

## The Magic of Words

I was walking home from school when suddenly, my bully pushed me to the ground. I tumbled from my hand. He dragged me off the path and rolled me down the hill into the wailing woods below. I could feel the aches and pains as I got up. I tried to climb back up the hill, but it was just too steep, didn't have the strength. I decided to walk deeper into the woods while I waited for my strength to recover. As I walked on, I could see a large structure in the distance. It was an enormous house with old broken windows and rotten wood corrupting the exterior. I walked inside and I could hear a chiming sound coming from another floor. I searched the house until I found it. It was in the attic coming from a typewriter, but as soon as I touched it the sound vanished. A note on the typewriter read "*What is typed can be reversed. From envy it can alter from a blessing to a curse.*" I didn't think anything of the note in the beginning. I decided to type a sentence to see if it still worked or if it needed ink. I typed the sentence "The *quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.*" I then heard this cry of an animal outside. It was so loud it could have alerted the whole forest. I rushed to see what it was from outside the window, and I saw a swift brown gracious fox leap elegantly over a lazy dog. I thought it was a coincidence, so I went back to the typewriter. I then wrote "*From a dark corner 50 bats emerge and would rapidly race to the nearest light yet to be burned by it.*" I then heard a screech from the corner of the attic. When I went closer, around 50 bats rapidly flew past me and out the window and burned by the light of the sun. I was mortified at the sight. I could hear my ears ringing like church bells. I then realised that this typewriter was magic. Anything I wrote came to life. Just to check, I wrote " *A treasure chest filled with gold appeared before me.*" And I saw it. A chest filled to the brim with riches. I couldn't hold in my excitement.

I rushed over to the typewriter. I wrote amazing things on how I had solved homelessness and world hunger; I had found the cure to cancer and that I lived a really happy life. I also typed that I had teleported to my house with the typewriter. A cloud of smoke appeared, and I teleported to a beautiful house, and I was greeted by my mother who didn't have to work anymore. I went to school the next day and I had taken the typewriter to leave in my locker on one exception. I was going to type that

everyone had gotten gifts to celebrate my success at the end of the day and after that I would never type again as I didn't want to be consumed by greed. When I arrived, I was greeted with a sea of smiles. Everyone said how good of a person I was. I put my typewriter in my locker, safe for now. I then went to lunch while everyone else followed me. Even though people liked me and noticed me now, there was one person who didn't change. My bully, he envied what I had. He tried to make out that I didn't deserve any of the fame I had received. During that lunch, he broke into my locker, and he found the typewriter. He saw the story that I had written. He reversed and altered the story out of his envy. He changed it so that everyone thought it was him who did all of the good things and how I had taken his credit while he told everyone that I rolled him down a hill into the wailing woods. As soon as I came out from lunch the sea of smiles turned into a storm of anger. Everyone hated me. I could smell fury drift through the air as the sun floated behind a cloud bringing a darkness below filling people with rage. Everyone was screaming until they saw my bully. Screams turned back to cheers to celebrate him. I was an outcast. I went back to my locker to see what had happened and I saw how my blessing turned to a curse.

I saw that my locker door was broken but the typewriter was still there. I saw that my story had been altered. I reversed everything and added one detail, which was how my bully never bullied anyone ever again and how everyone was to live in peace. I also typed one more thing. So that no one could disturb the peace, I typed that the typewriter would disappear and would only reappear if the world's peace had ended. Everyone was happy. I was never bullied. People enjoyed peace and I was also given a knighthood by the king for my national service. I smiled upon this new world, this perfect world.

By Milo - age 13