

James and the Fairy-tale

Seán Lysaght, 3rd Year

About three months ago, not too far away,

There lived a young boy called James, in the small town of Bray.

James was smart, James was clever,

Did he obey orders? Never!

One day, with intentions of reaching Dalkey,

James went out for a little walk(ey),

And being, generally, rather brave,

James walked into a mysterious cave.

In this cave he saw next to nothing;

He was being careful to mute his footing.

All he could see was a little box,

Was this for real? Was it a hoax?

James curiously meandered over,

To find his form of four-leafed clover.

He let out a loud, sort of wail,

As he felt he was in a fairy-tale.

There, in the box, was a dusty lamp,

James picked it up, the little scamp.

He rubbed it fast, with great intent;

Then his happiness – up it went!

For, as if it were the work of Harry Houdini,

It sprung from the lamp – a ghastly genie!

It even wore a little hat, on a small rock in the cave it sat.

It roared –

“Three wishes for you, you seem needy –

But I beg you, don't be greedy.

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Even for your mother to wash the dishes,

You may not ask for any more wishes.

Now, my master, I await your command,

For I am merely a puppet in your hand.”

James was doubting that magic existed,

But this genie, it soon fixed it.

His first wish was something simple,

But his smile instantly gave him a dimple.

“If a genie is what you truly are,

I would really love a giant chocolate bar.”

Instantly, the genie clicked his fingers,

And so as not to linger,

It fell from the ceiling, the size of a small car –

That gigantic chocolate bar.

A happy James tasted it; it was delicious,

He pondered what to do with his remaining wishes.

Just as he saw a small piece of pottery,

“I wish my parents were the only winners of the euro millions lottery!”

James knew that, though he couldn't see it, this was the case,

He pondered his final wish with visible haste.

His mind went off like a ramp,

He asked the genie,

“what's it like inside that lamp?”

The genie responded,

“It is the one thing I truly detest,

I can never actually rest.

An evil genie put me in here,

Here I have stayed for many a year.”

James' thoughts turned to sorrow,

His own desire list seemed quite hollow.

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“You have given me so much glee,

That my final wish is to set you free.”

At these words, the genie was delighted,

The spring in his step was instantly required.

“Oh, my ever so kind sir, I am so happy,

That with you I will stay, granting wishes – chappy.

Oh, I won't be a burden, when needed I'll come quick,

Just give the fingers of both hands a click.

But please, James, keep me discreet,

There is a limit of people I can meet.

I don't want any sort of fame,

Or any kind of critical acclaim.”

At this, James was so merry,

That his face went the colour of a bright strawberry.

With feelings of immense glee,

He shouted out the word “Yippee!”

The genie said –

“Also, to save both you and me,

Only you, will be able to see,

Not your friends, enemies, parents,

I don't want my existence to become apparent.”

“Oh” *said James*, “That shan't be a problem,”

And, out of glee he hobbled home like a goblin.

This day sparked a lasting friendship,

A genie working at a boy's fingertips.

James kept his conditions, he told no other,

Not even his prying, nosy mother.

They have stayed together to this day,

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And James often yells out, "Hooray!"