Wulfric

Wulfric’s quill, a thin brittle clump of feathers, clattered onto the velvet purple carpet, staining the floor with an intricate splash of golden ink. The blob started elongating, then slithering, tarnishing the silky fabric and sullying the once finely woven strings. The gold-stained halo was in a perfect circle, one engraved with subtle ancient inscriptions. The letters seemed to dance, making an aura so bright, it can out-shine the sun. The snake moved up the table and onto the book. Wulfric gasped as he tried to grab the serpentine being. It was too late. It manoeuvred slowly out of the iron clasps of the young scribe. The line wriggled into the book and disappeared. A moment of deafening silence followed. Wulfric rubbed his eyes and stared at the spectacle. He slumped back into his chair as he wiped the dripping perspiration. However, just the moment after he sat down, the book started to wobble and levitate into the gloomy candle-lit hall. The book opened and the spine started morphing into a long list of verses. The tome rumbled more powerful than the lifeblood of the kingdom itself.

The moment he turned to see the carnage he had created, he noticed that he had broken the whole capital city. Fishers had their catches turned into small infinitesimal silver ingots. The butchers had their meat turned all into lead coins. And as he turned away from the main centre, he saw a merchant’s cart filled to the top with exotic riches. The other one, which he had seen a moment ago was devoid of any sort of goods. The book seemed to shake out of control like an aroused power-hungry beast.

As Wulfric walks towards the national money exchange centre, he was met by Lady Aelfgifu. “Ok, looks like the work of that old Smith guy. I really miss him. So, young scribe, you are the first person to ever find this ancient tome. It is full of the verses used to transform the economy of this kingdom. Hence, my young one, you are set to go on an errand to the royal mint. There, the elder bards will teach you the art of using it. However, if held in the wrong hands, the whole economy will be met with its downfall and it will plague the human history. So, be careful my friend.” She drifted away into the parliament building.

Following five days of travelling, Wulfric final made it to the Royal Mint. After stepping in, he was greeted by the various faces. They all smiled at him creepily but there was one bard who was concerning him the most. This one was wearing black unlike the others, standing in the red and white checkers. The black one had a wry grin and a small smirk staring at the book. “Sir Necro, please guide this child into the interrogation room,” the head minister announced. The one grimacing bard stood up and put on a serious face. As the man approached Wulfric, the boy glanced at him twice and stared ahead. As they approached the door, the dark looking dude jerked back and a shockwave covered the area. “Hey, boy you are dead now”. As Wulfric stared in shock, he remembered the verses he had. He immediately chanted a loud melodious tune, creating a blizzard that destroyed the mint. As the storm raged on, Wulfric fainted from the power drain and collapsed on the ground. The next moment, Wulfric awoke to the sound of a woman. He turned around to see Lady Aelfgifu smiling at him with a benevolent smile on the side of her face.