That night, in the village of Sycamore, it seemed particularly dark. Through the high window of the quiet orphanage crept somebody...or something? Crouching on the windowsill, his translucent wings (fluttering lightly behind him) and his goggle-covered eyes scanned the room of sleeping children. Without even the slightest sound, the bald-headed creature leapt onto the wooden floor and silently prowled the beds, eventually stopping at one containing a young, blond-haired girl who was soundly sleeping; her hand was lightly resting on her beloved ballet shoes. From his bag he took a huge, glimmering egg. As he cracked it open, golden juice flowed onto the precious dance pumps that were beneath her hands, inducing the most delightful dream the child had ever witnessed.

The Dream Giver, who moved excitedly towards an opened book, tingled with excitement knowing that this boy's dream was going to be filled with marvel and wonder! The previously solemn child drifted towards the stars with an overjoyed expression on his young face. Pleased with his work, the mysterious figure swept on across the room towards his next subject.

Meanwhile, the boy was immersed in a world of rockets and space suits! Turning in his sleep to peep through the spaceship window at the earth below, his leg gently knocked one of the magical eggs, carelessly left behind on his soft duvet. It fell slowly towards the ground, breaking with a silent crack on a much more frightening paperback - a volume so monstrous an item that it should not be present in any child's dream. This, as the child would soon realise, would have dramatic consequences for his blissful dream of his home Moon.

From the thrill of space, the boy suddenly found himself in a beautiful, peaceful forest. Fluttering around the clearing, stunning butterflies of many colours landed on his finger! A calm smile spread across his innocent face. However, it was not to last for long. Loudly spreading towards him came a terrifying, ear-splitting growl - a sound that made the trees shake and his young heart stop. He was alone! Even the butterflies had gone.

With a fear that almost paralysed him, he tentatively turned towards the sound. Red eyes, which were long and narrow, glinted in the shadows of the trees. Then it emerged - a creature that would frighten even the bravest of warriors. All he could think about doing was running, so he did. He ran like his life depended on it (which it did!). Through the trees, leaping over rocks, out into the bright sunshine...but still it chased. Turning back to check his path was clear, he realised his time was up. He had reached a precipice - below him was a drop that no-one could survive and behind him lurked the monster. How could he possibly escape?

Back in the slumbering orphanage, the Dream Giver sensed a change. The boy, who was tossing and turning violently in his sleep, shouted and cried out for help. Rushing quickly over to see what was happening, his (the Dream Giver) troubled eyes detected the egg-covered horror story and realised his mistake. How was he going to correct this terrible disaster?

With the death defying cliff edge ahead of him and the enormous beast behind him, the terrified child gave up. He crumpled to the ground in a frightened ball, tears streaming from his hazel eyes and acceptance of certain death in his heart. However, he was suddenly aware that something had changed. Yes, the monster was still growling, but it no longer seemed to be getting any closer. Peeping carefully under his
arms that had been shielding his eyes, he noticed some strange objects hurtling themselves at the earth around his attacker. What were they? They appeared to look like golden...eggs? Where they hit, thick, steel-strong vines were growing rapidly, strangling and constraining the beast! Even before he could uncurl and assess the situation that was unfolding, where certain death had been just moments before, grew a colossal tree! Relief flooded through every vein and bone in his body; he collapsed on the floor in a deep and restful sleep.

Rescued from his nightmare, the boy's eyes, which were blurry and wet, fluttered gently open and he slowly sat up. He rubbed his eyes and glanced down at the duvet, noticing his discarded library book that was exactly where he had left it. Unbelievably, the contents of it were not how he had left them. Right there on the open page, was a brand new picture; a picture of him in a space suit cowering next to a huge tree. Between the roots of the enormous plant, he could just glimpse a closed eye and a claw of what had once been a terrifying and nightmarish creature.

In the corner of his eye, he thought he noticed a slight movement of light rushing towards the strangely open window. Before he could begin to wonder what it was, it had gone.