

The Wizard's Way



feel good about your money.



Once upon a time, in the Land of Servus, there was a little dragon with a big problem. His name was Roary. He meant well and tried hard, but he could not protect his treasure of gold money. Even though his parents gave him gold coins every week, his pile of treasure never grew, and he felt horrible about his money.

He was sure that thieves were sneaking into the cave. By night, he stood guard over his treasure. By day, he looked for new ways to protect his gold. When Roary's mom paid a visit to her bleary-eyed son, she offered advice to go along with his weekly allowance.

"Mom, you don't have to worry," Roary said, waving her off with his green claws. "I just bought a super-secure treasure chest and a super-strong lock. No one's getting my gold now."

Roary cracked open the chest to show his mom, but there were fewer gold coins in the box than the day before he bought his new treasure chest.

His mother suggested, "You need sharper claws and fangs. A dragon can only protect his treasure if he looks fearsome. What you need are nail files. I can buy you some."

He shook his head. "Mom, I'm 276 years old. I can solve my own problems."

"Okay, dear. Just know that your father and I are a bellow away." She spread her wings and flew off.

Roary wanted to prove to his parents that he could look after himself, but he also needed advice. He decided that if he was going to get help, he was going to get help from the best: Winphall, the financial wizard who worked magic with money.

The dragon grabbed several coins for his quest, locked up his treasure chest, and blocked off the cave entrance with boulders. Then he spread his green wings and set off to find the wizard. Along the way, he stopped to buy the

newest version of his favourite video games, “Breath of Fire II”, “Dragon and Crank III”, “Dragon Konk IV”, and he picked up copies of his favourite comic book series, “White Knights Can’t Joust.” He stuffed them into his knapsack and flew on, past a mighty river, across a deep valley, and up a majestic mountain, where Roary found the wizard’s castle. The white-haired wizard was entertaining children outside his granite tower.

Winphall the Financial Wizard was rolling down the sleeves of his emerald green robe as he showed the kids a pot brimming with gold coins. “That is how you can make your money grow,” he declared.

The kids cheered as he shared the coins with them.

“I like to call this trick compound interest,” Winphall said.

The kids hurried away, vowing to repeat this wonderful feat. Roary approached the wizard with the kind blue eyes and the flowing white beard, but he was so nervous that he started to hiccup.

“Hi, my name is Roary. I’m... hic... I’m wondering if... hic... if you can help me... hic,” Roary said, smoke spewing out of his mouth every time he hiccupped.

Winphall nodded. “Hold your breath.”

Roary held his breath until the hiccups went away. “Thanks, but that’s not my problem. I keep losing my treasure.”

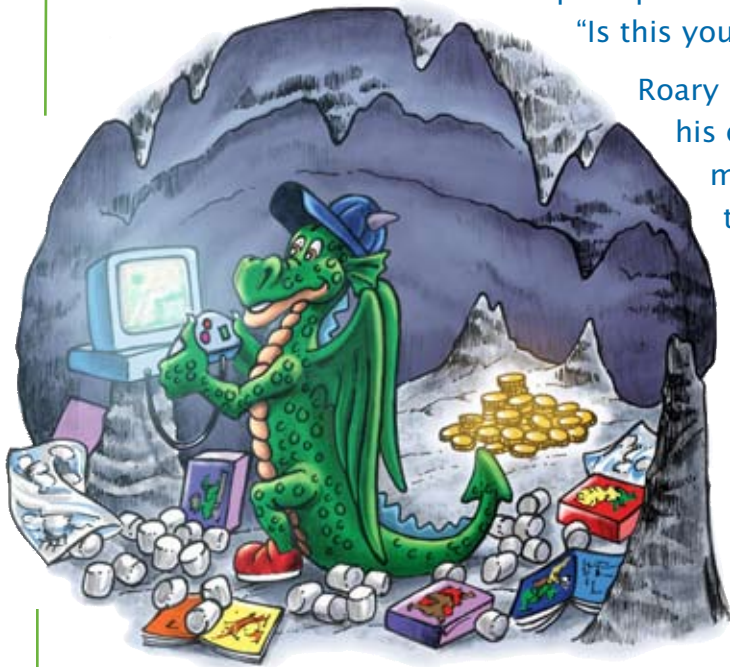
The wizard smiled. “I’m here to help.”



Roary flew Winphall back to his cave. Together, they cleared the rocks that blocked the entrance. While they worked, Roary explained his problem.

“The treasure chest and lock were supposed to protect my weekly allowance, but my gold kept disappearing. Then my mom told me that dragons needed to look fearsome to protect their treasure. So I had to buy nail files to make my talons and fangs super-sharp and super-scary.”

Winphall plucked a marshmallow from the ground.
“Is this yours?”



Roary skewered the fluffy treat on one of his claws and spit a tiny flame at the marshmallow until the white skin turned brown. He licked the roasted treat.

“They’re my favourite snack,” Roary said. “I eat hundreds of them every day. A dragon can only eat so many lumps of coal.”

Inside the cave, Winphall stepped over empty marshmallow bags, stacks of comics, and scattered video games to get to the dragon’s treasure chest.

“I get bored standing guard all day, so I buy video games and comics to pass the time,” Roary said as he dumped his new games and books out of his knapsack.

“I know how to help you. You need the Wizard’s Way.” Winphall reached into the folds of his robe and produced two bags. One was green like his robe; the other, blue like Roary’s hat. “As soon as you get your allowance, place some of

the gold in the chest. After that, put a few coins in this blue bag to buy coal and nail files. What's left over will go into the green bag for your marshmallows, video games and comic books."

"Now I have to protect three things?" Roary asked.

"I'll help. Remember; use the gold in the blue bag to get the stuff you need. The coins in the green bag are to pay for the things you don't really need, but really want. Follow the Wizard's Way and in six months, you'll see money magic."

When Roary received his next allowance, he handed some of it to Winphall to place inside the treasure chest, while the dragon split the remaining gold between the two bags. Then, the pair watched and waited.

On the first day of the second month, Roary noticed a portly man driving a wagon toward his cave.

"You've come to steal my gold!" Roary accused.

He stoked the fire in his belly, but Winphall stuck two marshmallows in the dragon's snout before he could unleash his flaming breath.

"Let's see what's in his wagon first," Winphall suggested, before turning to the man now cowering under the wagon. "Excuse me, but why are you here?"

The man stuttered, "My brother is sick today. He's the one who normally does the deliveries."

Winphall pulled the cover off the wagon to reveal Roary's weekly delivery of coal.



“If you don’t need any more coal, I can cancel your order,” the man said.

“No. I need the coal,” Roary said, as he paid the coal seller from his blue bag.

“Sorry I scared you.”

After the sale, the man hurried away.

Two months later, a skinny woman in a pink robe tiptoed toward the dragon cave, just as Roary was waking up. He growled and bared his fangs. The woman dropped her sack and fainted.

“I caught the thief,” Roary told Winphall.

The dragon dumped out the sack’s contents. A collection of nail files clattered to the ground, waking the woman. Winphall helped her up and asked, “Why are you here?”

“Roary’s mother sent me to sell him nail files,” she squeaked, “for his claws. She said they looked a little dull the last time she visited.”

The dragon apologized as he bought the much-needed nail files with the rest of the money in his blue bag. After the sale, the woman scurried away.

Roary clutched his belly. “This waiting is too stressful. I need to roast some marshmallows.”

The dragon lumbered to the chest, but Winphall stopped him. “Remember to use the money in the green bag for the things you don’t really need, but really want.”



Roary nodded as he pulled out his other bag and headed to the store.

The dragon quickly fell into the routine of stashing part of his allowance in the chest first and using the blue bag coins to buy coal and nail files -- the stuff he needed --while using the green bag coins to buy marshmallows, video games and comics -- the stuff he really wanted, but could live without. Roary also fell into the routine of asking Winphall questions about money magic. The financial wizard had as many answers as Roary had questions, and he always replied with a huge grin.

Then one day, Winphall popped by to check on the dragon. “So, have you seen any money magic?” he asked.

“You bet!” Roary exclaimed.

He rushed to his treasure chest and popped open the lid. Gold coins spilled on to the floor from the overfull treasure chest.

“That’s awesome, Roary!” The wizard said.

“Now you know the Wizard’s Way works.”

Roary beamed. “Yup! If you want your treasure to grow, you have to look after it first.”

The little dragon no longer had a big problem, and he felt good about his money.



The End



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