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The Dream Pillow

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with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 14 April 2018

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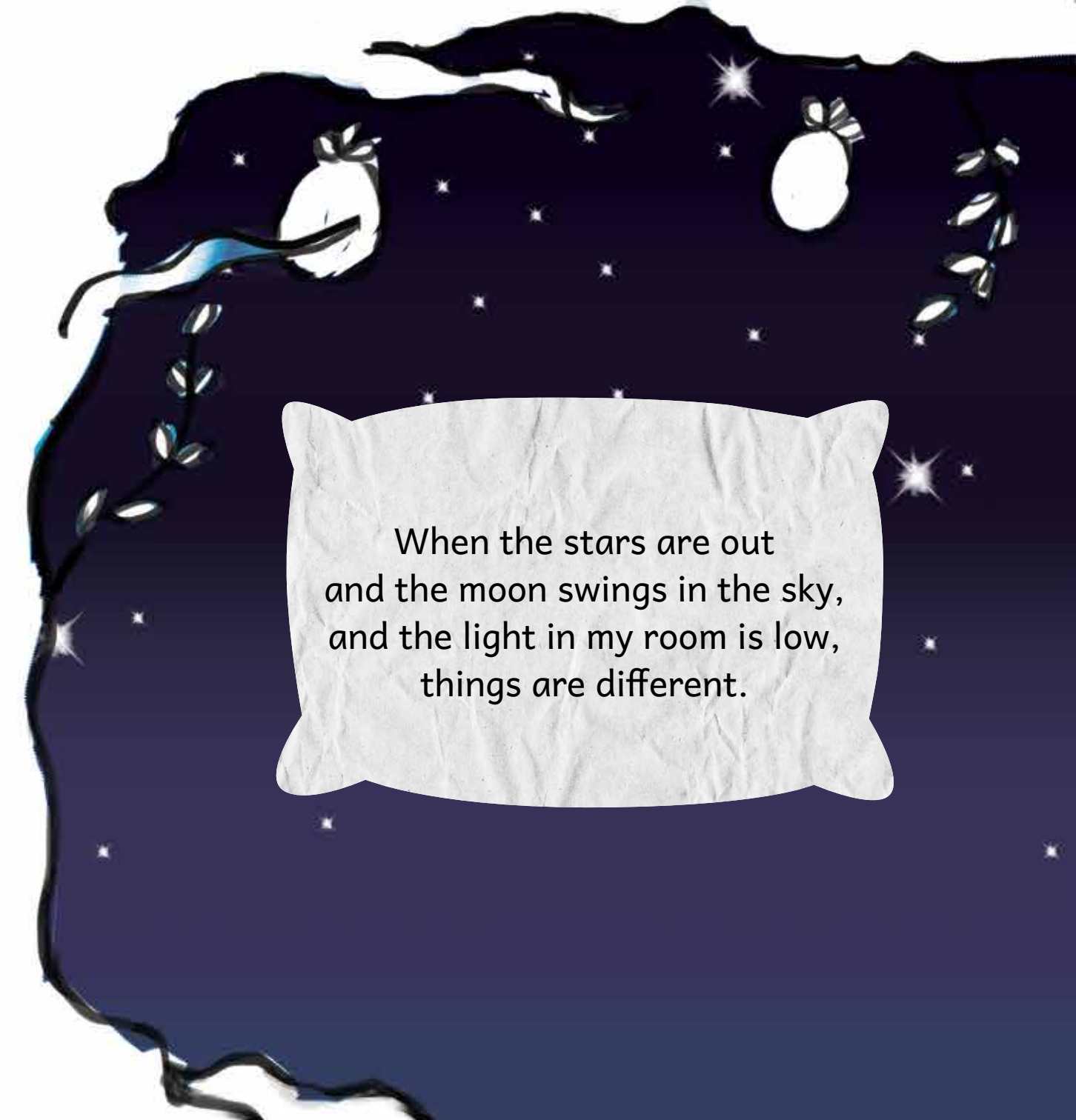
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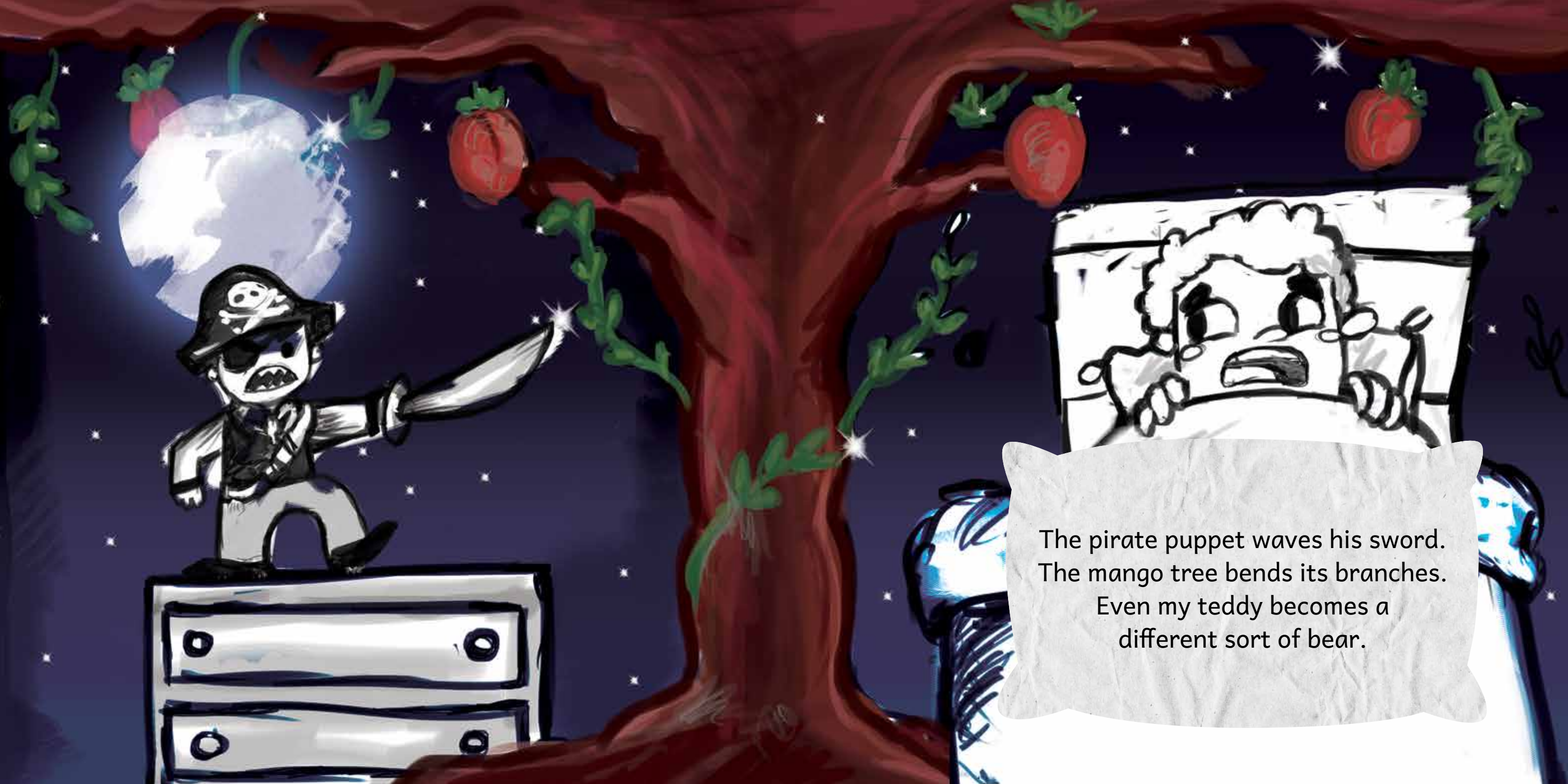
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When the stars are out
and the moon swings in the sky,
and the light in my room is low,
things are different.




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.

An illustration of a woman and a child sitting under a large tree at night. The woman is on the left, wearing a white dress and a white bonnet, looking towards the child. The child is on the right, wearing a white dress and a white bonnet, with their hands covering their eyes and a distressed expression. The tree has thick brown branches and green leaves. Several red tomatoes with green stems are hanging from the branches. The background is a dark blue night sky with white stars and a large, bright, glowing orb on the left. A white, crumpled paper-like shape is on the left side of the image, containing text.


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.”

An illustration of a woman and a child under a large tree at night. The woman is kneeling on the left, wearing an orange top and a purple skirt. The child is standing on the right, wearing a purple nightgown with stars. The tree has large, glowing, round fruits hanging from its branches. The background is a dark blue night sky with stars and a full moon. A white pillow is visible on the right side of the scene.

“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?”

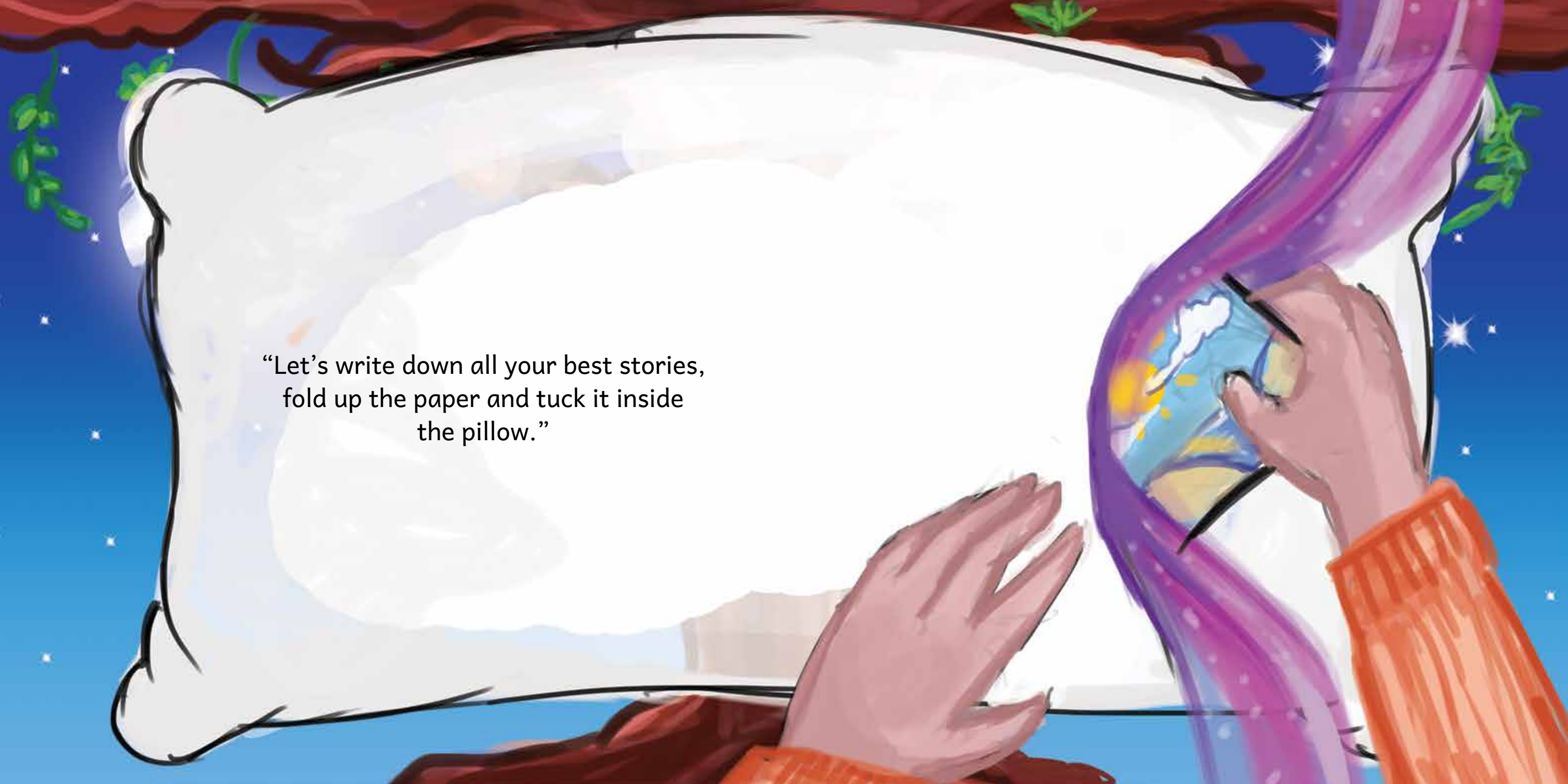
“Yes!”

“Can I put the stories in my pillow?”

“You can.”

“How?”

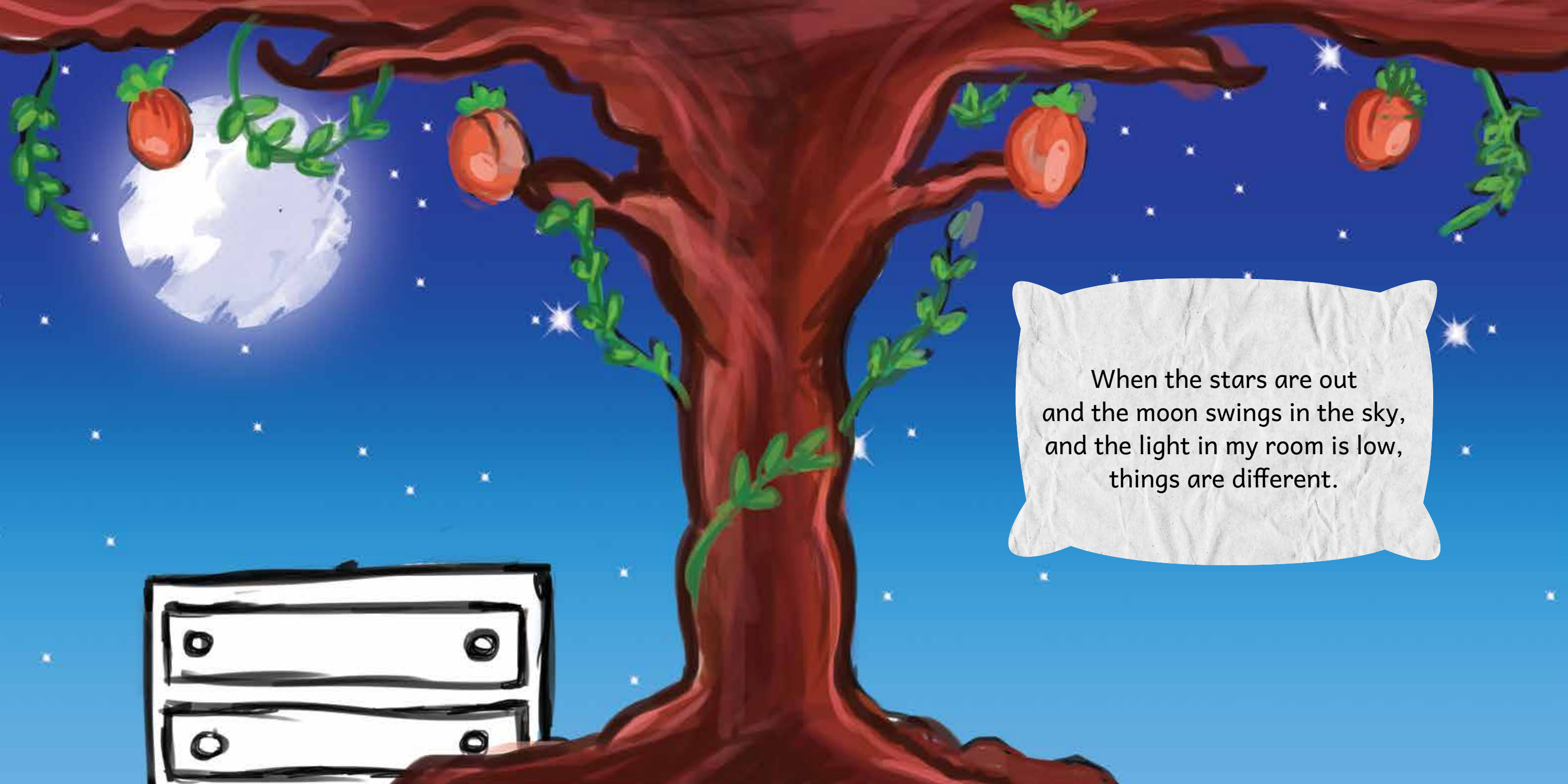


An illustration showing a person's hands in an orange sweater. One hand is holding a small globe of the Earth, which is being written on with a black pen. The globe is tucked inside a white pillow. The other hand is resting on the pillow. The pillow is set against a dark blue background with white stars and green leaves. The scene is framed by a white border.

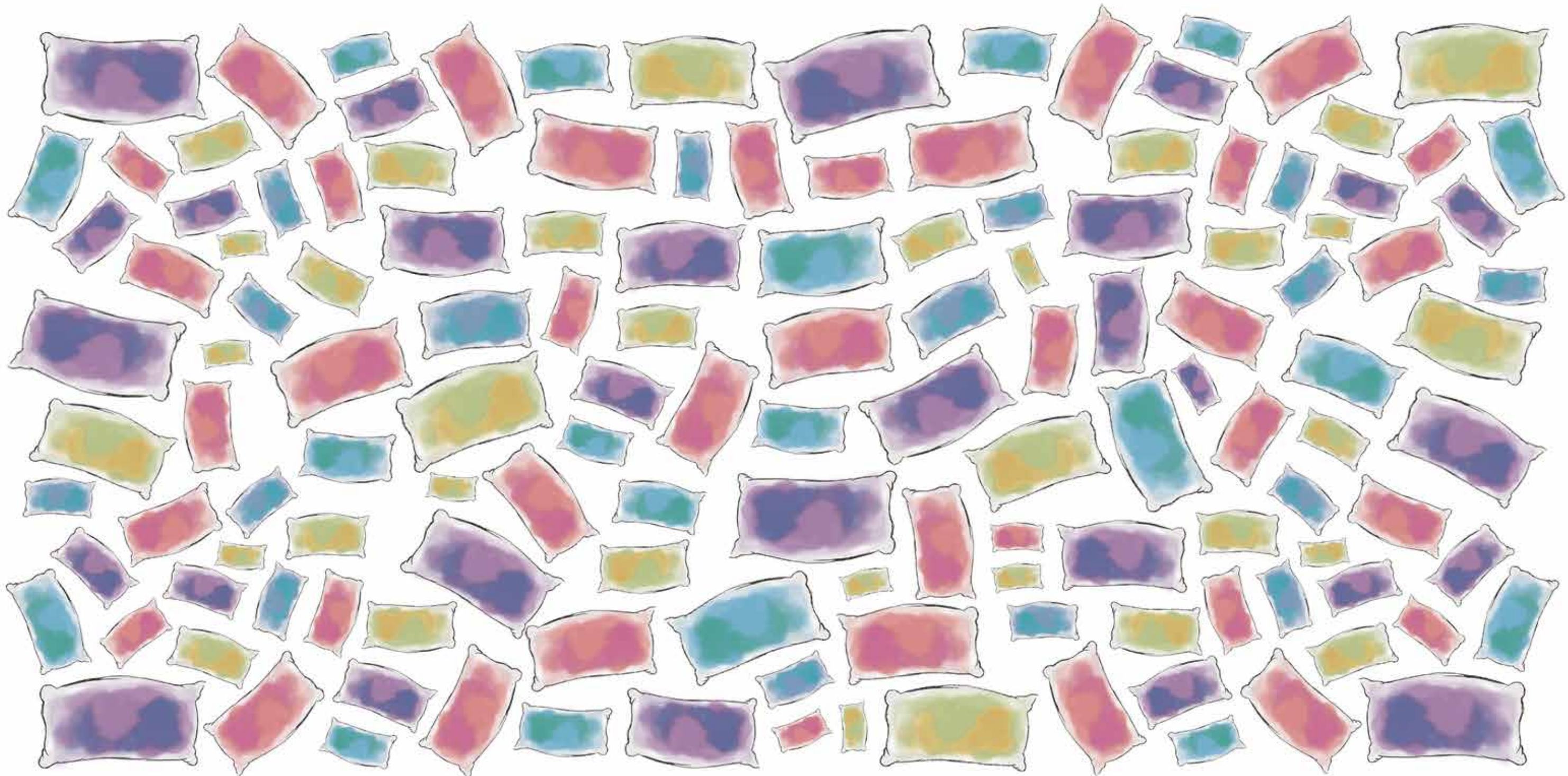
“Let’s write down all your best stories,
fold up the paper and tuck it inside
the pillow.”







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





FOR ILYAS TOMÁS