

“Be Careful what you Wish for”

By Kate O'Hara 6th Class

*Beth opened her sleepy eyes and sat up in bed. She looked over to her bedside table to check the time, but her clock wasn't there. It had been packed away into one of the various boxes scattered around her empty room. She took a good look around. Her posters had been taken off the walls. Her belongings had been wrapped carefully in newspaper and bubble wrap, and then placed in large cardboard boxes reading **FRAGILE** on the front in big, red letters. She climbed out of bed and wandered over to her now empty wardrobe. Her school uniform hung on the front. She slipped it on then plaited her thick, dark hair. Her Dad called her downstairs for breakfast. She wolfed down her jam and toast without even stopping to taste it, and then went upstairs to brush her teeth. Suddenly she heard the doorbell ring. Dad answered it and called up the stairs “Beth! Lily and Jack are at the door!” Beth slung her spotted school bag over her shoulder and jumped down the stairs. She said goodbye to her parents and ran out the front door to go to school with Lily and Jack.*

Beth, Jack and Lily sat on the bench in the school playground for lunch. It was bitter cold and they all had their coats zipped up and their hands in their pockets. Beth told the others about her new house in Canada. “But why do you have to move?” asked Lily. “My Dad got a really good job offer, so he went for an interview and he got the job,” answered Beth sadly. She really wasn't looking forward to moving. Her flight to Canada was tomorrow morning. The moving trucks were to come that afternoon. Lily, Jack and Beth made their way back to class. When they entered the classroom it was completely silent, then all of a sudden everyone jumped out from behind their desks and shouted “We will miss you Beth!” Beth smiled, even though there were tears in her eyes. They all sat down and did their work, but home time came eventually. Beth said goodbye to her friends and classmates, then walked home with Lily and Jack. They were the two people she would miss most of all. She hugged them both before she left.

"You promise you will write to us, won't you?" Jack asked. "Of course, I'll write every week!" She gave them each one last hug and said goodbye.

Beth stared out of the plane window until her vision went blurry with tears. She had to leave everything behind and start a new life in Canada. She sat back in her seat and put in her earphones to listen to some music. She closed her eyes and slowly drifted off into a deep sleep. She was woken hours later by her mother announcing that they had arrived in Canada. Suddenly, reality hit her, she no longer lived in her small town in Ireland, and she lived in Canada now. She was taken out of the plane with her parents, and there she stood in a giant airport feeling completely lost. She wished and wished that she hadn't to move house. She wondered if that wish would ever come true.

Beth wandered aimlessly around her new house. It was very plain inside and out. Inside, the floor was stone and the walls were white with the paint peeling. Outside were red bricks that were crumbling around the edges. There was also ivy creeping its way up the walls and windows. It looked ugly, yet interesting and Beth felt a sudden urge to explore. As she crept down a few flights of stairs, down a hallway and through an empty, damp room that was when she came to the corridor. This corridor had many doors along it, but it was the one at the end of the corridor that caught Beth's eye. It was cream, with a dark, mysterious window. The door-knob was shiny silver. Beth reached out a hand to open it, but as she did so, her Mum called her to help unpack. She walked back down the corridor looking over her shoulder and thinking, "Another time," she smiled to herself, and then ran to help her parents unpack.

"Now class," announced Ms. O'Connell, "we have a new student joining us today! What's your name dear?" "Beth Farrell," Beth murmured shyly. Ms. O'Connell sat Beth down beside a friendly looking girl called Mollie. She smiled at Beth when she sat down. Ms. O'Connell gave out pieces of paper to everyone and announced they were going to do some Art. At break time Beth sat outside on her own with her lunch. She sat by herself for a while, but halfway through break, Mollie ran over and sat with her. They soon became quite good friends. Beth was walking home through the town when she suddenly remembered the door at the end of the corridor. She sprinted the rest of the way home, despite

her heavy schoolbag. She didn't have much homework, so she flew through it all as fast as she possibly could, then ran all the way to the door. This time she brought a torch. She slowly turned the silver knob and pushed the door open. It was very stiff and creaky.

Beth crept down the creaky, wooden stairs and turned on her torch. She shone it into the dark, musty corners and found a light switch. She switched it on and looked around curiously. There were bookshelves, chairs and boxes of old books and things. But the item that caught Beth's eye was a big, dusty chest with a shiny silver lock as big as Beth's hand. Beth went to open it, but it wouldn't budge, the lock was too strong, it needed a key. She turned the room upside down searching for a key that fit the lock. She found many keys, big keys, small keys, funny shaped keys and ordinary keys, but none to fit in the lock. Beth searched some more, but unenthusiastically. Eventually Beth came across a pretty little jewellery box. Beth opened it gently and as it opened Beth saw something big and shiny underneath a bracelet, it was the key! She grabbed the key, put it in the lock and turned it. The lock fell off and landed on the floor with a bang. Beth prised the lid off the chest. It was heavy. She looked inside and gasped at all of the interesting things lying in front of her.

"You'll never guess what I found in my basement!" exclaimed Beth breathlessly when she was sitting on the playground bench with Mollie. "I'll ask my parents if you can stay at my house tomorrow night and I'll show you." Beth ran home and rummaged through the chest after school. It was full of old books, jewellery and papers. But, when Beth looked underneath everything she saw another box. She lifted it out and placed on the ground beside her. It was made of red velvet and it was tied with a deep, purple ribbon. Beth untied the ribbon and took the lid off the box. Inside, was a lamp! Beth carefully placed it back in its box and tied the ribbon. She didn't put it back in the chest though; she carried it up to her room and put it at the bottom of her wardrobe. She asked her Mum if Mollie could stay over tomorrow, then she went to bed.

Mollie and Beth strolled back to Beth's house. When they got to the house they dropped their bags in the kitchen and ran down the stairs to the basement and flung open the chest. When Beth dug down to the bottom, the red box wasn't

there. Then she remembered, it was in her wardrobe! So she brought Mollie upstairs and showed her the lamp. "How does it work?" Mollie asked curiously. "I dunno," answered Beth, "in movies you rub the side and a genie comes out, but I don't really believe in genies." But Mollie was determined to find out what was inside, so she picked up the lamp and rubbed the side.

It was true; there was a genie in the lamp! Beth and Mollie gasped as a wisp of blue air floated out of the spout. They backed into a corner as the wisp grew bigger. Eventually, it stopped. Floating in front of them was a blue, wispy man with a mysterious expression on his face. All of a sudden he yawned loudly, scratched his head and cracked his knuckles. He then peered at the girls and exclaimed in a deep voice, "Why have you woken me? What is your wish?" Beth and Mollie looked at each other, clearly confused. "Wish? What do you mean wish?" asked Mollie. "Now you have woken me, I am obliged to grant you three wishes. Now, what is your first wish?" the genie announced impatiently. "Well we don't want a wish right now, do we Beth?" Mollie said. "Yes we do! I wish we had loads of sweets!" Beth cried. "Alright, it is done, anymore wishes?" asked the genie. "No!" Mollie cried as Beth opened her mouth to make a wish. "Beth, we need to be wise with our wishes, don't make another!" Mollie said. "Well speaking of wishes, where are those sweets? Genie, you can go back into your lamp." The girls searched the room for the sweets, then they looked under their duvets and the sweets poured out, filling up half of the room with sweets. There were liquorice, gummy bears, lollypops, toffees, chewy sweets and hard sweets. They sat down, turned on the TV and stuffed their faces. They watched a horror film about a haunted house.

The girls sat staring at the screen, forgetting about their recent encounter with the genie altogether. In the film, two boys were in a haunted house. Mollie had always wanted to go to a haunted house, so she said "I wish this house was haunted!" Suddenly the genie appeared. "That's an odd sort of a wish, but if that's what you want." "No!" Beth cried, but it was too late. No sooner had she said it, they were standing on the doorstep, but the genie was nowhere to be seen.

Mollie stepped forward bravely and rang the doorbell. It was loud and spooky. The door creaked open but there was nobody there. The girls stepped inside, hand in hand and the door creaked shut after them. "Mollie, you know the way this is a haunted house? Well will there be monsters in here?" Beth whispered worriedly. "I'm not sure, maybe, I guess we'll find out," Mollie whispered back. They edged their way up the stairs and saw a luminous, green glow coming from the bathroom. The bathroom door opened slightly and the girls saw a hand on the door. They sprinted across the landing as fast as they could to get to Beth's bedroom. They just about saw a vampire in front of them before they shut and locked the door. Mollie turned on the light and looked around. There didn't seem to be anything in the bedroom. Beth seized the lamp and rubbed it. The genie floated out of it and said grumpily "it seems that I had just fallen asleep when you come pester me for more wishes!" "I wish this house was not haunted!" Beth said, and as soon as she said it, the girls were on the doorstep again. "Well, we kind of wasted our wishes," Beth said sadly. "At least it was an interesting experience!" Mollie replied, obviously trying to cheer up her friend. But the girls had learned an important lesson that night and Beth couldn't wait to write to Lily and Jack in Ireland to tell them that from now on she would be careful about what she wished for!

