# THE BOY IN THE JAM JAR

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*For Nati White*
*(JD)*

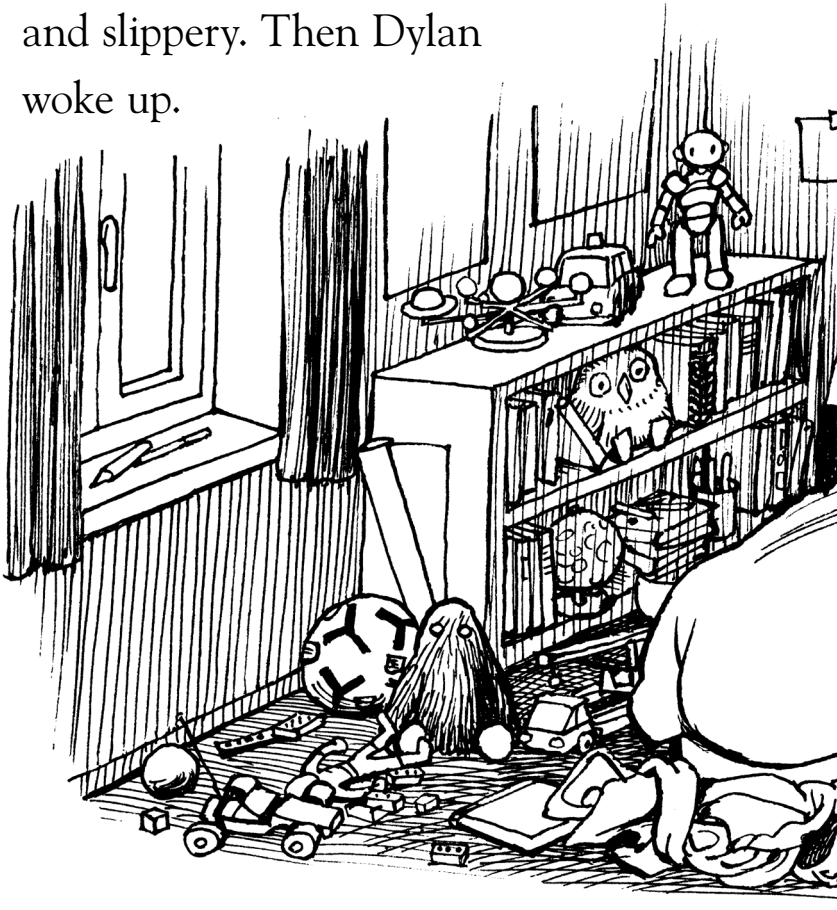
*For my niece, Ellie*
*(JS)*

# THE DREAM

It was early morning. Dylan was having a strange dream. He was in a jam jar, just big enough for him to stand in.

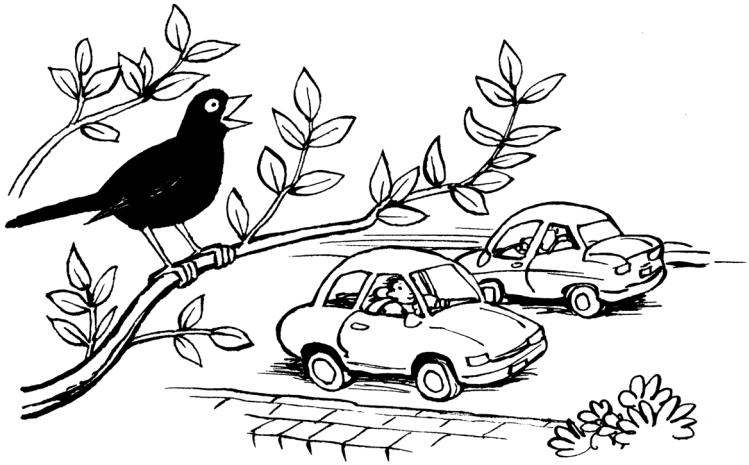


His mother looked at him in the jar. He waved and shouted, but not a sound came out. His mum smiled and waved back, but he couldn't hear her. He tried to climb out of the jar but the sides were too hard and slippery. Then Dylan woke up.



He was in his own bedroom with his toys and posters of the planets and junk model rockets. Phew! That was a horrible dream. Now everything would be all right.





But everything wasn't all right. Outside a blackbird was singing. The traffic hummed and hooted. But for Dylan there was just an eerie silence.

Dylan made his way to the bathroom. The door, when he opened it, made no sound. The floorboards just outside his room didn't creak. He turned on the tap.

Water gushed, silently. He flushed the toilet. A rush of water but no noise. He felt so strange: unreal, as if he had become a ghost. Ghosts make no noise.



Dylan looked in the mirror. His own face looked back at him. He opened his mouth to speak. He was sure he was speaking, but not a sound came out. What was happening to him? He felt as if someone had cast a spell on him. He was stuck in the bad dream. He wished it would soon be over.



Dylan heaved a deep, sad sigh and carefully brushed his teeth.