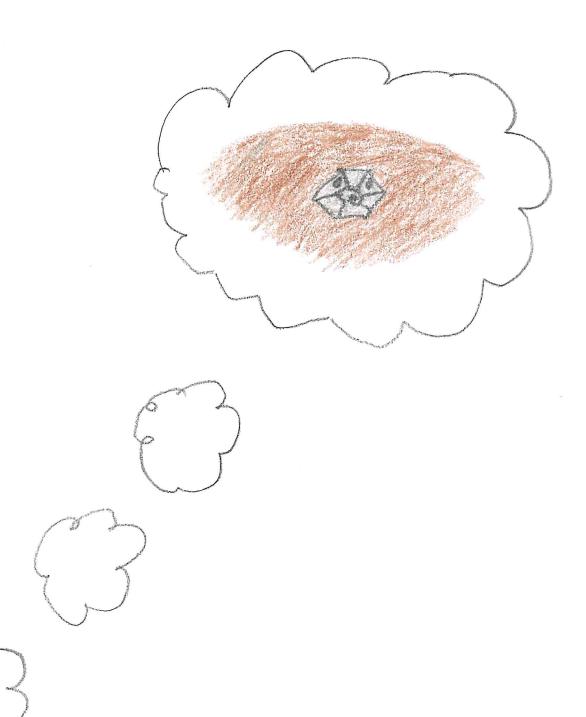
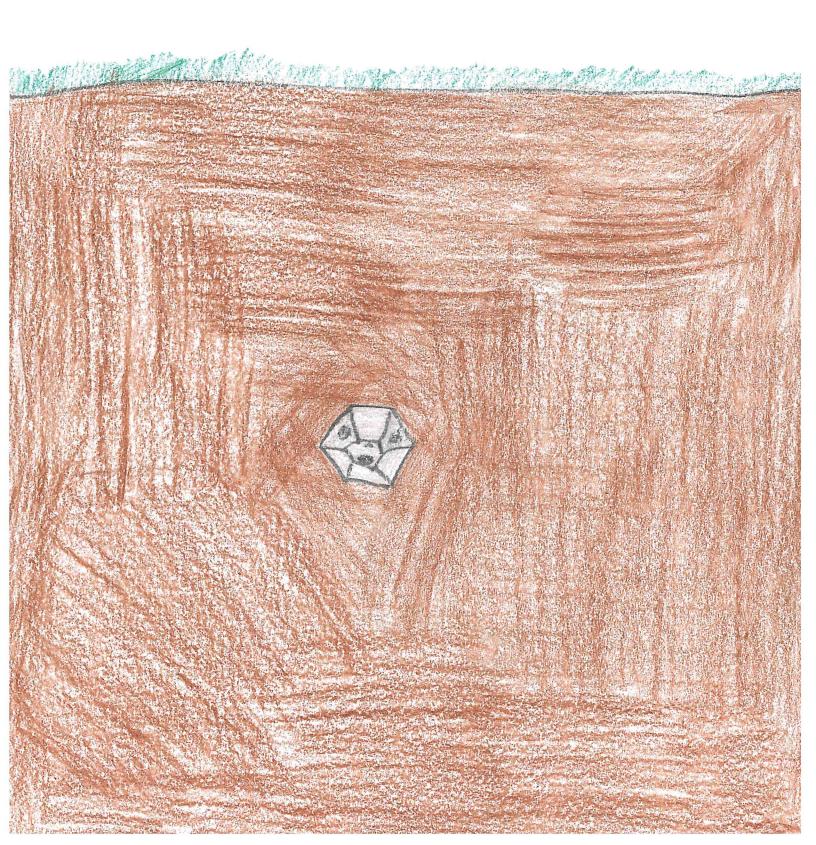


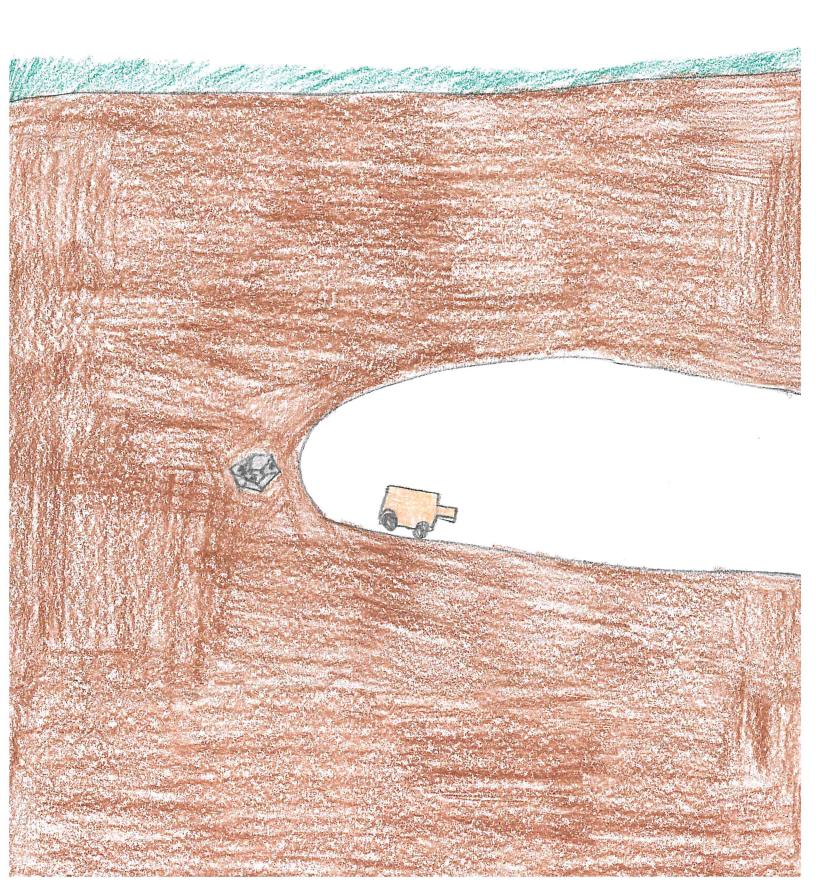
Last night I had a dream. It was a very odd dream. I dreamed I was diamond, not cut or polished.



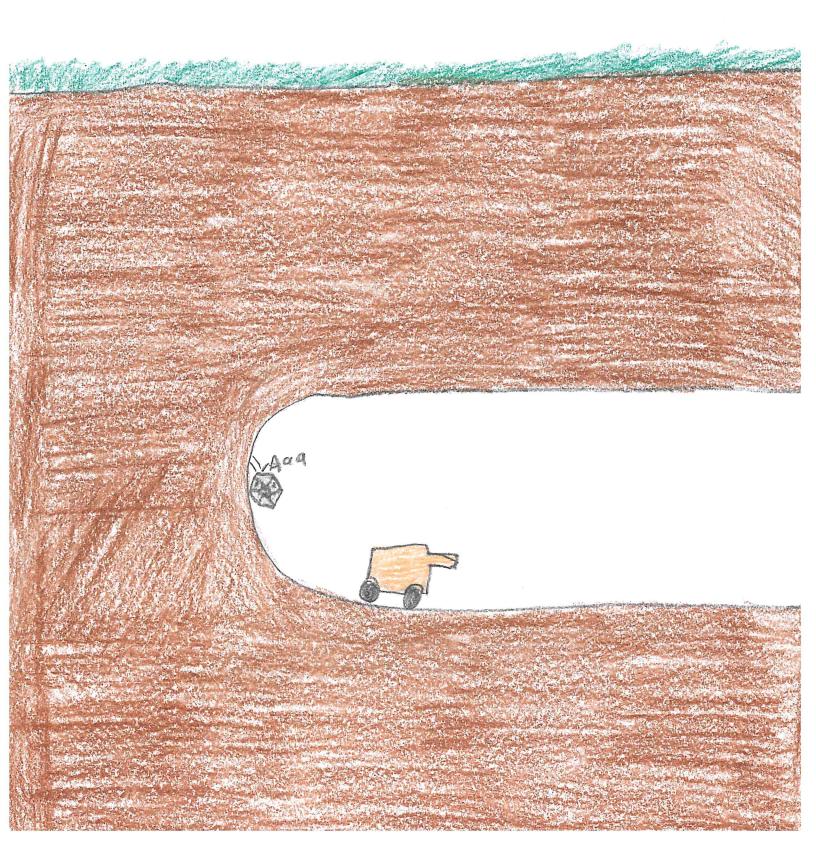
I was a diamond in the ground. I was surrounded in dirt, and little rain ever came to wash me off.



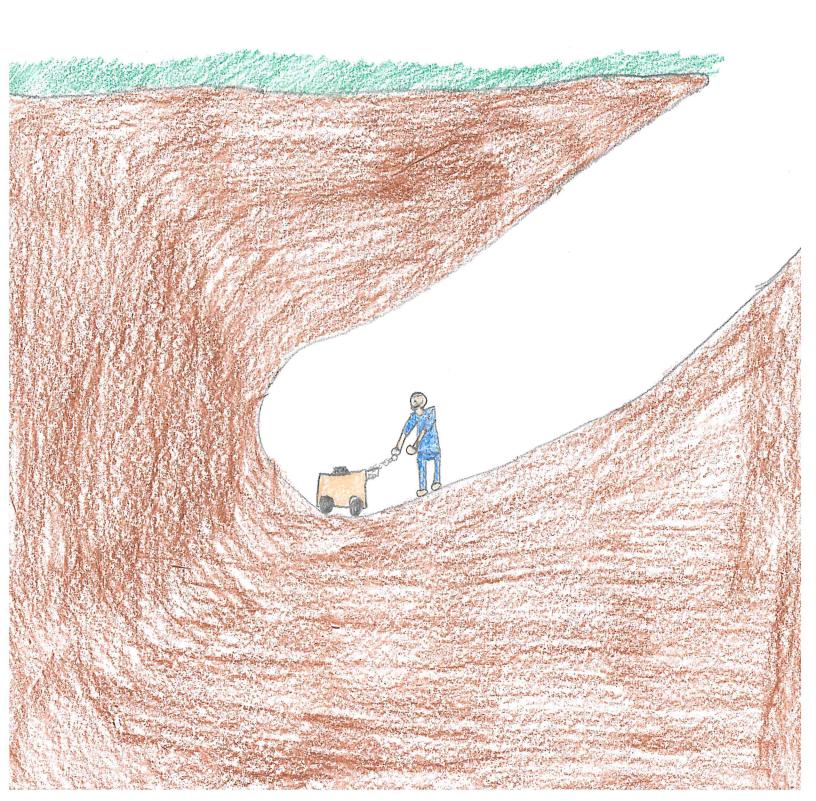
I lived a lonely life with no friends around. My life got a bit more exciting when some dirt moved.



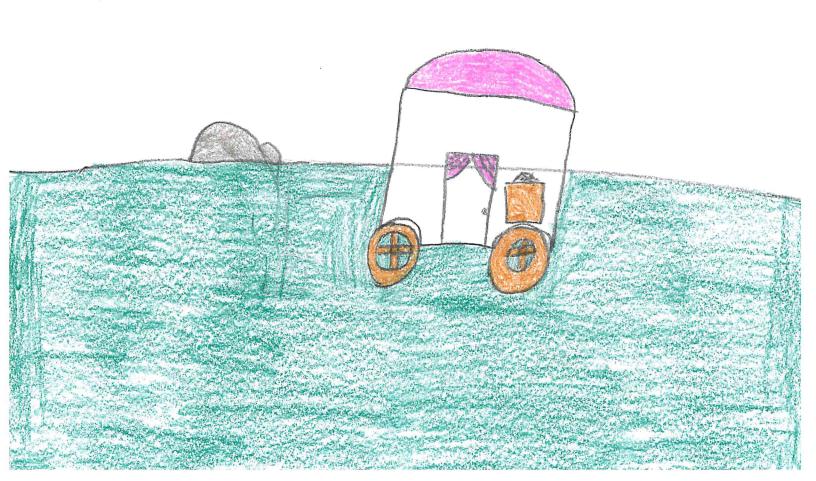
Something was happening. A silver thing came and scooped me out of the ground. I fell.



A man picked me up and tossed me into a cart. Suddenly the cart moved. I was being taken somewhere else.



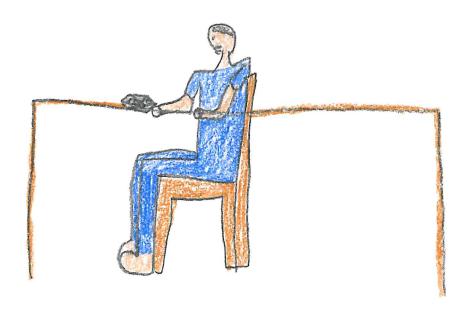
The man took me out of the cart and put me into a box. A lady put me into a carriage. "Wow!" I thought, "This is the most exciting day of my life!"



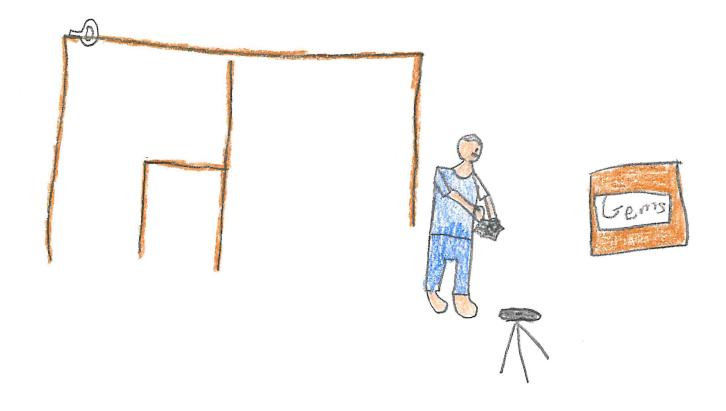
After a long ride in the carriage, the box I was in was carried into a large, white office building.



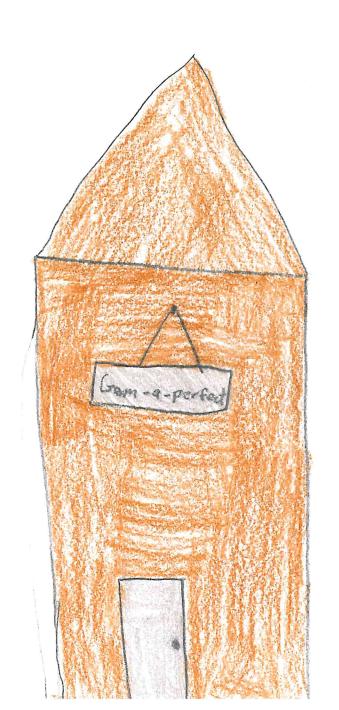
I was taken to a rectangular office. A man carefully inspected me. He wrote the word diamond on a slip of paper. Then he took me over to a small, fast spinning object. He carefully sanded me.



The man wasn't finished with me yet. He polished me and put me into a small box.

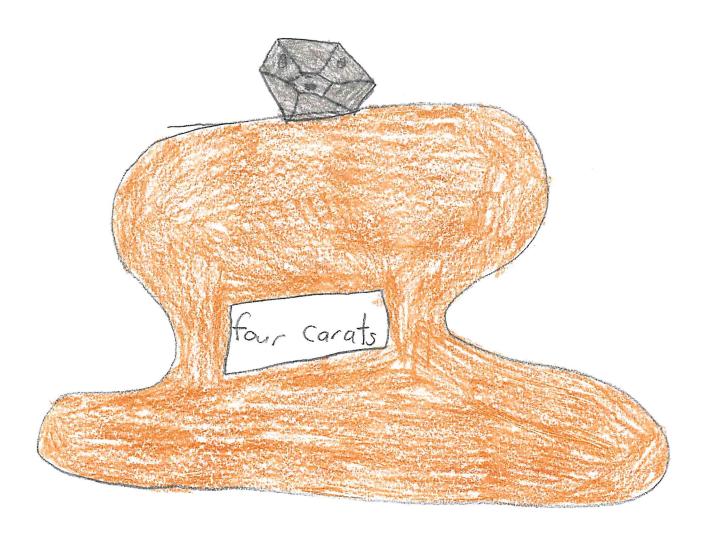


The man took me to a nearby gem shop, where I sat in a corner with a sign saying diamonds above it. After a few days, a man came and took me to the front desk.

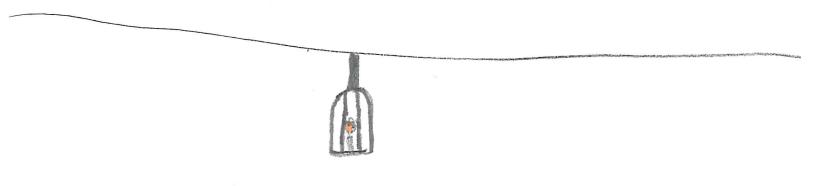


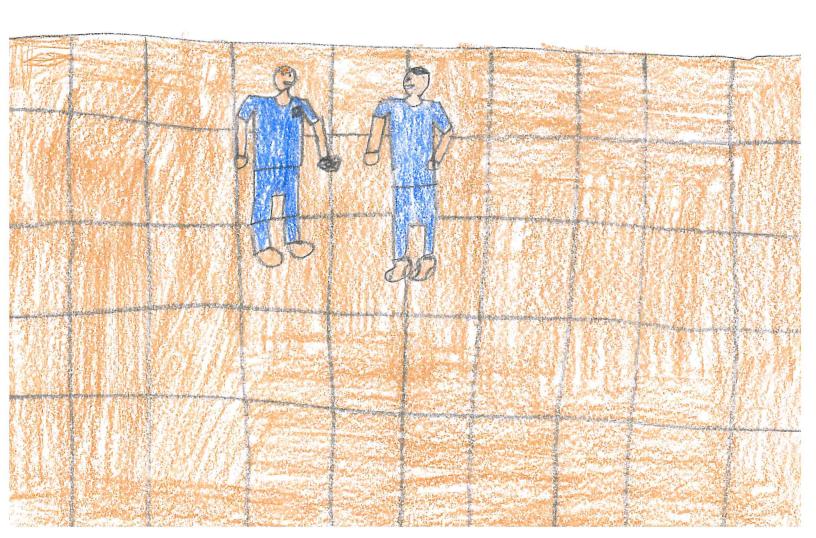


The man told the lady at the front desk he would donate me to the museum downtown while the lady weighed me. She told the man I weighed four carats.



The man bought me and carried me to the museum. He told a museum worker he was donating me. The worker thanked him and went off to go put me on display.





At last I had a good life. I enjoyed showing people my beauty, and watching them awe at me. I guess my dream turned out good after all!

