

Be careful what you wish for

By Brianna

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As the bell rang, students poured out of the school hurrying to get to the warm shelters of their homes before the rain came. I watched through the narrow window of my classroom longing to be one of those kids. I turned my head and glanced at Mr Cranly, he was one of those people who never thought of anything positive so he is had giant wrinkles and his face was always set in a frown. He never smiled and the first day he arrived he broke the school's record for the most detentions given by a teacher in one day. As a person who has dyslexia and a short attention span I was an easy target.

He had his back turned and was writing something on the blackboard. I kept my eyes dead focused on him as I crept towards the door. I reached out slowly, my hands sweating. It felt like I was running a marathon. Cranly was close behind me and I was tired but I was getting closer and closer to the finish line until I was stopped by an announcement, "ROBERTS!" Suddenly I was stopped in my tracks. I wanted to move but a strange force was holding me back. I slowly turned to the direction of the voice. Cranly had a stare fixed on me. "Ten extra minutes Blake Roberts", he grumbled, "sit DOWN". He went back to his paperwork and I slumped back to my desk.

"ROBERTS!" a loud bellow startled me and I banged my head on my desk. I blinked my tired, heavy eyes and made out the image of a blurry goblin but soon I realised it was just Mr Cranly. "W-what?" I asked, still recovering from my deep sleep. "Good news Blake, you stayed extra-long but of course that doesn't mean that you get to skip detention tomorrow." "What detention tomorrow?" I asked confused. "So you can catch up on the studying you were supposed to do in this detention before you fell asleep!" He shouted above the pouring rain. "Ah... Yes, Mr Cranly" I mumbled as I held my head low and rushed out of the door.

I held my bag above my head and treaded across the muddy grass kicking every stone I came across muttering the same words over and over again, "Why does it have to be like this? I wish people would be nice to me" Suddenly, I spotted something shiny in the gutter. I bent down and laid my hand on it. It was cold and was covered in little bumps. As I inspected more closely I realised the little bumps were buttons. I picked it up and held it directly in front of me. My hands were saturated now and one accidentally slipped and pressed a button! A strange green light shone on me. I dropped the gadget, stumbled back and started to walk again. Surprisingly as I walked on the grey as stone storm clouds started to clear and the sun came out.

When I arrived home mum was in the kitchen and I asked "What's for dinner, Mum?" I was starving from being in detention for so long. She smiled at me and answered in the most sing song voice, "Hi Honey, your favourite ice-cream sandwiches" she replied. I turned around and walked to my room wondering why everything was turning around for me.

The next morning when I woke up, I rolled over to check my alarm clock and it read, 9:40am! Oh no, I was late for school again! I rushed downstairs, skulled my juice and poured my cereal into my mouth whilst I threw on my cloths and packed my bag. I hurried out of the door and started for school, whilst practising my excuse to Cranly for being late on the way. Finally I rushed through the school's huge oak doors and burst into my classroom. As I entered I felt Mr Cranly's eyes piercing me. "Mr Cranly, I have a very, very good excuse oh and is true of why I ..." "Good morning Blake" interrupted My Cranly in the brightest voice he had ever used. "Oh, by the way Blake, no more detention" *What? That had never happened before.* "Ok" I replied, confused. As I sat down, Oscar, the school bully, leant over to me and whispered "Hey, can you come to my birthday party?" He grinned, waiting expectantly for my answer. "Ah ... sure?" I nervously replied. *Oscar normally tells all of his friends what a 'dweeb' I am at his birthday parties.* I turned back around and focused on Mr Cranly, "We have a maths test today class" he mumbled in his usual dull voice "But Blake won't have to do any of

that because he is so AMAZING” he continued as his eyes lit up. This was beginning to get very strange now. “Mr Cranly?” I asked “you can call me David, and yes?” Mr Cranly replied. “Ah... David, may I be excused please?” “Why of course! Do anything you want to” he replied sweetly. I bolted out of the doors of the school. I knew exactly where to go.

I skidded to a halt and bent down on my knees in the gutter searching for a shiny contraption with buttons. Finally, I saw a glimmer in the mud. I reached out to grab it and my hand was groping for it but a strange force was holding me back. I preserved though and pushed. I stretched my fingers out and pulled the device towards me. I stood up and pressed the button but nothing happened, I turned it upside down, flicked open a tiny box attached to the bottom and there were no batteries!

I ran home and entered the kitchen, “Mum, I need batteries – NOW” I demanded. “Of course honey, anything for my darling boy” she answered. She plucked two small batteries from a packet, her back facing me. I held out my hand but she didn’t give them to me “Mum? Are you okay?” I asked. She slowly turned around, a strange green light shining from her eyes. “Is this what you really want honey?” she asked in a sing song voice. “It could be better.... better ... better.” She kept repeating the word better over and over again.

I heard someone banging at the front door. Suddenly, it flung open and Mr Cranly, Oscar and everyone from my class were standing there all with strange green lights shining in their eyes. “Better ... better ... better” they chanted as they groped at me. I ran to mum and leapt at her, with my arms stretched out in front of me and snatched the batteries out of her hand. Everyone started coming closer, “better ... better ...better” they chanted. I backed away cautiously into a corner. My heart was beating and my hands were sweating as I pushed the batteries into the contraption and pressed the button, but it didn’t work, nothing happened.

I checked the batteries – they were the wrong way around! The green eyed crowd was closing in on me and I fumbled to change the

batteries and snapped the lid closed. They were almost within arm's reach. I brought the machine up to my face, closed my eyes and pressed the button and a flash of green light exploded from it and filled the room. As the light disappeared, I opened my eyes, as did everyone else except everyone else was moaning and holding their heads. "W-what happened?" they asked in a daze as they stared at me. Mr Cranly looked horrifyingly CRANKY. I turned to Mum "Blake" she started "What hap-" "ROBERTS!!!!" shrieked Mr Cranly. "Ah ... yes, Mr Cranly?" "Detention for you!" And that's how I knew things were back to normal, for now