

Three Wishes for Our World

2nd Place

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Grade 5 & 6

Great Uncle Reed could tell I was disappointed as he handed me a rusty golden lamp with a curved spout and looped handle. This was my birthday gift?

“I thought you might like this,” Uncle Reed said. “I bought it at a bazaar in the Middle East when I fought in the Sinai War over forty-five years ago.”

I tugged at the grimy, golden lid. “Thank you,” I mumbled. Uncle Reed just winked mysteriously and took a bite of cake.

The next day before school, I excused myself from the breakfast table and crept upstairs to my bedroom. I sat on my bed with a tattered, old t-shirt I found in my closet. Maybe if I cleaned the dirty lamp up a bit it would look better. I began to scrub my gift vigorously with the old shirt.

Suddenly, the lamp began to shake violently. An orange glow erupted from the spout and I dropped it in terror. The lid burst off, hitting the wall with a thump. It was like an earthquake! I let out a scream as I covered my head with my hands. What was going on?

As suddenly as it came, the shaking stopped. My hands were still atop my head when I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. Expecting to see my mother or father, I looked up to see a tall man with baggy red pants and a purple vest. He was bald except for one long ponytail on the back of his head. His arms were crossed in front of him.

“Hello,” said the man. “I am the genie, your genie. My duty is to grant you three wishes for rubbing the lamp and setting me free.” I was astounded. This was just like a fairytale! “Any wish?” I asked. “Any wish,” the man replied.

What could I wish for? There were lots of things I wanted: money, toys, or clothes. How would I choose? I told the genie I had to go to school and I would rub the lamp and tell him my wishes when I got home. He poofed back into the lamp as I headed out the door and onto my school bus.

The day passed by slowly. On the school bus home I sat in front of two pretty girls. I overheard their conversation by accident.

“I wish my daddy would come home,” said one girl. “Where is he?” asked the other. “He is fighting in Iraq,” answered the first. “I’m so scared.” I couldn’t hear any more. The bus stopped in front of my house so I leapt off and ran to the door.

When I entered the house, I saw my mother and father watching television in the living room. I heard sounds of gunshots coming from the speakers. My mother turned off the set. “I just wish the world was more peaceful,” she told my father. That gave me an idea... I ran upstairs and eagerly rubbed the lamp. Soon, the genie was standing in front of me. “Your wishes?” he asked. “First,” I said, “I wish for all of the soldiers to come back from Iraq. They are mommies and daddies and sons and daughters. They need to be with their families.” “Wish granted,” said the genie. “My second wish is to have world peace. There is too much violence and crime in this world.” “Wish granted,” replied the genie. “And your third wish?” “Oh, I’ve got something in mind!” I said thoughtfully. An hour later I carried the wiggling lamp to the post office with the genie by my side. Mumbles and shouts of Arabic came from inside as I dropped the lamp in a box addressed:

Mr. President
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20500

I then popped the gift in the mailbox. Let’s just say Osama Bin Laden was never seen again!

I may not have wished for the material things I would have liked, but I certainly gave the world everything it needed; everything we needed. Soldiers were sent home, the world was forever peaceful, and the bad guy was trapped forever. At that moment, the air had never tasted sweeter!