

ROALD DAHL ON FILM

My Dream Factory

by Luka Miskovic of Takovski Ustanak school

It was a cold, dark, winter day. I was in my library. I had been looking around the room in the search for a biology notes, when I saw a dusty book with the old, leather covers. The title was: "My dream factory". I had taken it from the shelf and sat in my rocking chair. I covered myself with a blanket. The only light in the room was a fire in the fire place. When I opened a first page, it said: "Welcome to your dreams!"

Suddenly, I was in a frozen valley. At the end of the valley, through the fog, there appeared to be a huge building. I started going through the snow to the edifice. When I reached the massive, iron gate, the site was incredible. The old building with eleven chimneys- it was a paper factory, where they make books. I was thrilled and so terrified at the same moment. Then the gate started opening and a short man in a red coat and red top hat came out of nowhere and invited me to come in. I just followed him. While we were walking towards the factory door, we did not speak, and that silence was creepy. When we entered the hall, he grabbed my coat and offered me a cup of tea, which I accepted. While I was waiting for him to bring the tea, I was amazed with the books that were all over the place. It was like in a haven. He didn't show up again, I didn't get my tea, but I was surprised with the advent of a man who introduced himself in a deep voice: "My name is Paul Stevens and I am the owner of this factory, would you like to take a tour?"

"Yes, I would like to take a tour", I said, so we were walking through the hall until we came to the oval room with hundreds of doors. At one door, it said "farm". When Mr. Stevens opened the door, I couldn't believe what I actually saw. There were alleys of trees on which letters grow. The first alley was called the A-alley, because they grow there the A letter, the second was B, the third C... I noticed some short people who reminded me of Lilliputians. Paul explained to me that they pick up letters when they drop off and put them in the wagon, and then they transported them to the assembling room where their colleagues put letters together and make words, and of words, they make sentences. We carried forward. We stopped by the authors room. I noticed it was colder, but I didn't mind, because I was so intrigued by my own curiosity what was behind the door. Paul told me when we entered the room we had to be quiet, and a few seconds later, I realized why. There were about fifty old desks, made of wood and typewriters on each table. The only sound was the sound of typing on typewriters. I was surprised to see William

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Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway sitting next to each other. In the right corner, Tolstoy was in the pile of paper and in the back of the room, Dostoevsky was drinking vodka. We didn't want to interrupt them, so we continued with our tour. I had an opportunity to pick out the next room, and I chose the Characters room. It was harsh experience to see Raskolnikov in front of us. When we saw Levin talking with madam Karenina who was wearing a beautiful black dress, Mr. Stevens suggested meeting them. When I shook Levin's hand I noticed that his beard was covered with ice and his hand was so cold, I started freezing. Suddenly something had fallen to my leg...

I woke up. The book had slipped out of my hand. The fire was put out. I lit the fire and made my tea. And here I am now, sitting in my rocking chair, watching the snowflakes falling. And you know what, I finally got my tea.



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