

Neves Wishes

Chapter 7

Seven wishes, now *that* makes sense, thought Jess, reading the poem again through the magnifying glass, but this time changing neves to seven:

Seven Wishes

You have been gifted this magic box
Try and release the secrets it unlocks
Remember that seven holds the key
For quantity, duration and apostrophe

“We got seven wishes, not three, that’s the quantity bit,” she explained to Joe, who still looked a bit lost. “I reckon that each wish lasted seven minutes, that’s why it says duration.”

“What about Neve?”

“That’s the thing, there never was any Neve. Neves was just seven backwards; that was why there was a clue about the apostrophe.”

Joe looked thoughtful. “What about the never-ending wishes?”

Jess shrugged. “Probably cost us a wish and only lasted seven minutes, just like the others.”

“Have we got any wishes left then?”

“Let’s work it out,” said Jess, carefully folding up the paper and putting it back in the secret pouch of the wishing box. “The first two were the sweets, then came the never-ending wishes, so that’s three.”

“Then we wished for the money, that’s four,” said Joe, holding four fingers up in the air.

“Five was getting Frisk to talk, which was a total waste of time,” said Jess.

Frisk thumped his tail on the recycling bag at the sound of his name.

“And for last one, we asked who Neve was, that’s six,” said Joe.

“One more wish!” the twins said in unison and grinned at one another.

“It has to be good, though. One where it doesn’t matter if it finishes in seven minutes,” warned Joe.

“Yeah, one we’ll remember forever.”

“What about a superpower?” suggested Joe. “Like shooting laser beams out of our eyes?”

Jess scrunched up her face. “What about a magic wand, or a broomstick?” she suggested instead.

“Magic wand is no good, everything we make would disappear, but I’ve always wanted to—”

“Fly!”

“That’s it!” said Jess as she grinned at her brother.

“Let’s say it together,” said Joe.

Jess nodded. “Wait,” she said.

Joe groaned. “Now what?”

Jess handed Joe the box and went over to her alarm clock. “We should set the timer,” she explained. “Then we won’t come crashing down.”

“Nice thinking,” said Joe.

Upon setting the timer, Jess hurried back to her brother and took hold of the other side of the box. Together they carefully lifted the lid.

“We wish to fly,” they whispered into the wishing box.

The box grew hotter in their hands and the twins carefully lowered it to the floor.

Before her fingers had even left the box, Jess felt a surge of power, greater than anything she had ever felt before, flow through her. It jolted down her fingertips, fizzed through her veins, up her arms and into her heart, which pumped inside her, pulsing with the power that was being pushed into every part of her body. She could feel it everywhere; in each of her hair follicles, in every skin cell, throughout the very soul of her being. Pulse, pulse, pulse, the power coursed through every inch of her body. She let go of the box and closed her eyes, letting the feeling grow and become stronger. Finally, she realised that she could no longer feel the solid floor beneath her feet. She opened her eyes and looked down to discover she was hovering a few inches above the ground.

“Joe!” she gasped, looking over at her brother, who was similarly suspended.

Frisk made a funny half bark, half growl noise and lifted his head from his paws, watching with great intent. His tail was thumping faster and faster.

Joe opened his eyes. “No way!” he exclaimed. He experimented by tipping his body weight forward and was rewarded by surging upwards.

Jess copied, spreading out her arms as if free falling like a skydiver. She tried dipping her right arm and immediately turned sharply in that direction. She tried her left arm, and spun left.

Tipping forwards, she went up; tipping back, she went down. It took a minute or two before the twins got the hang of the movement and were able to control their flying, but soon enough they were off and away.

They zoomed round the room, squealing with delight, soaring up and down, twisting forwards and backwards. As they flew, Frisk jumped around in excited little circles, barking at them, his tail rotating in tight turns.

It was glorious; they were flying, really flying! They somersaulted through the air, swooped low over the carpet and right up to the ceiling, bringing up the wrapping paper in their gust.

Whilst they were flying and Frisk was barking, the wishing box began to slowly disappear. When the alarm finally went off and the magic had gone, the twins found themselves leaning back across the floorboards, staring at one another with exhilarated smiles. Though neither one of them said anything out loud, they both knew that they had been part of something amazing, something they would never forget. The best birthday present ever.