

Text:

Read this old Celtic legend and then answer the questions below. Use your own words.

Beth Gellert

Prince Llewelyn's favourite greyhound¹ was called Gellert. He was a present from King John, his wife's father. Gellert was his favourite hound because he was very gentle at home but also a wild hunter. One day, when Llewelyn wanted to go hunting, he blew his horn to call his dogs. All his dogs came to him, except Gellert. So he blew again louder and also shouted Gellert's name, but still there was no sign of him. Finally, the Prince had to leave without his greyhound. But because Gellert, his fastest and most dangerous dog, was not with him, he did not have as much fun as usual.

Llewelyn was very angry because of this, but his anger turned into shock when he came back to the castle and Gellert came towards him: Gellert's lips and mouth were dripping with blood! Llewelyn could not believe his eyes and became very worried. But the hound was happy to see his master again and he lay down at the Prince's feet.

Prince Llewelyn had a terrible thought – he had a little son who loved to play with Gellert. He hurried to the child's room to look for him. But on his way he found more and more blood and when he went into the room, he saw the signs of a terrible fight. The child's cradle² was on the floor and there was blood all over it, and Llewelyn could not find his son!

He searched for his child everywhere but could not find him. So he turned to the dog and shouted: "You terrible monster, you have killed my child!" Then he took his sword and stabbed³ the greyhound with it.

Gellert fell to the ground and yelped loudly. And then suddenly the Prince heard his son cry out: The child was lying under the cradle. He was fine, but next to him there was the dead body of a huge wolf. Now Llewelyn thought: "Oh no! Gellert did not join the hunt and stayed at the castle because he wanted to look after my child. He has saved my son from the wolf!"

But it was too late for Gellert now – the dog died and Prince Llewelyn was very sad from that day on. He buried his favourite greyhound in a grave with a huge stone over it, close to his castle and the great mountain of Snowdon. There, everyone who walked on the path could see the grave. Today people still call the place by its Celtic name, Beth Gellert, or – in English – the Grave of Gellert.

¹ greyhound: *Windhund*

² cradle: *Kinderwiege*

³ to stab: *erstechen*