

If you could make three wishes,
what would **YOU** wish for?

Jot them down here!

MY WISH LIST*

- 1 _____

- 2 _____

- 3 _____

***YOU CAN'T WISH FOR MORE WISHES,
SO DON'T EVEN BOTHER TRYING!**

Books by Steven Lenton

GENIE AND TEENY: MAKE A WISH

Coming soon

GENIE AND TEENY: WISHFUL THINKING

GENIE AND TEENY MAKE A WISH



Steven Lenton



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**For Sallyanne Sweeney, who
made my wishes come true!**
SL X



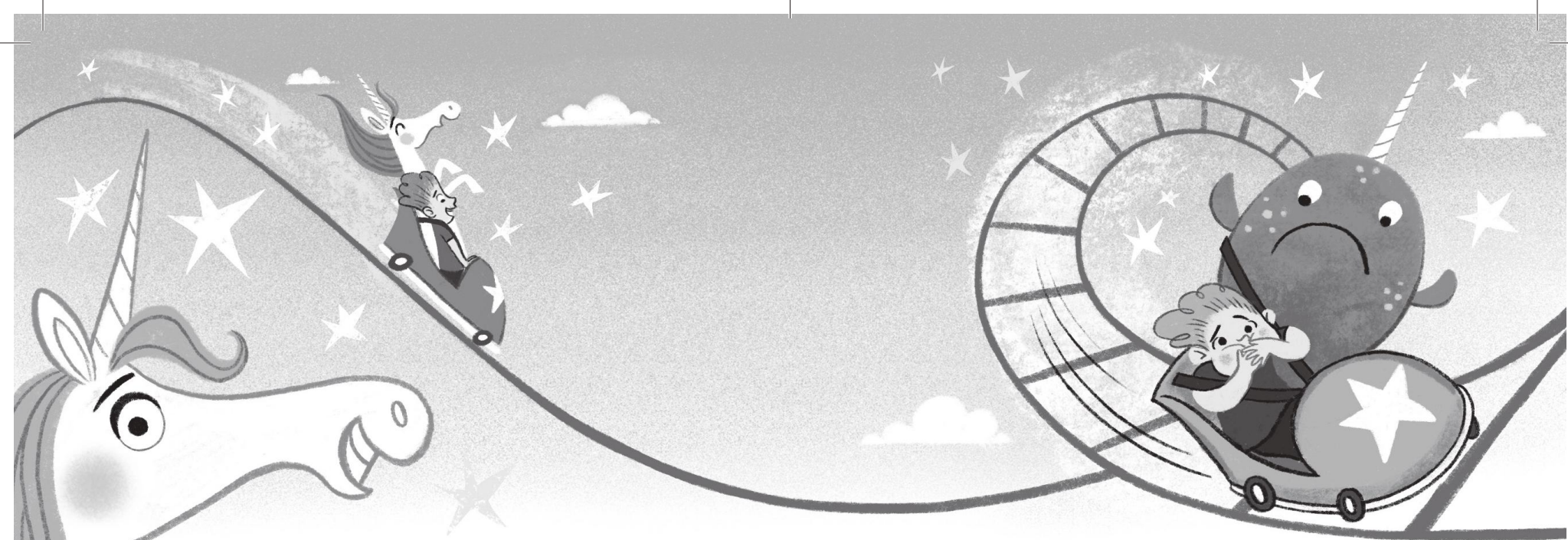
HELLO, READER!

Welcome to a book chock-full of giggles, wishes, rude noises, old knickers and – best of all – GENIES!

Now, then, what do we know about genies?

Well . . .

1. They are magical.
2. They live in lamps.
3. They make wishes come true.



Most genies are brilliant at granting wishes. Want a magical unicorn? **POOOOF!** You got one!

Fancy a ride on the biggest roller coaster in the universe? **POOOOF!** You're riding it!

Hungry and want beans on toast?

POOOOF! You're beans-on-toasting!

They can also help you in times of need . . .



Fed up with your unicorn and want a narwhal instead? **POOOOF!** You're narwhalling!

About to be sick on the biggest roller coaster in the universe and want to get off? **POOOOF!** You're free!

Burned your mouth on your beans on toast and need an ice cream to cool you down?

POOOOF! You're lickin'!

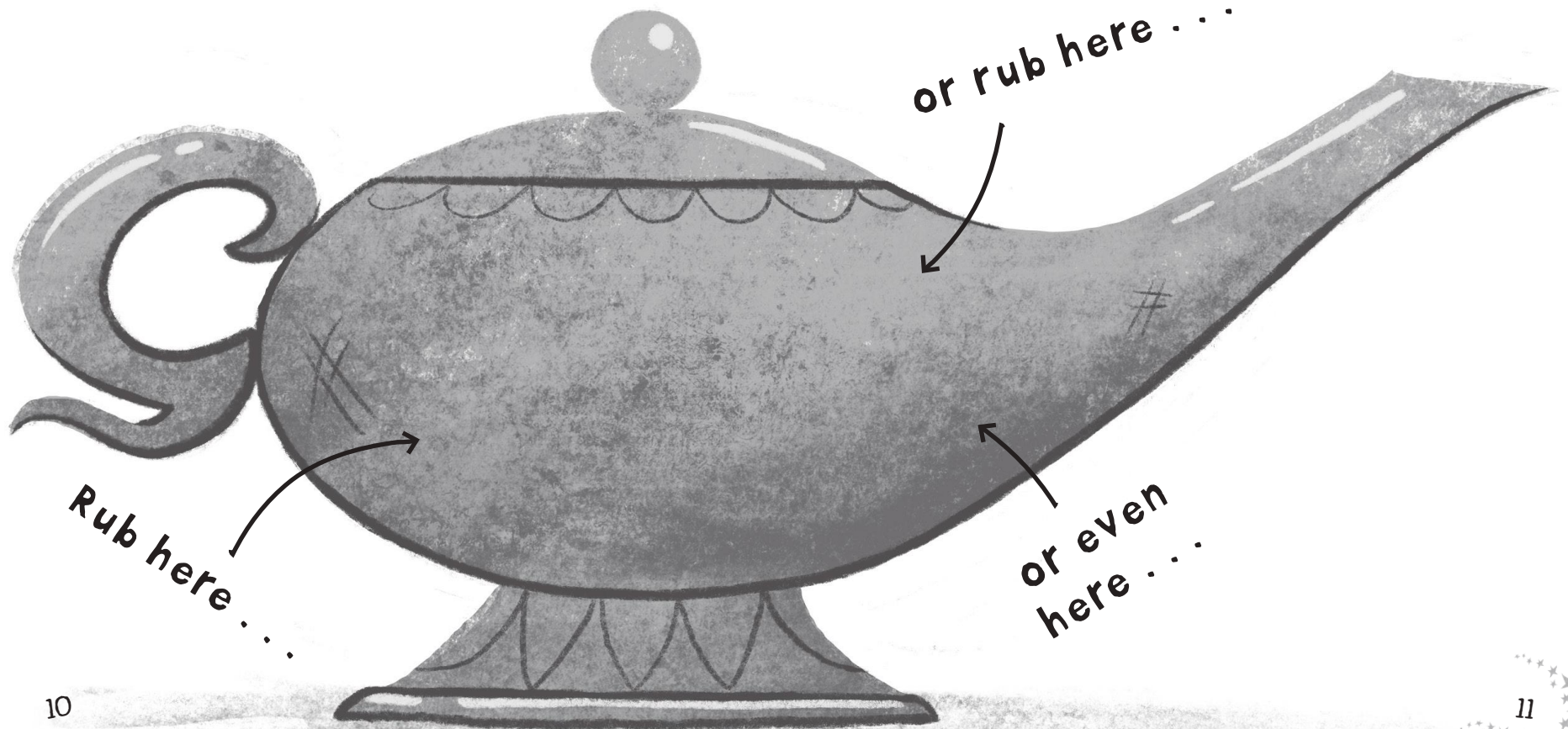




So, if you find an old lamp, it MIGHT be magical and it MIGHT just have a genie inside. Simply give it a rub to find out!

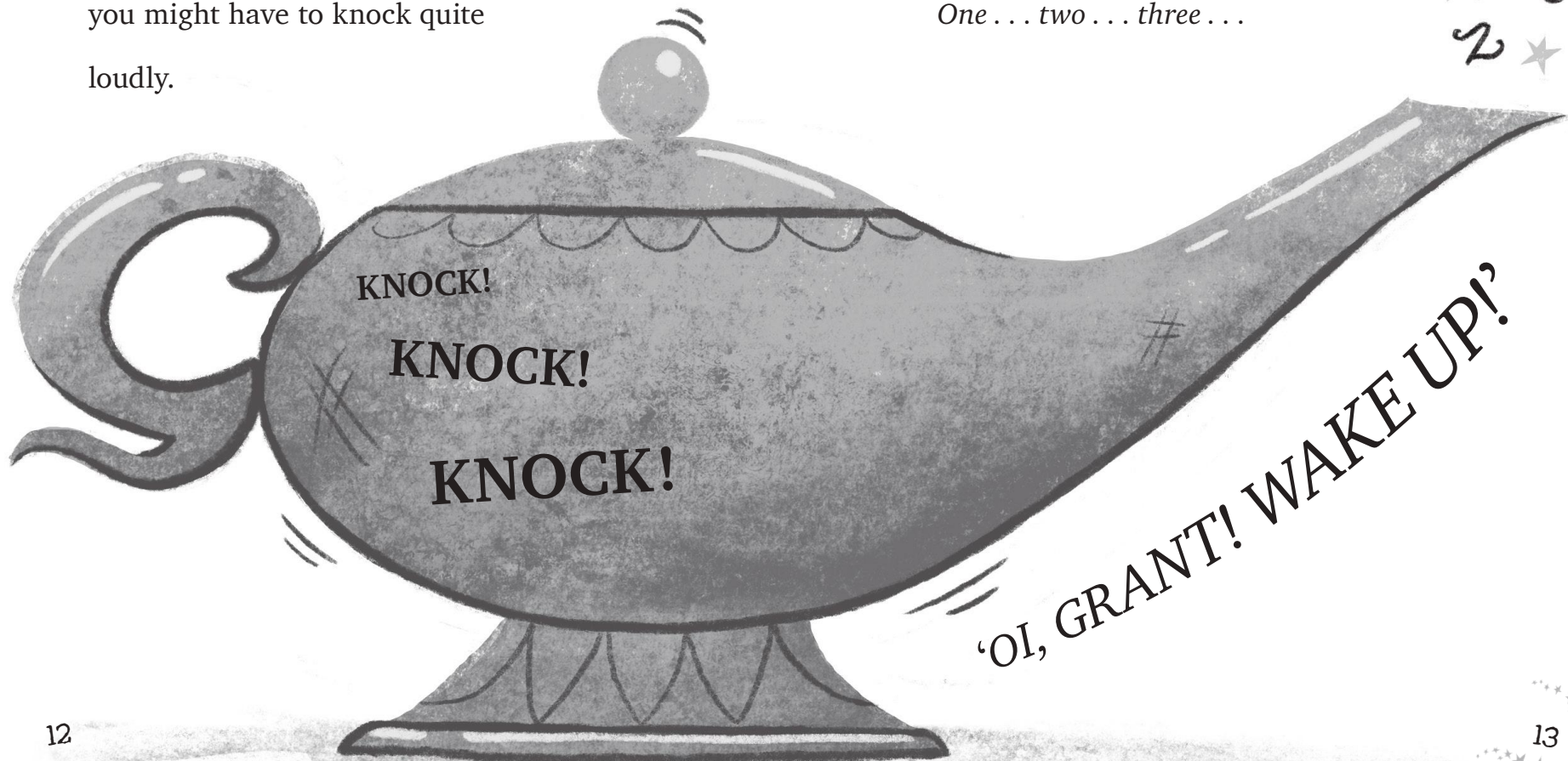


Give it a go with this one . . . rub it with your finger . . . go on . . . and again . . . and again, then turn the page . . .



★ ★ ★
TA-DAH!

Ah yes, I forgot to say. This lamp belongs to a genie called Grant. Grant loves a nap, so he's probably asleep (and snoring!), so you might have to knock quite loudly.



Hmmm, still no joy.

Let's try shouting something like, 'OI, GRANT! WAKE UP!'

Go on, give it a whirl!

One . . . two . . . three . . .

z ★ z ★ z ★
z ★ z ★
z ★ z ★
z ★ z ★

Hooray! It worked!

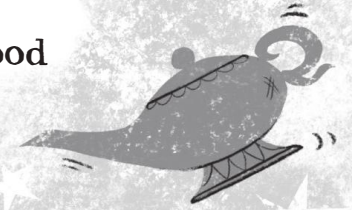
This is Grant.

Hello, Grant – nice of you to join us.



Now Grant may LOOK like your average genie, and:

1. he **IS** magical . . .
 2. he **DOES** live in a lamp
- BUT**
3. he is **NOT** very good at making wishes . . .



For example – at Genie School, he once magicked up a **BORING IRON** instead of a **ROARING LION**. He conjured some

OLD SMELLY PANTS instead of some

GOLD ELEPHANTS, some **TINY WITCHES**

instead of **SHINY RICHES**.





Once he even
created a **SNOT-**

HAIRED BABOON

instead of a **HOT-AIR BALLOON**,
which was **VERY** embarrassing.

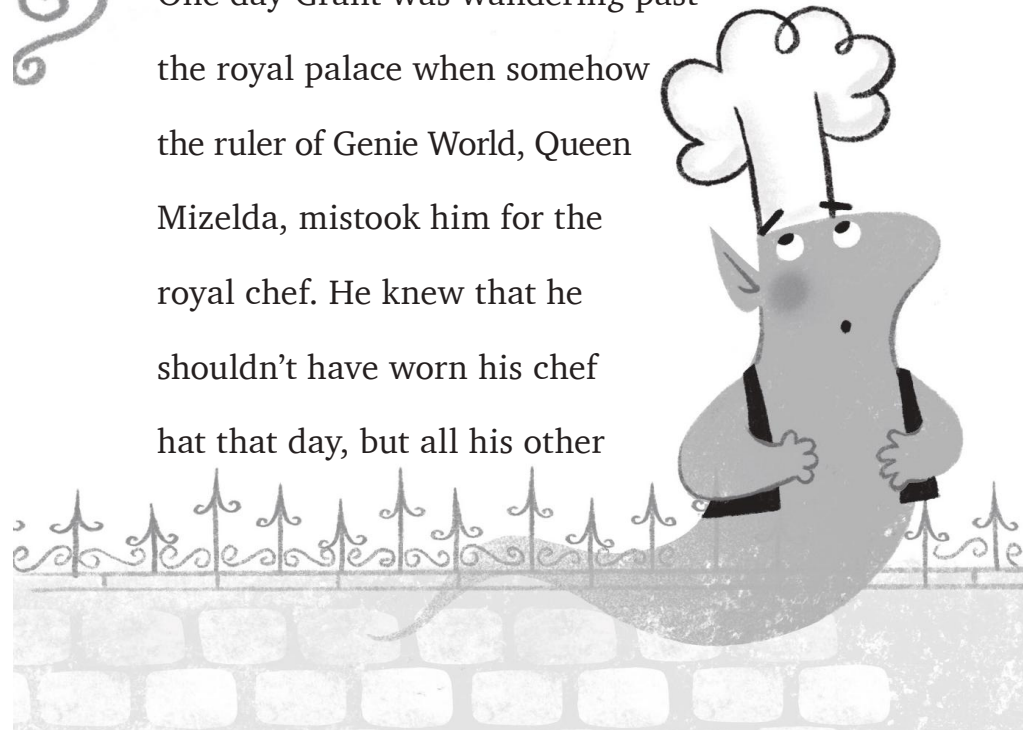
Grant doesn't **MEAN** to be bad at making
wishes – he just gets his words a bit muddled.

And, as you'll see in the next chapter,
Grant makes his biggest mishap **EVER** . . .



CHAPTER 1 **A RIGHT ROYAL MISTAKE**

One day Grant was wandering past
the royal palace when somehow
the ruler of Genie World, Queen
Mizelda, mistook him for the
royal chef. He knew that he
shouldn't have worn his chef
hat that day, but all his other





hats were in the wash.

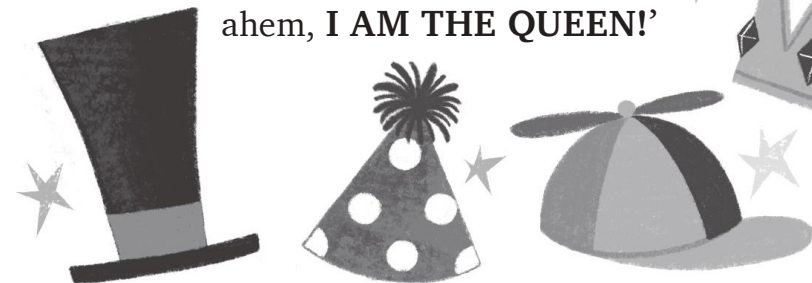
Ah yes!

GENIE FACT ALERT!

I should have mentioned –

Grant has an amazing collection of hats that take pride of place in his lamp – he uses different hats for different occasions, as you’ll see later on . . .

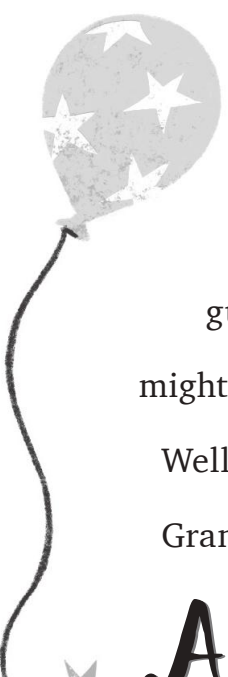
**‘YOU THERE! CHEF GENIE!
TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY AND I
WOULD LIKE A BIRTHDAY CAKE
FIT FOR A QUEEN, because,
ahem, I AM THE QUEEN!’**



Despite trying to explain to the Queen that he wasn’t the royal chef and that all his other hats were in the wash, Grant had a really good try at getting this very special and important wish right. He closed his eyes, concentrated and imagined the biggest, most fancy-pants cake he could think of. He wiggled his ears and fingers, he twiddled his nose . . . and he said his magic wishy word. (Every genie has a different magic wishy word, for example:

ABRACADABRA,
ALAKAZAM or **PIFF PAFF POOF!**





Your parents might have a favourite magic word too – ‘PLEASE’. Can you guess what Grant’s magic wishy word might be?)

Well, I bet you’ll never guess.

Grant’s magic wishy word is . . .

**Alaka-blam-a-
bumwhistle!**

Yes, Grant shouted ‘ALAKA-BLAM-A-BUMWHISTLE!’ in front of Queen Mizelda, and instead of creating a fancy-pants birthday cake Grant turned her into

a birthday SNAKE by mistake.

This was a BIG MIS-SNAKE!

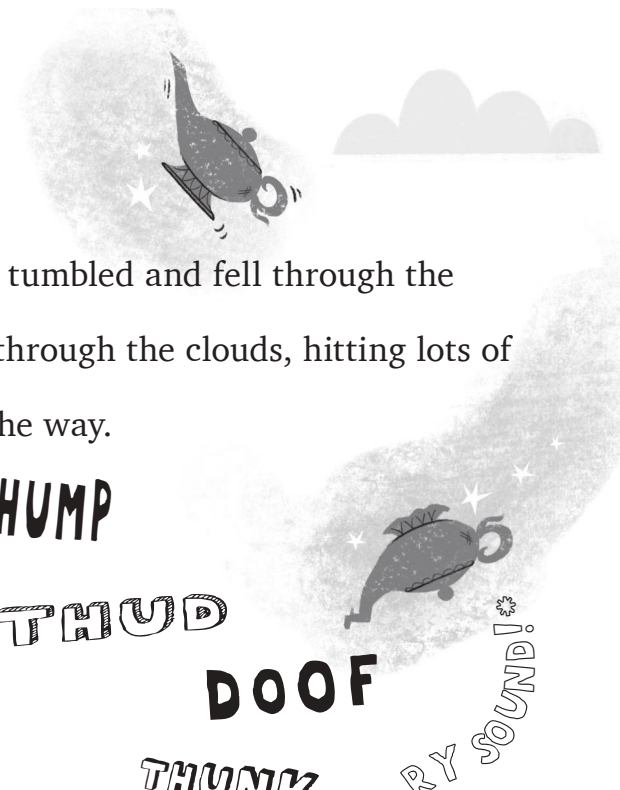
The Queen was furiousssssssssss and she banished him for good.

*‘HISS HISSSSSSSS HISSS
HISS HISSSSSSSSSSSS!’*
the Queen hissed.

(Which means YOU ARE BANISHED FOR GOOD in snake.)

And so Grant was thrown out of Genie World.





The lamp tumbled and fell through the sky, down through the clouds, hitting lots of things on the way.

THUMP

THUD

DOOF

THUNK

SPLAT

CRASH

RUDE RASPBERRY SOUND!

You get the idea.

The lamp eventually landed on Earth. In a park.

Grant blinked and looked around him. Inside the lamp, everything was higgledy-piggledy and topsy-turvy. His scatter cushions were scattered everywhere and Grant's belongings, including his impressive collection of nifty hats, were all over the place – **IT WAS A RIGHT MESS.**



Grant paused to take in everything that had just happened. He honestly hadn't meant to create all this havoc and felt a bit glum about it all. How would he get back to Genie World? In this sort of situation, he knew what to do, though. Without giving it a second thought, he searched around in the mess and eventually found what he was looking for – his Thinking Cap.

Now here's

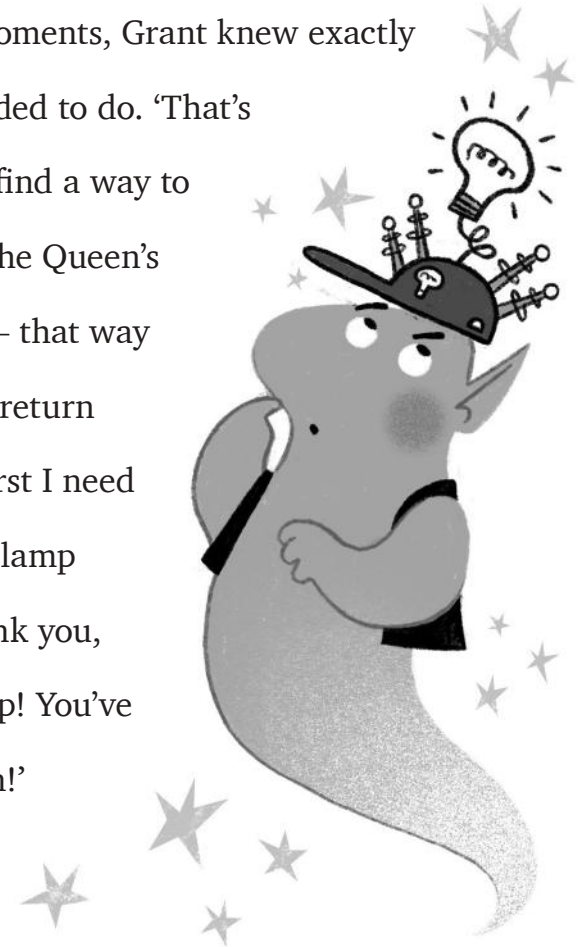
***ANOTHER
GENIE FACT ALERT!***

Grant's Thinking Cap is one of his most important hats because it helps him to

think calmly and carefully about what he needs to do next.

He popped it on his head, closed his eyes and had a good long think . . .

In a few moments, Grant knew exactly what he needed to do. 'That's it! I need to find a way to get back in the Queen's good books – that way she'll let me return home. But first I need to check my lamp is okay. Thank you, Thinking Cap! You've done it again!'





Grant popped his head out of the top of the lamp and looked outside to inspect the damage.

The lamp was totally bashed and battered on the outside. The handle was bent, the spout was scratched and the lid was missing. It wasn't a pretty sight. He looked down and out and up the spout!

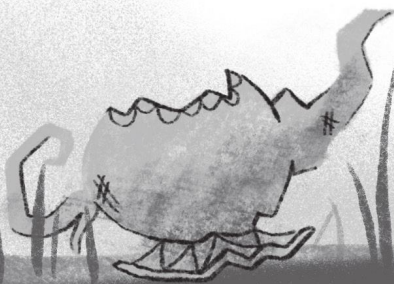
There was only one thing for it, Grant would have to look for a new place to live.



He packed up his belongings, then floated out of the lamp and into the park, keeping small and quiet.

YET ANOTHER GENIE FACT ALERT!

Genies can morph into any shape and size whenever they like! Grant thought it best to stay small and keep out of people's way until he knew more about his new environment. As he gazed around him, he could see birds and trees, although they weren't as colourful and magical-looking as the ones back in Genie World.



Next, he spotted a bird's nest in a tree. He floated up to it and snuggled inside. He was just starting to get comfy when suddenly a large bird swooped down and started trying to feed Grant some wriggly worms. Grant was very hungry by this stage, but he wasn't **THAT** hungry!

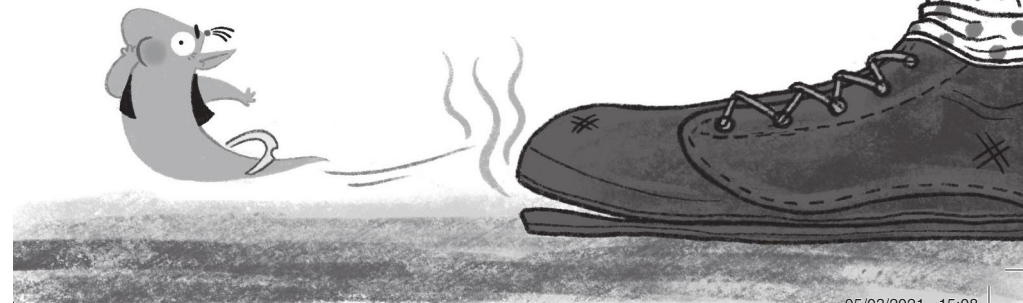


'I'm getting out of here. It's far too slimy,' he blurted, trying not to throw up.

Hmmm . . . and what was that over there? It looked like an old shoe . . . Maybe that would make a good new home? Quickly, he made his way over to it and jumped inside. It smelled like old cheese, it was a bit of a tight squeeze and there seemed to be something coming out of the top of it.

Eurggh, Grant thought to himself. It was a leg! A leg that belonged to someone, or something, very big. Very big and very hairy!

'This is too cramped and smelly,' moaned Grant as he squeezed out of the shoe with a crusty old toenail stuck to his bum.



Then he found a piece of old china.

'How fortunate! A lamp! What are the chances of that?' Grant exclaimed.

It had a small crack, but a lovely starry pattern all over the outside and it looked very round and cosy. You could say it looked TEA cosy.

'What a perfect lamp! This is JUST RIGHT!' Grant said, as he slid down the

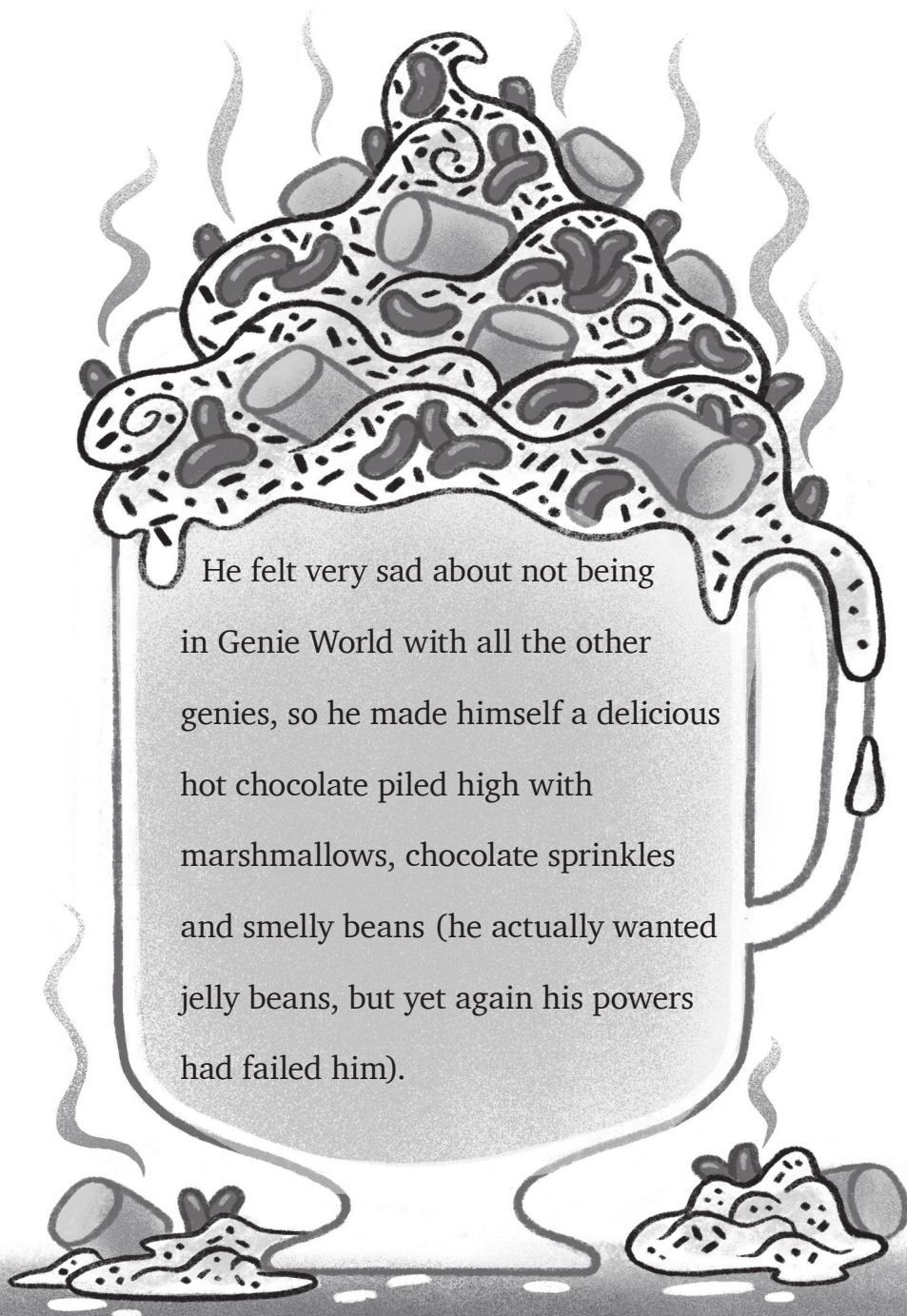
spout and set about redecorating the inside.

He dusted his knick-knacks, polished his potions and vacuumed his magic carpet.

Finally, he laid out his prized collection of hats.

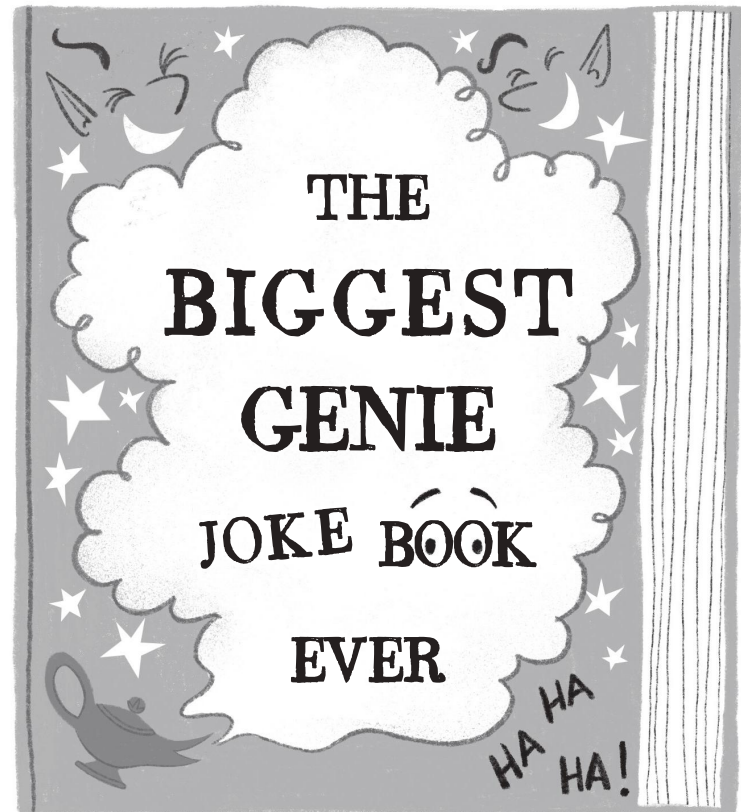
When everything was looking shipshape, Grant settled in for the night.





He felt very sad about not being in Genie World with all the other genies, so he made himself a delicious hot chocolate piled high with marshmallows, chocolate sprinkles and smelly beans (he actually wanted jelly beans, but yet again his powers had failed him).

Then he read a chapter of his bedtime book,



which made him giggle-snort and cheered him up no end.

What does a genie put in their cup
of tea?

SUGAR LAMPS!

What is a genie's favourite takeaway?

WISH AND CHIPS!

And his favourite genie joke of all time:

What do you call a clever genie?

A GENIE-US!

Grant chuckled himself to sleep and,
although he still felt sad, he was also
hopeful that things would turn out okay.
He also wished he was a genius.





As Grant slept, he was dreaming of home and turning the genie Queen from a birthday snake back into a genie Queen when he was rudely awoken by a big slurpy licking sound, coming from outside his lamp!



'SLURP!'

'What was that?' exclaimed Grant as he was whisked up and out of the funnel in a cloud of smoke – someone must have rubbed the lamp and summoned him!

He looked around, but all he could see was darkness, so he popped back into his lamp and went straight to bed.

Grant started to dream again, this time about hot chocolate with JELLY not SMELLY beans on top, and he fell back to sleep.

Then he was woken up again by the large slurpy licking sound.

'SLUUUUUUURP!'

Again, Grant shot up out of the lamp in another puff of smoke.

'WHO'S THERE?'

he shouted into the pitch black, but he still couldn't see anything or anyone. He popped his helmet with a torch on his head and shone it around the park.

He looked left.



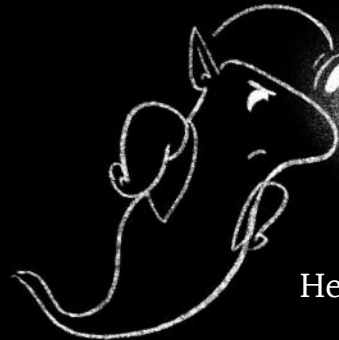
He looked right.



He looked up.



He looked down.





Then it started
to rain. *Hmmm,*
what strange rain,
Grant thought to
himself. *It's sort of*
yellow and doesn't smell
particularly nice.

He settled back into bed, but he really struggled to get back to sleep this time and decided to count flying carpets to help him doze off.

'One flying carpet . . . two flying carpets . . . three flying carpets . . .' And just as he got to 1,001 flying carpets and was very nearly asleep . . .

'SLUUUUUUUUUUURP!'

Grant was summoned up in a third plume of smoke. 'OKAY! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M TRYING TO GET TO SLEEP! HOW DARE YOU—' But Grant suddenly stopped shouting and started screaming.

'AAAARRRRRRRRRRGGHHHH!'

There, right in front of him, was a huge, slobbery, hairy beast!



A drip of its drool landed on Grant's head.

'EURGH!' Grant shouted, wiping away slobber.

The beast licked the side of Grant's face.
'LIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICK!'

Then he panted and smiled at Grant. Grant realised the monster was friendly after all. 'AWWW! You're actually quite cute! I think you'd have eaten me by now if you'd wanted to! What do you wish for, O big, hairy, slobbery one? I can grant you

three wishes!' exclaimed Grant in his best and loudest genie voice. 'Well, I can try to anyway,' he added quietly.

The dog stared blankly at Grant and licked him again.

'Hmmm, okay.' Grant hopped on to the beast's head and gave him a good scratchin' behind his ears. 'Where did you come from, big fella?'

'BARK BARK BARKITY BARK!'

the beast barked.



'Hmmm, that doesn't sound like genie language. I wonder what he's trying to tell me.'

'WOOF WOOF WOOFITY WOOF!'

the beast woofed and pointed his tail towards a poster on a tree.

The poster read:





'OH!' Grant realised. 'You're lost and alone, like me! Hey, maybe I can help you to find your owner! I wonder why they named you Teeny, though – you're

MASSIVE!

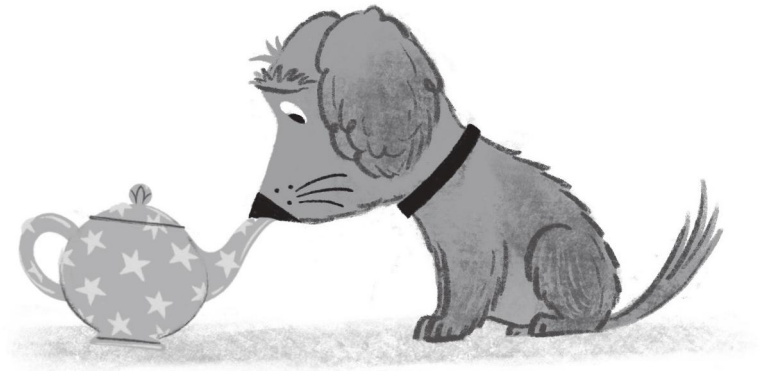
'It's too dark now, so let's go inside for a sleep and start our search in the morning when the sun comes up. At least it's stopped raining.'

Teeny tried to get inside the teapot with Grant, but it didn't go well . . .

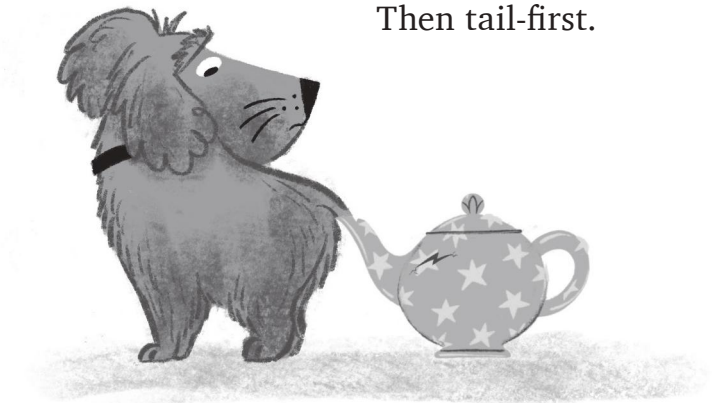
He tried getting into the teapot paw-first.



Then he tried nose-first.



Then tail-first.

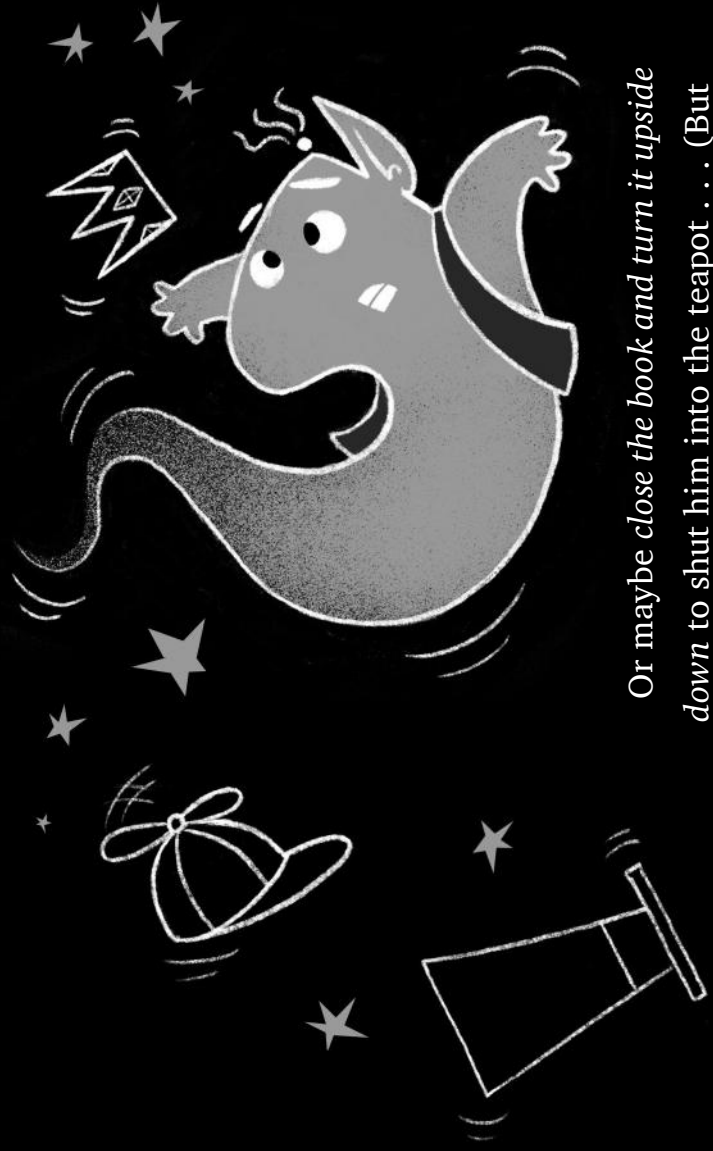


Maybe you could help to get Teeny to fit into the teapot (that Grant thinks is a lamp . . .)? *Try turning the book!*



No, that didn't work.

Maybe try shaking it to get Teeny inside?



Or maybe close the book and turn it upside down to shut him into the teapot . . . (But remember that you're on page 51!)

No, that didn't work either . . .



‘Sorry, Teeny. You’re way too big for this little lamp, which is DEFINITELY not a teapot. I’m afraid you’ll have to sleep outside.’

Teeny looked sad and curled up round the teapot with a whimper.



CHAPTER 3

A TEENY MISSION



In the morning, the sun shone brightly on Grant and Teeny.

Grant jolted awake and wiped some sleepy slobber off the top of his head, unsure whether it was his or Teeny’s.

Next (and this is one of the best things about being a genie) he clicked his fingers

and in a magical flash he had ...

BRUSHED HIS HAIR
(well, he does only have three!)



BRUSHED HIS TEETH
(fortunately, he has more than three of those!)



HAD A SHOWER
(genies get dirty too, you know!)



AND GOT DRESSED!

(Okay, he does only wear a waistcoat, so getting ready the normal way wouldn't take Grant THAT long, but how brilliant would it be to be able to get ready with just a click of your fingers?)

Then, Grant conjured up breakfast – sausages for Teeny and marshmallow ice cream for himself. Grant took his Explorer Hat off the shelf and popped it on his head.

Teeny had a quick wee and then they were both ready for their Teeny-owner finding mission . . .



CHAPTER 4 THE HUNT FOR TEENY'S OWNER



Grant scratched his head and wondered where to look first.

He took his binoculars out from under his hat and had a good look around the park. 'I think, because you are so **BIG**, we are

looking for quite a **BIG** person, a **BIG** person probably holding a dog lead. A **BIG** person probably holding a dog lead and probably crying because they are so sad that they can't find you. Now let's see . . .'

Grant spotted a clown. 'Hmm, this person is **BIG**, but he looks far too happy.'

Then he spied someone else. 'Now this person has a LEAD, but they already have something at the end of it. Aww, they look really SAD . . . Oh, but I don't think it's a person!'

Grant sighed heavily.

'I don't think your owner is in the park, Teeny. We'll just have to search somewhere else . . .'



'RIBBIT!'

