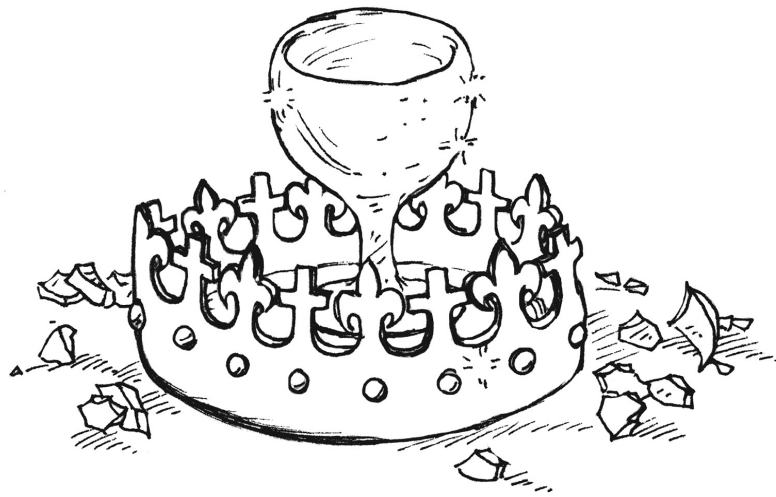


# King of the Shattered Glass

By Susan Joy Bellavance



Illustrations by Sara Tang

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Susan Joy Bellavance served with the Missionaries of Charity for 3 years, later becoming an elementary and junior high Parochial school teacher, and a founding member of Mount Royal Academy in Sunapee, NH. She also served as a catechist and youth formator. In addition to writing, Susan is a Marian Helper and a committed supporter of the Marian Missionaries of Divine Mercy. She currently volunteers at Bishop Peterson Residence, a home for retired priests of the Diocese of Manchester. Susan and her beloved husband Dale cherish two adult daughters, Sophia and Marguerite, and reside in metropolitan Newbury, NH.

## Dedication

To my dear husband, Dale, and our daughters, Sophia and Marguerite;  
to Deb Mckew, Mother of Writers;  
and to our beloved priests, images of the Father's tenderness  
in the Sacrament of His Mercy.

– SJB

For my family, friends, and those most in need of the healing,  
life-giving power of Love and Mercy.

– SMT





## The King of the Shattered Glass

**L**ong ago, in olden days, there were men who knew the secrets of how to create precious, beautiful glass. They were called glassmasters. Only the Glass Master knew all the mysteries of how to create colorful, exquisite, marvelous glass. It became the treasure of the age, the desire of kings, and the wealth of merchants who traveled the world making their fortunes on the wonder of glass.





Little Marguerite tied her apron as she hurried down the long, winding stairwell. “I’m late, I’m late, I’m late! I hope Master Chef doesn’t find out!” She sped across the stone floor of the castle kitchen. And what a kitchen! Cooks prepared wonderful food for hordes of guests, soldiers, servants, and, of course, the King.

Marguerite hurried to light the oven fires and fetch the water before Master Chef arrived.

When she rushed to grab the water buckets hanging by the back door, she collided with stout Master Chef Louis coming in from the gardens.

“If you are late in the morning,” he boomed, “then the baker is late, then the bread is late, then the breakfast is late, and then the King is late!”

“I promise to work faster, Master Chef, you will see,” said Marguerite with her sweetest smile.

“*Mon Dieu!* Give me patience!” prayed Master Chef heavenward. He only pretended to be angry, because with the orphan Marguerite, he was like butter in a pan.

A delicious rumor spilled through the castle kitchen. Olivero the Merchant was coming from far away, and his cart was filled with unknown treasures.

“Perhaps he brings spices to improve the soup,” joked Master Chef.

“Bah,” said the Soup Cook with a splash of his spoon.

The thundering clank of the drawbridge excited Marguerite. She ran to the Great Hall and hid behind a large chair to sneak a glimpse of the treasure.

“Gently, gently!” said Master Olivero to the servants who carried the crates into the hall. When the King entered, Marguerite thought how tall and noble he looked. It



was said that no one could hold his gaze for long, for his eyes searched and pierced the heart.

Olivero carefully pulled something out of the straw-filled boxes. Candlelight sparkled on it.

“What is it?”

“It’s called glass, Sire.”

“Glass,” the King repeated.



He had never beheld such a thing. From the crates appeared goblets and bowls of every size, some as blue as the Aegean Sea, others the color of midsummer honey. He held an amber bowl to the candle on the table. The flame danced right through it.

“So transparent, so exquisite,” said the King. “How is it made?”

“Ah, that is a secret known only to the glassmakers.”

The King’s sleeve brushed against a goblet, and it crashed to the floor, shattering into pieces. “So beautiful, and so brittle,” said the King. “But now I see; I must not only have the glass; I must have the glassmaker!”

“Glass is the new wealth of the age, Majesty. But glassmakers are almost impossible to come by, unless ...”

“Unless?” inquired the King.

“Unless you are Olivero the Merchant,” he said with a bow.

