The Boy in the Wheelchair

By Amrit Sandhu

3rd Place in the Under 11 Age Category

I skipped merrily into the hospital to see the doctor. After that I hopped happily into the playground and banged the xylophone. I marched up the steps like a soldier. Then I sat on the heavy, wooden mushroom like a big, fat bear. Next I creeped into the fun playhouse and pretended to be a king making orders. I shouted at my mum 'this is a private castle!' I jumped dangerously down two steps like spiderman landing with one hand on the ground and one hand in the air. I dashed frantically to the diplodocus dinosaur sculpture made out of bushes and stroked him. I bounced hurdles around the grass like a bunny! I ran excitedly to the wishing well and threw in 20p. I closed my eyes and made a wish to become a real life superhero.

That's when I spotted him… the boy in the wheelchair. He was smiling at all the crazy things I was doing. I smiled back but I felt sad. 'Can he run?' I asked mum. Mum said 'No but he still has fun.' He had lots of black hair on his head, a kind face, 2 bandages on his legs and was eating a bag of crisps. I slowly walked over to him and said 'I bet your arms are super strong like the hulk.' He burst into peals of laughter. We started to talk and he told me he plays: Nintendo, Lego, arts and crafts and loves to cook… he's just like me.

I went back to the wishing well with another 20p and wished that he becomes a superhero too.

But he already is.