

# El Domador de Sueños

T R O S H I N S K Y

# KóKINOS



# The Dream Tamer



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Once upon a time there was a man who was so good  
at dreaming, that he could dream of anything he  
wanted. That man was my grandfather.





My grandfather always told us his dreams. During the meal he told my mother he had dreamed that she made a soup of stars and that in each plate there were constellations, shooting stars and comets. The soup my mother made was a vegetable soup but we all found it as good as if it was made of stars.



Another day, when we went fishing, my grandfather told me dreamed that we climbed on a tree and instead of fish we caught birds. That day we didn't catch anything but we left so happy as if we had caught birds.

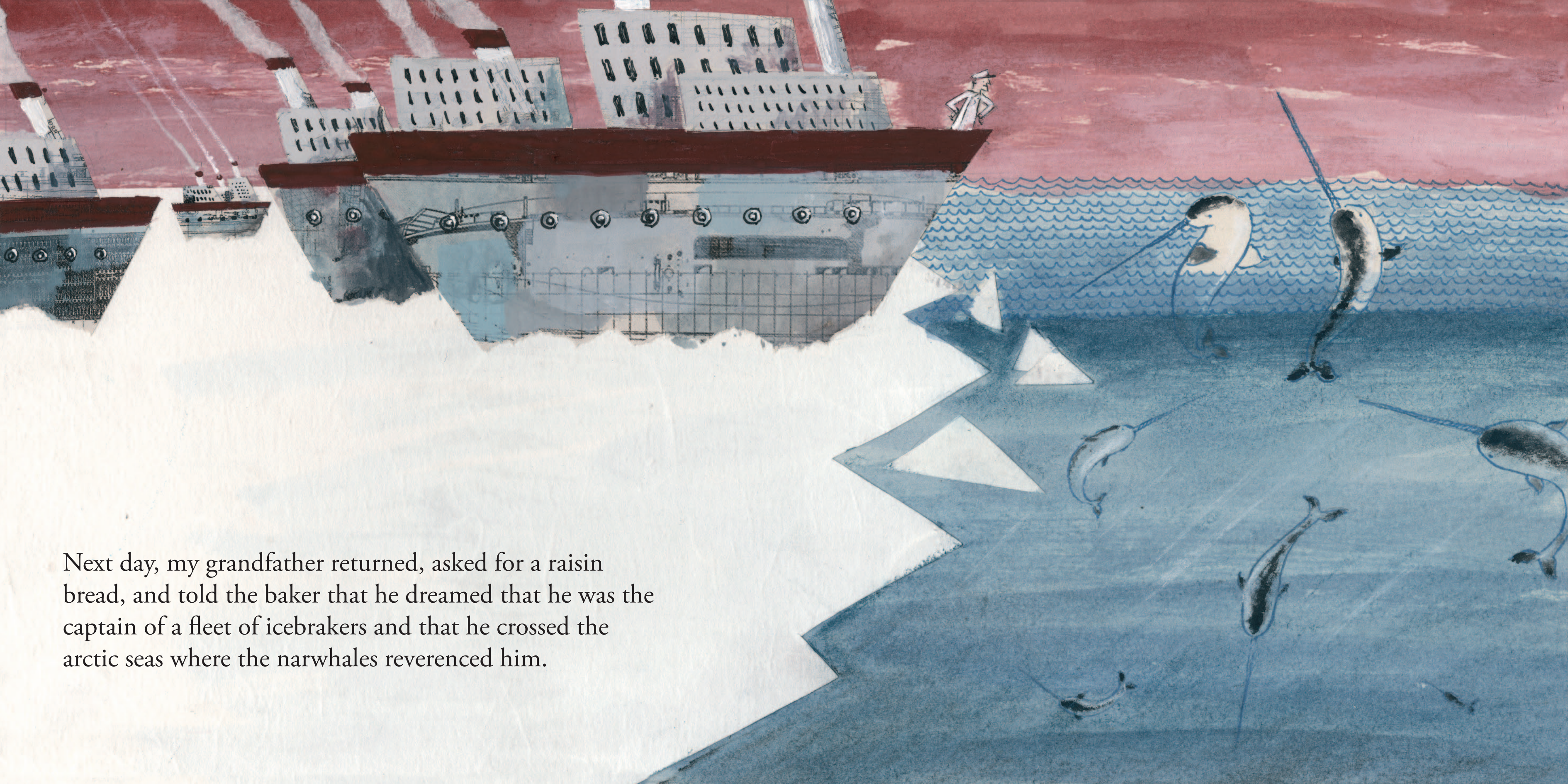




And one day we were in the bakery we heard  
that the baker always wanted to be a ship captain.







Next day, my grandfather returned, asked for a raisin bread, and told the baker that he dreamed that he was the captain of a fleet of icebrakers and that he crossed the arctic seas where the narwhales revered him.

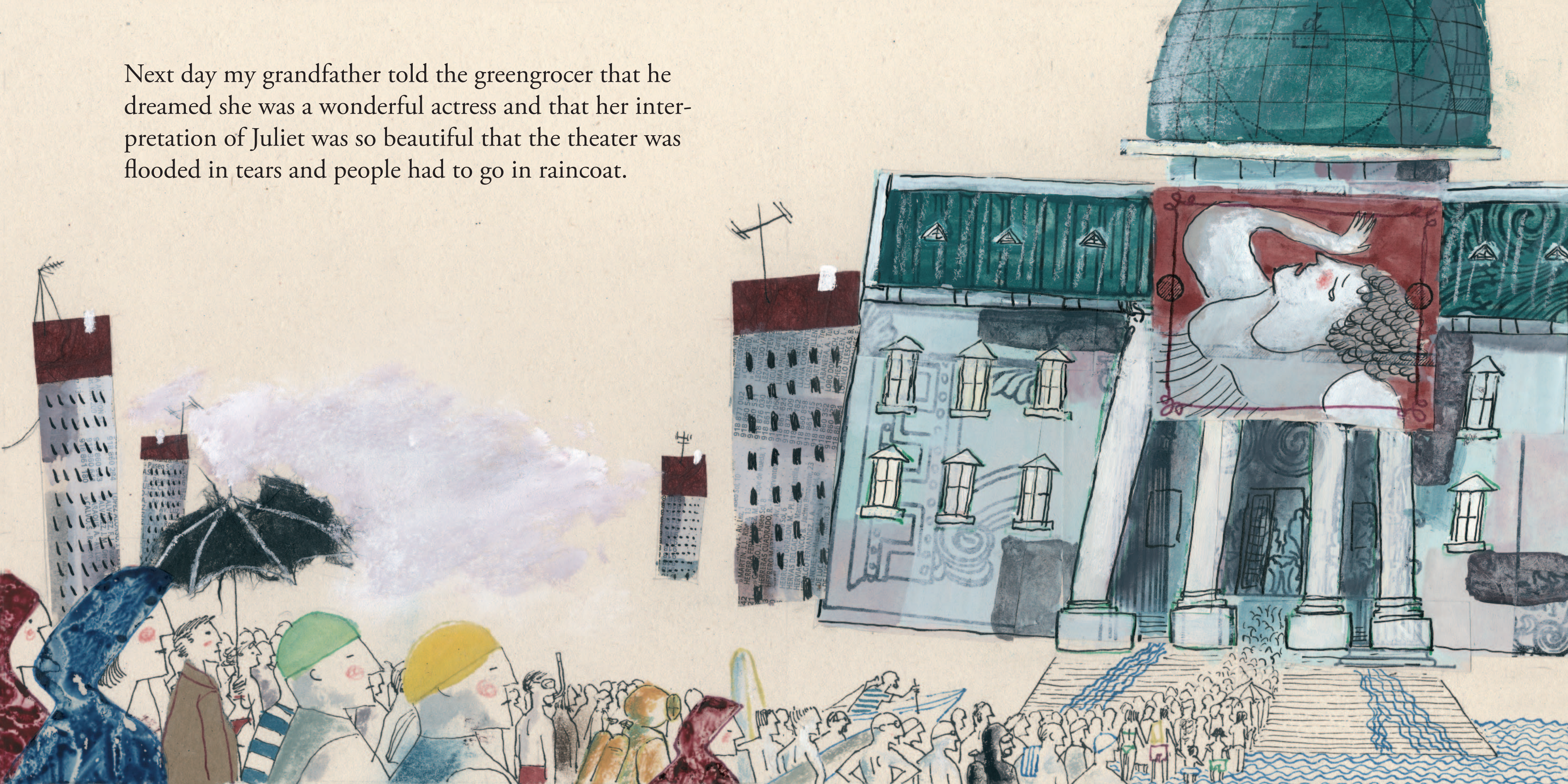


The baker was so happy that he went to tell everybody the way he crossed the arctic seas in my grandfather's dream. And the greengrocer, who always wanted to be an actress, was so jealous that she went to ask my grandfather to dream of her.





Next day my grandfather told the greengrocer that he dreamed she was a wonderful actress and that her interpretation of Juliet was so beautiful that the theater was flooded in tears and people had to go in raincoat.





And soon the rumor that my grandfather was a professional dreamer spread around and so many people came with their dreams he had to dream of one of them each night.









And the greengrocer, they're always asking her  
for autographs, even if nobody remembers  
seeing her in any movie...

And sience then, if you go by my  
neighborhood, you can see that  
everybody calls the baker "captain",  
even if nobody knows what hap-  
pened to his fleet.





And all the kids always ask the street cleaner to play with them, even if they are not sure in which team he used to play.



And the waiter, they always tell him “maestro”, even if it’s uncertain which orchestra he used to conduct.



And all because one day I told my grandfather  
that I dreamed I was a dream-tamer. The thing is,  
my grandfather was actually a very bad dreamer,  
he rarely remembered his dreams. What he was  
very good at however, is at making up stories.





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