

The Story of
Emerson Elf
Makes a Wish
An E book

by
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EMERSON ELF

Once upon a time there was an elf named Emerson who lived beneath a magic toadstool.

Emerson was very tiny.

He was tired of being little.

Emerson was also bored.

Emerson liked to daydream when he was bored.

The sun was shining brightly and the best shade was under the toadstool.

Emerson sat beneath the toadstool and dreamed of being big.

Suddenly a piece of toadstool dropped on Emerson's head.

Emerson picked it up and chewed on it, even though his mother always told him never to chew on magic toadstools.

While he chewed he wished he was bigger.

A bit of toadstool got caught in his throat.

Suddenly Emerson shot up taller than the trees!

Very soon Emerson's head was in the clouds.



Emerson brushed the clouds from his eyes and looked down.

Emerson's head was much higher than it had ever been

before!

But his feet were still on the ground...Way Down Below!

Emerson didn't know it until just that second, but he was very afraid of heights!

Emerson took a step, and scrunched trees beneath his feet as if they were blades of grass!



Emerson took another step and found he was standing in

a lake.

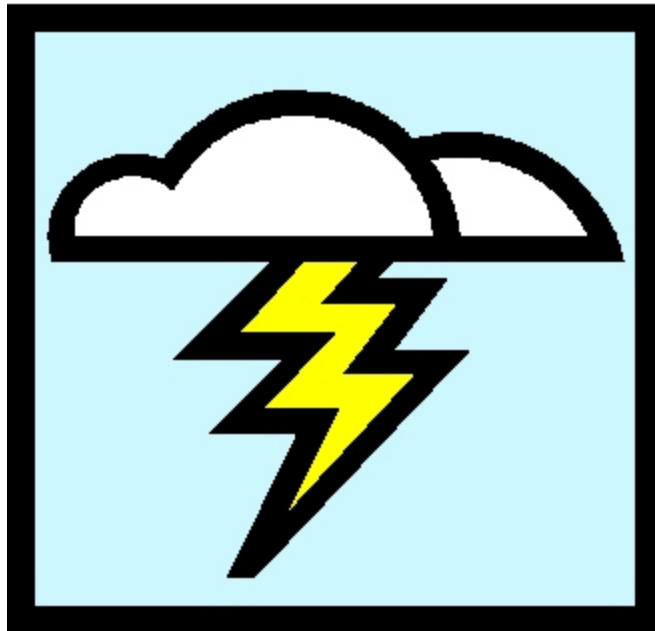


A great tidal wave was washing water up onto the beach
all around him.



He scooped his hand down into the lake and brought up a
drink of water to help wash the toadstool out of his throat.

Emerson coughed and made it thunder!



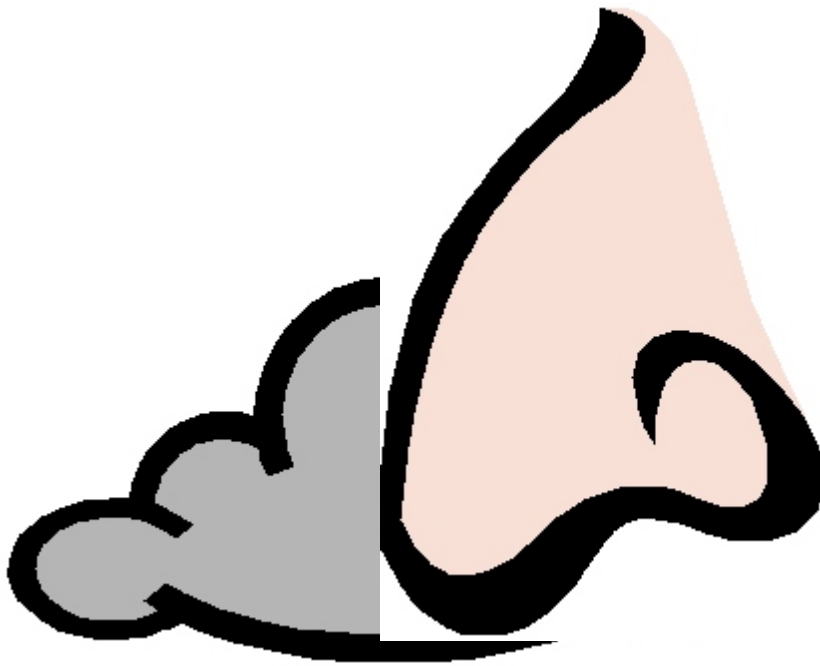
The toadstool was still in his throat.

Emerson took another step and stubbed his toe on a mountain.



Emerson wished he were not so big anymore, but this wish did not come true!

Emerson stopped and took a very deep breath. He sucked a whole cloud into his nose!



It made him sneeze. His sneeze caused a great
thunder storm.



But the sneeze also caused the bit of magic toadstool in
his throat to fly right into the mountain, and Emerson
suddenly began shrinking.



Emerson was getting very wet.

He was also getting very tiny!

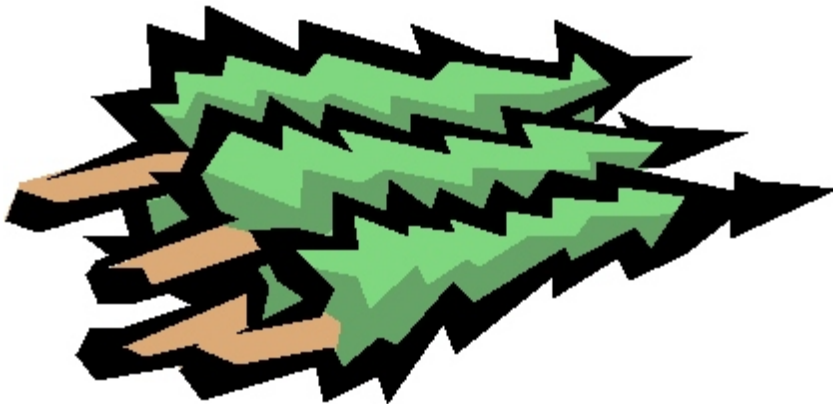


He was little again, and he was lost.

It took Emerson three whole days to walk back home.

He had to walk all the way around the lake.

It was very, very muddy.



Emerson had a lot of trouble walking through the forest.

A lot of trees were knocked over, and he had to climb around and over them.

When Emerson finally got home to his toadstool he was very happy to be there.



Emerson decided it was much better to be a tiny elf under a magic toadstool, than to be a giant elf with one's head in the clouds.