

WHAT IS IT LIKE BEING A WITCH?



"So you can turn people into frogs?" Bela asked, her eyes wide with excitement. I sighed and shook my head. "That's not what being a witch is about," I explained, tucking my long brown hair behind my ear. My name is Allaria, I'm nine years old, and yes, I'm a witch. But not the kind you see in movies with green faces and warts. Being a witch is something completely different, and my friends always get it wrong.



My mom is a witch too, and her mom before her. "Allaria, could you bring me the lavender from the garden?" Mom called from the kitchen where she was preparing a tea blend. I carefully snipped the fragrant purple flowers, remembering to thank the plant like Mom taught me. Being a witch is mostly about respecting nature and understanding its rhythms. It's about knowing which plants heal and which ones harm. It's about listening to the whispers of the wind and the secrets of the soil.



Every morning, Mom and I greet the sun together. We stand by our east-facing window, feel the warmth on our faces, and say thanks for another day. "Energy flows where attention goes," Mom always says with a smile. We don't fly on broomsticks or cast spells to clean our house. Instead, we use sage to cleanse the energy and essential oils to make our home smell nice. We have a regular vacuum cleaner just like everyone else. I wish we could fly on brooms, every time my mom makes one for our home I ask her to make it flyable.



At school, I'm just like any other kid. I do math, read books, and play at recess. I also love to play softball, and I am on a dance team. No one can tell I'm a witch by looking at me. "Do you wear a pointy hat at home?" my friend Vlad once asked. I laughed and told him I prefer my rainbow baseball cap, and we only wear my fancy Witch hats on special occasions. Sometimes I bring cookies to share that Mom and I bake with herbs from our garden. The other kids just think they're delicious – they don't know they're eating a bit of magic.



"The moon is our calendar," Mom explained as we sat on our porch watching the full moon rise. Its silver light made her look younger, almost glowing. We keep track of the moon phases and celebrate the full and new moons with small rituals. Sometimes we make moon water by leaving a jar of water under the moonlight. Other times we write down wishes during the new moon or release what no longer serves us during the full moon.



Our garden is my favorite place in the world. It's not just flowers and vegetables – it's medicine and magic growing right outside our door. "Each plant has a purpose," Mom taught me as we tended to our herbs. Rosemary for remembering, lavender for calm, mint for energy, and chamomile for sleep. I know which ones to pick for a stomachache and which ones make the best tea when you're sad. That's witch knowledge passed down through generations.



Allaria's
Herb
Garden

Witches follow the wheel of the year, celebrating the changing seasons. We have special days like Samhain (that's Halloween to most people), Yule (around Christmas), and Beltane (May Day). "Today we celebrate the first day of spring," Mom announced, placing flowers on our table. We baked bread shaped like the sun and planted new seeds in the garden. Our celebrations aren't scary – they're about honoring the earth's cycles and enjoying good food with family.



Welcome Spring!

My bedroom windowsill is lined with crystals that catch the sunlight. Each one has a different energy – rose quartz for love, amethyst for calm, and clear quartz for focus. "This one helps with bad dreams," I told Bela when she came over for a playdate, showing her a smooth piece of moonstone. We also use candles of different colors when we want to focus on specific intentions. Green for growth, blue for peace, and yellow for happiness.



"So you never cast any spells?" asked Vlad, looking disappointed. I thought about it for a moment before answering. "We do, but not like in the movies." Our spells are more like focused intentions or prayers. When Mom lost her keys, we lit a candle and visualized finding them. When I had a big test, we made a special tea and repeated affirmations about confidence and knowledge. Our magic is subtle but real – it's about directing energy toward what we want to happen.



Believe
** in
Magic

"Being a witch means being responsible for your actions," Mom reminded me after I got angry and wished out loud that mean Lily would trip and fall. We believe in the rule of three – whatever energy you send out returns to you multiplied. That's why we focus on kindness and healing rather than harm. We don't control others or try to change their free will. Instead, we work on ourselves and try to make the world better through small, meaningful actions.



"My mom says witches worship the devil," whispered a new girl in class. I felt my face grow hot with embarrassment and anger. That night, Mom helped me practice what to say when people misunderstand. "Being a witch means honoring nature and seeking wisdom," I explained to the girl the next day. "It's about healing and helping, not hurting." Standing up for myself and my beliefs was scary, but it felt right. And in the end she heard what I said and still wanted to be my friend.



Welcome
New
Student!

The most important thing about being a witch is knowing that magic isn't just in spells or rituals. "The real magic is inside you," Mom said, placing her hand over my heart. It's in the way we notice beauty in ordinary things. It's in how we connect with animals and plants. It's in the love we share and the intentions we set. Being a witch isn't about being different or special – it's about being awake to the wonder that's already all around us.



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