Extract from The BFG

If you is really wanting to know what I am doing in your village, the BFG said, ‘I is blowing a dream into the bedroom of those children.

Blowing a dream? Sophie said. What do you mean?

I is a dream blowing giant….. Nice dreams. Lovely golden dreams. Dreams that is giving the dreamers a happy time.

Now hang on a minute, Sophie said. Where do you get these dreams?

I collect them….

The BFG opened the suitcase and took out several empty glass jars….

He leaped high in the air and swung the net through the mist with a great swishing sweep of his arm. Got him, he cried. A jar! A jar! Quick quick quick. Sophie picked up a jar and held it up to him. He grabbed hold of it… Very carefully he tipped something absolutely invisible from the net into the jar….

Sophie, who was also staring into the glass jar, cried out, ‘I can see it! There’s something in there!’… But you told me dreams were invisible.

They is always invisible until they is captured, the BFG told her.