

## The Wishing Tale

I want it. I can see the best, the biggest, the most wonderful thing ever. I need the chocolate bar - all my friends have it, so will I.

“Mum?” I said, stopping outside the shop window, “may I have that chocolate bar? I love you!”

“Yes, only if you leave me alone.” Mum said. I nodded my head.

As soon as we got home I opened the chocolate bar and inhaled the heavenly scent. Opening my mouth, I took a bite.

“Yuck it’s horrible, get it away from me!” I squealed, throwing the chocolate bar to the ground. Mum was laughing. She got me the wrong one - the vermin!

“That was not funny,” I said holding my fist to her face. “How could you?” I screamed. I screamed all day, then she gave in.

“I will buy you the right one- just be quieter, eh?” I was so happy mum gave in!

We are going to the shop! The real chocolate is there waiting for me. It is as lovely as a hot bath.

YUM!

