

CHAPTER TWO.

It was the day after Christmas, and Elizabeth surprised herself by waking up early.

Although the weird whooshing had stopped sometime in the night, that morning the strange box began to ask its question again. As if the thing only knew those five words.

What do you wish for?

What do you wish for?

Only this time, it asked them with a much softer voice. Sweeter ... almost musical in its insistence ... and most definitely ... female.

What do you wish for?

What do you wish for?

Which is why when Elizabeth heard it coming from under several layers of blankets in the bedroom, and over the water running in the bathroom, she mistook it for the voice of her best friend, Penny.

OK, I'll tell you what I'd wish for ...

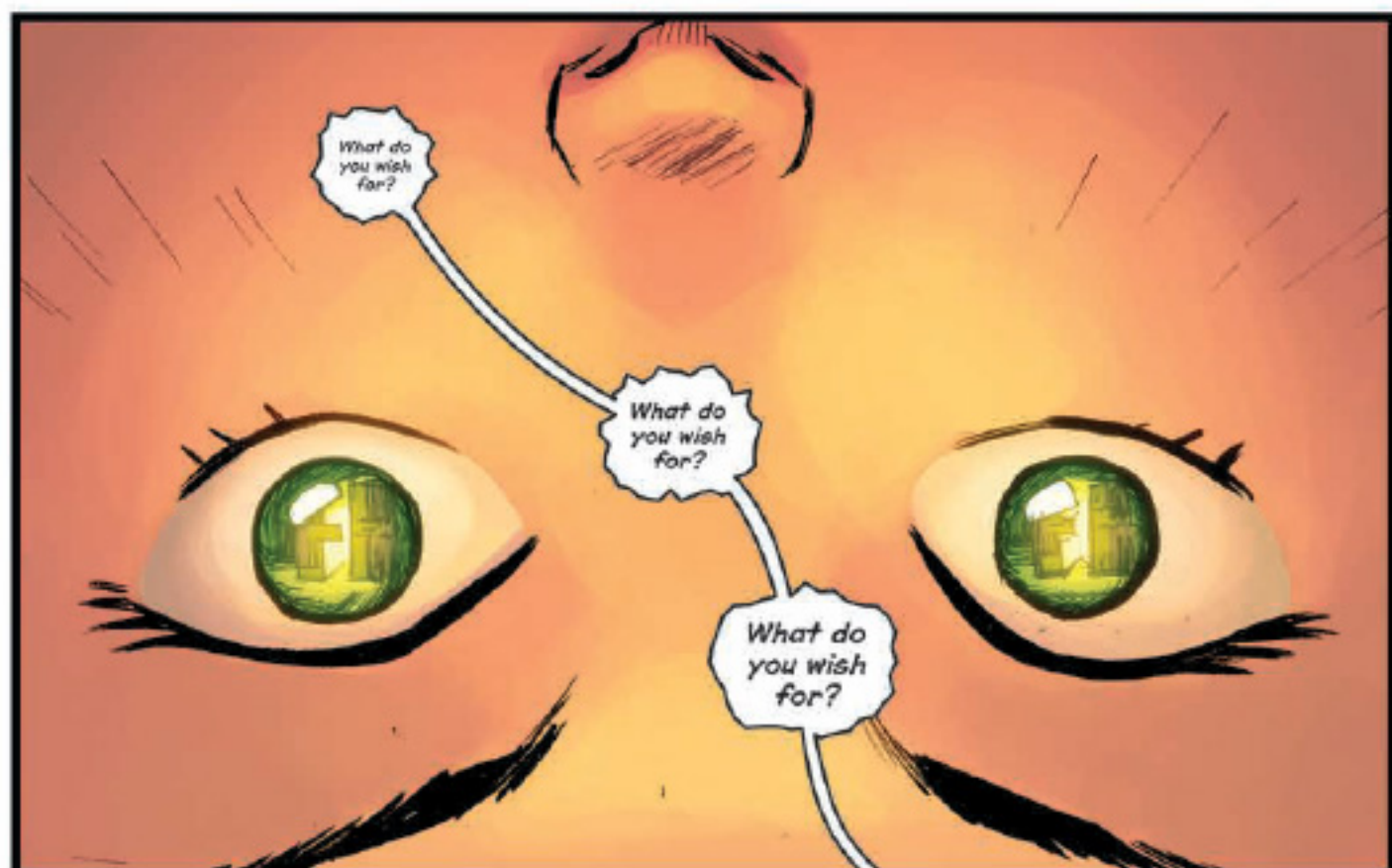
I wish I could find my mom's missing keys and then she would buy us ice cream ... In all the flavors we'd ever want!

Why do you keep asking, Penny?













That's a pretty serious question, y'know?



I mean, of course I wish I had a million dollars, and, like, a castle to live in and lotsa pretty dresses. Stuff like that.



But I also figured that'd get a lotta people askin' a lotta questions ...



So, then I'd hafta wish for no-one to notice or ask any questions or anything.



So then it starts getting complicated, y'know ... ?







