

the wishing BOOK

Grahame Howard



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7 Groveherst Road, Dartford Kent, DA1 5JD.
E: admin@pneumasprings.co.uk
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*Dedicated to my wife Hazel who gave me constant encouragement during
the concept and the writing of this book*

GLOSSARY

Blattidae	A giant cockroach which is Planet Mar's greatest Weapon. This creature will devour anything in its path, including the Martians.
Rogangoes	Orange type, ruby coloured berries, found on Planet Mars and ideal for eating.
Troganbugs	Small vehicles like a motor bike but without wheels. They are fitted with a sidecar and can transport up to 4 people or Martians.
Antisum	A deactivating spray that causes the person that it is fired at to turn into stone for 30 minutes.
Leoxostone	A volcanic gemstone that is located in the HQ of Zelmur, the Chief and Highness of the Martians. The Leoxostone has powers to locate things on Earth and Mars and can offer great powers when needed.
Warriors	Martians
Termans	Large flying bat like creatures that are used for attack purposes.
Olympus Mons	This is the highest known mountain in the Solar system. Zelmur's HQ is based within this mountain.
Valles Marineris	This is the largest canyon on Mars with a length of 4000km and a depth of 7km.

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PROLOGUE

PLANET MARS 1999

Zeematas was feeling happy with himself as he was transported to Planet Earth. He was well thought of by Zelmut, the Chief and Highness of the Martians on Planet Mars. He had been specially selected and trained to go on a mission to Planet Earth to locate and retrieve the little red wishing book which at the moment was known to be in the hands of the Armaz family on the Island of Tenerife in The Canary Islands.

It had come to the attention of Zelmut that this book had the power to grant wishes to whoever was holding the book. It had been given to a member of the Armaz family, word by word in a dream and his family had been given great wealth.

Zelmut had learned about this from the Leoxostone, a volcanic gemstone in his kingdom, and he wanted the book so that he could fulfil his dream and rule over the whole universe. The Leoxostone had revealed that the book was in the hands of the Armaz family in Los Christianos, in South Tenerife. It was probably at their home but he could not be sure of this. It was Zeematas' mission to find this book and bring it to Zelmut who would then greatly reward him.

Zeematas had spent a few weeks observing the vast villa where the Armaz family lived. He didn't want to make any mistakes by rushing things. He had tracked the family to the villa and all he had to do now, was find the book. He could then return home in a blaze of glory.

It was a very warm night as Zeematas crept round the side of the villa. To anyone who saw him, he looked like a normal Tenerifian. He was heavily suntanned, dressed in a T shirt and shorts and could easily be mistaken for a local. However, he had thought that coming to the villa at night, he would stand a better chance of finding the book, undetected.

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Before Zezmatas had left Planet Mars, he had been allowed to stroke the beloved Leoxostone. This experience would help him to overcome difficult situations, like was presented now - a locked window.

Zezmatas stroked the area of the window where the handle was located on the inside. Instantly, the handle melted and he managed to pull it open without any particular problem. This activated the Leoxostone back on Planet Mars and gave it the power to instantly detect and deactivate any burglar alarm or any other system that was installed within the house.

Therefore, he was able to climb through the window with the confidence that there would be no surprises. That is, except if he were to wake any human or animal that may be around. However, he was prepared for this and grasped in his hand a special spray called Antisum that had the ability to temporally freeze anything that tried to attack him, leaving them like a statue. This would only deactivate them for 30 minutes however, so he would need to be quick.

Zezmatas looked around the spacious room he was standing in. It was dark, but his Martian eyes had infrared ability connected to its brain and he was able to see quite clearly.

One thing the Leoxostone couldn't do was to show the exact location of the book. It had the power to show the nearest location within a 5 mile radius but that was all. The actual finding of the book would be down to him.

Quietly, he made his way through the room until he stood before a cabinet.

"Now where would someone hide such a precious thing," he thought.

After trying the cabinet and various drawers and cupboards, he was still no further. He glanced at his watch. It was 3am. He must find it soon and be on his way. He noticed a cupboard that he hadn't opened. It was near the window at the rear of the lounge. With his heart beating ten to the dozen, he pulled the door open and discovered a safe inside.

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Ordinarily, a safe this size would deter most burglars. However, Zezmatas, rubbed his hand over the door handle and dial and they both melted. The door clicked open and he noticed to his delight, the little red book on its own in the interior.

“What do you think you’re doing?” said a voice behind him.

Zezmatas spun round and came face to face with Pedro Armaz who was pointing a gun at him. In a flash and just before a dog he had not noticed, leapt up at him, he sprayed the Antisum at Pedro Armaz and the dog. The result was amazing. Pedro Armaz just stood there like a statue of solid stone. The dog was more amazing. He had been sprayed while he was in the air leaping to attack Zezmatas. He remained suspended in the air with no apparent sign of life.

Zezmatas knew that he had no time to waste. He put the small book into his pocket and amazed that no one else had been woken by the noise, he made his way out of the villa and into the warm night air.

Zezmatas made it up to a quiet spot on the beach near Playa de las Americas and sat down to consider his options. The sun was coming up now and glancing at his watch, he noticed that it was 5am.

“Let’s have a look at this little prize,” he said to himself.

He drew the book from his shorts pocket and skimmed through it. It meant very little to him but he could feel quite an awesome feeling as he held it in the palm of his hand.

“They say that anyone who wishes for something while holding the book will have the wish granted,” he thought.

“Well, let’s try this out,” he said. “I wish that I could be in Australia - Melbourne.”

There was a sudden darkness and Zezmatas felt his vision changing as he saw flashes of brilliant colour before his eyes. With one almighty mixing of the colour, reality returned and he found himself, still on a beach but in a much different environment. Zezmatas stood up to view the scenery. As he turned away from the beach, in the distance he could see skyscrapers and very tall towers.

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“This is obviously Melbourne” he said, walking in the direction of the City. “I think that I can afford to enjoy myself a little bit before I return home.”

And enjoy himself he did. He spent over a month in Australia, visiting different locations, all with the help of the little red book. No pleasure eluded him and he began to like this very different lifestyle. After a while he wished himself to London, England and then down to a County called Dorset.

Zeematas was enjoying himself so much that he lost track of time. Before he knew it, he had been gone almost 3 years.

Zeematas failed to realise that a Martian’s lifespan on Planet Earth was much different to the eternal life that they enjoyed on Planet Mars. Most were lucky to live past 3 years.

As time went on, he continued to use the little red book to fulfil his every whim. He was actually amazed that Zeemut had not sent anyone to find out why he had taken so much time in obtaining the prize.

“He must really trust me,” he thought, laughing to himself.

As time went on he began to feel quite worn out and slowly began to deteriorate until he could hardly walk. He had been living in a most beautiful house set on the coast in Dorset. However, not even wishing on the book changed his state of health and on one particular rainy day, he found himself on a building site. The place was deserted, probably because of the inclement weather.

Zeematas knew he was dying. His strength was being sucked away from him very rapidly. He had thought about wishing that he could return to Planet Mars but somehow, he had no strength to perform the task and he also didn’t want to face the wrath of Zeemut.

He found himself in a building that was being electrically wired. He was upstairs and noticed that there were some floorboards that still had to be nailed down. One of the boards was very small, no longer than a foot in length. He placed the book in the dark crevice and replaced the board hammering it down with a hammer that he found lying close by.

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Using every bit of strength that he could summon up, he made his way down the bare wooden stairs and went out into the cool rain. He managed to walk a little way down the lane and then collapsed in some bushes. He gasped for breath as he lay in the cold wet grass.

“My life is over,” he gasped. “I have been a fool. I could have had treasures that no one could imagine but I have thrown it all away. Now I must die.”

With that, he rolled sideways, died and then disappeared from sight. For Zezmatas, it was all over.

One



Little John Carter sat in his bedroom. He was bored because it was raining outside. In fact it was a heavy storm and this meant that he had to stay indoors making him feel frustrated because he had nothing to do.

He had been on his computer and this had lasted for about 10 minutes. Now he was playing on his Xbox and despite being an accomplished operator, he just didn't have the staying power to remain focused on winning his way to the next level.

"Life's so boring at times," he thought.

He left the Xbox game feeling he would try again later. He glanced out of the window checking the weather for what must have been the umpteenth time in the last five minutes. It was still raining, in fact it was now pelting it down which only added to his misery.

He got down on his hands and knees to check under his bed to see if there were any games he could play. He spotted a fifty pence coin, something he had dropped and been unable to find about a month ago. It was tucked up in the corner near the skirting board.

As he grabbed it, he pulled up a part of the carpet that had worn away from the floor runners. He was just about to roll the carpet back in place when he noticed that one of the floorboards - a very small piece about a foot long, was wobbly.

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On closer inspection, he found that he could easily lift it away from the rest. What he saw as he moved the board away made him gasp! Lying in the small dusty crevice was a little red book covered in dust and cobwebs.

"Cor it's a book," he exclaimed loudly, putting his hand into the hole and removing it.

"I wonder who put this in here."

John wiped the little red book on his shirt and held it for a few moments as if he was holding a bar of gold. Something about it gave him a strange, warm and glowing feeling like he had never known before.

He blew the remaining pieces of dust from the gilt edged pages and opened it. He began to flick through the small pages which had been beautifully handwritten in English. The main content of the book was made up of 5 words: peace, love, happiness, joy and life.

These words were on every page from page 10 through to the final 50th page. Repeated over and over were the phrases:

Peace is yours

Love is yours

Happiness is yours

Joy is yours

Life is yours

"It just goes over and over repeating these words," thought John surprised, "but why?"

John turned to the beginning of the book and thumbed through the first few pages. On page 3 he read:

"I am writing these words from a dream that I had when I was a child.

I grew up on the on the Island of Tenerife in the Canary Islands. My family were very poor and my father used to collect bananas from

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the trees there and transport them on camels to the main part of the Island just to make a little money.

We lived in a remote cottage not far from Palo Blanco which is under the shadows of Mount Teide. The mountain is actually the largest of the volcanoes that stand on The Canary Islands and is 12225 feet in height.

It was a very bleak place to live, often very cold, especially in winter when the snow would cover Mount Teide and the surrounding parts. The open spaces leading to the sunny coast, often made me feel that we were living on the moon.

Because of the lack of money and the sheer hard work my parents had to carry out to make ends meet, I began to pray to anyone who would listen, that I could have a wish granted. My wish was for us to be a prosperous family, living in a more relaxed part of the Island. One night in a dream, the words of this book came to me and I felt compelled to write them down. As I did, I felt the certainty that things would change for the better. They did, quite swiftly. We are now a prosperous family living in peace in Los Christianos which is in the south of the Island.

It is my intention that this book remain in my family's possession eternally. However, if you are reading this, my desire has not been fulfilled. I ask one thing - use it wisely. The words are life-changing. Whenever you make a wish, touch the book and your wish will be granted. The book must always be touched by the person making the wish for it to be fulfilled. Without the book, nothing will happen.

My one request is, when you have finished with this book - hence happy and prosperous, that it is returned to my family at Los Christianos, Tenerife."

**Pedro Armaz
1940**

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Two



John, who was nine years old, read the note from Pedro Armaz over and over again. His freckled face, showed utter surprise. He couldn't understand how it could have been under his floorboards.

The family had lived in the house for just over 4 years, moving to Dorset from the Midlands so that his dad could find a suitable job. It wasn't a new house, perhaps 10 years old.

"Perhaps the previous tenants had put it there or perhaps the builders, but why?" he said. "Also it was written so long ago, 1940. That's 69 years ago. How did it find its way into our house?"

Outside the rain was still falling out of the sky but now John had a new lease of life. The words of the book excited him and he couldn't wait to try it out. However, what could he wish for? Ordinarily he would have had several things that he would like to happen, but now, faced with the opportunity, his mind couldn't come up with anything particularly tangible. He considered wishing that it would stop raining but decided that was not exciting enough.

"I'll do that later," he thought. "Now what else can I do?"

Just then, it came to him.

"I know," he said, "I'll wish that I was a fly. At least I'll find out if it works, and as long as I can touch the book, I can turn back again."

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And that's what he did. He stood up with the little red book in his hand as if he were taking an oath in court.

"I wish that I was a fly," he said.

Just then, everything seemed to go chaotic. The place went very dark and then vivid colours began to come into his vision - purple, pink, orange and red. This was followed by a burst of the colours mixed up, rather like a firework display.

All of a sudden the vision of colour had gone and the light returned. He suddenly realised with a mixture of excitement and extreme apprehension that he was sitting on top of the little red book which was resting on his dressing table. He was a fly.

He didn't feel any different at all. In fact, he felt that he had all of his faculties. He just felt strange. He realised that he had no hands or feet, not like he had before. He was total fly.

"I don't know if I like this," he thought as he sat there feeling vulnerable, "but I suppose I'd better give it a go."

With that, he launched himself off the book and landed on the wall behind the dresser.

"Wow, I can fly," he said feeling elated with this new experience. "It's strange though looking up the wall. I keep thinking that I'm going to fall off, and I feel dizzy."

The door of his bedroom was open slightly so he flew cautiously through the 12 inch gap and headed down the stairs. He would have liked to have gone into Penny's room. Penny was John's twin sister. However, her door was closed.

Disappointed, he flew into the hall and then straight into the kitchen where his parents were sitting at a table drinking a cup of tea.

"I hope this rain is not here for the weekend," his dad said, "I wanted to clean the car."

"Well I suppose it's getting cleaned with all of this water," replied John's mum.

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"Yes, but it's not the same," replied his dad.

John landed on the wall next to where his dad was sitting.

"Hey dad; mum." he shouted, "Look it's me."

Of course, no words could be heard from John, except the buzzing sound that flies make.

"What's that fly doing in here?" shouted his dad trying to swot it with his newspaper.

"No dad, don't," shouted John in panic, "you'll kill me. It's me, John."

All this resulted in more buzzing and John's dad got up from his chair and opened a door under the sink. He brought out a can of fly spray.

"No dad," John screamed. "You'll kill me if you squirt it at me."

John managed to make it through the kitchen door and up the stairs before his dad had realised the fly had gone. With panic and his heart pounding, he landed on the little red book.

"I don't want to be a fly," he shouted. "I want to be me. I wish to be changed back to the way I was."

The room once again went dark and the vivid pattern of colour returned culminating into the burst of firework display.

John was still shouting when he realised that he had been changed back into himself. The wish had come true - twice.

"This is amazing," he said. "Mind you, I don't ever want to be a fly again. I thought I was a goner when dad got the fly spray out."

"Why are you shouting?" asked his dad, coming into John's bedroom with the fly spray still in his hand.

"I wasn't," John replied.

"Yes you were," his dad said, "You were shouting, 'I don't want to be a fly.' What's it all about?"

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"Oh that," said John thinking on his feet. "I was just singing a new rap song that I heard on the radio earlier."

"Funny you should say that, I tried to swot a fly downstairs just now, anyway that's a strange song if you ask me," replied his dad turning to go out of the room, "By the way, your lunch will be ready soon." And with that he was gone.

"Cor that was close," thought John. "I'll have to be more careful in future."

He was still a little shaky from his near-death experience as a fly but he was also elated that the little red book had worked.

He thought again about wishing that it would stop raining, but decided that he'd had enough for the moment. Instead, he decided to head downstairs for his lunch.

"It's going to be awesome," he said as he went down.