

Fields of gold

(Time – 1:11)

Once upon a time a farmer was dying. His last thoughts were for his sons – his useless, lazy, layabout sons. How would they manage once he'd gone?

He called them to his bedside. 'Before I die, I must tell you a secret.' The lads leant closer. 'Gold. There's gold in the fields.'

'Where?' They said. 'Which field did you bury it in?'

'It is in the-' Dead.

The three lads ran to the fields and set to work, turning over the earth, examining every rock: nothing. When they'd finished, 'Oh well,' said one, 'after all that work, we might as well plant some seed.'

A few months later they saw it, covering the field, shivering in the wind: the gold.