

The Magical Discovery

Overhead, in the towering trees, owls hooted melodically as Lilly, who was clutching her empty yellow bag, wandered leisurely down the empty streets towards her house. Around her, dogs scavenged in the alleys as the shop keepers began to throw out their garbage into the large, over-filled rubbish bins. "Shoo! Get outta 'ere!" bellowed the deep voice of a man, clapping his hands furiously as he tried to scare the hounds away.

Lilly stopped. She chuckled to herself quietly as the mongrels continued to sniff the ground around the man's stained boots. The man, who had spotted Lilly out of the corner of his eye, looked up angrily. Her breathing quickened. Her hands started to sweat. He had seen her. Without a second thought, she turned on her heels and proceeded towards her house.

While she sauntered down the long, cobbled street, Lilly spotted the most beautiful, multi-coloured feather lying delicately on the ground. "It's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," uttered Lilly, picking the feather up and placing it carefully into her yellow bag. Mesmerised, Lilly watched as the feather floated gently to the bottom of the satchel before she snapped the bag shut with a click. Clutching the bag tighter than before, Lilly quickened her pace as she bounced down the street towards her house. Within a few minutes, she arrived, opened the gate and skipped down path to her front door.



Inside, Lilly raced to her room and slammed the door shut behind her. When she was sure that she wouldn't be disturbed, Lilly unlocked the bag carefully to see what magic it would bring this time. In a flash, an explosion of colour erupted like a violent volcano across her bedroom to form the most magnificent rainbow. Colour engulfed the petite room like a beautiful summer's day. Lilly sat on her bed, cross-legged, as she imagined playing in the park with her friends, eating ice cream and...

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"Lilly, is that you?" called her mum from downstairs.

Irritated, Lilly slammed the bag shut and popped her head out of her room. "Yeah Mum, it's me!" she replied, "I'll be down in a while." Before Lilly re-entered her room, she made sure her mum had retreated to her arm chair in the living room. When she heard the echo of the TV beneath her feet, she rushed back into her room, jumped onto her bed and unfastened the lock on her yellow bag.

Shocked, surprised, amazed, Lilly couldn't believe her eyes. This time it wasn't a rainbow. A flock of parrots, which fluttered excitedly out of her bag, caused a fuss, squawking and crashing into possessions. Her body froze. What was she going to do? What would her mum say when she heard the commotion? Immediately, Lilly leapt towards the window, opened it wide and ushered the birds out of her room.

Relieved, she sat back on her bed. "That's enough for one day," she muttered, taking the feather out of her bag and storing it carefully in the box beneath her bed. Before leaving her room, Lilly hung the bag back on the hook behind her door. Fascinated, she watched it as it changed colour enchantingly. The bag was now silver, glistening like a night-sky full of stars, ready for another day.

