The Fish Who Could Wish

In the deep blue sea swam a tiny fish who could wish and each wish would come true. Oh the fun that he had**!**

He wished for a grand, magnificent castle to live in where he would sleep, eat and laze around. He wished to have the bright***est*** yellow car that sped through the tangled, salty seaweed. He wished he could ski and it snowed for a week there, under the sea.

If greedy sharks came hunting and they were hungry, he would quickly wish he was small***er***, far too tiny to eat. To teach the big, ugly sharks a lesson, he would wish he was a shark and the shark were fishes**!**

He made lots of wishes but the one thing he never wished for, was to be wise. One day, just for fun, that silly fish wished the silliest wish. He wished he could be just like any other fish in the glorious, vast sea. But wishing was something other fish could not do. So that was his last wish that ever came true.

The fish that could wish is now an ordinary, orange fish. He swims round the deep blue sea just as normal fish do because there are no wishes left.

He cannot make wishes, just like both you and me**!**

Why did he make such a silly wish to be like an ordinary fish? He shouldn’t have been so greedy with so many humongous wishes.