Guardian of Finance

 Wulfric’s quill clamoured on the floor. A piercing luminescent light burst Wulfric’s pupil, as he desperately closed his eyes. As the ancient book recovered to its usual monotonous size. Wulfric lay dumbfounded, but as he stared at the tome he had just took out for copying, he unlocked the stirring heartstring of his kingdom’s vault, which was eager to steal of the kingdom’s treasures. It’s sly, slithering serpentine gleam brushed off Wulfric’s skin, tingling his heart. It glimmered like a furnished emerald, greedy and mischievous, as it showed its pride. Wulfric trembled at the sight. The book pushed Wulfric to say words, and in trepidation, Wulfric stammered, “L-Let there be s-supply and d-demand. He glanced outside the monastery window, the market full with citizens. Through the crystalline wall showing Jesus Christ, he saw a bored merchant’s cart fill with ores with every colour, while the fishmonger’s stores disintegrated. The book was eager for more incantations, but Wulfric staggered as thick sweat trickled down his troubled face.

 He went outside the monastery, and just as he reached the outside world, and enigmatic figure called to him. “Quite a feat, young scribe, and I presume you were copying the ‘Legends of Economy’?” Wulfric muttered, “No, who are you!?” The voice called out again, this time in a voice as hoarse as an old lady. “Did you take the book out of the abbey?” Wulfric was extremely irritated of this unknown mystic and so he replied that he had. The mysterious fortune teller revealed herself from the dark corner of the monastery. “I am Lady Aelfgifu of the Peninsula Isles,” a rough voice exclaimed, “young apprentice, if thou maintain a balance in sorcery, thy must learn to control your emotions.

 Wulfric replied quickly, “But how?” In a blink of an eye Lady Aelfgifu had left.

 Wulfric trotted to the marketplace, perplexed of Lady Aelfgifu’s last two words. Wulfric stared at the tome, what could a normal tome do to affect the economy? Finally, he whispered more words. “Let the prices go high, demand immediately die.”

 The words burst into life and the customers where astonished of the sky-rocketed price of jewels, clothing and even food! The merchants tried to fix it up but they were faced with angry insults, ear-piercing curses and quarrels. As the riot continued, a knight was sent to sort it out. His name was no other than Sir Keynes. Amidst of all the rubble, Sir Keynes noticed that Wulfric was rather quiet. Once he had used force to calm down the argument, he turned to the frightened Wulfric. “Young scribe, thou must know the balance of your magic, otherwise you shall be in strife. What I recommend to you is to confront the Dark Economist in the Mint, he shall help you learn from your mistakes.

 Wulfric pondered about Sir Keynes answer. Talking about balance again? Maybe I should check out Mint?

 With the puzzlement and determination, Wulfric strode into the grand, timber room of the mint. The pillars inside were encased in a beautiful marble pattern, and the towering roof was covered with sparkling amethyst balls, dangling peacefully in the room. There was a immediate jolt in Wulfric’s body and the room dimmed. There at the interest rate, the hooded economist stood. Wulfric felt a sudden trepidation in his feeling, his heartbeat raced ahead of his brain and he lost focus of his surroundings. The Dark Economist grinned and said, “Thou shall not win against me, I have the power to steal from unsuspecting fools. The fool is you, and you shall pay for coming here!”

 Memorising verses from the ‘Legends of Finance’ Wulfric duelled the Dark Economist on a poetic battleground. Smooth words whirred across their mouths, each word securing a point for either good or evil. As his tongue raced his lungs, Wulfric saw the impact their duel was affecting the kingdom. He saw gold coins dim into bronze as the Dark Economist spoke, but as he fought back, the coin started to shimmer again. Wulfric knew he had to unleash his final, innovative poem. To win was to secure peace and prosperity, to lose was to create a forever unstable world of distressing finance issues.

 He began, “ By the power of light, standing in the dark,
 Let their be balance in the economy,

 Let balance make its mark,

 Help the kingdom financially,

 Citizens thrive in prosperity,

 Peace for all, freedom to all,

 Let the economy be merry,

 Balance in the market, stores and mall!

 At the last syllable he uttered, the Dark Economist vanished into the interest rate, it decreased at just the right amount. Wulfric smiled, he had accomplished his task and maintained balance. Everything is related and there is always a solution.