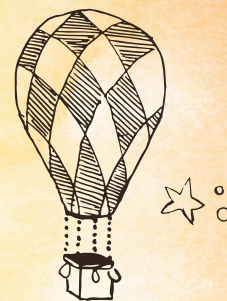


# When We Got Lost in Dreamland, by Ross Welford

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## CHAPTER 11



The instructions say to position the Dreaminator above your head while you sleep, and, minutes later, we have found four triple-A batteries in the kitchen drawer and put two in each unit. Then, by balancing the little bedside cabinet on each of our beds in turn, I have fixed the screws into the ceiling, and hung the contraptions over our beds with the little on-off switch hanging down within reach of my hand. I read out the last bit.

### **How to dream the Dreaminator way!**

1. Go to sleep as normal, at your normal time, with the Dreaminator™ turned on.
2. During a dream, you may become aware that you are dreaming. To test this, simply ask someone else in the dream, 'Am I dreaming?' They will almost always answer with the truth.
3. Another dream test is to look at a clock or to read. Numbers on clocks and printed words are usually jumbled or indistinct during dreams.
4. Finally, try to float! Even the laws of gravity are under your control!
5. To wake up (for example, if you do not like the dream and no longer wish to control it) simply say to yourself,

**‘Wake up!’ If this does not work, try holding your breath for a few seconds and then expelling it forcefully.**

**6. If you do not wake yourself up deliberately, your dream will end naturally as your sleep cycle finishes and you will wake up as normal.**

**Remember – perfect results may not be achieved straight away.**

**Happy dreaming!**

I put down the sheet of instructions and puff out my cheeks. ‘Well,’ I say to Seb, who is gazing up at the Dreaminators hanging from the ceiling. ‘What do you make of that?’

‘What does he make of what?’ says Mam, standing in the doorway.

## **CHAPTER 12**

We were so absorbed that we didn’t hear her come upstairs. She sees the new additions to the room, hanging from the ceiling, straight away. ‘What the heck are they?’

If I was going to come up with some explanation that wasn’t the whole truth, then I’m too late, because Seb answers immediately.

‘They’re called Dreaminators. They... give you better dreams.’

Mam rolls her eyes and goes, ‘Pfft!’, the way she does when one of us says something so unbelievable that she can’t even be bothered to argue. ‘Where on earth did you get them?’



‘Malky found them!’

Mam narrows her eyes. She’s suspicious. Seb continues.

‘At the Lifeboat Nearly New Sale. This afternoon. Hassan’s mam was running a stall. A pound for them both. Weren’t they, Malky? What do you reckon?’

He’s such a convincing liar, I’m almost envious. But here’s the thing: I owe him now, and he knows it.

Mam shakes her head and smiles. She picks up the sheet of instructions from the bed and glances over it, far too quickly to read it properly, and I know I’ve got her. ‘They look ridiculous. Do they play nursery rhymes?’

Seb is defensive. ‘No! They allow you to control your dreams.’

‘Oh aye? You did that with Cuthbert the crocodile when you were little, Malky. Do you remember?’ I bristle. I haven’t been troubled by crocodile dreams for ages. Mam is properly chuckling now. ‘Good luck with that, boys. If it works, let me know – I’ve got a couple of dreams myself that I wouldn’t mind coming true!’

I smile back at her little joke. I like making Mam laugh. She doesn’t do it often and when I asked her why, about a year ago, she got really sad so I never mentioned it again.

She’s being normal Mam again soon enough. ‘Now, Sebastian, have you finished your holiday project? Well, why not, Seb? It’s only stickers. And, Malky, when did you last wash your hair? It’s like a ferret’s nest. Don’t forget – tonight, please. First day of term tomorrow.’

