

Cover Page

Title: Granting Wishes

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Grade: 7th

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Word Count: 1493

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Signature: X Ella LaBarre DATE: Feb. 6, 2018

Print: Ella LaBarre

Grade: 7th

Granting Wishes

A local fire just had struck Los Angeles. It destroyed almost three miles of our town. Fifty were killed, and over three hundred were injured. A mishap in one of the factories caused the fire and it spread quickly. I on the other hand didn't get affected by the accident. It was on the other side of town. I'm a sixteen year old girl and a sophomore in high school. I'm a smart student. I get my homework done and I pass all my classes with at least a B. My parents are the types who always check up on me about school. I am doing very well with keeping up with my high school credits, except for my volunteering. I barely have enough time to finish my homework let alone spending time volunteering. I hate doing extra work. I just love it when I have an open schedule. No rushing places, having to be somewhere. My parents are always bugging me about it to.

"Kayla, when are you going to start volunteering?"

"Have you signed up for volunteering yet Kayla?"

My parents finally put there foot down. If I didn't start volunteering by the end of the week, I would be grounded from anything I wanted to do and be stuck doing chores. With that I began looking for a volunteer work that didn't require lots of time and effort. At least it would be something, so I didn't have to be grounded. I went to the front office of my school, Bay Ridge high school, and got a paper for local volunteering.

The paper listed, a retirement center, cleaning up the city, food bank organizing, and helping injured children at local hospital. In my opinion, none of them seemed that exciting, but I have to pick something to do.

By the end of the day, I would have needed to sign up for something, or good bye to my social life forever. The bell rang, I had to pick a job, fill out the application, and

turn it in before my bus leaves. I quickly grabbed my list, I took another look and I thought to myself,

“I will try the kids at the hospital. I love kids. Right?” Well I didn’t have much of a choice, did I? After picking up the application I filled it out as fast as I could, turned it in, and ran to my bus, barely making it on. My parents asked me,

“Did you get your application turned in?” I told them,

“I did, I will get my schedule as soon as the hospital can contact me.” Right after I said that, my phone rang. It was the hospital. They accepted my application and I start Monday after school. My parents were pleased, and I was just relieved that I don’t have to be grounded anymore.

On Monday I realized what I had to do after school. I was still not wanting to go. I couldn’t skip though; my parents drove me there and were picking me up in three hours. I couldn’t escape it. When I got inside, I checked in with the women at the front of the desk. Her name was Debra Smith. Debra directed me to the first child I would spend time with today. I would rotate every couple days or so. When I got inside, I saw a little girl she looked seven or eight, but extremely fragile. She had an oxygen tube going through her nose and had tubes connected from many machines to different parts of her body. Debra left the room without a word of instruction.

“So, what’s your name?” I asked not knowing what to say. She didn’t answer, but she was awake and looking at me. So instead I looked around the room. Basic hospital bed, television, chairs, and a whiteboard with the patient’s information. On the whiteboard, there was her name, Katherine. She is seven years old and has lung problems. I would guess they were from the local fire. I also saw something at the bottom

of the whiteboard. Her wish. Katherine wished that she could see her best friend that now lives in Africa. I wondered how the doctors knew her wish. She wouldn't speak. At least to me she wouldn't. Although, I thought it was crazy this is this really happening to her. Katherine has something she wish she could do before she might die. That was so heartbreaking for me to think about.

For the rest of the month I only saw three other kids, not including Katherine. Peter a ten year old, Alyssa the five year old, and Henry the fourteen year old. I just rotated with each kid and switched every week. I noticed that in every room, there was a whiteboard, and every single kid that I saw had a wish. I was very curios with this wish system and talked with Debra about it.

“People used to come in and look at each child's wish and help try and make it come true. Not many people come in now, and rarely does anyone's wish get granted, but it gives the kids hope that thinks will be alright.”

I was very astound when hearing this. I couldn't believe that nobody granted any child's wish anymore. I wanted to somehow fix this, but what could I do?

As I visited Henry, Katherine, Alyssa, and Peter I kept on looking at their wishes. Henry wished his parents could afford a library card so he can pursue his dream of reading all the books in the world, Alyssa wants to get a Barbie doll, and Peter wishes he could get a puppy.

“Could I really grant these wishes?” I thought to myself. I mean it might be easier than it seems. So right when I got home from volunteering, I looked in some old boxes. It took me almost an hour of rustling through everything until I finally found what I was

looking for. My favorite Barbie doll. I would give it to Alyssa, as my first but not last wish granting.

The next day I gave Alyssa the doll. When she saw it, she started smiling and reached up for the doll. She loved it so much we didn't stop playing with the doll until it was time for me to leave. When I left, I noticed the doctor wrote a check next to her wish on the white board. I felt proud when I saw this. I wanted that same feeling again. I got home as fast as I could so I could grant someone else's wish.

"Mom could you buy a library card please?" I asked my mom.

"Don't you already have one?" She responded.

"It's not for me. It's for one of the kids I volunteer for. He really wants a library card but his parents can't afford it. They can barely afford to pay his medical bills," I explained.

"Sure! That's so thoughtful of you. You must be really enjoying your volunteering time?" my mom stated.

"More than I thought I would," I admitted. When I gave Henry his library card, he was shocked. He was speechless and he didn't know what to say. I knew by the look on his face, that he was very thankful. Next item on the list is a puppy for Peter. How am I going to get a puppy? Well I could ask if somewhere or someone could donate a dog. It was worth a shot. When I arrived at a local pet shop I went to the front of the desk and asked,

"Is it possible if I could get a donation of a puppy? It is for a boy that's in the hospital and he is very injured. His only wish is to get a puppy."

“If you give me the business card of the hospital, we can look into it,” said the man at the front of the desk. That was settled, now the hardest part. Katherine. She wants to see her friend that now lives in Africa. I had an idea in mind so I got home and started planning. It was going to be a great day tomorrow. I got to the hospital, it looked like Peter got his puppy because when I checked in at the front desk, I received a card Peter had made me, thanking me for the puppy. I walked into Katherine’s room, with my lap top. I walked over without saying a word. I pulled up skype, a video chat app and her best friend showed up on the screen. Katherine stared into the screen, and started to cry. She talked with her friend for hours. It was the first time I saw her talk, and it amazed me what an impact I made on these kids. I realized that many other people could do the same. It just takes a little bit of motivation.