

The next week, the fisherman's wife asks to see him. "I want to be Queen of the Land" she screams.

"Queen of the Land?" says the \_\_\_\_\_. "Are you mad, \_\_\_\_\_"? She slaps him tells him to go.

The fisherman goes to the \_\_\_\_\_. Now the sky is \_\_\_\_\_ and the waves are very high. He calls the \_\_\_\_\_ and it swims up to him. "Dear fish", says the poor old man, "I don't know what to do! \_\_\_\_\_ wants to be Queen of the Land!"

"Ok. \_\_\_\_\_ your wish. Go home now," says the fish and \_\_\_\_\_ away. The fisherman goes home. He sees a beautiful place. His wife is sitting on a golden throne. There are \_\_\_\_\_ guards standing in front of the throne. "Who are you?" \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_. "\_\_\_\_\_, old man?"