

Booktalk!

Icefall Script

For this Book Talk you will need:

- Two volunteers; one male, one female
- A copy of *Icefall*
- Clothes that could represent Vikings: Fur coats, hats, furry boots...

(Harald and Solveig should be sitting either in chairs beside each other or on the floor, pretending to be by a fire. Solveig is 'reading' the copy of Icefall)



Harald: Solveig, will you tell me a story? I do love your stories.

Solveig: Of course Harald, anything for my little prince.

Harald: I'm not little!

Solveig: Yes, yes, I know. (*'Reading' from book*) This story takes place in a country much like ours. The war between the Good King and the Warlord started a long time ago, but then as the war raged on over many years the king felt it was better if he sent his three children, two daughters and one son — the heir to the throne — away to keep them safe.

Harald: Just like me, you, and Asa!

Solveig: Yes, exactly like us. The king sent his children and a few of the most trusted in his kingdom to a hidden fortress, sealed in by the frozen sea and safely nestled between two towering mountains.

Harald: I bet it's as cold and boring there as it is here.

Solveig: Perhaps. This fortress proved to be safe — for a while. Soon, a ship of the king's fiercest warriors, the Berserkers, arrived as extra protection for the king's children — especially his son — though no one knew the real reason for their sudden appearance.

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...Iceland Script continued

Harald: I don't know about you, but I kind of like the Berserkers. Especially the war chief, Hake. He's teaching me to be a better warrior!

Solveig: Shush Harald, I'm trying to tell you a story. Anyway, it wasn't long before the children realized that there was a traitor among them. Slowly, the inhabitants of the fortress began to turn on each other, accusing one another and fighting. The siblings were finding it harder to trust anyone in their midst, and wondered if they would survive till the spring...

Harald: How does the story end, Solveig?

Solveig: I don't know yet. We'll have to wait and see. Now it's off to bed for you, little prince. It's getting late.

Harald: *(Walking off stage with Solveig)* I'm not little!



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