

The Wish

The first story i want to tell you, is called 'The Wish'. it's quite a short story. almost in the, genre, shall we say, of a riddle. there was a very poor man.

he lived in a tiny little hut. he lived with his wife. and, he lived with his elderly mother.

one day, he went out into the woods, wondering how on earth he could get enough money together. and, suddenly, he saw a fairy. and the fairy said to him, seeing that he was so poor. 'i can grant you a wish.' 'ah- oh,' said the man, 'not two wishes. not three. i mean it's usually three that they give you, isn't it?' 'no,' said the fairy, 'one wish. you must think hard, and long, and well. come back when you want to tell me your wish, and i will grant it.'

so the man went home. very puzzled, very worried. and he told his wife that he'd been granted this one wish.

and she looked at him, and tears filled her eyes, and she said, 'oh, but you know how I've longed for a baby. could you not ask the fairy to grant you your wish of a baby?'

the man sighed. and hardly had he thought about that, than his elderly mother came in.

limping in, feeling her way with her hands, for she was blind. and when she heard that her son had been granted a wish from a fairy.

she said, 'oh, but how i long to have my sight again. could you not wish that my sight should be restored?' the man sighed, and frowned, and thought, because all that he wished for was gold.

a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

the next morning he went back. because that night he'd had a dream. and when he met the fairy, she asked him, 'what is your wish going to be?' and he said to her, 'i wish, that my mother could see her grandchild, in a cradle made of gold.' and so, they lived happily ever after.

for the wish was granted.