The Wand That Ran Out

Educational Value

Generosity

Moral of the story

By contributing just a small part of what we have, together we can achieve a lot

Story

Once upon a time a boy was walking through the forest, looking for fruit. He spent so much time searching, that night fell and he got lost. He scrambled through the darkness for a long while, until he could hear a loud disturbance off in the distance. He followed the noise and discovered that it was coming from a small cottage, with a light at its window. The boy thought that maybe he could spend the night with the people inside.

He knocked at the door several times, but no one answered. There was still a huge racket coming from inside, and the boy decided to just enter. When he opened the door there was total silence. Stepping inside, he saw thousands of shocked eyes looking back at him: vases, mirrors, paintings, chairs... Everything in that house was alive! And it was all looking at him!

"Good evening," said the boy.

Once again the racket started, this time made up of replies and joyful outbursts. "Wow, how scary," he heard some saying. "Bah, it's just a little boy," he heard from behind him. The annoying din of voices continued for quite a while...

"Silence!!" the boy shouted, as loud as he could, "Where am I?" Once more all the objects in the house answered him simultaneously.

"Quiet, please!!" he begged. "You, the table, please answer. Who's in charge here? And how come you're all alive?"

"That little wand, the one next to your feet, he used to be in charge, but his magic has run out. He shared it all out between us."

Indeed, a small wand by the boy's feet was the only object in the whole house that didn't seem alive. Understanding that this was the origin of such chaos, the boy thought about trying to rectify the situation.

"Aren't you all ashamed to be so selfish? Why don't you give the wand back some of his magic?"

A light murmur began to fill the room, and the old mirror finally whispered, "OK, agreed." With one of his eyes the mirror fired a drop of golden light at the little wand, and after a few seconds, the wand began coughing and spluttering.

"He's alive!" said a book, happily. And the book fired its own little drop of golden magic.

The others followed, each sharing some of their magic with the little wand, which responded by taking on a brilliant, gleaming appearance, adorned by hundreds of different colours. Filled with joy, the wand floated up into the boy's hand, and covered him with a cloud of stars.

And so it was that the boy became the forest wizard, and with great happiness and wisdom he lived out his life,
encouraging all to share what they had.

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