

The poster is a vibrant, hand-drawn illustration. At the top, the title "ROALD DAHL ON FILM" is written in large, green, blocky letters. Below it, the subtitle "My Dream Factory" is in a smaller, black, serif font, followed by the author's name "by Anica Drljevic, 17, of Takovski Ustanak school" in a smaller, italicized font. The central text block is a paragraph of black text on a white background. The entire text is framed by a decorative border of various whimsical illustrations. On the left side, from top to bottom, there is a witch's hat, a frog, a television, a bag of money, a top hat, a book, a turtle, a spoon, a bottle, and a striped tree. On the right side, from top to bottom, there is a witch's hat, a frog, a television, a bag of money, a top hat, a book, a turtle, a spoon, a bottle, and a striped tree. At the bottom of the poster, there are several logos and text elements. On the left, there is a logo for "CHAPTER" and a logo for "Film Hub Wales". In the center, there is a logo for "Audience" and a logo for "Film Network". On the right, there is a logo for "Roald Dahl on film" and a logo for "Roald Dahl On Film". Below these logos, there is a website address "www.filmhubwales.org/roalddahlonfilm" and social media links for Facebook and Twitter. At the bottom right, there is a small illustration of a bag of money with the text "Enter the world of Roald Dahl on Film and play the game at roalddahlonfilm.com".

*by Anica Drljevic, 17, of Takovski Ustanak school*

Long time ago there was a factory that only worked during the night. Every night you could see that it was working. Sometimes if you got really close to those few windows it had you could clearly see what was going on in there. But, unfortunately, a few months ago, because of a shortage in working hours, the factory had to be closed. As the time passed it looked more like a ruin instead of a factory that once was one of the best dream factories in the world. But from time to time factory would have visitors. Two, to be precise. A boy and a girl. The Nightmares and The Dreams. Oh, those curious kids. They would wander around the factory, play with the old, rusty machinery. Sometimes they would even play with each other. They would stay there all night and then leave the factory in the morning as if they had never been there. As if they had never come. And the factory would stay there, empty, waiting for its curious little visitors to come back.