

Fraser, The Eraser, and The One Week Green Genie

By Steve Heron

Picture Book for 5 to 8-year-olds

Word Count: 736

Fraser mixes up his words during creative writing.

He reaches for his eraser in his pencil case, but it's missing.

Fraser peeks in his desk tray, looks under his desk, and searches in his school bag.

The eraser has disappeared off the face of the earth.

'I wish I had another eraser.'

A scuffling sound comes from his desk tray. When he opens it, to his surprise, a mini genie dressed in green dusts herself down.

'Am I seeing things?'

The genie is as real as his heart is beating.

'What are you doing in my tray?' Fraser whispers.

'You called, I came.'

‘I didn’t call?’

‘I heard the word **wish**. And boof, here I am. So, what do you desire Master?’

‘I suppose I did say wish.’

‘You have two wishes. One today, one next week.’

‘Is that all?’

‘Yes, times are tough. So, what’s today’s wish?’

‘I wish for an eraser to rub out my mistakes.’

‘Is that it? As you wish.’

Pffft! A puff of glitter explodes in Fraser’s tray.

The genie vanishes and leaves behind a green box.

Fraser opens the box, revealing a multi-coloured glitter eraser.

It feels powerful in his hand.

As he rubs out the jumbled words, instead of disappearing, the letters dance on the page and rearrange to make a brilliant sentence.

‘Incredible. A magic eraser.’

‘What are you doing Fraser?’ Mr Hodges asks.

Fraser sneaks the eraser into his pocket.

‘Um, just correcting my work.’

‘Let me see.’ Mr Hodges picks up his story. ‘Impressive. Your sentence structure has improved Fraser.’

‘Thank you, Mr Hodges.’

Fraser can’t wait to try the eraser on other things.

Maths test. Question 1: *A farmer has two horses, three cows, four goats, and a pig, how many animals does he have on his farm?*

Fraser writes 8, rubs the magic eraser over his answer, and it changes to 10.

‘Yes. I love this eraser.’

Keeping it hidden in his pocket, Fraser is ready for when he needs it next.

At lunchtime, Fraser spills juice on his shorts. With a quick rub of the eraser, it comes clean.

‘Maybe I can use the eraser to fix my friend Sasha’s Autism?’

Fraser rubs it on her arm.

‘What are you doing Fraser?’

‘Just rubbing some dirt off.’

‘Don’t do it. It hurts.’ Sasha storms off.

‘It doesn’t work. Has the eraser lost its power?’

It works at home when Fraser uses it to make Fernando's doggy-do disappear from the carpet.

'Why doesn't it work on Sasha?'

One week later, during creative writing, Fraser tries to use the eraser to help write an imaginative story about a green genie, but it stops working.

'I wish the genie would come back.'

Scuffling noises come from his tray. As he pulls it open, the genie says, 'Well that's it, you've had you two wishes.'

'What? I've only had one.'

'One last week and one just now when you wished for me to come back.'

'That's not fair. I wasted my second wish on bringing you back.'

'Well, you've used both.'

'But the eraser has lost its power.'

'It only lasts a week? We don't give guarantees on these kinds of things, sometimes they only last six days.'

'What am I going to do now? I planned to use my second wish to help my friend.'

'Maybe I can help. You've got me for a week you know.'

'What good is that, if you can't grant any more wishes?'

‘Hey, now that’s not fair. There’s more to life than wishes. I’m not a wish-fairy. I’m a One Week Green Genie. Now, tell me about your friend.’

‘My friend Sasha has Autism. When I tried using the eraser on her, it didn’t work.’

‘The eraser only fixes mistakes. Your friend is not a mistake, she has Autism.’

‘Can’t that be fixed?’

‘Sasha’s not broken. Her brain has different wiring, and she lives with that disability, but she can do many amazing things.’

(Illustrator’s note: Fraser’s thought bubbles with images of the things Sasha is amazing at.)

‘Hmm, come to think of it, she’s amazing just the way she is.’

‘Perhaps you didn’t waste your second wish after all. Must go.’

‘But you said I have you for a whole week.’

‘Oh, did I forget to mention, in genie time.’

The genie disappears in a puff of glitter.

‘Are you focussing on your work Fraser?’ Mr Hodges calls from the front of the class.

‘Yes Mr Hodges, just writing my creative title.’

The One Week Green Genie and The Amazing Friend

THE END