

Bad Dreams

When the girls were growing up, they had their share of bad dreams, monsters under the bed or in the closet. At one point during all of this, I gave a daughter one of my stuffed dragons. I had quite the collection of stuffed dragons. They were out numbered by the stuffed raccoons, but I didn't buy the dragons.

One fateful, and apparently dreadful, night I gave my daughter a little stuffed dragon. I told her how it would protect her from all the scary things at night. Dragons, of course, can breathe fire, and attack all the scary things in the room. This little dragon would do all it could to keep my little girl safe. It worked, and there were far less scary dreams or things that went bump in the night.

The dragon was passed to the next daughter and so on. My youngest still has him sitting on her bed. Her nightmares seem to be under control.

As it happens, my darling granddaughter was having nightmare/monster problems. I went out to pick up a dragon to protect her from the bumpy night things. I think I'll need to ask how it is going with that little dragon.

Another little thing in life, that seemed to make a difference.