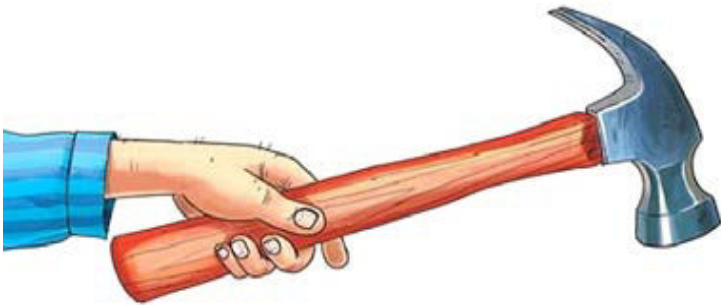


Nail Neil and His Big Dream



The Sandman sat on Marilyn's bed, out of breath: „Today I have to tell you the made up story quickly or else I will forget it.“

„How so?“ Marilyn made big eyes, „are you so old already that you forget everything so fast?“

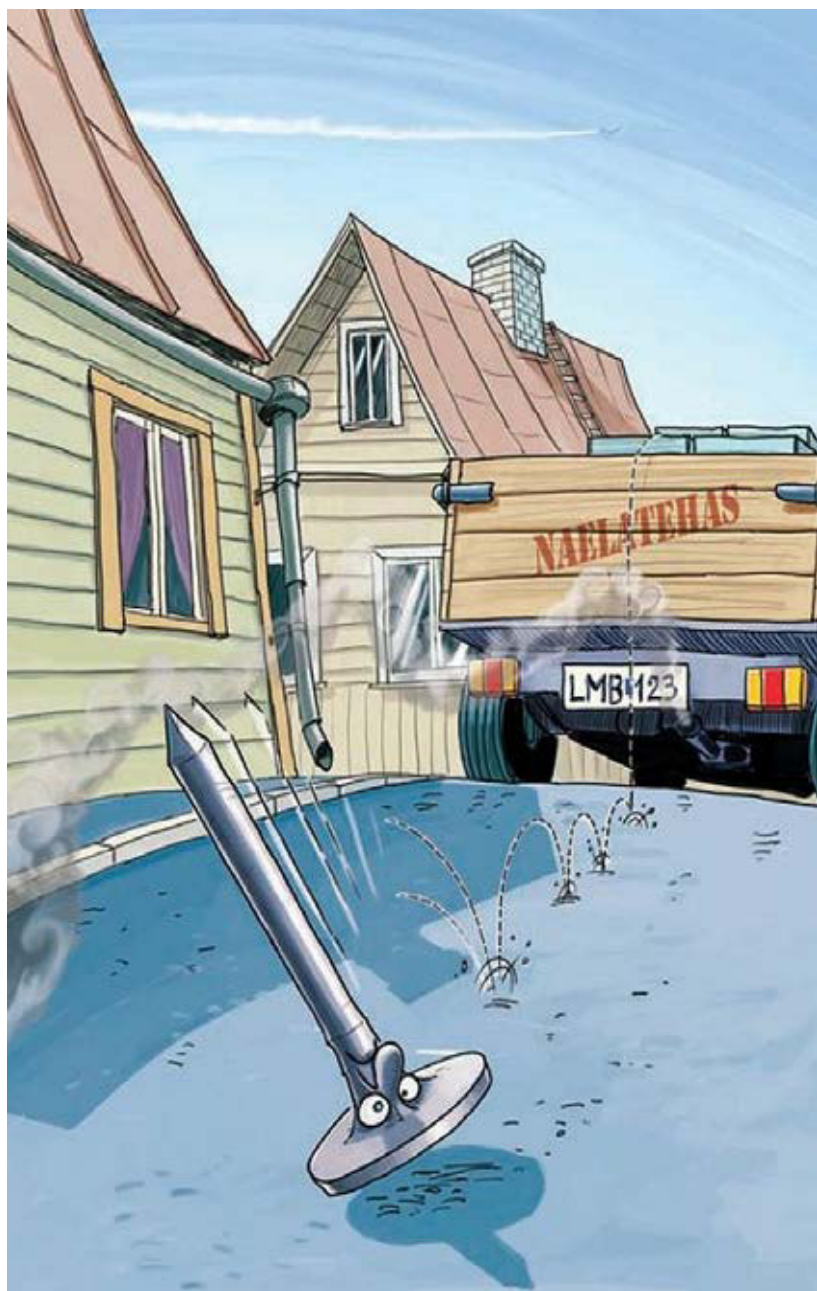
„I made up this story just before coming to see you,“ explained the Sandman. „And always when I think something up and cannot tell it right away then I forget it.“

„Alright, tell it fast then!“ Marilyn was curious and got herself into a comfortable position.

The Sandman sat near Marilyn's feet, crossed his legs and started to tell the story:

„Once upon a time there was a nail named Neil. His biggest dream was to be hit on the head with a hammer.

However, Neil's dream did not come true easily at all. Right after leaving the factory, an accident happened to him – he fell out of the cardboard box and spent many days lying on the road. From there, on one beautiful morning he got picked up by a car tire that was rolling by. After the owner of the car finally pulled Neil out of the tire using tongs, he threw him angrily far over his shoulder.



Nail Neil fell on a sidewalk and lied there for several days until finally he got picked up by a technology guy Teet.

The technology guy Teet took the nail Neil to his home. At home he threw Neil into an old metal box and put the box on the shelf in the cellar.

Luckily Neil was not alone in the metal box.

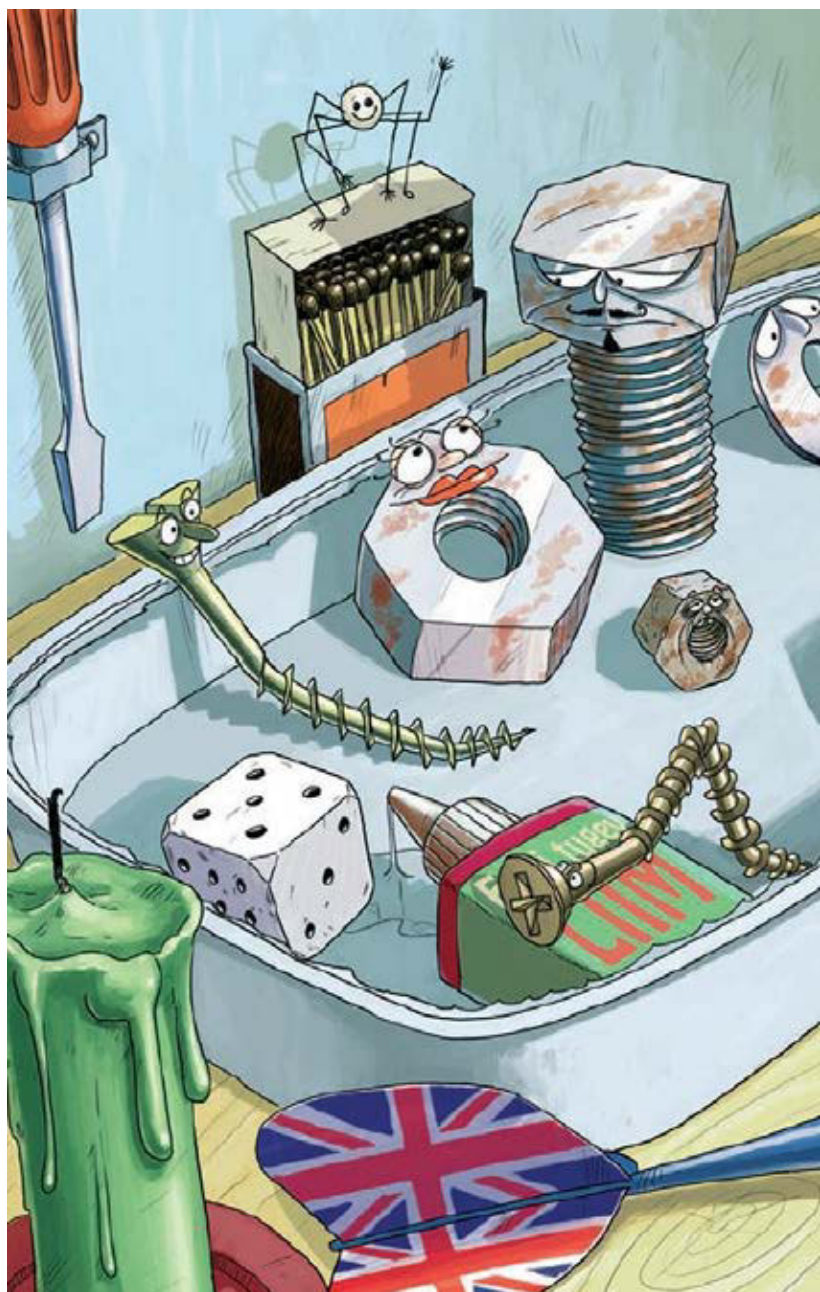
There already lived screws Steve and Sven, washers Walter and Warren, fat bolt Bruno and nuts Nina, Nana and Nelly.

„Hello,“ the nail Neil said politely. „I am Neil the nail and my biggest dream is to be hit on the head with the hammer.“

„Hello,“ the bolt Bruno said in a low bass. „My screw is faulty. If no-one will screw me over with a screwdriver then I will never be able to get married. My biggest dream is to marry the nut Nina but we do not fit together mechanically.“

„I see,“ Neil the nail nodded his head. „Sad, very sad.“

„We are Steve and Sven the screws,“ the voice sounded from the other side of the box. „We are crooked and we don't dream of anything any more.“



„We were just extras!“ Walter and Warren the washers added.

Neil the nail became dispirited. There was nothing wrong with him, he had just fallen out of the box.

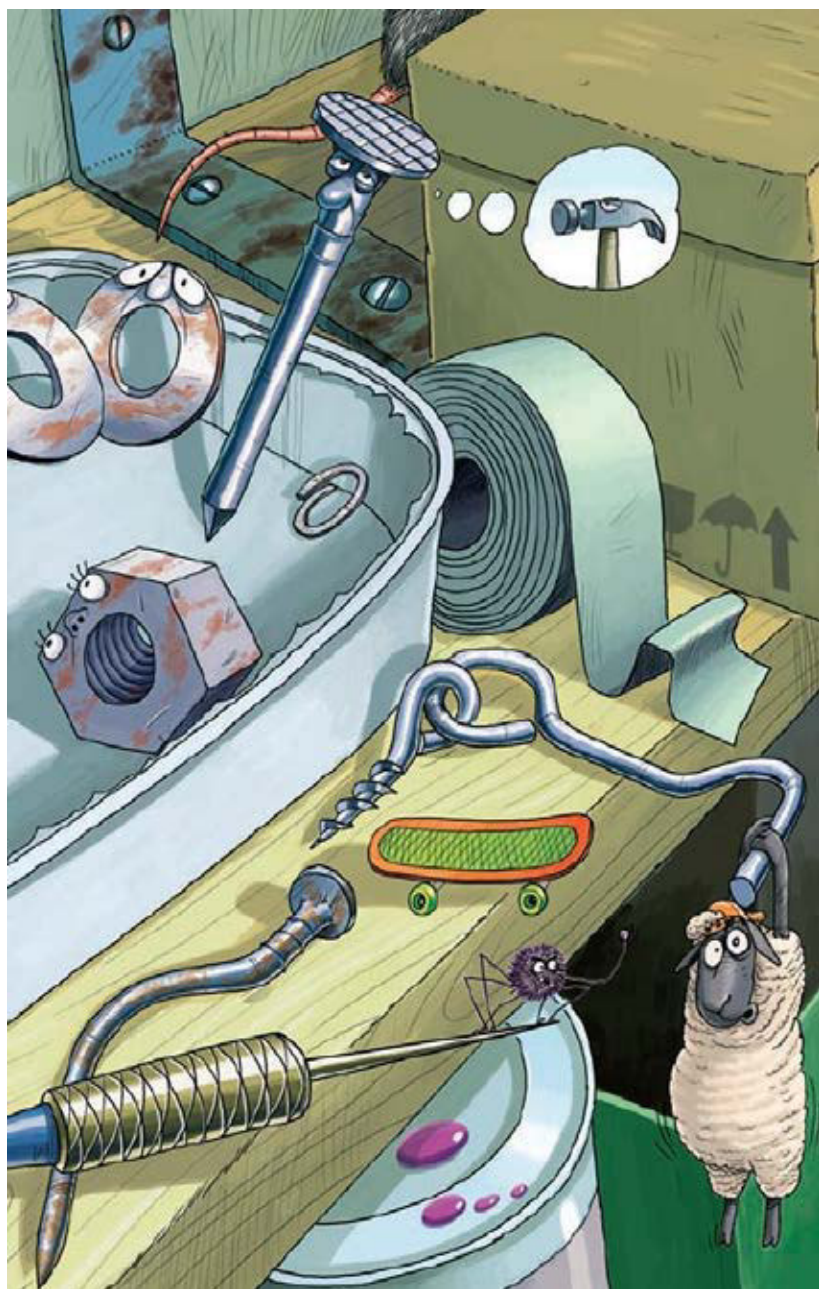
So Neil the nail lived with his companions in the metal box for many-many days. Eventually he started to be covered with rust and soon he was quite red.

The inhabitants of the metal box had already long lost hope that their dreams would be fulfilled.

Then, on one beautiful spring morning, the cellar door opened with a squeak. Everywhere was filled with bright light and the technology guy Teet stepped down the stairs. Teet was looking for something from the shelves. He moved the boxes and jars, lifted pieces of candles and matchboxes and finally he lifted the metal box up.

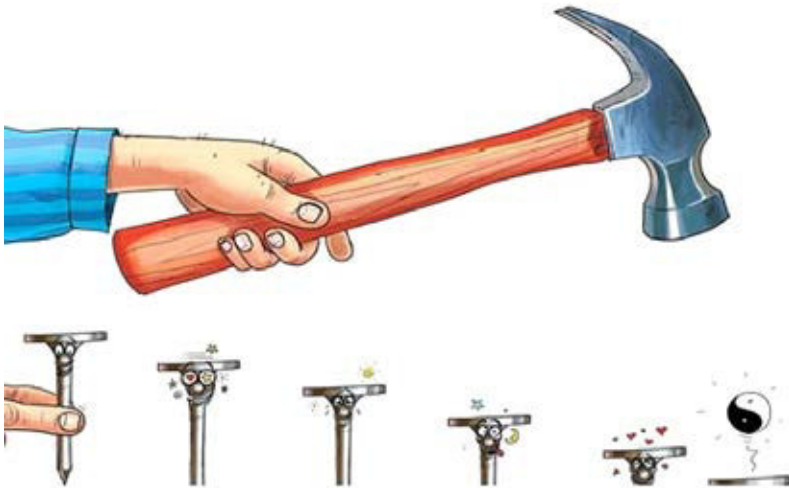
The inhabitants of the metal box were holding their breath.

„I got it!“ Teet the technology guy was happy. He used his dirty finders to pick up Neil the nail from among the others and ran up the stairs. The cellar door was closed with a bang and the inhabitants of the metal box sighed heavily.



However, Teet squatted down near the unfinished dog kennel, put Neil next to the piece of wooden board and hit with a big hammer that had a red handle — „Boom!“ Right at Neil the nail's head.

Sparks were flying from the eyes of Neil the nail. He was enjoying himself. And Teet kept hitting and hitting — „Boom!“ and „Boom!“ Neil remembered all the long days he has spent in the metal box and when he was finally all inside wood, he was the happiest nail in the world.“



The Sandman laughed loudly himself and hit his hands against his knees. When he wiped off the tears of laughter from his eyes and looked towards Marilyn, she was already deep asleep.

„I wonder what I will do with all this unused sleep sand?“ the Sandman thought. „I might start to make sleep sand castles...“

He got up, threw the bag on his back and rushed to work.