

The Adventures
of
Ryan
and
His Magic
Carrot



Ted Peachey

The Adventures of Ryan and His Magic Carrot

By Ted Peachey



Eloquent Books

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CHAPTER 1

It was Saturday and Ryan was on his way to the park to play football with his friends. He was a bit late and was running to make up a bit of time. As he sped around the corner into the next street, he collided with an old woman and knocked her over. Ryan was shocked; he knew it was his fault.

“I’m sorry,” Ryan said. “Are you all right? Let me help. Shall I call for an ambulance?”

“I’m all right; if you will just help me to get up I will be on my way home.” The old woman told

him. Ryan held her under her arm and helped her to get up.

When the old woman was standing up, she found that she had twisted her ankle, and could not put any weight on it. "I only live around the next corner," she said. "Would you mind helping me home?"

"I would be glad to," said Ryan and as he took the weight of the old woman onto him, he noticed who she was. "I know you," he said. "You are Mrs. Cr—" He was going to say Mrs Crackpot, as that is what all the children called her. As she and her husband appeared to be eccentric people.

The old woman smiled to herself, as she knew what the children called her. "My name is Mrs. Cracknell," she said. "Come on now and help me home. On the way, I will tell you a story." She began by telling Ryan about her husband. "He is a wizard," she told him. "He does not wear a pointed hat or a long gown with stars on it, but he is a

wizard, never the less.” She went on to tell about all the good things he did, about the magic he performed. “He never uses evil magic,” she said. “When we get home, you must come in and meet him. Would you like to meet him?”

Ryan replied, “I don’t know; it’s a bit scary. I have never met a wizard before.”

The old woman laughed and said, “Look, we are nearly home, come in. I am sure he would like to meet you and you will like him. He is a very nice man and he likes children.”

Ryan thought about it. “Okay,” he said. “I think I would like to meet him too.”

The old woman’s husband saw them coming up the garden path, and rushed to open the door. “Here, let me help, I can get her over the doorstep easier than you can.” When they had the old woman settled comfortably in an armchair, her husband asked what had happened.

CHAPTER 1

Ryan admitted it was his fault. "I should not have been running so fast, going round the corner, not knowing what was there."

"You made up for it," the woman said. "You helped me to get home, and I thank you for that." Then she went on to tell her husband what had happened.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" the old man asked.

"I only live two streets away, 17 Freeman Avenue," Ryan told them.

"Get the lad a glass of pop and a piece of cake; I'm sure he would like that," the old woman said. The old man did what his wife asked, and got Ryan some pop and cake.

"Thank you very much, Walnut cake, I see. It's my favourite."

While Ryan was eating his cake and drinking his pop, the old couple was asking him what his

interests were, and after a lengthy conversation, Ryan told them he had enjoyed their company very much, but he must not intrude on them any longer.

“Before you go, may I give you a small gift?” the old man asked. He told Ryan to follow him into the garden. He went to the vegetable patch and pulled up a carrot. “Would you accept this?” asked the man.

Ryan looked at the carrot and wondered why the man offered it to him. Not wanting to be rude in refusing the gift, Ryan thanked the man very much and said. “It is a wonderful gift.”

The man, smiled to himself, because he knew what Ryan had been thinking. “This is not an ordinary carrot,” he said. “It’s a magic carrot. If you use it right, it will do whatever you command, but you must only use it for the good of the community.” Ryan told the man that he would only use it for good things. “Although,” he said, “I do not know what I will tell it to do yet.”

Ryan could not believe it was a magic carrot, and the look on his face, told the man so.

“Don’t you believe in magic?” the man asked.

“No,” answered Ryan truthfully. “You have told me it is a magic carrot and your wife told me that you are a wizard, so I must believe you. I want to believe you, but I still have my doubts.”

“Then I will prove it to you. Tell the carrot to do something and it will do it,” said the man.

Ryan felt daft, he couldn’t think of anything to ask. “Give me a photograph of my favourite football player,” he asked, after giving it some thought. He suddenly felt something in his hand. He could not believe it. In his hand was a photograph of Wayne Rooney his favourite football player.

“Do you believe in magic now?” asked the old man, smiling.

“I sure do, but how did it know that Rooney is my favourite player?”

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