

The wishing tree.

"Michel! Michel, get down here right now!"

As Michel awoke to the sound of his mother's voice, he looked slowly and carefully around his room. The ceiling was completely normal, except for a small water stain, he got up and saw his desk, there was a small pot plant, his second hand laptop and a few pens and pencils. He stood up, his bare feet cold against the slightly damp wood floor.

"Michel!" His mother called, "Get down here right now, before me and your father have to go to work!"

"Coming Mum!" Michel called.

The hallways were cold and bare. The carpet was bright orange and the only decor was a few lonely paintings of the moors that his sister had painted, although to Michel it just looked like a blob of brown and green. He slipped on his slippers and walked slowly and drowsily down the hard wood floors.

"Morning Mikey!" His little sister, Charlie, called from the table.

"Morning Charlie."

Michel went and sat down at the polished wood table and ate the (slightly stale) toast his mother had laid out for him.

"Bye Mike, bye Charlie!"

"Bye Mum!" They called in unison.

"Mikey, Mikey!" Charlie called, "can we go into the woods?"

"Yeah okay, go and get your boots on then."

Michel was sitting in the living room when his sister called from the door

"C'mon Mikey!"

He got up and slowly walked through their small country cottage, the dry white ceilings and the mud covered floor

As they entered the big woodland at the end of their garden they heard the mournful cry of a black bird. The trees standing tall and the sky and puddles as deep as the sea.

"Mikey are we nearly there-.... Wow.."

Their mouths dropped open as they saw it, a glowing white tree with shimmering pink leaves.

The branches twisted into these words, "Make a wish."

"Wow, can we both make one?"

"Only one wish.." the tree spelt

"You make one mikey, you make one!"

I wish for a dog, a small little puppy.

"What did you wish for Mikey?"

"If I tell you it won't come true Charlie."

They had walked through the woods in almost complete silence, the tall grass swayed, and the trees seemed to whisper.

When the two children got home they both sat down in the livingroom and turned on the television so Charlie could watch cartoons.

"Kids we're home!"

"Coming mum!"

Michel opened the door and saw his mother, his father and a small puppy, mud covered but obviously a puppy.

"We found this poor thing on the side of the road, so we decided we would keep it.

By Lily