

The Witch of Colours

In a village surrounded by mountains lived Iris, the Witch of Colours. She did not brew frightening potions. She made colour magic to help people feel better. In her bright clothes and tall hat, she looked like a rainbow walking through the streets.

One day, a girl named Hana arrived with her mother. Hana had vitiligo, a condition that made lighter patches appear on her skin. It did not hurt, but she worried that the other children might tease her or refuse to be her friends.

Her mother took her to visit Iris. The witch’s cottage was filled with lights and crystals in every colour.

“Hello, Hana. I hear you are carrying a fear. Would you like to tell me about it?”

Hana looked at her hands. “I’m afraid the others won’t accept me because my skin looks different.”

Iris held her hands gently. “Your skin is beautiful. Vitiligo is not something you need to hide. Let us make some colours to remind you of everything you already carry inside.”

She mixed blue and yellow, and a golden light surrounded Hana. “This is the colour of courage.” Then she blended pink and violet. “This is the colour of calm and love.” Finally, she drew a rainbow. “And this is the colour of acceptance. It begins with treating yourself kindly.”

Hana returned home feeling calmer. Whenever she felt unsure, she remembered those colours and took a deep breath. Little by little, she approached the village children, explained what vitiligo was and discovered that they wanted to know her, play with her and become her friends.

Thanks to Iris, Hana understood that her difference was not a flaw. It was a beautiful part of who she was.