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he merchant now began to weep noisily in his corner, but Caerleon angrily **thumped** his cane on the carriage floor and hushed him quiet.

"My Master accused *me* of robbing the treasure," continued the boy, **glancing** at the merchant, somewhat **apprehensively**. "He fell into such a **rage**, then he beat me with a stick. I managed to escape into the marketplace, but my Master sent the townspeople after me, promising a reward to whoever would bring me back alive."

Old Caerleon laughed, a creaking ancient laugh. "Then let them take that treasure back to your Master, instead," he said.

"What have you done, old man?" sobbed the merchant. "What have you *done!*"

He poked his head out of the carriage window for one last **glimpse** of his lost treasure. Then he beat his head against the velvet cushions and **gnashed** his teeth like a maddened dog.

"Now, my son," continued old Caerleon calmly, "we have a favour to ask you. The good merchant and I are searching for the Northern Isle. We know it is close by, yet we cannot find the way."

The boy **frowned**. He scratched his head. He stared across the fields into the distance.

"Think, boy! Think very hard! Surely you've been there before."

The boy fixed his bright gaze on the faraway horizon. "It is true, I've often been there in my dreams and once I even met the young Prince who lives there. I think—yes, I do think I can recall the way."



Page Eleven





a. Why is the mob chasing the boy?

Northern Isle of Dreams

- b. Do you think that the scoundrels will take the merchant's treasure back to the young boy's Master?
- C. Has the young boy ever met the Prince of the Northern Isle? Where has he met him?
- d. Is it easy or difficult to remember a dream?
- Can you draw a picture of the merchant crying over his lost treasure?
 - Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.



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nd so they journeyed into the forest once again. Storm clouds rolled overhead. The exhausted horses were **drenched** in a sudden downpour and refused to go any further. So the carriage driver climbed down and tied their leather harness around a thick oak tree.

"Again we must **delay** our journey," moaned the merchant, "will we never reach the Northern Isle?"

Old Caerleon then started in his sleep. He **clawed** at the ragged sleeve of the young boy. **"Don't despair**, Your Highness, we'll soon reach the Palace," he croaked.

His Highness, indeed! thought the merchant **contemptuously**. Why, this **witless** old sleepwalker has lost all sense of time! How could anyone **confuse** this ragged beggar boy with a young Prince?

But just then, they heard a great crash. A bolt of lightning struck the crown of the oak tree. The driver thumped frantically on the carriage door.

"Master! Our horses have been struck dead!" he cried. "We are **utterly** lost."

They all stared at him, horrified at this latest **catastrophe**.

"We are surely lost, my good man, unless *you* yourself pull the carriage," said the merchant. "Otherwise, we shall all die here in the forest."

The carriage driver was **dismayed**, but he dared not refuse. So next morning, they set off on their journey again but, soon after they left the forest, the **wretched** man **slumped** to the ground.

"Master," he whispered **hoarsely**, "I can no longer drag this heavy burden." And there he died.



Page Twelve





Northern Isle of Dreams DISCUSSION QUESTIONS Page 12 a. What is old Caerleon dreaming about? b. What happens to the horses? C. What happens to the carriage driver? d. What do you think will happen now? Can you draw a picture of the oak tree struck by lightning? Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.



he merchant **wrung his hands** and tore at the roots of his hair. He turned to the young beggar lad.

"Look out there on the **horizon**, boy, and tell us—are we near?"

The boy smiled hopefully. He pointed toward the faraway silver **spires** flashing above **translucent** hills that seem to float in oceans of cloud. "Can't you see the **gleaming** towers of the Palace?" he cried.

"Towers?" echoed the merchant, straining his red-rimmed eyes into the distance. "Are you sure? I can see nothing—nothing at all."

Then he **descended** from the carriage and untied the driver from his harness.

"Let's bury this poor wretch by the side of the road," he said.

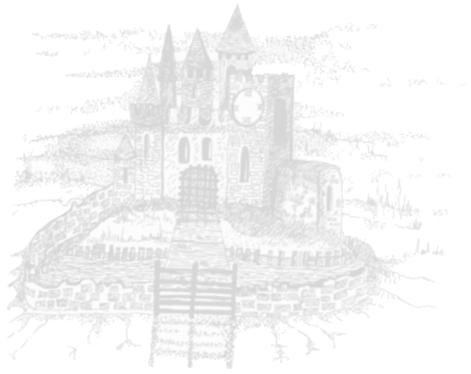
Together they dug a **shallow** pit and laid him inside. Old Caerleon mumbled a prayer. The young boy tossed a daisy onto the grave. Then they all looked at one another in silence.

"Now who'll pull the carriage?" said the merchant.

"You will," said Caerleon. "I'm too old for such labour; I'm sure my very bones would crack."

"But what about the boy!" cried the merchant indignantly.

"Why, he's too frail for such a burden," exclaimed Caerleon. "Let him walk ahead to lighten your load. As for me, I must rest my feeble body within."



Page Thirteen



1. (translucent) filled with rays of light

the imaginary line between the earth and the sky

tall thin towers above a church steeple.

made a nervous gesture with his hands

climbed or got down

not deep

shining

2.

3.

5.

6.

Northern Isle of Dreams

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS Page 13

- a. Why do you think that the merchant can't see the Palace of the Northern Isle in the distance?
- b. Who must pull the carriage now?
- C. Why do you think the distant Palace never gets any closer?
- Draw what you think the young boy sees in the distance
 - Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.

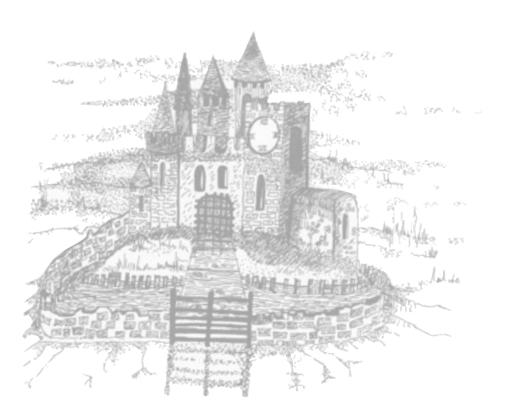


nd so the strange **trio** struggled onward, along the road from Youth to Age. The young boy moved forward with a light step, smiling at *the-invisible-something* which only he saw on the horizon. Sleepy old Caerleon dozed back and forth through the corridors of Time. The unfortunate merchant groaned, dragging the creaking carriage behind him through rocks and nettles, bumps and hollows at every turn. He fixed his eyes on the blood-red sun sinking low over the Palace of the North; and grimly he **trudged** toward it—for mile after mile after mile. Then, when he could go no further, he stopped and gazed ahead in despair.

"Tell me, boy, will we never reach our journey's end?" he cried.

"We're almost there," said the young boy. "Rouse old Caerleon from his dreams; I'm sure it must be time, now, to leave this carriage behind."

The merchant dropped his harness to the ground. He looked back at his carriage. Its high graceful wheels were twisted. Its body was scratched and **befouled** with mud. Rain had **seeped** through the roof and collected in puddles on the **lacquered** floor. Sadly he gazed at it for the last time, and then he followed his companions into the sunset.



Page Fourteen



1. (befouled) dirtied (with 2.	th mud)
a group of three (people	e)
3.	
coated with varnish	
4. walked steadily	
5	
wake up	
6	
dripped	

Northern Isle of Dreams

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS Page 14

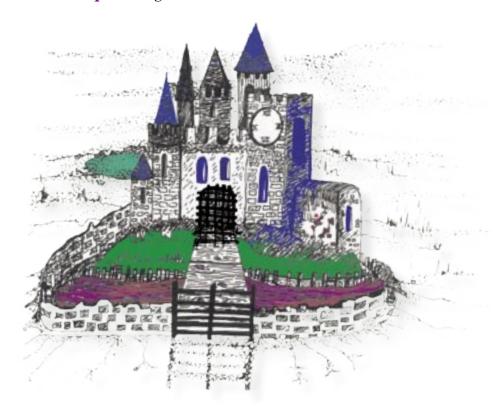
- a. Why do you think that only the young boy is able to see the Palace of the Northern Isle in the distance?
- b. Why do you think the distant Palace never gets any closer?
- C. What must the merchant do in order to reach the Northern Isle?
- Can you draw a picture of the three travelers leaving the carriage behind?
 - **Listen** to the CD again and imagine what you might see.

Note that the second se

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"Why, Your Highness, you look so much alike, you might be brothers."

"We are all brothers in this realm," replied the Prince, "and I welcome you all as brothers." He led his three guests along the steep **ramparts** of the Palace, which was set like a translucent jewel in a gentle valley of misty green. "Welcome to our **tranquil** Kingdom."



The merchant looked around curiously. "What an unusual clock you have on the bell tower, Your Highness. It has no hands. How on earth can anyone tell the time?"

He **consulted** his own timepiece and found that, for some reason, it had stopped.



 (portcullis) an iron grate hung over the gateway of a castle.

looked at; read (the time)

rose up suddenly like a shadow

protective walls around a castle

very surprised

3

5

6

peaceful, quiet

Northern Isle of Dreams

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS Page 15

- a. When the merchant reaches the Northern Isle of Dreams, what is the first thing that surprises him? The second thing?
- b. How does the young Prince welcome his visitors?
- C. What has happened to the merchant's watch?
- Can you draw a picture of the Prince of the Northern Isle of Dreams greeting his visitors?
 - **Listen** to the CD again and imagine what you might see.

