

KIDS' PAGE

HEY KIDS: Have a story to share? Call Kids' Page Editor Daryl Madore at 504-8247.

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The power of dreams

(an Eastern European tale)

Adapted by AMY FRIEDMAN and illustrated by JILLIAN GILLILAND

Once upon a time three villagers were gathering together their wares to sell in the market. One man was a lamp maker, the second man wove rugs and the third man was a farmer who grew wheat. They were neighbors and friends, and so they decided to travel together to the next village to sell their wares. The market there was large and filled with people, and they reasoned they would earn lots of money, although the journey was long.

So the next morning they packed their goods and set off.

To reach the next village, they had to first climb the tall mountains surrounding their village. Up and up they trudged, carrying their heavy loads. The path was steep and difficult, the air raw and cold, and when at last they reached the top of the mountains, they were exhausted.

"Let's rest awhile," said the farmer, and the others thankfully agreed. They lay their bags upon the ground and sat down to rest, though they had many more miles to travel.

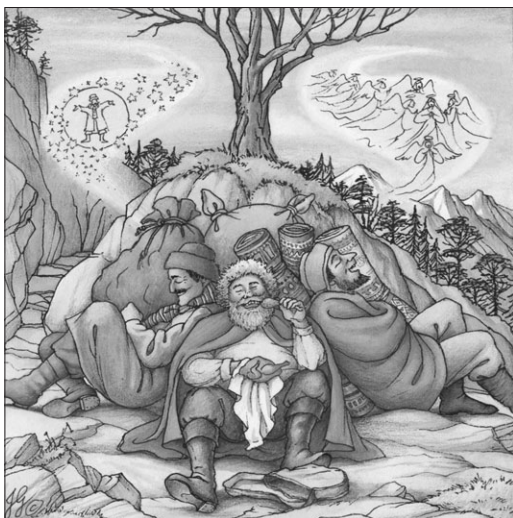
"What have we brought to eat?" the lamp maker asked. "I'm starving."

At that the rug man looked up. "Oh my," he said, alarmed. "I forgot to pack food."

The lamp man frowned. "So have I."

But the farmer smiled. "Never fear," he said, "my wife packed a sack we can share." With great pleasure, he reached into his bags and pulled out the sack.

As he opened it, the others' mouths began to water, but to their dismay, the farmer pulled out of the sack only a small roasted chicken. The farmer reached inside to see what else his wife had packed, but to his disappointment,



TELL ME A STORY

there was nothing. "It isn't much," he said sadly.

"I could swallow that chicken whole!" said the lamp man.

"Me too," the rug man agreed.

All three men stared with longing at that little chicken. It smelled so good that they could almost taste the juicy meat in their mouths. Their eyes grew wider, their stomachs growled, and they wondered desperately what to do. How good that chicken would taste!

After a while, the rug man said, "What would the wise men advise us?"

They thought about the three wise men in their village. They could almost see them—three old men with long, gray beards and quiet eyes, sitting silently in their dark study, pondering.

The farmer yawned and said, "The wise men always think for a long time before reaching any decision."

"That they do," said the rug man, and he leaned against his sack of rugs, trying to imagine how to think like a wise man.

"They're silent when they think," said the farmer.

The three nodded, and there, in the quiet, resting their aching limbs, they felt sleepiness overtaking them.

"I know what to do," said the farmer. "We'll take a nap, and we shall dream. Whichever one of us dreams the most wonderful dream will eat the chicken."

"Perfect!" said the other two. "A splendid idea." They already were half-asleep, and each man loved to dream.

They leaned back against their goods and closed their eyes. Soon the top of the mountain was perfectly silent, the only sound the rustling leaves moved by a brisk winter wind, and the breathing of men.

Now the rug man began to smile, for he was dreaming of life on the moon, and the lamp man smiled too as he lapsed into a dream of heaven. They dreamed happily for a while, but presently the loud grunting and snoring sounds woke all three. They sat up straight.

The lamp man was the first to speak. "I'm sure I've won," he said. "I dreamed that I was on the moon, warmed by the

brightest, whitest light, and I looked down upon the Earth and knew that I was at peace forever, perfectly happy."

"Oh no," said the rug man. "The moon sounds good, but I'm afraid my dream was better still. I dreamed I was in heaven surrounded by angels, the only sound their exquisite voices, the only smells those of fragrant flowers, the only feeling everywhere, joy."

The two men turned to look at the farmer, whose smile was even brighter and wider than their own. "What was your dream?" they asked, longing to know what could be better than a life in heaven or a life on the moon.

"Well, I am amazed hearing your tales," said the farmer. "You see, I couldn't fall asleep, and so I opened my eyes and watched you, and when I saw that one of you was on the moon and the other in heaven, and when I realized how lovely those worlds were, I knew you would never wish to return to this Earth. That's why I ate the whole chicken."

The rug man and the lamp man looked into the sack, and sure enough it was empty. With their stomachs growling, they then understood the power of dreams—a power that can change things in the real world.

"TELL ME A STORY 2: Animal Magic," the second CD in the audiobook series, is now available. For more information, please visit www.mylittleadventures.com.

Gallegher: A Newspaper Story

LAST WEEK: Gallegher begins to lay the trap to capture the Burrbank murderer.

Part 5

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Mr. Dwyer sat down at his desk and scribbled off the following note:

"I have received reliable information that Hade, the Burrbank murderer, will be present at the fight tonight. We have arranged it so that he will be arrested quietly and in such a manner that the fact may be kept from all other papers. I need not point out to you that this will be the most important piece of news in the country tomorrow.

"Yours, etc., MICHAEL E. DWYER."

The sporting editor stepped into the waiting cab, while Gallegher whispered the directions to the driver. He was told to go first to a district-messenger office, and from there up to the Ridge Avenue Road, off Broad Street, and on to the old Eagle Inn, near Torredale. It was a miserable night. The rain and snow were falling together, and freezing as they fell. The sporting editor got out to send his message to the Press office, and then lighting a cigar, and turning up the collar of his greatcoat, curled up in the corner of the cab.

"Wake me when we get there, Gallegher," he said. He knew he had a long ride, and much rapid work before him, as he was preparing for the strain.

To Gallegher the idea of going to sleep seemed almost criminal. From the dark corner of the cab his eyes shone with excitement, and with the awful joy of anticipation. He glanced every now and then to where the sporting editor's cigar shone in the darkness, and watched it as it gradually burnt more dimly and went out. The lights in the shop windows threw a broad glare across the ice on the pavements, and the light from the lamposts tossed the distorted shadow of the cab, and the horse, and the motionless driver, sometimes before and sometimes behind them.

After half an hour Gallegher slipped down to the bottom of the cab and dragged out a lap robe, in which he wrapped himself. It was growing colder, and the damp, keen wind swept in through the cracks until the window-frames and woodwork were cold to the touch. An hour passed, and the cab was still moving more slowly over the rough surface of partly paved streets, and by single rows of new houses standing at different angles to each other in fields covered with ash-heaps and brick-kilns. Here and there the gaudy lights of a drug-store, and the forerunner of suburban civilization, shone from the end of a new block of houses, and the rubber cape of an occasional policeman shined in the light of the lamp-post that he hugged for comfort.

Then even the houses disappeared, and the cab dragged its way between truck farms, with desolate-looking glass-covered beds, and pools of water, half-caked with ice, and bare trees, and interminable fences.

Once or twice the cab stopped altogether, and Gallegher could hear the driver swearing to himself, or at the horse, or the roads. At last they drew up before the station at Torredale. It was quite deserted, and only a single light cut a swath in the darkness and showed a portion of the platform, the ties, and the rails glistening in the rain. They walked twice past the light before a figure stepped out of the shadow and greeted them cautiously.

"I am Mr. Dwyer, of the Press," said the sporting editor, briskly. "You've heard of me, perhaps. Well, there shouldn't be any difficulty in our making a deal, should there? This boy here has found Hade, and we have reason to believe he will be among the spectators at the fight tonight. We want you to arrest him quietly and as secretly as possible.

You can do it with your papers and your badge easily enough. We want you to pretend that you believe he is this burglar you came over after. If you will do this, and take him away without any one so much as suspecting who he really is, and on the train that passes here at 1:20 for New York, we will give you \$500 out of the \$5,000 reward. If, however, on other paper, either in New York or Philadelphia, or anywhere else, knows of the arrest, you won't get a cent. Now, what do you say?"

The detective had a great deal to say. He wasn't at all sure the man Gallegher suspected was Hade; he feared he might get himself into trouble by making a false arrest, and if it should be the man, he would be in the local police would interfere.

"We've no time to argue or debate this matter," said Dwyer, warmly. "We agree to point Hade out to you in the crowd. After the fight is over you arrest him as we have directed, and we get the money and the credit of the arrest. If you don't like this, I will arrest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a warrant."

Heflienger considered in silence, and then agreed unconditionally. "As you say, Mr. Dwyer," he returned. "I've heard of you for a thoroughbred sport. I know you'll do what you say you'll do; and as for me I'll do what you say and just as you say, and it's a very pretty piece of work as it stands."

They all stepped back into the cab, and then it was that they were met by a fresh difficulty, how to get the detective into the barn where the fight was to take place, for neither of the two men had \$250 to pay for his admittance.

But this was overcome when Gallegher remembered the window of which young Kepler had told him.

NEXT WEEK: Ready for the fight

UNIVERSAL Sudoku Puzzle

Answers from Page A9

1	5	9	3	8	4	2	7	6
2	7	3	9	6	5	4	1	8
4	6	8	1	2	7	5	9	3
9	3	2	4	5	8	7	6	1
5	4	1	7	9	6	8	3	2
7	8	6	2	3	1	9	5	4
8	9	7	6	4	3	1	2	5
6	1	5	8	7	2	3	4	9
3	2	4	5	1	9	6	8	7

www.timesrecord.com

Will you be the next Kids' Page Cub Reporter?

Cub Reporters write stories about school life and things that are happening in their communities. Some even take photographs to go with their stories.

WHAT TO DO. If you want to write a story for The Times Record, just make sure to answer the 5Ws and H. They're important.

- **WHO** is the story about?
- **WHAT** is the focus of the story?
- **WHEN** did the story take place?
- **WHERE** did the story take place?
- **WHY** should a reader be interested in this story?
- **HOW** did the **Who** do the **What**?

Make sure to include some of the most interesting information and quotes toward the beginning of the story. That helps make a reader interested in your story.

Have fun with your story.

Send your story and/or photos and captions to knowledgepartners@timesrecord.com to: Knowledge Partners, The Times Record, P.O. Box 10, 3 Business Parkway, Brunswick, ME 04011. All stories should include writer and photographer's student's first and last name (that's called the **byline**), school, grade and teacher's name. Call Daryl Madore at 504-8247 for more information.



Young Abe Lincoln adventure offers fun read

BOOK REVIEW

BY DARYL MADORE
Times Record Staff

This new Abe Lincoln children's book isn't bad — honest. "Abraham Lincoln and the Forest of Little Pigeon Creek" is the first title in the AmeriTales series — fictional adventures of real American heroes.

Young Abe is 9 and his Pa figures he's old enough to go through the Forest of Little Pigeon Creek on his own. Problem is, though, that there are some mighty scary creatures and noises in them there woods.

So young Abe might as well stay out of that Indiana forest, right? No way. Abe's a reader, and his folks are so poor they can't afford any books. So, if Abe's gonna take a journey in a book, he's first got to strap on his trusty ax



and take a journey through the woods to Old Man Crawford's house to borrow a book. It'll be through that book that Abe learns to stand up to bears and conquer his fear of the woods, along with his trusty sidekick Jake the turkey.

The story, though fictional, offers brightly colored, eye-searing illustrations by Randy Jennings to complement T.D. Carter's action-packed story line. It'll be an enjoyable read for ages 4 to 9 as they read about an adven-

ture this future president could have had growing up in the Indiana wilderness.

The book so offers historical information, such as the "Tale of the Passenger Pigeon" and some publisher's notes. There's a glossary of terms to help the reader: pretty useful for young'uns who might not know what a "vermin" is or what it means to "skedaddle." I "reckon" it'd be "hogwash" and pure "tomfoolery" to assume a 6-year-old would know the other terms like "bugging," "wattle" and "fickle" without the help of the glossary.

The full-color 54-page hardcover is published by AmeriTales Entertainment and retails for \$19.95 (ISBN: 978-0-9798739-0-4).