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**STORY TO READ**

**The Magic Finger**

**(Enid Blyton -ONE OF MY FAV  
WRITERS!)**



There was a little girl endowed with a peculiar gift — a magic finger. Whenever she was overtaken by intense anger, her

finger would twitch, and a strange transformation would occur. It was as though her emotions held the power to manipulate reality. She didn't like losing control, yet the sensation of anger often eluded her ability to suppress it.

One fateful day, while gazing out of her window, she witnessed the Gregg family, her neighbors, indulging in their favorite pastime — hunting ducks. With each shot, they reveled in the carnage, their laughter echoing through the air. The sight of such wanton cruelty sent the girl's temper soaring. Her finger twitched uncontrollably, and in an instant, she pointed it at the Greggs.

Before they could even comprehend what had transpired, the Greggs found themselves irrevocably transformed into

ducks. Feathers sprouted from their bodies, and their feet became webbed. The magic had ensnared them, and they were now at the mercy of the very animals they once hunted. Their laughter faltered as they quacked in bewilderment, finally understanding the anguish they had once inflicted.

The little girl, struck by an overwhelming sense of remorse, regretted her impulsive action. She had meant to teach them a lesson, but the consequences of her anger had spiraled beyond her control. For days, the Greggs waddled aimlessly, their wings flapping in futility. The world appeared vastly different from their new, vulnerable perspective. They now understood how it felt to be hunted — to be the prey rather than the predator. The

tables had turned, and the power dynamics that had once been in their favor were now a distant memory.

Each passing day, the Greggs' regret grew, as they could no longer look down on the ducks they had once sought to destroy. They quickly realized that life as prey was fraught with peril, where every corner turned could spell danger. They had taken their former lives for granted, oblivious to the suffering they had caused. No longer could they aim their rifles at anything in their path, nor could they ignore the plight of creatures in the wild.

The little girl, witnessing the Greggs' transformation, recognized the lesson embedded in the situation. Anger, once unleashed, could wreak havoc in ways unimaginable. She knew it was time to

reverse the spell. With a deep breath, she focused her thoughts and pointed her finger once more. As the magic swirled around her, the Greggs reverted to their human forms, stunned and bewildered by the events they had just endured.

In that moment of revelation, the Greggs experienced a profound shift in perspective. The once prideful family now understood the weight of their actions.

They vowed never to hunt again, and their newfound compassion for all living beings became evident in their daily lives. From that point onward, they treated the world with greater reverence, especially the animals they had once seen as targets.

The little girl, too, had learned an invaluable lesson. Anger, though a natural emotion, should never dictate one's

actions. She realized that hasty decisions made in the heat of the moment often led to irreversible consequences. As a result, she resolved to manage her temper with greater care, understanding that thoughtful consideration could prevent chaos. Her magic finger, though still present, would no longer be a tool of retribution but one of compassion.

Yet, the memory of the Greggs as ducks lingered in the girl's mind like a bitter aftertaste. It reminded her that even the most seemingly innocent acts of anger could have far-reaching consequences. The realization dawned upon her that compassion and empathy, rather than magic, were the true forces that could transform the world.

In time, the girl's magic finger, once a symbol of her uncontrolled fury, became a beacon of hope. She used it to bring about positive change — to help, to heal, and to restore harmony. And with each passing day, she understood more deeply that the power to shape the world was not in the wrath of the finger but in the kindness of her heart.