

# DREAMVOLK

The Beginning

*BY STUART COLLIER*

Copyright © 2016 by Stuart Collier All Rights Reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, or by any information storage and retrieval system without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of very brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

## CHAPTER 1.

Raining again, it seems that every day is the same in Little Oxen. Nothing ever happens, well unless you get excited that the post office was stopping open an extra hour on a Thursday.

That was until two weeks ago when all that changed.

Master Adam Brown was like any other 12 year old. He enjoyed his electronic toys, reading books and playing outside with his friends. He told his mom and dad that he hated school but secretly he loved it. Time at school was a mixture of playing with his friends with the rest of the day learning a little here and there.

He lived in the oldest house in Oxen, a house left to his parents after his grandparents died. Although it was old his parents had definitely stamped a 21st century look and feel to every room. Gadgets and gizmos aplenty, with modern furniture and fixtures.

His parents used to live in the city, but just before he was born they moved back to Little Oxen. Oxen was a sleepy village a good 20 miles from any other sizable village it had one post office, a pub and his school a lot different to the city.

"Morning Sophie", Adam announced at the school gate.

"Morning Adam, how are things?"

Sophie Smith was Adam's best friend, they have known each other since they were born. Their parents are best friends and were they were born only a few days apart. They have had their share of fallouts but nothing that a few days apart didn't cure. They were the best of friends and did everything together.

They even shared their birthday parties each year. Because of the size of the village they shared the same friends and it seemed obvious to have shared birthday parties.

Sophie and Adam were comfortable in each other's company. To an outsider they looked like brother and sister. Sophies parents moved to Oxen at the same time as Adams parents. The parents all met at University where they became friends and even moved to Little Oxen at the same time too.

Sophie lived not far from Adam. Most days they would go around each other's houses after school, although lately Sophie found that watching Adam play on his games console was proving to be very boring.

Maths was the first lesson of the day. The pair sat at the back of the class together which wasn't because they were trying to get far away from the teacher, it was more that there were only 10 children in the class. Being in a rural village school did mean that the class size was rather small.

The school consisted of four classrooms, a small hall, which doubled as the village hall, and a medium sized playground. The playground looked larger than it actually

was as it backed onto the local fields where the local football and rugby club were situated.

There were a few disused out buildings that were overrun with shrubs and brambles. The village kids never dared go into them for fear of them collapsing on them.

Miss Piper was their main teacher. Although she was only in her 20s, she taught the children almost every subject. She had come straight from teacher training college and had chosen Oxen as she wanted a more 'personal' teaching experience. Her friends all thought she was mad and should have stayed in the city but she never regretted the move.

"Turn your books to page 22, today we will look at angles" she announced.

The lesson went quickly and they were soon out in the playground. The friends went to stand in their corner of the playground. From that corner of the playground they would happily watch the other kids play their games, they did this every day as regular as clockwork.

They generally discussed the nights TV and what Adam would tell her what level he played on the latest console game but today was different. Adam was just about to discuss the Easter egg he found in the latest game when he paused and picked his head up. He spun his head away from the playground as if his head were a compass needle. He tried to angle his head as he tried to focus on where the noise was coming from.

"What's up?" asked Sophie.

"Did you hear that?" Adam asked.

"Hear what?"

Adam was sure he heard a whisper in his ear. He turned his head this way and that, trying to drown out the noise from the playground. He cupped his hands behind his ears in an attempt to focus his listening.

Sophie expressed her concern that he looked very strange and should stop immediately.

Then he heard it again. It was like a chorus of whispering voices all at once, he couldn't separate one voice to another and they were overlapping so much that he couldn't make out even a single word. To say he was a bit frightened was an understatement. He had enough of hearing the voices and he decided to run back into the school. Sophie stood for a second or two, looked bewildered then also ran into the school after Adam.

When Sophie finally caught up with Adam, Adam dropped to the floor gasping for breath. He tried to tell Sophie that he heard voices but it all came out a bit quick and it just sounded like he was talking gibberish. He calmed down enough and said with a still voice, "I heard voices".

"Everyone was outside, of course you heard voices", Sophie replied sarcastically.

“No it was like a crowd of people were all talking at the same time in my ear. The voices grew quieter as I started to run away, so I kept running until I couldn't hear them anymore.”

“Too many fizzy drinks, that's what I think” said Sophie.

Adam was visibly shaken by the whole whispering incident but quickly composed himself to finish the rest of the day. Needless to say he didn't hear any voices.

That evening Adam didn't mention the voices to his parents. He figured they too wouldn't believe him and would also take away his fizzy drinks. He liked his fizzy drinks. His mom would only let him have diet drinks, her way of keeping his teeth from rotting as he did tend to drink his more than his fair share (and also the share of everyone around him). His mom's pet hate would be cleaning up the endless cans that he would leave around the house. Of course they were all recycled.

That night he slept well, he woke refreshed and full of energy. He enjoyed Fridays, not because it was a Geography day, oh no, more that it means last day of school then it's the weekend.

It was only a short walk to the school, his mom would wave him off at the door and he would make his way to the school gates where he would meet Sophie. He used to go to Sophies house then onto school but he grew lazy and decided that he would just meet her at the gate instead. They met as usual at the gate to the school.

“Hear any more voices?” Sophie asked.

“No of course not, I imagined it, there were no voices” Adam replied.

Of course that was a lie, he heard voices for sure, he just couldn't explain it and didn't want to look silly in front of his best friend.

When the bell rang for break time, the two friends made their way to their corner of the playground. Adam was a bit hesitant today, after all yesterday he was scared out

of his mind. He kept calm and stood in his spot, then waited for something to happen.

He stood and looked around, kind of willing something to happen but nothing did. He started to cup his hands around his ears again, Sophie promptly told him to stop. Maybe the previous day was down to drinking so much fizzy drink after all? He was a slightly disappointed. In the 12 years of his life, although it was the scariest thing that ever happened to him, it was also the most exciting. The first time on the giant water slide at GreenHam Park would now come a close second.

As Adams thoughts turned to GreenHam Park he didn't notice that Sophies' face had grown very pale. He turned to ask Sophie about the water park when he noticed her face.

"What's the matter?" Adam asked

"I can hear voices.... "

"Stand still, don't run" Adam was suddenly full of confidence, probably because he couldn't hear them today and it wasn't happening to him. "Where is it coming from, try and turn your head slowly to see if you can get a direction?"

Sophie was frozen to the spot with fear. Turn her head? She felt lucky that she was still standing up!. The voices were overlapping so much Sophie couldn't understand a single word.



She thought if Adam asked her to cup her hands around her ears she would definitely tell him where he could go!

Adam was holding Sophie trying to turn her around, her head was in such a daze she didn't realize that Adam was even there. Her gaze turned into more of a tunnel vision, she could only focus directly in front of her, objects and the other children in the playground became a blur.

She found herself facing the smallest of the outbuildings that lined the edge of the playground. Were the voices coming from inside? There was nothing that made that building stand out from the rest, the windows of the building were boarded shut and the rest of the frontage was covered by an over growth of brambles and thistles. There was no way anyone could be inside the building?

"It's coming from in there" she said two finger pointing to the building. They stood rooted to the spot. As quick as the voices started they stopped. They looked at each other trying to make sense of what was going on.

They decided that they would investigate further. It's not as if the place was going to be full of zombies or anything. They walked towards the building. There was a central doorway with a window either side, if anything it looked all the buildings looked a bit out of place in the school. The row of buildings did look like something

you would find alongside a beach front. If you open the door you would probably find a couple of seaside deck chairs inside and a few towels.

Brushing the bramble to one side they leaned forward to try and see through the boards placed over the window. The wood was damaged and had big gaping holes that they could see through. The glass in the windows was still intact and not broken but they were very dusty and dirty and made it hard for them to see through.

Although it was the middle of the day the inside of the building was too dark to make much out. Light shone in from the roof and boarding's that illuminated the room slightly. Rays of light shone from the gaps and illuminated flecks of dust that circulated the room. They could make out a central table, a blackboard and some other desks and drawers. It didn't look like a classroom, more like a teacher's office. They wondered if they could get inside.

At that point Gary Miles turned up behind them asking what they were doing. Gary was always following Sophie around. Although she was pleasant to him she really didn't like him that much. If he didn't live next door to her in the village she would probably not talk to him.

“Nothing we thought we heard a dog barking” said Adam.

Gary was short for his age, he stepped forward to help look but without a step there was no way he would be able to look through the window.

Sophie and Adam made a quick retreat away from the building.

Gary stood looking toward the building trying to listen for the dog.

Now was not the time with double Maths in 5 minutes and Gary Miles in the area, the “Whispering” would have to wait. The bell rang and all the children went to their classrooms.

Throughout the afternoon they passed each other notes asking what each of them thought the whispering voices were all about. Neither of them were allowed to watch horror movies so their knowledge of such scary things was very limited. That was probably a good thing as most ‘almost’ teenagers would have definitely run a mile by now.

They were very quizzical and wondered how they can find out about the disused room and if anyone else had heard the whispering. They decided that it was probably best if they kept it to themselves for the time being.

As there was no school tomorrow they would have to wait until Monday, there’s no way they could get into the school by themselves. That kind of adventure was only possible in a children's adventure novel.

The rest of the day passed without incident, in fact it was quite boring maths and more maths. The pair decided that they might get more information if they researched online. They arranged a Web meeting for later that night.

They both sat on their own computers in their own homes, headphone and microphones turned on, web chat started. They started the search with the keyword “Oxen” which just returned dates and details about up and get events in the village.

They narrowed the search further to include the school. Maybe it might reveal some mystical burial ground or other such exciting story to explain the whispering.

An hour later and the search revealed nothing. Government statistics, reports and other sports day related stories, no big mystery. They did find some funny pictures of the teachers that used to teach there though. One in particular was a funny man with large black rimmed glasses, wild professor hair and teeth that protruded from his mouth which made him look like he was in fancy dress rather than an everyday picture.

Adam did notice where the man was sitting. The disused room where the whispering was coming from. "That's the room!" he announced. Sophie didn't respond. "That's the room!"

Several minutes passed with no reply.

"Sorry had to go for my tea, what have you found?"

Typical, the end of the world could have happened and Sophie would still find time for her tea. A quick announcement that she was leaving would have been nice!

Adam shared his browser screen with Sophie. "He's funny looking, who is he?"

Sophie asked.

"The picture says Mr Roy Blower, he was the teacher at the school over 30 years ago."

The room looked exactly the same in the picture as it did earlier today. He was sat behind a desk with a chalkboard behind him. The desk had a neat filing tray which was full of papers, other teacher looking objects and a model of the solar system complete with planets that could rotate around their orbits on a metal rail.

A few more click searches and it revealed that Mr. Blower left the school some 5 years later but it didn't say why and even where he went to. They found no more info about Mr. Blower from that point onwards.

Maybe they should ask at school but the three teachers that were there were not even born 30 years ago. Maybe they should research more about who he was instead of where he went too? They agreed that they would not find a passage that read "This is what the whispering is about"

It was getting late and they arranged to meet up again in the morning.

The morning came and they met up at Adam's house. Mainly because he had the fastest and most up to date pc and broadband connection. His bedroom was really cool (for a 12 year old). State of the art PC, two of the latest rival games consoles and the best thing, a bed so high it needs a ladder to reach it! The room was on a split level, wardrobe, dresser etc. on the lower level with a large double sized mattress on the second level.

On the second level there was a long window that stretched alongside the full length of the mattress. This meant that you woke to an awesome view of, a brick wall. The design was ever so slightly wrong but for a kid this didn't matter.

They fired up the search engine. They were both adept at searching on the Internet, they have been doing it for years. Admittedly it usually was to lookup the latest funny video, this search was most definitely important.

They narrowed the search parameters down to a manageable hundred thousand links. They started to systematically work down the links. They found a link that announced the appointment to the school and worked backwards from that.

Mr Roy Blower born 1943 was in fact an archaeologist before becoming a teacher but he wasn't mentioned anywhere and wasn't credited with finding anything important. He was listed on a few manifests on journeys to exotic locations as the Amazon, the Sahara desert and North Wales!

Neither friend could recall ever visiting the rainforest of the amazon or the searing heat of the Sahara but both giggled as they recalled similar experiences of day trips to Rhyl and Conwy. Rain, rain and more rain followed by more rain. Both of them did agree that Conwy Castle was always the highlight of any visit.

After several other dead ends their attention waived and they were soon searching for funny epic fail videos instead.





## CHAPTER 2.

It was soon Monday and back to school. A plan was hatched that they would try and get into the room at dinner. They have a dinner hour which should give them enough time.

Dinnertime couldn't come quickly enough. They went to the dinner hall preparing to eat their sandwiches as quickly as they could. They sat as usual on the long benches, bags on the floor, sandwich boxes open, looking down onto their feasts. Two sandwiches each and a not so healthy chocolate bar, they both looked at each other and started to devour the meal as quickly as possible.

At one point Mrs. Belper, the dinner lady, commented that they would give themselves hiccups eating that quickly. They just smiled and politely ignored her.

Gary sat opposite them today. He would normally sit next to Tina brown but she was off sick today. He sat opposite Sophie and started to open his sandwiches that his mom had lovingly taken the crusts off for him. Sophie always thought he was spoiled by his mom.

"Why you eating so quickly, is it a race?" he asked.

"No reason places to see people to meet, you know" Sophie replied with a small grin on her face.

Gary started to ask them if they had heard the dog again and should they mention it to someone. They dismissed them hearing the dog and said that they must have been mistaken.

They could not eat their food quick enough. Both were strangely very excited about what they might find. Adam did think that maybe they should go hunting for “whispering voices” but then he didn’t feel that afraid of it any more. Sophie hated not knowing what the voices were all about. Sophie was very organized and liked to know when and where things were going to happen. She was very much like her mom who would insist on making lists.

After dinner they made their way to the playground and headed to the rear of the disused building that they identified as the source of the voices. Adam saw and picked up a nearby stick to help in their quest. He approached where he thought the door would be and started to whack at the brambles that had entwined themselves so tightly together.

After every swing the stick would get stuck between branches and he would have to tug with both hands on it to break it free.

They tried hard not to make too much noise which seemed to be working as they were drawing no attention to themselves. Most of their classmates were still eating their dinner and the dinner monitor had not come on duty either. They would

constantly look around and would pay close attention to look out for Gary. He would no doubt come looking for them after he had finished his dinner.

After a few minutes they could clearly see the outline of the doorway and door. Unfortunately they also noticed a large but rusted padlock holding the door closed. Being 12 the thought of having to pick the lock was well beyond their knowledge, so instead Adam proceeded to hit that with the stick too.

He was fortunate that the lock had rusted that much that it became very brittle. With a satisfying "whack" the lock parted company with the latch and left the door free to open.

They looked at each other and smiled before deciding to check one last time that there wasn't anyone looking. As the coast was clear they pulled the door open with their fingertips. The door was very stiff and they had to pull quite a few times with force until it was open enough that they could get sneak inside.

The room was dark and dusty, streams of light coming from the gaps between the boarding reflecting against dust particles made the whole room look very creepy.

There was a long desk against the wall from which behind they could see an old dusty chalkboard. A thick layer of dust covered every surface.

"I think that's a chalkboard, I'm sure they used those when my dad was a kid" Adam laughed.

The room looked as though it had been frozen in time. It looked exactly like the photo they saw online, minus the dust of course. A filing cabinet in one corner of the room was still had a drawer open. Adam walked across the room towards the cabinet.

The wooden floor creaked as he sheepishly made his way across to the cabinet. Sophie could see his footprints left in the dust as walked. He reached the cabinet and peered into the open drawer. He was only slightly disappointed to see it was empty apart from a few empty filing sleeves. Obviously the cabinet had already been emptied of any papers.

Sophie scanned the room until she noticed the main desk and upon it was the planets mobile they has seen on the old photograph.

“Look Adam the planet model it's still on the desk, same as in the photo!” Sophie exclaimed.

They both walked over to the desk to admire the solar system model. All of the planets where there, properly coloured and detailed. The Earth even had its polar caps coloured white. Mars was a shiny red stone, Jupiter had a lovely swirling pattern around its also shiny surface, all perfect except when it came to Pluto. Strange Pluto appeared to be a dull coloured crystal that wasn't even a planet shape. Maybe because it wasn't a classified as a planet anymore?

They both felt compelled to reach out to the crystal at the same time. As they both touched the dull coloured crystal a very strange event occurred.

In a split second they both appeared opposite each other in what looked like a pure white room. “Ok what happened?” Adam said with a gingerly grin on his face. They both looked around trying to make sense of where they actually were.

They both agreed they seemed to be in what was best described as a “white room”. This was on account that rooms’ walls appeared to be painted white and had a completely smooth and glossy finish. Was it really only 10 seconds before they were stood in a dusty old office? The room was completely silent and no sign of any furniture. In fact the room didn’t even seem to have any corners or walls at all. The harder they tried to focus on the walls the more rounded and closer the room became.

It was then that they both began to feel the walls closing in around them and they became frightened, paralyzed with fear Sophie opened her mouth to scream.

Sophie took a deep breathe ready to scream. Just as she was about to exhale, she suddenly found herself lying on her back, in the dusty old office. Sophie quickly closed her mouth and decided no longer to scream once she realized where she was!

“What just happened” Sophie asked as he sat up dusting herself down.

“I think I fell over and hit my head” Adam replied as he gathered himself to his feet, “For a few seconds I thought I must have died, I was in a pure white room, you were there, there was no furniture and then the walls started to close in”

Sophie stood with her mouth wide open. “I saw exactly the same thing, we were in a white room and the walls were getting closer...”

Unknown to the friends as they were recovering from their ordeal, a small blemish at the bottom of their left thumbs started to appear. At first they appeared with no edges or form but quickly they started to grow darker and larger until they both created an unfamiliar shape. The symbols shone for a second as it heated up slightly and it was at that point that they both clasped their hands.

“OUCH” said Sophie.

Adam saw his small symbol first, only tiny, the size of a mole but a very distinct shape. The symbol had a swirl and a few straight lines, it was nothing like anything they had seen before.

“A symbol has appeared on my thumb!” exclaimed Adam.

Sophie looked down at her thumb where she too saw a small symbol, it was similar to Adams but under more inspected she could that it actually looked the mirror copy of his.

They compared the symbols on their thumbs. Both were very small and perfectly formed. They didn't recognise the symbols at all but they did look as if they might fit together.

They gathered themselves off the floor and dusted themselves down. They exited the room and forced the door shut behind them. They gathered the bramble they had moved from the doorway back into place to hopefully disguise the fact that someone had broken in. Adam in his last futile attempt to hide the fact that the door had been opened, loosely put the lock back onto the door.

## CHAPTER 3.

The pair walked gingerly back to class. It had been five minutes and they hadn't talked about what had happened. They both thought over the experience in their heads and in doing so didn't listen in class for the rest of the afternoon.

After school they collected their bags and started the short walk home. It was only then that Sophie started a conversation about what had happened.

“Mom is going to freak if she sees this tattoo, I'm only 12 and he hates if I even try her makeup.” she exclaimed.

The symbols were small enough that they could quite easily hide them so they decided not to tell their parents. They would fire up the search engine when they got home. They weren't sure what they would find, if at all anything.

After tea and homework the pair fired up their computers and internet. Both frantically scoured for the meaning of the symbols. They had never studied this hard doing school work, YouTube would normally have been a diversion by now.

Although the symbols had some resemblance to theirs in a few of the web sites they visited, nothing was exactly the same. Would they ever find the meaning to these symbols? After visiting countless websites they were losing the will to carry on. They decided enough was enough and they would have to admit defeat on this occasion.



Two Weeks had passed without incident and with no further information about the symbols, the children were resigning themselves to the fact they had no clue what had happened.

Adam's parents were going to a “function” in the City at the weekend and had made arrangements for him to stay over at Sophies’ parents house. When they were smaller they had frequent sleepovers but as they grew older they became fewer. The older generation in each family could never get past that a girl and boy could in fact be best friends.

Sophies’ parent had lined a few movies for them to watch, all classic 80s films. Sophies’ parent were keen to make sure that Sophie watched most (if not all) the classic films from the 1980s. Apart from the computer graphics and green screen advancements, the 80s films were surprisingly good. Although she did like the films, she still preferred the modern blockbusters.

Adam arrived and greeted Sophies parents and went into the lounge to sit with Sophie to watch a movie. They were given microwave popcorn and fizzy pop to settle down to a home cinema experience.

After the movie had finished Sophie and Adam passed pleasantries on the way upstairs and got into respective bedrooms.

Adam was in the guest bedroom where he had stayed on many occasions in the past, a small table by the side of the single bed and the smallest wardrobe that Adam had

ever seen before. A conveniently placed radio alarm clock was on the table for him. His head hit the pillow, his eyes closed and was soon asleep. Sophie fell asleep quickly too and both rooms became quiet and still.

Their eyes began to move under their eyelids, a sign that they were both dreaming.

They both opened their eyes to reveal that were both again back in the white room.

This time the room was quite large but was still brilliantly lit glossy white room.

They stood there in their pajamas looking towards each other.

“Are we dreaming?” Adam said

“I think we are, I’m sure I just went to bed and now I’m here. I don’t know why I am dreaming of you and why am I talking to you?” Sophie replied and shrugged her shoulders.

Adam looked puzzled. He thought he was dreaming of Sophie and why was he too making her say such things?

They then spent the next 5 minutes arguing who was dreaming of who and why indeed were they having the conversation in the first place.

Adam decided to reach over to Sophie's' hand to see if she was real. As his hand brushed against hers the symbols on their hands began to glow. A flash of a brilliant orange light arched between their symbols and from out of nowhere a glowing ball of orange light appeared.

“Hello Children” it said.

## CHAPTER 4.

They didn't reply, not out of fear but more of what do you say to a glowing ball of orange light?

“I expect you have a lot of questions. I am your guide, you can call me Boon. I shall start from the beginning....”

The pair stood looking bemused.

Boon told them that the symbols on their thumbs were a gift, when they were ever asleep in each other's vicinity, not only would they be able to enter each other's dreams but also others around them.

They were told that the white room was a holding area, a sort of portal where they could see people's dreams in their vicinity. From this room they could choose which dream to enter by touching their symbols together. They both looked around the room but saw nothing. Boon explained that their powers were quite limited and that there were no dreamers close enough for them to see.

They could only enter other people's dreams within a short distance but other “DreamVolk” have been known to join dreams over quite large distances.

DreamVolk have been around for many centuries. You won't find any reference to them looking in books, there is no trace of them ever recorded. They are gifted to help protect the dream world. Each DreamVolk is given an unique ability to help those in need.

“Like a superhero in a dream?” Adam interjected.

Boon couldn't tell them what their powers were, this would become apparent to them once they entered a dream. There are countless powers that they could possess, with no two DreamVolk possessing the same power at the same time.

“What sort of powers?” Adam asked excitedly.

“Abilities range from moving objects, shapeshifting into other people, shooting fireballs from their hands, controlling water to name but a few. You may not know what powers you have at the moment but when the time comes you will know what to do.”

“But we are not ‘DreamVolk’ and how did we end up here?” Sophie asked

“When a DreamVolk pairing comes to the end, their DreamVolk life force is captured into a “Trekya” a small crystal that when activated will transfer their powers to others.”

Sophie pondered for a second then thought back to the office and that dull looking crystal they touched in the office.

“Is that what we touched in the teachers office?” said Sophie.

“Yes, the life force was transferred to you and the symbols on your hands signify that you are now DreamVolk. It is important that you do not speak of this to anyone else. I will be here to guide you and answer any questions you have.”

“Why do the DreamVolk exist? I’ve never heard of them? What are we supposed to do with this ability?” Adam asked.

“You have joined the ancient order of DreamVolk who have for centuries kept the order and balance in the dream world. When you wake from a bad dream, your energy levels are low and you feel sad. This is because the energy has been lost in the dream to the negative influences and the battle the dreamer has against the nightmare.

How much energy do you think you loose if in a dream you are trying to run but get nowhere, riding a bike but seem to be going backwards?”

"I suppose I've never thought about it in that way" Sophie said, "So what do we have to do with people having nightmares?"

Boon proceeded to tell them that DreamVolk powers allowed them to enter dreams and help the dreamer channel their energy to avoid losing it. The DreamVolk would have to find out what the dreamers dream was about and help them channel their

positive energy for a good nights rest. Failure would mean that the dreamer's energy would then be lost.

When parts of the country are "in a depression" (of which the two had heard before but didn't understand the meaning) would most certainly mean that there were no DreamVolk in the area.

The lost energy would not actually be lost but instead be converted into negative energy that could leak into other dreamers around them and in turn make their dream turn bad too.

"This sounds cool" Adam exclaimed, "But do we have todo this in our pajamas?" gesturing to what he was wearing.

Boon said that it was upto the DreamVolk to decide what they were wearing. After all this was the dream world and it was upto them to decide what they were wearing. As they both remembered what they were wearing when they went to bed, their dream selves would obviously be wearing the same.

Adam and Sophie thought it best to close their eyes and concentrate on some alternative clothes. When they opened them they were both shocked and surprised to see each other in their usual jeans and t-shirts.

"Cool" said Adam, but then he quickly changed his mind and changed his t-shirt into his favorite football top instead.

Sophie sighed, “I thought it was girls that were hard to decide on what they should be wearing?”

As she said it, she had a horrible thought that the top she had chosen was not appropriate and promptly changed it to a long sleeved top that she once saw in a fashion magazine. She could get used to this she thought.

## CHAPTER 5.

As the friends processed this new power and all the information that Boon had just told them, they didn't notice that a forest had appeared in the distance. It started as a few tall trees but soon new trees started to sprout from the ground as if a magic wand had been waved across the floor to make them appear.

Boon starts to pulse, slowly at the start but quickly as more trees started to appear.

"What's wrong boon" they asked

"I can't stay I must go, good luck" to which he promptly disappeared.

Sophie extended her hand out towards Adam exposing the symbol on her thumb. Adam in turn reached out with his hand and they touched briefly. As they did the forest was propelled towards them. Although they were stood in a forest their feet were not on the ground, more they were hovering a few inches above it. Adam was excited as he suddenly realised that he was actually flying. Well it was more like gliding but he would say flying if asked.

As they looked down, they both lowered until their feet were firmly on the ground.

As they looked around they saw a small clearing in the distance and they decided to walk towards it.



As they reached the clearing it was surrounded by rather tall trees, looking back they could only see more of the forest, the white room had completely disappeared.

"I wonder whose dream we are in? When do we see who they are?" Sophie asked

"I don't know maybe your mom or dad's I think, did they go to bed already? I can't get my head around that this is a dream and we are in it" Adam replied.

They stood in the clearing for a few minutes waiting for something to happen. As they looked up to the sky, they saw it was getting dark. The sky which was once blue and cloudless was now cloudy and grey. They decided to pick a direction and to start to walk. After a few minutes the surroundings looked very familiar. They saw the clearing once again in front of them.

"How have we got back here? We are walking in a straight line! Can your mom not dream a bigger forest?" said Adam.

Adam started to find out what power he might have. He started to posture as though he were a superhero. He even tried shouting keywords like "Shazam, Kaboom, Kerpow", flicking his wrists, trying to form fireballs from his hands.

Sophie thought it was all very funny. Nothing happened except Adam started to feel very foolish.

Sophie tried to explain to Adam that the powers would probably present themselves when they were needed and not to worry. The children turned their attention to

the trees around them. They noticed that the trees didn't actually stop they just reached endlessly onto the sky. The sky, which was another thing. The clouds in the sky were moving at an incredible rate!

The pair looked at each other as if to say "What now?" when they heard a noise approaching.

At first it sounded like a moan but soon turned into a loud cry as it got closer. They both took cover behind a tree.

It didn't take long for the "noise" to reach them. What they saw made them both laugh out loud.

In front of them was a hamster looking creature inside of a hamster ball (the plastic balls that hamsters are generally put onto for exercise) but this was no ordinary creature because it didn't have a head of a hamster at all, it was Gary's head! The ball and hamster were also incredibly large in comparison to the children but the children were more freaked out that Gary head was on top of a hamster's body!

They realized that this was Gary's dream. If it were Sophie's moms dream then she would be one very strange mom indeed!

The moaning was coming from the "Garry-hamster" as the pair quickly decided to call him. He was arching his back and letting out a shrill cry as he ran off into the distance.

"I'm never going to be able to look at him again without laughing" she said.

"Booooooon" the pair shouted

As quick as they shouted Boon arrived.

"Hello children, how can I help you?"

The pair rolled their eyes in disgust. "Doh" did you see my half neighbor half hamster!?" Sophie replied.

"Remember that you are in someone's dream and not your own. Everything that is in and happens in a dream is under the control of the dreamer. It all might look strange but dreamers' use what is called symbolism to make sense of what they are feeling.

Creating an object that resembles an emotion or feeling might be as simple as if you are sad you might see rain, happiness you see sunshine"

"So what in heavens does a person dressed as a hamster, running around in a hamster ball in an endless forest full of trees mean?" Adam asked with a small grin.

"Concentrate and use your given DreamVolk talents" Boon replied

Boon was then gone as quick as he arrived

"Symbolism symbolize, I can even say it let alone figure out what it means." Adam said.

Sophie could hear the moaning again. "That hamster is on its way back. Why would anyone want to spend their time running in circles and getting nowhere?" Sophie spoke but her voice trailed off at the end of the sentence as she realized she had just figured out the symbolism!

"So Gary thinks he's doing something that no one is seeing him do? Maybe he's doing something at school or at home and he feels that he is being overlooked?"

The hamster ball appeared. Adam bent down to try and catch it but his hand passed right through.

"You have to be kidding me! What's the point of me being here if I can't touch anything?" he stepped back and leant against a tree.

So I can touch a tree but 'Garyhamster' I can't? I'm confused"

Sophie opened her eyes wide and proceed to tell Adam that she thought it must be that he could only interact with 'constructs' that the dreamer had created and not the actual dreamer themselves. Sophie and Adam weren't under the control of the dream so we limited to what they could and couldn't do.

"You lost me at construct and where did all that come from?" asked Adam.

Sophie tried to explain that new thoughts had popped into her head, clear thoughts that made sense even if she didn't know the meaning of every word she said. Maybe that was her power that boon was talking about?

"I want to shoot fire from my hands or fly as my power...." Adam replied.

"I don't think we can pick and choose what we get." Sophie replied. She was still trying to come to terms with her new found knowledge.

"So what are we supposed to do now?" said Adam

"I don't think we have to do anything, he doesn't seem to be in distress, running around in his little ball through an endless forest" she replied with a small smile on her face, "Although I don't know we get out of this dream."

The pair stood facing each other, surrounded by tall dark trees with Gary hamster running past in his ball.....