



ROALD DAHL ON FILM

My Dream Factory

by Jana Pavlovic of Takovski Ustanak school

When I am all alone, just like now, I like to imagine the perfect world. I dream about peace in the world, about people who read, about people who create their own art, about people who use their phone only in the emergencies, about people who write letters and travel wherever and whenever they want...

Knocking on the door always wakes me up from my fantasies. Then I watch the news and hear about the new war somewhere in Asia and then I look out of the window and see the children looking at their phone instead of talking to each other or playing. That is a shame. Play is the most beautiful art which can be produced only by children. That's why it is so rare.

I strongly believe there is a place in the world where all the ideas I have told you about and all other wonderful ideas people, but mostly children, think of during the day and during the night, become the reality. I think that those thoughts travel from our heads to the factory where numerous elves patiently and carefully knit the dreams into reality. Maybe they are slow and maybe that process takes a lot of time and maybe that is why those dreams haven't come true yet. I believe they will! If not, this world doesn't make much sense to me. What is the world without magic?

If I see someone reading a book in the public transport, or someone buying a stamp, or maybe just a child writing a letter to Santa wishing to get a toy instead of a computer, I will know that an elf somewhere far, far away has made my wish come true.

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