



# *The Gambler and the Saint*

Fals Nume

Fable

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When David was a young boy, he lived in a box. He had no family, very little money, and very little education. Every Christmas Eve, he would use some of the money that the dirty child had saved throughout the year begging, to buy a piece of paper and a pencil. "Dear Santa, all I wish to know is if you're actually out there." He would send that letter down a river, hoping that by some miracle, it would reach Saint Nicholas. He never got a letter back. As time went on, David started to become depressed, he truly believed that his life would never shape up, so he started to gamble to survive. That continued until he was 24.

The filthy David walked into the casino again, in hopes that maybe, just maybe his hopes and dreams would come to pass this time. David would be using the money he usually used on the letter to Santa, fore he had given up, he now believed that there was no such thing as magic and miracles. The broken man believed that even if it did exist, he was unworthy of it. David Larsen placed the coins in the slot machine, and watched the three wheels spin. He had never won the slot machine, and it was the only machine that he believed would save him. Try after try, he had still not won the game. He began to lose hope, but he still had, one, more, try. He slowly place the final coin into the slot. David crossed his fingers and the three wheels began to spin. It was as if the rest of the world had stopped moving, as he watched with the last shred of hope he had. David had placed all his hopes and dreams on that coin, if it fails him, he will abandon this silly dream, and live out the rest of his days depressed. The slots finally began to slow down, he had closed his eyes tightly.... it stopped moving. Slowly, his eyes began to open. When he saw the result, he felt himself completely die inside. He had lost. David began to break down and sob loudly. Shortly after he was kicked out of the casino for being disturbing the other gamblers there.

David sat down next to the entrance and quieted his sobs. His eyes directed themselves to the sky, which was filled with stars. He sat there watching for 3 hours, motionless. People walked in and out, he ignored them all, except for one. A tall man in a magenta suit had walked out holding a large bag filled with money, he must have won the jackpot. The mans eyes locked onto him. David only acknowledged him, then continued gazing at the stars, until the sack that the man in magenta was holding, dropped onto Davids lap. The magenta man started to walk away. "Excuse me sir," David spoke. "You dropped this." The man only laughed, and responded heartily, "It's a gift from me to you!" He continued to walk away. David snapped out of his mood and opened the bag gratefully, the money was real. He looked up to thank the man, but the man in the magenta suit had vanished. Just then his eyes directed to a few unusual lumps within the bag, when he dug them up, he felt his heart swell. It was every single letter that David had ever wrote. He began digging around the bag filled with letters and millions of dollars, and read each letter, one by one. Until he got to the last one, this one he had not wrote. he opened it slowly. At that moment, he began to cry, but this time, out of joy. "Merry Christmas, David! Sorry for the long wait, I decided to give you this one personally!"

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