The king, Henry III, sat upon a velvet throne, the intricate golden patterns like bulging serpentine veins, intertwining elaborately. “This is dire. The crops aren't growing well, the hundred year war is still on, and our economy is about to collapse!” he exclaimed, rage about to burst the plug holding it in. I watched him keenly from my mahogany table, dropping my quill, ink tarnishing the vermillion carpet. Opening my tome, I stared at what I had wrote, but suddenly, the letters began to prance across the parchment. I thought I was dreaming. However, this was far from the case.

A halo of luminescent auric glow appeared before my eyes, its enchanting allure capturing me in its trance. The kingdom’s peril had been erased from my memory, instead all of my attention was diverted at this magical treatise.

A ghastly figure materialised from the shadows, her deathly presence sending a shiver dow my spine. Her demeanor was like a silhouette of darkness, her sickly fingers like needles. “So young scribe, do you think you deserve this power?” she inquired, her menacing grin curving against her alabaster skin. “All I can say is recite something”. Without another word, she puffed out of existence, as I still tried to understand what just occurred.

Following the strange figure’s command, I flipped to a random page, reading the golden letters. As I began to recite, a clatter and gasps broke out, and when I turned my head to peer outside of the window, a merchant’s wheelbarrow overflowed with sapphires, rubies, jade and diamonds, while another’s wheat, corn and bread vanished from existence. I stared at the tome, and I hatched a plan to save the entire kingdom.

A crowd gathered, wondering what the new scribe had to say for himself. “Maybe he’s getting beheaded because he’s been too slow,” someone muttered, wanting to return to his work as a carpenter, exasperated because of the waiting and the sweltering sun. I strode upon stage, my heart pounding like a snare drum. “Let me introduce you people and peasants to this tome,” I remarked, sweat bubbling up on my palms. *Don’t let yourself get this part wrong*, I thought, shuddering at the thought of calling forth the entire kingdom to get ridiculed and demoted to a peasant.

Out of my pocket, I heaved out the legendary tome, and began to recite the holy charm, hoping to change the state of the kingdom. Each word brought forth another change, and by the time the ritual had ended, the entire stage had been converted into silver, the curtains had become soft as clouds, and the king’s castle had become a pristine marble palace. The audience watched in awe, every mouth ajar as they breathed in immaculate air.

“Foolish boy, trying to change economics for his own praise and wealth. You shall be banished from access to the Tome of Wisdom!” the ghastly figure shouted, pointing a draconian finger at me. The peculiar figure erased the changes made by the tome, slapped the tome out of my hands, and disappeared, the tome with it. I realised that the economic changes were not smart– there was no point in making a utopia without any effort or satisfaction.