

The Magic Soup Pot

It was the eve of Mother's Day. I knew my mother adored antique things, and I had saved enough money to buy something antique for her.

With the excuse of going for a bicycle ride around town, I went into a shop called BENNY'S, only a stone's throw away from home. There were thousands upon thousands of antique looking things stacked here and there. Furniture with the legs carved into lion's feet, wardrobes covered in gold leaf ... and in the far corner I spotted an old, rusty and dusty soup pot.

Knowing it was the right thing for Mum, I asked the shopkeeper how much it costs. It was at a very low price, so I took it. I took it back home in a cardboard box, gasping because of its weight. Making sure no one was around, I opened the garage door, closed it again and opened the cardboard box.

The soup pot looked like something of the 16th century. It was much smaller than a normal soup pot, but that was okay, because Mum wouldn't use it for cooking, only for putting it on a shelf as an ornament. Being very dusty, I decided to dust it a little and polish it until it was as good as new.

But when I dusted it, a little voice boomed, "I am the wishing soup pot of the kind witch Lander Fair. You have three wishes." I looked at the pot in dismay, partly because I never believed in magic, and partly because I thought only magic lamps give three wishes, like in the story of Aladdin in "The Arabian Nights".

I didn't take it seriously, but I wished that I could fly, that I could change into an animal I wish and that all the suffering people in the world wouldn't suffer any more. The pot soon granted them, and I began flying around the garage like a war plane. And afterwards I changed into a snake, my favourite animal. The magical soup pot then said that it would take some time for my third wish to come true, and it told me that now it wouldn't give any more wishes to anyone.

Today, the soup pot sits on a shelf like a little elf that would not move one bit. I keep my powers secret, except that my brother once saw me flying in my room, and I had him sworn to secrecy and had to tell him the whole story. My mother thinks that it is just an antique ornament, but you know better, don't you?