



**A Special Place
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Magic. It's more than just a word. It's a gem of unlimited hope. I am Colt Davis. I am your usher to a wonderful place where your imagination is unleashed. Travel with me and be so bold as to look out on this hidden world. And study the inquiry **WHAT IF MAGIC STILL EXISTS ...?**

The place I am talking about is called Tara's Bazaar because it was created by Tara the Great. It is a town of tiny huts and tall walls, which separate the three different types of magicians - Rammers- who use their magic to increase their physical strength, Rooters- who use their magic to turn into trees from humans to maintain the balance between carbon dioxide and oxygen and the Sorcerers- who use magic in its purest form. The town had hidden passageways built anywhere and everywhere, and there were barrels full of magical tarot cards dotted around the streets, magic carpets were the only transport option so they were flying and whizzing around all day long, and the employees of Gene's Lamporium, a shop where you can buy magical lamps, worked monotonously on and on, like the head of an elephant in a state of sad insanity.

Sorry, bad metaphor. On a normal day it would be dry and sandy due to the desert location, no wind if you don't count the frequent sandstorms, strong odours of dirty sweaty clothes and blue genie dust would make anyone cover their nose. Smelly camel fur makes people go into a fit of violent coughs and sneezes but the smell of fresh bread from the bakery shop is at the top of it all, seizing the attention of any passers- by, and persuading them to spend precious money, since they didn't even have enough money to buy some meat and fish, on the golden loaves of bread fresh from the magic- powered oven, since electricity is not used there. As soon as it gets dark the magical lights are turned on using light sensors.

The weather was unpredictable as there were bright hot days in winter and cold snowy days in summer. Snakes were the most common pet. At noon people would desperately try to find shelter from the merciless sun, they would slip inside quickly

through the wooden door of the huts, though not quickly enough to prevent a severe sunburn. However, Tara the Great, the founder of Tara's Bazaar, had caused a whole solar eclipse just because the day was too warm. The people there have adapted to this ability and have passed it down generation after generation. So the next time you see a solar eclipse, you will know who caused it. Once inside people would use their precognitive third eyes to see when it would be safe to go back outside and if they were really bored, they could even use one of their three wishes from the household genie to pass the time. On the walls you could expect various moving posters of various shops such as The Flying Mattress, where you could buy- well- flying mattresses, to be hung up, the huts' walls were small and the posters were big so they would cover up most of the wall.

An average, middle aged person there will be about four foot tall, overweight, due to them consuming as much food as they could when food was available, and very hairy but, not to brag, also handsome like me. The richest people there, which there were only five or ten of, might have a terrace but could only get there by conjuring up invisible stairs from out of nowhere. If you're thinking why they don't just conjure up a lift or an escalator, that is because most of them don't even know what those are. There were no schools in the town so they would have to go to the neighbouring one on a flying mattress.

I think this place is so special because you get to meet new people. You meet new people anywhere you go, but the experience is different there because all kinds of people live there with all kinds of different magical powers. If you have lived there for ten years or more, chances are that you still do not know it very well because there are new magical activities to do every day. The transportation system there, flying mattresses, is a good alternative to driving, which is probably the transportation choice for most of you and dealing with the traffic and parking situation. The biggest magic events such as El Primo's wrestling event, Poco's guitar concert, Rico's ball pit festival and Gale's snow art openings happen there. The main thing that can be very comforting there with such few people from different magical backgrounds is that everyone is sharing the same experience as you and will always be there for you.

Well, I know that it's not the most magical of places but it's the only place with even a little bit of magic left. But now, I hope that you understand the full meaning of the word magic. It might not seem like it at first but the citizens of that place still value magic. My name is Colt Davis and I thank you for letting me usher you through this special place.