

## *“Be Careful What you Wish for”*

*By James Murray, 5<sup>th</sup> Class.*

*As my school day drew to a close, I heard that piercing sound I had dreaded to hear. It was Mr. Ryan’s chalk loudly scraping against the blackboard. I looked into his beady eyes as I waited, hoping not to hear the words, “I have an announcement to make”. I could feel my heart pound incredibly fast as I listened anxiously. Suddenly I could feel my legs turn to jelly. Flashes of the horror stories they told on the bus about Mr. Ryan’s notorious announcements rushed into my head. The feeling was worse than I could ever have imagined. He obnoxiously said “Tomorrow we will be having a History test and I expect you all to get no less than 70%. Those that do will receive a suitable punishment”. I trembled in my chair as I remembered the tales I heard on the school bus of the punishments he had insisted on last year. Just then the 3 o’clock bell rang and everyone rushed towards the door.*

*I was devastated as I quickly walked to the bus. As I climbed onto the bus I was relieved that my favourite seat at the back was vacant. As I sat down I found myself getting lost in the noise and chaos that surrounded me. I found myself recalling the terrifying punishments Mr. Ryan had dished out last year. I remembered Mike saying that he had to clean the toilets every day for a year. Ruth said she had to polish his shoes after each break until you could see your face in them. Joe had to scrub the graffiti from the walls daily. I remembered his fingers after the scrubbing. They were red raw and blisters were already starting to appear. But the worst of all was when Pat said they had no PE for the rest of the year when half the class got less than 70% in one of their tests. This would be unbearable, how could you survive school without PE? My worst nightmare was about to come true if I had to take Mr. Ryan’s History test. What could I do to get out of this test? Suddenly a thought raced into my head “The Old Wishing Well”. If I could make a wish for no school then we would have no test. My worries would be over. Could my wish really come true? As the bus approached my stop I thought it was worth a shot.*

*I raced down the lane and eagerly began my homework. I knew I had no chance in going to the Wishing Well until I had finished my homework. Afterwards I went to the old Wishing Well in the backyard of my nanny's. As I approached the small round, grey well I felt a burst of excitement run through me. I had made sure to bring my pocket money. I leaned over the wall of the Wishing Well. I clenched my hand around the coins hoping it was possible for wishes to come true. I let the coins drop from my hand. I heard nothing at first then I heard a splash. I closed my eyes as I made my wish "please let there be no school tomorrow". I opened my eyes and gazed down into the Wishing Well. As I turned I thought "if it comes true then I will have no History test and Mr. Ryan will have no need to give out any punishments". I beamed as I believed it could really come true. Finally it was time for bed. I couldn't wait for morning to see if my wish would come true.*

*When I awoke something amazing had happened over night. I had to pinch myself to make sure that what I was looking at was real. My wish had come true. I sat on my bed looking out the window in amazement. I went downstairs to investigate further. My Dad told me that there was about seventeen inches of unbelievable snow on our front lawn and as far as the eye could see. While my parents seemed to be in shock, my sister and I got ready to go outside. With our sleds at the ready we began our adventure to have fun. We called for our cousins and went up the top field with our sleds. Nicole had a small bright red sled. My sled was royal blue with black handles for braking. They both had a string to make it easier for pulling back up the field. When we got tired of that we decided to make a snowman. We carefully rolled the fluffy white snow to make the body and then the head. I gave Nicole the task of going indoors to get something for a nose. She returned with a carrot for the nose, some small pieces of coal for the eyes and some sparkly buttons for the mouth. We also got an old purple scarf from my mum for the snowman's neck. It was the best snowman I had ever seen. We made snow angels in every part of the yard. For two straight days we had an absolutely splendid time. I soon figured out that if I put my feet into plastic grocery bags before putting on my wellies, my feet stayed warm for a longer time.*

*On the third day the weather changed drastically. The air was ice-cold. The sky had darkened and it was almost pitch black. The heavy snow-filled clouds were hanging low covering the hills and the Mottee Stone. Visibility was so poor we could not dare to go outside. We were forced to stay indoors. As I sat in my playroom playing Fifa 15 I could hear the wind becoming louder and fiercer. The light flickered a few times. I was so engrossed in my game I didn't realise it was getting worse. As I was going to the toilet I could hear the news. I heard them say that heavy snow falls were causing schools, crèches and businesses to close across the country. Roads were becoming impassable; it suddenly dawned on me, "What had I done? Was my wish the cause of all this?" Then all of a sudden there was a loud bang and the house shook. The power went and we were in total darkness. Luckily my Dad had a torch and we were able to see enough to light some candles. I quickly sat up on the sofa beside my Mum. This was not what I had wished for. I could not play my PlayStation, we had no TV, there were no lights, and it was awful. We could not go anywhere because the road conditions were so bad. Our food supply was quickly running low, diminishing before my eyes. I felt so guilty, my stomach was turning and I was getting scared. I prayed the snow would go so we could go back to normal. I only wanted no test, not this. Soon it was time for bed and I cried myself to sleep. We were without electricity for a further two days and two nights. My wish was now becoming a horrible nightmare. I had no PlayStation, no TV, I couldn't go to my football training and my match was cancelled all because of my wish. It was becoming a punishment far worse than the stories I had heard about Mr. Ryan's punishments. I went to bed teary eyed, regretting what I had wished for.*

*I woke on the sixth day to heavy rain belting off my window. I eagerly looked out of my window to see the snow melting into slush. I was starting to see green peeping through the dirty white slush. I was never so glad to hear my mum call me for school. I was grinning from ear to ear. I swiftly went downstairs. I listened patiently to the morning news on the radio. I purposefully waited to hear him say that schools, crèches and businesses were preparing to open after hazardous weather conditions. I was beaming with relief and excitement. I couldn't wait to see my friends and get back to normality. I quickly got ready*

*for school. I happily walked to the bus through puddles of melted snow and slush. I was delighted to see my friends on the bus. The banter and crack on the bus was mighty. When we reached school, I skipped into my classroom ecstatic to see my classmates. The tales were plentiful, good and bad about what we had done on our days off. Mr. Ryan soon came in; he too had some stories of his own to tell. But it wasn't long before Mr. Ryan got down to our school work.*

*We started with Maths and Irish and then we had our break. We sprinted out to the Soccer pitch. I scored a screamer into the top right hand corner to win the game for us. It was magical and I was over the moon. But suddenly the dreaded bell rang and it was time to go back to our school work. Once we were all seated I saw Mr. Ryan reach for a stack of papers as he told us to be quiet. Then he said "we will now have our long awaited History test and as you all have had extra time to study I will be expecting no less than 90%". OMG!!!*

*"Be careful what you wish for!"*

