

Crystal

‘Magic Dahua, apple and banana, banana and apple, Magic!’ said Crystal. ‘You have practised this spell for whole day. Get some rest. You are almost there,’ encouraged his father. ‘Yes, darling. Go to bed now. It’s your first day school tomorrow,’ said her mum.

‘Leave me alone, please. I will sleep soon,’ replied Crystal. It’s perfectly normal for Crystal working so hard. Her parents were both great mages but she seemed not to have any traits.

Crystal kept on practising but she failed again and again. She did not go to bed until her eyes could barely open. ‘Tick tock ...’. Suddenly, her bed opened a big mouth and bit her. It was so painful making her jumped out of it and rushed back to school.

Although her buttocks were still in pain, she managed to make it to her first lesson on time. There was only one seat left, which was next to a shy-looking girl named Cindy. So she sat there awkwardly.

The professor started the lesson with a series of questions. Only Crystal and that girl couldn’t answer it. No matter how hard they tried, they were just not good at using magic. Maybe it was destined that these two girls would be very good friends.

They were always laughed by their classmates and unpopular at school. No one ever invited them to join any activities or clubs. They looked downhearted and gloomy every day. They couldn’t find a meaning here. They wished to go home.

One day, they wandered around the school for hours and got to a forest. A little bird sparrow under a tree caught Crystal’s eyes. It was learning to fly with her mother’s help. ‘One... two... three... twenty...’, murmured Crystal as she was counting its falling times.

‘Thank you so much, little one,’ shouted Crystal hopefully. Cindy was confused with her sudden excitement. ‘Let’s try our best like that little sparrow. We should have faith,’ said Crystal hopefully.

Again, they practised very hard from dawn to dusk. No one could stop their determination. Still, most students looked them down. They practised even harder when exam was coming.

The topic was using a magic wand to stick a pen into a fruit. Despite their perseverance, they only had little improvement. They were so worried about the result. ‘I am sorry. There are some ... are destined to be non-magic. I’m ... afraid you... are’ stammered the professor.

Indeed it was a heartbreaking truth for anyone to accept it, even the professor himself. 'Everything serves its purpose. We are not weak. If we can't accept ourselves, how can we ask others to do it? I know what we can do now,' said Crystal suddenly and ran away alone.

It was a club. Crystal wanted to start a club to invite all the non-magic students to join it and stand strong. She hoped to help them discover their unique potential except magic. Yet, they were too scared to reveal themselves. They were again humiliated by those talented magic students.

Cindy expressed she couldn't bear those comments anyone. Crystal encouraged and convinced her to stand strong because she believed one day she could make a difference. They really did it. They gave speeches all around the world to encourage people accept who they are, embrace weaknesses and reach their potentials.

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