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Moya, the Luck Child



Moya is no ordinary child. She is beautiful, gentle – and luck follows her wherever she goes. But is she lucky enough to escape the Little People and an evil queen?

"I couldn't wait to find out what was going to happen to Moya!"

Emily

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Written by Malachy Doyle • Illustrated by Laura Anderson

One day, as Conary was gathering wood for the fire, he heard a tiny cry. Following the sound to the foot of a tree, he found a beautiful baby girl wrapped in a golden blanket.

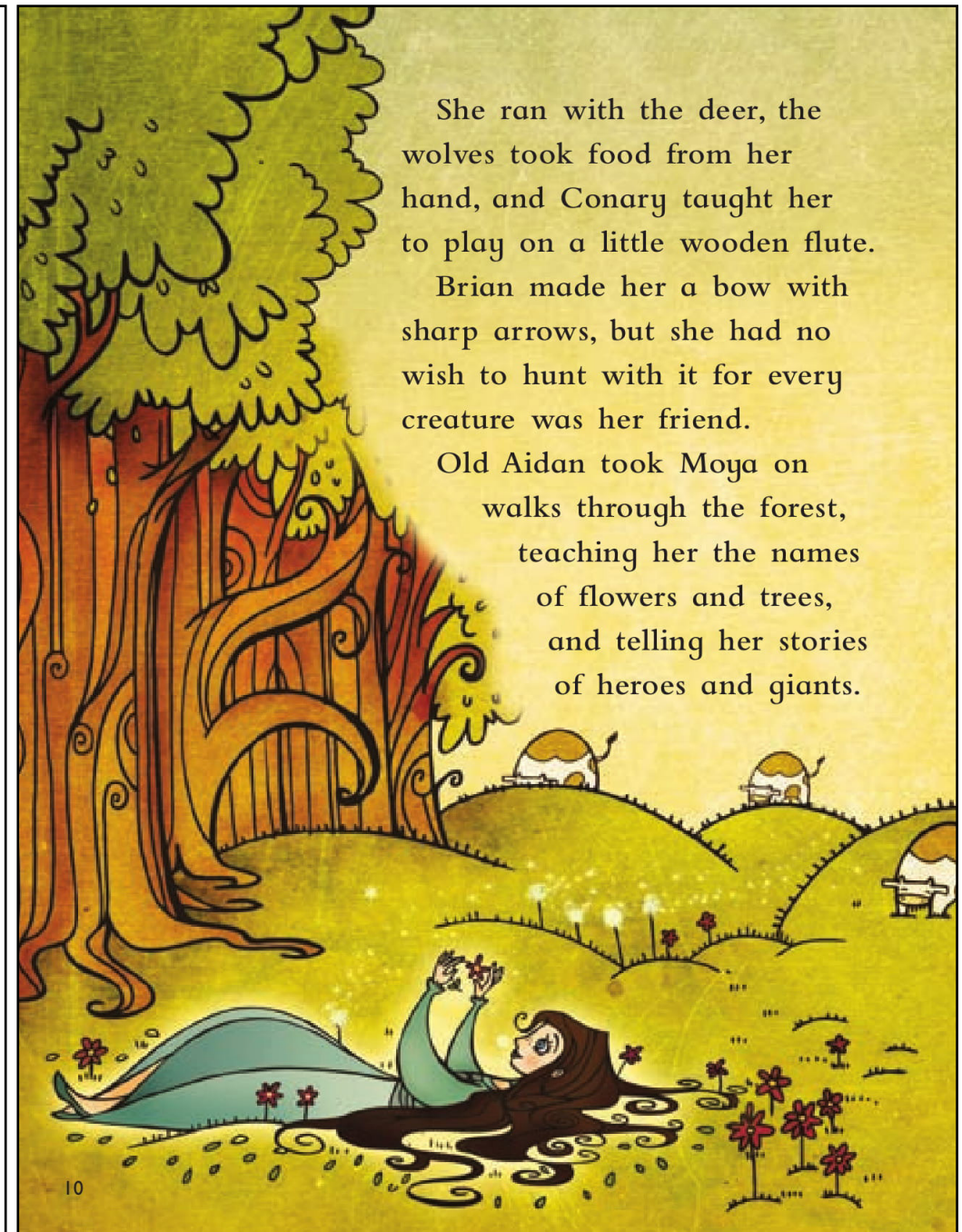


As he picked her up, the little child smiled at him, and Conary felt as happy as he'd ever been in his life.

She ran with the deer, the wolves took food from her hand, and Conary taught her to play on a little wooden flute.

Brian made her a bow with sharp arrows, but she had no wish to hunt with it for every creature was her friend.

Old Aidan took Moya on walks through the forest, teaching her the names of flowers and trees, and telling her stories of heroes and giants.



The next morning, the three men were out collecting wood when a jet-black hound ran through the trees.

"It's the king's dog!" said Aidan. "Run for the hut, Moya, and hide before you're seen!"

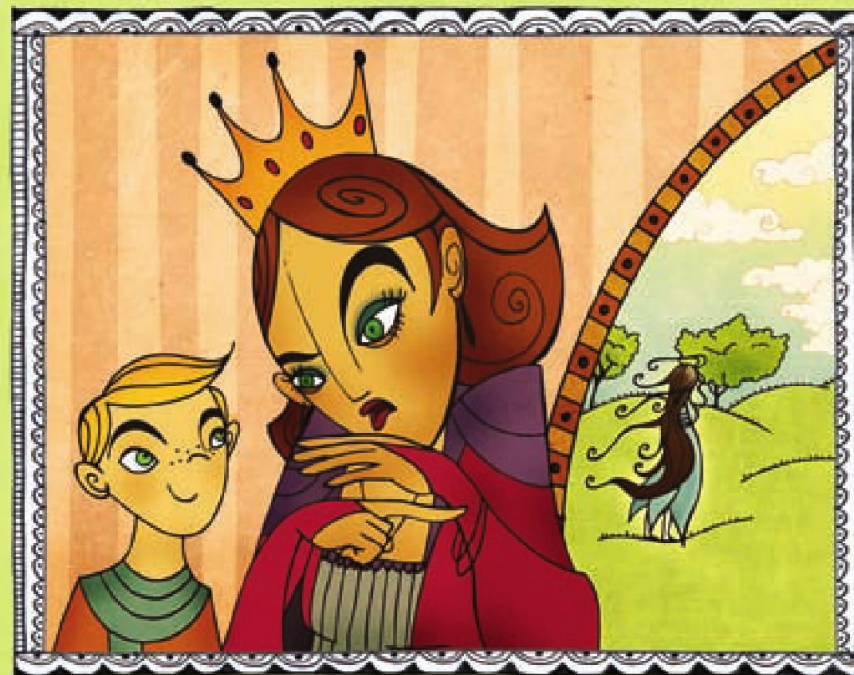
She tried to escape, but the hound caught hold of her dress and she couldn't move.



The King of Ireland rode up on his mighty horse. "Who is this?" he asked, looking first at Moya and then at the three men. "I can see she's none of yours, for she's far too pretty!"

Was Moya starving when she got home? Certainly not! Was she wasting away with hunger? Not a bit!

"Cucadoo ..." the woman called to her youngest son. "Go with that good-for-nothing Moya and find out what she's eating!" So he did.



They went to the fields together to mind the cows, and when the midsummer sun was high in the sky, Moya sang, "It's time to chew, Cucadoo!"