

The Wishgranter

I'm disappointed. Empty. Desolate. Gone. I have sailed my 1 and only purpose. Looking at my magical, amazing tool box, I realised I had let down not only myself but two other, warm and loving souls. Why me? What have I done? Have I sailed this? I feel like a loser. A wishing bone. Gone. A shooting star. Gone. All that was left of my life was nothing but an empty, bright red tool box. At first, I thought I tried my hardest to grant everyone's wishes. Little did I know it wouldn't always be easy, even if you try your best. What a second... I should start at the very beginning of my wasted, tiring day.

It all began in my dusty, ancient laboratory (under a wishing well). Irritated, bored, and exhausted, I patiently waited next wish. You see, most people wished for wealth. Why is wealth so important? My ever-lasting, brilliant Wishgranter 1000 can't take it anymore! Everyday, over 10,000 people wish for the same thing; over and over again. Again, another golden, shiny and bright coin dropped into the fountain. As soon as I looked up from my arms, alarms were going off continuously. Could this be true? My machine has never done this before. In a panic, I jumped out of my chair and rushed to my emergency tool box as quick as a supercar).

Just as I was about to lose all hope, two hearts glashed up on my monitor, approaching from opposite directions. Clearly in low spirits, I witnessed the two lonely souls reaching for their coins.