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THE
DREAM MAKER'S
APPRENTICE STORIES

THE BIG
ADVENTURE

by

Paula Christine Curtis



DEDICATION

There are many people to thank for all their help and support.

A big thank you to Ilyas and Mafalda from HHP/Millwood Film Studios, not only as close friends but for pushing me to put pen to paper and write these stories for each and every one of you. To my friend Donna, who has spent hours on my journey with me correcting my very bad spelling and grammar. My beautiful family for their love and support. My youngest daughter, Gemma, who created my lovely pool, Gloopy Gloop Swamp, who took time out to make them for me from her craft business, Unicorn Crafts Kernow. To Jan Horrax for her wonderful doll patterns, which I have loved creating.

Last but not least, my partner Paul, who has put up with me through my story writing.

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RED MOON 3

SCARCHEMERS HOUSE



ENTRANCE TO SCARCHEMERS HIDEAWAY



ZENNORS CASTLE



BROKEN ORIAN

DOOR

JACK FROST

MINI'S TREE



RED MOON 2

KNIGHTS TOWER



THE FIRST BIG ADVENTURE



THUNDER OF DRAGONS
ORIAN
ZENNOR KNIGHTS
COOK CALMING TEA
SECRET BOX

THE BIG ADVENTURE



RED MOON 1

PINK PIG PIRATE SHIP

KING SHOUT-A-LOTS
KING CASTLE

KING
Rock-n-ROLLER'S
GARDEN

CRAGGIE
HILL

Gloupy Gloop

THE ORB
OF LIGHT

NEMAS POOL

SCORCHER
TELE PORTER

OAKLEY AND
STORMS CAMP

CONETREES AND
QUEEN SPIN BEE
PRINCESS STING BEE

THE
PLACE
AND
STUFF

OF STRANGE THINGS

THE
SHIMMERING
LIGHT

THE DARK
FOREST

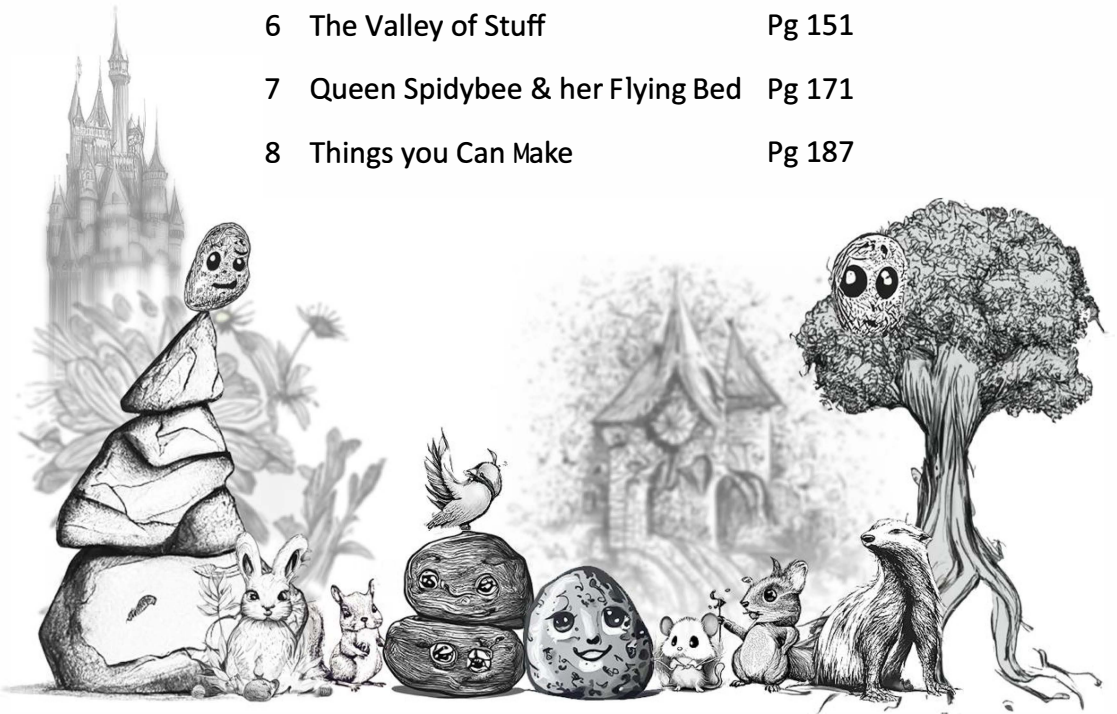


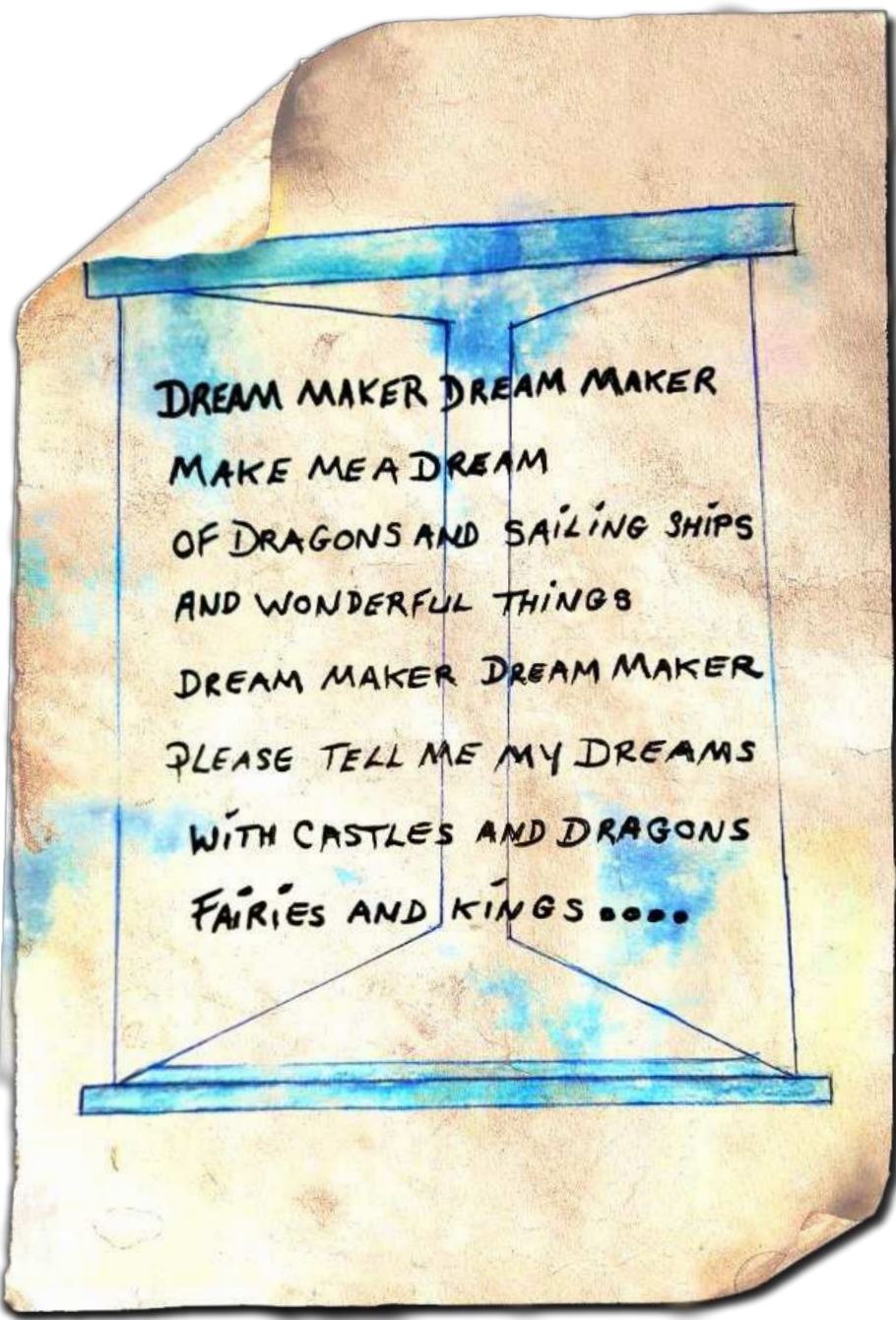
Are you
ready to step
through
the door to
the world
of fantasy
and dreams



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DREAM MAKER DREAM MAKER
MAKE ME A DREAM
OF DRAGONS AND SAILING SHIPS
AND WONDERFUL THINGS
DREAM MAKER DREAM MAKER
PLEASE TELL ME MY DREAMS
WITH CASTLES AND DRAGONS
FAIRIES AND KINGS.....

INTRODUCTION

The dream maker sat in his big, cosy armchair in front of the fire in his old cottage in the middle of the ancient forest, watching the flames as they danced before him in the fireplace far, far away in his land of dreams.

His apprentice waited patiently and sat next to him, knowing better than to disturb the master at work on someone's dreams.

Slowly, the dream maker came back to the room and his chair, back from the world of dreams.

- "Ahhh! There you are," he said sleepily.

- "Are you ready to go on your first big adventure?" He kindly asked the very nervous apprentice.

- "I think so; are you sure I'm really ready?" asked the apprentice, looking up with fear and excitement.

- "Can you see your story in front of your eyes? Can you hear what your characters say to you? Do you believe in the magic of dreams?" The kindly old dream maker asked.

- "Oh yes, yes I do," replied the young storyteller, now full of excitement and courage.

- "Then you are ready; believe in yourself, shut your eyes, and go; I will be waiting here for your return."

The apprentice closed his eyes, snuggled down, and started on his journey.

As he emerged through the swirling dream mists, he came to an old village where the ragtag children greeted him with shouts and cheers, taking his hands and pulling him through the village that had at one time been very pretty, you could tell, but now looked worn out and neglected. People came out of their houses and joined the group until, at last, they came to an old, run-down great hall. Inside were the remains of banners hanging on the wall, an old wooden throne, and a rocking chair set beside the huge fire hearth.

- "Oh! Finally, you're here. We've been waiting for you for a long time. We have little to offer, but what we have, we will share with you," said the great hall guardian.

- "Come, tell us your story," he added, sitting himself in front of the dream maker's apprentice.

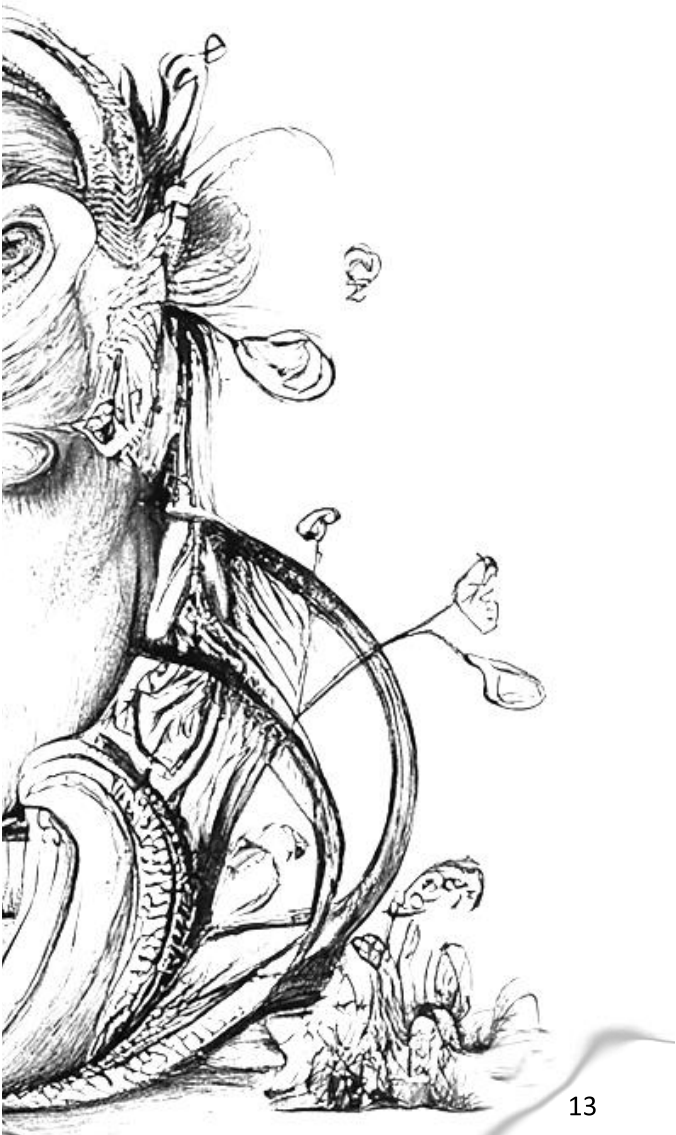
- "Before we start, how did you know I was coming and that I would be coming down that path?" the confused apprentice asked.

- "Because we all asked the dream maker to grant us a dream, of course," replied the rather bemused elder.

- "I must admit we did expect someone a bit older, but I am sure you'll not disappoint us," he quickly added after being dug in the ribs by his wife, who sat next to him, worried that the storyteller might've taken

offence and not brought them the best of adventures.

-"Ok then," said the apprentice, "now let us begin our story of other times and other places with stories of dragons and of flying ships and of all manner of things... and it all started on the big adventure..."



CHAPTER 1

The dream begins with the rocks



Big king Rock-n-Roller gave a heavy sigh as he stared up at the three moons in the night sky. Thinking back to when he was just a young handsome pebble listening to great grandad Rock-a-Berry, telling stories of wonderful adventures full of danger and excitement and of great legends of days gone by, feeling sorry for himself, he thought about how bored he was...

The rockets below were all sound asleep, snoring away. He sighed again; he had done nothing for the whole day and the day before that. In fact, he had

actually done nothing for years; he just sat there doing nothing at all.

Back on big Red Moon 2, he was on the go all the time, having a great time with the Tryad tree spirits and all the other enchanted forest folk.

But no, he had to go and open his big mouth and put himself and his gang, the rockets, forward for the big adventure to the other world, only to find when he got here, after jumping off a passing comet, that there was nothing, nothing at all.

No wonder no one else had applied for the 'very important' job; it was all that Thumper's fault. He had told him not to keep messing around with the Battymouse; it was bound to cause trouble if Sizzle and Scorcher dragons were involved. Everyone knew they were very naughty dragons, always up to no good, but would they listen? No, now he had this little gang of Thumper's here with him, with nothing to do but be bored.

Suddenly, as if great grandad Rock-a-Berry was whispering in his ear, he realised they were not alone after all; embedded in his rocky surface were in fact seeds of the Tryad tree spirits and hatchlings of many of his old friends and some others who had joined them from the comet, but he wasn't sure what they were, where they were from, or even what they would turn out to be. All they needed was to be released and dropped to the ground.

Easy, he thought. "All I have to do is jump; it can't be that hard. One, two, three, go!" He tried to jump but only shook a tiny bit of dust off. "Oh dear, this might not be as easy as I thought." He tried again and again without much success. I will give it one more try. So, with a huge effort, he jumped as high as he could and came crashing down, shaking seeds, eggs, and hatchlings to the ground.

The shockwave of his landing with such a thump woke up all the rockets.

- "What was that? What's going on?" The rockets were all shouting, having been woken up by the loud crash.

Clearing his throat with a loud Uhhmm! King Rock-n-Roller announced that all the rockets needed to exercise because they were all getting lazy, so they should jump up and down and roll around a bit to get fit and in condition. No more just lazing around; it was now time to start the big adventure, shake off the seeds and eggs, and start a wonderful garden, which is what they were meant to be doing. He wasn't really quite sure; it had been so long ago that he had forgotten what he had been sent to do. But never mind; he was bound to remember some time or other.

- "He's got room to talk; just look at him; he is as big as a mountain," said one of the rockets named Sid, who was part of the Thumper's gang, to his mate Bert.

- "Yea! Who does he think he is?" Bert added, already out of puff.

- "Come on, come, up and down, up and down, keep in rows, that's it, one two, one two." Rock-n-Roller was getting right into the spirit of things.

Off to the side, the three rockets, Sid, Bert, and Thumper the bad, or his badness, as he liked to be called, quietly rolled away over to a dark cave at the bottom of the craggy hill.

(Do remember, after all, where there is good, there is also bad.) They rolled just into the cave entrance with a bit of pushing and shoving, as no one wanted to be the first inside.

As they stood looking out, Sid said:

- "Just look at that big dollop. He thinks he's so high and mighty just because he got the orb of light."

- "Well, lads, I, Thumper the bad, Thumper the magnificent, have old Scorcher the dragon's evil eye, which I fearlessly pinched when I was on the third big Red Moon."

- "Oooh! You're so clever," said Sid and Bert in unison.

- "You are just sooo naughty, hey Thumper, your badness, do you remember when you were at king Shout-a-Lot and queen Put-up-with-a-lots' palace on Red Moon 1, when at last you got hold of the queen's Battymouse and pulled its wings off when Scorcher

had suggested it would be a fun thing to do? When the queen tried to fix them back on, all it could do was fly in circles." Sid said, while trying to hold in his giggles with great difficulty.

- "Round and round it went until its eyes got crossed, and it fell over onto its nose when it landed. It was so funny to watch, I nearly tiddled myself." Sid was now crying with laughter, remembering the sight.

- "That's when you got sent to old Scorcher's Moon," added Bert with a snigger.

- "Well, that's when I got the eye, so it was worth it, wasn't it?" Thumper replied.

Pushing the eye towards the back of the cave, they then went just outside the entrance.

- "He's still at it," they all said at once, laughing.

- "pheeew! What's that stink? Was that you, Bert?" Sid asked, holding his nose.

- "No, it is not!" Bert replied gruffly.

- "It certainly smells like one of yours, Bert, pheeew!"

- "He who smelled it dealt it," was Bert's indignant reply.

Before they could get into a shoving match, Thumper intervened: "I think it's coming from behind us, look! Just creeping out of the cave entrance was a

dark, yucky, smelly, sticky sludge that was hubbling and bubbling away, every now and again sending lumps of goo into the air with a loud puff. Thumper the Bad was putting on an unconcerned face on the outside but really was not sure about the gooey stuff at all and decided it was time to get back on parade before Rock-n-Roller noticed their absence...

- "Up and down, move around," ordered the king in full voice.

All the seeds, seedlings, and colourful eggs, full of excitement, fell to the ground, happy to be free at last.

- "About time too," the seedlings muttered between themselves.

But of course, you've guessed it!

All the seeds from Thumper and his gang rolled away to the craggy hill and started to grow in front of the cave, hiding the entrance and protecting the 'evil dragon's eye'.





SID



BERT



THUMPER THE
BAD



ROCKET



ROCKINGTON
THE THIRD



BETTY



KING
ROCK-N-ROLLER



ROCK-A-BERRY