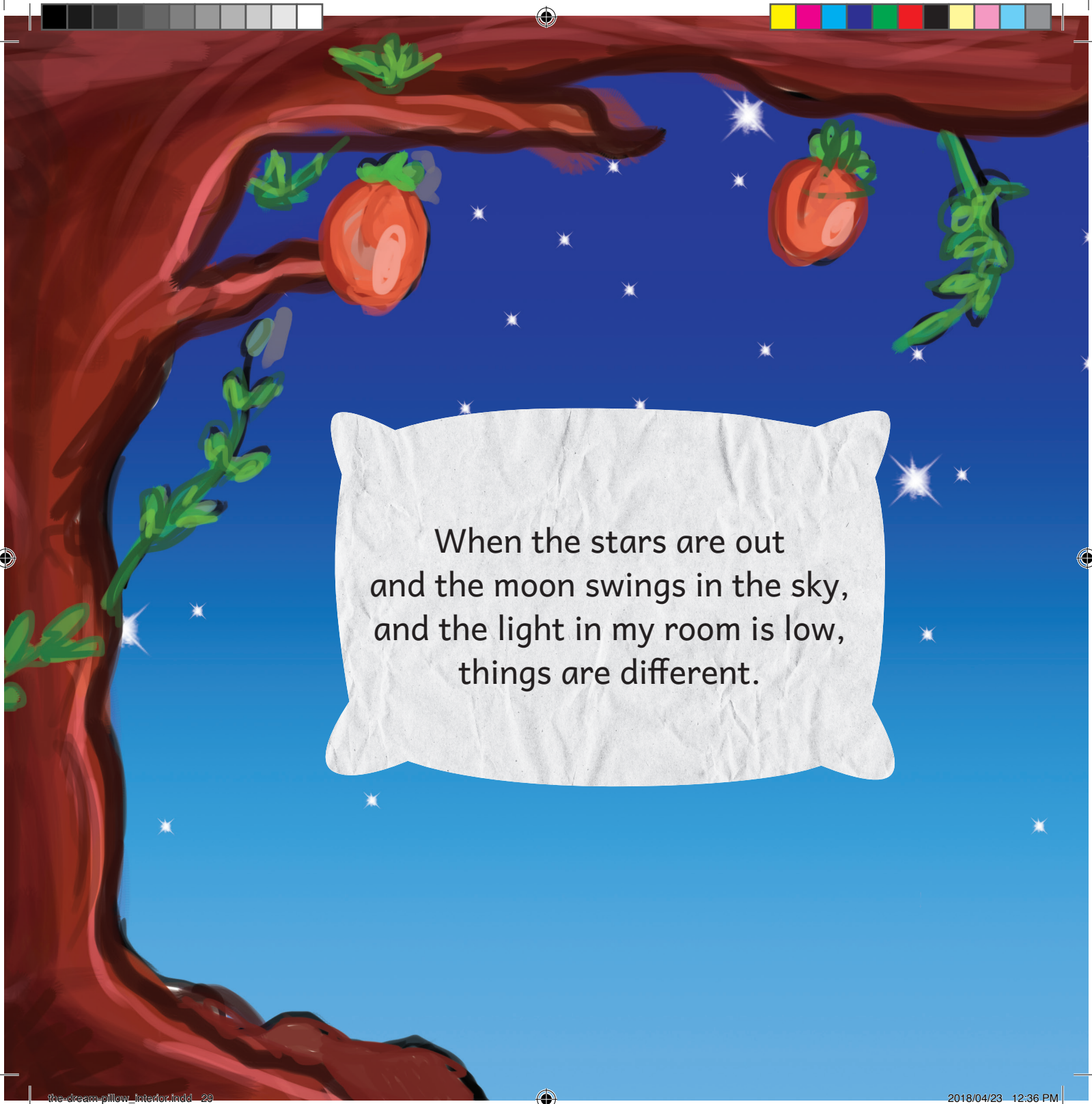






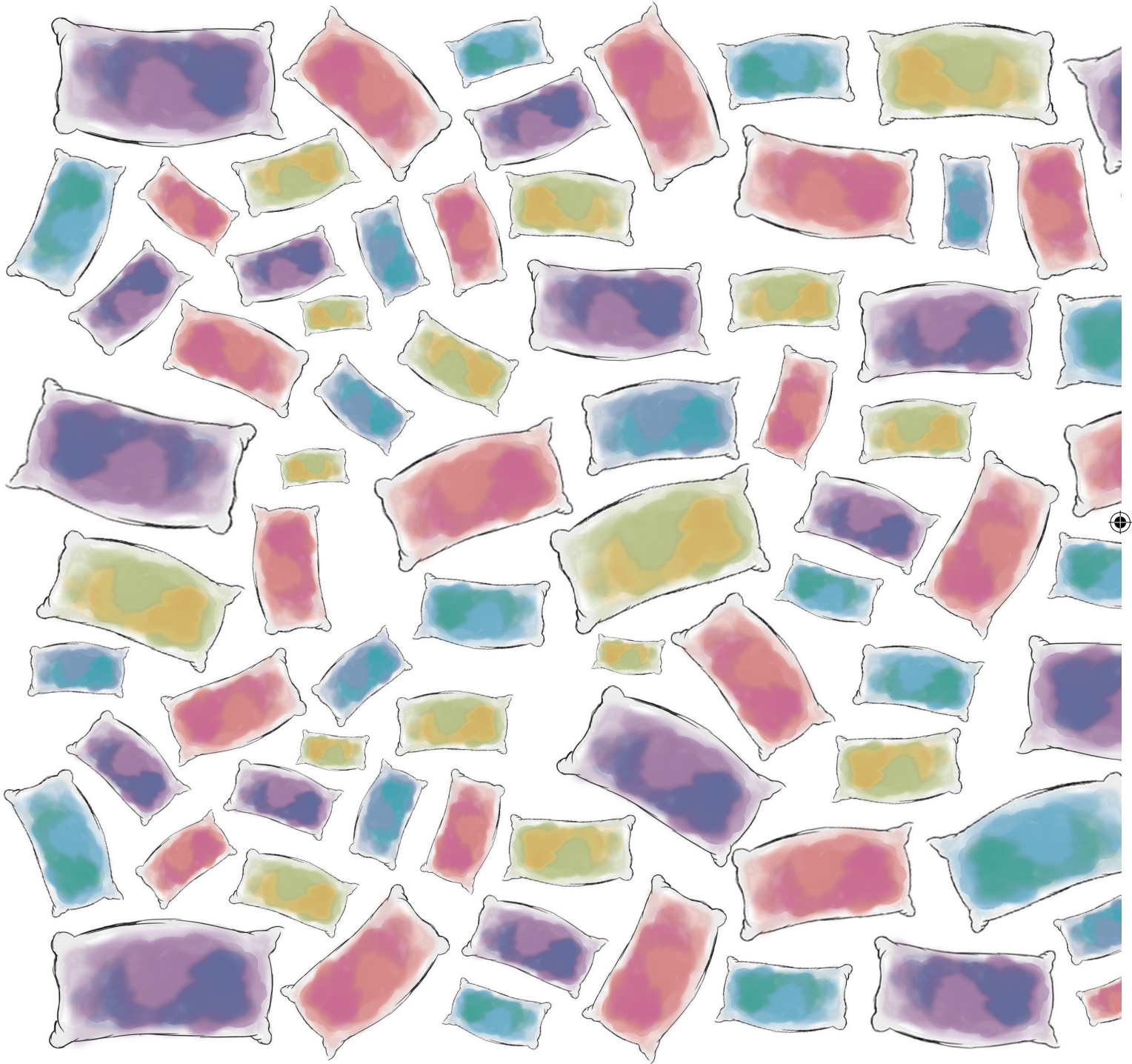


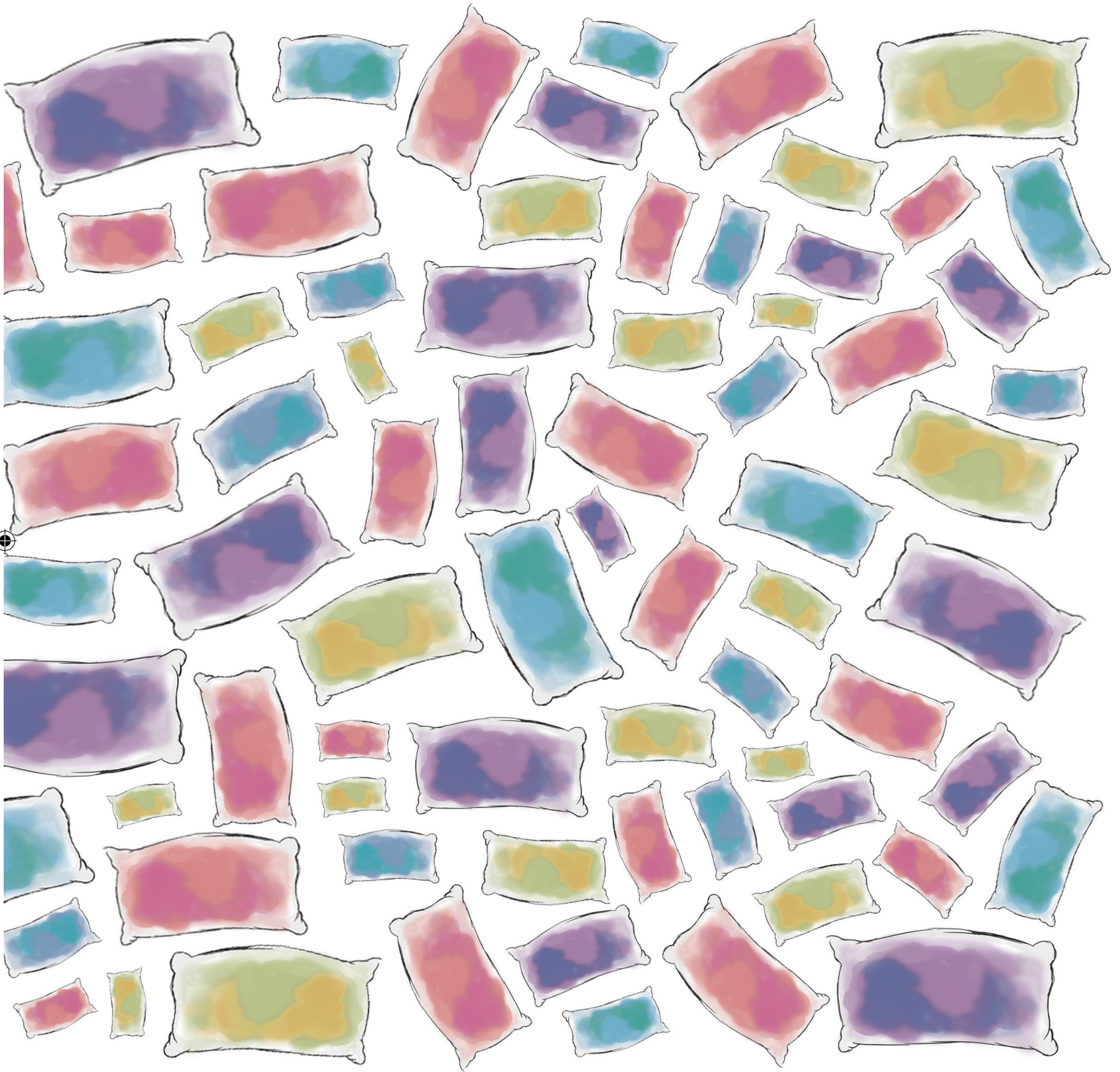




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FOR ILYAS TOMÁS

