

The Three Wishes

Long ago and far away there lived in a wooden hut at the edge of a forest a woodcutter and his wife. Every day the woodcutter would say 'Goodbye!' to his wife and set off into the forest to cut down trees. Sometimes he would cut down tall, straight and wide trees to cut up into planks to make into useful things like tables and chairs, cupboards and doors, ceilings and floors. Sometimes he would cut down any old tree, because all he needed was a cartload of firewood to take into the village to sell to the villagers.

On this particular day the woodcutter was looking for a tall, straight and thin tree because someone had asked him to make the mast for a sailing ship. He said 'Goodbye!' to his wife and he set off into the forest deeper and deeper and darker and darker to where the tallest, straightest trees grew.

He found the perfect tree. He looked it up and down and he took his great axe from his shoulder. He was just about to cut down the tree when a huge voice boomed out around the forest. 'STOP!' The woodcutter looked all around, but he couldn't see anyone anywhere so he lifted his axe again. He was just about to cut down the tree when the voice boomed out a second time. 'STOP!' The woodcutter looked up in the tree and he looked behind the tree, but he couldn't see anyone anywhere.

For a third time he lifted his axe and was just about to cut down the tree when the voice boomed out again. 'I TOLD YOU TO STOP!' The woodcutter looked down on the ground in front of the tree and there, to his surprise, was a little, tiny fairy. She was dressed all in pink, with a pink frilly dress and pink sparkly, spangly gloves. Her hair was all done up nice. But her arms were folded and there was a scowl upon her face. She glared up at the woodcutter and she said, 'THIS IS MY HOUSE. DON'T YOU DARE CUT IT DOWN!'

Now, the woodcutter had never met a fairy before and he hadn't expected to meet an angry fairy so he knelt down on the ground and said, 'I'm sorry. I didn't realise it was your house. I promise I won't cut it down.'

'Good,' said the fairy and a smile spread across her face. 'Then you can have three wishes!' She waved her wand and disappeared in a puff of pink smoke.

As the woodcutter walked home he thought about his three wishes and all the things he could wish for. But, as he walked along his tummy began to rumble. He was hungry and by the time he got home he had forgotten all about his three wishes. All he could think of was food. He walked into the kitchen and he said to his wife, 'Is my dinner ready yet?'

His wife turned and glared at him. 'What do you mean, is your dinner ready yet? What do you think you're doing coming home so early? You're not normally home this early! Dinner won't be ready for another two hours. Go and sit in front of the fire and smoke your pipe and leave me alone to cook the dinner!'

The woodcutter went and sat in front of the fire and he waited and he waited and he waited. But, the more he waited the hungrier he got. So he went and sat at the table and he picked up a knife and a fork and he waited and he waited and he waited. But, the more he waited the hungrier he got. And then he found himself saying, without really thinking, 'Oh, I wish I had a plate of the finest sausages in front of me!' And with a flash and a flash a plate of the finest sausages appeared on the table in front of him. And he had used up his first wish.

Well, the woodcutter didn't need telling twice; he tucked into those sausages and oh, they tasted delicious. Just then his wife came into the room. She looked at the plate of sausages and she looked at her husband and she said, 'Where did you get those sausages from? Who gave you those sausages? We don't have good sausages like those? Tell me this minute, where did you get those sausages from?'

The woodcutter didn't like his wife talking to him like this and he said, without really thinking, 'Oh, I wish these sausages were up your nose!' And with a flish and a flash the sausages flew off the plate and flew up the woodcutter's wife's nose. And he had used up his second wish.

The woodcutter's wife wasn't at all happy about this and she turned on her husband and she said, 'Det dese dosages dout ob by dose!' The woodcutter took hold of the sausages and he pulled and he pulled and he pulled, but he couldn't get those sausages out of his wife's nose.

The woodcutter went into the kitchen and he got a great, big knife and he came walking towards his wife with the great, big knife. His wife looked at him horrified and said, 'Don't doo dum dere be wiv dat date dig dife!'

So the woodcutter put down the 'date dig dife' and he took hold of those sausages with both hands and he put one foot up on the table and he pulled and he pulled and he pulled with all his might, but he could not get those sausages out of his wife's nose.

His wife was getting more and more angry and she grabbed hold of the woodcutter and she shouted, 'DET DESE DOSAGES DOUT OB BY DOSE!'

The poor woodcutter knew he had no choice: he had to use his last wish. He stood in front of his wife and even though he felt very silly he said, 'I wish my wife didn't have sausages up her nose! And with a flish and a flash the sausages flew out of the woodcutter's wife's nose and landed back on the plate.

So, if the woodcutter and his wife didn't have a magnificent palace to live in, which he could have wished for, and if they didn't have a great pile of gold to spend, which he could have wished for, and if they didn't have wardrobes full of fine clothes to wear, which he could have wished for, well at least they had a plate of the finest sausages for their tea, even if they had been up the woodcutter's wife's nose!

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