



# ROALD DAHL ON FILM

## My Dream Factory

by Iva Maric of Takovski Ustanak school

(Fabrication of dreams)

Many people hate a terrible, everyday, constant repetition of strange social rituals. You open your eyes overpowered by this funky feeling you forgot something, but somehow you also forget that the same feeling in an instant as the result of the “good old” routine punching in, like an aggressive animal, preying on for the slightest sign of weakness. So you get up, start your day with a cup of coffee or maybe a glass of orange juice (it doesn't really matter) and then you go to work. Hours pass by slowly, someone might say too slowly. Finally the hand strikes five o'clock and at last you are free from the grip of greedy capitalism, but still you get this vague reminder of that strange feeling you got this morning. Now after an awfully long day, your tired body and mind can rest and just maybe you will feel that funky, yet strangely comforting feeling, again. And as you close your weary eyes, a bizarre emotion conquers your subconscious self caging you in the whirlpool of your best and worst memories. After what seemed hours something happens, this warm and spectacular sensation spreads throughout your body and then... you pass out.

Upon “waking up” in what seems to be an old hut, somehow you remember everything. It's as if a whole new life was created for you in a matter second, like the life you have led by now was just a fragment of a much bigger picture. Here in this new-found dimension, all the boundaries that you once knew are erased from existence. By a sheer wave of your hand you can create mountains, destroy the Sun or perhaps create an entire species. In another words you are a God, in your own endless universe of possibilities, but... (there is always a BUT). You are alone, you cannot create another human being nor an animal. All alone in what seems to be a paradise.

At first it must have felt great, finally you have control over your own life. There is no boss to tell you what to do. Oh joy... You build your dreams (and that's not figuratively speaking). Everything you've ever wanted is yours to ask and that is more than any man (may he be a king or a peasant) could even dare to desire. Except men's mind is built in very peculiar manner. Somehow it always finds a way to make itself unhappy, even in an ideal situation. And, as such, your mind also will find a way to make you miserable. Suddenly you will desire some company and you will try to find

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a way to bend the only rule you cannot break in this perfect world. And if you do, everything will fall apart, the sky will fracture to fragments, the ground will crumble under your feet, and you will fall. While falling, you'll notice that your memory is fading and you're going back to that horrible oblivious life you have led BEFORE.

All of the sudden you hit the ground, or maybe it's just your bed, in the end it doesn't really matter since you can't tell the difference. You had everything, but you wasted it away because of what, your own piece of hell?! Now it's all over. Once again you're stuck in this disgusting "life" of yours. But who am I to say that this was all a dream and that that "funky feeling" isn't just how death feels like in a dream.

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