



Legacy

The chair sits in the great hall, silent and imposing. Thick cobwebs drape across its crown and down its straight back like a gauzy cape. There are cracks in the burgundy leather that covers the seat, signifying age and creating the illusion of a wizened face gazing out from the shadows. Its legs are strong, though, unbothered by the passage of time and the many sovereigns it has held in its lap. Pay attention to its gleaming arms; only pure gold could sit for so long and not tarnish. Yet...the seat has remained, regal and undisturbed in this forgotten throne room for hundreds of years.

The little girl pulls away from her mother and runs toward the chair. Her flannel pajamas are the same rich color as the cushion she sees before her. She gently brushes away the cobwebs and clambers up into the seat, its vast size nearly swallowing her. She drapes herself across the arm of the throne, shining the gold with her sleeve until she can see herself, a vague, soft outline smiling back at her. As she rubs, small sparks of ancient, forgotten magic float to the ground. The embers glow as they fall at the foot of the chair, creating a soft, flickering light and warming the drafty room. The girl's dark curls gleam against the royal colors of the throne. Her mother stands in the doorway and watches, her own nightclothes too thin for the chill of the evening, but she is not cold. A small smile plays at her lips and two thin circles of gold dangle from her fingers. She isn't sure quite how they came to be in her hand, but somewhere far back in her memory, she remembers a time when she was the one too small for this chair. And she is not afraid.