

Ding-a-ling! The school bell rang. Michael Ratrog pushed me over as I was walking out of class, again! He has fire-red hair and waves of freckles all over his face. His eyes are always dull.

"Gotcha again Lucy!" he scoffed and walked away with his friends.

Man I really hate him! He always does horrible things to me. I'm really sick of it. I live close enough to walk home, but sadly, Michael does too. As I walk home he throws sticks and stones at my back. Every day he throws something different. What's next? An elephant?

As I was dreamily thinking, he had come up and taken my brand new bag, whipped it off my shoulder and thrown it in the mud. I let out a little horrified squeak and grabbed my bag. I was too upset to do anything to him so I just ran to my leafy hiding bush.

I always come and sit here when I'm sad or anything. I closed my eyes and let a tear roll down my cheek. When I opened them again, there was a beautiful white cat staring into my face. Her big green eyes sent me into a trance. I shook myself awake again.

"Oh hello," I whispered.

She sat in my lap and looked up at me, as if she wanted me to tell her about my problems. So I did. It almost felt like I was talking to a person.

"I just wish I had the power to move things with my mind. I would pick Michael up and throw him in the bin!" I laughed at what I said.

Then, out of the blue, the cat touched my nose with her paw. It felt soft. I realised it was late. I patted the cat goodbye and ran the rest of the way home.

I was panting as I came through the door.

"Lucy, there you are! I was worried about you. Go and have your bath, and give your bag a bath too." My mum was a real joker.

As I dragged my bag up the stairs, all my books and homework fell out. I didn't care. I looked in the bathroom mirror. My straight black hair now looked like a bird was nesting in there. I plucked a leaf from the top of my head. My big green eyes were tired. I thought I would go to bed early. After my bath I got my pyjamas on. I prefer to call them jabamas.

I was lying on my bed, wondering if Where-the-heck-astan was really a place when the phone rang. I really didn't want to get up and answer it even though it was only on the table across the room. I don't know why but I concentrated really hard on the phone and it flew over into my hand. I ran down-stairs and handed the phone to mum. I ran back up, tripping on the rug a couple of times.

"Why did the phone fly into my hand?" I thought aloud

Then I had a flashback like in the movies: The magical thing about the cat- it touching my nose. After it touched me I felt a bit different. It must have given me powers! I couldn't wait for school tomorrow!

I woke the next morning to the sound of birds chirping at my window. I looked at the clock beside my bed. I was late! I got dressed and kissed mum goodbye. I could grab a sandwich on the way to school.

As I was walking, I felt something (which turned out to be CDs) being thrown at me.

"Not again!" I groaned.

Then I remembered I could move things with my mind. I turned around and concentrated really hard on him, then splat! He was in a big puddle of mud.

"Take that!" I shouted

I knew it wasn't the right thing to do but I couldn't take Michael Ratrog always being so horrible to me! As I was thinking bitterly, I tripped over something. It would make a perfect sling-shot! I had an idea...

I don't mean to be really gross, but a lot of kids in my class collect their boogers in peanut butter jars. After class I was going to take one, planning to shoot them at Michael.

I hid under my desk until everyone had gone out. I knew I could have just picked it up and put it in my bag, but I wanted to do it the fun way- using my powers. It was risky-I didn't want anyone to know . What I didn't realize was that Michael was watching me through the door way. Oh no. He knew my secret. I'm dead.

I shoved the booger jar into my bag and casually strolled out of the classroom as if I hadn't done anything. But I knew: he knew my secret. I was able to keep this *GIANT* secret a secret for one day. Wow, a world record.

"I know your secret Lucy. I'm going to tell the whole world about you! Scientists will do tests on you and you will live in a crazy house forever! Mwahahahahadedalaa -cough-cough." He was happy with the idea.

That afternoon I rushed home. I paced back and forth for so long I thought my legs were going to drop off. I started jotting down some ideas but I ended up falling asleep.

Next morning I was late again, even later than the other morning. I did the same thing as the day before except this time I had the jar of boogers in one hand and the sling-shot in the other.

Just like always Michael started throwing things at me again. I stopped in my tracks. So did Michael. I took out one big snotty booger. I got in position, aimed and fired! I hit him straight on the end of his nose.

"Bullseye!" I shouted

I saw his face. It was red, his eyes bulging. His teeth clenched and his fists tightened.

He let out a I'm-totally-grossed-out-and-I'm-gonna-get-you kind of screams. I let out an I'm-just-gonna-run-for-it scream and took off running.

He started to chase me. Because I'm long and thin, I'm a natural tree climber. I scrambled up the tree and sat in the highest branch. He tried climbing but just couldn't do it.

Then he suddenly looked pleased and shouted up the tree at me, "I'm gonna go and tell the world about you NOW!"

I couldn't let him go and give away my secret! I froze him and lifted him into the air.

"I won't put you down until you promise to not tell anyone my secret!" I said.

"Never!" he screamed, thrashing his arms and legs in the air.

"You know, I can remove your brain from your body. Then you will be dead." I knew I had him.

"OK OK! I won't tell anyone. Just put me down!" he shrieked. I let him down and he ran away as fast as he could.

I had to get rid of these powers just to be on the safe side. I climbed down and went to go find the cat. The first place I decided to look was behind the bush.

When I got there it was like she knew what I was looking for. I kneeled down and she tapped my nose with her soft little paw. A big gush of air flew around me sending my hair into a frenzy. It was so thick I couldn't see a thing. Then everything went back to normal.

I never saw the cat again and Michael stopped bugging me. He must have thought I still had powers. I actually did well in school,

except for maths. I will always suck at that. It's a lot easier when someone isn't poking you trying to get the answers.

Just goes to show you. Magic is everywhere. It's in the air and around every corner. We just don't take the time to look around and see it. The next time you're out, just stop and look around. Even though you can't see magic, it will always be there. So never stop believing, in anything.