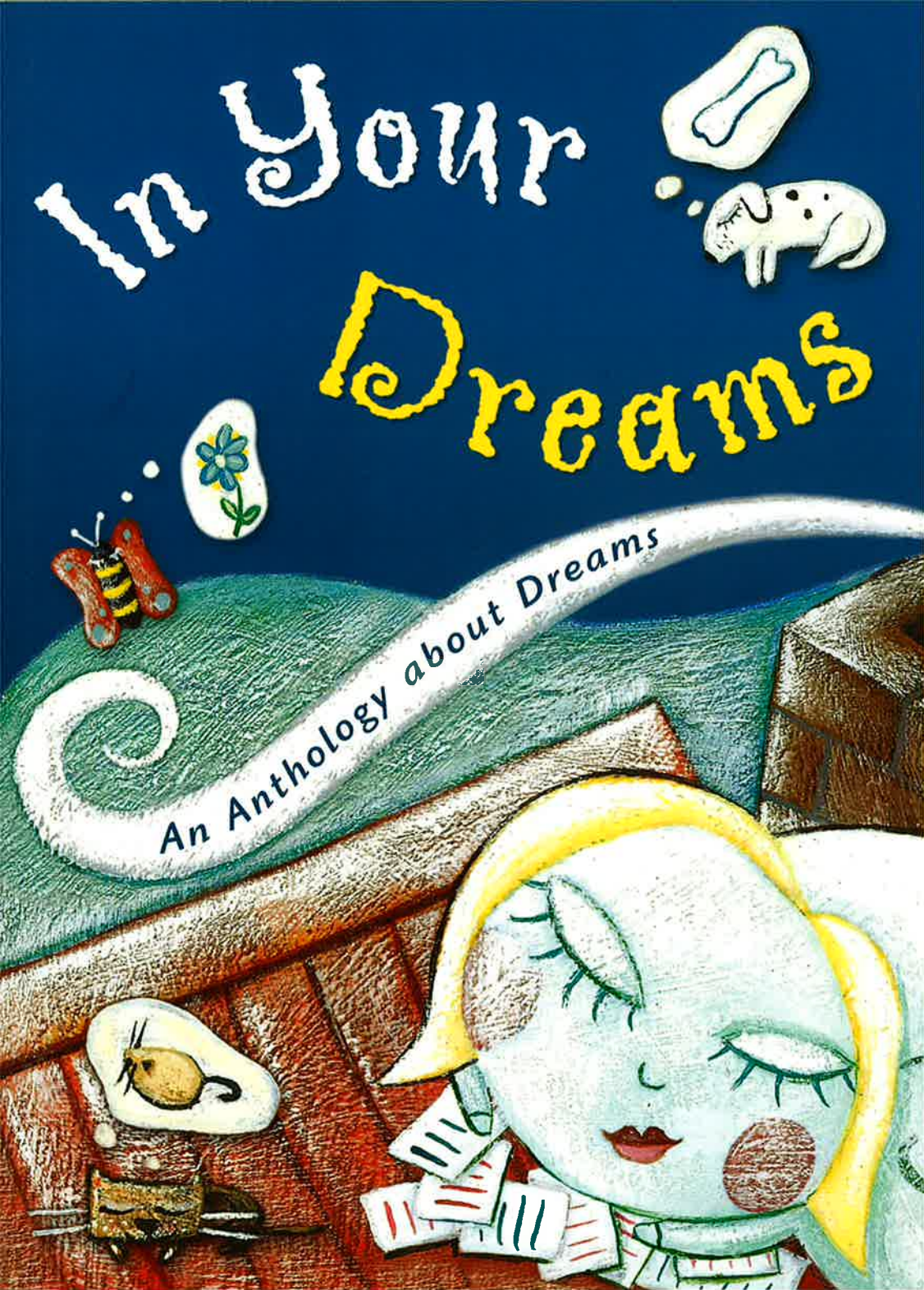
In Your Dreams



An Anthology about Dreams

For teachers' inspection ONLY

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The Dream

Itane Sekyrková Illustrated by Amanda Dawson

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There was a dream which did not want to be dreamed. It made a nest for itself out of lullabies behind the chimney on a red roof, made itself all snug and cosy, and fell asleep.

A sparrow mother flew past and she tried to wake the dream.

'Come, come, come with me. Come and be dreamed by my fledgling.'

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The dream opened just one eye, stared at the sparrow mother, and retorted: 'I'm no sparrow-dream about earthworms, you know. You've come to the wrong address.' And the dream turned over on its other side and fell asleep once more.

Nor did the little dog manage to make it come along and be dreamed, nor the Post Office horse, nor the paper kite, the flower from the window-box, and Cleopatra the black cat from the garret flat.



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The dream slept on — and it slept until the late afternoon. The sun had just given a yawn, covered itself with a cloud, and decided to turn in for the night. The dream would most probably not have woken even then, had it not been tickled under the nose by the chimney-sweep's brush. Jack Dodge, the chimney-sweep, had just finished work for the day and was about to go home to his supper when he saw someone sleeping behind the chimney.

'Well, well, isn't this a nice surprise,' said Jack Dodge, the chimney-sweep, when he saw who it was. 'A dream. I'll take you home to my three boys. They're always pestering me to bring something home for them.'

'What? Am I to be dreamed by a lot of dirty chimney-sweeps?' said the dream proudly. 'Not on your life! I wasn't born for *that*. I'm the nicest dream that ever was.'

'Are you really?' said the chimney-sweep. 'And what are you *about*?'

'I am ... why, I am ... a beautiful dream ... the most beautiful dream of all ... about ... about ...' The dream stammered, unable to remember what it was really about. It had slept so long that it could not remember anything.



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'If that's what you're like, my boys wouldn't want to have you,' said the chimney-sweep, laughing. 'A dream — and it doesn't know what it is all about!' Jack Dodge turned his back on the dream, picked up his brush and, before you could say Jack Robinson, he was down in the street and, before you could have repeated it two more times, had vanished round the corner.

The dream was left behind feeling very sorry for itself. It was almost dark by now and before long it should have started being dreamed by somebody. It was on the point of bursting into tears, but then it thought better of it — it wouldn't do to make the roof all slippery and slithery with tears.

