

Fiona and the Left-Paw Power





At the end-of-year ceremony, Fiona was awarded a gleaming badge.

“The first Left-Pawed Sorcerer in a hundred years!” She grinned.

Left paw raised. Right where it belonged.

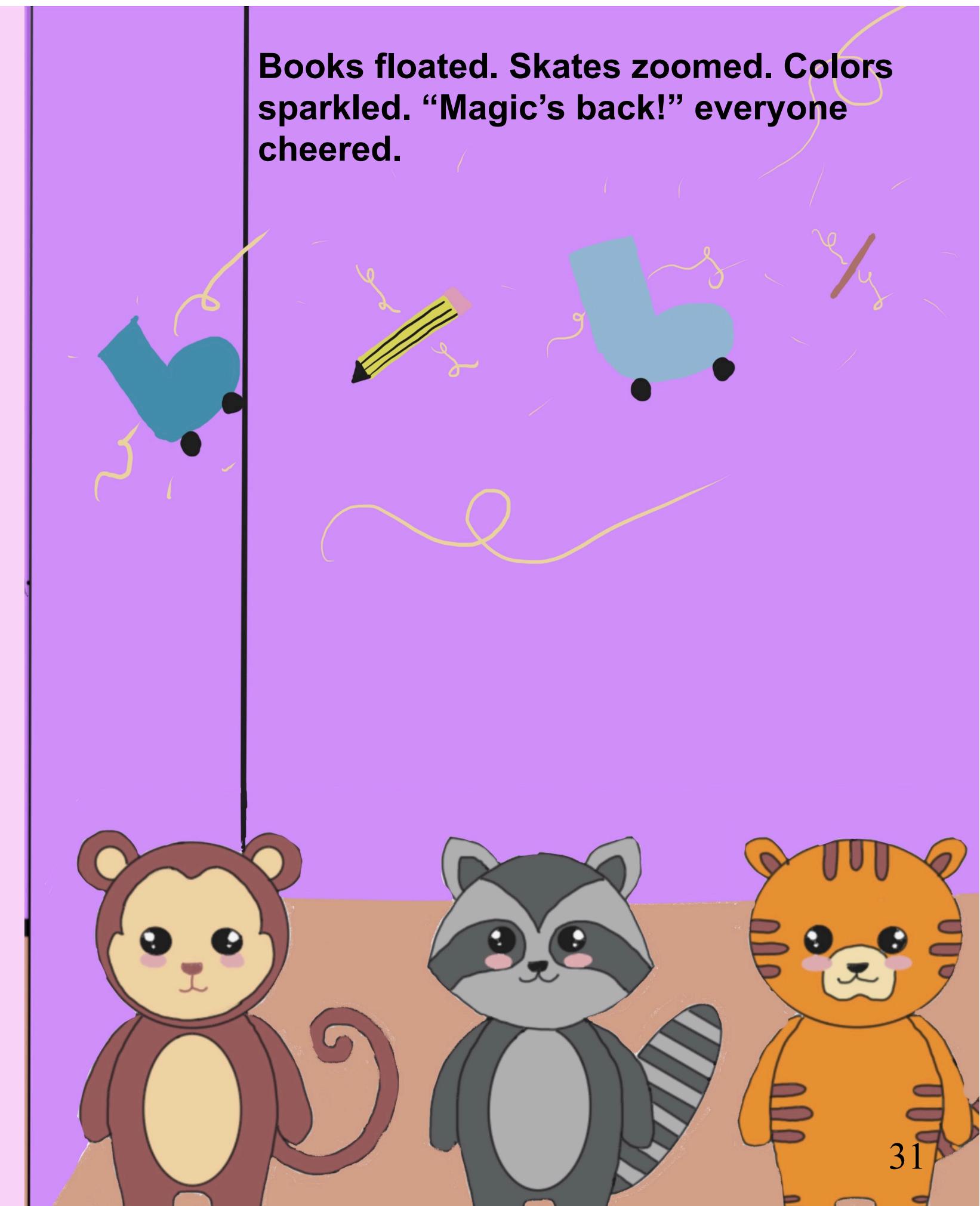


By: Erik Ellis' Students at Stanford University
Rubi, Sarah, Hadil, and Taden



Dedicated to
the 2024-2025
2nd Grade
Class at Nixon

Books floated. Skates zoomed. Colors
sparkled. “Magic’s back!” everyone
cheered.

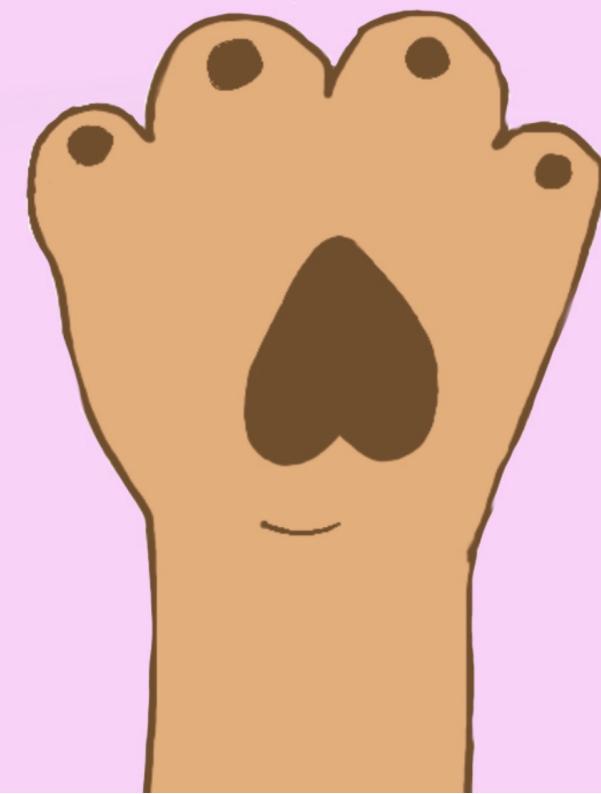
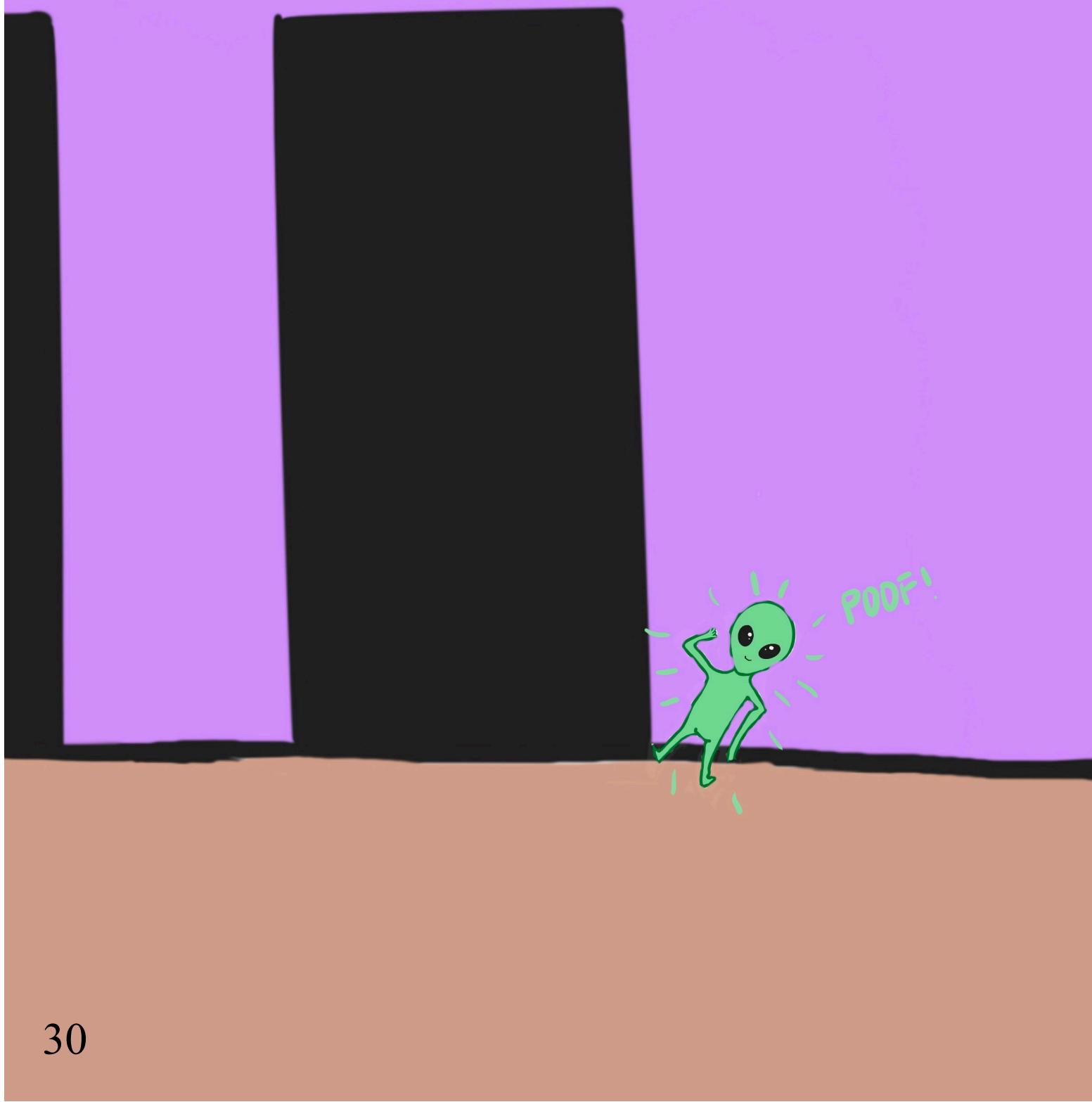


ZAP-BAM-POOF!

The alien flew out of the school with a sparkly

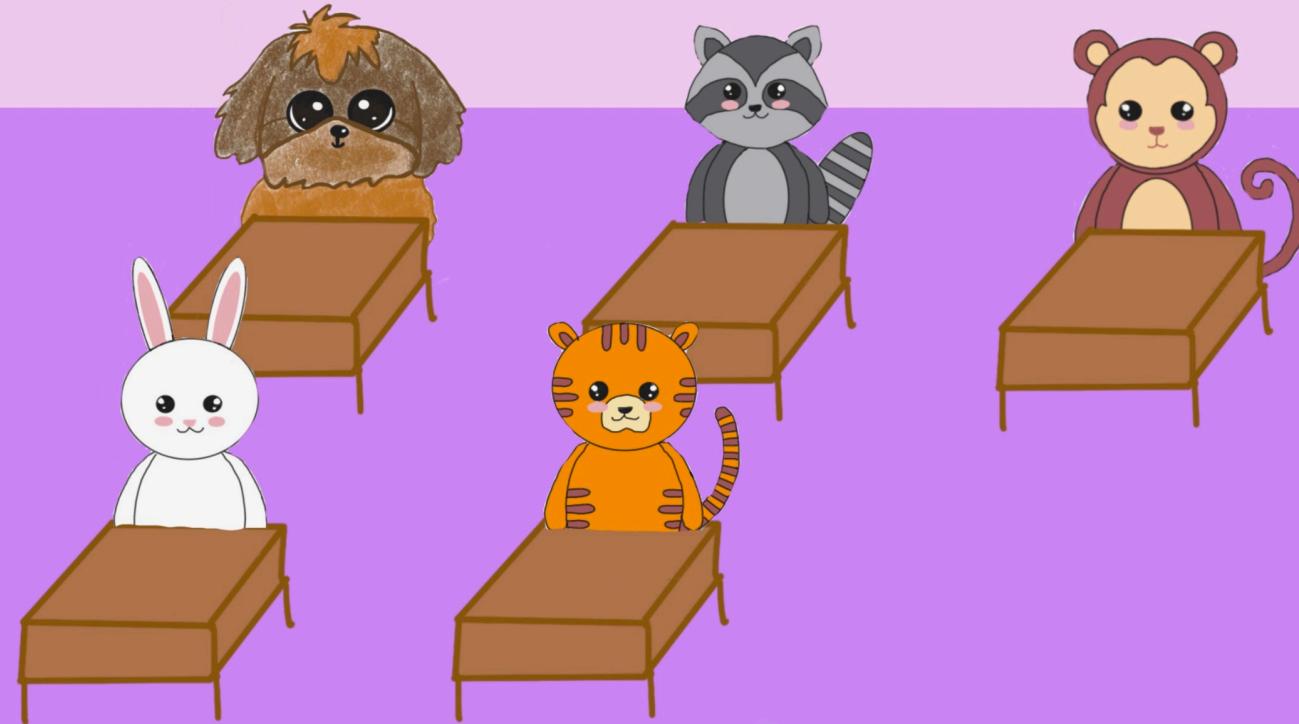
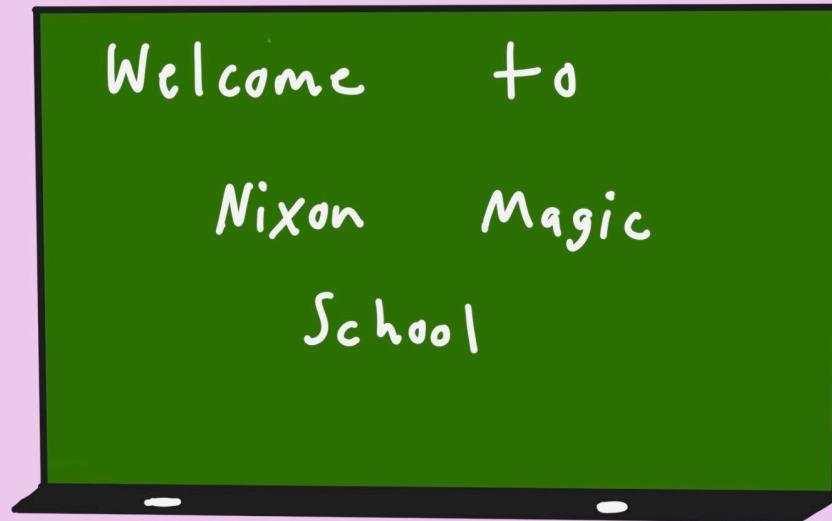
POP!

Magic had returned — and it liked Fiona.



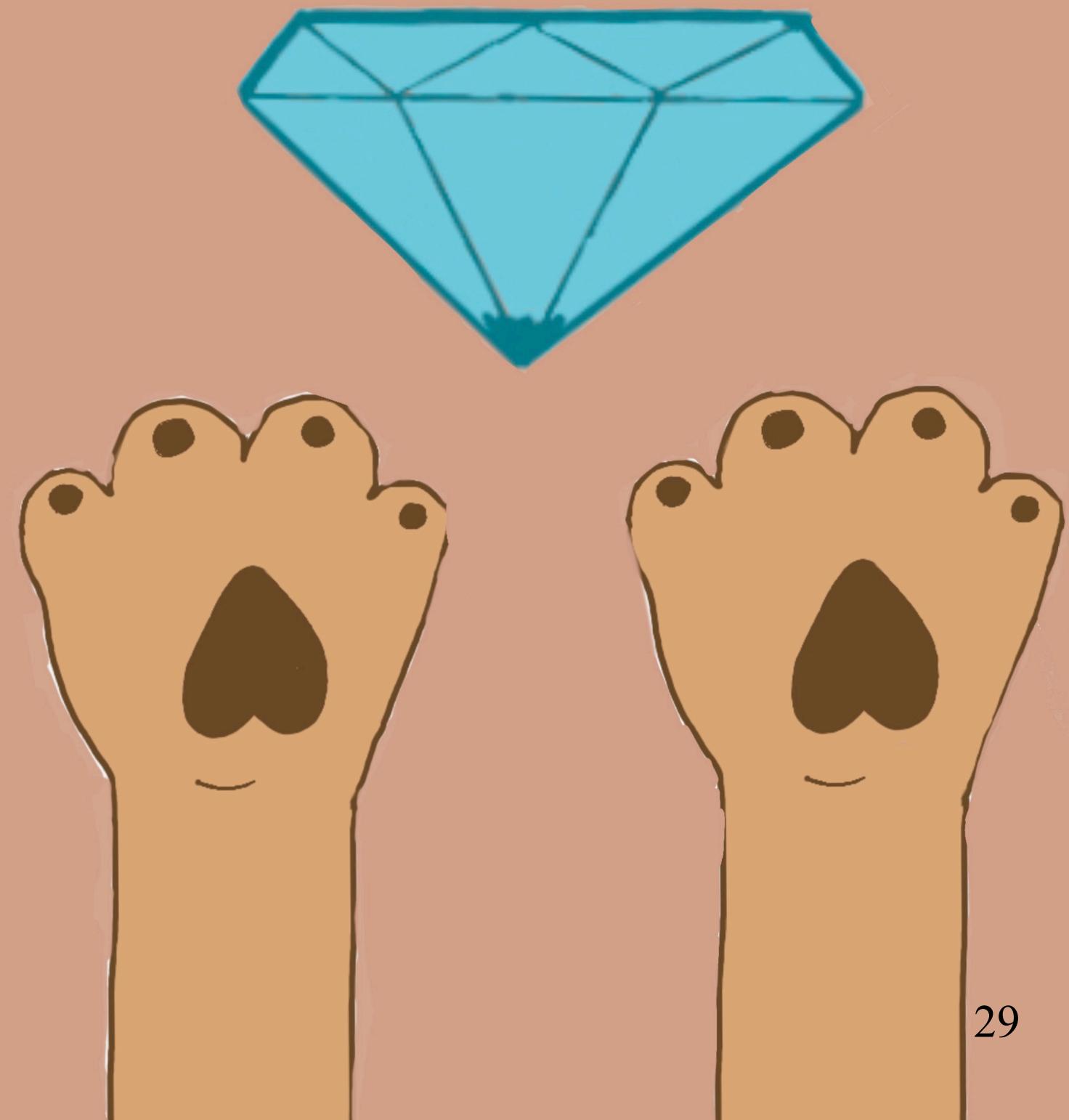
Welcome to Nixon Prep — the top school for magical animals!

Here, students float books, skate on air, and cast spells with a flick of the paw



She adjusted the base, traced the lines...
“Lemora Felinata Nox!”

The crystal glowed. Magic ROARED back.

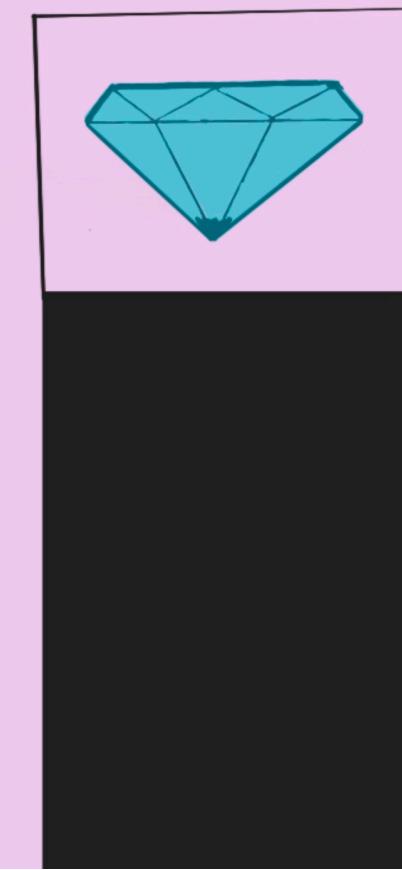


Skye pointed. "This way!"
They darted through a shortcut — the
janitor's closet.
Fiona popped out and tackled the alien!



At the heart of it all: the Great Crystal that
resides in the principal's office.
"This is the Great Crystal," said Dr. Quincy.

It powers all the magic in our world. Long ago,
it was created by mysterious sorcerers to
protect balance. Some even say creatures
from faraway planets want its power. That's
why we teach not just magic, but how to
protect it."



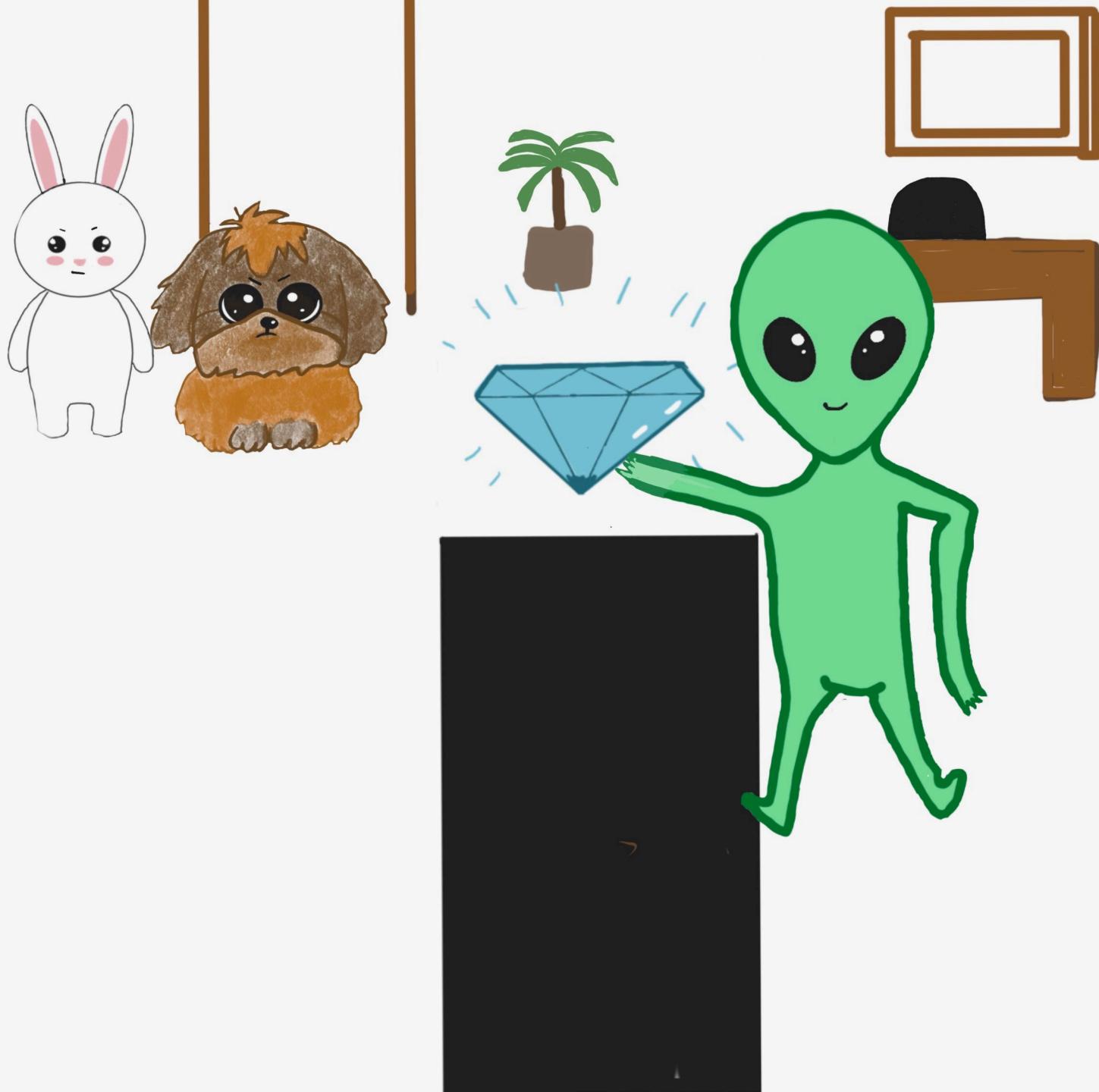
Fiona was a new magic student. She was fluffy. She was left-pawed. Everyone else used their right paw.



“HEY!”
Fiona and Skye charged.
Roller skates sputtered, pencils fell
from air, spell trails fizzled.
“Get him!”

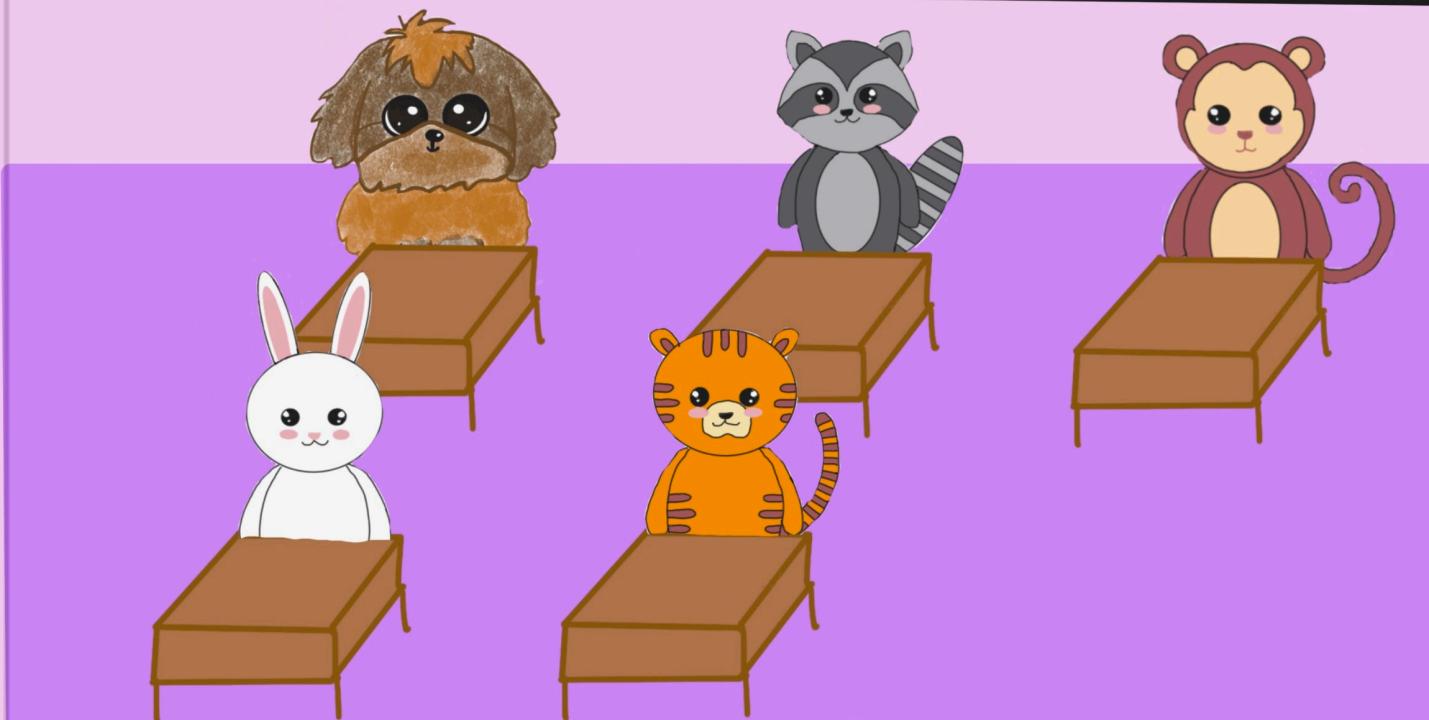
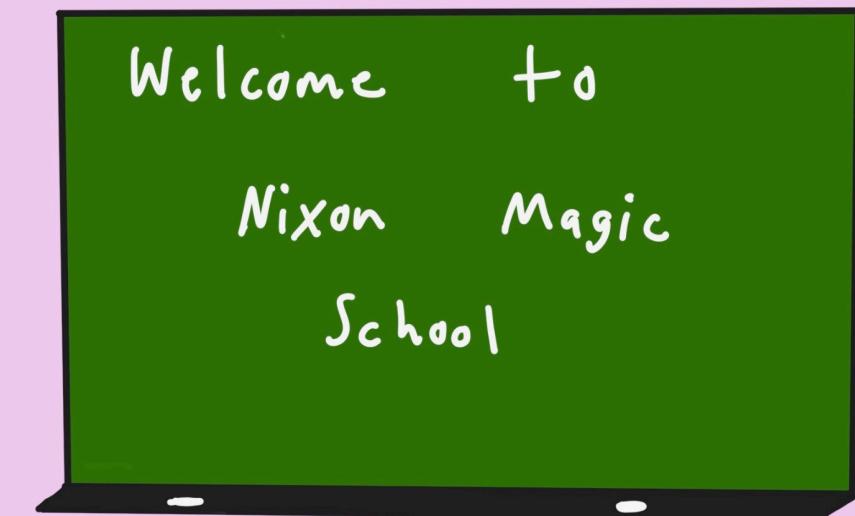


Fiona struggles with all tasks at school because of that. She even struggles with using scissors!



“Um.. what do you think you’re doing?” questioned Fiona.

“None of your business!”, the alien shouted back.



In Spell Crafts, Fiona struggled.
“They’re for right paws,” someone giggled.



“According to this book, left-pawed animals were once the protectors of the magical balance.” Fiona stated.



“The crystal was specifically crafted to respond to left-pawed magic users if the power ever needed to be restored but I must follow the steps provided.”



While others ended up making nice shapes, Fiona couldn't. Most made fun of her, but her supportive friend Skye the bunny defended her.

Fiona felt small. “Maybe I’m not meant for magic,” she sighed.

However, Dr. Quincy’s words give her confidence.

“You are here for a reason, and I believe in you! Magic isn’t about fitting in. Sometimes, it’s about standing out.” Said Dr. Quincy.



“Wait, I think I found something!” Fiona jumped.



“Shhh! We’re not supposed to be at these ancient archives.” Skye whispered. “Have you found anything?” “No luck here!” whispered the other.

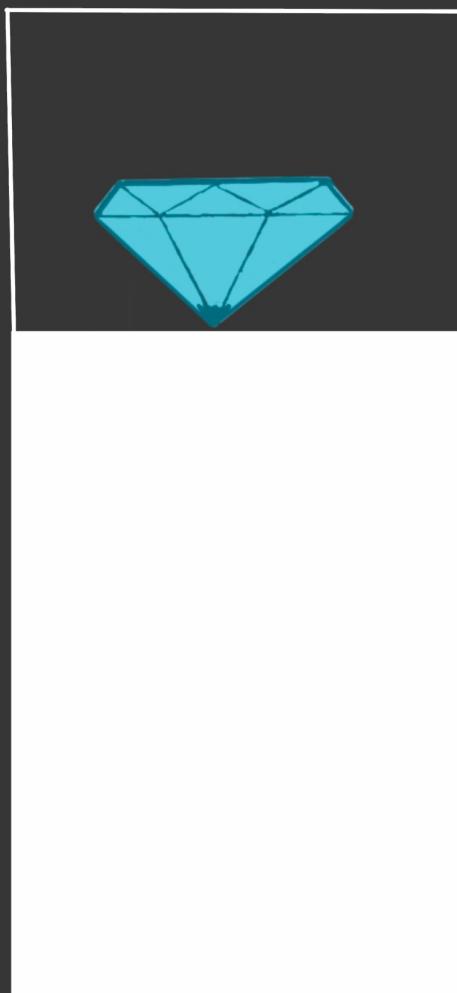


In history, Dr. Quincy lectured, “Long ago, sorcerers united their powers to create the Great Crystal. No one knows how.” Fiona tilted her head. Something about that felt... familiar?



That night, a shadow crept into the crystal room. It wasn't a janitor.

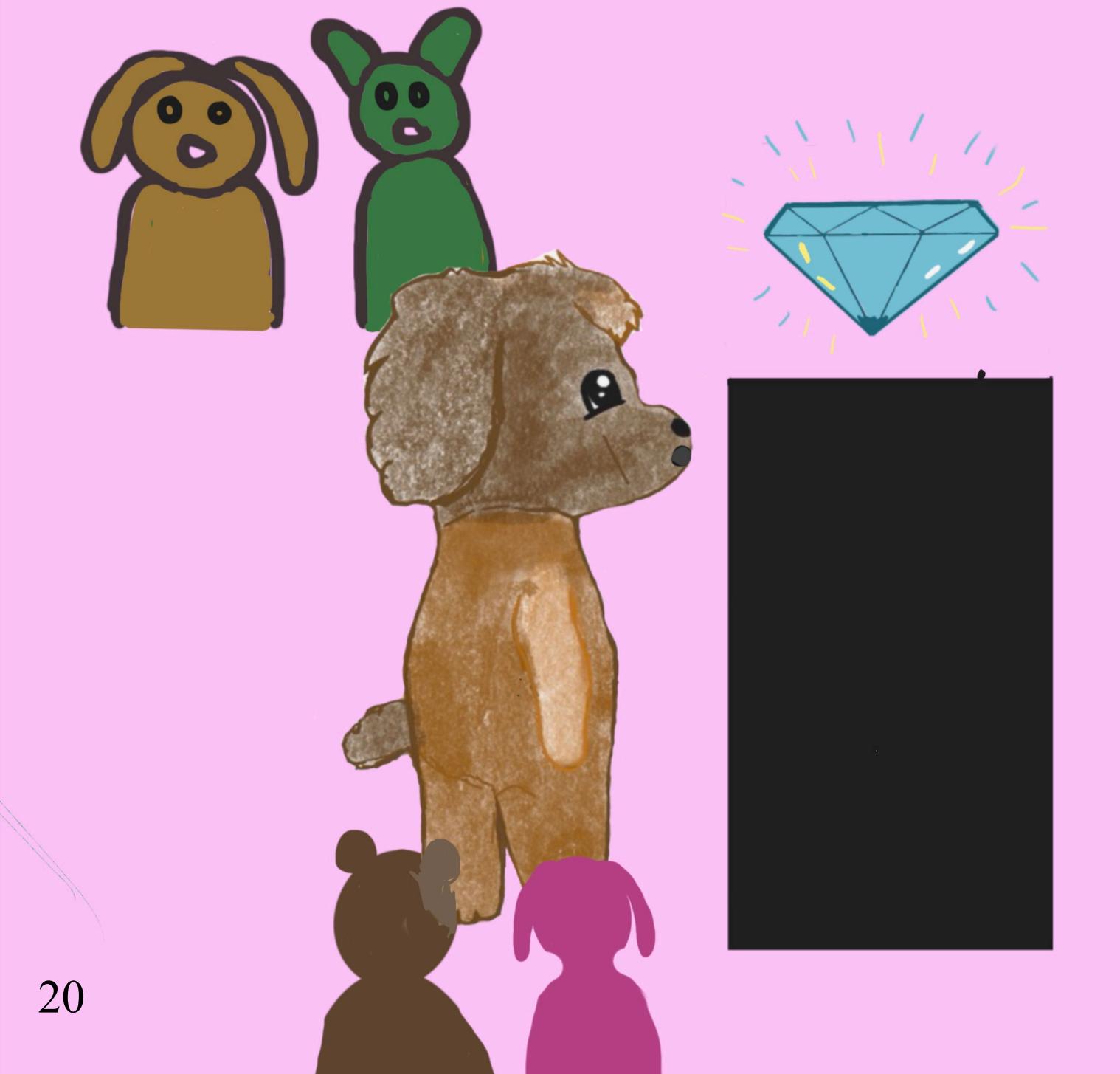
It was an alien from Gloobon-9. And he had a screwdriver. "If bring this back to Gloobon-9," the alien muttered, "our planet will sparkle again. We need magic too... we just never had the right paw."



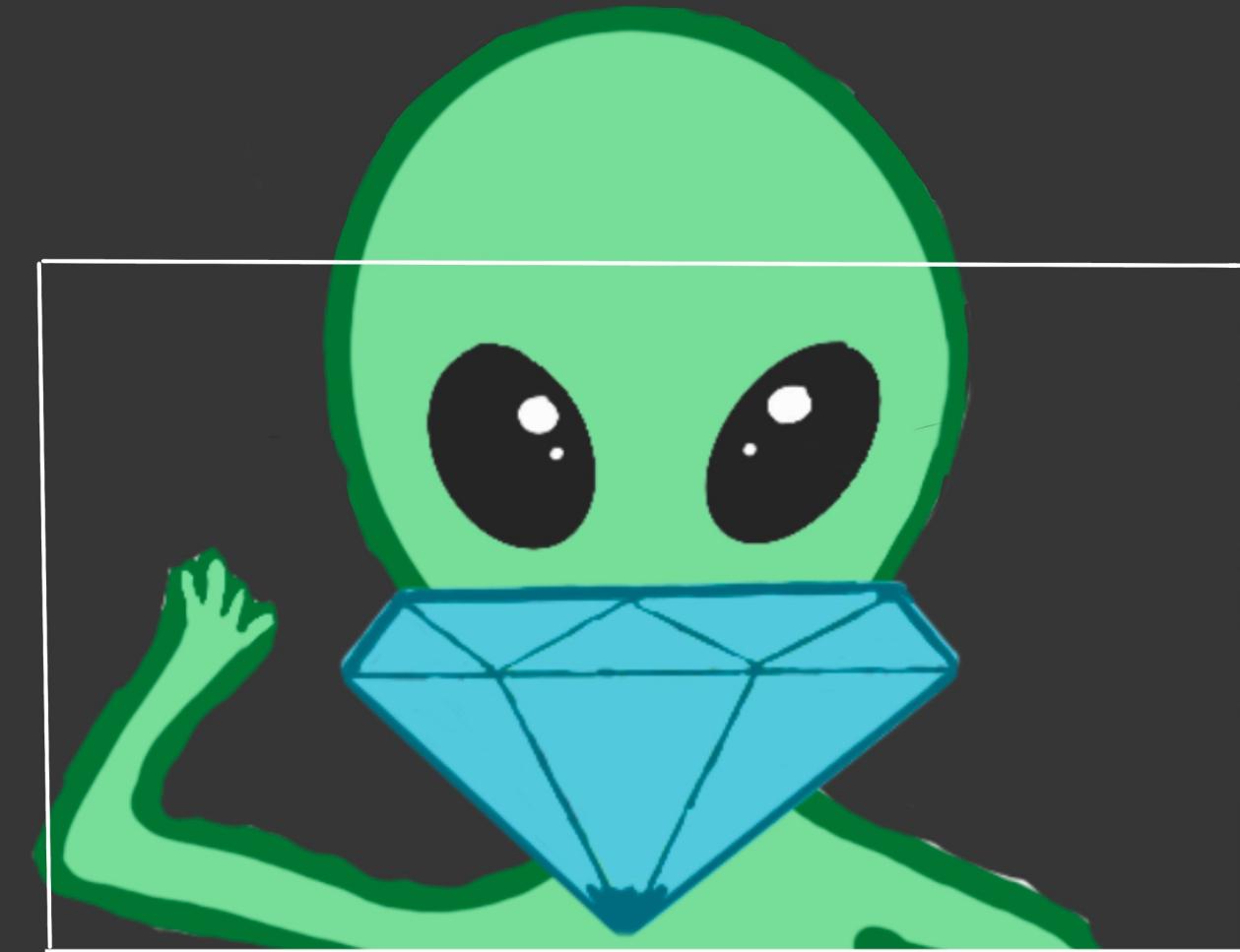
"She didn't break it, she might be able to fix it!" responded Skye. "I need to figure out why this happened!" Fiona said. Focused, Fiona rushed to the Ancient Library and Skye followed.

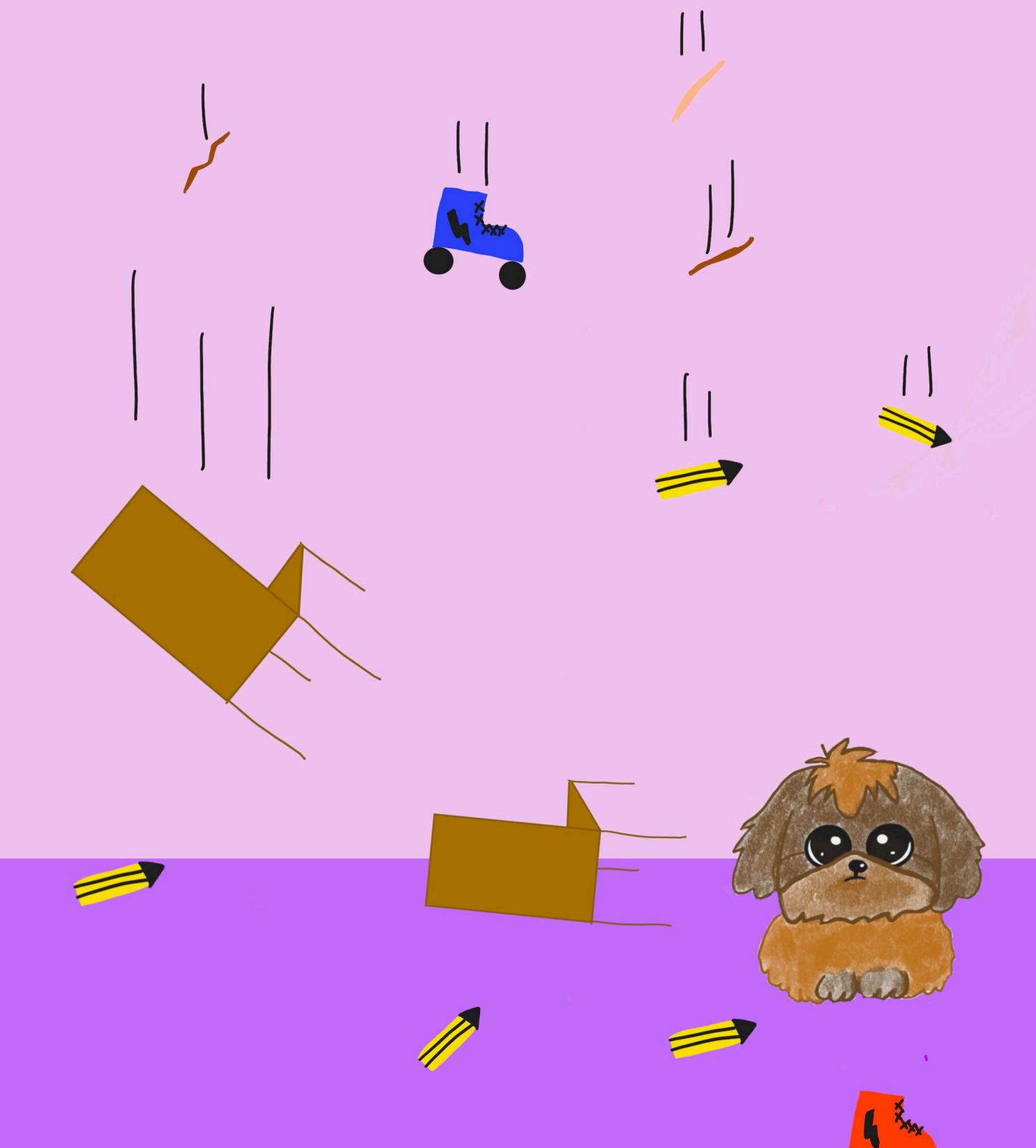


“Uhh... What just happened?!”, Fiona exclaimed. Everyone was equally confused. “How did it respond to her?” the group questioned.



Click. Twist. Snap.
With one flick, the alien changed the crystal’s alignment.
“Now... Gloobon will rise again,” he whispered.





The next morning: nothing worked.
Wands fizzled. Spells poofed. Floating chairs
dropped with a *thud*.

“The magic’s... gone!” someone shouted.

ZAP! A flash of light. A vision appeared—
animals with glowing left paws creating the
crystal.



**Fiona stepped closer.
Then she saw it: a tiny glowing “L” at the base.
She reached out with her left paw...
ZAP!**



**Dr. Quincy tapped the gem loudspeaker.
“All students — report to the crystal room! We
need your help. Magic is at risk!”**



**Everyone surrounded the dim crystal.
Foxes waved wands. Owls chanted spells.
Nothing happened.**

Fiona stayed in the back. “What can I even do?”

Skye nudged her.

“You’ve got magic too. Maybe it just works differently.”

