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**3rd prize in the 2007 Imaginary Journeys story
competition for under 12s**

Three wishes

by Katie Mulhern (Age 11)

Dear diary,

I had such an exciting day today. I found a big purple watch. I thought it was normal at first; it was not. It was magic!

It all began this morning, when I got out of bed and saw a watch lying on my dressing table like my cat Jack sleeping on the sofa. It had a letter by it which said "Three wishes, whilst travelling in time for only one reason." At first, I thought it was a joke, but what did I have to lose?

I thought hard; only one thing came to mind. To go back in time to the Victorian period: I have always wanted to see what it was like. We have read about it in school and it seemed so exciting. First, I wanted to get my friend Lucy.

Lucy has blond hair, pale skin and brilliant blue eyes, which sometimes seem the size of saucers. She is the opposite of my raven black hair, dark brown skin and mysterious eyes. However, we are the best of friends.

LATER

I invited her to my room and told her what I had found. I could hear her breathing deeply with disbelief. I gave her a few minutes to take in what had just happened. Then suddenly I heard a "Well let's try it then!"

I replied "Ok. I thought we could visit the Victorians we both liked that at school didn't we?"

"Good idea, come on."

We both sat around the watch and held the hard lump saying time travel. I counted to three and we both whispered 'Victorians 1836-1901!'

All of a sudden, we found ourselves floating in mid air in a blue and sparkly dimension. My tummy went all topsy-turvy. We went thud on an old brick layered road that seemed to go on forever.

Lucy got up feeling a bit ill. She flung her hands out and demanded, "Let's go and explore!"

When I had got up we straightened ourselves, linked arms and started to walk. We both decided we had to change into Victorian women. "Can we be really smart?" asked Lucy.

"Of course we can. We can do what ever we want!"

"Hey look, there's a clothes shop. Let's go in."

We elegantly walked into the old, racked shop. A lady stood at the counter. Her eyes were as lost as an explorer in the Sahara desert.

We automatically walked up to her and asked, "Do you have two dresses that would fit us? We have the money."

"Of course we do ladies. Follow me."

She took us to a room full with beautiful corsets, petticoats and dresses: I had always wanted to wear one of these dresses it has been my dream since as long as I can remember.

The woman picked a long, colourful dress and said, "This should go perfectly with this corset and petticoat. The dressing rooms are right over there if you would like to try it on."

I strolled towards the small cramped room as my heart screamed with joy. When I got to the dressing room, I tried on the outfit and it fitted perfectly. I walked out, feeling slightly embarrassed and awkward.

As I appeared out of the dressing rooms I heard them both gasp with surprise.

"You look gorgeous!"

"Thanks," I said blushing.

"Now it's my turn."

Lucy walked into the room with a similar dress. When she came out a few minutes later her cheeks were bright red as if she had held her breath for ten minutes! "You look amazing Lucy."

"Do I really?"

"Of course you do."

"How much are these?"

"One pound."

"Here you go."

"Thank you very much."

"Goodbye,"

"Goodbye."

We both walked out feeling posh. There were many people out all snobby looking. One woman walked past with her dog and they looked nearly identical: a big spout noise and bulging eyes.

We felt special and different. I cannot describe how I felt. Suddenly my mind flickered back. The letter said "three wishes, travelling in time for only one reason," But for what reason? I suddenly I thought of an idea. Queen Victoria had had an attempted assassination. We might have to save her or how about saving a prostitute from Jack the ripper!

That was what we would do. I told Lucy about it and she said "It will be scary but OK."

"When shall we start?"

"Tonight,"

"What is the date again?"

"Ur, well the last person was killed on the 9th November 1888. It was Mary Jane Kelly; she was left in the worst state."

"Oh yes, word says there was going to be another attack but someone stopped it: A woman called Eleanor Smith from Whitechapel was being followed by a man in a black cloak when two mystery figures saved her"

The date was November 11th so we were just in time to save her.

THAT NIGHT

I made the wish and we appeared in a small dirty room with two beds.

It was about the middle of the night when we started getting dressed and we walked outside. It was dark and gloomy. The sky was covering us like snow in the winter. The cold air hit us like a bullet. My toes were ice-cubes and my teeth rattled together like a baby's toy. My heart started thumping harder and harder as I realised what we had got ourselves into.

From the corner of my eye, I saw an old map of the East End of London. I studied it and realised that we were only a few hundred yards away from where the last murder took place. Within five minutes, we had found our way to the exact spot of the murder, just by a bridge. It made us feel scared and excited at the same time. Just up the road, a young girl shouted "Okay Eleanor I will see you later." We had our victim. She was wearing a red shawl over a lacy white dress. We hid behind a shed and watched as she approached our location. I was terrified and felt very vulnerable, but I could not let this girl down. I was looking everywhere for a dark cloaked figure. I imagined a tall, very large man carrying a terrible sword or axe. Within a minute, I was shocked to see a small stumpy man wearing a black cloak and hat that covered his face. Inside his jacket, I saw a flashing blade. I dare not speak and froze to the spot. My mind flashed with pictures of a grim reaper murdering innocent people. I had to do something. As the cloaked man walked over the bridge, he was a few metres from Eleanor. I did not think I could attack him because he was carrying a weapon. I whispered to Lucy "On the count of three scream, run Eleanor run!"

The cloaked man made no noise as his evil presence filled the street. I whispered "One, two, three," and Lucy and I screamed with all our might. The cloaked man jumped backwards with fright and fell straight into the cold, icy river. We screamed with delight and looked around so we could speak with Eleanor. She had disappeared.

We walked back to the room we had come from. A quick wish and we arrived back home.

We had to keep it a secret for history's sake and anyway who would believe us. Jack the Ripper was dead.

I still have one more wish to use and I have not yet decided what it will be.

My eyes are weary and I am tired. So for now,

Good night.