Wish Upon a Pea

John thinks he's too small. He can't even reach the biscuit tin! However, his luck changes when he bumps into a mysteriously witchy lady at the supermarket who has a pot of magic mushy peas... One spoonful will grant his wish. But when John eats *three* spoonfuls, his wish soon gets out of control!



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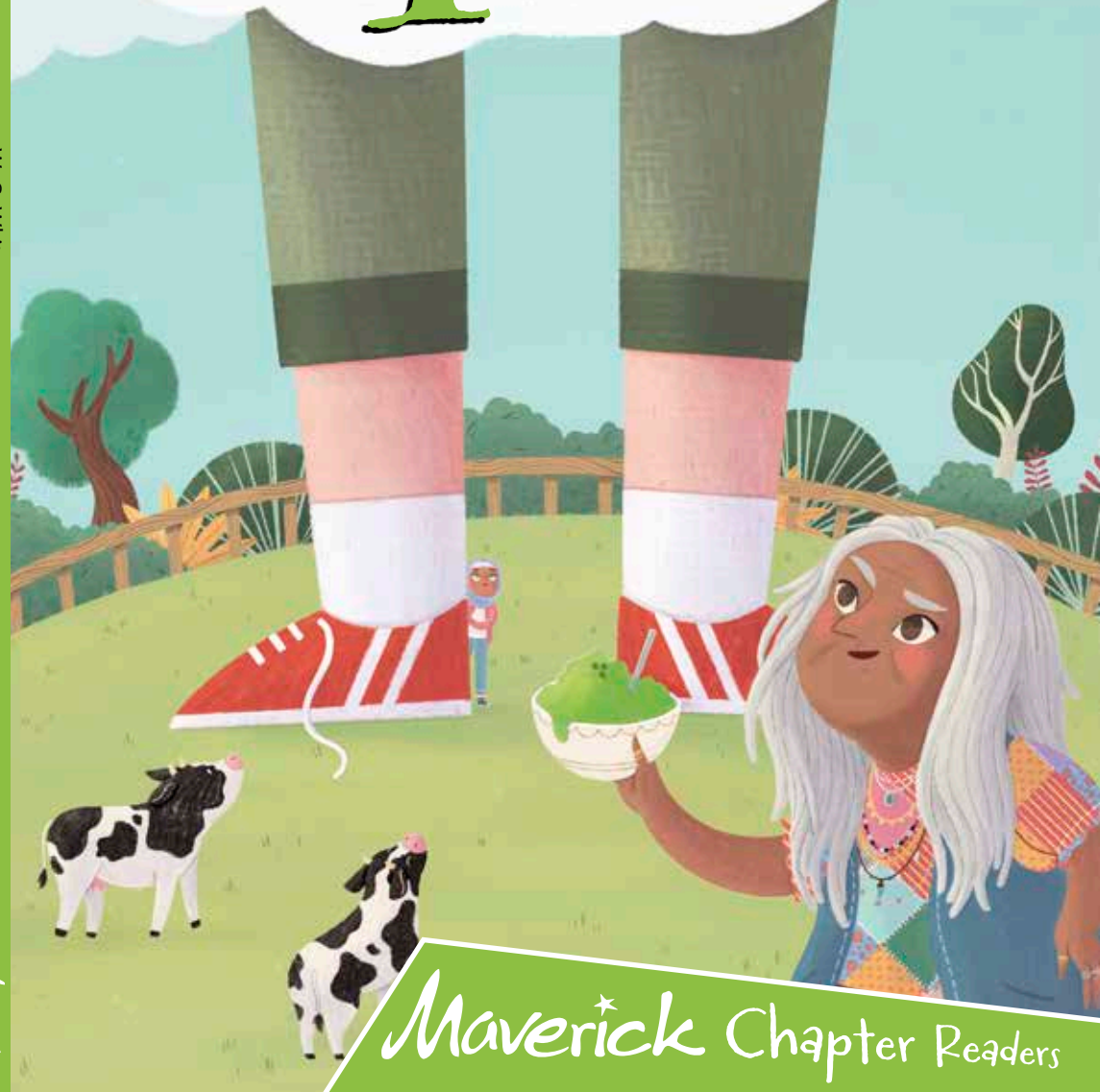
Book Band
Lime
This book is Lime Band/Level 11

Wish Upon a Pea
W. G. White
Maverick

Illustrated by Marta Orse

Wish Upon a Pea

Written by W. G. White



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'Wish Upon a Pea'
An original concept by W. G. White
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Illustrated by Marta Orse

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For Review Only

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Chapter 1

This time he'd make it.

John's arms pumped as he ran. The high jump bar in sight, and quickly getting closer. He shut his eyes, launched himself into the air and... whacked his head against the bar.

"Oomph!" he wheezed as he landed on the mat. The bar tumbled down and hit his forehead again. "Ouch!"

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The pain wasn't nearly as bad as the laughter of his classmates.

"Okay, that's enough," said Mr Strongarm as he helped John stand. "Not everyone's built for high jump, and that's fine. John here's destined to be an ice skater." Again the class laughed and John grumbled as he stalked back to Nyra. Really, annoyingly tall Nyra.

"You almost made it that time," Nyra whispered as she nudged his arm.

"I hit the bar with the top of my head, I was nowhere near."

John *hated* being small. He was by far the smallest kid in the whole of Year 4. Maybe even the school! Whilst all his friends kept growing, John hadn't added an inch to his height in at least a year. Nyra, on the other hand, was almost as tall as the Year 6s. She could help Mrs Chesterfield—their teacher—wipe the whiteboard and get books down from the taller shelves. John could barely reach his coat on the hallway hooks.

"Let's go again, John," demanded Mr Strongarm. "You'll be jumping and spinning one day, may as well have the practise."

As the class laughed, John sighed and wished, not for the first time, that he was more like Nyra.

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Chapter 2

It didn't matter how much John stretched, he couldn't reach the Choco Puffs.

"Don't worry, John," Dad chuckled as he took the cereal off the supermarket shelf and popped it in the trolley. Such an easy, simple thing for a giant like Dad. "Why don't you go fetch the potatoes? The King Edward ones. Meet me in the frozen section once you're done."

John huffed, stuffing his hands in his pockets as he weaved through the legs of adults. When he arrived in the vegetable aisle, he laughed bitterly. They'd moved the potatoes onto a high shelf.

Even on his tippiest of tippy toes, John couldn't reach the potatoes. And if he could, surely a bag of such heavy vegetables would crush him. No. He needed help.



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