

Be Careful What You Wish For....

One Chance

Outside, the evening was cold and wet. A **squally** wind howled, rattling the roof tiles and shaking the window frames of 13 Wager Road. Inside, **shabby** curtains were drawn, a **humble** fire crackled and a couple sat in silence. Jack stretched out on the tired couch with an amused smile, turning the page of his favourite novel. Sarah **scowled**, silently **seething**. She scanned the room, noticing the worn-out furniture, peeling paint and, in her opinion, a pointless, idle husband. She deserved so much more than this.

Suddenly, the letterbox jangled and there was a solitary but decisive knock on the door. Hope, the Labrador, barked. Sarah pulled back the curtain and watched as a hooded figure slipped silently away up the road. Puzzled, she stared down at a golden card that had appeared, glinting on the frayed doormat.

Tentatively, she gathered it up and read it out loud:

Golden Lottery Ticket Ltd.

Congratulations!

You have been selected as one of our lucky lottery winners.

This golden ticket entitles you to receive one of three exclusive wishes.

Simply, scratch the card and make your wish.

Once you have claimed your wish, pass on the luck!

~~Wish 1~~

Redeemed

Wish 2

Scratch here

Wish 3

Scratch here

Small print: Remember to use your precious wish wisely - wealth is not the root of happiness.

Sarah gasped. This is just what she was looking for - another chance. Maybe lose the idle husband as well, she thought, shaking her head.

"I am going to give this a go. I am thinking lots of money to buy expensive clothes and maybe you can finally sort this house out," she said to Jack, **rummaging** desperately in the drawer for a coin.

"Utter nonsense," muttered Jack, glancing up from his book and taking in the room. "I love this old house and you just the way you are. Even if all that did come true, there'll be a catch. No one gets something for nothing. Just throw it away."

Sarah stopped and nodded **sullenly**. He was right. She made to throw the ticket on the fire, but something stopped her. Furtively, she **stashed** it in her pocket.

Later that evening, as Jack slept, Sarah retrieved the ticket and greedily scratched 'Wish 2', dreaming of **immense** riches or, to be precise, £100,000. Outside, a squally wind **howled**. Inside, nothing happened. Bitterly, she tossed the ticket into the bin.

The next day, the wind died down to a cool, whispering breeze. Jack prepared for his early morning walk with Hope. Pulling his woollen hat firmly down over his ears, he called out to Sarah that he wouldn't be out long and left. Sarah **scowled**. She could barely respond.

Eight hours passed and Sarah began to worry - where were Jack and Hope? Shaking with fear, she dialled 999, hoping for the best but fearing the worst.

A massive search was launched but there was no sign. Jack and Hope had simply vanished. Sarah was **distraught**. Deep down she worried if their disappearance had anything to do the golden ticket.

Days later, as the wind whipped up again, a woman in a black cloak knocked at the door. She told Sarah she had been sent to offer some **compensation** for her sad loss. Sarah was feeling desperate so asked, "How much?"

"Shall we say... £100,000?"

Shocked, Sarah recalled the greedy sum she had wished for. Could it be true? Had her selfish wish actually been granted? Quickly, she raced outside and **rummaged** desperately through the bin, trying to locate the **discarded** ticket. With sickening dread, she smoothed out the crumpled ticket and gasped in horror. It was true. The second wish had been redeemed.

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~~*Wish 1*~~

Redeemed

~~*Wish 2*~~

Redeemed

Wish 3

Scratch here

Small print: Remember to use your precious wish wisely - wealth is not the root to happiness.

Sarah leaned against the bin for support, her head spinning, her thoughts in **turmoil**. Then she **gathered herself together**. There was still one final wish left ... Could she use it to try and bring Jack and Hope back? She needed a coin, quick.

Just then, without warning, the squally wind howled and snatched the ticket from her hand. It spiralled, higher and higher like autumn leaves in a storm and then, like the mysterious woman herself, it was gone. Sarah cried out of helpless pain.

Inside, the shabby curtains were drawn and a humble fire crackled.

What do the words mean?



Have a look back at the story. All of the words below are in bold. See if you can work out what they mean from the context of the story and jot your ideas down here.

If you are stuck, there is a list of matching words below to help you. If you are still stuck, you could ask someone else in your home to tell you, or use a dictionary or the web.

Target Word	Definition that fits with the story
squally	
shabby	
humble	
scowled	
seething	
tentatively	
redeemed	
exclusive	
rummaging, rummaged	
sullenly	
stashed	
immense	

howled	
distraught	
compensation	
discarded	
turmoil	
gathered herself together	

Similar words help box

upset sulkily uncertainly searching confusion
roared damages furious frowned became
calmer enormous small threw away put away
claimed unique stormy tatty

Similar meaning or opposite meaning

Now investigate words that are similar (synonyms) or opposite (antonyms or near antonyms). Fill in the grid below

Target word	Synonym	Antonym or near antonym
squally	stormy, windy, <u>tempestuous</u> , blowy, blustery, breezy	calm, pleasant, serene, <u>tranquil</u> motionless, undisturbed
shabby		
humble		
scowled		
rummaged		
stashed		
distraught		
discarded		
turmoil		

As a final challenge....

Choose some of your favourite words from the list and try to write your own sentences with them in.

For example: I scowled at Jake as I rummaged through my rucksack, searching for the tatty map.