

The Wish – A Childhood Short Story

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The boy's nose was blocked; his parents had always told him not to pick his nose, however, the sensation was all too alluring.

Without much thought, the child inserted his finger up his nostril and began to burrow. He began to explore the nostril discovering where boogies were and how he must pull them out. After a while he had managed to get most of them out, however one big boogie remained. It was connected very firmly and posed a problem. "Darn," he thought, "this is going to hurt." With a great heave he pulled on it; once, twice and on the third time it was dislodged. For a moment he stared at it, then with his index finger he flicked and watched in awe as it soared across the room. It landed at the foot of a sturdy office chair.

He walked up to the office chair and sat on it. He pushed his foot on the ground and began spinning around with the chair. This he did a few times consecutively, then he pushed off the ground with his feet and was crouching on the office chair as it glided on the wooden floor across the room.

He had arrived at one end when he looked across the room. The room was walled with bricks and had a sturdy wooden floor; the room spanned for a fair distance and was enclosed with old furniture. On the opposite side to the boy there was an old lamp that stood out next to the brick wall. "Maybe," he thought, "this could be a challenge, a game. If I can get to the other end of the room without touching the floor, I win." A pause interrupted his thinking. "No, if I get across the pool of lava without falling in, I deserve the title champion."

The boy assessed the room and what lay ahead of him. He thought that he could complete his task by pushing off walls and furniture to make it across to the lamp on the other side. He thought most of the area seemed very simple; however there was one area he could not avoid which had no furniture. He began to psyche himself up for the task. "If I can just not get stuck in the middle of the room, I will be fine," he thought.

He looked at the pool of lava before him, he watched as it bubbled and flowed. He looked down at his feet he was safe, standing on a patch of old carpet; not directly on the floor. He moved his hand close to the floor not quite daring to touch it but just for the acknowledgement.

He aligned the chair towards and old table and bent his knees ready to push off. Gradually, he straightened his knees and pushed off from the patch of carpet. Then he tucked his knees in and glided forward. He put his hand out and grabbed the table. "Yes," he thought, "I can do this."

He waited at the table for a while determining just the technique he would use to push off. When he had deduced that he would push off with his arms not feet he positioned the chair backwards and aimed for an old chair. His arms were not nearly as strong as his legs, therefore, he began to slow down far before he had reached the chair. "No, I'm not going to make it," he thought. The heat from the lava caused him to sweat; the sheer terror of the lava caused him to go stiff. Little by little the chair came to a halt. "Could I reach the other chair?" he thought. Slowly he stretched his foot out towards the chair. He had just managed to get his foot in a position where he could pull himself in. Little by little he slid towards the chair.

When he was within reaching distance he stopped, grabbed it and pulled himself in. He waited there for a while. "I'm not going to use my arms again," he decided. When he had gathered the courage to continue he realigned his chair. "The lava seems somewhat calmer now," he thought. "It's not bubbling anymore." With a heave, he pushed off from the chair and headed straight for the piano. He took no chances this time, for he had pushed off very hard. He was moving towards the piano very quickly. He held out his arms to cushion the impact and so he wouldn't damage the piano. He had made excellent contact.

He was feeling very confident; however, this confidence ceased when he realised that he had to go across the longest, bare part of the challenge. Shaken by this realisation, he aligned the chair and aimed for the lamp. He looked down and the lava. It seemed like it was flowing in the opposite direction to where he wanted to go. He became very stiff, his legs started to shake. He closed his eyes and tried to calm down. When he was ready he pushed off. At first he thought that he had pushed off quite well but the speed of the chair quickly decreased.

He was panic-stricken, his mind was racing. The chair was slowing down too much for him to get anywhere. He began to sweat. The heat of the lava was bearing down on him. The chair came to a stop. By now the lava was bubbling vigorously and gases were coming out of it. He quickly looked around to see if there was anything he could reach for but there wasn't. He sat on the chair for a while looking at the lava. "Maybe I could end it," he thought to himself. "Maybe I could just finish the challenge." After a few minutes of deep thought the boy closed his eyes and jumped off the chair.

It was time for tea.