



The Magic of The Moon



The moon rose from behind the clouds as butterflies drifted at the waters edge. Amy had no idea why she was chosen. Each night her powers came to life. She had full control of insects around her. She could speak to them as if she was one of them. They responded to her thoughts and reacted to her feelings. Young and naïve, Amy chose to do use her powers to help others. “Help!” cried a voice in the distance.



She summoned her insects and rushed towards the voice. Lying flat on her back in a pit and staring at the night sky was a young girl, surrounded by snakes. Amy swooped down on the back of 100 butterflies. “Are you okay?” she whispered. The girl just glared at her and began to laugh maniacally. Her face morphed into that of an old witch. “Your powers are mine,” she said with an evil look in her eye. This was a trap.

As the witch approached, Amy called to the insects of the forest. Thousands of insects swarmed but were met by a magical forcefield. The witch had trapped her. “You are no match for me,” she laughed triumphantly.

All of a sudden, ground insects emerged from beneath the witch’s feet. Amy closed her eyes and summoned as many as she could. The witch fought and screamed hopelessly. They enveloped her, sucking her into the earth as the forcefield faded.

The moon shone brighter than ever as Amy made her way home. Surrounded by 100 beautiful butterflies, she smiled. Amy knew more evil was out there and was ready for the fight.

