

SIMPSON

TASHI and the GENIE

'the flying carpet bucked like a wild horse — trying to throw me off'

Jack is bursting to hear Tashi's fantastic stories about the sly genie and his three wishes...and what Tashi does when he comes face to face with the ferocious war lord again.

Tashi is always ready for anything. Follow his bold adventures in *Tashi*, *Tashi and the Giants* and *Tashi and the Ghosts*.



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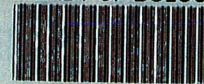
ANNA FIENBERG and Barbara Fienberg

Tashi

and the
GENIE



OUR LADY OF DOLOURS

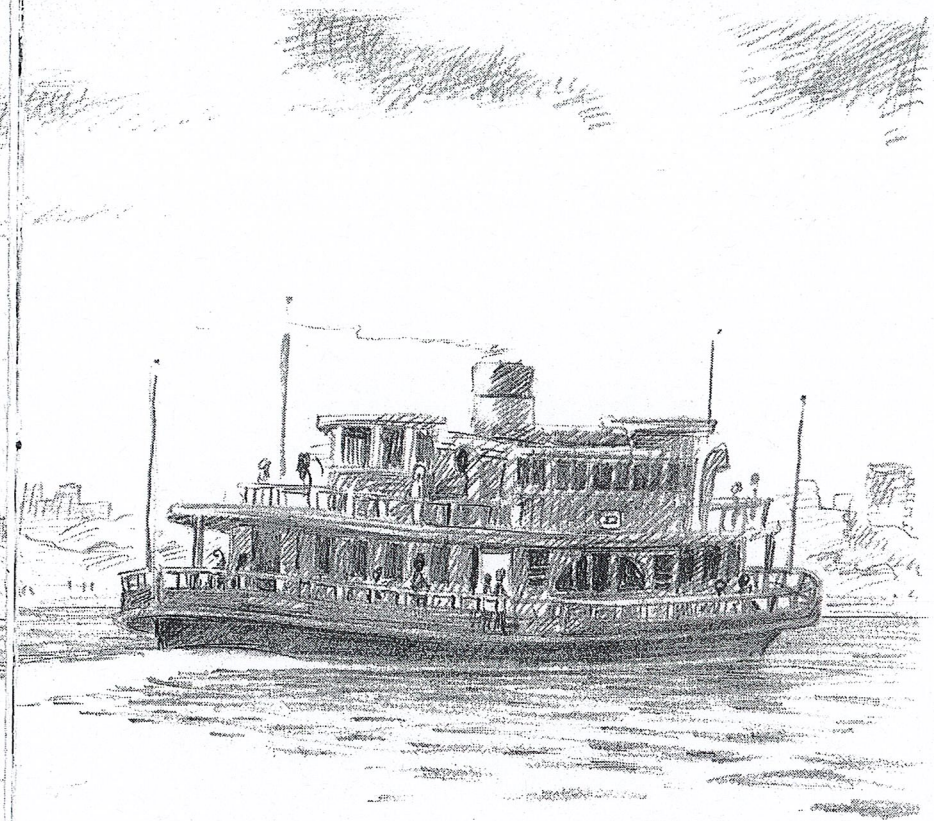


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illustrated by Kim Gamble

TASHI and the GENIE • Fienberg/Gamble

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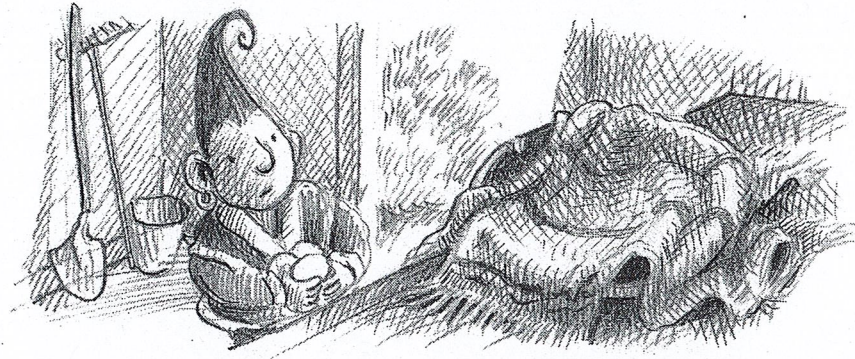
Jack and Tashi ran up the wharf and hurtled onto the ferry. They flung themselves down on a seat outside, just as the boat chugged off.

Tashi watched the white water foam behind them. The sun was warm and gentle on their faces. Jack closed his eyes.

'What a magical day!' they heard a woman say as she brushed past them. Jack's eyes snapped open.



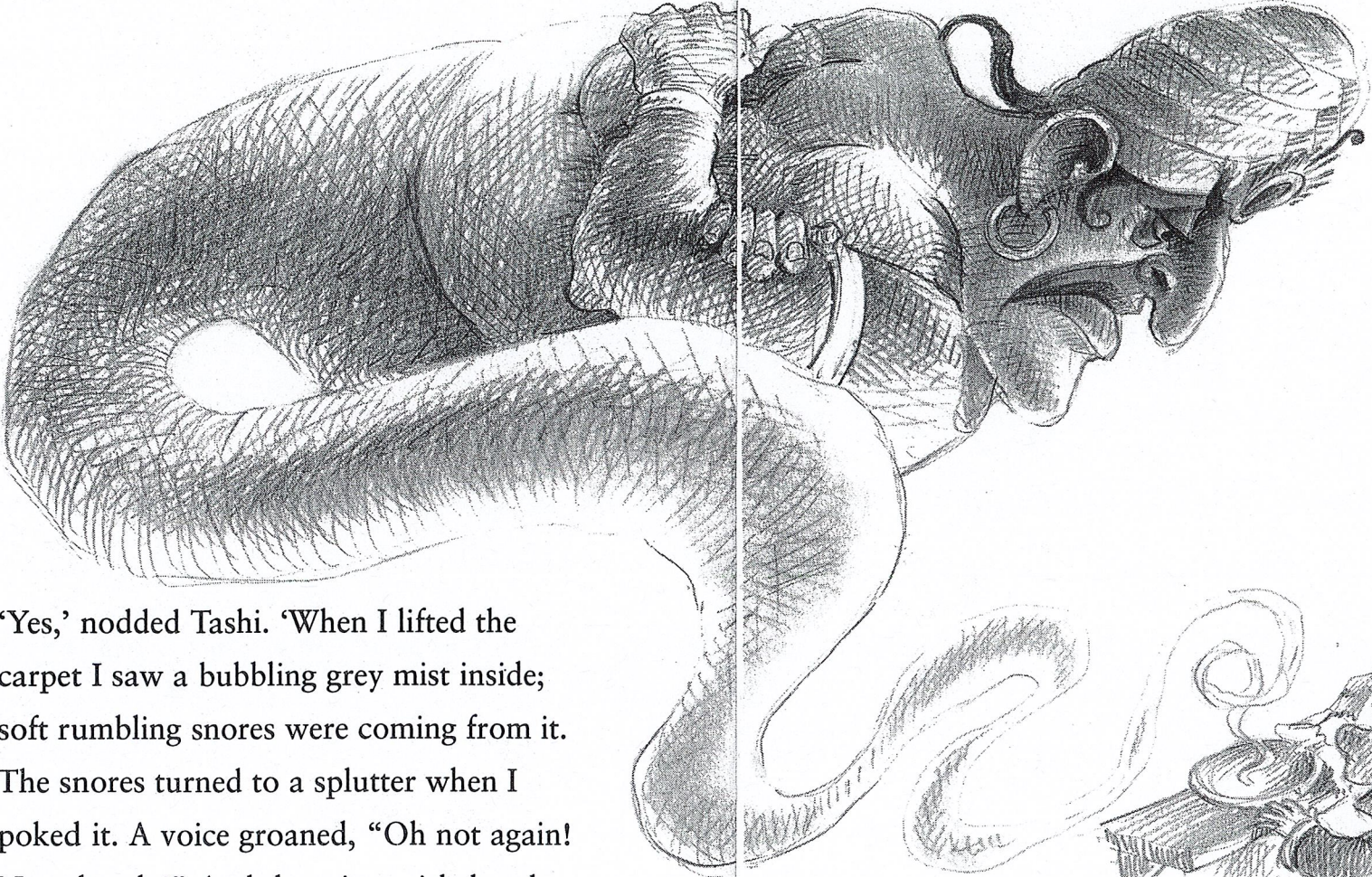
'Talking of magic,' he said to Tashi, 'let's hear about the time you saw that genie. What did he look like? How did you meet him?'



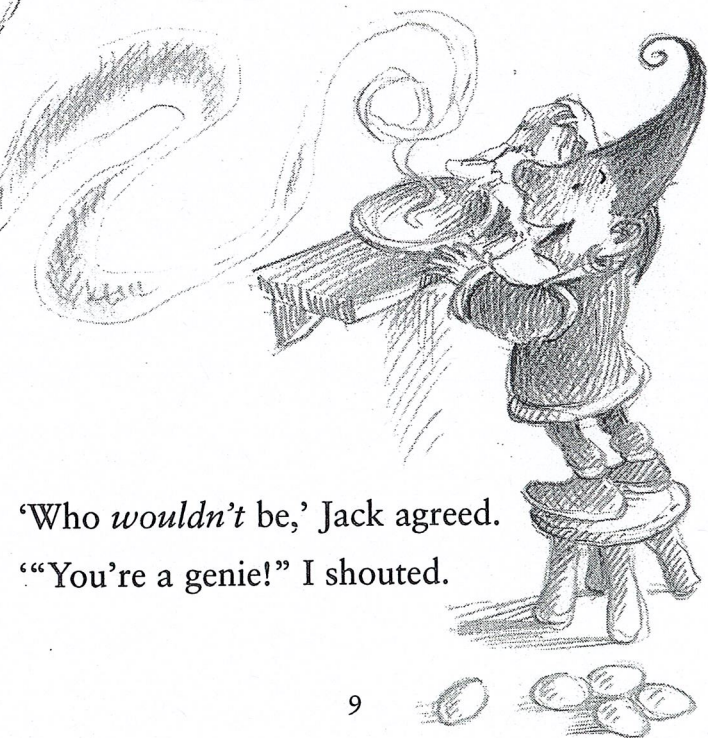
'Well,' said Tashi, taking a breath of sea air, 'it was like this. One day, not long before I came to this country, I was in the shed looking for some nails. Grandmother called me, saying she wanted a few eggs. I gathered about four or five from under the hens and then looked around for a dish to put them in. I spied an old, cracked one on a top shelf, covered with a dirty piece of carpet. But there was something very strange about this bowl.'

'Ooh,' squealed Jack. 'I know, I know what was in it!'





‘Yes,’ nodded Tashi. ‘When I lifted the carpet I saw a bubbling grey mist inside; soft rumbling snores were coming from it. The snores turned to a splutter when I poked it. A voice groaned, “Oh not again! Not already!” And the mist swirled and rose up in the air. Two big sleepy eyes squinted down at me. “And only twenty-five years and ten minutes since my last master let me go!” it said. Well, I was *very* excited.’





“What if I am?” said he.

“Why aren’t you in a bottle?” I asked. “Or a lamp, like normal genies?”

“The genie looked shifty. “Oh, my master went off in too much of a hurry to put me back in my lamp. So I just crept into this bowl, hoping for some peace and quiet.””

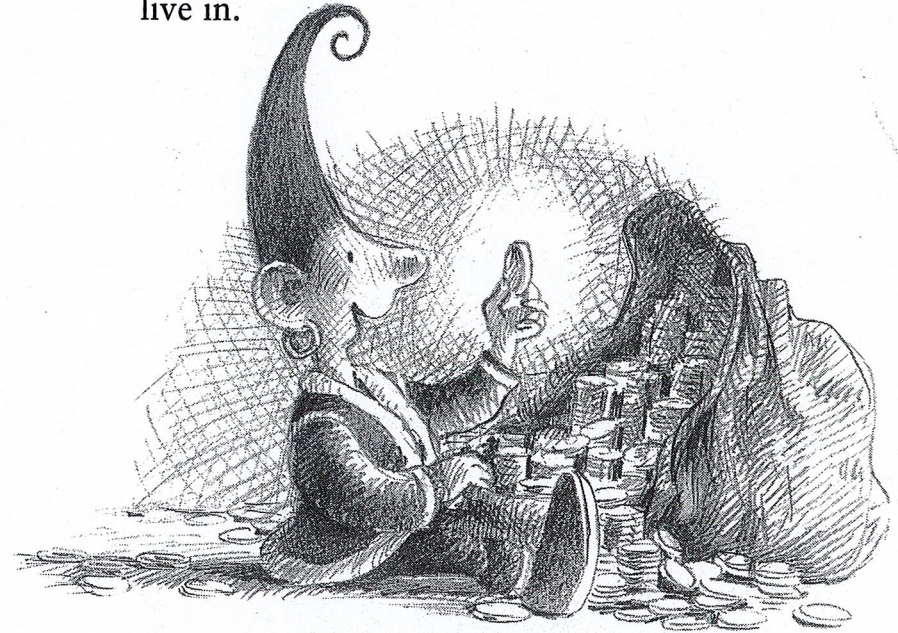
Tashi winked at Jack. ‘I happened to know a lot about genies, because my grandmother was always telling me what to do if I met one. So I looked him in the eye and said, “Now that I’ve found you, don’t you have to grant me three wishes?”’



'The genie groaned. "Wishes, wishes! People don't realise they are usually better off leaving things the way they are." But he pulled himself up to his full height and straightened his turban. "What is your command, master?" he bowed.



'I thought for a moment. "I would like an enormous sack of gold." Imagine, I could build a splendid palace, for all my family to live in.

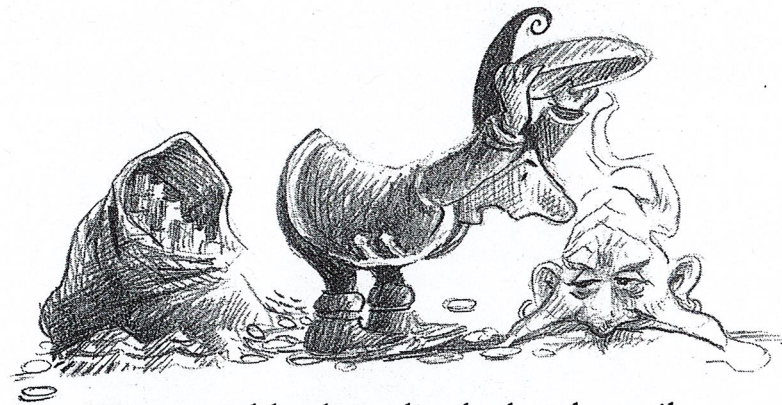
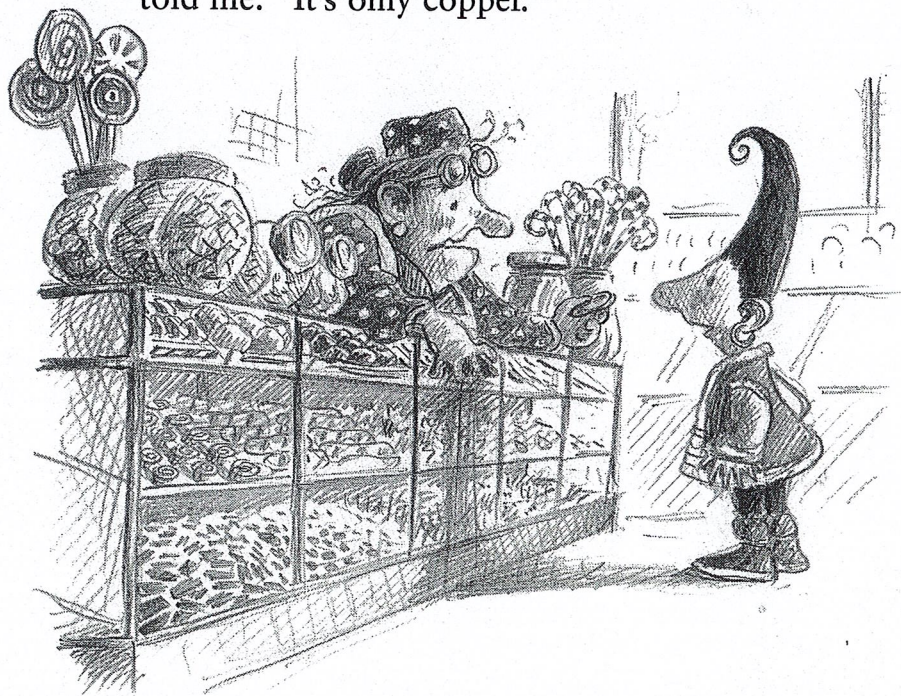


'The genie snapped his fingers and—
TA RA—a sack of gold lay at my feet! I ran my hands through the glittering coins and held one up. Hmm, before I build the palace, I thought, I might just run down to the sweet-maker's shop.'

'Good idea!' cried Jack. 'You could buy a *million* sweets, to last you till you're a hundred and ten!'



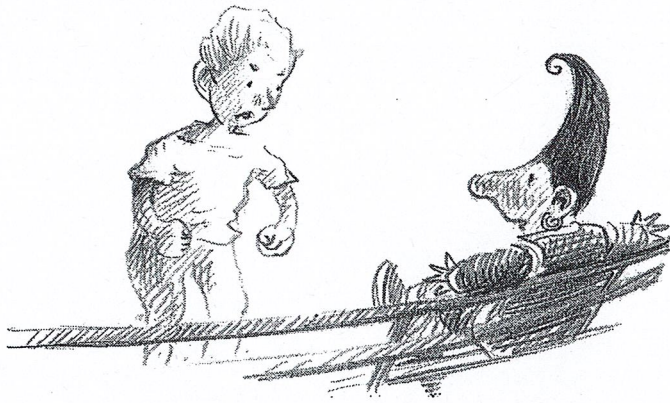
'Yes, but when Second Cousin at the shop took my coin, she looked at it carefully and rubbed it on her sleeve. The gold rubbed right off. "This coin is no good, Tashi," she told me. "It's only copper."



'I stamped back to the shed and angrily shook the genie out of his dish. "Those coins are only copper!" I shouted.



'The genie yawned. "Really? All of them? How tragic." He stretched. "Maybe a few at the bottom will be gold. What I need now is a glass of tea before I do any more work."



‘What a lousy, lazy genie!’ exploded Jack. ‘Yes,’ agreed Tashi. ‘And it gets worse. By the time I’d brought his tea, I’d thought of my second wish. “What about a flying carpet?” I asked. Oh, if only I’d known. The genie looked at me doubtfully. “Flying carpets are not my best thing,” he said. But I was firm with him, so he snapped his fingers, and there, floating at my knees, was a glittering carpet. It was the most magnificent thing I had ever seen. All smooth and polished as skin, it was patterned with hundreds of tiny peacocks, with eyes glowing like jewels.

