



THE FISHERMAN AND THE MAGIC FISH

PART 1

It was a sunny day by the sparkling sea. Frederick the fisherman was sitting on a rock, trying to catch something with his fishing line. But he wasn't having much luck...

Then, just as he began to doze off, the rod tugged sharply in his hands. Quick as a flash, he reeled in the line. Hanging on the end was a large, rather ugly fish with surprised-looking eyes.

'Mmmm!' cried Frederick, licking his lips as he took the fish from the line. 'My wife and I are starving hungry. We'll enjoy having you for our supper tonight!'

'But I'd taste horrid,' replied the fish. 'And besides, I'm a magic fish. If you eat me, I won't be able to grant wishes.'

Frederick had never heard a fish talk before. He was so surprised, he dropped it back in the water. And off the fish swam with a big splash.

When Frederick got home and told his wife Isobel what had happened, she was furious. 'Why didn't you ask it to help us?' she cried. 'Maybe it could have given us somewhere nicer to live.'

The next day Frederick went back to the rock. The sea was looking rather yellow and strange - but he hardly noticed as he sang a little rhyme out loud.

'Oh magic fish swimming in the sea!
Hear my call and come to me!'

'Ah, the fisherman who set me free,' said the magic fish as it popped its head up. 'How can I help you?'

'Er, well, I hope you don't mind me asking...' began Frederick. 'But please can you turn our horrid hut into a cosy cottage?'

The magic fish gave a little smile. 'Go back home and see what you find...' it said mysteriously.

Frederick couldn't believe his eyes when he returned. The hut had turned into a pretty cottage with a kitchen, a bedroom and a sitting room. Outside was a yard full of hens and a vegetable garden.

'It's wonderful!' sighed Isobel.

'That fish really is magic!' cried Frederick.

They settled into their new home. But one morning, Isobel looked miserable.

'I feel squashed in this tiny cottage,' she sighed.

'There's nowhere to put all my new fishing rods,' agreed Frederick. 'I've got enough to fill a castle!'



‘What a good idea!’ said Isobel. ‘Why don’t you ask the magic fish if we can have a castle?’

‘Oh magic fish swimming in the sea! Hear my call and come to me!’ sang Frederick next day.

‘Hallo, Frederick!’ smiled the magic fish. ‘How can I help you this time?’

‘Er - could you turn our tiny cottage into a big, roomy, castle, please?’

The fish fell silent. ‘Go back home - and see what you find...’ it said at last.

When Frederick returned, Isobel was standing at the grand gates of an enormous castle!

‘Isn’t this grand, Lady Isobel?!’ joked Frederick.

‘It is indeed, Lord Frederick!’ giggled his wife. ‘Now we have everything we could possibly want!’

Back by the rock, the magic fish raised its head above the waves. ‘Hmm, we shall see,’ it said, with a little wink.