Hush, my dear, let me tell you a story about Dreams and where they come from. Lay your heart on the soft pillow of the Earth and let the story enter your innocent heart. The dreams will follow…

There are two worlds; ours and the dream world, where dreams reside.

They are connected by a great bridge holding them together. Every year, on the special night which marks the beginning of the dark winter season, the bears gather. Bears from all sides of the world come together. They stand one after the other, bearing the weight of the bridge on their shoulders. Bearing the weight on their shoulders they wait for her…

For the Great Bear; the Keeper of the Dreams.

She enters through the cave of hibernation. Can you see it? It is a dark, warm cave. If you lay down, you can hear the beating of your own heart drumming in echo of the heartbeat of the Earth. Rest for a while, relaxing in the warmth of this magical place.

She is wise and old, the Great Bear, and firm is her step. Passing the cave, she comes to the great bridge, all the bears bow their heads in awe when seeing her. Step after step she takes, counting the moons, following the stars, whilst at the end of the bridge she enters the dream world. There she stays, listening to the stars whispering dreams into her big heart. She collects them lovingly in the great big jar of dreams. And when the time comes, the Keeper of the Dreams puts the jar on the golden scale- old as time itself. She pulls down the other side of the scale, causing the jar to slip down and open, releasing the millions of stars. They fly, shining stars, over the bridge, through the entrance of the cave and out into our world…Each star finds a being on Earth, be it a fox, a child or an oak tree, filling their hears with hopes for the future and seeds to grow in the year to come…

I see your star flying to bring you your dreams.

What will it be?