

Child's Copy

Let me tell you a story about the time my sister played a trick on me.

It was awful! I spotted a bright, orange paw crawling slowly round my bedroom door. I was breathing so quickly it felt as if there was no oxygen in the room. I was in a panic. I could barely pause to look, as it began to move in opposite directions in the doorway. With a sudden movement, it shot across to the opposite side of the room. I was frozen to the spot with fear.

A strange paw? A haunted house? No! My older sister came into the room to put me out of my misery. She had played a trick on me. She had found an old bit of fur in a drawer and put orange and black stripes on it to make it look like a tiger. I suppose it was funny, but it wasn't at the time.

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Here is a little fantasy story about an awful daughter who always did the opposite. Everyone was in awe of her for all the wrong reasons. What a nasty daughter she was. Walk? She would crawl. Pause? She would go. It was obvious she was being awkward. The family life was fraught with difficulty but she seemed to like operating without caution. Until one day she was put to the test and her life would be changed for ever.

While playing with friends at the edge of the woods, a figure was observing her behaviour.

'I must think of a way to haul her into the woods. I will make her an offer she won't refuse. She will have no option,' mused the figure menacingly.

As the nasty daughter approached the woods the figure seized her chance.

'Stop!' 'Don't take another step!' it commanded.

These words would come to haunt her. It was obvious she would do the opposite. In she marched. The crafty figure had obtained her wish. The gaunt figure, with ears shaped like cauliflowers, was bent over a large cauldron.

'Stay back! Don't look!' The figure cawed.

Yes! You know what she did. Over she went, doing the opposite as usual. What she saw was awesome!
Out came all the opposites and daubed her in orange liquid.

'Free me! Free me!' She pleaded.

'Only if you do as you are told for the rest of your life!'

That was the end of the nasty daughter. She had learned her lesson!