Kind Midas Modern Recreation by Ed Morris

Midas was like all his friends. Imaginative and inventive, however he loved nothing more than computer games. His parents were very strict and hardly ever allowed him time on his computer.

Midas was walking home from school, imagining a fight scene between his game character and a dragon. He hadn’t played for ages, it felt like his parents were getting stricter by each passing day. He stopped himself from kicking a can that lay there on the pavement it had been crushed and abandoned. Midas bent down and picked it up. There seemed to be a noise coming from inside he looked in and saw a mouse, very small and thin with a huge scar across it’s legs. It’s eyes were red, but didn’t resemble evil instead they stared hopefully at Midas.

Midas took it home and cared for it, he gave it cheese, as he didn’t know what else mice ate, and let it sleep in the hottest cupboard he knew in his house leaving it topped up with some water. The mouse seemed very grateful. Midas closed the door of the cupboard. He turned round wearily wiping his eyes, preparing for bed. A figure hovered above the air. Midas jumped back.

“Who are you?” stammered Midas who was trembling slightly but trying to hide his fear.

The figure didn’t flinch at the startled boy.

“Hello I’m the angel of happiness it’s my job to keep the world a happy place and reward any good behaviour with a wish” she said all in one breath.

“Excuse me? Who did you say you are? Could you say that slower?” replied Midas

“Hello …I’m the angel of happiness … it’s my job to-“The angel said in her slowest voice

“Ok not that slow! Anyway, you said you could grant a wish. Anything? Really?” Squeaked Midas, bouncing around with joy.

“Anything.” Said the angel flying a little higher “But let me warn you young boy, use this wish wisely as- “

“I’d like it if I could play on the computer all the time please!” interrupted Midas

“If you wish so” said the angel flicking her wrist. She then faded away slowly. ‘Grant me a wish? What nonsense!’ thought Midas

Bemused, Midas helped himself to some cereal and sat down to watch Television with his parents.

“Mum, Dad,” said Midas

“Yes, what’s up?” replied his mum.

“I was wondering since I’ve done all my homework and it’s nearly my birthday could I maybe play a bit of computer? Just a tiny bit?” He pleaded.

His parents exchanged a glance

 “Yes you can” said his dad

Midas waisted no time sprinted upstairs and turned on his computer. He knew his parents wouldn’t let him have much time on the computer so he had to make the most of it.

Half an hour had passed but his parents hadn’t called him yet. ‘odd’ thought Midas, but he didn’t give it second thought. He was nearing the end of his level.

It had now been two hours since he had first turned his computer on and his parent were now coming up to bed.

“Hi Mum. Hi Dad.” Said Midas

“Hello Midas” they replied

“Should I turn my computer off?” Midas asked, he knew he would have to turn it off.

“You can have a while longer” replied his Dad.

Midas was overjoyed he ran up to his parents and gave them a hug. His mum ruffled his thick blonde hair and smiled.

“Enjoy!” they said before turned and slouching up the stairs.

Midas kept playing, waiting for his parents to tell him to come off but they never did. Midas stayed on his computer all night. The next morning his parents brought him cereal.

“Should I get ready for school now?” Midas asked

“No, I suppose you can have 5 more minutes” replied his dad.

Five minutes had passed but Midas wasn’t ready to stop.

“Can I have five more minutes?” He begged

“Okay” his parents replied.

Midas got carried away, he ignored the clock ticking away in the background, he ignored the voice inside him telling him to stop and go to school but he didn’t.

His parents left him all day almost ignoring his existence, his former strict parents seemed to be a distant memory.

Days had passed and he rarely left his seat the noise ringing in his ears was the unbearable sound of never-ending mouse clicks, he heard this over and over again.

His parents only occasionally dared enter the dragons den that was Midas’ room, every time Midas would scream at them demanding whatever he wanted as though he was a dragon breathing down fire on his terrified subjects. Midas mainly got what he wanted.

He scrolled his school website, Midas kept missing school but every time he told himself to go back he would be clawed back into the digital world and dismissed the idea of returning completely from his mind.

Weeks had passed, and Midas still barely moved. The only time he allowed his eyes to close was when he dozed off in his chair occasionally. His legs were now itching to be used. He looked at the masses of homework he had left overdue and the messages from his friends he ignored.

One day while Midas was scrolling the school’s website he saw photos and reports on an upcoming trip to Morocco with the astronomy club. Midas was fascinated by astronomy and had been itching to go on this trip since the day he first walked through the grand doors of his school.

He had been playing video games for weeks, but there was no way he would let this get in the way of his favourite trip.

“Please angel. Set me free of this curse” He begged “Please” he began crying. His parents burst in to check he was okay. He simply ran up to them and in turn wrapped his arms around them.

Later, right before his eyes a bright light illuminated his room, and the angel faded into view.

“Midas, I have heard you and shall undo your request” The angel said. It then dissolved before Midas’ eyes. The next day he arrived with his suitcase and his permission slip ready to go on the trip all his friends and teachers welcomed Midas back.