



# THE FISHERMAN AND THE MAGIC FISH

## PART 3

Frederick and Isobel were Emperor and Empress of the whole land. They sat on their thrones at the top of the tall tower.

‘Isn’t it wonderful to feel more important than anyone else!’ said Isobel.

‘Being important isn’t enough,’ moaned Frederick. ‘I want to be surrounded by people who admire us and want to listen to us!’

‘Like the High Priest, you mean?’ asked Isobel.

The High Priest was the leader of the church in that land and every day hundreds of people came to listen to him talk about God.

Frederick’s eyes lit up. ‘That’s who I want to be!’ he cried. ‘Surely the magic fish will agree to just one more wish...’

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

‘Not you again!’ shouted the magic fish angrily. ‘Now what do you want?’

‘To be High Priest!’ cried Frederick.

‘Will you never be happy?’ it sighed. ‘Go home, and see what you find there.’

When Frederick returned the tower had turned into a great church with a large square full of hundreds of people. Isobel was standing on a balcony. They looked down at the smiling faces below.

‘All these people have come to see *us*!’ she sighed.

‘But the square’s not very big, is it?’ complained Frederick. ‘I want to be seen and adored by everyone in the whole world!’

That night, Frederick couldn’t sleep. How could he get everyone in the world to pay attention to him?

‘What a lovely day it’s going to be,’ yawned Isobel. ‘Everyone will be out, enjoying the sun!’

‘That’s it!’ cried Frederick. ‘I’ll make the magic fish turn us into the sun and moon! Everyone will look at us and love us forever!’

A terrible storm was raging as Frederick reached the sea. His knees were knocking together with fear as he called out to the magic fish.

‘Now what?!’ it shouted, leaping out of the sea with a giant splash.



‘My wife and I want to be the sun and moon,’ yelled Frederick.

‘Oh this is getting ridiculous!’ cried the fish. ‘Go home and see what you find there!’

Frederick wasn’t sure if his wish had been granted or not. He rushed back to find out...but when he arrived there was no church, or palace, or castle - or even a cosy cottage. Isobel was dressed in her old rags, standing by the door of their tiny hut.

They sat down in silence on the grass.

‘We *wanted* everything - but instead, we have *lost* everything!’ said Frederick in a quiet voice.

‘Not quite everything,’ replied Isobel.

‘What do you mean?’ asked Frederick.

‘Well, we still have a roof over our heads,’ she said. ‘If we paint the walls and put up some curtains, the hut will look quite nice’.

‘Hmm, and I didn’t really like being important, to tell the truth,’ said Frederick.

‘But you wanted to be loved and adored by everyone,’ said Isobel.

‘Yes, but I forgot about the most important person I love of all,’ replied Frederick, ‘and that’s you!’

‘Oh, and I love you too!’ replied Isobel with a smile.

Deep down under the blue sea the magic fish smiled and gave a little wink.