



Written and illustrated
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Disclaimer: This work aspires to no particular religious faith or doctrine, or scientific theory. It is a creative dreaming within itself. Hopefully it will inspire the imagination of the reader.



*For Charlotte and Bailey and Ben, and Oscar
and all the dreaming children.
And for Bernard who asked all the good questions.*



I want to tell you a story...
a story about perky possums and flip-flop frogs.
It's a story about slippery slidey snails, tall tall trees
and willy wagtails.
It's a story about absolutely everything.



It's a story about
stripey skins on
zig-zag zebras,

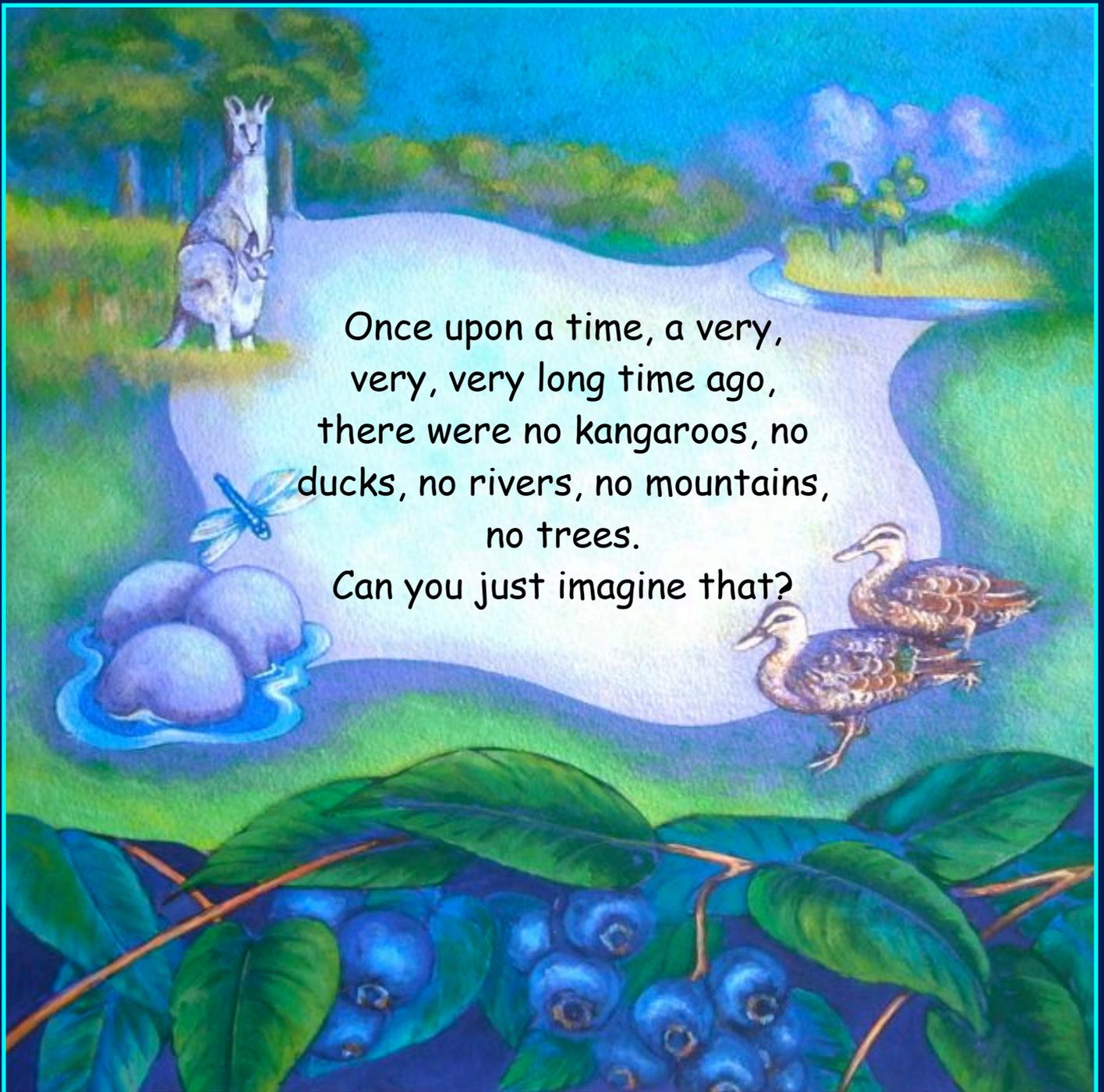
about big-eyed hooty owls at night and
dazzling daisies by day.

Oh, and it's about people too, you and me.

It might be a true story
or it might be just pretend.

Maybe I heard it somewhere or maybe
I just dreamed it up one night.

Anyway, this is how the story goes,
trip trap, chit chat...



Once upon a time, a very,
very, very long time ago,
there were no kangaroos, no
ducks, no rivers, no mountains,
no trees.

Can you just imagine that?

There was just **NOTHING**, absolutely nothing...
well, that's how the story goes.



There were no lions and elephants, no beaches with sand to play in, no people, no you and me, no buses and trains to ride, no birds to sing us awake in the morning. There was just **NOTHING**, not one single thing nothing, that is...
except...
a big fat Dream



Now that old Dream just floated around in a big shiny bubble, sleeping and snoring away, pushing up lots of ZZZZZZZZZZZs.

On and on it slept and dreamed.



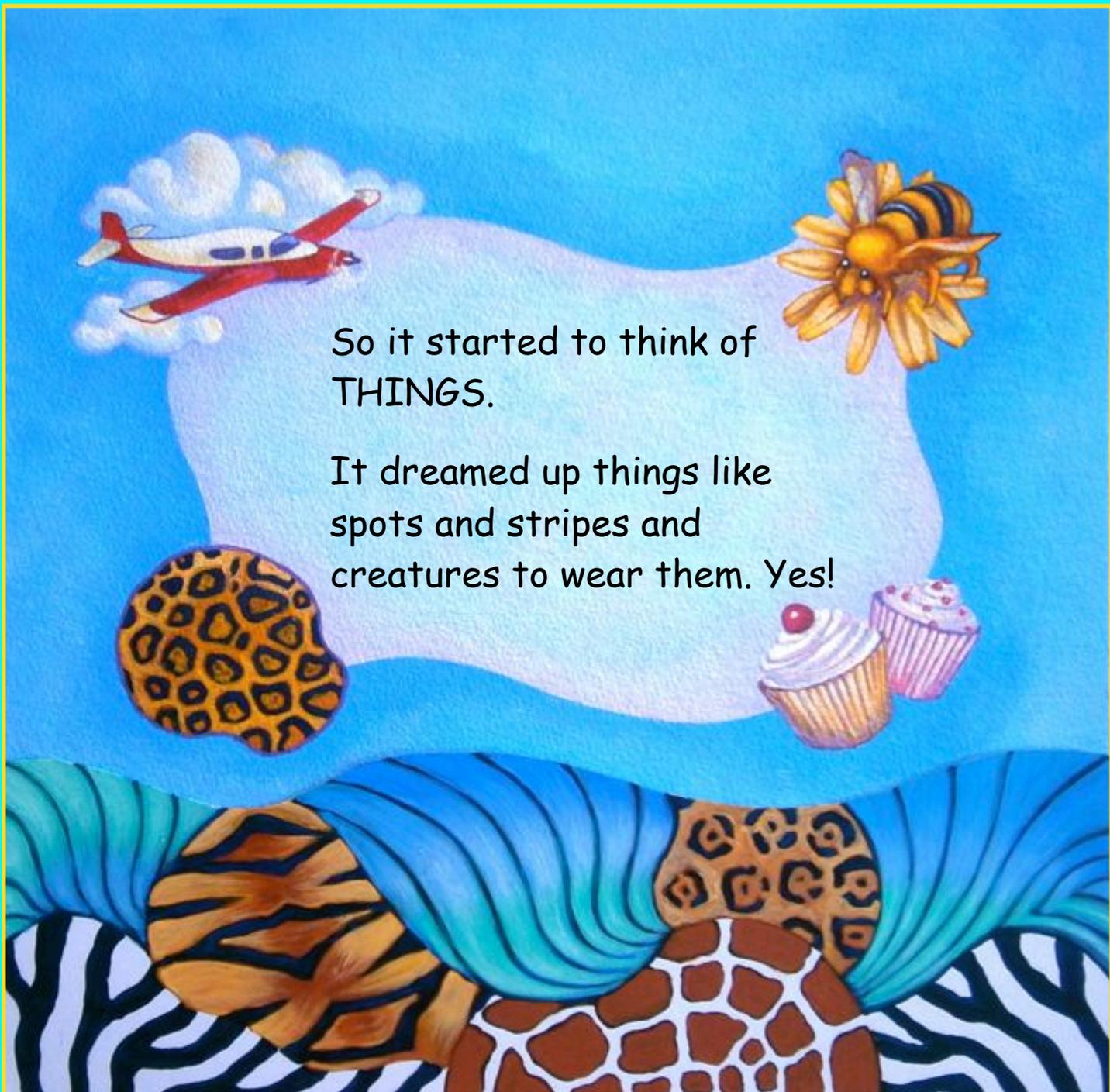
So really, the story
begins like this...

Once upon a time, there was only the Dream.
That's all there was!
Zit, zilch, nothing else, just the Dream.
Just the Dream being it's big shiny bubble self,
floating around and snoring.

It might be a true story
or it might be just pretend.

Anyway, this is how the story goes...

One day, or was it one night, or one
morning?...
Well anyway, the Dream woke up...and it
was tired of being a bubble.



So it started to think of
THINGS.

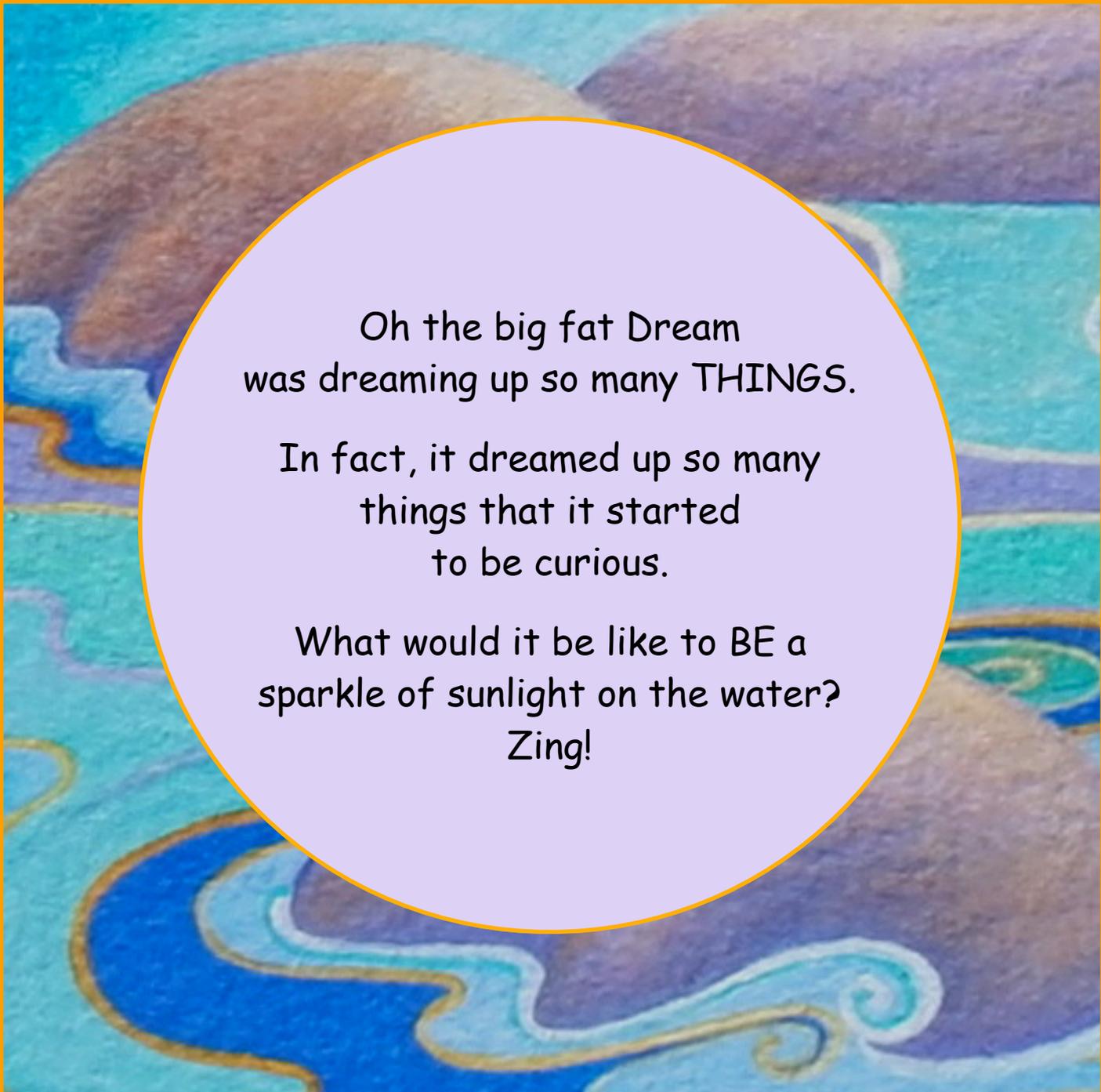
It dreamed up things like
spots and stripes and
creatures to wear them. Yes!

It dreamed of sunshiney mornings and bees
buzzing in daisies. Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.
And it dreamed of cup cakes with cherries and
people to eat them. Yum!



It dreamed of hooty owls in a starry night sky.
Hooo-hooo.

And it dreamed of aeroplanes zooming up
into a sunny blue day.
Rmmmmmm.



Oh the big fat Dream
was dreaming up so many THINGS.

In fact, it dreamed up so many
things that it started
to be curious.

What would it be like to BE a
sparkle of sunlight on the water?
Zing!

And what would it be like to BE a rock in a stream
and feel the water splish-splashing over it?
What would it be like to BE a big pink fish
snip-snapping at a dragonfly?



Oh the big fat Dream was wondering what it would
be like to be all these REAL things and not just
a big fat Dream.

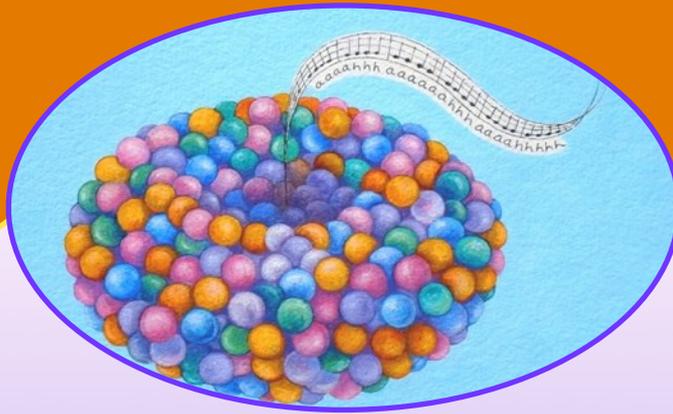
OOOhhhhhh!

And so the big fat Dream began to have wishes,
so many wishes!



The Dream imagined that it could BE a caterpillar
gobbling up a leaf.

Crunch, crunch, munch, munch, lunch, lunch.
And it wished for that caterpillar to turn itself into a
gorgeous creature flying on coloured wings.
How cool would that be!



The big fat Dream started to wish for
BIG FAT THINGS with the biggest
fattest wishing it could do.

To tell you the truth it went a bit wild.
It dreamed up a big fat donut with a
wonderful song coming out of it.

Uh-oh...

Guess what happened then?



KABOOM!

Suddenly there was a mighty explosion.
It was so loud that the Dream
really woke up this time.



Little balls of every colour whirled and swirled
into a donut.

Well, as you can just imagine, the big fat Dream
became very excited.

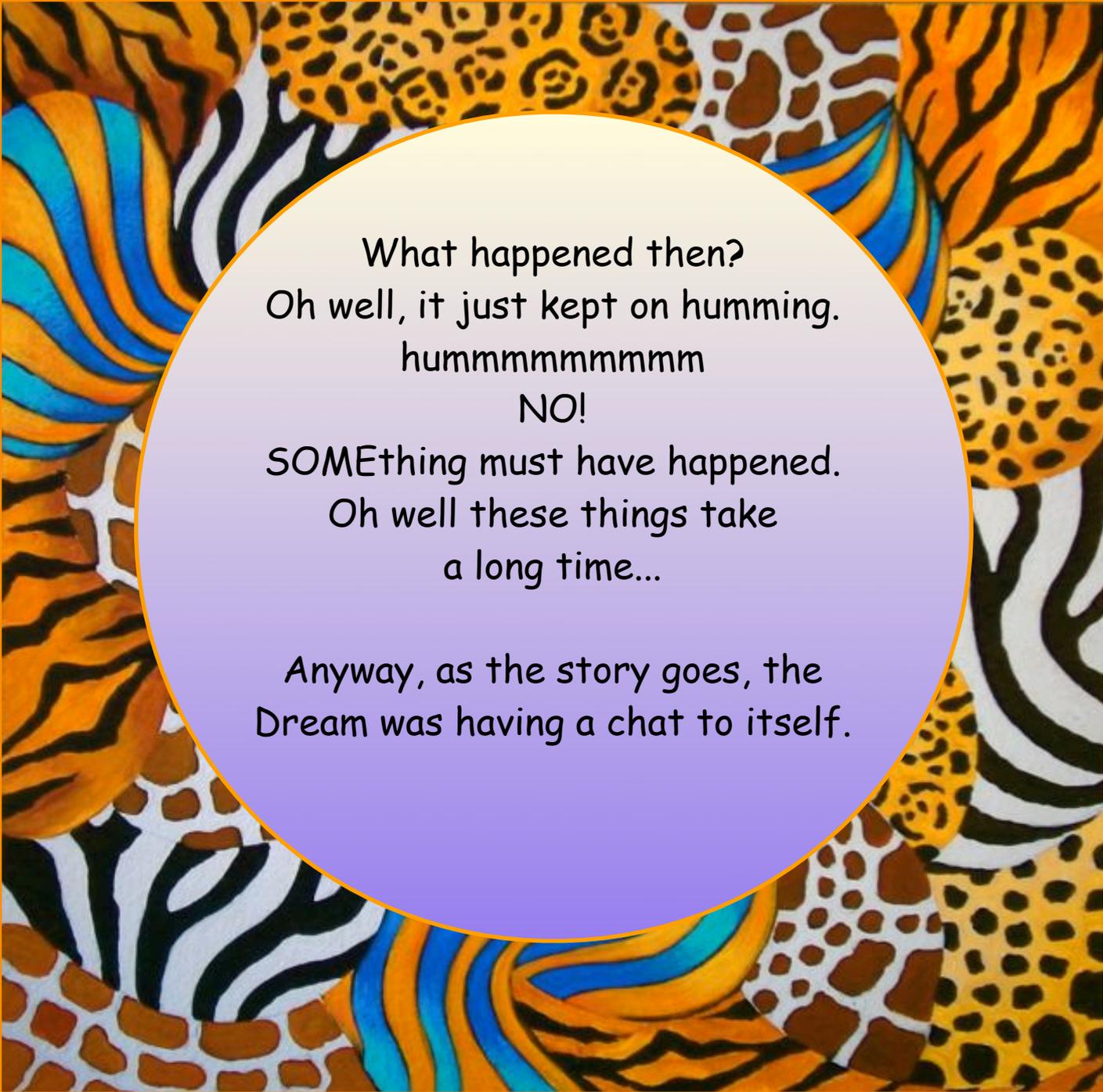
"I'm a donut. I'm a donut, a REAL live donut!"

Out of the donut came a big fat satisfied sigh on
one big long aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh.



"I'm singing. I'm a big fat dream and I'm a big fat
donut, and I am singing!"

Now this is a strange story and so
strange things happen.
Well just at that very second the sound began to
hummmmmmmmm.
The little coloured balls jiggled and wriggled
with joy.



What happened then?
Oh well, it just kept on humming.
hummmmmmmmm
NO!
SOMETHING must have happened.
Oh well these things take
a long time...

Anyway, as the story goes, the
Dream was having a chat to itself.

"What about all those THINGS
I used to Dream of being?
What about some roaring lions and growly tigers
and long necks on giraffes?"



“What about stripes and spots,
and creatures to wear them?
And maybe some fish to swim in the sea?
I’d like to be a fish.”

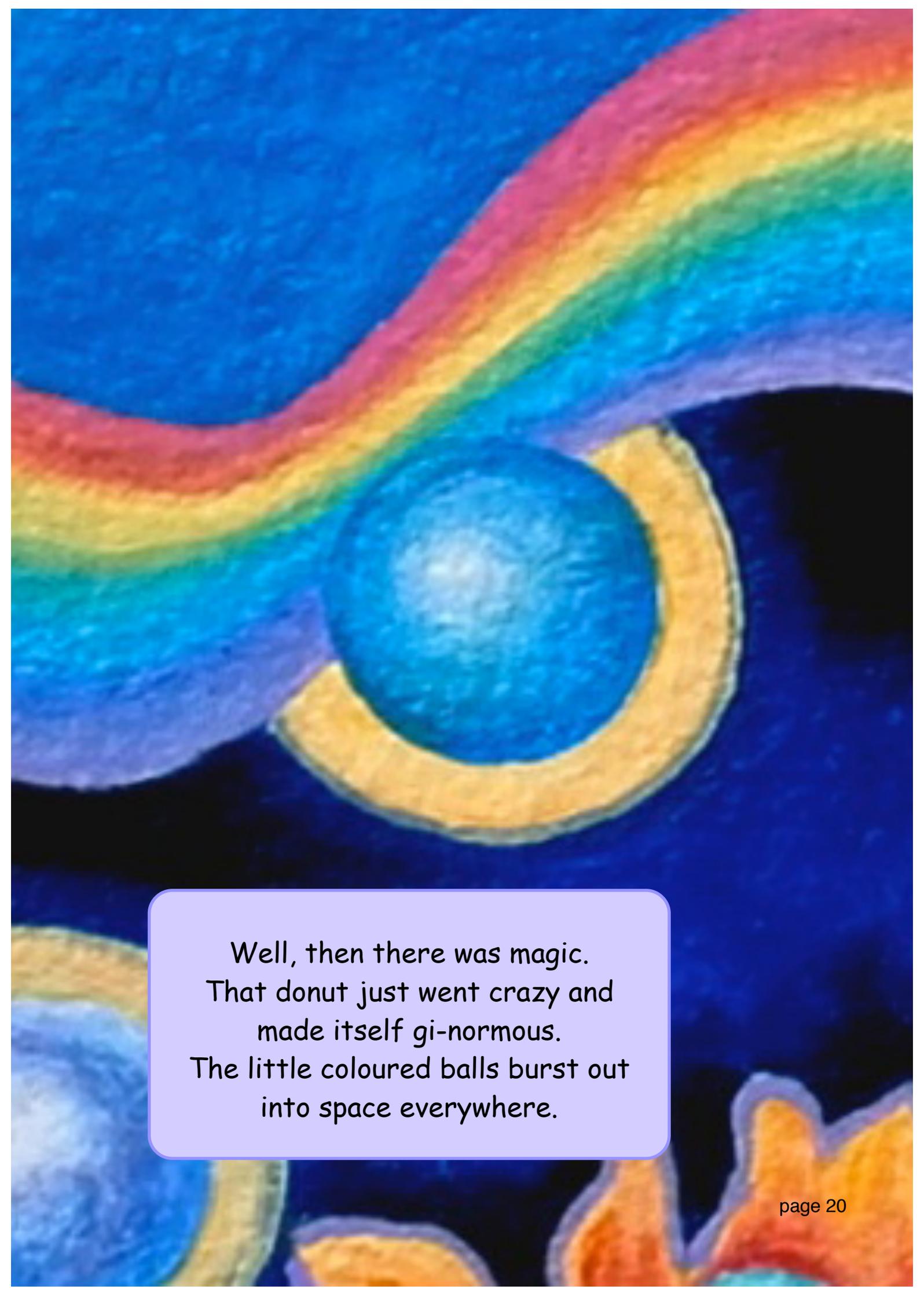
"And what about those sunshiney suns
and twinkly stars,
and moonshiney moons?"

Suddenly the hum became a song.
Before you could say "By gosh, gee whillikers!",
the big fat Dream was singing about
giraffes and zebras, butterflies and kangaroos,
crabs and stars, whales and moons,
suns and rainbows.



That Dream was bopping along, singing a song
about absolutely everything.

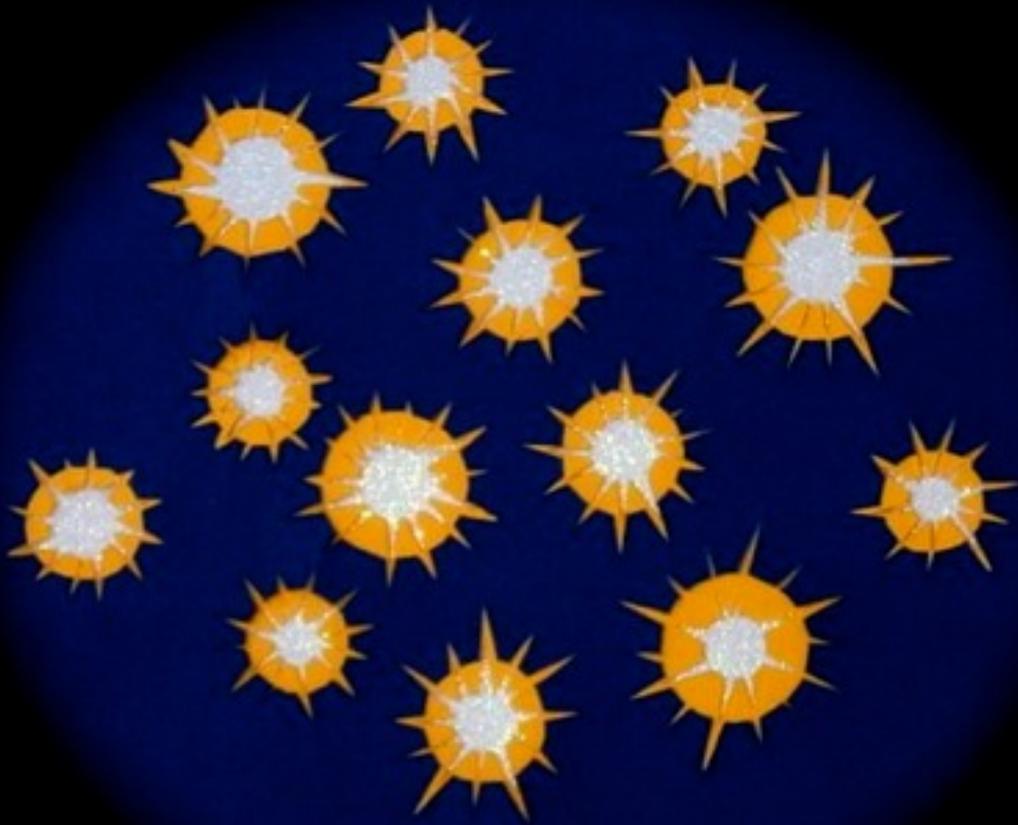
And then what happened?



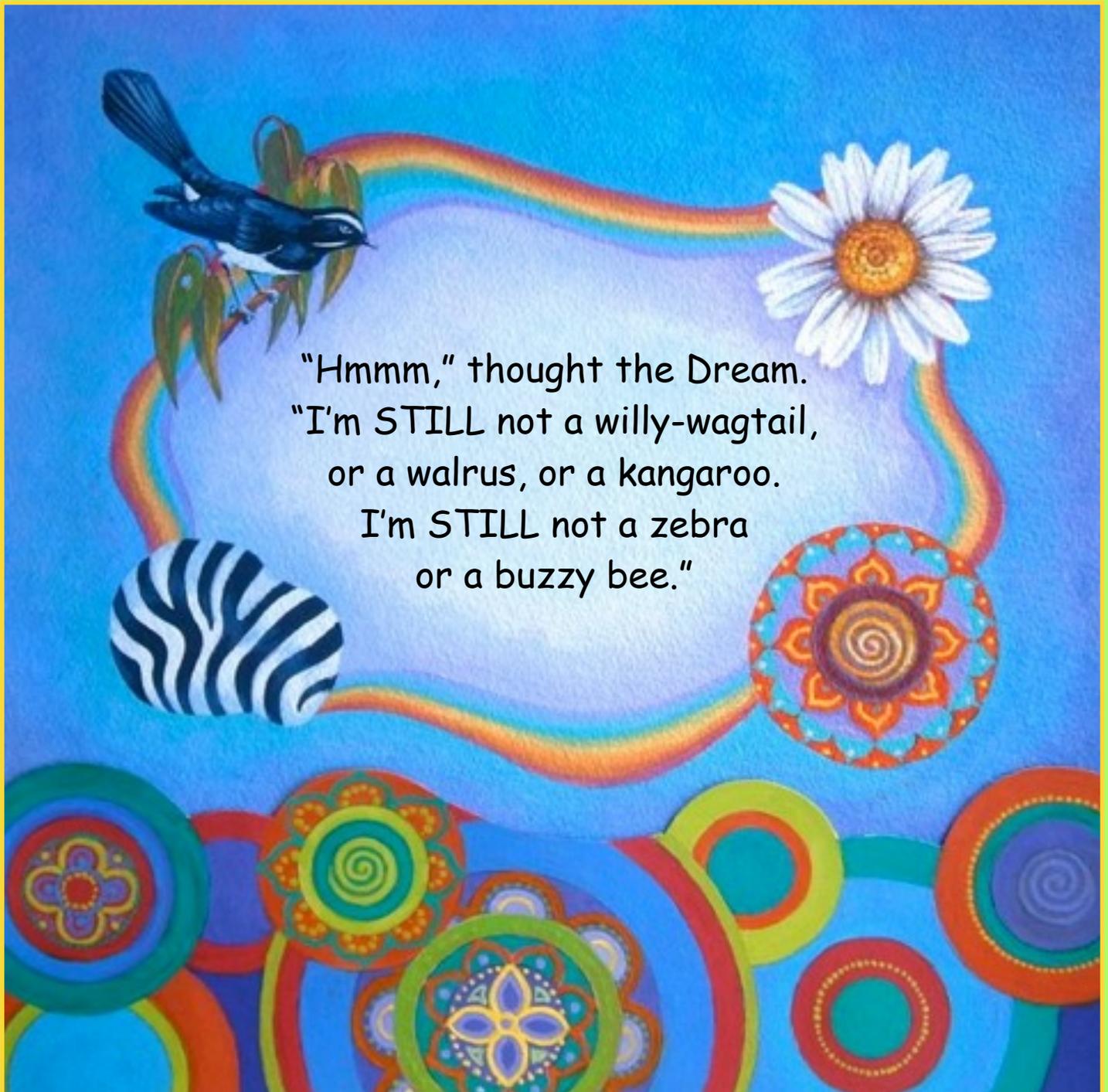
Well, then there was magic.
That donut just went crazy and
made itself gi-normous.
The little coloured balls burst out
into space everywhere.



A little red ball exploded into a bright
firey sun...kavooosh! Just like that.
A little green ball grew into a glowing moon.
A little yellow ball sparkled into a twinkling star.
Yes! Just like that.
Every ball of every colour filled the sky
with stars and planets and suns and moons,
just as the Dream had wished them.



And so it was for a very very
very long time...until...



"Hmmm," thought the Dream.
"I'm **STILL** not a willy-wagtail,
or a walrus, or a kangaroo.
I'm **STILL** not a zebra
or a buzzy bee."

"I'm **STILL** not a doggie running on the beach.
I'm **STILL** not a whale whacking my tail.
I'm still not a plane or a train.
I'm not a river or the rain."



And then...

At that very moment,
a lovely blue ball came floating by.
"Oh my, oh my, what is this I spy?"

At the very sight of the blue ball, music filled
up inside the Dream and came pouring out in a
beautiful sweet song about everything
that the Dream wished to BE.
The whirling blue ball twirled and danced
with the song of the Dream.

All that happiness made things happen.
Some fluffy clouds appeared from nowhere
and then big fat drops of rain
began to plip-plop-splatter.



Before you could say
"Splashes, galoshes!", there was
water, water everywhere.



KPOW! Up out of the water popped the land, with grass and rocks and trees, and sandy beaches all along.

Of course, it really took a lot, lot longer to do all that, but we like to make the story exciting. Anyway, suddenly there were THINGS, and the things were REAL.

There were zippy zebras wearing stripey coats, whopping great walruses lolling on rocks, and kangaroos bounding through the bush.



And that's not all.
There were scowling owls
hooting to the stars.
Toowhit, toowhooo.
There were slidey snails
making silent trails.



And yes, there were cup cakes with cherries.
Scrummy yum yum.
There were aeroplanes zooming across the sky.
And there were people like you and me,
dancing and singing and working and laughing.



There were caterpillars
and flutterby butterflies...
and the bioggest fattest
rainbow ever.

There was simply everything that
the big fat Dream had ever wished
it could BE.



"I'm anything
that I dream
I can be..."

I'm a frog and a skink
and a tweedle-de-de."

The Dream was so happy that
it decided to dream up
wonderful things forever.



So that's the story of the big fat Dream.

Maybe, just maybe,
you might have some dreams too...
and wish for a good thing and have it come true.
Can you just imagine that?



The (Never) End.
With thanks for our
wonderful world.





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