

I-Spy

"I spy with my little eye, something beginning with ..." The Boy had to think for a while. Then - "Beginning with 'D'".

"Pfff!" snorted the Magician, "Pathetic! Too easy! 'Darkness', of course. You'll have to do better than that! I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'K'".

The Boy had to think a long time about that one. After all, there was not much he could see from where he sat, with no light in the Magician's dungeon.

"Koal?" he asked, after a while.

The Magician gasped, in mock horror. "Koal!? Koal? You - spell - coal - with - a - 'C'" he said, tapping out each syllable on the Boy's head, to emphasise the point. "C - o - a - l - Coal. Not 'K'! Anyway, there's no coal in here."

"Klogs?" ventured the Boy.

"C - l - o - g - s - Clogs. Silly boy." The Magician tapped out the spelling-lesson on the Boy's arm this time, using a very sharp pointed finger-nail.

"Well, what am I supposed to say? I can't see anything at all, let alone something beginning with 'K'" complained the Boy.

"You give up then? OK - it's Kangaroo."

And sure enough, there was a flash of green light and - paf! - there stood a kangaroo, just beside the Boy.

"Now that Kangaroo, Boy, was another naughty child until last week. But he lost the game as well. Come on, then, your turn, Boy."

"I spy with my little eye, something beginning with..." The Boy could think of absolutely nothing.

"Come on, come on, time's running out!" said the Magician impatiently, dancing a few steps round the dungeon in his glee. Not often he managed to catch one of those boys who had been raiding his orchard.

"I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'E'", said the Boy at last.

"I've got it - Emptiness! Hee-hee!"

"No," said the Boy.

"No? Well, Extra-black blackness, then?"

"Not that," said the Boy, feeling happier by the second.

"E for Evacuated Castle, E for Expert Magician, E for 'Eavens Above There's Not Much To See?"

"None of those," said the Boy.

"I know - it's Exhilaration, like what I have, now I've got you!" shouted the Magician, convinced he was right.

"No, it's not and you've had five goes, so I've won."

"What? - oh, so I have. Well, what is it then, miserable wretch?"

"It was E for Eyelid," answered the Boy.

"Eyelid? What nonsense, you can't see your eyelid! Don't talk rubbish - you're cheating!" shrieked the Magician.

"No, I'm not. What can you see if you close your eyes if not your eyelid?"

"Pah! I'll get you." The Magician thought for a moment, then said "I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'O'".

"Optic?" said the Boy, who was quite good with words.

"No!"

"Obfuscation?"

"No!"

"Octopus? Obelisk?"

"No, no! You've got one go left - come on, come on, make my day!"
The Boy thought for a few more minutes. "Orange?"
"Ha-ha! Got you again!" There was a blue flash from the Magician's wand and there was an Ostrich running about the dungeon.
"You cheated," said the Boy. "You made that up. I bet if I'd said Ostrich instead of Octopus, you would have conjured up an Orang-Utan instead!"
Which was precisely what the Magician had planned. "Oh no, I wouldn't. Anyway, that Ostrich was once a bad girl. And the Orang-Utan was a noisy neighbour. They've been here all the time - you just couldn't see them. Come on, you've lost three times now. Best of five. Only two more wins for me and then I get to turn you into anything I want!" This was turning into a Good Day for the Magician.
The Boy thought carefully. "I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'T'."
"Oh, come on," moaned the Magician, "You can't see anything at all. Don't try it on."
"Something beginning with 'T'" repeated the Boy calmly.
"Let's see now - 'T'. 'Tiresome Boy'?"
"No."
"Tiny Crack In The Wall Where The Beetles Live?"
"No."
"Tinderbox? Tureen? Tapioca?"
"No," said the Boy, "I win."
"Oh what is it then?" sighed the Magician, very annoyed now.
"Thought," said the Boy.
"I know you thought. Thought what, silly boy?"
"No - the answer is Thought."
"What?!" The Magician exploded with rage. "T for Thought - what on earth? That begins with 'F', doesn't it? Oh, I know - it's one of those sneaky ones they teach you in school. T for Thought! Bah - anyway, how can you see a thought? What stupidity! My turn anyway. I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'Y'"
There was not much point in thinking too much. The Boy blurted out anything that came into his head.
"Yeti, Yo-Yo, Yerba, Yellowhammer, Y-fronts?"
Taken off guard by the speed of the Boy's replies, the Magician had already conjured up a flitting Yellowhammer with one wave of his wand before he realised that the Boy had said the word. "Blast you, Boy, you tricked me again! How did you do that?"
The Boy smiled to himself. But he had to be clever this time - it was three points all.
"I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'N'" he said at last.
"Nothing."
"No."
"Knee?"
"No."
"Nose?"
It was too simple, really. "Yes," sighed the Boy.
"Nose - what a fibber you are on top of everything else. It's so dark in here you can't even see the end of your nose. Here, take this for fibbing!" The Magician walloped the Boy with his wand. "Now," said the Magician, "Four-three. Let's have something beginning with 'F'"
"Fancy Goods?" asked the Boy.
"No!"
"Fairy Lights?"
"Nono!"
"Fledgling? Frock?"

"Nonono!" giggled the Magician.

"Flying Fox?"

"Nononononono! It's a Foenix!" And with three dramatic passes of his wand, liberally doused with some silver dust, there was a Phoenix sitting in the middle of a pile of red-hot embers, looking rather unhappy.

"That's five, I won!" shouted the Magician.

"But wait a minute," complained the Boy, "Phoenix is spelled with a 'P', not an 'F'! You've cheated again."

"Foenix with a 'P'? What on earth are you babbling about, Boy? No, I won and now I get to turn you into anything I want. That'll teach you to play games with the Mighty Magician, Boy!" And with one wave of his wand he turned the Boy into something beginning with ... 'M'.

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