

"Andrea"

Nine years old Andrea didn't like when her sister spent the night at a friend's. Whenever Emma left the house at night, the room in which they slept was visited by uninvited guests. The first time it was a witch in a black robe with a long nose, who was holding cookies. The second night came out from under her bed a hairy creature with horns and sharp teeth. The third night to her window on the first floor knocked a bald girl with a teddy bear pressed to her chest. Every time the monsters left the room when she hid her head under the covers and sang quietly "*Twinkle Twinkle Little Star*".

Although that night the girl was waiting nervously for the next newcomer no one came and she got up in the morning sleepy even more than usual. The next night also no one visited. She was glad for this reason because her sister had to go back the next day.

This time she fell asleep easily, she even dreamed her beautiful dream in which, together with their parents, she ate chocolate wafers on a meadow. From this dream awoke her some rustling beside the bed. Andrea was afraid to open her eyes and see another monster. Slowly she opened her eyes, and a few millimetres in front of her face she saw large grey eyes staring at her. The surprised nine years old girl screamed and swung her fist at the creature. The newly arrived quietly groaned, because the girl hit it in the nose. Andrea in astonishment sat in the other corner of the bed covering herself with the pillow. The person who scared her was none other than an ordinary boy in her age. The girl watched with interest as the boy flicked his nose a shining dust, saying something quietly.

"Why do they always hit me in the nose?"

This remark amused her so that she burst into an uncontrollable laughter. She didn't care that the boy was a little embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, but it sounded so funny," she tried to justify her giggles.

After a few moments when Andrea had calmed down and the boy smiled, she began to wonder who he was.

"Who you are?" she asked interested.

"I'm Nebula," he said sitting down on the bed.

"What's this?"

"That's my name," he protested.

"I've never heard anything like this," confessed the frank girl.

The boy straightened his chest proudly and said:

"Because it's a special name that I got when I was a Dreamer"

"Who?" Andrea asked surprised. She had never thought of such a thing.

Nebula sat comfortably cross-legged on the couch, prepared for lengthy explanations.

"The Dreamer is a person who creates and takes care of an individual. He is responsible for children's dreams for happy next days. We are stripping Evil Spirits that try to get into the dreams and destroy them turning them, into nightmares. Everyone who becomes a Dreamer, gets a new name and a new life."

The girl was silent for some time, assimilating the information heard.

"So, what was your previous name?" she asked curiously and overwhelmed at the same time.

The boy turned a red face and a fog started to get out of his ears . Andrea was afraid that something had happened to him.

"You shouldn't ask such things. It's very rude of you," he was disgusted.

A confused girl couldn't say anything, but then she stammered:

"I'm sorry, I didn't know. But why can't I ask about it?"

Nebula took his breath several times until the fog completely disappeared, and his face took on a normal colour.

"So that each of us has abandoned our previous life, and such a question might offend us. Anyway, we can't remember what kind we were," he said with a smile, which completely surprised her.

With every word of the boy, the girl understood less and less.

"So why are you here?"

The boy's smile widened even more.

"To ask you if you want to join us."

The girl stared dumbfounded at Nebula. She didn't expect such a turn of the event.

"How is it?" she said almost in a whisper.

"And this. I was sent to recruit you. The previous night I sent to you the monsters to see how you can handle it. You were great!" - he shouted.

Andrea was furious with this information until she was dumbfounded.

"How could you? Did you know how much I was scared?" - she said.

Nebula made a contrite face.

"I'm sorry, but it was necessary for me to know how you cope with it if on your way stood one of the Evil Spirits, no like a nightmare but like a living creature."

The girl nodded her head in understanding, a little reassured. She began intensively to consider the proposition of Nebula. On the one hand, she was excited about the possibility of creating dreams. On the other hand, she was worried and frightened because leaving her family and forgetting about them was unthinkable to her. Although she lost her parents and lived with her grandmother and an older sister she was lucky. Sometimes she missed a common cooking with her mom and riding on the bicycle frame with her dad. When during the night she was tormented with nightmares and woke up frightened, these memories calmed her down and allowed her to sleep. At the time when she only began to think about the proposition for Nebula actually she knew the answer.

She looked sadly at the boy.

"I'm sorry Nebula, but I can't leave this place," she said. "I have a sister and a grandmother and a friend at school. I will scare them if I suddenly disappear."

Suddenly the boy smiled.

"Don't worry," he said cheerfully. "As soon as you get a new name everyone will forget you."

This information made the girl feeling slightly scared. She didn't want to forget about her family. She didn't want to go with the boy either. She wanted to stay here.

"No. I don't agree." Andrea shook her head emphatically. "And I ask you not to send me any more monsters," she said angrily.

At first she thought that the boy was turned into a rock, that his head was about to explode with excess as the fog was flying out of his ears but, at the end, Nebula just looked at her with a miserable gaze. He slowly shook his head and stood up.

"Well, you decide."

When he came to her she was afraid that he wanted her to do something bad to her. To her surprise, however the boy leaned over her and kissed her forehead. After a moment she was seized by a profound fatigue, and her mind filled fog.

"Goodbye Andrea. It was nice to meet you." She heard just as he said it before she was overcome with darkness.

The girl woke up in the morning by a noise coming from downstairs and a sweet smell of milk. Still lying she rubbed her eyes down with her little hands and opened them. She stared for a moment at the ceiling and then raised gently on the pillows and looked around the room. She began to wonder intensively about her strange dream. Although with all the forces she was trying to remember what she dreamed about it didn't give her any answer. After a moment she decided to go down to the kitchen. In her pyjamas with bees and soft purple slippers on she came into the room. At the cooker was her older sister Emma, humming a melody. She tied her a long honey-coloured hair in a kind of bun with a brush for painting and a pencil. Whenever Andrea asked why her sister combed this way she replied that all the great artists do this. Also Emma was certainly one of them. Andrea often watched her drawings and

every time she did so she was delighted.

When the girl sat on a chair Emma turned to her with a smile.

"Flakes or cocoa?" she asked cheerfully.

"Cocoa," Andrea answered with a sleepy voice.

The teenager girl poured the milk into a cup and put some chocolate powder into it. Then she went to the fridge.

"Jam or Nutella?"

"Nutella," said Andrea carefully sipping cocoa.

When already Emma sat next to the sister and the girl ate sandwiches, the teen pulled from her cache bags a sketchbook.

"I have something for you," she said with a mysterious smile.

Andrea was interested looking like her sister opened her pad and showed her a new drawing. She was enormously surprised when she saw the smiling face of a boy from her dream surrounded by other children, including Andrea.

"It's Nebula," said Emma. "He watches over you when I'm not with you."

The girl looked surprised at her sister, but then she smiled broadly. At one moment she understood everything. And when next time her sister was outside the house Andrea slept peacefully.