

DRAGON'S DAW



Bjorn's Voyage to Dreamland

Lem Mark

A VIKING TALE



Bjorn sits by the roaring hearth, clutching his wooden sword while his father tells tales of dragons and longships. The firelight dances on the stone walls of the longhouse, casting shadows that look like giant warriors ready for battle.



His mother brings him a warm mug of honeyed milk and tucks a soft sheepskin rug around his shoulders. Outside, the northern winds howl through the fjords, singing a rhythmic song of the ancient mountains and the deep blue sea.



Bjorn looks out the small window at the starlit sky, wondering if the stars are the sparkling shields of gods looking down from Valhalla. He imagines a ghostly longship sailing across the Milky Way, guided by the steady light of the North Star.



His father leads him to a sturdy bed carved from dark oak, which smells of fresh pine and salt air. Every great warrior needs their rest, his father whispers, to prepare for the grand adventures and battles of tomorrow's play.



As Bjorn closes his eyes, the Aurora Borealis begins to dance across the sky in ribbons of emerald and violet. The lights shimmer like the breath of a friendly dragon, guarding the sleeping village under a canopy of color.



In his mind, the bedroom transforms into a majestic ship with silken sails made of woven moonlight. Bjorn is the captain now, steering his vessel through a calm sea of soft, fluffy clouds that feel like wool.



He sails past the Great Bear constellation, which nods its glowing head in a silent, friendly greeting. Playful sea monsters made of mist leap over the waves of the dream-sea, leaving trails of stardust in their wake.



The ship reaches a golden island where the trees grow silver leaves that chime like tiny bells in the breeze. Here, all the Viking children gather to exchange stories of their day under the watchful and kind eye of the moon.



Bjorn feels his heart grow heavy with peace as he anchors his dream-ship in a harbor of velvet shadows. The rhythmic sound of the imaginary waves matches his own slow, steady breathing as he drifts further into sleep.



Deep in the heart of the North, the little Viking warrior falls into a deep and happy slumber. He sleeps soundly, knowing that the spirit of adventure will be waiting for him when the sun rises over the snowy peaks.