

*Dear Amilee,*

*We are delighted to inform you that you have been accepted for the School of Witchcraft and Wizardry at Evanglory. May we remind you that you must bring all the equipment on the second of August to Milngavie station (equipment listed on enclosed parchment and a train ticket is also attached to this letter). We must remind you that mobile phones are **strictly forbidden** in the magical world and at school.*

*Please note that to enter platform 3 at the station you must go through the door next to the ticket centre entrance. When you arrive at Evanglory please report to Alleyway Evan to collect your school equipment. At all times be cautious of average humans.*

*We hope to see you soon!*

*Kind regards*

*Herelda Hotrix – deputy head mistress, Merit of order level 3, Conversion teacher*

*Ps Please pop in to your local magic store if you are in need of any school supplies before you get to Evanglory.*

Amilee stared at the letter she held between her fumbling fingers. She had always believed there was something strange about her. She could make things move without touching them, hurt people, heal people and speak to her favourite bird- a heron, which regularly visited the river at the bottom of her garden.

She had been very quick to accept the fact that she was a witch because of all of these talents which had revealed themselves to her over several

years of an otherwise fairly normal childhood. Despite her mild confusion, curiosity was getting the better of her.

Striding out of the run-down cottage she had only recently settled in to, her arms flailing in sheer excitement as she set off to visit the magic store, not forgetting to pocket her trust-worthy phone in her baggy, over-sized jeans.

'Surely it was a joke?' She thought hastily. Her phone was her only mean of communication with the outside world. It was her only connection with the normal girls in her class. Her only way to keep in touch with how the normal lived. She loved their non-magic world, even though she couldn't be part of it.

It was a gorgeous day, though a bit windy. The sun was beating down on her sleek hair now swirling around her head and her silver-moon eyes fixed furiously on her destination. She discovered the magic shop years earlier when she had been visiting the local Marks and Sparks with her Mum and had discovered, hidden in the far corner of the store, the door that everyone else thought was a store cupboard, but actually led to a different, magical, world.

Her little mobile phone was buzzing in her pocket as if it was excited. She knew nobody was actually calling her, nobody normal ever did. She ignored it.

Finally reaching her destination in the tinned veg aisle, she glanced behind her and stepped then soared into the wizarding world. She was plummeting forward in to the blackest darkness. It was extremely cold. Clutching her hair and phone her feet finally hit the ground and light flooded in all around her. She had made it! Slowly she took her hand off her hair and out of her pocket. A dreaded feeling hit her with sudden ferocity- her phone had melted in her pocket creating a giant hole, tearing her jeans which were now more like uneven shorts. A fire-coloured foamy liquid was dreamily pouring out of her pocket. Embarrassment wasn't the half of it. Feeling slightly depressed she walked further in to the shop.

'Amilee' she heard a familiar voice shout.

Moving towards the sound she slowly saw the outline, and then the face of her old friend Merulah Thorn. Smiling nervously, she joined her old friend outside the broomstick section of the shop.

'Amilee, I'm so glad you're here!'

She sounded relieved!

'My word, what happened to your jeans!' Merulah pouted, 'we could go to the robe shop and get you new clothes if you'd like- we get them for free because we're first-time students and we also get seven silver coins that we can spend on whatever we like!!'

Amilee sighed sleepily yet excitedly and replied, 'That sounds fabulous but can we go and get the robes first? I feel very self-conscious right now'.

'Of course!'

Merulah led Amilee to the robe section, called 'Romy's Robes'. It was a very small section at first glance but magically became rather roomy as she walked closer.

A beautiful frocked lady came up to them and asked them if they needed a hand in picking and measurements for their school uniform.

She also commented on the hole that was already agitating Amilee very much. With her anger from the loss of her phone she slightly dreaded the days ahead but was thankful for the opportunity in life to become a proper witch. This was the start of her new life, a journey to Evanglory and to fame and fortune as a grand witch- without her phone!!!