

The Magic Hat

Last Saturday I was in my room reading a good book when I heard the doorbell ring. No one was home except me.

I went to open the door.

“Hello, who is it?” I said. No one was there except an extremely large box. On this box there was a note that read: ‘Lost property – handle with care’. “Very strange”, I said to myself. “Someone has left a box outside my house.” I handled it with great care (as the note on the box said) and I carried it inside. The box was sealed with brown tape. I opened it with a penknife and inside was the most boring black hat I had ever seen. I tried it on and the most terrible thing happened. My hair started to turn green, my nose bent with black, hairy warts, and I started to shrink to the size of an apple. I guess all of my days of being the tallest in the class were over! I started screaming with terror. I had turned into a tiny, ugly elf. Oh, how was I ever going to tell Mother. Suddenly a little field mouse crept out of its tiny hole next to the kitchen table. No wonder whenever I dropped something on the floor at dinner it would mysteriously vanish. “Hello,” I said. “What’s your name?” “Scamp,” said a very scared voice. “Please don’t eat me,” it said. “I’m not going to eat you.” “Oh, thank goodness,” said Scamp. “I’m going to boil you and cook your bones and then eat you.” “Ahh” ... and Scamp ran back into his hole quivering like a rattlesnake. “I’m only joking,” I said. “Come back out and you can help me with something.” Scamp came out of ‘his’ hole again. “I need to get back to my normal size,” I said. But suddenly I heard a voice and it wasn’t Scamp’s. “I’m the hat,” it said. “To change back to your normal size you must apologise for calling me ‘boring’.” “I’m sorry,” I said, and I shot back to my normal size.

I locked the hat in my cupboard and never looked at it again.
