

## The Power of Dreams

Translated and Adapted from Hao Kuang-Tsai's 《新天糖樂園》 by Huang Yen-Ching

Hello, everyone. My number is \_\_\_\_\_. Today I'm going to read you a story. It's called "The Power of Dreams."

You must have heard the legend of the witch. But do you know what scares the witch the most? Let me tell you. It's children, especially the kids with imagination. Adults can't see witches, only kids can spot them. If a kid spotted a witch, he or she would have no need to fear or scream. All the kid needs to do is point to the witch and say "witch" with a quiet voice. Then, the witch would become dust or ashes, and vanish into the air.

Malando was the brightest witch in the world. She had been doing research for one hundred years when she had a big discovery. The reason that kids could fight witches was because they had the power of dreams. The more dreams kids had, the more powerful they were. Because of this discovery, Malando decided to invent something that could stop kids from dreaming.

After three thousand failed experiments, Malando finally made some special sweets. Then, she opened two hundred stores to sell her sweets. Soon, her sweets fascinated almost all the children in the world. The children who ate Malando's sweets could do nothing but want more and more sweets. The

sweets made the children's heads as hard as concrete. Malando was excited. The whole world was nearly in her hands. However, there were two kids who could still imagine and dream.

It was David and Rose. They were brother and sister. Rose liked to listen to different stories. Every night before bed, David told Rose stories about a prince, princess, giant, witch, and vampire. Malando saw them and made a plan.

The next day, David saw an old lady fall to the ground on his way home. He helped her to her feet. "Are you OK?" asked David. "I'm alright. Thank you, sweetie. Here are some sweets for you," replied Malando. David took a small bite of the sweets. "Wow! That's fantastic!" thought David. "You can take these sweets home and share them with your sister," Malando smiled. But the sweets tasted so good that David couldn't help but eat them all.

That night, poor Rose couldn't sleep. She didn't understand why David didn't tell her a story. Malando was thrilled. She knew her victory was coming. Malando turned into a stream of smoke and went into Rose's mom's body.

"Sweetie, why don't you go to bed? Come to mommy. Let me tell you a story." Malando said.

“Hmmm...She looks like mommy. She sounds like mommy. But MY mommy wouldn't say 'Let me tell you a story,' she would say 'I'll let David tell you a story.' If that isn't mommy, who could she be?” thought Rose.

“Could she be a...” Rose gasped. “Witch!” Rose said with a quiet voice, pointing to her mom.

Suddenly, Rose's mom passed out on the ground, just like falling asleep.

Rose could almost hear the witch's scream from far away.

Ever since then, children have had the ability to imagine and dream again.

Thank you for listening.