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Gargoyle

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closed, because blinking would have counted as Movement, so the boy was able to sneak right up and trap them in a glass jar.

Infuriated and humiliated, the pixie squirmed and thrashed and screamed, but it was all to no avail. The lid was screwed on tight, making escape impossible. The obsidian dragonfly observed the scene with great interest, and when the boy finally left the room to do goodness-knew-what, he made a proposal to the captive pixie.

"If you change me back, I could help you escape."

The pixie was incensed by this, but they were also desperate. "Don't be ridiculous!" they chided. "A dragonfly could never open a jar! I'll change you into a raccoon instead. Use your hand-like paws to unscrew this wretched lid!"

And in the next moment, the piece of green obsidian transformed yet again into a large raccoon with a luxurious pelt, an elegant black mask and little hand-like paws. It took him no time at all to adjust to this new body, and he used his strong limbs to climb right out of the open window, leaving the pixie behind. The raccoon that was once a stone that was once a dragonfly ran fast and far, so far that the pixie that had toyed with him so cruelly could never find him again, and he lived quite happily after that and never had dealings with pixies ever again.

Stories like this typically contain a moral or two, and I suppose you could find some in this one if you care to look. But if you are feeling any anxiety about the pixie in the jar, then know this: that pixie, once free, was indeed going to drop our dragonfly into the ocean not to drown, but to suffer for eternity in the form of an iron anchor, something no pixie would ever approach. People get what they deserve, and that pixie deserved to be trapped in a jar and at the mercy of a twelve-year-old boy.

The End.

Becca Filsinger — Photograph



A Dog's Gaze

Gargoyle



John Scrage — Screen Print