The Magic Left In The World

Once upon a time there was magic. I don't mean sorcerer's spells or dragons, but for those who believed, there was a little magic left in the world. Not everybody knew about it. You just have to believe. And with that we start our story.

Our story begins in a small, sleepy town in rural Vermont where a girl was born. She had long, black hair and beautiful olive skin that almost seemed to emit a faint glow. Her name was Lydia. She had a little sister who was seven (Dawn) and a little brother who was two (Neville).

Their grandma on their mom’s side, according to family stories, was magic! The children had many debates about this (normally ending with Neville getting scared and running to his mom, and Dawn saying that she wanted magic, and Lydia thinking deeply about it) but in the end decided that she was nice and kind and even if she had magic that she would use it for good.

Now in a few hours they were leaving for their grandma's house. Lydia was really excited. Four hours and frantic last-minute packing later, they were in the car.

"We're on our way!!" Lydia cheered

"Finally," sighed Dawn. "It's been forever".

“Shhhhhhhhhhhhh! it's early you should try and go back to sleep.” said their mother.

"There's no way I'm going to fall back asleep,” said Dawn.

Five minutes later. “Snore”

“Yeah, ‘No way,” laughed Lydia.

A few hours later, she must've fallen asleep because the next thing she knew a shaft of sunlight had fallen across her face. Lydia cried, “There's Grandma! She's on the front porch!” She waved at them and they heard her call out, “You're here!”

Before the car even stopped Lydia leapt out. “Careful, Lydia!” her dad called after her. She ran to her grandma and hugged her tight.

“It's so good to see you!” said Lydia

“I'm glad to see you too!” replied Grandma
The next week was a happy blur. But the highlight of it all was on the eve of their departure. On that night, Grandma had given them each a homemade gift. For Neville, she knit a red bunny. For Dawn, a yellow bear. And for Lydia, a beautiful blue and purple hat. When she first saw it, Lydia was disappointed and it must have shown on her face because Grandma said, with a twinkle in her eye, “Don’t worry. I’m sure you’ll find this hat just as magical as the stars on a clear, dark night.”

A few days after returning home, Lydia received a letter in the mail. When she looked at the outside of the envelope, she recognized her Grandma’s name. She was a little bit confused because they had just spoken and spent a lot of time together. But excited nonetheless. She ripped it open. It said:

*Dear Lydia,*

*I have something to tell you now that you have turned 10 years old. You’ve probably heard the stories of me and others in our family tree being magic. I’m not sure if you believe these stories, but I am here to tell you they are true. This probably sounds very odd and surprising and I’m not sure if you believe me. But let me explain. First, I am not the only person who had or has magic. It’s been passed down throughout our family for generations and generations and I hope it will be passed down for generations and generations to come. Second, our family is one of last families to still have active magic in it. We are the protectors of it. It is our duty to guard against those who want to take the magic for themselves. The moment I first saw you, I knew that you were the next person to carry on the magic. Third, if you haven’t already noticed the hat I gave you is not any ordinary hat. Please take good care of it. I love you and I know that you can do it.*

*Sincerely,*

*Grandma*

Lydia just sat there. Stunned. Was she to believe that her grandma had magic? Was she to believe the old family stories? A million questions raced through her head. Were all the little things people had added in over time real? She did not know what to think or where to begin. A small part of her, the more logical part, was saying, *oh this letter is just a prank*. But a larger part of her seemed to be saying, *I knew this all along*. And that was the voice she chose to listen to.
That night the wind picked up and snow began to fall thick and fast. The wind howled and the shutters outside her bedroom window crashed again and again against the house. She lay awake for hours, listening to the wind, the letter repeating itself in her head. Something on her side table caught her eye. It was the hat. It looked as though someone had woven stars into the yarn. Lydia remembered how her Grandma had said in the letter, *if you haven’t already noticed the hat I gave you is not an ordinary hat.* She reached towards it. When her fingers touched the yarn a surprising warmth spread through her hand and up her arm. She lay back on her pillow and then she had an alarming thought, *What if I am not ready? What if I am not the right person?* These thoughts worried her to no end. She could not stop thinking about it, and wondering if she was the right person to be entrusted with magic. As she fell asleep she pushed the matter out of her mind. The next morning the sky was blue and the sun was shining. She ran to her window and saw that knee deep snow had coated the ground. After breakfast, they got their sleds and walked down the small dirt road to a hill. They were soon whizzing down it.

“*Wee!!!*”

“This is awesome!”

In a little while, they were sweating from trudging back up the hill. Lydia took off her new hat and put it on the ground before taking another run. But soon, they were cold and wet.

Neville exclaimed, “I feel soggy.”

“Let’s go home,” said their mom. “Maybe Dad can make you some hot cocoa.”

It was still snowing the next day as she pulled on her snow gear and got ready to go out. She looked around. Her hat was missing. The one from her grandmother. She hurried outside. At the hill, she searched where she’d taken off her hat. She dug through the snow until she was sopping wet and cold to the bone. Finally, with tears in her eyes, she had to give up and go home.

That night, Neville was playing with his bunny and said, “Mom, can I call Grandma and show her my bunny and how much I love him?”

“Of course, dear. I’m sure she’d appreciated knowing how much you like playing with your bunny.”
Lydia looked up from the book she was reading and said sadly, “But I can’t show her how much I’m enjoying my hat.”

“I know, sweetie. When the snow melts in the spring, I’m sure we’ll find your hat.”

Lydia said, “But it’ll be ruined.”

“Well, we’ll wash it off. Don’t worry, honey.”

Their grandma was very happy to see how much Neville and Dawn had enjoyed the bunny and bear. But, when Lydia appeared in the corner of the video to say hi, their grandma said, “Lydia, you look sad. Is anything the matter?”

Lydia said miserably, “I can’t find the hat.” She started crying. Through her tears, she said. “I’m so sorry, Grandma, I went sledding with it and I took it off because I was hot and then I forgot it and then it kept snowing …”

“Don’t be so sad, Lydia.” said Grandma. “I am sure you and the hat will reunite soon enough.” And a sparkle in her eye made Lydia confused.

Lydia was worried about the hat. She was worried that she was not the right person. And she was worried that she had disappointed her Grandma. Days passed and her stomach felt like a weight had been permanently placed there. She spent hours searching the sledding hill for the hat, but she never saw a trace of it. She grew so worried that she did not really have an appetite and her mom thought she was sick, and let her stay home from school. When she went back to school she could not focus and got lower marks than usual.

Spring came and she walked by the hill as she often did now. Further along the dirt road, she noticed a flash of color. She walked towards it and felt like her stomach drop. There was the hat. Hanging off a tree branch. It was dry and not the least bit dirty. She reached up for it and felt a surge of happiness run through her body. She was about to put it on when the negative thoughts returned. Even though she had found the hat, she’d lost it in the first place hadn't she? Did she really have what it took? She did not know if she was ready to put it on quite yet. But she was so excited to have found it she could not help smiling as she headed home.
tucking the hat in her pocket along the way. She could tell her grandma in a couple days when she arrived to celebrate Lydia’s birthday.

After hugging Neville and Dawn, Grandma made a beeline towards Lydia and asked if she’d like to take a walk. Lydia smiled excitedly and said, “I have something to tell you.”

Outside the new leaves on the trees were just beginning to unfurl in the watery spring sunlight. Lydia told her Grandma all about finding the hat and pelted her with questions about the magic.

“Do I have magic?” Lydia asked. “Why not my mom or dad?”

“If I can get a word in, I’ll try to explain.”

She stopped walking and placed her hands on Lydia’s shoulders. She said, “I’ll first try to help you understand magic in general. Some families have magic and it’s been passed down from generation to generation. I got it from my mother many years ago and now it’s time that I gave it to you.”

Lydia’s mouth fell open. “Now?”

“Let me explain a little bit more. If you are meant to take on the gift of magic, you will be born with quirks that will eventually become your magic. Small things that might not even be noticeable until you get older. Something like falling out of a high tree and landing on your feet. But, if you get the big gift of magic then your quirks will grow and develop. Those are yours even when you pass the magic onwards you still have your quirks, the magic that is inside of you. Like I said in my letter, the moment I saw you I knew that you were the one.”

“But how do you give magic?” Lydia asked.

“You open the gates of your soul and let the magic go because it’s no longer your destiny to have it and you try to be at peace with that.”

Lydia pulled the hat out of her pocket and said, “But then, what is this for?”

Her grandmother answered. “That is the key to your gates. I’m wearing a wool sweater. This is how my mom gave it to me. This is my key. When you give or get magic you must wear the hat.”

Lydia felt the weight lift from her stomach as she realized that she just had to believe. She put the hat on her head. “I’m ready.”