

The Three Wishes

Once upon a time there was a woodcutter who lived on the edge of a huge forest. Early one sunny morning he went out to chop down a tree. He gave the tree not one, not two, but three mighty thwacks with his axe. To his surprise, a fairy appeared and begged him to save the tree. The woodcutter agreed and the fairy granted him not one, not two but the next three wishes that he should make - be they what they may!

As soon as he got home, the woodcutter sat down in front of the fire and told his wife what had happened. As he spoke, he rocked back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. He was so hungry that he asked his wife if supper was ready but she just shook her head.

"I wish I had a sausage here before me," he said. No sooner had he spoken these words then clatter, clatter, rustle, rustle and what should come down the chimney but the finest sausage that anyone could wish for! Unfortunately, his wife scowled and glared at the woodcutter for wasting a wish. Then she said, "You fool. I wish that sausage was stuck on your nose!" Before you could say Over and Out, there the woodcutter sat with an enormous sausage for a nose.

So, first she gave it a tug but it stuck fast. Next, he gave a tug but it stuck fast. Finally, they both gave it a tug but it still stuck fast.

"Well it doesn't look so bad," said his wife. The woodcutter realised that he better use the third wish and so he did. So the woodcutter and his wife did not ride in a fancy coach. They did not live in a great palace. They did not wear fine clothes. No, but at least they had the finest sausage that anyone could wish for.