ELF AND SPLOT

THE BEGINNING

Once upon a time, in a place where stories existed and sometimes came to life, there was a particular elf. Now this elf, who in many ways was just a regular elf with all the common features of an elf and was someone who dressed just like an elf, had a friend that they turned to in times when they needed a friend to turn to. The elf's friend was called Splot. It would be fair to say that Splot was mysterious and wise. Elf knew little about Splot, except that he was a true and loyal friend. Splot seemed to know a great deal about Elf.

They spent a great deal of time together and every now and then, when the weather was right, Elf and Splot talked about going on an expedition. Each would regularly talk about the places they would dream of arriving. Elf saw magnificent views, heard interesting sounds and thought about activities that made Elf's heart race. Splot would talk in terms of feeling happy, peaceful and full of joy with a great sense of knowing what they were doing was right. To anyone listening, the expedition sounded grand and marvellous however each time they talked about it, they would argue about who would lead it. Elf would often blame Splot for having fanciful dreams and Splot would listen patiently and then respond in a way that only Splot could. In fact, they usually argued so much that they never even left. Still, they enjoyed the dreaming and the arguing.

This had been going on for many moons when, at a specific time and place, something began to change. Overnight things grew a little different. Splot and Elf described their expedition to each other in a level and clear headed way. They each expressed their wishes and spoke with freedom and confidence. Each listened to the other and a plan began to emerge that suited them both. Their excitement grew, and as it did it was clear which one of them would lead the first stage of their expedition.

© Neal Anderson 2010