

WHEN YOU WISH UPON A BAR

Tamil looked at the lustrous green paper, tightly wrapped around the object of his desire. The outer layer of paper already lay discarded - hastily crumpled into a ball and thrown behind his bed. He could almost see his face reflected back at him. He didn't need to see it to know the look of desire in his eyes. He could feel the corner of his mouth twitching into a smile, his eyebrows raised ever-so-slightly and the feeling of goosebumps down his spine.

Three months. That's how long he'd had to wait to get his hands on the new, top-secret chocolate bar. It had felt like the longest three months of his short life. His dad worked for the mysterious Moonfish Corporation and spoke to scientists all over the globe. That was how he'd first heard about the WishBar. He'd told Tamil straight away, of course. Tamil had demanded one for his birthday and, sure enough, his dad had wrapped one up for his tenth birthday the day before.

Now, it was time to try it out. The instructions on the back were simple enough: every time you eat a square of chocolate, close your eyes and wish. That was it. No limits, no restrictions... it was like the world's best genie.

If he was honest with himself, Tamil had been desperate to try it ever since he opened it. He wanted to get his first wish right, though. Something simple wouldn't do, it had to be big. He also knew he wasn't supposed to have the chocolate, nobody was. That ruled out anything too big: all the money in the world, to be crowned the King of England or even just to have his very own Porsche.

In the end, he'd decided on the perfect thing. It was cool enough to show off to his friends, but he could control it if it got out of hand. He finally felt ready.

The reflective wrapper disappeared over Tamil's shoulder, and he stared longingly at the rich, velvet chocolate. He just hoped it tasted as good as it looked. He took a deep breath, desperately trying to stop his hands from shaking and broke the first square from the bar. Crumbs fell onto the desk and were quickly swept away. The sweet chocolate called out to him, urging him to hurry up.

Tamil wasn't sure if he had to have the wish ready in his head before he ate it. He didn't want

to risk anything, so he started chanting inside his own head: *I wish for my dog to be able to talk.* Without delaying any further, he popped the chocolate in his mouth. Everything seemed to go foggy for a split second and he could barely even taste it. He felt sure the magic had worked, though.

Cautiously, Tamil opened his eyes.

Denver, his pet poodle, was staring up at him with a confused look on his face.

“Did it work, boy?” Tamil asked. “Can you talk?”

“Oui Maître! C’est le sentiment le plus étonnant au monde!” Denver replied, in fluent French.

Tamil yelped in surprise and threw the rest of the chocolate bar to the floor. If only he’d paid more attention in French lessons at school!



RETRIEVAL FOCUS

1. What colour was the reflective wrapping?
 2. True or false: Lots of other people had tried the WishBar.
 3. How old was Tamil?
 4. Find the paragraph that begins: “If he was honest with himself...”. What does this paragraph tell us about Tamil’s personality?
 5. What three things did Tamil rule out wishing for?
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6. Why might it be a problem that the dog speaks French?
 7. Which word in the first paragraph tells you that the chocolate wrapper had a shine to it.
 8. What did Tamil do just before he broke off the square of chocolate?
 9. How was Tamil feeling when he broke off the chocolate? What tells you this?
 10. What do you think the moral of this story might be?