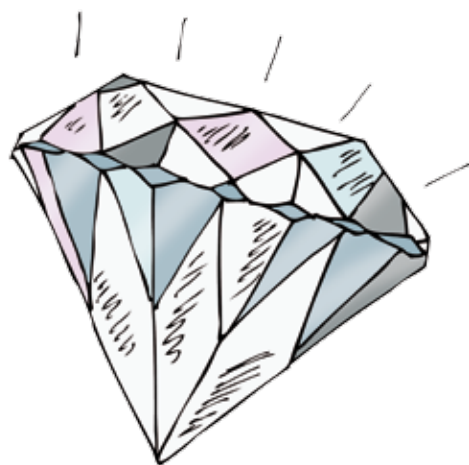


# DRIMILLO

*the dream catcher and...*

## THE GIANT MOSSROCK



Piuma Edizioni



# A CRAZY IDEA

Have you ever had a wacky idea you regretted later?

Worse still...ideas that aren't yours but someone else's? Those are the most **HARMFUL**! I found myself in my uncle Phillip's model-making store where I work, or to be precise, in the storeroom. A dark, **DAMP** cellar almost completely filled with stacks of boxes. I was with Bacchus, my friend who was in love with my sister Agatha. Why unfortunately? Well, here's what someone in love can get up to... Bacchus was mixing up some substances in a small bowl: **POTASSIUM**, **ALUM**...and other incomprehensible **STUFF**.

After a short while a dense **GREENISH** cloud of smoke that stank of ammonia and **VOMIT** came out of the container.

A few seconds later an explosion launched us against the heaped-up boxes which then came **COLLAPSING** down on top of us.

Buried under cardboard with smoky hair and charred faces we looked at each other in a daze.

Bacchus must have mistaken the dosage or ingredients of that **CONCOCTION!**

I only had one thought that went around in my head: what would happen to me and my job at the shop when my uncle found out about that **DISASTER?**



While I leave you to imagine the consequences of that afternoon, I'd like to introduce myself to those of you who don't know me yet: I'm Drimillo, victim of a "NEPHEW-SQUEEZER" uncle who I work with and relative of a "FLAKEY" scientist known as Sleepius. So well more or less good, if it wasn't for the fact I often had to deal with the MONSTROUS IMAGINATION of the human mind. What do I mean? Have you ever had to listen to a friend's disturbing dream? Your sister's terrifying nightmare? Well think about randomly bumping into their imaginary monsters! Yeah, that's right, that's what's not so good!



# A FEW DAYS BEFORE

There were still two months until my sister's birthday and Bacchus was already **ATWITTER** looking for the perfect gift! It had to make an impression!

After that "fake" marriage with her on that awful **LIVING ISLAND** on the last holiday, his **CRUSH** had grown to epic proportions like a nasty **BOIL**!

There wasn't any way of convincing him there wasn't any hope!

My sister is a rather superficial girl and loves **MUSCLY** guys and square jaws.

She would never go for a skinny guy like Bacchus!

He, in his mind, wanted to give his loved one none other than a **GEMSTONE** so big and flashy it would leave her speechless. Shame he was... **BROKE!** Following a drop in sales the frozen food store where he worked has been paying, for quite some time, their employees in **PRODUCE**, rather than money. So poor Bacchus, even though the house freezer was **BURSTING** with frozen fish, didn't even have enough money to buy a meager **PACKET OF GUM!**





Whoever knew him well, underneath his goggle-eyed romantic **SOPPY FISH** look, would have noticed his down-in-the-dumps demeanor. His eyes betrayed those of a parched and deluded desert stray, before an **OPTICAL ILLUSION** every time that he admired a jewelry store window.



One night at his house, after the umpteenth fish-based meal cooked by his mother to finish off the monthly supplies, I told Bacchus about my idea to resolve his gift **DILEMMA**:

- Maybe there's the chance of getting a gemstone without having to spend so much! - I said.

- I'm **ALL-EARS**! -

- I could ask Sleepius! He is a scientist at the end of the day! -

- But doesn't deal with **NIGHTMARES**? -

- Well, that's his **THING**, but I bet he knows more about it than we do.

Maybe we can make one of them! -

- It's worth a try! Why don't you give him a call right now? - Bacchus convinced me.

So I took my **COMPUTER X**,

the super gadget given to me by Sleepius with the most varied and odd functions, amongst which the cellphone. I typed in the number and waited...

- **HELLO?** - an unknown voice rang through my ear.

- Hi, is that you Sleepius? - I asked.

- Why of course my dear nephew!

Who else has this **NUMBER?** -

- You have a different voice! -

- That's because it's not my voice but my thoughts! -

- Your what?! -

- I've invented an **EARPHONE** that picks up on the words I'm thinking and transfers them into sounds, without even having to open my mouth! -  
It took a little while to get the idea.

- So now I'm listening to your thoughts? - I asked dumbfounded.
- Not exactly! I'd be embarrassed if it became public! You hear only what I **WANT** to say to you! -
- But how did you do it?... I mean, what's it for? -
- Erhm, well I haven't thought about that yet! It came into my mind, I worked on it for a couple of months, and now here we are: **SYNAPTIC EARPHONES**. I'll try to use the programmer remotely to activate this new function on your **COMPUTER X** too. -
- Okay... - I cut to the chase after picking up on Bacchus' glaring impatience.

- Sleepius, I wanted to ask you something. -

- Please do, Drimillo. -

- Can a gemstone be created? -

- Well, a **CRYSTAL** can. -

- A gemstone? -

- I wouldn't really call it a gemstone. It's not like a diamond, emerald or ruby but it's transparent and can be colored. With a list of all of the substances put together that I can make for you, you can make it as resistant, shiny and **BIG** as you want! -

Bacchus, who heard the strange **METALLIC** voice that came out of my device well, was convinced and nodded enthusiastically as soon as he heard the word **BIG**.

- Okay, so what's needed? - I asked.  
- So, take a note... - Sleepius proposed an infinite number of chemical substances and the process for the concoction. Bacchus was already kitted out with pen and paper and, with an ear stuck to **COMPUTER X**, took notes rapidly to keep up with Sleepius' **MIND**.

A couple of minutes later the list

was over.

A full page of acronyms  
that we'd never  
heard of would  
allow us  
to make



the most gigantic of crystals...at least that's what we hoped!

This chance represented the only possibility of winning **AGATHA'S** heart for Bacchus.

Well...that's what he thought!

I thanked Sleepius for his help and the advice for finding the stuff required.

There was a chemical company on the outskirts of the city, owned by an old and not entirely recommendable friend of Sleepius, which sold off some substances for free. We had everything we needed. We only needed to know where and when.

- Sunday when your uncle's store's closed? - proposed Bacchus.

- Ok - I responded, unaware of the **CONSEQUENCES.**



As you will have understood from the previously described explosion, the experiment failed miserably!

Bacchus had undoubtedly got it wrong when he took down Sleepius' speedy **THOUGHTS** and instead of a crystal we had created a **STINKY CHEMICAL BOMB!**

That day, after the disaster we had caused, my uncle Phillip's customary controlled strictness was replaced by a rather more

**"PAINFUL" DYNAMIC**

one: we were thrown out of the shop with a barrage of butt kicks!!!



And as if that wasn't enough, Bacchus sank ever more deeply into **DEPRESSION** and I, an accomplice of that disaster, was punished by uncle with **1 MONTH** of continuous deliveries to the most far-fetched places of the state. It was during one of those journeys that I received Sleepius' call:

- Drimillo, have you made the crystal? -
- Not exactly! Bacchus must have gotten something wrong and we **EXPLODED** in air! -
- Holy smoke! How did it happen? -
- I don't know what we concocted, but the effect was devastating! -
- I'm sorry to hear that! Will you try again? -

- You mean it was a **GIFT** for my dear niece? -

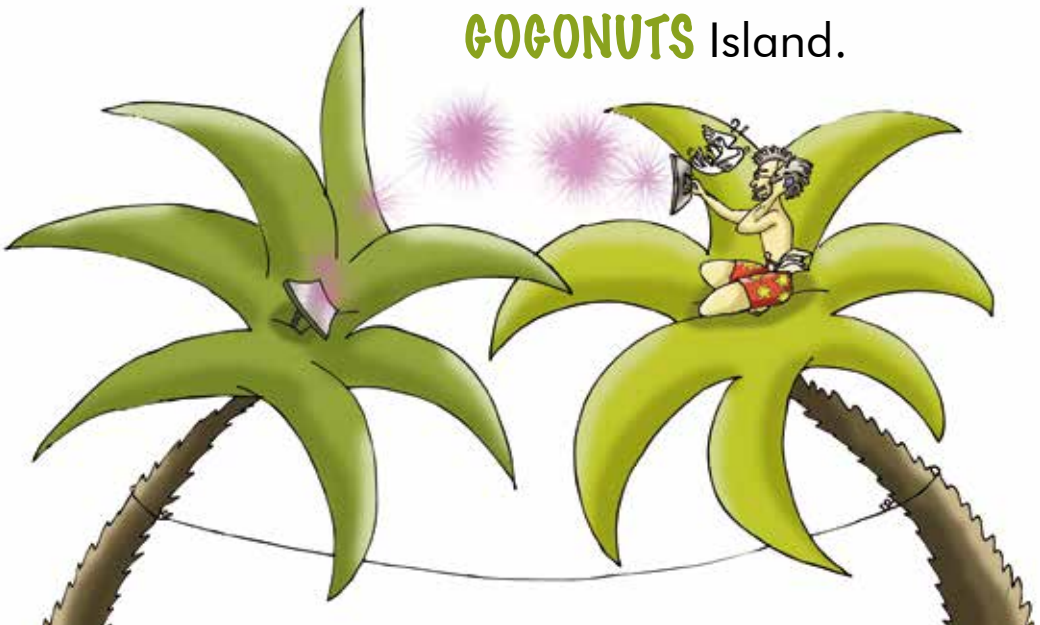
- Yeah, my friend is trying to win her over! -

- Well, why not find a **REAL** gemstone then? -

- Where? -

- I'll read up on it nephew and I'll send you a message! Speak soon! -

Sleepius wrapped up the call as hastily as usual, always busy with some extravagant scientific activity on **GOGONUTS** Island.



# A WEEKEND IN THE MOUNTAINS

Finally the last day of my punishment arrived. After a month of delivering packages here and there, I had “clocked up” more than **2000** miles in my uncle’s extremely uncomfortable van, and my backside had become as **SQUARE** and as heavy as a brick!

It was on that afternoon that I received a reply from Sleepius:

- Hello Drimillo? -
- Hey, hi Sleepius. Am I still talking with your thoughts? -
- Of course! You can also try it out if you like. I activated the function on your **COMPUTER X**. Would you like to? -

- Maybe some other time. Have you found out where to find a diamond? -
- After I excluded well known but too-far places, I was left with the mountainous terrain of **THE MOSSY CRAGS** in the valley of the Fargone Highlands. It would take half a day's drive to arrive there from where you are. Activate the navigation function on your **COMPUTER X** you'll get there with no problems! -
- Have they ever found diamonds in those mountains? -
- I've read up about old **CAVES** inside the rocky mountain ridge, where various gemstones can be found. If you're lucky Bacchus will find what he's looking for! -

- From the way you talk...well, from the way you **THINK**, I get the feeling we're talking about a myth. -

- Myths always have... -

- Some **TRUTH**, yeah I know! -

I interrupted him and I hurried to tell Bacchus. It was decided! We would leave in 4 days time, including Albert Chickens, my inseparable friend, also known as Albie **PORKCHOPS**.

The one left out was obviously Agatha, who couldn't know anything about Bacchus' plans.



On the day of **DEPARTURE** my two friends and I were loading up the car with everything necessary for the **MOUNTAIN**, when Agatha presented herself at the door with a bag on her back and hiking gear.

- What are you doing? - I asked fearing she wanted to come with us, jeopardizing Bacchus' surprise.

- I'm trying the **MICROLIGHT**! -

- What? You mean that small thing that makes you fly gliding through the air? -

- Yep. -

- Who are you going with? -

- With Vito. He's on his way. -

Well, this individual deserves an introduction: he lives two blocks away from us, is a gym addict, full-of-himself, an airhead and just a **TAD IDIOTIC**.



His **BURLY FRAME**, along with his minimal brain capacity, earned him the nickname: **VITO MULLET**.

Unfortunately for Bacchus, he's just the guy to make my sister go gaga! At that very moment, a bright yellow two-seater vehicle pulled over in front of my house with a trailer holding something big concealed by fabric attached to the rear. It was Vito Mullet, as punctual as a cuckoo in a **SWISS CLOCK**.



Bacchus, **SWOLLEN** with jealousy,  
“fired” Vito a thousand questions:

- Where are you both going? -
- To the Poet Hills. -
- To the Poet Hills? To do what? -
- To try out my new microlight airplane. -
- Are you kidding? It’s dangerous! -
- Not with me! -
- Why, who are you? -
- An **EXPERT** obviously! -
- Are you both going alone? -
- Of course! -
- Why there? -
- Because the hills are very nice! -
- Why don’t you aim higher? -
- Higher? What do you mean? -
- A **MOUNTAIN**, for example! -

- Which one? -
- **THE MOSSY CRAGS.** -
- What's so nice in that middle-of-nowhere wilderness?! -
- A wonderful view! We're going there. Why don't you come with us? -

Bacchus' intentions were clear: to make him come along even if it meant Agatha found out about the gemstone, just so she doesn't have to spend a romantic weekend away alone with Vito Mullet!

They accepted the proposal.

It was in this way that I activated the navigator on my **COMPUTER X** and all five of us set off with two cars towards the Fargone Highlands, where the **DIAMOND** mountains jutted out against the sky.



# THE MYTH OF THE NATIVES

We arrived at our destination after a tiresome journey which took double the time due to a series of unfortunate events: a flat **TYRE**, a flock of **SHEEP**, a crazy **BULL** and an unexpected flood from a **MUDDY BROOK**.

Once we finally reached our location, a vast wooded plateau surrounded by mountains offered a magnificent view. Two masses of mountain with an unusual shape rose up majestically in front of us, and took the name of **THE MOSSY CRAGS**.