

The Elves in the Stone





Once there was a small farm beneath a tall mountain, where paths wound between the houses and the northern lights danced across the sky on clear evenings. Above the farm loomed a great, moss-covered stone — it had stood there longer than the oldest people could remember.



Rúna, the farmer's daughter, had always been fond of the stone. She often sat beside it after school, laid her hand on the cold moss, and listened — for what, she didn't quite know herself.