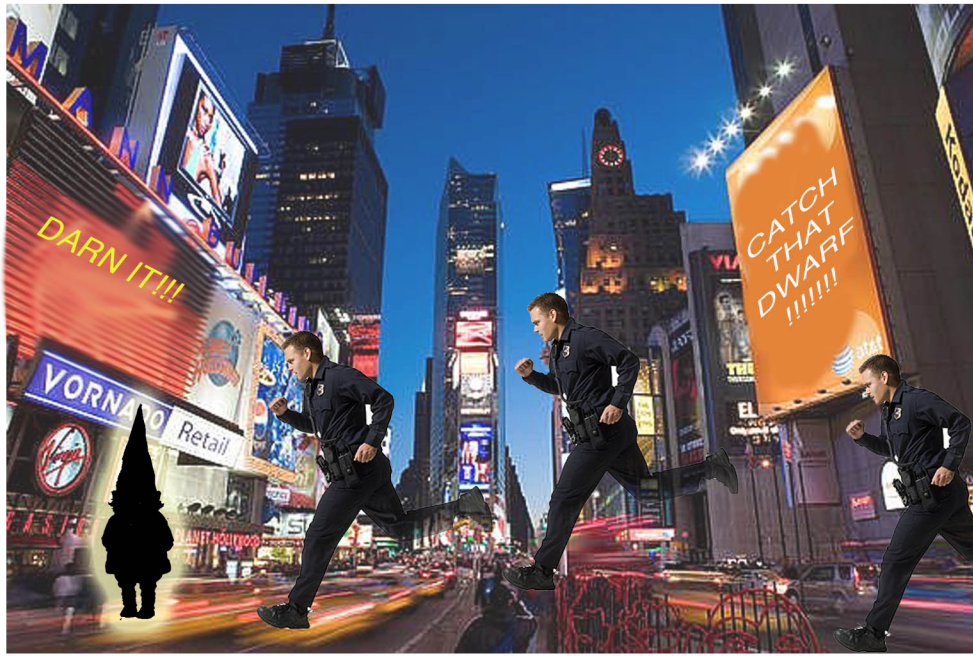


I had a scary dream once about an Evil Dwarf.
But it had a happy ending because in this dream, my brother and I saved the world.

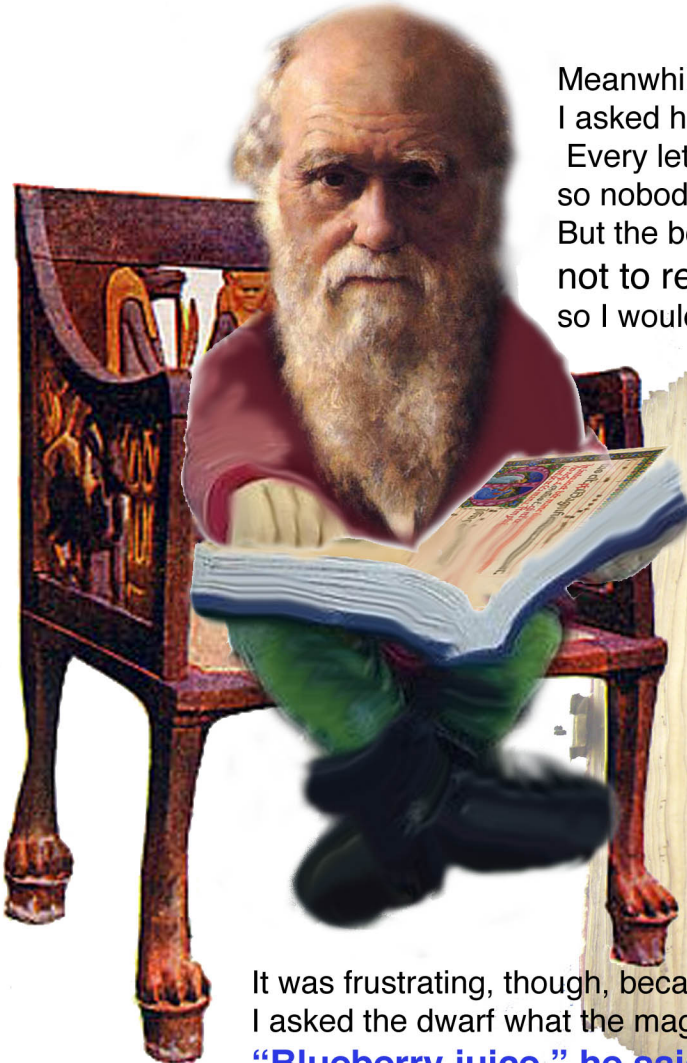


An Evil Dwarf was on the loose and nobody could catch him because he could make himself **vanish** and reappear anywhere. Mike and I found his secret hideout. We made a plan.

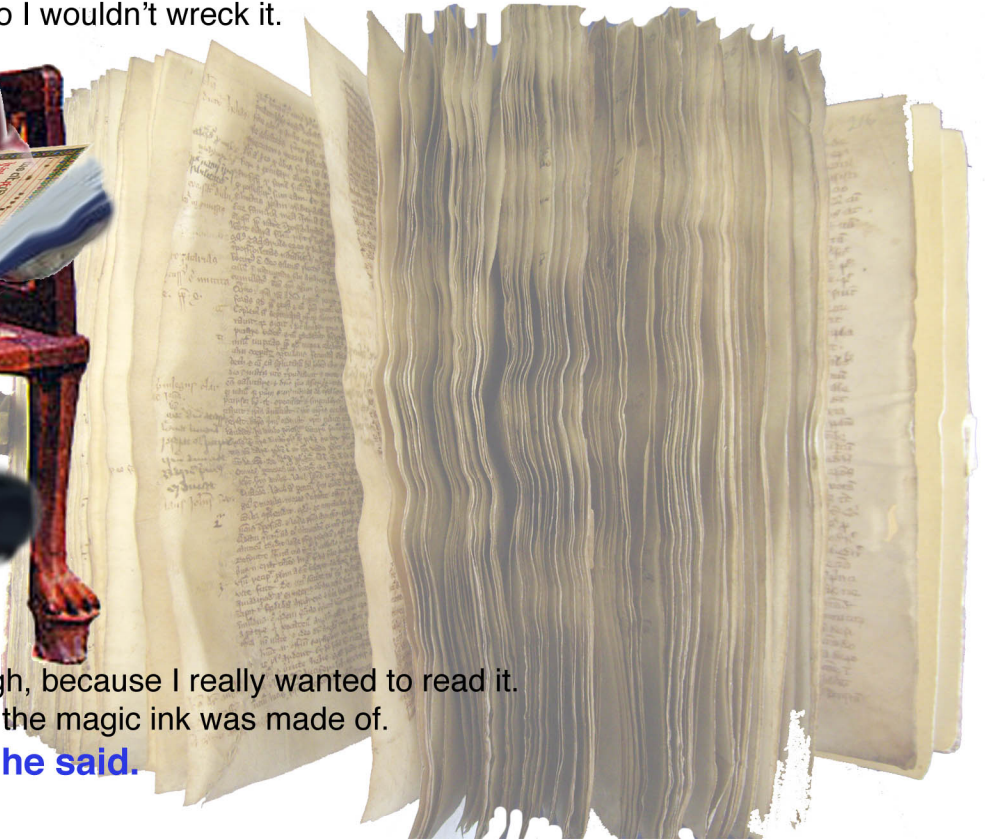
I would keep the Evil Dwarf distracted so he wouldn't just disappear. Mike would go to the police and find out how to catch an Evil Dwarf.



Mike got the police to help. They looked up "Evil Dwarf" on the top secret police computer. They told Mike what to do. **To catch an evil dwarf, you have to throw a rug on top of him.** They gave Mike a small rug.



Meanwhile, I went to visit the dwarf. He was reading a book of spells. I asked him all about the book. He showed me the magic pages. Every letter, when you looked at it, would go dribbling down the pages so nobody could read the spells (except the dwarf). But the book was very beautiful, and I tried to be careful not to read the words so I wouldn't wreck it.

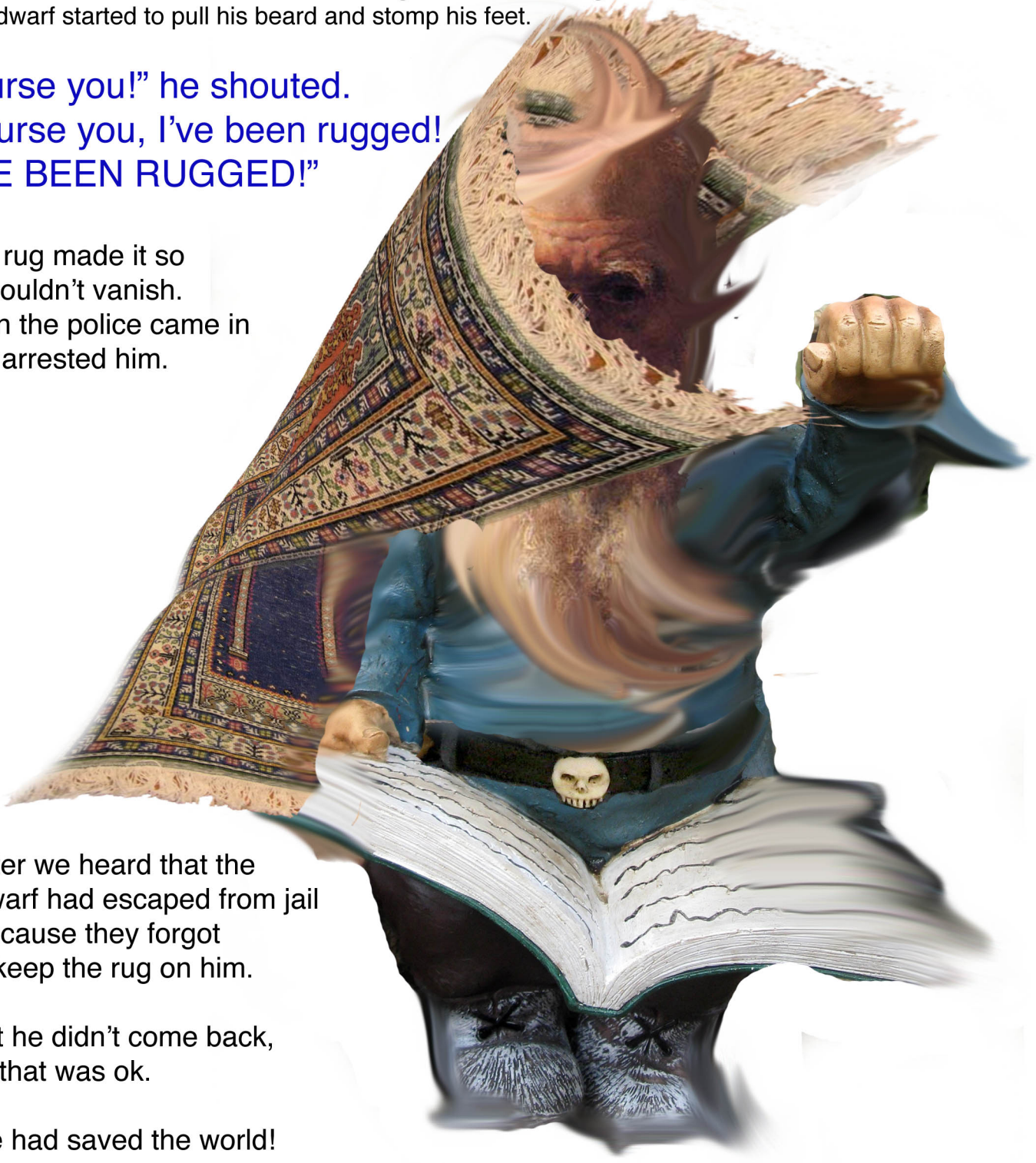


It was frustrating, though, because I really wanted to read it. I asked the dwarf what the magic ink was made of. **"Blueberry juice," he said.**

Just then Mike rushed in with the small rug! He threw the rug over the dwarf's head!
The dwarf started to pull his beard and stomp his feet.

“Curse you!” he shouted.
“Curse you, I’ve been ruggid!
I’VE BEEN RUGGED!”

The rug made it so
he couldn’t vanish.
Then the police came in
and arrested him.



Later we heard that the
dwarf had escaped from jail
because they forgot
to keep the rug on him.

But he didn’t come back,
so that was ok.

We had saved the world!

And I got to keep the magic book.

by Aunt Rebecca

PS: Actually, in my dream the police sold the magic book to a used bookstore,
and since nobody could read it, they thought it was only good for pictures.
So they were going to tear out the pages with good pictures and just sell those,
and throw the rest away. I wanted to buy the book – quick! – before they wrecked it.

But it was \$200!

So I told my Uncle John, who really loved books, and he gave me the money.
That was how I got the book, in my dream, but it’s not part of the story.