

The Mirror of Gratitude

In the shadow of the towering Grayspire Mountains, the small village of Emberlin lay nestled among the pines. Life in Emberlin was simple but harsh, and no one felt its sting more keenly than a young woman named Anya. From her earliest memories, Anya believed herself cursed with misfortune. Her family's fields yielded less grain than their neighbors', their goats gave less milk, and the small loom in their home seemed to snap more threads than it wove.

Anya often sat by the village well, watching others go about their lives. She envied the baker with her golden loaves, the cobbler who whistled while he worked, and the blacksmith with his forge that roared like a dragon. To her, everyone else seemed blessed with talents and good fortune that had eluded her. "Why does the world give so much to others and so little to me?" she often muttered under her breath.

One day, as she sat brooding near the well, a stooped old man approached. He wore a cloak patched with scraps of many colors and leaned on a gnarled staff. His eyes, sharp and clear despite his age, studied Anya for a moment before he spoke.

"You carry a heavy burden in your heart, child," he said. "What troubles you so?"

Startled by the stranger's presence, Anya hesitated before replying. "I'm tired of always having the least. Everyone else has gifts or luck, but I... I'm left with nothing."

The old man's lips curled into a faint smile. "Nothing, you say? Come, walk with me a while. Perhaps I can lighten your load."

Though skeptical, Anya rose and followed him. They left the village and took a narrow path that wound through the forest. The air grew cooler as the trees thickened, their branches knitting together to form a canopy overhead. After a time, they came to a clearing where a wide, shallow pond shimmered under the dappled sunlight.

The old man motioned for Anya to sit by the water's edge. "Look into the pond and tell me what you see."

Leaning forward, Anya peered into the still water. At first, she saw only her reflection: her plain features and her furrowed brow. But as the surface began to ripple, the image changed. She saw her family's fields, the stalks of grain bending under the weight of their modest yield. She saw her mother weaving at the loom, her hands steady despite the frequent breaks in the thread. She saw herself carrying buckets of water from the well, her arms strong from years of toil.

"I see my life," Anya said. "But it's just as it always is. Hard. Lacking."

The old man's voice was gentle but firm. "Look closer."

The ripples deepened, and the images shifted again. This time, Anya saw the baker struggling to knead dough with an aching wrist, the cobbler squinting at his work under the dim

light of his workshop, and the blacksmith coughing as smoke billowed around him. She saw the weariness in their faces, the weight they carried hidden behind their outward successes.

“They struggle too,” Anya murmured, her voice tinged with surprise. “I... I never thought about that.”

The old man nodded. “You see only what others have, not what it costs them. And you see only what you lack, not what you possess.”

Before Anya could respond, the pond’s surface rippled once more. Now it showed a small girl with tattered clothes and bare feet, her face streaked with dirt. The girl wandered through a barren landscape, clutching an empty bowl to her chest. The land around her was dry and cracked, and there was no one else in sight.

Anya’s heart clenched at the sight. “Who is she?”

“She is one who would give anything to trade places with you,” the old man said softly. “To her, your life would be paradise. You have family, a home, food to eat. What you see as hardship, she would see as abundance.”

Tears pricked Anya’s eyes as she gazed at the girl. For the first time, she felt the weight of her own ingratitude. “I never thought... I didn’t realize how much I truly have.”

The old man placed a hand on her shoulder. “Gratitude is a powerful thing, child. It can turn what you have into enough and more. Remember this: the measure of a life is not in what it lacks, but in what it makes of what it has.”

Anya bowed her head, the words sinking deep into her heart. When she looked up, the old man was gone. The clearing was silent except for the rustle of leaves and the gentle ripple of the pond.

She made her way back to Emberlin with a lighter step. The fields seemed greener, the air fresher, and even the loom’s occasional snap felt less like a curse and more like a challenge to overcome. That evening, as she worked beside her mother, Anya shared the story of the old man and the pond. Her mother listened, her eyes soft with understanding.

“You’ve learned something many never do,” her mother said. “Hardship and blessing often come hand in hand. It’s up to us to see the good that’s hidden in the struggle.”

From that day forward, Anya’s view of the world shifted. She still worked hard, and life in Emberlin remained far from easy, but she no longer carried the bitterness that had once weighed her down. Instead, she carried a quiet strength and a deep gratitude for the simple joys of her life — the warmth of her family, the beauty of the forest, and the knowledge that even the hardest paths could lead to wisdom.

Travelers passing through Emberlin often remarked on the young woman with the kind smile and the wise words. Anya would simply say, “Sometimes, it takes looking beyond yourself to truly see.” And she would think of the old man by the pond, the girl with the empty bowl, and the lesson that had transformed her heart.

— *William Zeitler*
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