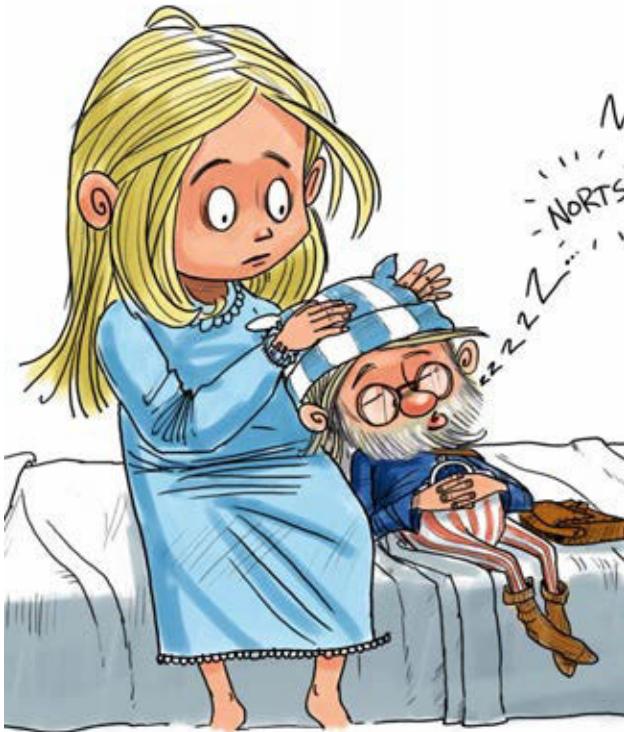


Jimmy and Robert



„Hello Marilyn!“

„Hello Sandman!“

„You know, today I'll tell you about a dream I had last night. You want to hear it?“

„But is the dream funny and a bit absurd?“

„I think so,“ the Sandman scratched the back of his head.

„Alright, let's hear it then!“

„So I had a dream,“ started the Sandman, „that I was visiting a boy called Jimmy, who had trouble falling asleep.

Jimmy was a quite nice boy. He liked to play the guitar. He also made songs and as he sometimes made them late at night, then he had sleep trouble. Generally was Jimmy English, but when he sang and played, he sometimes turned a bit into an American. It was very difficult to tell the difference whether his songs were English or American. But it wasn't all that important.

What was important was that Jimmy liked to climb up the stairs. It has been said that once he even met the real Karlsson in one attic. The real Karlsson-on-the-Roof-Apparently he even lent Jimmy his propeller that is worn on the back and Jimmy flew around the roof a little bit.“



„Do you know Karlsson?“ Marilyn asked.

„Unfortunately, I do not,“ the Sandman admitted. „You see, the propeller-man is from a proper story, but I am from a made up story.“

„Don't be sad,“ Marilyn comforted him, „you will meet Karlsson one day!“

„Alright,“ the Sandman said and continued his story:

„When Jimmy happened to look down when climbing up from stairs, the cars and people seemed really small. At night it seemed to him that the stars were a lot closer than looking from the ground. Then he thought that he had climbed his way to heaven.

Jimmy wanted to become a star. One big and shiny star in the middle of the sky. But there were so many stars that he would have gone lost in the middle of them.

Therefore he had to remain Jimmy for now and climb stairs and sings songs.

„American songs?“ Marilyn asked.

„No, English songs that sounded a bit American.“

„Alright, what happened next?“

„One night, when Jimmy climbed stairs again, he met Robert.



Robert was a boy who also liked to sing and to make songs.

Lots of people said that Robert was quite similar to Jimmy. Only difference was that Robert didn't know that he was climbing stairs. He must have been sleep-walking.

„Hello Robert!“ Jimmy called. But Robert was deep asleep and did not react to Jimmy.

Jimmy gently grabbed him by the elbow and lead down the stairs. So Robert made it nicely back to the ground. He stopped on the street, looked up and looked at the stars hazily. Jimmy, however, climbed up the stairs again, looked at Robert from high above and waved enthusiastically. Robert was quite funny looking from above – such small and very short dot.“

The Sandman sighed and thought he could start to finish the story.

„Tell me more about Jimmy and Robert!“ Marilyn demanded.

„Alright then,“ the Sandman continued looking up to the stars.

„When Jimmy and Robert were not sleeping and were not climbing the stairs then they saw strange things. For example, once they saw a staircase that led to heaven. They saw it quite clearly.



The staircase literally disappeared into the clouds.

It seemed to Jimmy that one cloud was always secretly sticking its tongue at him. He climbed up the staircase and formed the cloud into the shape of a Zeppelin.“

„Led Zeppelin,“ said Robert downstairs in his thoughts and also climbed up the stairs to investigate it closer.

The Sandman smiled to himself and scratched his chin.

„And then what happened to Jimmy and Robert?“ Marilyn asked and sounded a bit sleepy already.

„Then what happened was that Jimmy and Robert grew up and became rock musicians.

They made a band called Led Zeppelin and wrote a song called „Stairway to heaven“. Finally they made a lot of money.

And no-one knew even to suspect that they used to climb stairs as children.“

„But how do you know that?“ Marilyn asked.

„I had a dream about it, I told you,“ the Sandman answered.

„What absurd dreams you have!“ Marilyn thought.

„I can't do anything about it, you wanted me to tell you...“ The Sandman let his legs hand from the bed and then offered to Marilyn:

„You watch better dreams then! Why do I have to tell you mine?“

But Marilyn was once again asleep. Maybe she dreamt of something very smart.