

Sammy's Wish

"Sammy, wake up!" shouted Dad from down the hall.

"I'm up," grumbled Sammy, as he crawled from his warm bed and dragged himself to the bathroom.

Some days, Sammy wished he could just slide down the hall, like a giant boa. What a life! No walking, just slithering around. "*I wish I could be a snake,*" thought Sammy, as he finished brushing his teeth.

They had been studying snakes in Mr. Peabody's class. Sammy had to choose a snake to write about for his project. He decided on the emerald tree boa. They had studied the rain forest, and Sammy thought the emerald tree boa was really cool. It was a bright green color, and looked like a vine hanging in the canopy of the rain forest. Sammy would write a report and make a papier-mâché snake for his project.

Sammy was walking home from the bus stop when he heard a hissing sound. He looked around, but he didn't see anything. "Hiss!" Sammy heard the sound again. Then, Sammy heard a noise in the bushes. He ran over to see what it was. It was an emerald tree boa! But how could that be? Sammy lived in a city, not a rain forest. Sammy went to catch the

boa. 

"Don't touch me or I will squeeze you!" hissed the snake.

Startled, Sammy jumped back.

"YOU CAN TALK!" exclaimed Sammy.

"Hiss, yessss, that is one of my many talents," answered the snake.

"But, but..." stammered Sammy.

"You humans are all alike. You see a talking snake and you get tongue-tied," stated the boa. "I need you to do something for me," it continued.

"What is that?" asked Sammy. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to scratch my back three times. If you do, the spell will be broken. Please, do not be afraid. I have been living as a snake for 25 years. My brother had a witch cast a spell on me."

The snake went on to tell Sammy that he was once a prince in ancient Greece, but his brother had been envious of him. The prince's brother knew the prince was afraid of snakes, so he told a witch to turn his brother into a big green snake. The only way the spell could be broken would be to have someone scratch the snake's back three times. That didn't seem like it would be a hard thing to accomplish, but the poor boa always scared people away, because they either were afraid of snakes in general, or were scared of him when he started to talk.

Knowing this, the snake said cautiously to Sammy, "Please, all you have to do is scratch my back three times, and the spell will be broken."

Sammy thought it was a joke. He decided must be daydreaming or something. But there was the snake talking to him, as clear as day. "*What the heck,*" thought Sammy. "*I have nothing to lose.*"

"Sure, I will scratch your back," said Sammy out loud. "One, two..."

As Sammy said "two," the snake's body began to shake. Sammy stopped scratching and stared.

The boas hissed, "Please, stop! They always stop. I will not hurt you."

