

Dreamland

Book 1

The Sword in the Stone

An illustration showing the back view of a woman with long, straight brown hair and a young boy with spiky blonde hair. They are sitting on a grassy bank next to a river. The woman is wearing a brown tunic with a hood, and the boy is wearing a brown tunic. The background features a river with ripples, a forest of green trees, and a bright sun in a pale blue sky with a few clouds. The overall style is soft and painterly.

Maria Paula Rosa

Illustrated by
Francis Ortolan

There is a place where everything is possible. Where you are exactly who you want to be, free of cares, problems or worries. The doors to this place are open to us at all times, but strangely, it is not often that we visit it. We rather stick to reality, to facts, to numbers... to what makes sense to others. But what we don't know is, that this magical land, when used well, can help us understand reality better. And also, that if we do not use this place, at least once in a little while, we can lose the sense of who we really are.

These two kids needed to go to Dreamland, more than any other two kids. They found each other when they had lost themselves, and they needed a little magic in their lives. They dared to go further. Would you?





Chapter 1

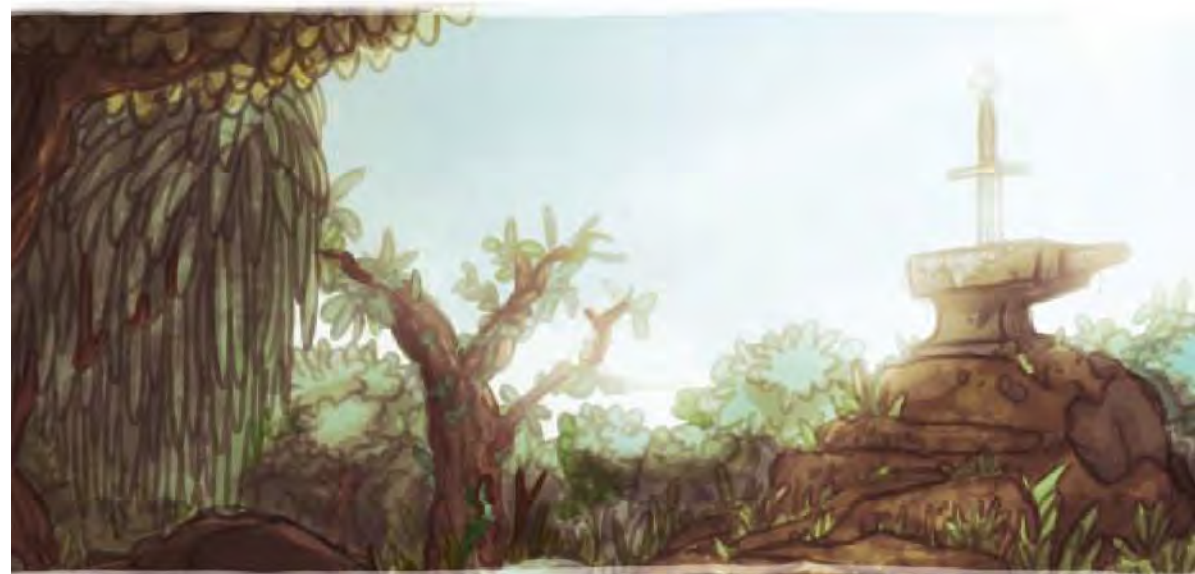
Ocean Waves

It was past bed time, but Lily was still wide awake. She didn't want to wake her mother up - she definitely needed to rest after the hard couple of weeks that they had - so there wasn't much she could do but stare at things and watch the time go by. Books, toys, dolls... none of it was making a whole lot of sense lately. In some ways she was the same 9 year old girl, but in many others she was so different. She was struggling with belonging there, in her own room, and wished, that she could escape her life somehow.

It was getting harder and harder to believe that a month before this, she was the happiest of girls. She would go through life without a care in the world, after all, she just had to look over her shoulders and see him there, watching over her, protecting her... but now, he was gone - just like that: gone.

"How can he be gone?" - she thought that same thought for the millionth time that day. And just like all the other times, the thought was followed by a strange feeling of her heart been squeezed inside of her chest and the pain was so strong, she just threw herself on her bed and started to cry. Her arms, needing something to hug, searched for the pillow but couldn't find it. She reached for the side of her bed, and instead of the pillow she found her old plush bunny. In any other night she might





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