

One day, a poor tailor from \_\_\_\_\_ village of Swaffham fell asleep under \_\_\_\_\_ old oak tree in his garden. While he was sleeping, he had \_\_\_\_\_ dream. \_\_\_\_\_ voice told him to go to \_\_\_\_\_ London Bridge and find treasure there. He packed his bag and set off on the long journey to London. On \_\_\_\_\_ first day, nothing happened. On \_\_\_\_\_ second day, two boys stole his bag. He was sitting on \_\_\_\_\_ pavement when \_\_\_\_\_ shopkeeper spoke to him. The tailor told him about his dream. \_\_\_\_\_ shopkeeper said he didn't believe in \_\_\_\_\_ dreams. He laughed and described his own dream. "I was digging under \_\_\_\_\_ old oak tree in \_\_\_\_\_ small village and I found \_\_\_\_\_ gold and silver in \_\_\_\_\_ wooden box." The tailor asked him the name of \_\_\_\_\_ village. It was called Swaffham. The tailor went straight home and dug under \_\_\_\_\_ old oak tree in his garden. He found a wooden box full of gold and silver.