The Tailor of Swaffham

Once a time there was a tailor. He lived with his wife and five children in the village of Swaffham. The tailor and his wife worked hard, but they never had enough money.

They lived in a small . In the garden there was a big, old, oak tree. The tailor often sat under the tree. One day, he was sitting under the tree when he asleep. While he was sleeping, his wife came out of the house. She woke him up.

'Why aren't you working?' she said . 'We haven't got any money for food.'

'Don't worry,' said the tailor. 'We'll soon be rich. While I was asleep, I had a strange dream. In my dream a said: "Go to London Bridge. You'll find treasure there."'

'Don't be silly,' said his wife. 'You can't leave everything and go to London.'

However, the next day, the tailor packed his bag and to London. It was a long journey, but after four days he arrived in the city. He went straight to London Bridge. It was the only bridge over the river in those days and there were lots of shops there, so it was a busy place.

The tailor walked up and down the bridge all day, but nothing happened and spoke to him. The next day, as he was walking along the bridge, two boys suddenly ran towards him. They pushed him and they stole his bag. Then they ran away into the of people.

The tailor sat down on the pavement. 'I had very little money when I arrived,' he thought. 'Now I haven't got anything.'

While he was sitting there, spoke to him. It was one of the shopkeepers. 'What are you doing?' he asked. 'I saw you yesterday. You were walking up and down the bridge all day.'

The tailor told the shopkeeper about his dream.

'That's silly,' said the shopkeeper and he laughed. 'You can't believe dreams. I had a dream last night. In the dream I under an old oak tree and I found a big box of gold. But it was only a dream. I'm not going to look for the tree.'

'An old oak tree?' said the tailor. 'Where was it?'

'Oh, it was in a called Swaffham,' said the shopkeeper. 'Swaffham! I don't even know where it is!'

When he heard this, the tailor jumped up. He said 'thank you' to the shopkeeper and started the long home.

Four days later, tired and hungry, he arrived home.

'Well, where's the treasure?' said his wife. The tailor didn't say anything. He grabbed a ran into the garden and started to dig under the old oak tree. It was hard work, but soon the spade hit something. It was a wooden box.

The tailor opened the box. It was full of gold and silver.

'I walked all the way to London,' he said. 'But the was here in my own garden!'