



## DIALOGUE 24. A king and a song

[7] singer, thing

INGRID: There once was a king –

MUNGO: King of England?

INGRID: No. This king's kingdom was far-flung, stretching along the banks of every winding river, spreading into all the angles of the world.

MUNGO: He must have been a very strong king. The strongest! Did *everything* belong to him?

INGRID: Almost everything. One evening he was sitting on the bank of his longest river, watching the sun sink behind the weeping willows –

MUNGO: And the nightingales calling from the darkening branches.

INGRID: Only they weren't nightingales. They were two monks ringing a tinkling bell, singing a sad lingering song in a strange tongue no longer known among the younger subjects of his far-flung kingdom.

INGRID: It's beginning to be interesting. But I'm getting hungry. Can you bring me something to eat and drink, do you think, Ingrid?