

# COMICAL HISTORY OF THREE DREAMERS

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Three companions, of whom two were Tradesmen and Townsmen, and the third a Villager, on the score of devotion, went on pilgrimage to a noted sanctuary; and as they went on their way, their provision began to fail them, insomuch that they had nothing to eat, but a little flour, barely sufficient to make of it a very small loaf of bread. The tricking townsmen seeing this, said between themselves, we have but little bread, and this companion of ours is a great eater; on which account it is necessary we should think how we may eat this little bread without him. When they had made it and set it to bake, the tradesmen seeing in what manner to cheat the countryman, said: let us all sleep, and let him that shall have the most marvellous dream betwixt all three of us, eat the bread. This bargain being agreed upon, and settled between them, they laid down to sleep. The countryman, discovering the trick of his companions, drew out the bread half baked, eat it by himself, and turned again to sleep. In a while, one of the tradesmen, as frightened by a marvellous dream, began to get up, and was asked by his companion, why he was so frightened? he answered, I am frightened and dreadfully surprized by a marvellous dream: it seemed to me that two Angels, opening the gates of Heaven, carried me before the throne of God with great joy: his companion said: this is a marvellous dream, but I have seen another more marvellous, for I saw two Angels, who carried me over the earth to Hell. The countryman hearing this, made as if he slept; but the townsmen, desirous to finish their trick, awoke him; and the countryman, artfully as one surprised, answered: Who are these that call me? They told him, we are thy companions. He asked them: How did you return? They answered: We never went hence; why d'ye talk of our return? The countryman replied: It appeared to me that two Angels, opening the

gates of Heaven, carried one of you before our Lord God, and dragged the other over the earth to Hell, and I thought you never would return hither, as I have never heard that any had returned from Paradise, nor from Hell, and so I arose and eat the bread by myself.

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[0] From an old edition of *Lasarillo de Tormes*. ↑

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