

## Fred the Camel

The day was very hectic anyway and now his humps were beginning to expand. Poor Fred, the camel, was having a dreadful day. Anjalic, his human, usually loaded Fred up with expensive spices every morning. Together they'd travel the gravel road to sell the spices at Market Square. Today was different. Samir, Anjalic's son, had to take his final exams. He would not graduate without passing those tests. All Anjalic could do was watch and worry while her son prepared himself for the tasks ahead of him. Like an answer to their prayers, an old oil lamp appeared outside their house. Anjalic rubbed the lamp and out came a genie.

“Wow, I guess genies really do exist!” mused Fred.

Of course the genie was in a wish granting mood, having just been freed from the lamp. Anjalic's first wish was for Samir to ace his finals. Her next wish was for a larger quantity of costly spice, which appeared already loaded onto poor Fred. He almost dropped under the added weight. Fred started for the market before anything else could happen. He trotted as fast as he could under all of the spices so he could not hear exactly how Anjalic used her last wish but he could feel himself getting bigger, his nose was getting longer and now he had tusks.

“What has Anjalic done?” thought a frantic Fred, “Well at least my load is feeling lighter.”