

Wulfric's slender, pearl quill clattered on the crimson red carpet, creating sharp outburst of charcoal black everywhere. As he scrambled to pick up the quill, he was suddenly arrested with awe of the golden, imperial and majestic tome glowing before him. Wulfric dropped the quill again and rushed forward. His fingers felt the smooth, cool cover embroidered with strange runes. The very book was pulsing like the veins of the human body, the very lifeblood of the Kingdom of Camelot's precious coffers. Wulfric carefully prised open the tome. Golden letters that seemed to dance across the crisp, yellow parchment, forming intricate graphs and charts that seemed to slither across the pages of the grand tome. Wulfric glanced around, checking if anyone was looking. He took a deep breath. Wulfric whispered to the golden book. "Supply and demand!"

Suddenly his lungs felt as if a snake was constricting it. A cold feeling rushed through him. Wulfric collapsed to the crimson carpet, toppling over the ink pot, and ruining the carpet even more. He gasped for breath. As he slowly recovered, he peered out of a gold-rimmed window. Outside a merchant's wagon was suddenly filled to the brim with heavenly goods and another's completely evaporated into thin air - swept out of existence! The grandiose tome shook in his hands, as if it was self-conscious and ready to devour more economic incantations.

Wulfric shrieked. A strange woman cloaked with a dark purple robe materialised out of thin air. Lady Aelfgifu, the royal treasurer. The subjects of King Aethelred the Unready often called her "Satan's apprentice", but no one had been courageous enough to say it to her face. She took a step towards Wulfric and stepped back almost immediately. Even when her expression was behind the shadow of her hood, Wulfric could tell it was a mix of surprise and amusement. "So, young scribe," she intoned, her voice as rich as a dragon's hoard of treasures. "I see you've found old Smithe's grimoire. Tell me, do you think you are ready to wield the future of the Great Kingdom of Camelot?"

The marketplace was a cacophony of smugglers and pickpockets, but as Wulfric began to chant a spell, a hush spread like a bonfire across the market square. "By supply, by demand, by day, by chance, will prices fall or prices dance!" Suddenly shrieks spread around the marketplace! A fisherman cried with joy when his silver coins transformed into golden bars, a wealthy merchant screamed with despair when his golden coins disappeared into nothingness and the beggars on the street danced with their new found riches. "What manner of sorcery is this?" exclaimed the remainder of the crowd, frozen with trepidation.

Sir Keynes, his armour adorned with precious jewels, approached Wulfric with his all-knowing smile. "Impressive, young bard of exchequer, but hast thou considered the consequences of change of thy verses? Every action hath an equal and opposite reaction in the grand realm."

As if it was perfect timing, an earthquake shook the marketplace. Huge blocks of sandstone collapsed, citizens of Camelot screaming and market stalls fell, trapping many customers. A supernatural gust of wind filled the marketplace. A misty figure emerged from the tome Wulfric was holding.

"I am Adam Smithe, the Great Sage of Sorcery!" he cried. Wulfric froze in awe. "What have you done? You foolish bard! Your actions have created great disruption to the economic world! IT SHALL CRUMBLE AS THE

CONSEQUENCE!” Wulfric gasped. He had been so stupid. Wulfric should’ve given the power to Sir Keynes. He was more responsible. Wulfric quickly stood up and stumbled away, running from the humiliation.

“I’ve been so stupid!” sobbed Wulfric. “Camelot’s fate has been sealed! And it’s all my fault!” A knocking noise emitted from the door. “Go away!” screamed Wulfric. “I don’t deserve to be seen by anyone!” Tears streamed down his cheeks, and his eyes were red from repeatedly wiping them. Sir Keynes walked in. “Young scribe, oneself understands your burden. But only you can fix this. Only you can cast a spell to solve everything. Please, I beg you, O keeper of the Tome, or Camelot will fall in financial ruin!” Sir Keynes beckoned Wulfric to the book. “I’m no keeper! I’m a failure!” protested Wulfric. “No. This has to be you.” said Sir Keynes firmly. Wulfric wiped his eyes. He reluctantly began to chant.

“O majestic tome, from serfs to lords, from fields to throne, let wealth be more than stock and stone. In labour, trade and innovation’s might, we’ll forge a future fair and bright!”

The tome wriggled in his hands. It seemed content. Suddenly the environment changed around him.

Agricultural fields burst with abundance of harvests, workshops hummed with newfound efficiency and even the poorest beggar found a silver penny in his cup.

Not only had Wulfric fixed everything, but he had made it even better. Harnessing his weakness made him create a truly exquisite environment for everyone.