

DRIMILLO

the dream catcher and...

The carnivorous plant



DREAMS

Have you ever had really, really bad dreams?

The kind that really scare you, that keep you up all night and that stay in your head for days or even weeks?

Did you ask yourself what ever happened to those **MONSTERS** that sprung from your imagination?

They should obviously remain in the head of whoever dreamed them!

Sometimes, however, something goes wrong and fantasies...

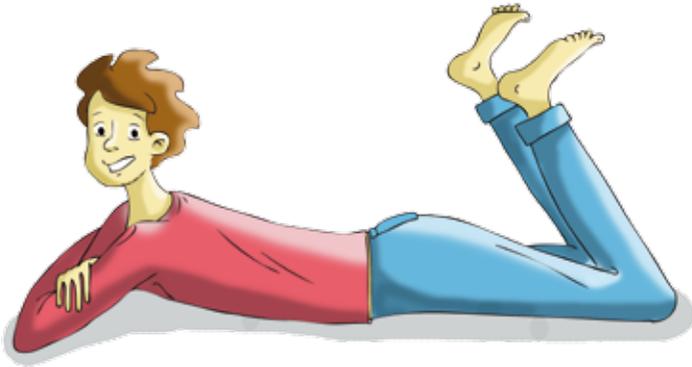
MATERIALIZER, in other words they become real and exist in our world!



LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF

My name's **DRIMILLO**. I know, it's a strange name, but I inherited it from my **GREAT GREAT GREAT** grandfather: Drimillo von Nightmare. It's annoying to be called "**DRIM DRIM**", like the sound a telephone makes, but smart-alecks find it very funny!





I am a shy boy, awkward, a little clumsy, and I break anything I touch... in short, a real klutz! The type of person who should not be in a **MODEL-MAKING** shop:

You know, where they sell trains, ships, houses, anything that needs to be built with patience and manual skill.

And yet, keeping in mind that I'm not even able to finish a **PUZZLE**, that's precisely where I've been working, helping my uncle Phillip.



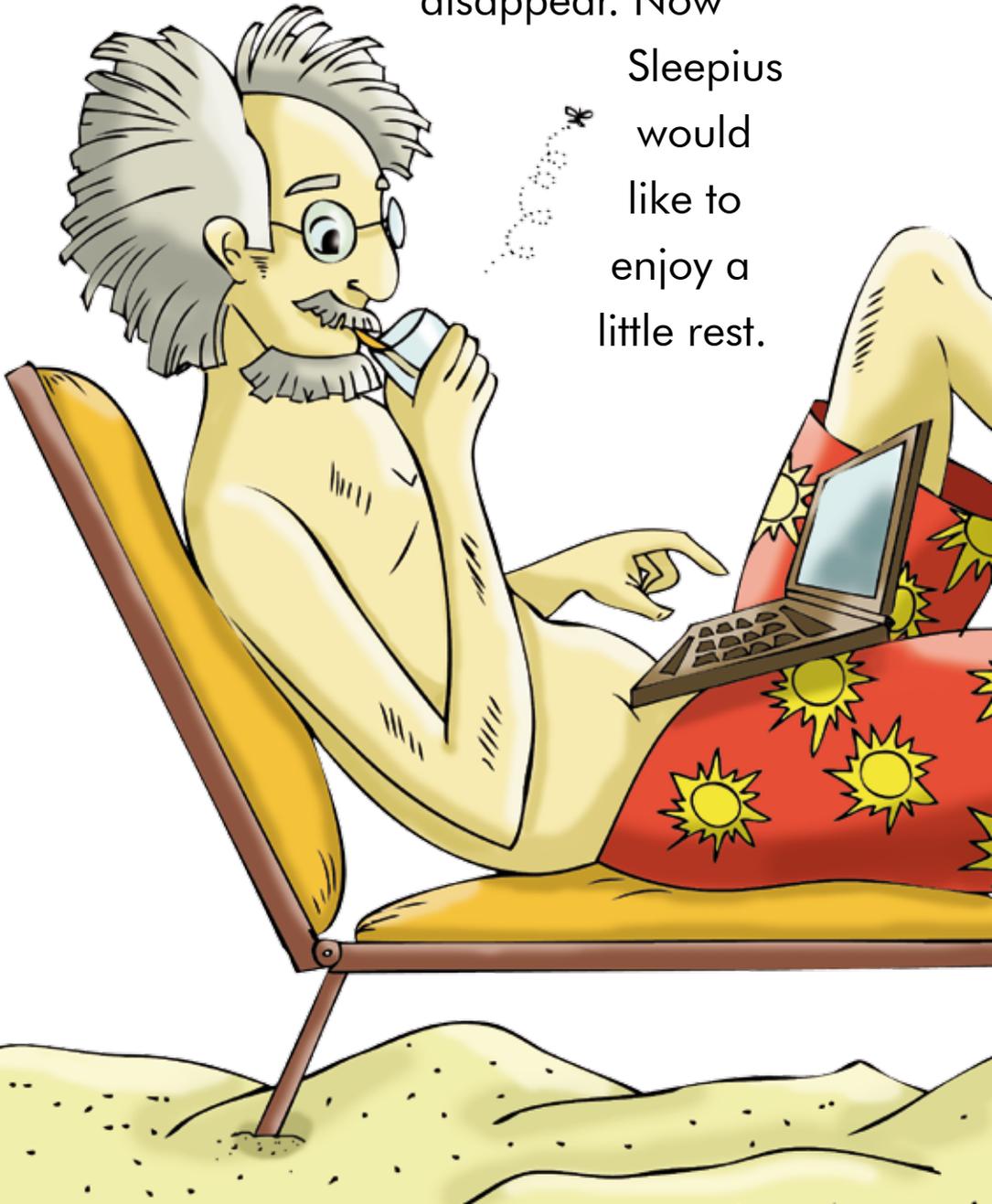
One of my relatives is Sleepius, a great-nephew of my **GREAT GREAT GREAT** grandfather. He's a scientist who is a bit "nuts" and researches the **MIND** and human **THOUGHTS**.

He's a loner and concentrates on his scientific studies, and discovered how to find out who had these dreams that **MATERIALIZE** and how to make them disappear.

He uses equipment he invented, weird stuff, like a purple substance that smells of bird poop mixed with fried eggplant. The entire process is secret because, as he says, it could be very dangerous!

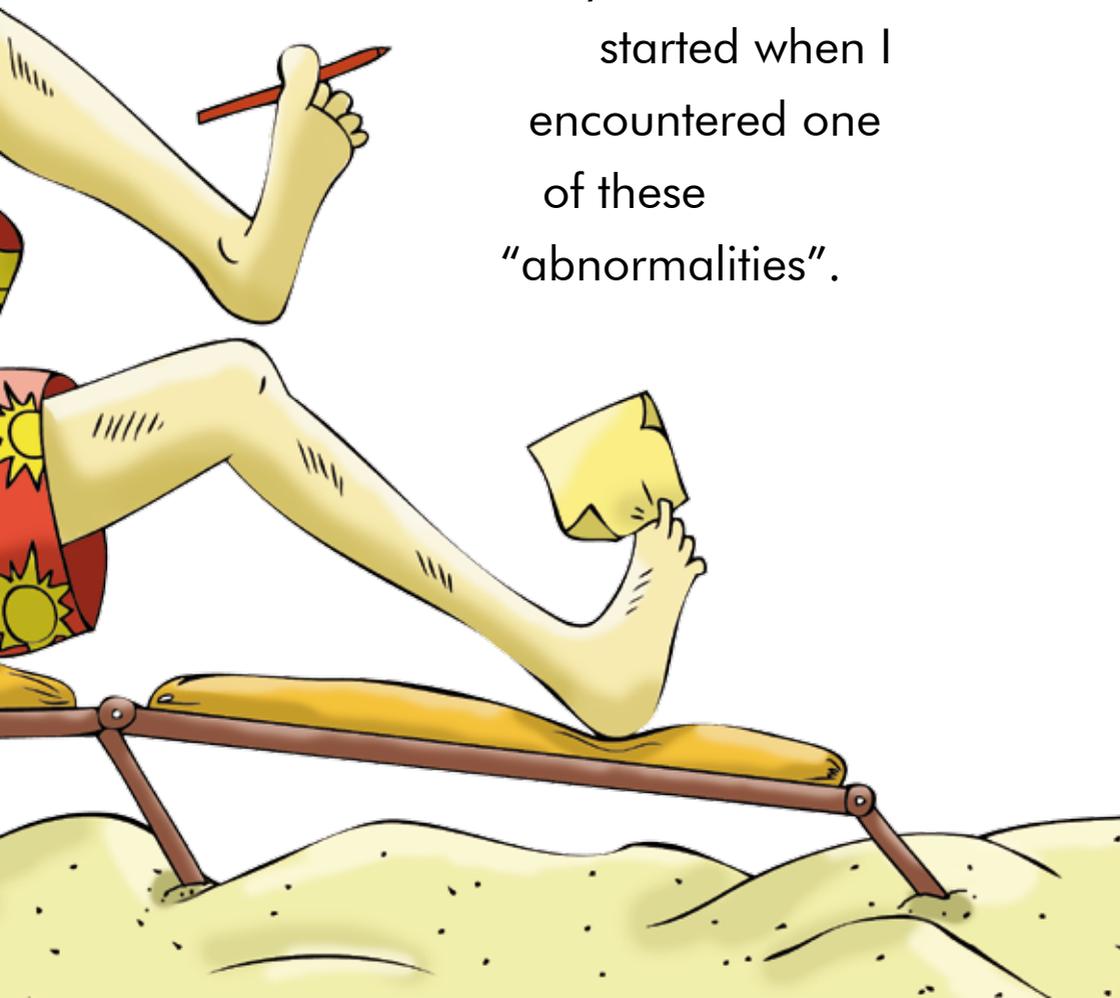
In his lifetime he has made many
NIGHTMARES that had come to life
disappear. Now

Sleepius
would
like to
enjoy a
little rest.



Without abandoning his scientific research, he went to live on **GOGONUTS** island, somewhere in the ocean, so he could work on his tan. Of course, around the world “abnormal dreams” continue to occur and to cause fear. My first adventure

started when I encountered one of these “abnormalities”.





A NIGHTMARE

It was a **STARRY** night. I don't know why I was in the middle of a lake on a tiny boat with no oars. Not even a mosquito was flying about. Everything was dark and silent, like the moment before a surprise attack... I felt like I was going to be the tasty **MOUTHFUL** of a predator, who was just waiting for me to be distracted.

In fact, just at the moment when I started to scratch my lower back, a dark figure came out of the water and jumped on me. It was an enormous crocodile with red and yellow striped eyes... just like this, **STRIPY!**

I woke up all of a sudden... a **RASPY** and familiar voice was calling me. I found myself sitting on my bed, still full of terror. My sister Agatha was already dressed, combed, perfumed, made-up, in other words, meticulous as always, and was standing in front of me.

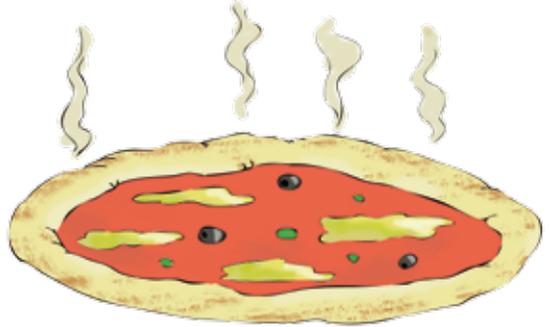
- Why were you screaming in your dream?! It's not like you were face to face with a **CROCODILE!** - she said.



- You said it! In my dream there was a huge, slimy, hungry one with a breath that smelled of uncle Phillip's **GONE OFF CHEESE PIZZA!** -

- Yuck, that's gross! - exclaimed Agatha.

Then she looked at my pajamas and burst out laughing:



- What are you wearing?

You look like a **DRIED UP** bee! -

It's true, that red and yellow striped pajama looked **HORRIBLE!** I don't even remember who gave it to me!

So that's where my mind found inspiration for that terrible crocodile's eye color!

- Hurry up! Uncle expects you at the store early today. -



Does that man live with an alarm clock in his head?! I thought. He would have some tedious chore for me to do.

This uncle was someone who did not like to waste time!

I got dressed at **SUPERSONIC SPEED** choosing a random shirt and pair of jeans, along with two shoes that didn't match. Then I took my **RICKETY CAR**, a present from Sleepius, and set off.



Leonardo
road

MODEL - MAKING SHOP



A DELIVERY FOR UNCLE

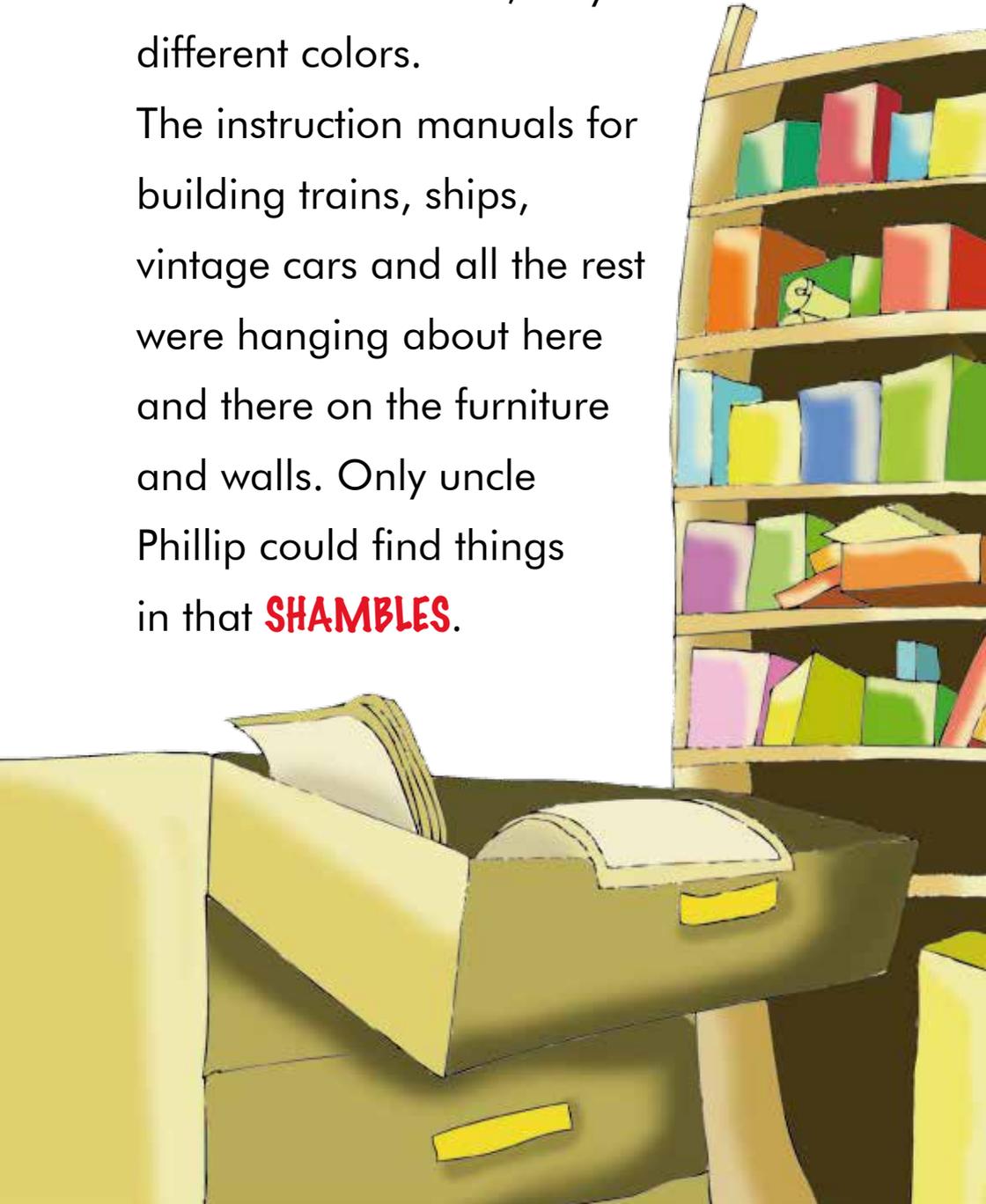
- Hi Drimillo! – My uncle greeted me at the door of the store, with a **FORCED SMILE** that betrayed some impatience for my being **FIVE MINUTES** late.

And they say that the older you get the more patient you get. This must be a change uncle is immune to!

- Hello. I came as quickly as I could. -
- I need to show you something -
uncle said and he entered the store.

Inside was a real **MESS!** There were boxes with no name, only in different colors.

The instruction manuals for building trains, ships, vintage cars and all the rest were hanging about here and there on the furniture and walls. Only uncle Phillip could find things in that **SHAMBLES.**





- Drimillo, see what it says on this box? - I turned it over and read:



- For Mr. Fig O'Pears, Rotten Camellia road.

- **FRAGILE** is the important word for you to read! I know you by now, you're a real **KLUTZ!** – A "**CHEESY**" stench came from his mouth, just like the one from the crocodile in my nightmare.

- Uncle, don't get mad. I'll be careful not to drop it. -

- It's just that your **JELLY** hands worry me! - You can't choose your relatives, or your hands either, I thought.

What could I do if I often **DROPPED** things? Would I have to get stung by a spider and hope for a "**SPIDERMAN**" type **MUTATION**, so they could stick like two sticky pads?

- You have nothing to worry about uncle - I repeated.

- I hope not! It's the last piece that Mr. O'Pears needs to finish his expensive **TRAIN** model. -

Then he gave me his usual tight-lipped smile and walked me to the door.

ROTTEN CAMELLIA ROAD

Even though my old car was already 25 years old and had several **REPAIRS** made by various owners before me, it worked just fine. With my careful and slow driving I could get the best out of it!

It went up **1000** Jasmine road, which had a slope that would have made it difficult for a **CAMEL**, puffing out black smoke without ever “giving in”.



At the end of **1000** Jasmine road
I arrived in Rotten Camellia road, **LOST**
in the middle of fields of corn, wheat
and with marshy swamps just beyond.
Only a **FOOL** could live in that area...





IN FIG O'PEARS' PLANT NURSERY

The road ended in front of a big house that looked so old and **SHABBY**, which seemed like it existed since the time of the dinosaurs.

On the right a wooden sign said:
PLANT NURSERY.

