

Tilly runs across the field, her ribbon just about managing to hang on. Waves of emotion running with her. Down a muddy track and through some trees, she finds herself standing in a field covered with all types of flowers, a family of deer standing in the middle and a squirrel climbing up the oak standing next to her. She runs as fast as her little legs can carry her. The animals dispersing back into wildlife. She kneels down, and grabs a poppy, it was her mother's name.

*She'll love it!* But just as she was about to leave she saw something: it had been waiting for her. She held it in the palm of her hand and blew it. *I wish mum could get better.* "C'mon Timmy!" she squealed with excitement as she grabs hold of her dog's lead, "Let's go home.."

Laughter, giggles, cooking gone wrong was all she could hear as she walked through the gate. Her welly boots discarding mud as she ran and Timmy leaving a little trail of paw prints. "We're home!" she calls.

"Hi, Honey. Was Timmy well-behaved?" her father, slightly distracted by the twins, asks.

"Yep! I picked some flowers I'm going to give them to mum." Tilly joyfully holds the flowers above her head.

"O- Ella!"

As she runs up the stairs she hears two voices laughing and then a loud cough as she creaks her mother's door open.

"Hello, honey," a voice inside barely manages to make out the words.

"Hi mum."

"How was the walk?" her voice so crackly Tilly barely heard a word.

"It was great! I got you some flowers." Tily replies, handing over two poppies.

"They're-" her mother, rudely interrupted by a sneeze, carries on anyway, "lovely. Have you done your homework?"

"I was just about to."

"Good girl."

Leaving the room with her mother still in bed, Tilly closes the door then closes her eyes. If only wishes were granted.

Her alarm went off at 7:45; she had to be ready for school. Rolling out of bed and opening her wardrobe she thought back to her wish, *maybe It'll happen when I'm at school.* Barks from downstairs and her going off again meant she really had to leave.

*"Timmy it's just the postman!"*

*"Morning, dad."*

*"Morning, honey. Your lunch is on the table."*

*"Thank you. Love you, bye."*

*"Have a nice day!"*

*The door slams shut behind her, then a quick wave before she's on the bus to school.*

When she got back from school, Tily was surprised to hear no coughs coming from her mother's bedroom. Her dad had told her she was getting better but Tilly thought it was a wish. 'It's like a miracle' the doctors had said, but what miracle? How did this happen? *It's probably nothing*, she thought, *we all saw it coming.* But the only thing Tilly didn't know was that it wasn't nothing: it was everything.

Another day had passed and Tilly's mother was the best she had ever been: this morning she had gone for a walk - she hasn't done that in weeks! And the best of all, Tilly had done something amazing.

"Mother?"

"Yes, Honey?" Her mother's voice clear as day.

Tilly thought about the rest of her sentence, "Nevermind."

"No, what is it?"

"Well, it's just...How *did* you get better?"

There was a long pause, Tilly looking up into the sky, her mother looking down at the ground.

"I don't know." Her voice sounding genuine. "Like they said 'It's like a miracle.'"

*Miracle*, the words echo in her head, *but there's no such thing, right?*

Weeks had passed, and every day her mother had lost one thing that made her ill, but when she lost it Tilly gained it. Her coughs got worse, her mother's got better: it was like Tilly was being punished for her mother's triumph. The doctors had said Tilly caught her illness but had no idea how it happened.

By Imogen