

NORTHERN ISLE OF DREAMS

PLAY SCRIPT

Adapted from the Northern Isle of Dreams Story

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Characters

Narrator
Merchant
Merchant's Wife
Servant 1
Servant 2
Carriage Driver
2 Horses
King of Montsuelo
Queen of Montsuelo
Royal Page
Caerleon, Royal Advisor to the Queen of Montsuelo
Crowd of People
Young Boy
Prince of the Northern Isle, Crown Prince of Montsuelo
Caerleon's Twin
Merchant's Twin
Villagers of Valerdia
Villagers of Montsuelo
King of Valerdia
Queen of Valerdia
Princess of Valerdia
Young Crown Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia
Cobbler
Baker
Tailor
Watchmaker
Farmer
Echo Voices

Hint: *Place a little star beside your character's name on the page each time he/she speaks. This will help you to read your dialogue aloud.*

SCENE 1: {Merchant's House} Narrator, Merchant, Merchant's Wife, Servant 1, Servant 2, Carriage Driver, 2 Horses. **NB:** LEFT, RIGHT stage directions refer to the audience's perspective.

Narrator: One morning a rich merchant was getting ready for a journey.

Merchant's Wife: Another long journey!

Merchant: Why so sad?

Merchant's Wife: It's so far away.

Merchant: But I'm invited to the Palace of the King! It is a great honour!

Servant 1 and Servant 2 place a treasure chest under the seat of the carriage.

Merchant's Wife: Yes, but why take your chest full of gold?

Merchant: Well, it's because, *er...*

Merchant's Wife: Why?

Merchant: Look, please don't ask! It's important. It's... confidential.

Merchant's Wife: Tell me, is the King building a great army? *Again?*

Merchant: (looking nervous) Dear, I have no time now!

Merchant's Wife: Well, tell me!

Merchant: (to the 2 Servants who are cleaning the carriage) Hurry up now, I'm late! It's time to go.

The Merchant waves goodbye to his wife and then gets into the carriage. The Carriage Driver cracks his whip and the 2 Horses gallop away.

SCENE 2: {Traveling to the Palace of the King} Merchant, Carriage Driver, 2 Horses, Crowd of People at the marketplace.

Merchant: (poking his head out of the carriage window) Why are you slowing down?

Carriage Driver: There's a crowd up ahead, Master.

Merchant: What do you mean, a crowd?

Carriage Driver: A bunch of ruffians at the marketplace!

Merchant: But, that's shocking! They're blocking the whole road!

Carriage Driver: We might not get through at all!

Merchant: Come on, man, let's just push on! (The Merchant digs his hands into his pockets and takes out some coins.)

The carriage rolls forward. A Crowd of People are shouting or jeering loudly. They look fierce and threatening.

Merchant: (tossing a handful of coins far out of the carriage window) Wait, good people, here's a little gift for you...

With a great shout, the Crowd of People rush forward, pell mell, to pick up the coins.

Merchant: (to the Carriage Driver, sounding panicked) Quick, quick, drive on as fast as you can!

SCENE 3: {Traveling toward the Forest} Merchant, Carriage Driver, 2 Horses.

Merchant: *Phew!* Lucky that I had those few coins in my pocket.

Carriage Driver: Very lucky indeed, Master.

Merchant: (closing his eyes) Oh, but I feel so tired now. Time for a little nap!

The carriage travels onward for some time. The Merchant dozes and dreams to the clip-clop sound of the Horses' hoofs.

Merchant: (awakening suddenly, with a shout) I've got it! I've got it!

Carriage Driver: What wrong, Master?

Merchant: Nothing, I've just thought of the perfect motto for my coat of arms! *It is a wise Master who makes of his servant—Time.*

Carriage Driver: (grinning and shaking his head) Yes, Master.

Merchant: (staring at his old-fashioned watch on a gold chain) Can't you drive a little faster, my man?

It gets darker. The wind rises. The sound of creaking tree branches is heard.

Merchant: What, is it night time already?

The wind continues to blow harder. The rain pours. A crash of thunder terrifies the 2 horses; they make wild neighing noises.

Merchant: Oh, no, just my luck! Now we'll never reach the Palace in time.

The carriage rumbles on amid the sound of the storm.

Merchant: Faster! Faster! We must be almost there!

Carriage Driver: Yes, Master.

Merchant: When we get to the Palace, I promise you a reward!

Carriage Driver: (rocking violently in his seat) But the horses are tired—and the road is so bad.

Merchant: Never mind, I promise you a grand feast.

Carriage Driver: I don't know if we'll get through these woods.

Merchant: Look, when we get to the Palace, you can sleep the whole day long! I promise!

The sound of wind, rain, creaking wheels and groaning tree branches is heard.

Merchant: Take courage! I'm sure we are almost there!

SCENE 4: {Citadel of Montsuelo} Merchant, Citizen Mourners, Queen of Montsuelo, Caerleon (Queen of Montsuelo's Advisor), Carriage Driver, 2 Horses, Royal Page.

The carriage enters the Citadel of Montsuelo. A royal funeral procession passes them in the opposite direction.

Citizen Mourners: Our King is dead from the plague. Begone, Sir, if you value your life, although we fear—even for you—it is too late.

A Royal Page hurries toward the Merchant.

Royal Page: Her Majesty asks to see you, Sir.

Looking frightened, the Merchant follows the Page into the Palace. The Queen sits alone in the state room.

Queen of Montsuelo: Thank you for coming, good Sir . . .

Merchant: (bowing, trying to hide his terror) Your Majesty!

Queen of Montsuelo: . . . Even in these sad times.

Queen of Montsuelo: (raises a sword and taps the Merchant on the shoulder.) Welcome to the Court, Knight of the Royal Shield.

Merchant: (coughing and covering his mouth with his hand) Your Highness, please—*er*—please excuse me. I must leave now.

Queen of Montsuelo: Stay, gentle Knight, one last favour I must ask you.

Merchant: But I really must go at once, I—

Queen of Montsuelo: Stay, I have a tale to tell you.

Merchant: A *t-tale*, Your Majesty?

Queen of Montsuelo: Yes, you see, many years ago, whenever anyone became ill, it was *my* son who felt the pain. Anything sad or cruel that happened—*anywhere in the Kingdom*—made him cry for days and days.

Merchant: (looking as though he wants to escape) How strange!

Queen of Montsuelo: Sadly, the doctors said there was no cure for my son's malady; so, finally, Caerleon, my advisor, told me what to do.

Merchant: What to do, Your Highness?

Queen of Montsuelo: I had to send my son away to the Palace of the Northern Isle.

Merchant: Where?

Queen of Montsuelo: Kind Sir, please go with Caerleon at once. Bring me back news of my son.

Merchant: But where is this place, the Northern Isle?

Caerleon: (shuffling into the state room) I'm ready to leave at once, Your Majesty.

Merchant: (in a stage whisper) *Hmm*, the old man is almost blind, and lame. I think I shall just *slowly* slip away—(The Merchant sidles toward the door.)

Caerleon: (looking stern as he follows the Merchant outside to the carriage) This way, Sir, to the Palace of the North!

Caerleon and the reluctant Merchant climb into the carriage. The Carriage Driver cracks his whip. The 2 Horses gallop away at great speed.

SCENE 5: {In the Forest} The Merchant, Carriage Driver, Caerleon, 2 Horses, a Crowd of People, a Young Boy.

Birdsong, the forest breeze and rustling sounds of forest creatures is heard. Caerleon falls asleep, seated beside the Merchant in the carriage.

Merchant: (looking anxious, speaking in a low voice to himself)
Where are we going? It's the middle of nowhere!
And these woods must be full of highwaymen, I'm sure.

Caerleon snores and mumbles in his sleep.

Merchant: And why is the old man sleeping? I thought he was supposed to be our guide!

The carriage gradually rumbles out of the forest and into the bright sunlight.

Merchant: (staring out of the carriage window) Foolish! *Foolish me!* I should never have come here at all.

Caerleon: (waking suddenly, squinting out of the carriage window)
Soon we should meet someone who can guide us along the way.

Merchant: Guide us? But can't *you* guide us to the Northern Isle?

Caerleon: Sorry, I can't trust myself to find the way.

The carriage approaches the marketplace. A Crowd of People are shouting and chasing a Young Boy, who is running toward the carriage.

Caerleon: There he is. Quick! Open the door and let the boy climb in.

Merchant: What?

Caerleon: Hurry! He is our guide!

Merchant: What, that ragged beggar boy? You must be joking!

Caerleon: Open the door at once!

Merchant: But we have no room!

Caerleon: What's that chest you have tucked under your seat?

Merchant: My treasure chest?

Caerleon: Throw that out at once, let the boy climb in.

Merchant: But those are my savings! *All* my savings!

Caerleon: Well, we have no choice. Remember our promise to the Queen!

Huffing and puffing, Caerleon drags the treasure chest toward the carriage door.

Merchant: (trying to stop the old man) No, please, don't—don't do that!

The Young Boy is nearing the carriage. The Crowd of People are still chasing him and throwing stones. The Young Boy ducks his head to avoid being hit by a flying stone.

Caerleon: (opening the carriage door) Quick, climb in here, my son.

Merchant: (as the boy climbs in over the treasure chest) Take care! Take care!

Seeing Caerleon's intention, the Young Boy helps the old man to heave the treasure chest out of the carriage. A crashing sound is heard. Hundreds of coins spill onto the road.

Caerleon: (to the Young Boy) Good, that should distract the rascals for a time!

Merchant: (groaning loudly) Oh, no, what have you done!

Caerleon: (to the Young Boy) Now! Tell us, why was the crowd chasing you?

Young Boy: My master sent them after me.

Caerleon: Why?

Young Boy: Because he found his sack of gold was gone.

The Merchant begins to cry noisily.

Young Boy: (looking frightened, staring at the Merchant) My Master accused *me* of robbing the treasure.

Caerleon: I see.

Young Boy: He beat me till I ran away. And then, he sent the crowd after me.

Caerleon: (with a croaking laugh) Then let them take that treasure back to your Master, instead.

Merchant: (sobbing) What have you done, old man? What have you *done!*

Caerleon: (turning to the Young Boy) Now, we have a favour to ask. Can you show us the way to the Northern Isle?

The Young Boy frowns and shakes his head.

Caerleon: Think, boy, think hard! Surely, you've been there before.

Young Boy: (staring toward the horizon) It is true, I've often been there in my dreams.

Merchant: (loudly, in a tone of disbelief) *In your dreams?*

Young Boy: Once, I even met the young Prince who lives there. I think—yes, I think I know the way.

SCENE 6: {In the Forest} Merchant, Carriage Driver, Caerleon, 2 Horses, Young Boy.

The pelting sound of a heavy rainstorm. The 2 Horses refuse to go any further. The Carriage Driver ties their leather harness around a tree.

Merchant: Oh no, more delay! Will we never reach the Northern Isle?

Caerleon: (rousing from sleep, grasping the Young Boy's sleeve.) Don't despair, Your Highness, we'll soon reach the Palace.

Merchant: (in a stage whisper) His Highness, indeed! How could anyone confuse this beggar boy with a young Prince?

A crashing sound is heard. A bolt of lightning strikes the tree. The 2 horses fall dead. The Carriage Driver gets down from his seat and thumps on the carriage door.

Carriage Driver: (loudly) Master! Our horses are dead!

The Merchant, Caerleon and the Young Boy all stare at the Carriage Driver, looking horrified.

Merchant: Well, then, I'm sorry, but *you* must pull the carriage.

The Carriage Driver, looking dismayed, tries to drag the carriage forward. Very soon, he stops.

Carriage Driver: Master, I can't go any further.

Merchant: (in despair) Look out on the horizon, boy, and tell us—are we near?

Young Boy: (poking his head out of the carriage window) Of course, can't you see the shining towers of the Palace?

Merchant: (squinting into the distance) Towers? What towers? I see nothing—nothing at all.

The Carriage Driver groans and falls to the ground. The Merchant, Caerleon, and the Young Boy climb down from the carriage.

Merchant: (looking shocked, staring the Carriage Driver) Poor man. He is dead. What should we do? Bury him by the side of the road?

The Merchant and the Young Boy dig a pit and lay the Carriage Driver inside. Caerleon says a prayer. The Young Boy tosses a daisy onto the grave. Then they all look at one another.

Merchant: Now who will pull the carriage?

Caerleon: You will. I'm much too old.

Merchant: (indignantly) But what about the boy?

Caerleon: He's not strong enough for that!

Merchant: Well, I can't do it alone!

Caerleon: (climbing back inside the carriage) Let the boy walk ahead then. He will guide us to the Palace.

The Young Boy leads the procession, smiling at *the-invisible-something* which only he sees on the horizon. Caerleon dozes inside the carriage. The Merchant groans and tugs the carriage onward for miles and miles.

Merchant: (after a time, pausing, gasping for breath) How much further?

Young Boy: Not far, we're almost there, I promise! Wake up, Caerleon, wake up!

Old Caerleon wakes up and climbs out of the carriage.

Merchant: (sadly, looking at the carriage) Just look, it's completely ruined!

Young Boy: Never mind. It's time to leave this old carriage behind.

The Merchant, Caerleon, and the Young Boy join hands and walk on into the sunset.

SCENE 7: {The Palace of the North} Prince of the Northern Isle.
Merchant, Caerleon, Young Boy, Merchant's Twin, Caerleon's Twin.

The Merchant, Caerleon and the Young Boy see in front of them the Palace of the North. A fanfare of trumpets is heard. The Prince of the Northern Isle comes to greet them. Although he wears royal clothes, he looks very much like the Young Boy.

Merchant: (staring first at the Prince of the Northern Isle, then at the Young Boy) Why, Your Highness, you look just like brothers. Twin brothers!

Prince of the Northern Isle: We are all brothers here. Welcome to our peaceful Kingdom.

Merchant: (looking very surprised, staring around him curiously). What an unusual clock. It has no hands. How can anyone tell the time?

The merchant looks at own watch and shakes it. It has stopped.

Merchant: And I see no stocks or pillories; where do you tie up your criminals for flogging?

Prince of the Northern Isle: (frowning) Criminals?

Merchant: You know, Your Highness, worthless beggars, robbers, pickpockets!

Prince of the Northern Isle: Pickpockets? Robbers? Beggars? Whatever do you mean?

Merchant: Do you mean to say, Your Highness, there are no scoundrels locked up in the public square?

Prince of the Northern Isle: (smiling) No, indeed, Sir, none at all.

Merchant: But have you no army? Where are your guardsmen to protect the city in times of war?

Prince of the Northern Isle: Good Sir, you must understand that all arms and armour are forbidden on the Northern Isle by royal decree.

Merchant: (in a loud tone of disbelief) Forbidden by royal decree?

Prince of the Northern Isle: Indeed, Sir, that is so.

Merchant: Well, this *is* a very strange place, indeed!

Prince of the Northern Isle: (to Caerleon and the Merchant) So, my friends, what news do you bring?

Caerleon: We bring you sad news.

Prince of the Northern Isle: What?

Caerleon: Your father is dead.

Prince of the Northern Isle: Dead?

Caerleon: Of the plague.

Prince of the Northern Isle: And my mother?

Caerleon: She asked to see you. I hope it is not too late.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (looking serious and sad) How I dread going back to that place, and yet I must...
(a loud sigh)

Looking solemn, the Prince of the Northern Isle raises his hand. At once, Caerleon's Twin and the Merchant's Twin appear in front of them.

Merchant: (staring at his own double) But this is incredible!

Caerleon yawns and lies down. The Young Boy lies down next to Caerleon and falls asleep.

Merchant: (yawning) My goodness, what's happening? I can hardly keep my eyes open.

The Merchant lies down next to Caerleon and falls asleep.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (speaking to the Merchant's Twin and Caerleon's Twin and pointing to Caerleon, the Merchant

and the Young Boy). Let them rest awhile. We shall return to my father's kingdom, instead.

SCENE 8: {Burnt-out Citadel of Montsuelo} Prince of the Northern Isle. Merchant's Twin, Caerleon's Twin, Queen of Montsuelo, Echo Voices.

Sound of a loudly ticking clock. TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK. The Prince of the Northern Isle and Caerleon's Twin arrive at the Citadel of Montsuelo. The TICK TOCKING sound stops dramatically. The Prince of the Northern Isle and Caerleon's Twin see that the Citadel is completely destroyed.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (looking solemn) Again, this place of destruction weighs me down.

Echo Voices: *Down, down, down...*

Prince of the Northern Isle: I feel ill. Just like before.

Echo Voices: *Once more, once more, once more...*

Prince of the Northern Isle: (entering the hall, climbing the stairs) Where is my mother?

Queen of Montsuelo: (lying, alone, in her sick chamber) My son, you're home at last.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (taking his mother's hand) Is there a doctor in the town?

Caerleon's Twin: (shaking his head) There is no one left.

Prince of the Northern Isle: No medicine?

Caerleon's Twin: None. We can do nothing, but wait.

Prince of the Northern Isle: Well, I won't leave till she recovers.

A little while later. ENTER the Merchant's Twin.

Merchant's Twin: (in a loud voice) Your Highness, I've just come back from the town. It's terrible. Everything's burnt. There isn't a house left standing.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (stoking a fire in the fireplace) I know.

Queen of Montsuelo: (sitting up slowly) Thank you, I think—I feel a little better now.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (offering his arm) Sit down here, Mother, near the fire.

Queen of Montsuelo: (to the merchant) My dear friend, how ever can I thank you?

Merchant's Twin: (stammering) But, Your Highness, I—I did not really—

Caerleon's Twin: (with authority) Our friend has made great sacrifices. We all thank him.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (smiling) That is true. Now, this evening we shall rest. Tomorrow we shall go down into the town.

Merchant's Twin: I don't think so, Your Highness. It's deserted. And completely ruined!

Prince of the Northern Isle: (solemnly) Yes, but I promise I shall raise it up again—with my own hands.

SCENE 9: {Next morning; Burnt-out Citadel of Montsuelo}

Prince of the Northern Isle, Merchant's Twin, Caerleon's Twin, Woman from Montsuelo, Man from Valerdia.

Prince of the Northern Isle: Let's begin. I need a couple of ox-carts from the stable.

Merchant's Twin: Whatever for?

Prince of the Northern Isle: We'll drag all the weapons down into the town.

Merchant's Twin: (looking surprised) What, *all* the weapons?

Prince of the Northern Isle: Yes, we'll melt them in blacksmith's forge—

Merchant's Twin: We will?

Prince of the Northern Isle: —and build a Royal Road instead.

Merchant's Twin: Of course, yes, a road all the way down the mountain side!

Prince of the Northern Isle: And on to Valerdia!

The steady sound of BANGING is heard. The Prince of the Northern Isle and the Merchant's Twin are working in the blacksmith's forge. Using

metal from the melted weapons, they begin to build a roadway down the mountain path.

ENTER one Woman from Montsuelo, one Man from Valerdia.

Woman from Montsuelo: (to the Prince of the Northern Isle) Oh! Are you the young Prince—? From the Northern Isle?

Prince of the Northern Isle: Yes, I've just come back.

Woman from Montsuelo: Welcome home, Your Highness. (She points to the Man from Valerdia.) And I've just met my cousin. Imagine, my cousin living in Valerdia! What a surprise!

Prince of the Northern Isle: Greetings. (He turns to the Merchant's Twin) And this is my good friend.

The Merchant's Twin smiles shyly.

Man from Valerdia: We came back to see if my cousin's house is still standing. But what are *you* doing? Can we help?

Merchant's Twin: (wiping his forehead and looking relieved) Yes, thank you! You can indeed!

The Man from Valerdia and the Woman from Montsuelo begin working alongside the Prince of the Northern Isle and the Merchant's Twin.

Prince of the Northern Isle: (smiling) Thank you, my friends, as you can see there is so much more to do.

SCENE 10: {Town of Montsuelo} Narrator, Several Villagers. Cobbler, Baker, Tailor, Watchmaker, Caerleon's Twin, Merchant's Twin.

There is the SLOW steady TICK TOCK sound of Time passing.

Narrator: (as Characters mime the following actions) Villagers travel from Montsuelo to Valerdia by the new Royal Road. Lost cattle and horses are taken back to their barns and stables. The Cobbler, Baker, Tailor and Watchmaker re-open their shops. Farmers drive their loaded carts to the marketplace.

Meanwhile, there is a SLOW steady sound of Time passing. TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK ...

Caerleon's Twin exits on the left. The Merchant's Twin exits on the right. Caerleon and the Merchant gradually wake up from their long dream. They are amazed to see that the Kingdom of Montsuelo is now rebuilt as before.

SCENE 11: {Town of Montsuelo, Watchmaker's Shop}

Merchant, Watchmaker.

Merchant: (entering the Watchmaker's shop) Hello there, I have a message from the Prince of Montsuelo.

Watchmaker: Yes, Sir?

Merchant: The Prince wants to order a special clock.

Watchmaker: Special? What do you mean—*special*?

Merchant: He needs a grand, beautiful, *slow*-ticking clock—as a special gift!

Watchmaker: A *slow* ticking clock, you say. *Hmm*, well, I shall build the very best clock I can.

Merchant and Watchmaker quit the stage.

SCENE 12: {Some time later; Castle of Valerdia, the throne room}

Narrator, Prince of the Northern Isle (Crown Prince of Montsuelo), Royal Page, King of Valerdia, Queen of Valerdia, Princess of Valerdia.

Sound of pleasant musical chimes. Enter the Prince of Montsuelo. His Royal Page follows, carrying the grand slow-ticking clock.

King of Valerdia: (looking surprised and pleased) Welcome, young Prince!

Queen of Valerdia: We are very happy to see you!

Prince of the Northern Isle: Thank you, Your Majesty. I bring you this special gift. (The Prince of the Northern Isle places the gift clock beside the throne.)

Princess of Valerdia: (smiling at the Prince of the Northern Isle) Oh, what a beautiful clock!

Prince of the Northern Isle: My mother, the Queen, sends her greetings. We hope you will come to visit us in Montsuelo.

King of Valerdia: (stage whispering to the Queen of Valerdia)
What do you think, my dear?

Queen of Valerdia: (stage whispering to the King of Valerdia) I am
thinking exactly what you are thinking!

King of Valerdia: Wouldn't the young Prince be just
perfect for our daughter?

Queen of Valerdia: (stage whispering, smiling, nodding to the King of
Valerdia) Perfect, *just perfect*, my dear!

Trumpets sound. The King and Queen leave the throne room in a
procession, followed by the Prince of the Northern Isle and the Princess
of Valerdia walking together, followed by the Royal Page. And all the
time, there is the SLOW steady TICK TOCK sound of Time passing.

.....TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK ...

Narrator: In time, the Prince of Montsuelo and the
Princess of Valerdia were married and lived
happily together for many years. During their
long and peaceful reign, the boundaries between
the two Kingdoms disappeared. Gradually, they
became one.

SCENE 13: {Many years later. Farmer's field near the
United Kingdom of Montsuelo-Valerdia} Youngest Prince of
Montsuelo-Valerdia (grandson of the Prince of the Northern Isle/
Prince of Montsuelo) and the Princess of Valerdia. Farmer.

The youngest Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia comes running across the
fields toward a farmer, carrying an ancient helmet and a rusty old
sword in his hand.

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: (panting with excitement) Look,
look, I was playing over there just now and guess
what—I tripped.

Farmer: Did you, now?

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: Yes, and look what I
found—a buried treasure!

Farmer: (looking and shaking his head) Treasure! Are you
sure?

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: I think this might be a fancy flower pot. (He plays with the helmet's rusty visor, pulling it up and down.)

Farmer: Really?

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: Or maybe a box to keep seeds dry?

Farmer: (yawning) Perhaps.

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: (digging into the ground with the rusty sword) And this long, pointed thing must be for digging into the earth.

Farmer: *Hmm*, maybe!

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: Don't you think they're special?

The Farmer shrugs his shoulders.

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: (looking disappointed) Oh, well, perhaps I should bury them again.

Farmer: (looking across his field) Yes, perhaps you should.

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: Do you think so?

Farmer: Yes, I *really do*. And, by the way, Your Highness, do you want to see something *really* special.

Prince of Montsuelo-Valerdia: What?

Farmer: (pointing to his field) Look over there! Aren't those the most fabulous turnips and cabbages you have *ever ever* seen?

THE END

Story and adaptation by Christina Manolescu
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