



# The Enchantress from Canada

by Amelia Penney-Crocker



## Acknowledgments

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Amelia Penney-Crocker  
Author



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# **The Enchantress from Canada**

by

Amelia Penney-Crocker

Illustrations by

Ruby Jangaard

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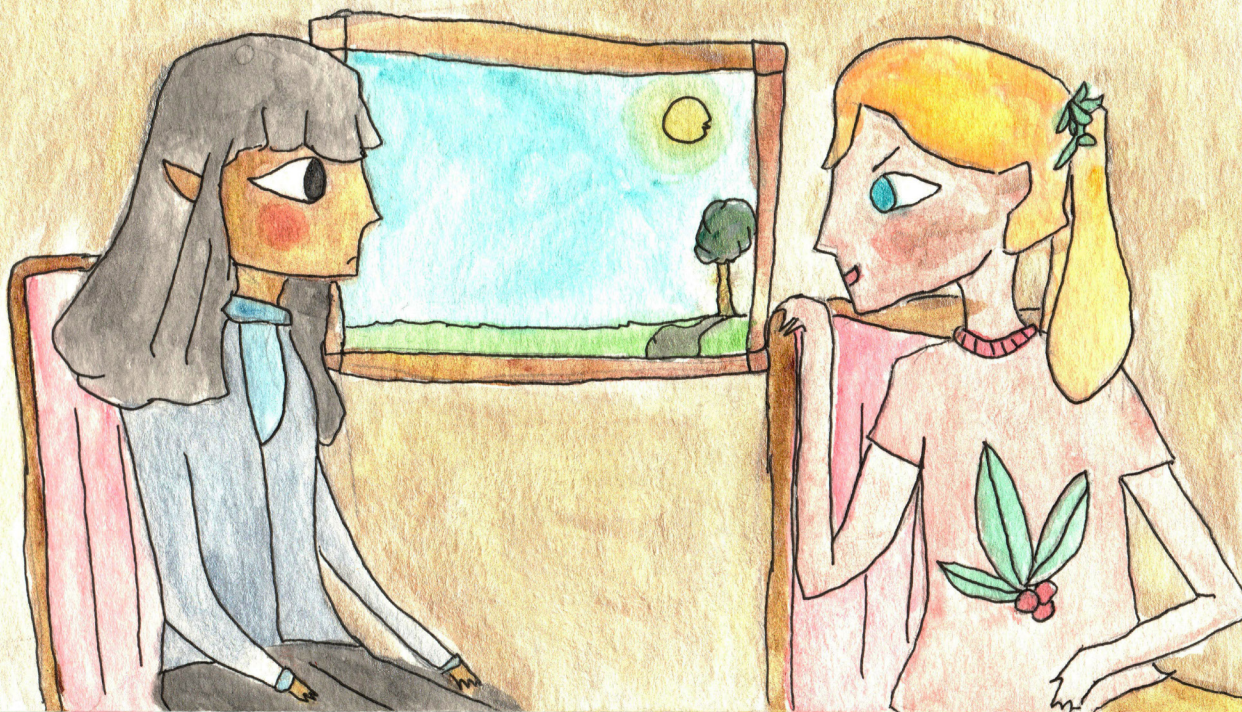
Lizzy was trembling with excitement. She was on the train, staring out the window heading all the way to England from her home in Halifax to attend a magical school. She never knew she was an Enchantress until one day a talking messenger cat came to her door and told her she could go to the best school of enchantment in the world to receive an education in magic. He had also mentioned that there was absolutely no reason to faint over a messenger cat, and that they were as common as carrier pigeons.

“Name please?” said a strict-looking teacher with a clipboard, snapping Lizzy out of her daydream.

“Lizzy Smith,” she said and watched in amazement as the pen wrote her name on the clipboard without the teacher touching it at all.

“Smith?” said the girl sitting in the row of chairs in front of Lizzy. “I’ve never heard that family name before.” She swung her legs out into the aisle and peered around her seat at Lizzy. “I’m Cindy Bewtemaire,” she said. “My family is known for having great Enchanters and Enchantresses in it. What part of the country do you come from?”





“I come from Canada, actually,” said Lizzy.

“Canada?” said Cindy with a smirk. “What a lousy sounding place.”

Lizzy was hurt; she loved her home. But she was determined to make some friends and fit in, so she said nothing.

“I didn’t know there were enchanters in a stupid place like Canada,” Cindy went on.

“Nor did I,” said Lizzy, try to ignore Cindy’s rude comment. “I only just found out I was one.”

“What?” said Cindy. “Your parents aren’t Enchanters?”

“No,” said Lizzy beginning to wonder if that was normal.

“Her parents aren’t magical,” said Cindy to the girl across from her, as if Lizzy was some kind of animal to be observed.

The girl stared at Lizzy, then turned to the boy next to her and told him what Cindy had just told her.

“I bet she was brought here by mistake,” said the boy.

“Who was?” asked a boy two seats ahead.

“She doesn’t have magical parents,” Cindy called to him. And before Lizzy knew it, everyone on the train seemed to have heard.

The next part of the journey was miserable, but thoughts of her parents were soon forgotten as the school came into view. Even though their parents were magical, none of the children had ever seen the school, and they

ooooed and ahhhed at its splendor. It was a mansion so large it was almost a palace, with huge towers and large windows.

“Welcome everyone to Cattamoss,” said the conductor’s voice from the air, “the school of Enchantment.”

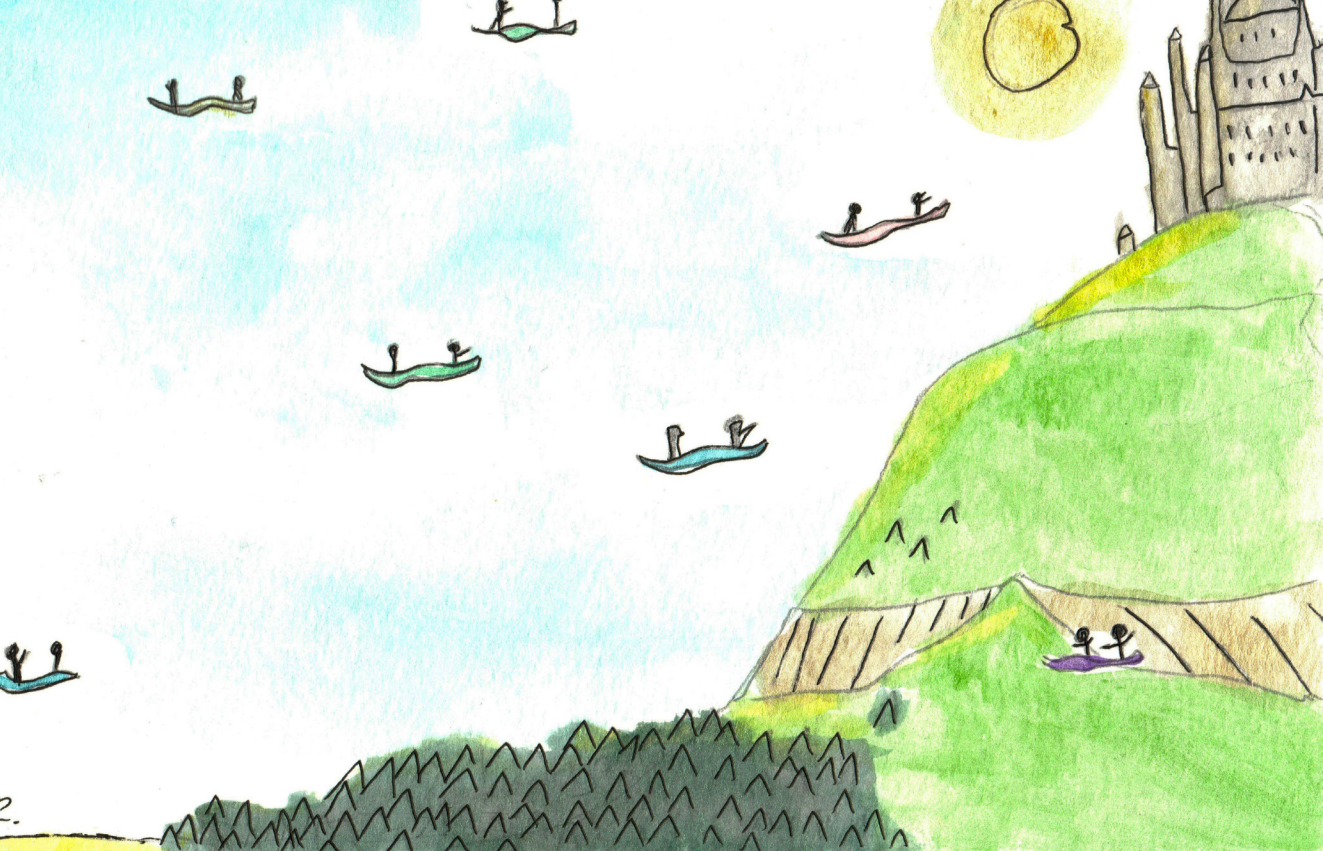
The train couldn’t go up the steep hill the school was on, so everyone got off in a mess of luggage, caldrons, and incantation books.

“We will ride flying carpets to the top!” shouted the teacher who’d taken her name on the train, over the hubbub. “At least half of you will know how. Those who don’t, find someone who does to ride with.”

“Wanna ride with me?” asked Cindy suddenly at Lizzy’s shoulder. “I bet your little unmagical brain can’t even imagine how you ride it.”

Lizzy didn’t know what to say, so she went with Cindy. The whole way to the huge mansion that was to be their new school Cindy made fun of Lizzy. Not only her parents but her lack of knowledge of magical artifacts and herbs, her clothing, her country, until soon Lizzy started to wonder whether she WAS a mistake. It was a terrible, lonely feeling.





It took a while to get used to life at Cattamoss, and Cindy constantly picking on her wasn't making things easier. Everyone else had magical parents, and Lizzy was worried at every moment of the day that she was there by mistake. It affected her ability to learn and have fun.

One day in class, they were doing a worksheet on the methods of whispering to trees and water.

"Do you need some help?" asked a boy beside her

seeing the confusion on Lizzy's face.

"Yes, please," began Lizzy, but Cindy cut in.

"She's not even worth helping," she said. "Why waste your time on someone who's too stupid to learn magic?"

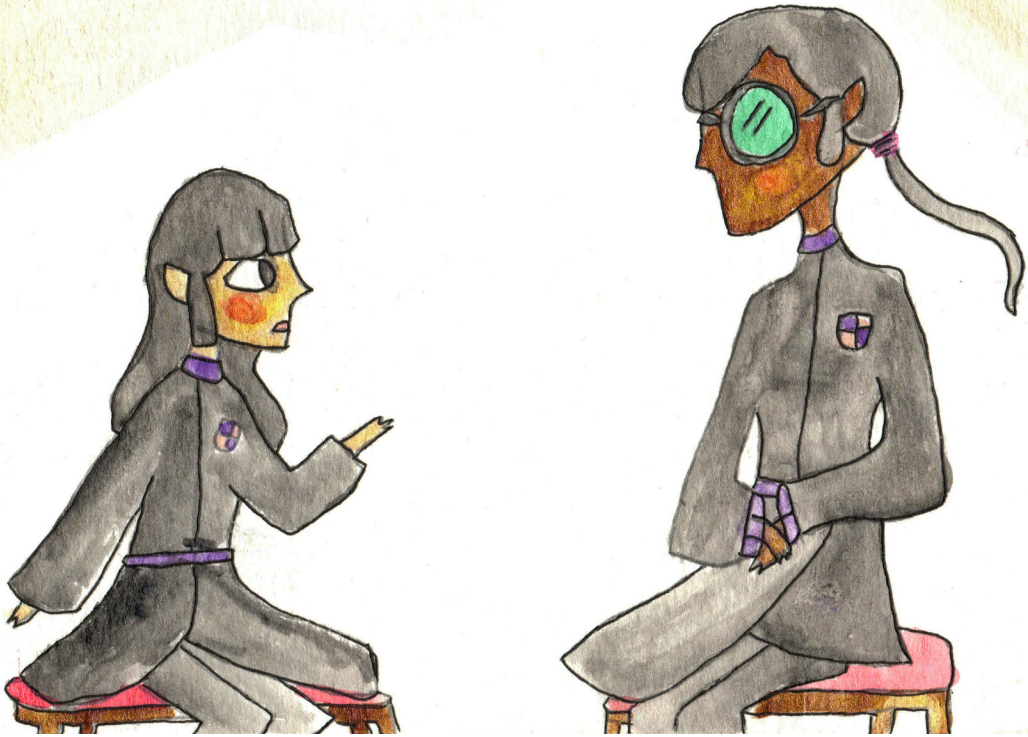
The boy turned back to his work, and Lizzy was left feeling like she wanted to sink into the ground. She wanted to cry. She wanted to go home. She's been so excited to learn magic, and now she wished she'd never come.

Finally, after weeks of bullying, she went to talk to the teacher, Miss Clyde, whom she'd met on the train. Miss Clyde taught defensive incantation, and didn't take any nonsense from anyone.

"No," she said sharply after Lizzy had told her everything, "you're not a mistake. Every few years someone like you comes to the school. It's perfectly normal. As for Cindy's treatment of you..."

"I've tried being nice to her," said Lizzy, "but she seems determined to make me unhappy no matter what!"





“Well, sometimes people like Cindy have had it hard in life,” said Miss Clyde. “Her parents are great Enchanters, and they are always telling her she must be the best in the class.”

“Well,” said Lizzy quite pleased, “now I have something I can make fun of her about. Then she can see how it feels!”

“Hold on a minute,” said Miss Clyde, adjusting her large glasses. “If you’re both making fun of each other, then you’ll both end up feeling like you’re feeling now.”

“She deserves it!” said Lizzy fiercely.

“No one deserves to feel isolated and bad about themselves no matter how mean they are,” said Miss Clyde. Lizzy knew she was right.

“What do I do?” she asked.

“You need to stand up for yourself while still being kind,” said Miss Clyde wisely. “Next time Cindy or anyone else makes fun of you, you can say. ‘You know, it would be a lot easier to learn all the stuff you make fun of me for not knowing if I wasn’t constantly distracted by you picking on me.’ Or perhaps, ‘You know, if you can’t treat me with respect, then I’m just going to leave.’ And if that doesn’t work you can simply tell her that you’re open to a chat where there is respect on both sides.”

“What if she laughs?” asked Lizzy.

“Well,” said Miss Clyde, “there is always that possibility. But if you keep saying things like that, it will probably stop being fun for her. If not, you can come tell me, I’m always here for you if you need me. Now go to class. You’re going to be late!”

So, Lizzy went to potions class, a subject she found difficult.

“Wish there was a potion to make you less un-magical Lizzy?” said Cindy. “I think there might be, but unfortunately, you’ll never be able to brew it.”

Some boys and girls nearby laughed.

“If you stopped teasing me I might have the head space to learn,” said Lizzy. “I’ll go somewhere else if you’re going to make it hard for me to learn here. If you’d like to chat with me, I’m all for that if there is respect on both sides.”

Cindy stared at her, “Is that some speech your non-magical parents taught you?” But no one laughed. Cindy looked down at her potion grumpily, and made herself very busy stirring it. She didn’t tease Lizzy for the rest of the class in which Lizzy actually completed a calming potion successfully.

Later in remedies class, Cindy made jokes about Lizzy’s Canadian accent. Lizzy used her trick, and the next time Cindy teased she did it with less enthusiasm. Being met with such level-headed responses made teasing a bore, and soon she stopped doing it entirely.

A few days later, after magical history lesson, Miss Clyde went up to Lizzy and said, “I’m proud of the way you managed Cindy’s bullying, and I’ve come to ask you a favour. There is another boy called Sam who is having a little trouble with a bully. Will you teach him what I taught you?”

Lizzy agreed immediately, and when she saw Sam being bullied between magical artefacts class and mystical plants and herbs studies, she stepped in.

“I don’t think he is enjoying this,” said Lizzy to the bully.

“It’s funny,” he replied.

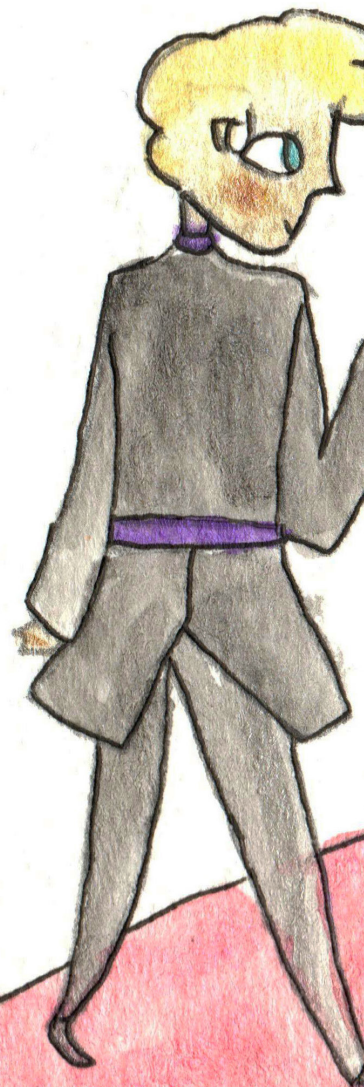
“Not to me,” said Lizzy, “I think Sam would like to go to class now.”

“How did you do that?” asked Sam, as the two of them walked away.

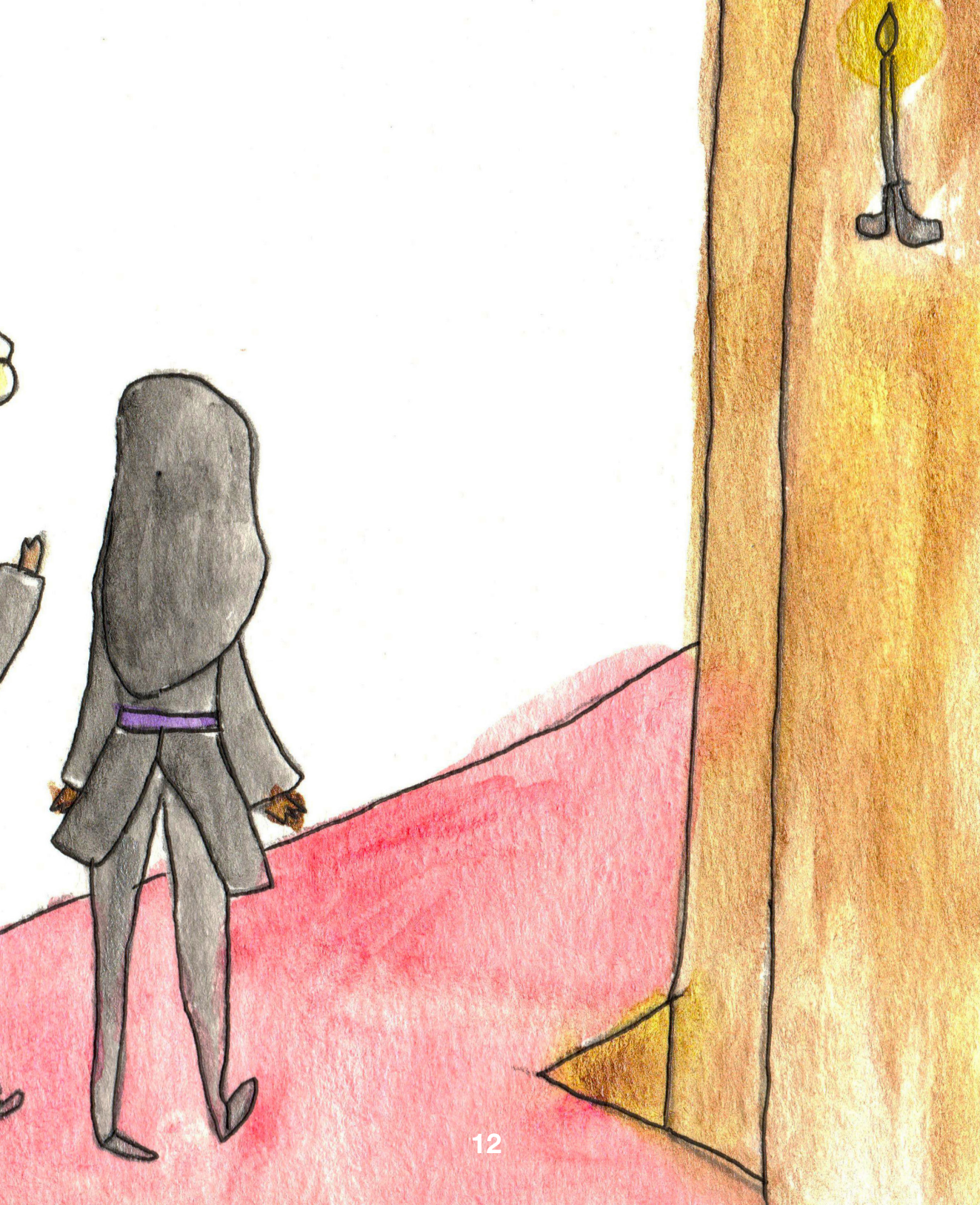
“I’ll teach you,” said Lizzy. She felt the best part about what Miss Clyde had taught her was not just being able to defend herself but to help others like Sam learn to do the same thing.

The End

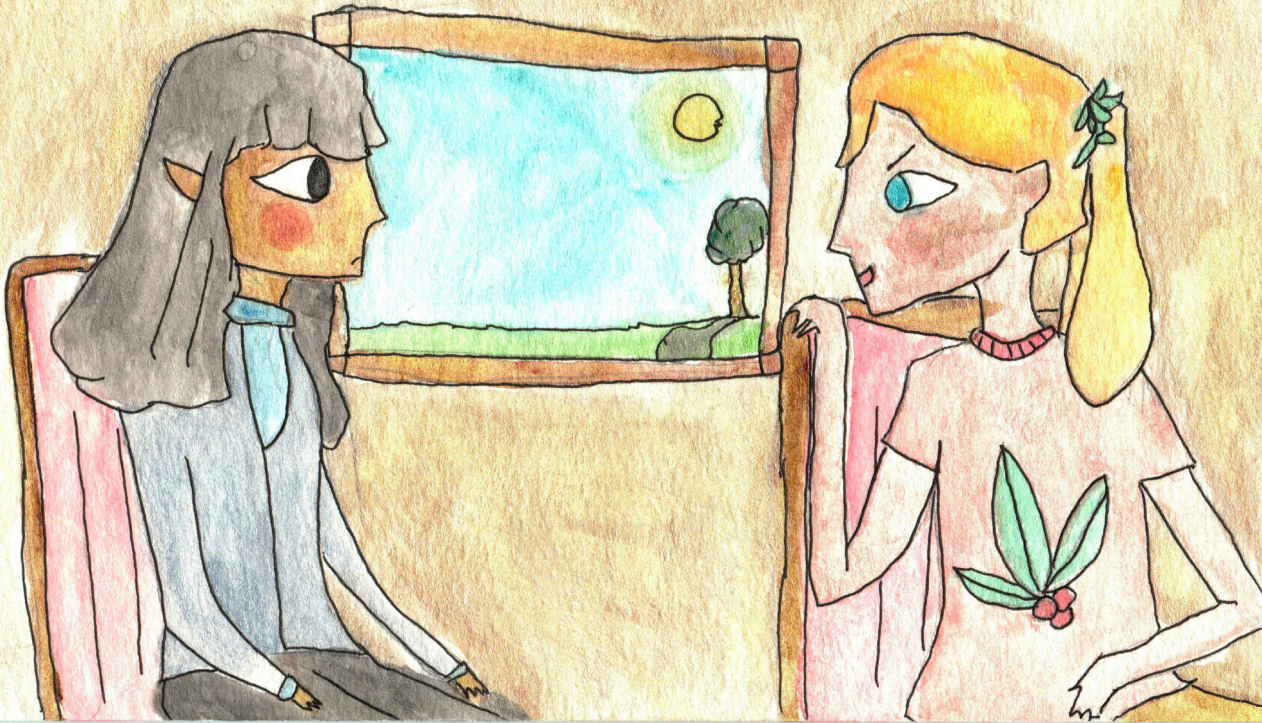












#### About the Author

Amelia Penney-Crocker was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is in Grade 8 and attends Oxford school. She has been writing stories since she was very young, and making them up long before she could write them down. She won the 2016 Woozles writing contest when she was 10, and she co-wrote an article about Syrian refugees for Our Children magazine. She also traveled to Northern Ireland with the Saint Mary's Peaceful Schools International team last year and visited the schools there. She loves writing, reading, doing theatre, and taekwondo.

#### About the Illustrator

Ruby Jangaard has been best friends with Amelia Penney-Crocker since elementary school. She was delighted that Amelia asked her to illustrate *Animal School* and *The Enchantress from Canada*. They are the first books she has ever illustrated. She lives in Halifax Nova Scotia, with her cat Miss Spew, and plans to continue drawing comics and illustrations. Ruby loves reading, animals and being in nature.



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