

Alberto's Wish

Alberto was an old man.

He was a simple man. He lived a lovely life, a quiet one, in a little, secluded town just on the outskirts of Devon. His house was a little one, which he lived in with two beautiful cats. How he wished to dance again, be young again. His wife would love it if he could. She would be looking down on him. He loved his wife very much. She had long white hair and hazel eyes. Alberto still had Christina's dress. It was long and primrose red with little blue flowers. She wore little, rectangular glasses, and her face was angular, yet it was so soft and friendly. Alberto missed her dearly, with all the love in his heart.

One fresh, autumnal morning, when the leaves on the trees rustled, and the frost on the window cracked, he asked his carer to take him to the Birdy café. The Birdy café was just a few streets away from the bungalow. It used to be his and Christie's favorite place. He wanted to make a wish, a special wish in the well. A wish for Christina. He slowly crossed the road over to the big brick well. He took a deep breath, as he dropped the cold, little penny into the deep, blue waters of the birdy café well. As he let it drop, he whispered croakily under his breath "I wish... to be young again." He knew his wish would not come true, since wishes were not real, but he made it for his wife. As they walked back along the dirt track to the bungalow, his carer, Jessie, asked "well, what did you wish for, al?" "if I tell you, it won't come true!" he chuckled. That night, something changed and he felt it, in his bones, his blood. He felt it in his muscles, a tingling in his fingertips. He knew that, somehow, his wish had come true.

No one was up, not even Jessie. He looked at the clock in his dark room, midnight exactly. He raced down the stairs and caught his reflection in the mirror. He had curly, brown, fresh hair. His fingers felt stronger, his eyes were those of his young self. He looked and stared. He was young! His wish had come true! He grabbed his long green coat, his navy checked flat cap and he was out of there! He grabbed a black taxi to the city centre. It was buzzing when he got there. People were dancing, yelling, singing, having fun. Big billboards lined tall block buildings. He felt his legs tingle, his toes dance, he tapped his feet to that beautiful beat! Soon he was up and dancing again! He was waltzing and ballroom dancing, doing foxtrots and cha cha chas. He remembered like he was thirty again. He thought about Christina lots. About the happiness she felt through dancing. She went to disco every week to catch up with her friends and do what she loved... Dance.

He couldn't stop moving.

It was a beautiful night, the moon shone and the stars aligned. After several hours, he didn't feel quite as young. Alberto, well he thought it was nothing. But soon he felt age overcome him. His muscles felt weak, his limbs ached. He ran across to the pier, hoping it wouldn't follow him, but it did. He ran, and ran, and ran, until he hit the end of the pier gates. 'no!' he thought. 'I can't lose this! It is my life now!' 'no, no, no!' he groaned. The rain started pouring and the clouds covered the moon. The city centre didn't look so buzzing anymore.

He trudged slowly back to the bungalow in a down pour of misery and soreness. Everything in him felt weak and limp, even his hope. The door creaked as he opened it. He stared at the mirror. He was an old man, just like before. "I'm sorry, Christie," he muttered. "so sorry." He took off his jacket, and his hat. He walked across the landing to his big, navy room, went to bed, but could not sleep. Tossing and turning, dreaming of his dear Christie. The life she lived, her passing. It was a restless night. Early that morning, he decided to go to the birdy café again. He wanted to remember Christie. Jessie walked him down to the birdy café. He started telling Jessie all about Christie. "me and her used to come here every Wednesday, a tradition." He thought to himself, 'I don't need to dance again, I just need to remember.'

The end...