

## The Wishing Tree

Once upon a time, in the faraway land of Canterville, lived an old man with his palm tree. This palm tree meant the world to him--not because he loved nature, or any of those other crazy reasons, but because his palm tree granted wishes. One of the only wishes that he ever made was that the magical coconuts, which actually granted the wishes, would never run out. Otherwise, he gave the chance to other villagers to ask wishes when they really needed them. He had a kind, warm soul and, more than anything in the world, cared for helping others. The very least of his problems were his needs. He never kept his wishes and his coconuts all to himself.

The old man eventually grew old and weak and needed someone else to care for his tree. So, on the day he passed away, he gave his palm tree to his son. He was quite greedy and didn't share the wishes. He kept them all to himself. The son didn't know that wishing upon a coconut with greed in your heart gave you a curse. Once he had the coconut in his hand he laughed to himself: "Once I make this wish, I shall rule this village with an iron fist!" The coconut he held in his hand put one nasty curse on him after he said those words-- it gave him an iron fist! The fist was so heavy that his hand was drooping.

“WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME!?,” he boomed. These “wish nuts” are foolish!

They don’t give you your wishes! The palm tree then started to chant:

*When you make a wish with greed in your heart*

*I’ll give you a curse one way only you can reverse*

*you could fight hair with lice, or rid houses of mice, yet all you need to do is be*

*nice, nice, nice.*

“NICE! NICE! I HAVE TO BE NICE!?! HOW COME? I’M ALREADY NICE! I DON’T

WANT TO WASTE MY WISHES ON VILLAGERS,” the son kept yelling.

*It wouldn’t be wasting*

*your time to be nice, you see,*

*your father loved villagers*

*more than me*

*he loved villagers more than his very own wishing tree.*

“WHAAAAAAAAT!?,” the son moaned.

*If you don’t stop now*

*I’ll give you a curse you can never reverse.*

“Okay,” the son stammered, I’ll share the wishes with the villagers.”

*Good, spoke the palm tree.*

Thereafter, whenever he didn't share the coconuts, the tree put another curse on him. Whenever he gave the villagers what they wanted, the curse went away. After several bad curses, for the rest of his life, the son shared the wishing coconuts with the villagers.

THE END