

DOVE

Can't ya eat yer soup without a story?

FINN

Nope.

DOVE

I'm not yer mum.

FINN

I'll tell me own story then. Hmm. Let's see now. I'll tell me one 'bout the boy who danced.

DOVE

Don't know that one. Don't know any meself.

FINN

There once was a boy who lived by a lake. Every winter, the lake froze over and the boy wanted to skate. But he was poor and he had no skates. And he had no coat. And he had no hat. Not even a scarf. Fer his mum boilt 'em all to make the boy's soup.

DOVE

A hearty soup it was then.

FINN

A-ya, it was. But the boy didn't think so. He spat out his soup. He spilt it. He fed it to the cat that lay by the fire. It tastes like old shoes, he said. But his mum kept feedin' it to him anyway. 'Cause that's all she had, and she feared her boy would catch the death o' cold.

DOVE

She feared a losin' him.

FINN

One day, the boy woke up before the sun and found his mum cuttin' up her woolins and mixin' 'em in the soup. I won't eat yer soup anymore, the boy shouted. And he ran out the door and all the way to the lake.

DOVE

He ran without a coat.

FINN

He ran without a hat. And he ran without his shoes. All across the frozen ground 'til he got to the frozen water. And he ran onto the frozen water as far as he could run.

Silence.

Ya gonna tell the rest? DOVE

Thought I'd eat me soup first. FINN

No! DOVE

Ya like hearin' stories then. FINN

What happened to the boy? DOVE

FINN
He ran all the way to the middle of the lake. And he stood there for a long time, angry at his mum and angrier still that he had no skates and nothing to eat but old-clothes soup. His anger made him shout. His anger made him cry. His anger made him stomp his bare feet. And when he did, the ice began to crack. And the more he screamed and cried and danced his anger dance, the more the ice cracked around him 'til the whole lake was covered with a spider web of jaggedy lines and holes in the ice where he could see the water.

Did he fall in? DOVE

The boy peered down into the water and saw it was full of fish. FINN

Oh... DOVE

FINN
And he reached down and grabbed a handful. And he ran home as fast as he could and gave them to his mother, who made fish soup for dinner.

And the boy loved his fish soup DOVE

And wearin' skates on the frozen water. FINN

I like that story. DOVE