

DREAMS

Can Come True



DANIEL BRITTON

The Financial Fairy Tales

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Daniel Britton

Acknowledgements

The Financial Fairy Tales are a series of stories to encourage young readers to learn about money, enterprise and the business of life. It is my sincere wish that through the enjoyment of these books the messages will be read and absorbed and in some way contribute to creating positive values and beliefs.

This 2nd edition contains a quiz as a fun way of testing understanding of the money ideas and concepts in the book.

Also in The Financial Fairy Tales series:

Dreams Can Come True

The Magic Magpie

The Last Gold Coin

The Troll Bridge

Three Purses of Gold

Activity Book

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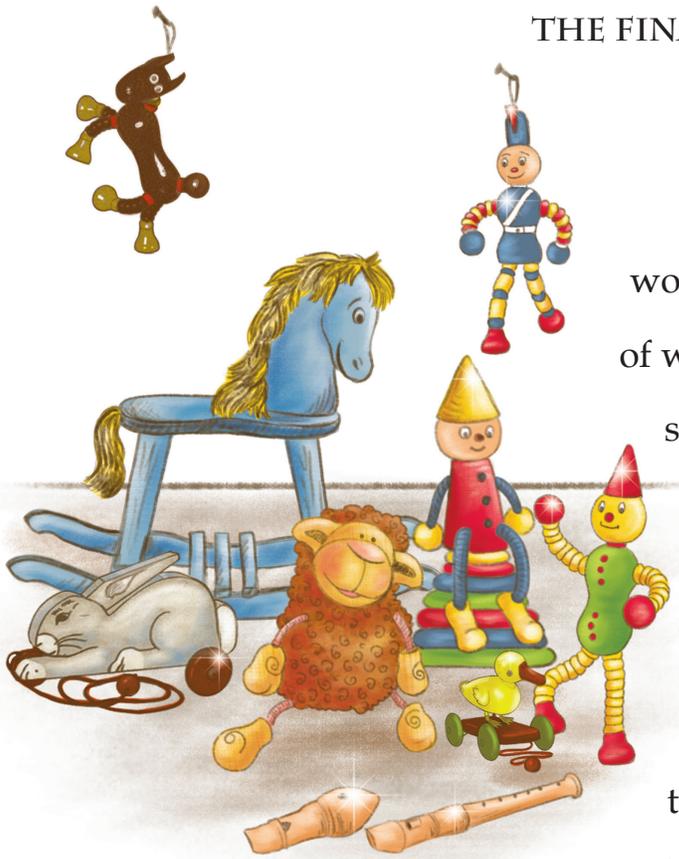
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CHAPTER 1
A Horse of My Own

In the Kingdom of Arbor, there lived a family of woodcutters. Thomas and his wife, Martha, kept a small wooden hut in the middle of the forest where they raised their son Tom. Though far from rich, they were comfortable and lived well.

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Every day, Tom helped his father cutting wood. In his spare time, he carved small pieces of wood into toys. He made animals and toy soldiers as well as flutes and whistles.

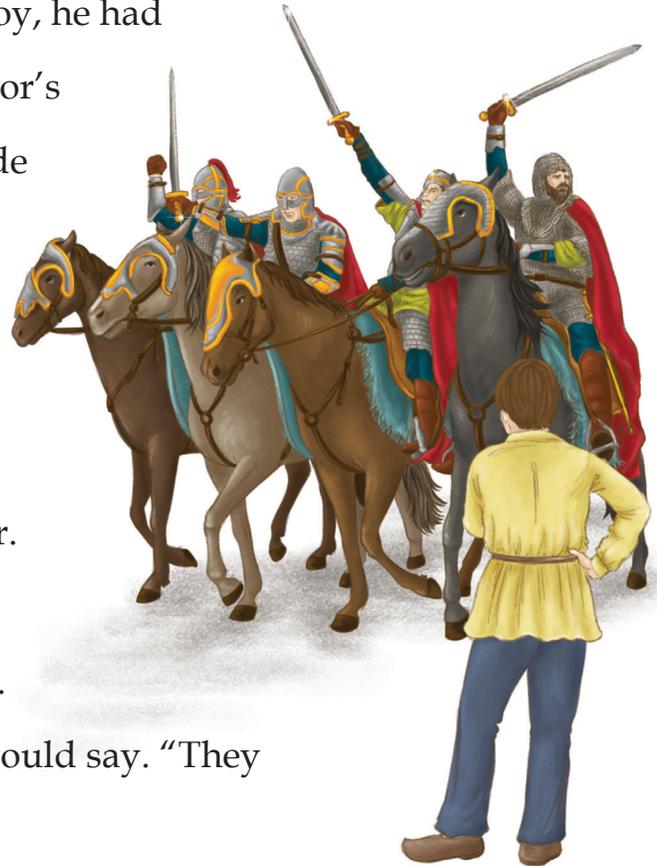
But his real passion was for horses.

As a small boy, he had watched Arbor's soldiers parade through the town

square on their magnificent stallions, and he dreamed of galloping through the fields with the wind blowing through his hair.

Tom constantly begged his parents for a horse of his own, but every time they said no.

"We just can't afford a horse, son," his dad would say. "They aren't for the likes of us."



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Today was no different. After his father told him no, Tom went to the nearby pond. He sat on a log and skipped stones across the water.

“Why so glum?” someone asked from behind him.

Tom jumped at the sound of the voice. “Uncle Solomon, I didn’t know you were here.”

“I just stopped by,” Solomon said sitting down. “What’s wrong?”

“I want a horse more than anything, but my father says we can’t afford one.” Tom threw another rock, harder this time.

“Why do you want a horse so badly?” Uncle Solomon threw a rock too.

“I’ve always wanted to ride one. The soldiers who ride them are always so proud, like they know they’re special.”

“You are already special Tom, even without a horse.”



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“No, I’m not. I’m just a woodcutter’s son. All I’ll ever be is a woodcutter. What’s special about that?”

Solomon stroked his chin, contemplating. “What if I was able to help you?”

“Would you? I know you are rich. Could you buy me a horse?”

Solomon laughed. “Well I’m not that rich. Besides, how will you pay for its food, its shelter and its hay?”

Tom hung his head. “Then how can you help me?”

“Perhaps I can help you earn the money on your own,” his uncle replied.

Tom perked up. “Like you earned your fortune?”

“Maybe yes. You know, I was a woodcutter just like your father until a tree fell on me. My arm was hurt so badly that I couldn’t work anymore.”

Wide-eyed, Tom asked, “What did you do? I thought you had your own business now? How can that be if you can’t work?”

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“I did the only thing I knew how to do. I trained some of the local boys to be woodcutters. They all came to work for me. I trained them well and they worked hard. Now I have a team of people working for me.”

“Wow! So what can I do?” Tom asked.

Uncle Solomon looked wisely at Tom. “It’s important to choose something that you already like to do. Your father says you’re quite a carver. Not many people in the village can do that.

Why don’t you sell your toys?”

“I’d never thought of that before!” Tom pulled a wooden flute from his pocket and examined it. “Do you think someone would pay two coins for this?”





Before Uncle Solomon could answer, their conversation was interrupted by the sound of pounding hooves. A beautiful chestnut horse charged into the clearing by the pond without its rider.

The animal reared up on its hind legs. Tom could see it was frightened. "Whoa there." He spoke softly to calm the horse and gently stroked its muzzle.

The horse snorted and calmed down.

A young woman ran out into the clearing. Her hat was knocked to one side and her clothes were covered in leaves and twigs. "What's wrong with my horse?"

Tom gently examined the horse's legs. "He has a nasty thorn in his leg." Tom plucked it out. The horse slapped its hoof on the ground, testing the injured leg. It seemed to be fine.

"Thank you so much!" The girl hugged him. "You will be well rewarded."

"Actually," Solomon said, smiling, "Tom and I were just discussing horses. Do you know of any openings for stable boys? He needs a job."

"I will ask my father." The young lady climbed into her horse's saddle. "Stop by my house in the morning." She tapped her heels in the mare's side and rode off.

"Wait!" Tom called. "What's your name?"

"I'm Isobel, and my father is the Duke."