

GLASSHEART by Reina Hardy

That's a nice story. I'm going to tell you a story now, OK?

It's about a thing.

Once there was a thing who was under a curse. an enchantment. and the only way she could break it was by rescuing a person who was also under the curse. One day, she did. And do you know what happens next?

Nothing. She had labored for years to do exactly as she was told, grind the mountain into glass, do every impossible task asked of her not just cheerfully but actually singing, and after all that instead of the happy ending she was promised, she gets... obliterated. and some person— some real and genuine person with her own pulse and everything— the happy ending goes to her. Even though all she did was get lucky enough to be born. Well? What do you think? What kind of story is that?

Do you know what a thing is? It's a lump. It just sits. It doesn't go to work. It doesn't have friends. It doesn't call its parents or feed its cat, it just sits. Maybe it looks pretty.