

Magic Stone

With a sense of disappointment, Leo placed his latest find on the old wooden plank he had nailed on the wall of his room. The weight of the stones had sagged the simple shelf in the middle and the worn down, splintered edges blended in well with its surroundings. Leo's room consisted of a small cot that his mother had made him and a simple light bulb that hung from the wooden ceiling. It was a small cottage, too simple and run down for most people. It was the sort of house that one was taught not to look at; "leave those people be" a mother directed her child away. For Leo however, it was home. A home that contained a small shelf on which a pile of stones grew every time Leo returned from the sea.

With every day that passed, Leo would run down to the sea in search for his treasure. He did not dream of gold and jewels, all he wanted was a simple stone. He was searching for his magical stone. Leo spent every day staring down at the crystal clear blue, his gaze cutting through the water. With care he examined every single stone he saw. He needed the perfect stone; he wanted nothing more than to find his magic.

One day he thought he had finally found it. He had found the prettiest stone in the sea; the one that was crafted by the gods themselves, the one that could change the world. He had found the stone that was so perfect, so incredibly beautiful it shone like a bright star in the sea. The stone was completely round with a striking golden thread that seemed plucked from an angel's hair, ran across its surface. A piece of the sun had fallen onto earth and he had now found it. This was it, his endless search had paid off, he found his stone. Carefully Leo let the stone slide into his small pocket and ran home to show his mother his find.

"Mother! Mother! I've found it!" He screamed, running up to his little cottage. He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a regular, boring little rock. The golden thread had turned into a small scratch on the side of the rock. It was as if all of its magical properties dried out in the sun and now left a worthless black pebble in his pockets. With a hurting familiar feeling of disappointed the 8-year old placed the rock among the others on his little old shelf.

The next day he ran to the sea again and stood all day in the water, looking at every stone. He looked and looked until his shoulders ached and his back turned red because of the burning sun. He continued searching until his fingers and toes wrinkled up in the water like the forehead of the old lady in the town. He had to find his magical stone; the stone that would change everything. He could do anything as soon as he found his stone. Leo promised himself that as soon as he found the stone he would fix up his house really nice so that everyone would want to come play. He would no longer let the older kids at school kick him around. He would be invincible with his stone. Leo could already see himself, king of the world! Everyone would want to be his friend and play with him. His mother would not have to disappear in the evenings to work and could stop making the soup thinner and thinner each night. He could feel it in his bones, everything would be alright, everything would be perfect as soon as found his magic stone.

Every stone he had found had lost its magical properties as soon as it dried. Every stone sitting on his shelf was once so perfect, but then died as soon as the sun's rays touched it and it dried. He would find the perfect stone however he was convinced of that. Leo could find his magical stone that could shine even when not in water.

He just pondered that, when he found it. It was perfect. He found a stone that looked like a shooting star had fallen. Leo's stone was so beautifully crafted and shone so gracefully that he couldn't believe it was in his hands. The silver glittered in the sun and looked like one of the silver coins he had seen people use in town. He wrapped his fingers around it and ran home as quickly as he could.

Leo jumped up and down as soon as he got home and then revealed a small grey rock. With disappointment and a sense of disbelief he stared at the ugly lump in his hand. Where had the magic of the stone gone?

Every day Leo returned to the water and everyday he disappointingly placed another boring rock on his pile. His pile of discarded stones, the ones that promised to be magical just to lose their magic as soon as they had dried.

As he grew older his search for his stone did not stop. Every day he looked for his magic and every day his stone lost all of its beauty as soon as it dried. Nothing he did could stop the stone from losing its magic. So Leo grew older and older and every day he looked and searched.

Soon little kids whispered stories about the crazy old man who lived in the little wooden shed by the mountain of stones. The tales told of a poor little man who went to the sea every day and stood in the water all day long. A girl swore she saw him dance in joy one evening yelling "Mother! Mother! I've found it!" just to return to the sea the next morning.