

nd I see no stocks or **pillories** down there in the market square," he continued. "Where on earth do you tie up your criminals for **flogging**?"

"Criminals?" echoed the Prince, with a mildly puzzled frown.

"You know, Your Highness, worthless beggars who jostle about in the marketplace, **begging alms**, or scoundrels who rub shoulders with honest folk, picking their pockets as clean as vultures would pick their bones!"

"Pickpockets? Scoundrels? Vultures?" repeated the young Prince. "Why, good Sir, whatever do you mean?"

"Do you mean to say, Your Highness, that there are no layabouts or cut-throats to be strung up and whipped in the public square?"

The Prince gave a gentle laugh. "No, indeed, honest Sir, our peaceful little Kingdom boasts none of these things."

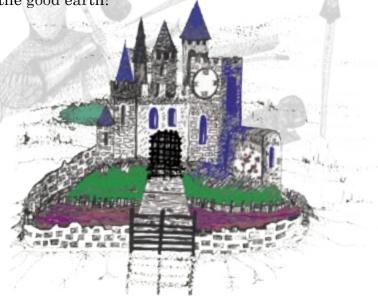
"But have you no standing army? Where are the guardsmen to protect the city in times of war?"

"Good Sir, you must understand that all arms and armour, all lances, sabres, muskets, cannons, crossbows, and other such ancient relics are strictly prohibited on the Northern Isle, by royal decree."

"Prohibited by royal decree?" echoed the merchant, in surprise.

"Indeed, Sir, you are unlikely to find a single hunting bow in the entire Kingdom."

"Well, bless me!" exclaimed the merchant. "I have stumbled upon a strange place. Why, I've never seen its like! No, not anywhere on the surface of the good earth!"





1. (pillories) wooden frames, with holes, for locking up criminals

a wooden bow which is released by a trigger

a heavy gun that fires a round ball

a sword with a curved point

begging for food or money

a long-barreled handgun

not allowed; forbidden

by order of the King

a long spear

whipping

# Northern Isle of Dreams



- a. Having reached the Northern Isle of Dreams, what other surprises are in store for the merchant?
- Draw a picture of the merchant looking astonished at this strange Palace of the Northern Isle.
- Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.





he Prince smiled again patiently, as he led them down the stone steps into the Palace. "Come, friends, what news do you bring me of my homeland?"

"We bring you sad **tidings**," said Caerleon. "Your father, the King, is dead. Even now, a dreadful plague is sweeping over the Kingdom. Your mother, the Queen, begs to see you for the last time, although I fear it may already be too late."

At this news, a shadow passed over the face of the young Prince.

"My father waged wars all his life. Now he has brought down the greatest evil upon himself. I fear that if I return to that dreadful Land, I may never recover—and yet—my mother calls for me."

Solemnly, he raised his hand. The merchant trembled. For, beside the Prince, stood an ancient **advisor**, who looked exactly like old Caerleon and, on the Prince's left, *his* very own double.

"This is **incredible**, Your Highness!" cried the merchant. "Does every visitor to the Northern Isle meet his very own twin?"

He glanced at the young boy as he spoke, but the lad had settled down on a velvet cushion in front of the fireplace and was already fast asleep.

"How very strange it all is, Your Highness," said the merchant, yawning politely behind his embroidered

handkerchief. "Old Caerleon is snoring too, and I—aaahhhhh—really cannot stand upon my feet a moment longer."

The Prince smiled, but his eyes were sad. He turned to his silent companions on his left and right. "Let our guests take their ease awhile," he said. "But, Caerleon, my trusted advisor, and you too, good Sir, since we are refreshed with sleep, let us return to my father's Kingdom, in their stead."



1. (incredible) something that you can't believe

a person whose opinion you trust

in their place

news or information



#### Northern Isle of Dreams



- a. What news from the young Prince's homeland makes him so sad?
- b. What might happen to the Prince if he returns to the Kingdom of Montsuelo?
- C. Why does the Prince decide to return home to Montsuelo anyway?
- d. Who goes back to the Kingdom of Montsuelo with the young Prince? The merchant, or his double? Old Caerleon, or his double?
- e. Who falls asleep? Do you think they are dreaming? What do you think they might be dreaming about?
- Can you draw a picture of the merchant meeting his own double?
- Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.



hen they arrived at the Citadel, it was **deserted**. The departing townsmen, hoping to destroy the last trace of the plague, had set fire to the town. Soot coated the walls. It floated on the breeze and blew along the cobblestones. Not a soul remained to welcome them.

"This is a place of **destruction**, and it weighs me down," gasped the Prince, as he dragged himself to the top of the blackened ramparts. "I can feel the old malady creeping over me once more."

And the lonely valley echoed his sorrow. *Once more, once more, once more,* it sighed.

The Queen lay in her lonely **sick chamber**, deserted even by her servants who had **fled** in terror for their lives.

"My son," she whispered faintly when she saw him, "you have returned, at last."

"Is there no **physician** in the town? No **apothecary** who might help her?" cried the Prince, trying to warm his mother's hand.

Old Caerleon shook his head. "We can do nothing, Your Highness, but wait," he said.

"I shall stay here and watch over her then," said the Prince. "I shall not leave her side till she **recovers**."

"And I shall go back down into the town and see if there might be a message from my dear wife," said the merchant.





- 1. (destruction) things broken or destroyed
- get better (after an illness)
- a room for sick people; an infirmary
- (had) run away
- a chemist, a pharmacist
- a chemist, a pharmacist
- a doctor
- empty, no one living there any more



# Northern Isle of Dreams



- a. Why is Montsuelo like a ghost town?
- b. Who is the last person alive in Montsuelo?
- C. Where are all the townspeople?
- d. Why did the townsmen set fire to the town?
- e. What does the Prince decide to do?
- f. What does the merchant decide to do?
- Can you draw a picture of the Queen lying in her sick chamber?
- Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.



ut no one stirred in the town. All the townspeople had been driven by the plague down the mountain road as far as Valerdia. The church bells hung silent; not a single altar boy remained to hoist the ropes. The spinning wheel had cracked; the weaver's loom stood idle between taut strands of thread. Everything that once purred or ticked or spun or whirred had now stopped like a smashed watch.

The schoolhouse was unnaturally silent. The children's benches stood empty; their chalk and slates lay topsy-turvy on the desk. The schoolmaster's globe had stopped spinning. His leather strap lay peacefully on the window ledge. A mysterious Latin proverb was scrawled in ink across his grammar book.

The tailor had left his scissors, tape, and marking pencil on the table. A pair of royal-blue velvet **hose**, cut to the King's measure, still waited to be stitched. The cabinet maker had **abandoned** his workshop. He had been varnishing a gilt-framed mirror, to be delivered to the Palace, but as he fled in terror, he'd dropped it to the ground and smashed its elegant face.

The blacksmith's blaze had died away to cinders. His hammer lay idle upon the **anvil**. Rows of iron picks and axes and needle-point **awl**s were stacked around the walls. On the ledge, glinted a dozen brand new sabres, razor-sharpened to the King's command; but already their blades were dull with rust.

The potter's wheel had stopped, and the royal **tureen** of glistening clay, which he'd been turning, dropped shapeless to the floor. The woodcutter had sunk his axe into a fallen log, then vanished like a forest shadow. The shopkeeper had left his stores to **moulder** on the shelves.

At the bottom of the cobbled street stood
the watchmaker's shop, now silent.
A row of grandfather clocks had
all wound down. Dozens of fine
gold timepieces, locked in
their thick glass case,
no longer ticked. And
even the poor wooden
cuckoo stared dumbly from
its perch. Its wooden beak was
open to chime the midday hour,
but it could no longer sing, nor
chirp, nor pop back inside its
wooden house, nor even fly away.



1. (loom) a wooden frame used for weaving thread into cloth

a pointed instrument used for making holes

left something behind; ran away

a deep soup dish with a lid

(words) not clearly written

pull up or lift

tightly stretched

an iron block

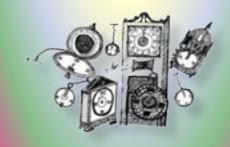
(food) going bad or rotten

old-fashioned clothing worn by men centuries ago

# Northern Isle of Dreams



- a. Before he died, the King of Montsuelo ordered four things to be made for him. What are they?
- b. Can you guess the words of the schoolmaster's Latin proverb? You will find a hint on Page Three of this story.
- c. Why can't the cuckoo sing the midday hour? Does Time seem to be standing still?
- Can you draw a picture of the deserted Citadel of Montsuelo?
- Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.





Back at the Palace that evening, the Prince dragged some firewood into the draughty hall. He got a bright fire blazing in the fireplace. The Queen felt a little stronger and came downstairs to greet her guests.

"My dear friend," she said to the merchant, "how ever can I thank you? You are a truly noble man."

The merchant reddened. He felt **awe**d, and a little ashamed. "But, Your Highness," he stammered, "I did not, I—I did not really—"

"Our friend has made great **sacrifices**," interrupted Caerleon. "We all thank him." He raised his **hoary** eyebrows and nodded with authority.

The Prince smiled. Affectionately, he patted the blushing merchant on the shoulder. "Tomorrow we shall walk through the town to see what must be done," he said.

"Oh, but, Your Highness," said the merchant in a small voice, "when you see the destruction that awaits you, you will surely start back at once for the Palace of the North."

"No, my friend, you are mistaken," said the Prince, staring at him **sombre**ly. "What has been brought down by my father I will raise up again with my own hands."





(awe) a strong feeling of respect (or fear)

serious, sad

grown white with age

something precious that you give up



# Northern Isle of Dreams



- a. Why does the merchant feel ashamed?
- b. Do you think that the merchant is a truly noble man?
- C. What sacrifice has the merchant made?
- Can you draw a picture of the Queen coming downstairs to greet her guests?
- Listen to the CD again and imagine what you might see.