

Make-A-Wish
By
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The magic carpet hovered before Chance's waist.

"Are you kidding me?" he said to his empty back yard.

He glanced around, saw no one looking and attempted to board the floating floor covering. It pulled back quickly, causing Chance to stumble.

"Hey." He tried again with the same result.

He focused on the carpet, resolved to conquer the woven piece of shit. He rushed it, leaping, but was a split second too late and crashed onto his patio, smashing his nose.

Floating on a second carpet, obscured by Douglas firs sat Chance's roommates.

"Dude, novelty flying carpet! Best wish yet!"