

Fairy Tale

by Paul de Denus

Ey', it's where I followed him down, thru the brush and rock, across the green and stream of the mountains and forests to this lowly place which I cannot say is safe nor sorry. Nor can I say exactly where I be, for that would give too much away; in a vast province in 'the northern islands of the world' is all I'll tell and from there you can do your own digging if you like. Be it luck I spied him moving along a gully and I've paced myself on the follow. He moves in dark clouds, wields the magic arts but he carries the treasure we all seek and here he'll bury it, no doubt. I cannot look away or I will lose him - lose it all - but the beauty of this sight has me mesmerized, spellbound.

