

Junior Division, Prose

Léna Wills, Corner Brook

**Seluk's Fable (excerpt)**

I will spare you the rest of his groveling, but I knew he was asking for a mountain of gold coins. So I told him what I tell anyone who comes to me thinking gold is so easily given: "Give a human a mountain of gold, and they will die of exhaustion trying to carry the whole thing home." (In many years I have never seen that pass into proverb, despite telling it to all humans I meet.) But I pitied him, groveling there with nothing to his name but a farm he could not maintain, so I decided I would bestow a great gift that day. "I will, however, help you." I went on. "I grant you my blessing, human, that it may aid you in your desire for prosperity." I pulled a modest necklace summoned from the soil, and placed it around his neck. The object was nothing special, simple bronze and quartz, but the blessing it carried for its wearer was indeed quite something. "As long as this necklace adorns you, your luck will shine brighter. You will know no grave misfortunes. It will not solve your problems over night, mind you, but in time you will notice your life improving greatly. Be no fool, this gift is greater than all the gold I could give you."

He accepted my gift with many profuse thanks, and left without a further word. He spent half that night at the tavern in celebration, spending a good portion of his inheritance on rounds for the house and games of chance. Though he won several of those games, they were not truly up to chance, as is the way of human games, and he lost more than he made, though he was far too merry to notice and took his wins as proof of my power. (Indeed he lost much less than he would have had he not worn the necklace.) Eventually he stumbled home and slept to midday.