

I Wish

Once upon a time, there was a little girl called Millie and a little boy called Billy, who was Millie's younger brother. Millie and Billy shared the same bedroom and sometimes, when it was bedtime and they were snuggled up in bed, they would play a game that Millie had made up called "I wish." They would take turns starting first.

Tonight was Billy's turn to go first. He said, "I wish I had a tree house made of wood, high up in the tree at the end of the garden."

"How would you get to your tree house?" Millie asked. "Would you climb up the branches of the tree?"

"I wouldn't need to," Billy said. "There would be a rope ladder attached to the tree house, and I'd climb up that."

"It's my turn now, and you've given me an idea," Millie said. "I wish I could fly like a bird. Then I'd fly up and see you in your tree house."

"That was a good wish," Billy said. "Now it's time for my next wish."

"What's that?" Millie asked.

"I wish I had my own little car so that I could drive up and down the garden path," Billy said.

"You wish for a toy car?" Millie asked.

"No, a real car but a little one," Billy replied. "It would have a real, little engine and everything."

"Do you know what I wish?" Millie asked, taking her next turn.

"What?" Billy asked.

“I wish it would snow tomorrow,” Millie said, “so we could have a snow fight with snowballs, make a snowman and have lots of fun, too.”

“Yes,” agreed Billy. That would be great. I wish for that too.”

Just then Mom came into the bedroom. “It’s time to go to sleep,” she said. “Snuggle down under the covers, children. It’s a cold night and it might snow tomorrow. Say goodnight.”

“Goodnight Mom,” Millie and Billy said, and then they smiled to one another. It looked as if that last wish of theirs came true. Thinking about the fun they were going to have if it was snowy the next day, Millie and Billy snuggled down and fell fast asleep.