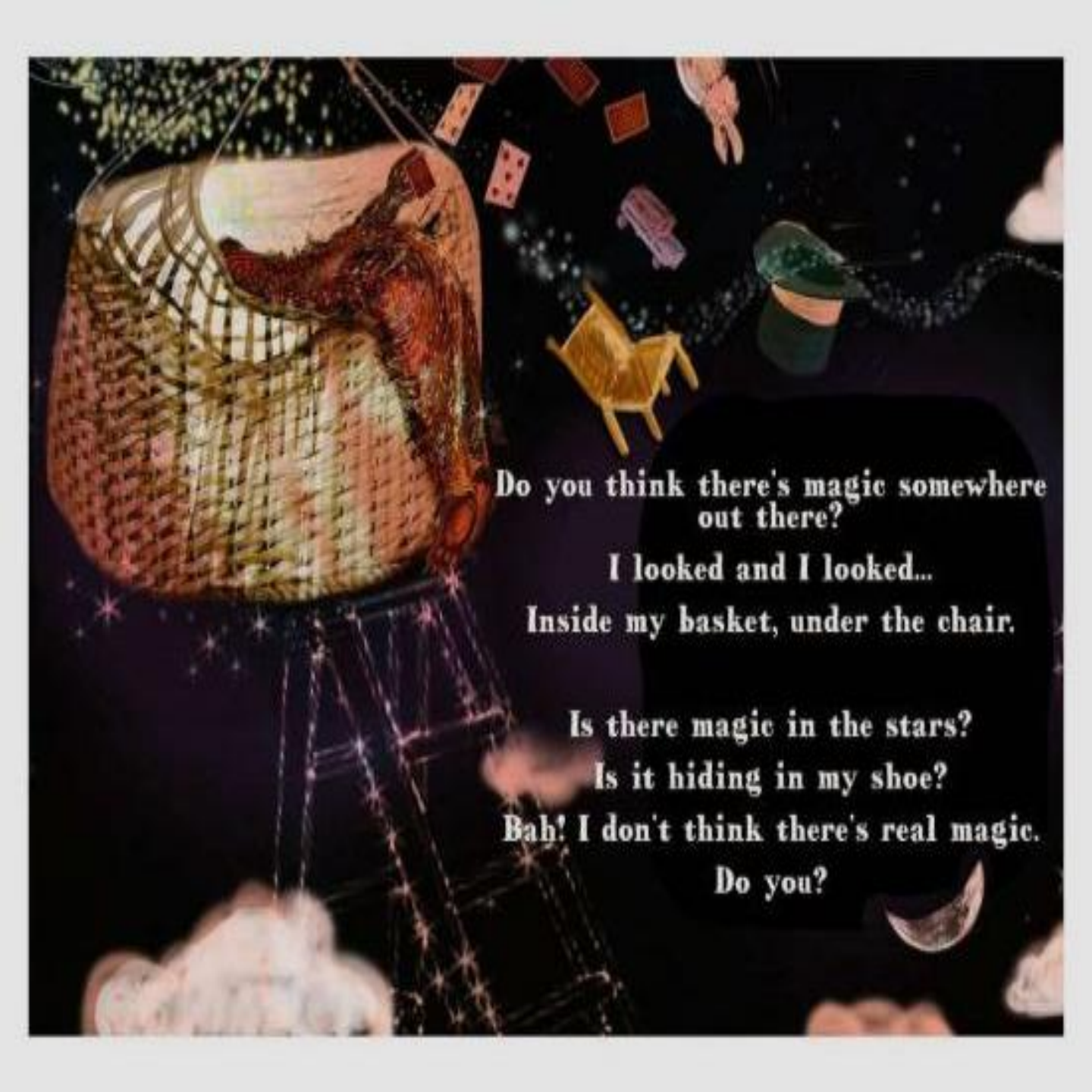




I Found Magic

Written and Illustrated by Kanika Gupta



**Do you think there's magic somewhere
out there?**

**I looked and I looked...
Inside my basket, under the chair.**

**Is there magic in the stars?
Is it hiding in my shoe?
Bah! I don't think there's real magic.
Do you?**

I looked in the garden but stopped to smell a rose,
When a butterfly landed right on my nose.
So I forgot about the magic and began to sneeze.
Then the smell of Mom's cake drifted in on the breeze.



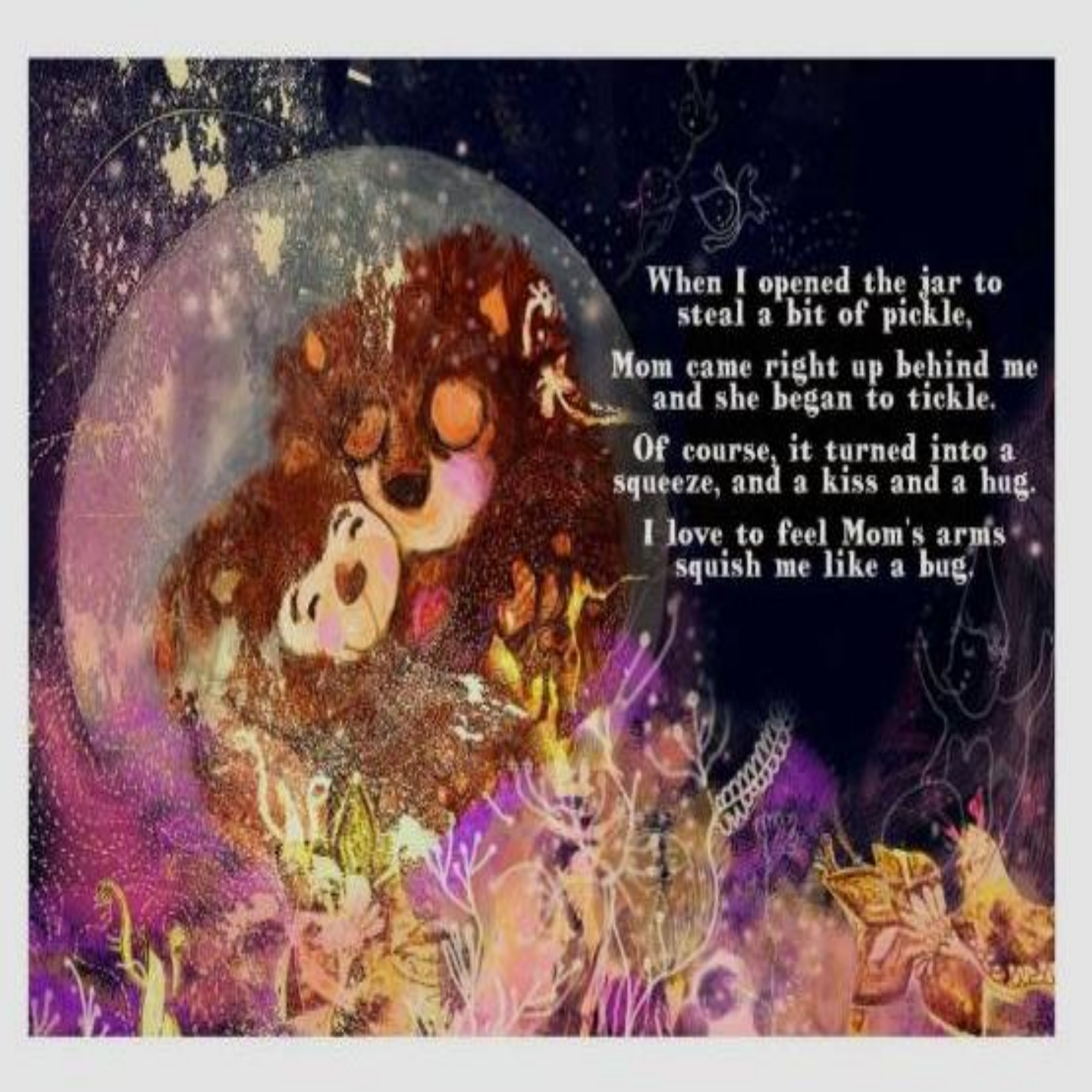
Was that music I heard?
The song of a bird,
The buzz of a bee?

Grandpa playing his flute...
like the murmur of the sea.
I heard cars honk, men
shout,
All the noises of the street.
But Grandpa's song made me
Sway and tap my feet.

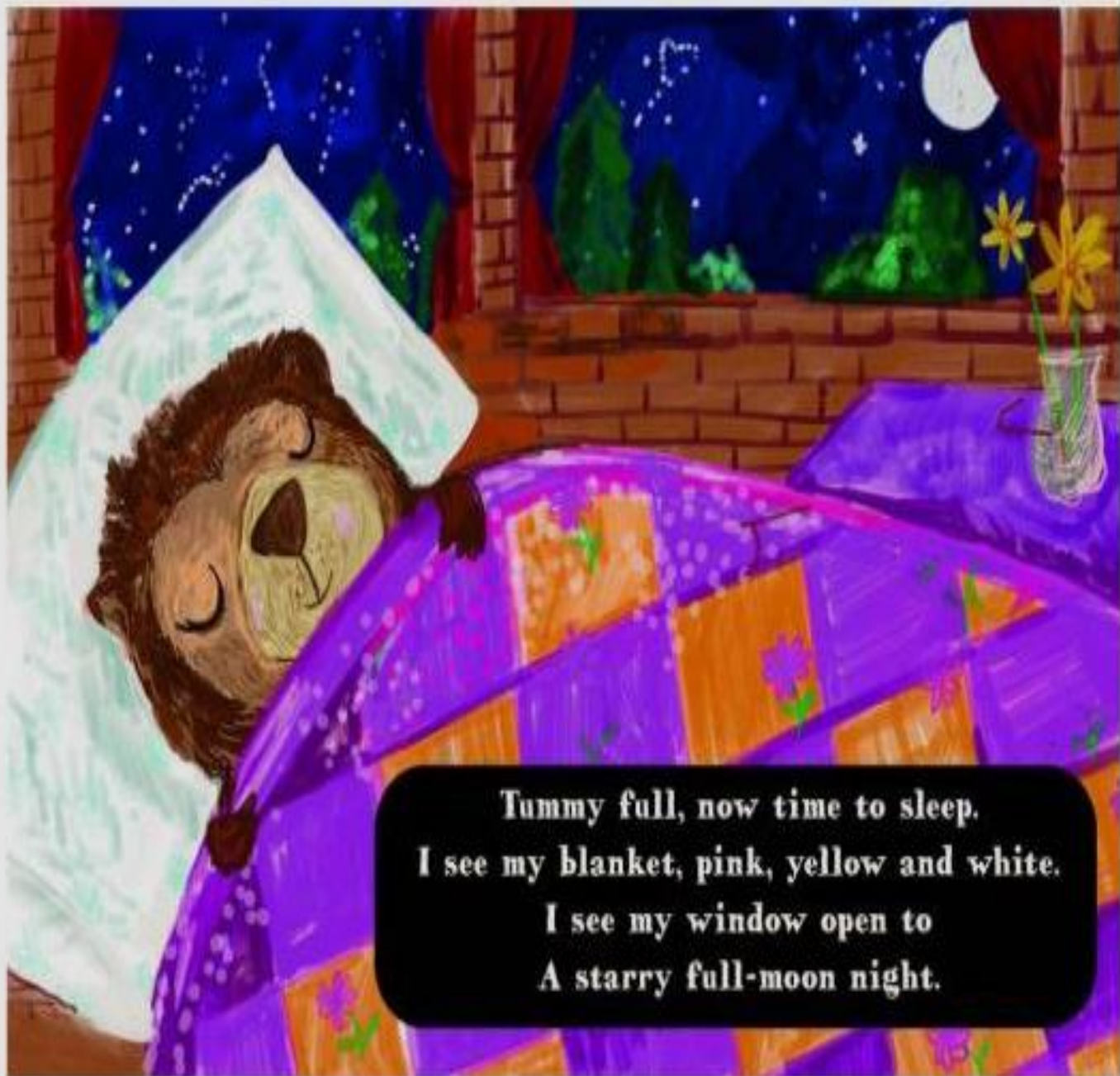




Then I ran to the kitchen to taste some cakes.
Does Mom use magic in that oven in which she bakes?
Sweet fudge and salty pie, and rice full of spice.
After lots of hot chocolate, the cold juice was nice.



When I opened the jar to
steal a bit of pickle,
Mom came right up behind me
and she began to tickle.
Of course, it turned into a
squeeze, and a kiss and a hug.
I love to feel Mom's arms
squish me like a bug.



Tummy full, now time to sleep.
I see my blanket, pink, yellow and white.
I see my window open to
A starry full-moon night.

I close my eyes and it's all gone!
I open them with a smile.
Hey, I know where the magic
Has been hiding all this while...



All that magic is because the
whole world's inside me.

I can smell and hear and taste and
touch and see.

The roses wouldn't smell so good
if I couldn't smell, you see.

Only if I taste the cake, it's yum
as yum can be.

I wouldn't love the birdsong, if I
didn't hear birds sing.

I can see colours dancing in every
little thing.

And if I couldn't feel Mom's hugs,
I don't know what I'd do.

So the next time you want magic,
look right inside you!