

‘Grandad has a magic shed you know’, said Ben.

The children were sitting in a circle. They were cousins and had travelled by train to spend the holiday with their grandparents in the country.

‘Not sure I believe in magic’, said Mollie, Ben’s sister.

‘Nor me’, said Jake’, the second eldest boy.

‘But have you forgotten the magic wood we explored last year?’ asked Daisy. The other cousins nodded and agreed that Grandad always invented magical, exciting things to do.



‘But how can a shed be magic?’ asked Sam. ‘Does it mean that the fork and spade and the other tools fly around at night with flutters like we did last year?’

‘Who knows?’ asked Ben. ‘But I think this is a different kind of shed. Anyway, Grandad will tell us this evening’.

Charlie, the youngest, said, ‘I can’t wait until this evening, I’m going to find it now’.

‘No’, said Freya, his sister, ‘you’ll get lost or fall in the river and then we’ll all be in trouble’.



That evening, after supper, the children gathered around their grandfather.

‘We all have dreams’, he began, ‘some are good dreams when we are asleep. Remember the lovely dreams you had after visiting the Magic Wood? But others may be nasty and these are known as nightmares. We also have day- dreams when we are sitting quietly and thinking’.

‘Well’, he continued, ‘I can tell you where these dreams are sorted. But don’t forget, only those who really believe in magic will see it’.

‘We all believe except Mollie and Jake’, said George who could be a bit of a tell-tale

‘That’s not true’, said Mollie giving George a poke. ‘We do believe really don’t we Jake?’

Jake, who didn’t like to disagree with anybody, nodded.

‘Well’, said Grandad, ‘in the Magic Shed there is a Dream Machine where all good dreams are made. The nightmares, which come from somewhere else, enter a separate part of the machine and are zapped and never come back. Now day- dreams are different. You might wish you had long hair or go to Disney Land or be a famous ballet dancer. One thing all children do, is think what they might do when they are grown up’.





'I dream of being a worm', said Freya.

'Urgh!', said Daisy. 'Why would you want to be that?'

'Because, if I was accidentally cut in half by a spade, each half would grow into a worm and there would be two of me!'

'We certainly don't want that!', said her sister Millie. 'One of you is quite enough, thank you'.

'I want to be a marine biologist', said Charlie importantly.

'But you hate swimming in the sea', said Mollie.

'Well, I'll be a swimming pool biologist then', he said. All the other cousins laughed and Charlie thought it was a good joke.

'I dream of being an astronaut and going to the moon', said George.