



Rocketship pyjamas

olivia aroha giles

and plum jam

Copyright © 2021 Dusky Productions Limited

All rights reserved.

Published by Dusky Productions Limited.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form, except for the inclusion of brief quotation in review, without written permission from the publisher. A catalogue record for this book is available from the National Library of New Zealand.

Dedicated to

Tamati Hoani Te Rangi Kangaoho Thornton.

A little girl took a wish and placed it in a tiny box, which she decorated with sticky on silver stars and glitter, then tied it up with a gold ribbon.




Then, in the middle of the night, when nothing stirred in her house, not even the cat whose night-time antics were notorious, she slid out of bed and tip toed to her window.

She closed her eyes tightly and wished on a star, (one which had been pointed out by her grandmother, who knew lots of things like the right stars to wish on) and tossed the box into the universe.

A wildly bracing gust of wind caught it and carried it away. Coughing into a little white handkerchief she watched it disappear and hoped, with all her heart, that whoever found it would be worthy and heroic.





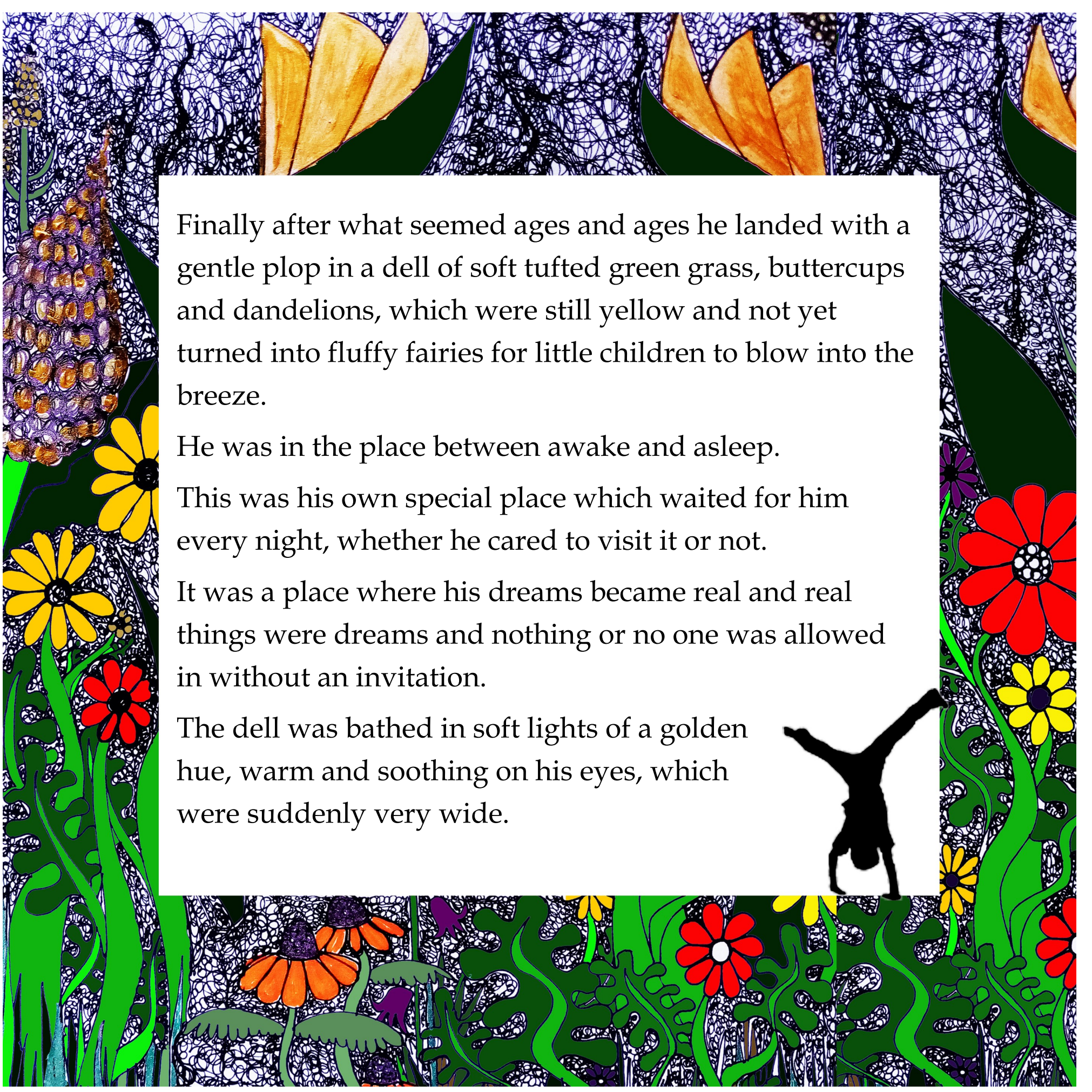
In a whole other place, a little boy, in snugly blue rocket ship pyjamas, sat on a windowsill in his bedroom and peered into the starry night, wondering at how small he was in comparison to the enormity of everything else.

As time ticked by, he curled up into a ball and lay his tired head on his tightly crossed arms, which rested on his knees and snoozed.

As sleep closed in around him he began to fall through space.

He fell and fell and fell some more; but just as he was about to hit the ground he spread out his arms and soared up, up, up into the night sky, surrounded by great roars of sound and blazes of swirling colour.

He rushed through the air, the wind in his face, stars twinkling around him.



Finally after what seemed ages and ages he landed with a gentle plop in a dell of soft tufted green grass, buttercups and dandelions, which were still yellow and not yet turned into fluffy fairies for little children to blow into the breeze.

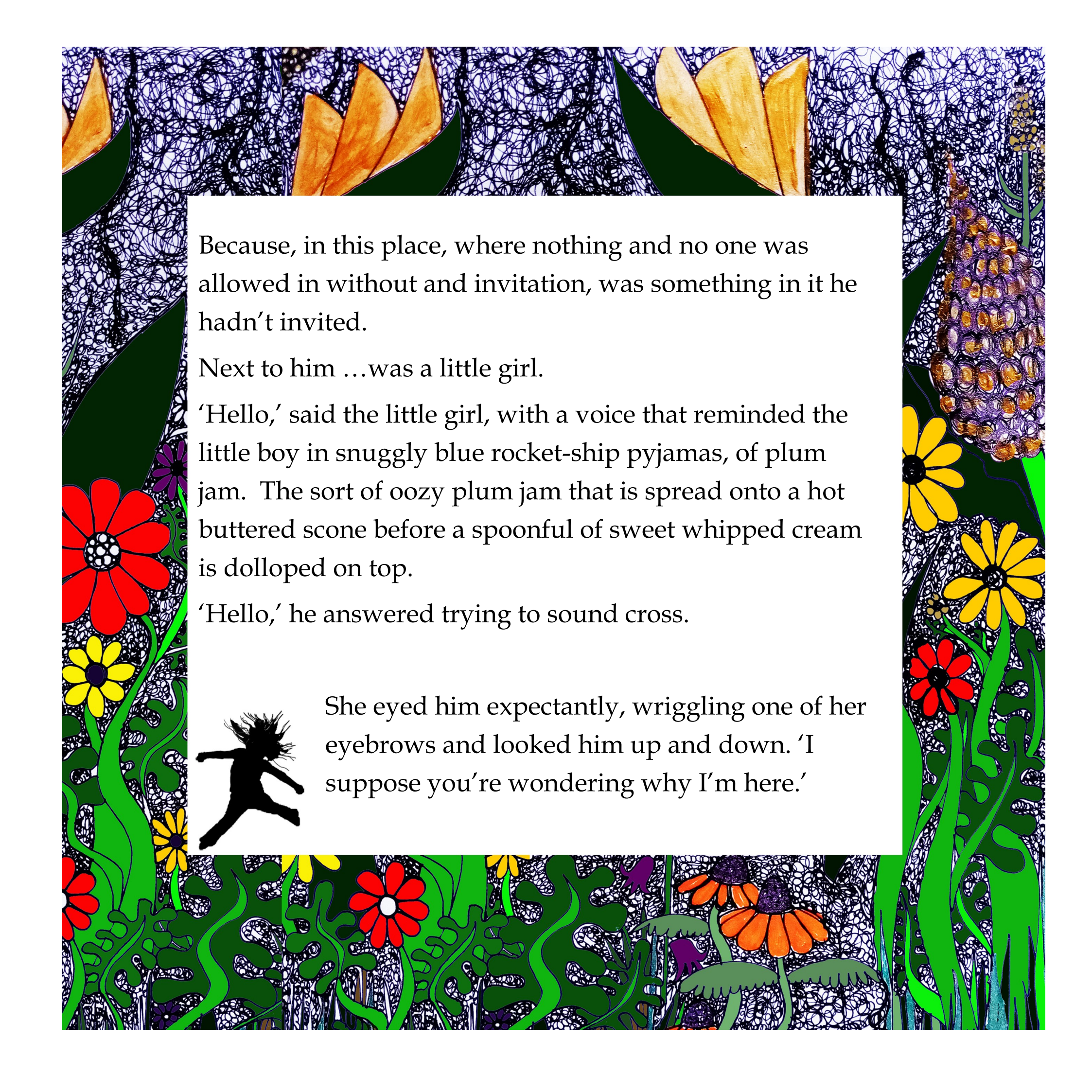
He was in the place between awake and asleep.

This was his own special place which waited for him every night, whether he cared to visit it or not.

It was a place where his dreams became real and real things were dreams and nothing or no one was allowed in without an invitation.

The dell was bathed in soft lights of a golden hue, warm and soothing on his eyes, which were suddenly very wide.





Because, in this place, where nothing and no one was allowed in without an invitation, was something in it he hadn't invited.

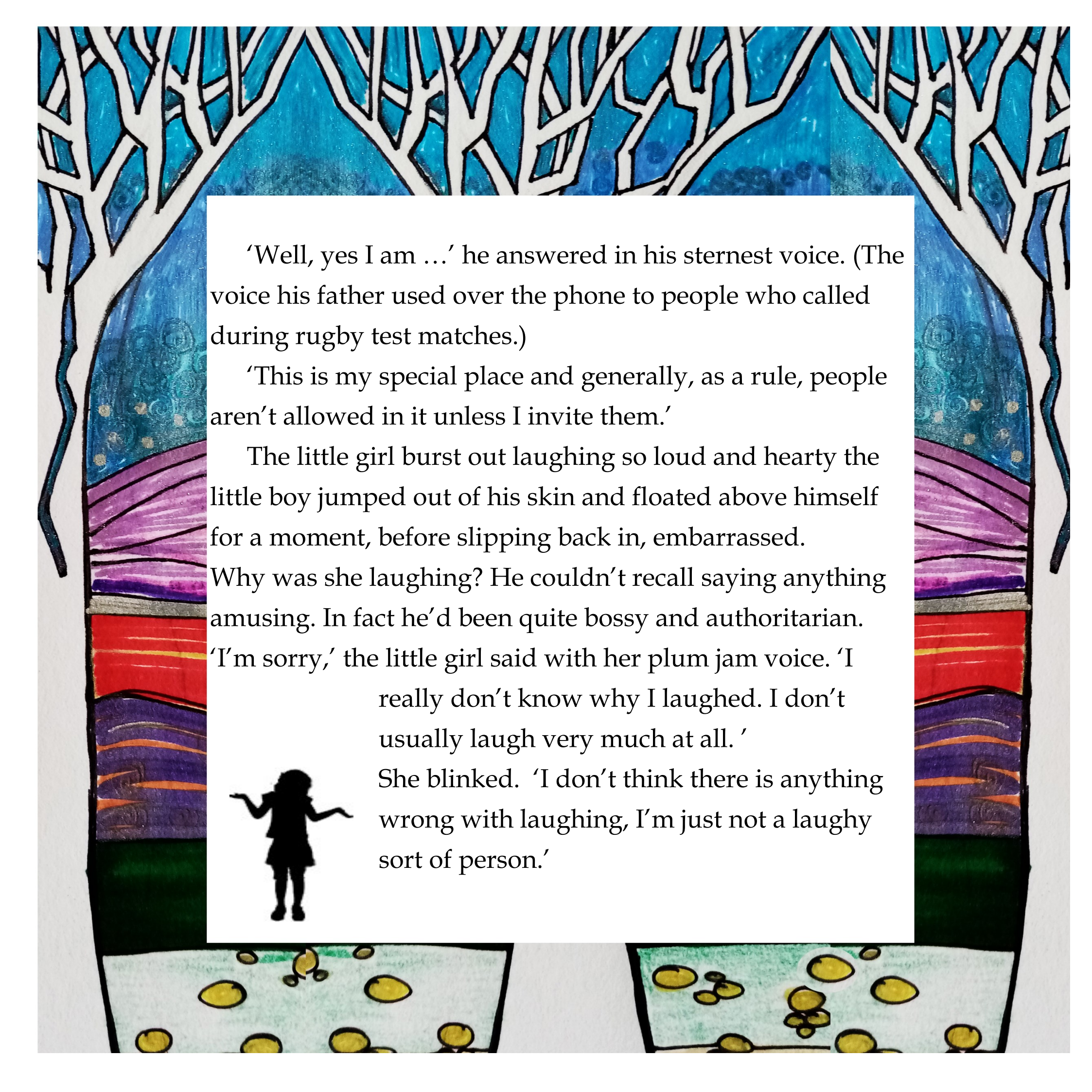
Next to him ...was a little girl.

'Hello,' said the little girl, with a voice that reminded the little boy in snugly blue rocket-ship pyjamas, of plum jam. The sort of oozy plum jam that is spread onto a hot buttered scone before a spoonful of sweet whipped cream is dolloped on top.

'Hello,' he answered trying to sound cross.



She eyed him expectantly, wriggling one of her eyebrows and looked him up and down. 'I suppose you're wondering why I'm here.'



‘Well, yes I am ...’ he answered in his sternest voice. (The voice his father used over the phone to people who called during rugby test matches.)

‘This is my special place and generally, as a rule, people aren’t allowed in it unless I invite them.’

The little girl burst out laughing so loud and hearty the little boy jumped out of his skin and floated above himself for a moment, before slipping back in, embarrassed.

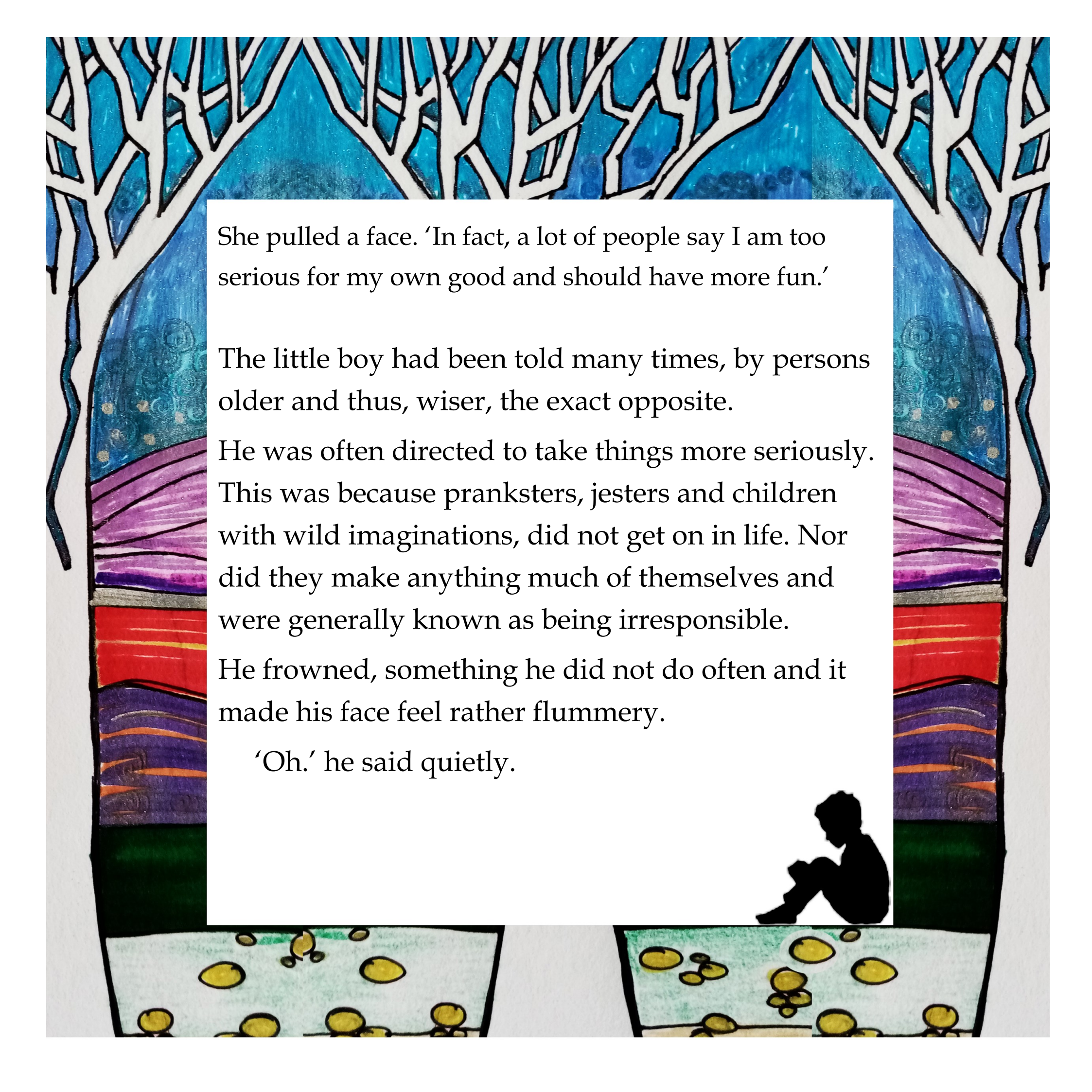
Why was she laughing? He couldn’t recall saying anything amusing. In fact he’d been quite bossy and authoritarian.

‘I’m sorry,’ the little girl said with her plum jam voice. ‘I

really don’t know why I laughed. I don’t usually laugh very much at all.’

She blinked. ‘I don’t think there is anything wrong with laughing, I’m just not a laughy sort of person.’



The illustration features a central white text box set against a vibrant, stylized background. The background is composed of several distinct sections: at the top, a blue sky with white, branching tree silhouettes; below that, a purple and pink striped band; a red band; a purple band with orange wavy lines; a green band; and at the bottom, a light blue ground with yellow circular spots. A black silhouette of a boy sitting on the ground is positioned in the lower right corner of the text box.

She pulled a face. 'In fact, a lot of people say I am too serious for my own good and should have more fun.'

The little boy had been told many times, by persons older and thus, wiser, the exact opposite.

He was often directed to take things more seriously. This was because pranksters, jesters and children with wild imaginations, did not get on in life. Nor did they make anything much of themselves and were generally known as being irresponsible.

He frowned, something he did not do often and it made his face feel rather flummery.

'Oh.' he said quietly.



'I am a wish,' the little girl with the plum jam voice said, with a smile. 'I was put in a tiny box, decorated with gold stars and glitter, tied up with a gold ribbon and thrown into the universe.' She looked at him with an excited expression. 'You caught me as you were flying here.'



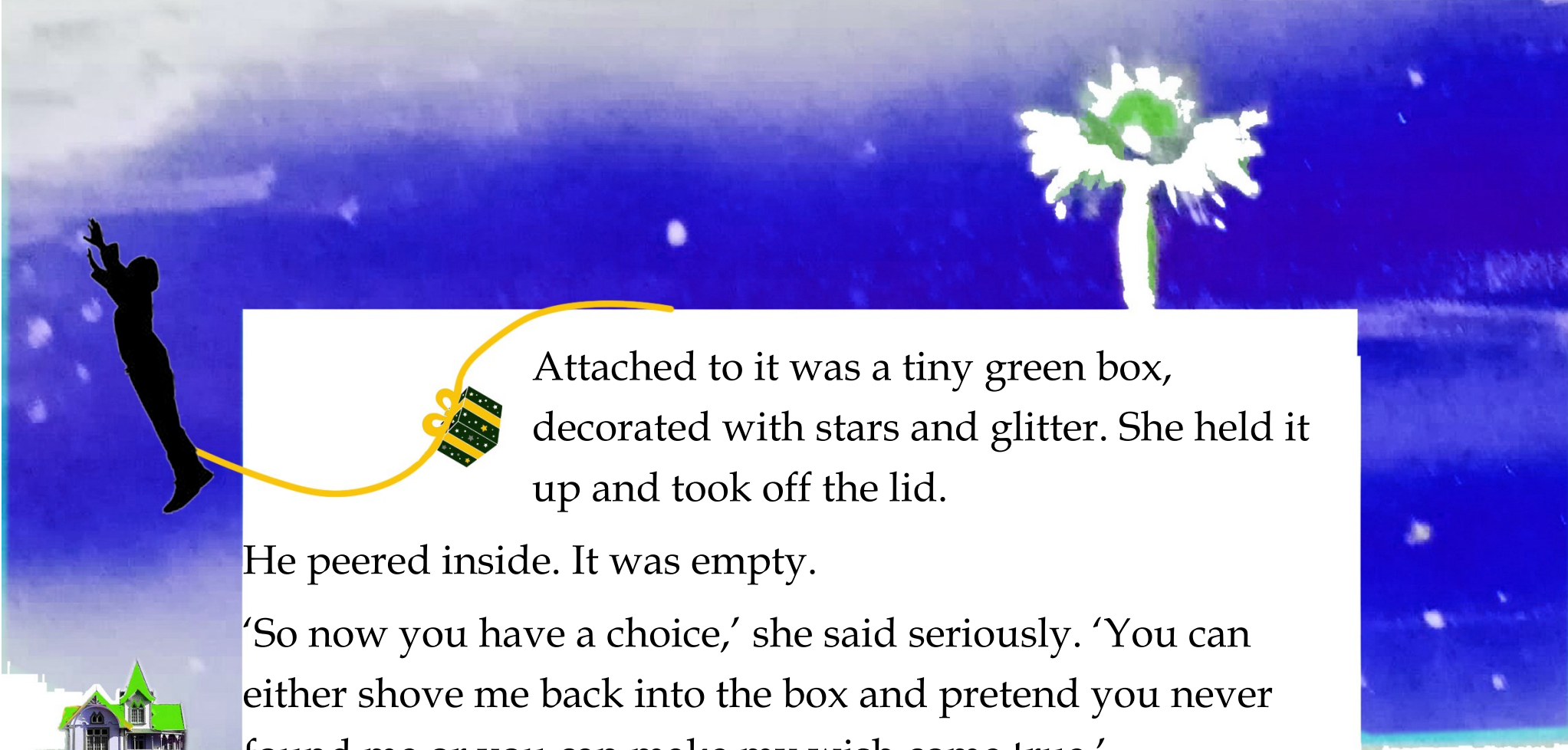
'I caught you...how?'

She pointed down at his slippers. 'Look.'

He gasped. On the heel of his red and blue tartan slippers, was a piece of secretly chewed bubble gum and stuck to it, was a length of curly gold ribbon.


'Oh.'





Attached to it was a tiny green box, decorated with stars and glitter. She held it up and took off the lid.

He peered inside. It was empty.

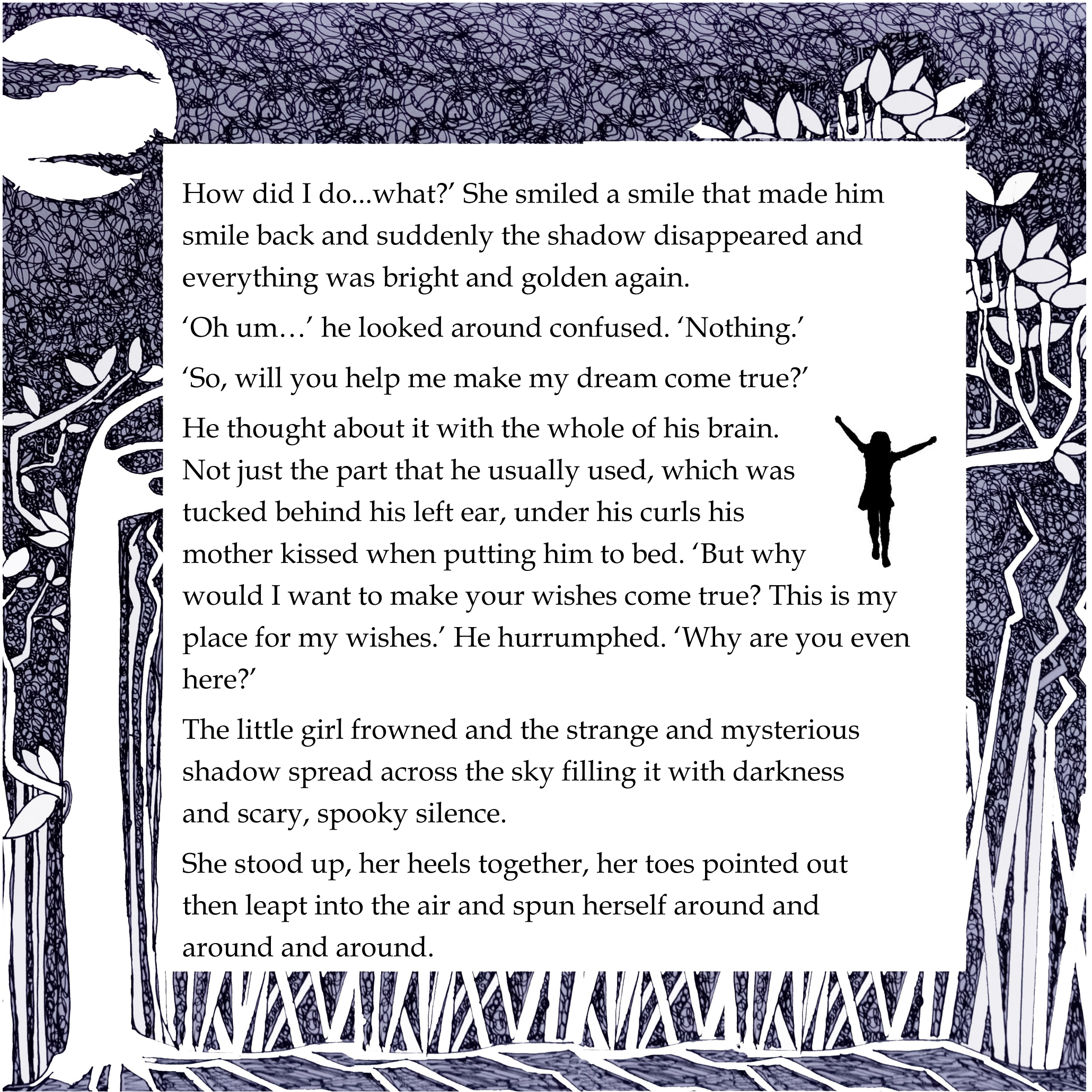


‘So now you have a choice,’ she said seriously. ‘You can either shove me back into the box and pretend you never found me or you can make my wish come true.’

The little boy looked at her then the tiny box and back to her. ‘How could I get you back in there?’

The little girl frowned and a mysterious dark shadow spread over the forest bringing a scary, spooky silence.

The little boy looked around at the sudden gloom. ‘How did you do that?’



How did I do...what?' She smiled a smile that made him smile back and suddenly the shadow disappeared and everything was bright and golden again.

'Oh um...' he looked around confused. 'Nothing.'

'So, will you help me make my dream come true?'

He thought about it with the whole of his brain.

Not just the part that he usually used, which was tucked behind his left ear, under his curls his

mother kissed when putting him to bed. 'But why

would I want to make your wishes come true? This is my place for my wishes.' He hurrumphed. 'Why are you even here?'

The little girl frowned and the strange and mysterious shadow spread across the sky filling it with darkness and scary, spooky silence.

She stood up, her heels together, her toes pointed out then leapt into the air and spun herself around and around and around.





Lightning cracked across the sky.

A lot of moments are full of nothing in particular. They are the empty bits of time between moments with stuff in them. The little boy looked around. Yes this was his own special place which waited for him every night, whether he cared to visit it or not. In this place, his dreams became real and real things were dreams and nothing or no one was allowed in without his invitation.

Unless you dragged them in with a pieces of secretly chewed bubble gum stuck to the back of your slipper.

A spot of rain hit him in the middle of the forehead. Then another and another.

How? It never rained in his special place.

He looked up at the little girl flipping and flying through the air – making it rain.

He hadn't expected to make big fat decisions but it looked like he had too.

'Okay...okay...I'll do it.'



She laughed and plummeted to the ground landing on her tippy toes and clapped her hands.

Suddenly everything was golden again.

The little boy in the snugly warm blue rocket ship pyjamas yawned and closed his eyes.

As sleep closed in around him he began to fall through space. He fell and fell and fell some more; but just as he was about to hit the ground he held out his arms and soared up, up, up into the night sky, surrounded by great roars of sound and blazes of swirling colour.

When he woke up he was back in his own bedroom, sitting on his bed in his snugly blue space ship pyjamas.again...



only he wasn't alone...

She was there, the little girl with the plum jam voice nosing around in his bookshelf.

The little boy found himself annoyed. People – as a rule – did not wander into his bedroom and poke about.

He sighed heavily and loudly. 'What are you doing here?'

The little girl looked at him with a – I can't believe you said something so stupid – look on her face.

She swirled around on her tippy toes and leapt from one side of his room to the other.

'Don't you remember?'

'Yes...' He frowned. 'No, sort of. What are you talking about?'

There was a long drawn out space of silence as she danced around the room. 'All these questions,' she made a dry little coughing sound, 'and not even the offer of a cup of tea.'

He would have offered her a cup of tea, if he was old enough to fill the kettle but he wasn't and kettles were dangerous. Sorry.'

Her attention was suddenly drawn to a small soldier action figure that sat on his shelf. She squealed and poked it with the tip of her finger. 'What does that do?'

'It has eight different Ninja moves and can shoot bullets from his rifle.'

She picked it up and turned it all around peering up under its camouflage gear, 'How does it do that?'



‘You push the little button on the —’

She found the button, pushed it and the dolls little foot shot out and almost poked her in the eye.

She jumped startled, then burst out laughing. ‘Oh my GOSH, that is so clever!’



‘Why are you here?’ The little boy asked again.

The little girl smiled the smile that made him smile back. ‘You made my wish come true.’

‘I did?’ The little boy blinked.

‘Yep.’ She spun around spreading her arms and sprang across the room, landing en pointe at the foot of his bed. She lifted her back leg in a perfect arabesque. ‘I just came to say thank you before...’






A yell came haring down the hallway.
'I have to run..' She winked at him. 'I'll see
you very – very soon.'

She disappeared.

Footsteps thudded down the hall and the door flew open.
The little boy's Grandma appeared in the doorway as his
parents shuffled past behind her.

'What are you doing up?' she demanded, peering down
at her watch. 'It's 3am.'

'Oh...I...!' The little boy in snugly blue rocket ship pyja-
mas mumbled. 'Umm.'



She shook her head. 'It doesn't matter, I came to tell
you mummy's gone into labour and daddy is taking
her to the hospital.'





'Oh!

So in the morning you will have a new
baby –'

'Sister!' he interrupted with a big grin.



