

Ellen Roberts

Dream it... Speak it...

*It was Thursday night and Tyler had been sent to his room again. He had not meant to be rude. Mum had said his manners were atrocious! It wasn't his fault.! Sometimes he just could not control his voice! As he lay on his bed, Tyler's eyelids became heavy and he drifted off into the misty haze of sleep. A picture appeared in his head – firstly, a set of traffic lights followed by a scrambled assortment of words, which seemed to be running to and fro. And then there was a voice...*

Words! Thrown around uselessly from mouths of human beings. Sometimes I just can't comprehend why people use them in such ghastly ways! It's even worse when an argument occurs - total chaos in HQ! The words shoot down the speech tunnel so fast that it sometimes gets jammed up. Ever wondered why you sometimes are lost for words? Well - now you know!

If an argument gets so toxic Brain has no choice but to go to the basement of HQ and call for the swear words! They are so hard to manage, literally launching themselves down the speech tunnel before the cue is given!

I haven't been down the tunnel in a while. I am an unpopular word. Words that fly down the tunnel these days tend to be 'YouTube, Instagram, Snapchat!' You get the picture. Then us words who aren't popular are just left at the mouth of the speech tunnel, waiting for the sign from Brain to fly down. Once 'Desperate' was so frantic to get down the tunnel that he completely vandalised the traffic light system! The traffic system keeps us in order and I can't believe he would put that in jeopardy. You can imagine how 'Responsible' reacted. She told 'Desperate' that he was so irresponsible!

That's not the point though because today was a day unlike any other. Brain had fired up the traffic light system and the words were getting ready to be called for duty. "Listen up!" said Brain, "We have a busy schedule ahead of us! Let's start by asking Mum to make breakfast, "Breakfast' - be on standby!"

The words that had been called lined up correctly so the sentence didn't come out in a muddle. Then the traffic light system changed from red to green and the line of words started to fly down in a blur. You would think that in a common sentence like this I would have certainly been involved, but our teenager hasn't shown much in the way of manners before...

Brain suddenly shouted in a fluster, " 'Please' - be on standby!" I almost jumped out of my skin - this never happened! I had to be quick before the traffic lights switched back to red.

It seemed to happen in slow motion... I shoved past the hustle of words. 'Motivation' shouted across from somewhere in the crowd, " Go on 'Please' - you CAN make it! " I was running out of time! I could see the green light flickering, looking like it could change at any second. I reached the tunnel and threw myself down. I twisted as I was whooshed around by Breath. I bounced on slippery Tongue and Teeth until I was correctly articulated.

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I was out in the open! Even though I was now millions of disintegrating particles of spit and air, I could feel the impact I'd had! Mum's big smile! The word 'Please' is not used enough in my opinion. Good manners can go a long way!

*The voice faded.*

*Tyler woke from his extraordinary dream. Bits of his dream flashed through his head and he knew he had to try harder. He went downstairs and into the kitchen to find his mum making breakfast.*

*"Bacon and eggs?" she asked.*

*"Er... Yes!" and after a bit of a pause, "Please!"*

*Did he hear a cheer just for a split second in his head? Did he just imagine it?*