

1st chapter: Wish night

'Father?'

'Yes, son?'

'I wish I could be in the eternity, just go there whenever I would want to,' I told my father. He was the most respected man in the country; he was the king.

My father was looking up in the dark sky that was filled with shiny dots if you only looked close enough. The moon lit up the balcony on which we sat. My father smiled.

'Yes, I can understand you very well. I bet many people do,' he replied calmly. His voice was deep and relaxing, but this mattered to me, as if insisting he should, and would be able to, give it to me for my birthday.

'Well, imagine!' I exclaimed.

He looked at me, still smiling, then pulled me over to his lap and put his arms around me and rocked me a bit.

'Yes, the world would be fun if it were like that, but unfortunately it's not and there's not anything we can do about it,' he leaned in to kiss me on my cheek.

'But I'd say it's bedtime for you now!'

I nodded and he gave me a slight push to help me get up.

'Good night.'

I went inside and headed towards my bedroom. I turned the lights on, put my favourite pyjamas on, got under the blanket and turned the lights off again.

I woke up by a dream that a fairy had come to me and made my wish come true about travelling in eternity. I sat up in bed and looked out the window with the white, semi-transparent curtains closed.

The sky was full of weird birds flying around like confused flies. They were different sizes but all had proportionally gigantic feet in a wide variety of colours. I had never seen them before.

Something else was strange too though; a light, like a star, but that grew bigger, and stronger. Eventually it was so strong that it lit my room up more than during daytime with all lights turned on. It kept growing, and it got closer. The tranquillity of the strange birds and the light reminding of a very sunny day were not the conditions I had expected for my window to suddenly blow open with a bang, but that is what happened, and suddenly the light source itself was soaring in the middle of my bedroom.

The light slowly got weaker, until a vague bodily form started appearing from it; a small fairy. I thought perhaps I had fallen back asleep and re-dreamt my previous dreams, yet I felt it was weird that I was conscious of dreaming.

The fairy had small pink wings, clear, blue eyes, small, purple mouth and white-greyish fluffy hair. The dress was a self-glowing light colour with awkwardly lengthened sleeves.

I got shocked when the miniature person suddenly said very decisively that 'from now on I am your wishing fairy.' I was not so shocked by her ability to speak, as such, but rather because I had not woken up by her talking, which then in turn, if this really was happening, *did* make her words shocking. This complexity made me extremely confused, and it must have shown on my face, because the fairy continued (although not so clarifying):

'I have heard of your wishes and now you get to make a wish.'

The more she said the more perplexed did I become; if it was a dream, why had I not woken up yet? If this were reality, then there would not even be a need to explain why I, or anyone in such a scenario, would get confused!

‘Well? So what do you wish for? Not that I really have to ask...’ the fairy continued, for the first time mumbling unclearly.

Despite having just told my father I wanted to travel the eternity, when asked by a stranger I felt it sounded so silly, so I decided to pretend I did not know what I wanted.

‘Err...I don’t really know.’

‘I know what you want to say, stop pretending, just say it!’ This time her voice was sharp and she had turned strict. She did not feel like a very wishy fairy anymore.

‘But why are you asking if you already know?’ I resisted, trying to be as clever as she alleged herself to be.

She did not reply and looked at me as to confirm I was not at all as clever as she was – obviously, she had seen right through me, even twice now it seemed.

‘Well...I wish I could go into the eternity, and just live there, whenever I wanted!’

‘Why did you not just say that! As if it were a problem,’ she started speaking unclearly again.

‘Is it not...?’ I asked, if possible, even more disoriented.

I do not think she heard me though; at least she did not reply and she had started, it seemed, looking for something in her pockets and shoes and wings.

‘Eh-excuse me, what are you doing?’ I asked carefully.

‘Looking for my magictragiccrystalball of course!’

I just nodded despite not having any idea to what she was referring, by now being convinced that whatever I said I would not manage to sound smart, even if it were just a “sorry”.

‘Oh, now I remember where I put it!’ she suddenly cried, sticking one hand into the other sleeve. She continued digging into the sleeve, even when she had nothing left of her harm with which to keep on searching.

She let out a triumphs’ cry when she seemed to have found what she was looking for, and I had to look to the door to feel assured that none of the guards had heard it and were coming for the weird little creature hanging in thin air.

Whatever I had expected, what she took out of her sleeve once untangled was certainly somewhat to my disappointment. It was a tiny crystal ball, the size exactly enabling her to cover it with both of her hands, white but at the same time partially transparent.

‘Magictragiccrystalball, magictragiccrystalball!’ she shrieked.

The ball emitted a thin green laser, and a new little crystal ball appeared in the air. She threw it to me before I had even realized the magic that had happened right before my eyes, but I just managed to catch it. It was heavier than I had expected, hard and cold glass.

‘Magictragiccrystalball, change range!’ she pointed her ball at mine as if it were a wand.

‘Well, shape it then! It has to fit into your palms so that it won’t be visible. Come on, we don’t have all night, now.’

I stared at it in confusion, getting even more astonished when I saw the ball had now changed to being wobbly, like gel, allowing me to put it in between my hands and press making it small enough to hide in my palms. Then it slowly hardened again.

‘Amazing!’ I thought to myself, as if this time realizing what was going on.

‘When you’re going to use it you just say magictragiccrystalball, *but* you can’t write it down! Else it will be worst for yourself.

I also want to warn you; travelling into eternity can be dangerous. You might just end up 20 000 years behind or ahead of time.’

I swallowed. No writing down, what would happen if I did? I had almost already forgotten what it was. And could I end up getting stomped down by a dinosaur?

‘If you need your ball or something else to defend yourself with...’

I thought to be clever – but what could I possibly defend myself with against a dinosaur?

‘...then you just say magictragiccrystalball, and then what you need. If you want to use your ball for a charm you will have to know the name of the spell, which can be found in this book.’

She drew a book out of nowhere and waved with her hand so that it landed on my nightstand with a proper stomp. It was an old book, huge, probably around 1000 pages at least.

‘After a bit of practice you will probably be able to make your own spells too. Oh, and if you want to bring someone with you into eternity you just need to hold their hands. Got it?’

I was going to say no, but she had already disappeared in a small firework, yet I did not notice because I was asleep. If not because I had had a crystal ball and a huge spell book when I woke up no one would ever have believed me. But nobody would anyway...

2nd chapter: No!

I woke up the next morning by something tickling my ear – or was it someone? The fairy from the dream? I looked up on my nightstand on which there were at least three weeks worth of reading and a magictragiccrystalball. It had to have happened.

I shook my head, whether it was to shake off the confusion or as if to get rid of water tickling my ear, and a miniature glowing person dropped down on my pillow. Considering her behaviour the night before I was sure she would cast some curse on me, but her mood had completely changed. She got up a bit clumsily but then she started shouting so loud I was afraid my maiden would come running: ‘aren’t you trying it now? Come on, you have to try it already!’

Without her demands and rolling eyes she was a lot less threatening, so I told her I would go for breakfast first. If my maiden had not heard the fairy’s cry of excitement, she had definitely heard the sound of my stomach.

‘Pretty please...’ she begged getting hold of my sleeve as I got out of bed. ‘You’ll be late...’

‘Late for what?’ I asked, but as soon as I had pressed down the doorhandle she was gone in another explosion of fireworks.

I wondered why she had left so suddenly; perhaps she had other people to wake up? I thought of it the whole way to the eating room. I even failed to reply to the maids that I had slept well.

The eating room was a well-lit salon with lightgreen walls making it very summery, particularly today when the table was served with the season’s colourful fruits and berries. All the usual things too; bread, cereals, eggs and so forth. My older sister, princess Margareth, was already sitting in her chair with her knees pulled up in the seat, nibbling on a plain toast. Her hair reflected the sun so strongly that I asked the waiter to close the curtains causing my eyes to be completely blinded.

‘Good morning,’ I said then, sitting down in my chair; the far end from Margareth.

‘Good morning, sunshader,’ she mumbled, making sure I would notice that she was no longer nibbling on her toast, but rather tearing it off violently, like a lion trying to rip off a piece of a newly-caught pray.

There was a good reason we had been seated at different ends of the table, and that we preferred it that way.

I had not yet decided what to have when crownprince Nikolai came in. He is an adult by now, but most of the time when I am around he certainly does not act like it. Mother and father say he takes his responsibilities seriously though, and will make a good king one day.

Before Nikolai reached the table princess Victoria and prince Christian came racing from behind him. They are only four years old, but have more energy than the rest of siblings have together. I am sure that will change when they start school – or at least I hope so. Gender might prevent them from being genetically identical twins, but physically they might just as well be.

Nikolai managed to pick up Victoria and was now holding her upsidedown by her feet while she was laughing. Christian had not noticed he no longer had any competition, and when taking his seat next to Margareth he accidentally knocked down the carafe of milk. Nikolai immediately put Victoria down and we all stared at the milk flowing over the plates, tablecloth, and down on the floor.

‘Chris!’ Margareth cried. She ran towards the door, dripping milk from her nightgown like Hanssel and Gretel dropped crumbs, all the way to the door.

The waiters had already started drying the milk and replacing the plates.

‘Alright, take it easy now,’ Nikolai said to Victoria while he calmly waited for his seat to be ready again.

Unfortunately, for Christian at least, the waiters were not ready by the time Mother and Father came calmly paced in their robes.

‘What happened here?’ Mother asked as one of the waiters just backed away so she could pass from where she had been cleaning up Margareths milkdrops.

I was expecting to hear Margareth instantly start snitching on her younger siblings, but I had forgotten she was not here. I was tempted to make up a story about how it was Margareth’s fault, but Nikolai was faster than me:

‘Nothing to worry about. Chris was handing the milk to Maggie and accidentally dropped it,’ he said peacefully, going to Mother to give her a morning-hug.

Mother and Father both looked towards Christian, without trying to give him too bad feelings, but he already looked very ashamed.

‘Where is Margareth then?’ Mother asked.

‘She went to change, her gown got soaked...’ Nikolai mumbled.

Mother nodded a bit, then came to give me a kiss and sit down next to me.

‘Did you have a good night’s sleep?’ she asked kindly, smiling towards me. She did not look or start serving herself until I had answered.

‘Well, I had a good night, but not such a good sleep...’

‘What’s wrong, honey? Is your bed getting too small? Is the season getting too bright for your curtains?’

‘No, no, nothing like that...!’ I hurried to say, sighing. How would I explain this?

At that time Margareth came back. She had changed to jeans and a blouse and sat down somewhat grumpily.

‘Good morning, sweetheart,’ father said.

When all he got was a grunt he continued: ‘well, you had yourself to blame. You know Victoria and Christian still aren’t really old enough to pass the milk or water. You can ask them for bread or something, but it just won’t end well with the drinks...’

‘Excuse me?!’

She got up again, looking at Father, and it seemed her head would explode.

I could not help but laughing out loud. I wondered if Nikolai had been so smart as to purposely insult Margareth indirectly, or if she was just unlucky to be the victim of his spontaneous explanation.

Mother had not been following Margareth's drama, and assuming I had not either she asked if I had had a funny dream then.

'Well, a fairy came to me,' I told her.

Everyone else had started eating, so mum was the only one paying proper attention.

'Sounds like a lovely dream,' she said, while putting spread on her toast.

'But...it wasn't a dream,' I stammered, quietly. I had hoped everyone was too busy and too hungry to listen, but of course that was not the case.

'Oh my god!' Margareth exclaimed, while rolling her eyes. The twins seemed intrigued; supposedly they were still young enough to believe in Tooth fairies, Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. Nicolai seemed to be trying very hard to hide his giggle.

'What do you mean?' my mother asked me. She tried to sound like she believed me, but just needed clarification – but I could hear she thought it was just another dream confused with reality.

'Honey...' father started, in an attempt to start a speech talking some sense into me.

'She even *woke* me up in the middle of the night and she gave me a crystal ball so I could travel in time and there was an entire book of instructions that came along with it!' I said rapidly and loudly, before father could say anything more, and so that nobody, Margareth in particular, could interrupt with sighing, complaining or whining. But as soon as I got quiet again, she started yelling at me.

'Aren't you too old to still not tell dreams from reality? Or to believe in fairies for that matter! Mum, dad, you really ought to stop still giving him presents in his Christmas stocking. I mean, listen! Otherwise, this is what happens.'

I obviously long knew Santa Claus did not exist – but mother and father looked embarrassingly at each other hoping the twins would not understand what was going on. After at all, they were allowed to believe in Father Christmas for a few more years.

'And aren't you a bit too old to still be playing with your Barbie?!' I shouted back. Then I got up and marched out.

The maids, guards, servants, all seemed to be quite surprised at how early I was leaving, but I felt like they could sense that I was not in my best mood, and so very few said or did anything but just bow as I walked past, back to my room.

I slammed the door close and threw myself onto my bed, which still had not been made. When I had calmed myself down enough I turned to the book that was lying on my nightstand. I didn't know why I hadn't just shut up about it – or why I hadn't just shown them the book – but I didn't feel like it now anyway. I wanted to read the book so I could get started.

I opened the book, and looked through the table of contents; Side-effects, Defence, Emergencies and Other Scenarios, Spells and their Creation, Time Control, Magictragic Community, Tempodermia (what was that even?), and FAQ. There was no doubt a lot to read to become an expert on all of this, since every chapter had sub-sections. I started on the first chapter, but after reading half a page I got quite bored – or rather impatient. It would take ages to read all this, and what could possibly be so hard?

So I took the small crystal ball that was lying on my night-stand. I wasn't nervous, just excited, and in a way revengeful that I was doing this while nobody else in the palace believed me. Then I determinately exclaimed 'magictragiccrystalball!'

3rd chapter: The Confirmation

I swiftly got up; it was as if I had jumped out of bed to avoid a blood-sucking bedbug, but without having any control over it. I started running – ran straight into, no, through the wall. I ran through lots of rooms, none of which I could recognize, ran faster than I even knew I could, still without being able to control it. While running at super speed, I somehow managed to think to myself how dumb I would look if I got to the future in my pyjamas. I should change next time...

Eventually I got to a much bigger space than the ones I had run through, with lots of benches on both sides of me. In the big room a chubby man suddenly appeared in front of him. I wanted to turn, or stop, but I still couldn't control my body. I tried shouting warnings, but it was as if he heard nothing. I got closer, and closer, and just as I thought I would crash into him, I turned to the right and got seated on the front row. My pyjamas flew off, as if ripped apart and towed in by a fishing rod by someone making a prank from the balcony seats, and I was afraid the man would turn to see me naked, but underneath I was wearing a white dress-like piece of clothing. Then everything went back to normal speed.

Upon realizing that I could control my body again, I looked around me to find out that I was in a fully-seated church, and I was, quite unfortunately, sitting between two girls. They were also dressed in the same kind of clothing as me. One of them was blond, the other had dark brown hair. I didn't dare look at either of them to get a closer look of what they looked like though.