

## Luck's Change of Address

There once was a man who lived on the outskirts of Ribe. He was comfortably well off, but always claimed he was poor. In fact, he always seemed to have a bob or two in his pockets, but moaned he never had any luck.

As he lay in bed one night, someone outside his window said, "I'm off."

The man asked who was outside.

"Your luck," replied the voice.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"I'm off to Klavs the baker in Ribe," said Luck.

"Well you go then," said the man. "I've never liked you anyway."

After his luck had left, the man grew poorer as each day passed. He never seemed to have enough money and began to sell his property — tables, chairs, pots and pans — to make ends meet. Eventually he sold his house and after clearing his debts, he was left with £300.

The man was determined not to lose the money so he hid it in one of the pilings that dotted the coast around the North Sea. He went to the shore and selected a thick pile which he bored a hole in. He placed the money in the pile and stopped the hole with a cork.

The man thought he had done everything to protect his money, but unfortunately for him, there was a storm the next day and the pilings were dislodged and floated out to sea. They were driven south by the current and into the river at Ribe where they were retrieved and auctioned off.

Klavs the baker bought the very pile that the money was hidden in although he knew nothing of its true value. When he got back home, he flung it in his yard.

The man's fortunes had gone from bad to worse and what little he had left was soon spent. His thoughts turned to the £300 he had hidden in the pile. He made the trip to the coast and found

that his savings had been washed out to sea. He walked the coast down to Ribe intending to see how Klavs was getting on now that his luck had moved in with him.

As soon as he entered the baker's yard, he saw the pile.

"Where did you get that from?" he asked Klavs.

"I bought it at auction," explained the baker.

"Have you noticed anything odd about it?" said the man.

"No," replied Klavs.

"That pile used to be mine," said the man. "I hid £300 in it. I suspect you own it now because my luck told me one evening that he was moving in with you."

They examined the pile and found the money. Klavs offered the man his money back, but he refused the offer.

"You might as well keep it. It will only find its way back to you," he said.

Klavs offered the man a bed for the night and when he left in the morning, Klavs presented him with a fine loaf of bread that he'd baked in the night.

"Something for you to eat on your way," said Klavs.

The man thanked him and took his leave. When he had walked down the road a little way, he gave the loaf to a poor woman. He'd eaten a good breakfast at the bakers and didn't want to carry the loaf around with him.

The woman was pleased with the loaf, but when she had carried it a while, she thought it was heavier than it should have been and that it wasn't fully baked. She went to Klavs and asked the baker to exchange it for another. Klavs recognised the loaf immediately. He had baked the bread with the £300 in it so that the man would get his money back, but now there was nothing more to do except keep the money for himself.

There is no more to tell except Luck had travelled from one to the other and found a home where he was appreciated.