

MAGIC WANDA AND THE SCULPTOR



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Magic Wanda Media, London

One morning, Wanda the Dragon was sleep-flying lazily above the Dream Dump. She was dreaming about making something special.

“What can I make?” she thought.





In People Land, below, Joe the Sculptor dreamt about making a cow, a beautiful cow. Yet, when the alarm went off, Joe forgot his dream and thought about his breakfast instead.



Back up on Nimbi Island, inside Mo the Volcano, Everard Mix-it-well pedalled his Stirring-wheel bike, creating the steam that makes us dream.

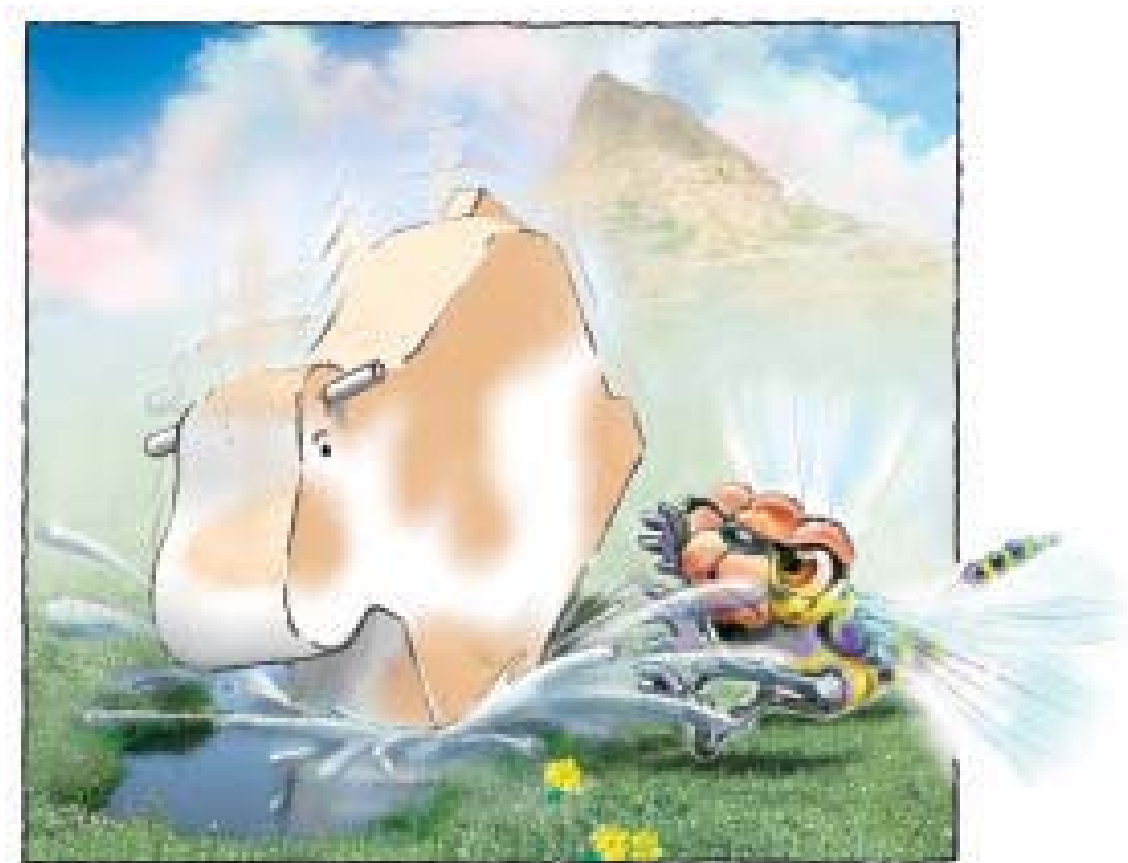
Mo the Volcano spat out the last of the night's forgotten dreams. Out popped Joe's cow.

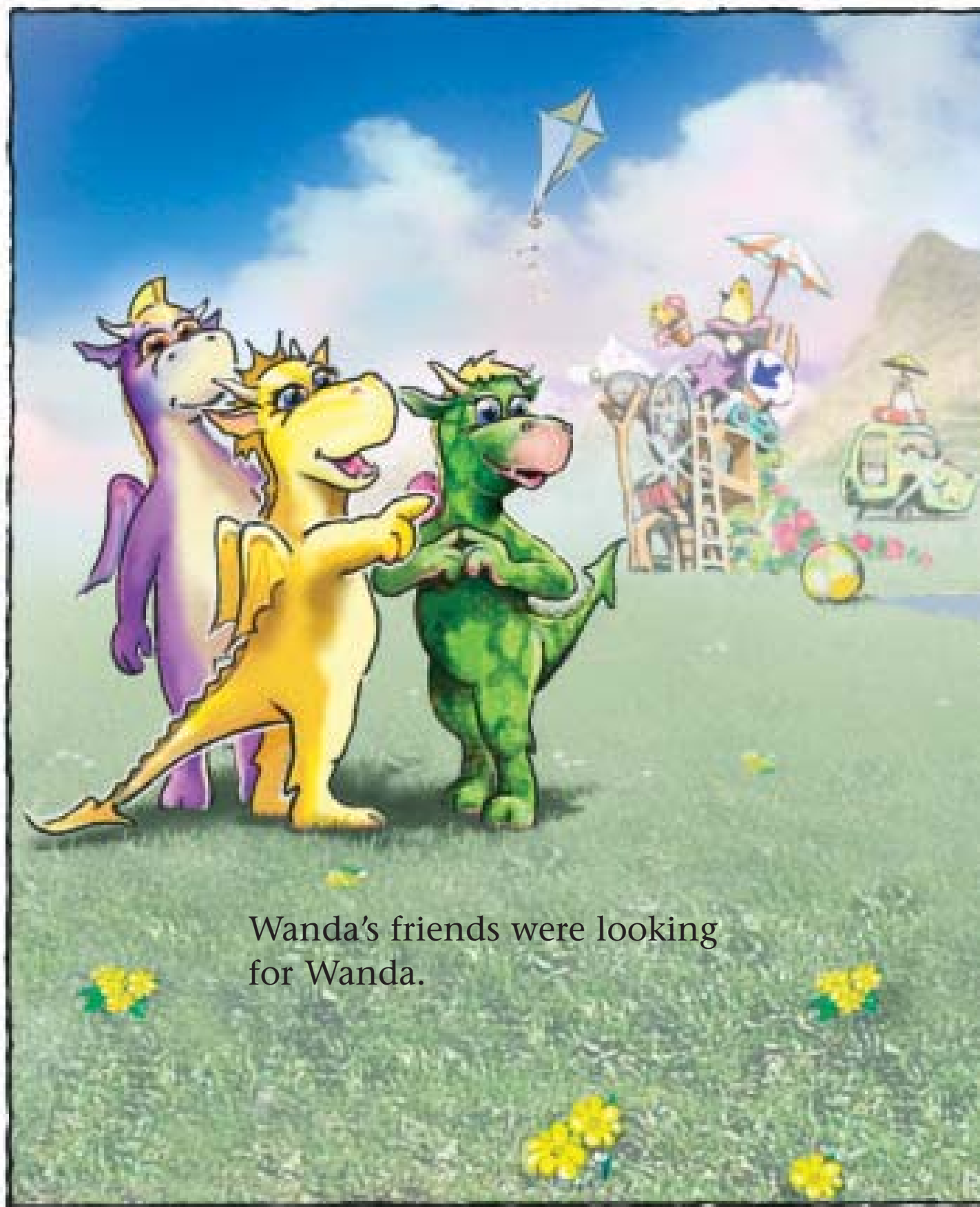
SPLOSH!

Doowott felt cross.

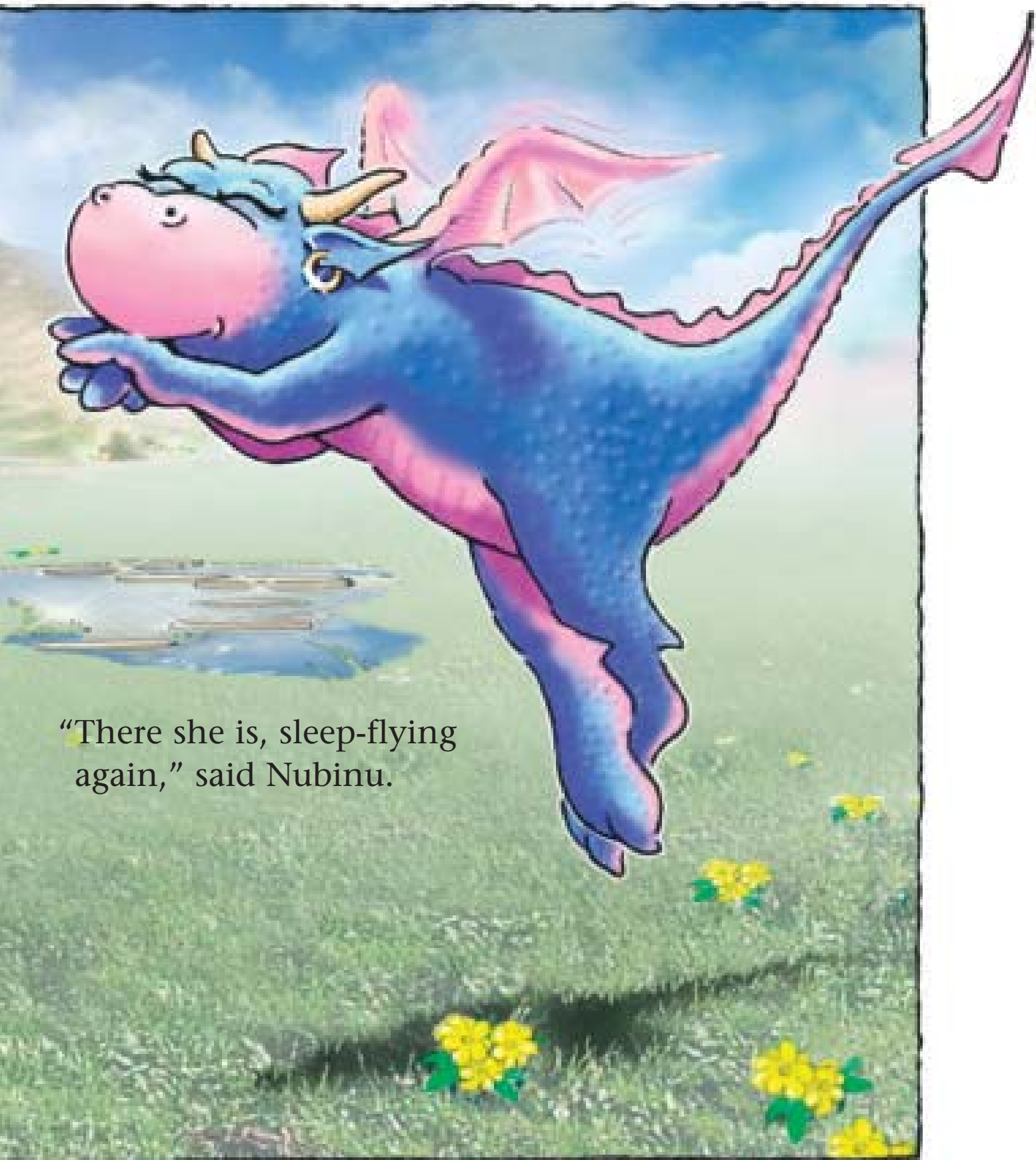
"Tut, tut, tut! What a big ugly thing," muttered Doowott.

"How am I going to tidy it away?"





Wanda's friends were looking
for Wanda.



“There she is, sleep-flying again,” said Nubinu.



Then the dragons noticed a big animal making its way slowly towards Wanda.

“Oh my!” said Nubinu. “Is it a giant slug?”

“What’s it going to do?” asked Richie.

“Let’s see if it wants to play!” said Baz.

“What, now?” asked Richie, adding loudly,
“Wanda, wake up! I think there’s a monster!”

“Wakey-wakey, sleepyhead!” said Nubinu.

Wanda began to stir and noticed the giant animal with her sleepy eyes. Wanda quickly landed on the ground.

“What’s this?” she exclaimed.

Then she heard a little grumpy voice.

