

The Conscience Fairy and the Boggart

A series of Poems for the Bootle Children's Literary Festival 2023

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Hey there, have you heard about the Boggart who kidnapped the Conscience fairy? It's a peculiar story, but apparently this Boggart wants all children to be naughty and doesn't want the fairy teaching them right from wrong. Can you believe that?

The Conscience fairy is known for her amazing ability to teach children about morality and ethics. She's been doing it for years and has helped countless kids become better people. But this Boggart, he's just a troublemaker who wants to cause chaos and mischief. He's taken the fairy hostage and is refusing to let her go.

It's a shame really, because without the Conscience fairy, who knows what kind of trouble these kids will get into. But I have faith that someone will come along and save her.

Maybe it'll be a brave knight or a clever wizard.

Maybe it will be you who saves the Conscience Fairy?



1. Conscience Fairy - Where are you?



Conscience Fairy, where are you?
Guiding kids with your tender view,
Whispers of right and wrong you throw,
Yet now your absence brings us woe,
Do return, please, fairy friend,
For children's hearts and minds to mend.

Conscience Fairy, bright and light
Carried from her path one night,
Her tiny wings restrained in fright,
Silenced by a Boggarts might.
Her heart now heavy, with no delight
As children lose their honest sight,
We must search for her, with all our might.

Naughty children now dance with glee,
Charmed by mischievous Boggarts spree,
He would murmur in their ear,
Words that they're not meant to hear.
Youngsters will sneak out at night,
Up to mischief, full of delight,

Their parents try to discipline,
But the Boggarts curse works deep within.

2. Begin Searching

From post to tree, explore with care,
For fairy doors will show up there,
Into nook and cranny, you must stare,
Else the Boggarts lair remains a snare.

Though heart may be heavy with worry and fear
For the Conscience Fairy loved so dear
In the clutch of the Boggart so severe
Lost in a world that's so unclear.



The doors will hint at secrets old,
Fables of enchanted wonders untold,
Your quest for the Fairy be brave and bold,
Else the Boggarts power will tightly hold.

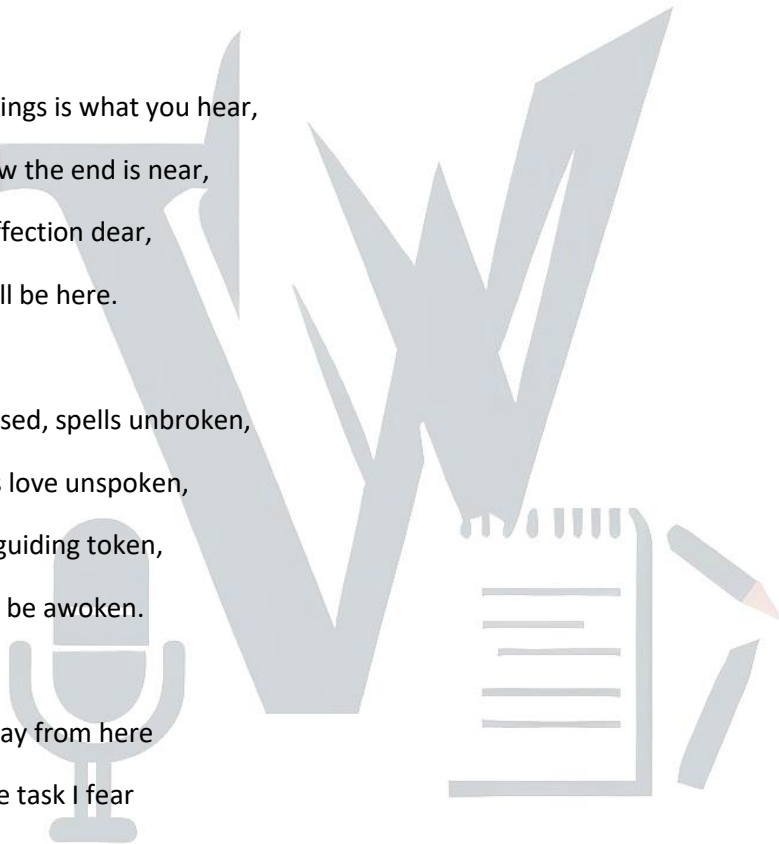
Knock upon doors of wood and bark,
To search for the light within this dark,
Reach out with your spirit and cast a spark,
Hopeful for a sign, a telling mark.

Follow close your instincts lead,
In hope the boggart will recede,
Within each door, your hope will feed,
For the Conscience Fairy's freedom, we need.

When the flutter of wings is what you hear,
With hope, you'll know the end is near,
Heart filled up with affection dear,
For Fairy soon, she will be here.

Yet doors are now closed, spells unbroken,
The conscience fairy's love unspoken,
Seek each clue, each guiding token,
For goodness yet, will be awoken.

But now you must away from here
For you have quite the task I fear
Seek tearful Brownie, he must be near,
To help you on your mission dear.





3. **Brownie at the edge of the park**

Up all night, Brownie works away,
“Floors to clean”, you'll hear him say,
But when he's in a mischievous mood,
Furniture, he'll rearrange for good.

His tiny hands and feet so quick,
Cleaning corners with speed so slick,
He'll leave no speck, no bit of dust,
A true housekeeper that you can trust.

Yet Brownie's heart is full of woe,
As sorrow's tears begin to flow,
Conscience fairy nowhere in sight,
Oh, how he longs to feel her light.

Brownie's heart, it's now so lost,
His soul is suffering, such high cost,

For Conscience fairy, he cries and moans,
Searching for her, with wounded groans.

"Where oh where has she gone?"

Brownie sings a mournful song,
Just as his weeps intensify,
He hums, a jumbled lullaby.

"Listen friend and listen true,
As there is something you must do,
Seek you the sound of Mermaid's call,
For she may guide you on, once more".

4. The Mermaid's call.

Oh, Mermaid pure, oh Mermaid fair,
Endowed by shimmering calming grace.
Through treacherous seas and stormy air,
Please guide us to the Boggarts place.

"I will sing of conscience fairy's fall,
And warn of Boggart's cunning game.
Through my melody you will conquer all,
And it shall carry you to where you aim".

"The flutter of fairy wings will sound,
As you pursue this mermaids trail.
You will safely tread on solid ground,
Where love and goodness never fail".



Oh, mermaid fair, with song so sweet,
That echoes in our heart and soul.
Your guidance and love can never cheat,
As in your ballad, we are whole.

“To the Golem you must trek,
And seek you out it’s fairy door.
For sight of a Boggart, I have none,
And maybe they can tell you more”.

So, listen carefully, young ones, and hear,
The mermaids joyous, mournful cry.
And let her lead you far and near,
To where your dreams will never die.



5. The Golem

Deep within the caves, an old friend lies,
Golem glares with piercing eyes
“What is a Boggart” you must ask,
For you to continue in your task.

The Golem ponders, their mind so old,
Their voice like clay, response so bold.
They turn to you with gentle face,
And in time respond with learned grace.

“What does a Boggart even look like?
One has never been seen, so no one can describe.
Perhaps it’s a shadow with menacing spines,
Or a creature with eyes that pierce like knives”.

“Is it a beast that lurks in the night,
Or a shapeshifter that hides in the day?
Does it take the form of our greatest fright,
Or does it hang on a breeze and float away”?

“Lost in the darkness, we search with no light,
For a glimpse of the evil that haunts our way.
Yet we are afraid to see it, it is too great a sight,
For any image or terror, it could display”.

“Time passes by as we dwell on the thought,
Of the Boggart that hides in the depth of our mind.
It is a vague apparition that cannot be brought,
To existence, for it is not of our kind”.

“We’re left in disillusionment and a sense of confusion,
As we confront our fears that we cannot conceal.
The Boggart may be elusive, but it breeds intrusion,
As it grows from the cruelty naughty children reveal”.

“I’ve heard tell of two Imp’s who protect two doors,
One always lies, the other tells true.
You must avoid the liar for you to progress,
I know not which is which, that task is for you”.

6. The Two Imps

Two Imps guard two doors, so it appears,
One leads to hope, the other to fears,
One Imp lies, the other speaks the truth,
One cloaks the road to light; one illuminates proof.

The path to the conscience fairy is bright,
But the desert of the lost is quite the sight,

You've a single question, one chance to choose,
Or forever to wander the wasteland; you'll lose.



The Imps stare at you with beady black eyes,
One repeating truth, the other spilling lies,
Deathly silence grips, the stakes are high,
Choose or perish, the seconds tick by.

"Eternal wanderer or fairy's delight?
Speak fast or forever be lost to the night",
The Imps cackle, their laughter grim,
The choice you make will be your reckoning's hymn.

Your heart races as you take a breath,
Seconds feel like hours, it could mean life or death,
You steady your voice, your fingers tremble with fear,
As you ask the question that may bring you near.

You think, you think, you think some more,
"I've got it" you shout as you approach one door.

"If I were to ask the other Imp which portal to seek,
What answer will it offer - the truth or deceit?"

The Imp pauses, its eyes flick a flicker,
Rapidly speaks, its breathing much quicker.

"The other will show the wrong way, always,
This portal here leads to hope, its light never decays",
The words echo in your ears, like a chiming bells toll,
The last step you take, your destiny you enrol.

If he tells the truth he will point to the liar's choice,
If he is a liar, to wrong portal with deceiving voice,
Whomever you ask, you need not say more,
For your answer has appeared, the opposite door.

So, you choose the portal to the conscience fairy,
And on the other side, everything's cheery,
Two Imps guard a portal, this much is true,
But the path to your destiny, that choice was for you.



7. Gnome at Home

Through Fairy door to forest leafy woodland,
Where moonlight plays tricks on fairy strand,
You stumble upon cheerful, bumbling gnome,
With the kindest smile, outside grass patched home.

With hazy steps and wandering eye,
He tells you tales, of clouds, floating on high,
Of silver sparrows and golden starlings,
Of tiny sprite boats and magic sailings.

He speaks of the Boggart, who had taken control,
Of the conscience fairy, breath mind and soul,
“No game is too grand for Boggart to play,
To steal the pure thoughts of children away”.

The gnome, he said, “I did my very best,
To stop nasty Boggart fast in his tracks,
Instead of casting a slow spell to halt Boggarts run,
I had cast a speed spell, and the Boggart was gone”.

You see in these woodlands where this Gnome dwells,
His magic is cursed, and it often will fail.
For every spell this sprite tries to cast,
Comes out awry, is doomed not to last.

His intentions are pure, execution is flawed,
Magical disasters are what he’s known for.
The kindest of souls will oft cause a fright,

The Gnomish spells that he never gets right.
Each action he takes is a pure leap of faith,
A heart of gold, in a scatter-brained wraith,
For though he frequently stumbles in his stride,
His love and courage have never been denied.

You see through it all, his cheer has remained,
His spirit stays high, his heart unchained,
For he searched the woods, far and wide,
Until the tracks of the Boggart, he then spied.

Somehow, the Gnome in his bumbling way,
Found the fairy's trail to guide your way.
And thanks to him, this chaotic gnome,
We could still save the fairy from her woeful home.

8. Sphinx's Riddle

In your quest to save the Conscience Fairy,
You find you are lost, in a place oh so dreary.
When a Sphinx appears with a riddle to solve,
Of which you need answer so that you can move on.

Serene, gentle eyes stare down upon your face,
Reflecting the knowledge of all time and space.
In the depth of your mind, you hear a voice,
It's whisper so soothing, it leaves you no choice.

"Four legs in the morning,
Two legs in the afternoon,
And three legs in the evening,
What am I, mortal, answer, and soon!"



“Conscience fairy's fate hangs by a thread,
Heed my riddle, and pray use your head.
Will you go from here with failures harsh bite,
Or pass my test through clever insight?

Answer me true, then be on your way,
To save the fairy and save the day”.

You ponder and ponder, your mind racing wild,
And then it hits you, like a bright ray of light.
Man, it is man, how he changes with time,
From crawling to walking, then with a stick to get by.

The Sphinx was satisfied, and nods with grace,
“Your quest continues, with a faster pace.
You now travel on, through deserts and hills,
Climbing mountains, with all your will”.

As you depart, once more comes Sphynx voice,
“Continue on friend if that indeed is your choice.
Seek out the creature, half man, and half horse,
For he is the one to aid in your cause”

9. Chiron the Centaur

Chiron, the centaur wise and old,
With fables and lessons to be told.
Speaks true of the conscience fairy,
Her whispers soft, but so necessary.

“Children, mischievous and playful,
Sometimes cross lines and become hateful.
But the conscience fairy always is near,
From her, guaranteed, they have nothing to fear.

Her charm, it whispers in their ear,
Helps them understand what they need to hear.
A gentle reminder of their actions,
To help teach them life's valuable lessons”.

We each have a conscience, inside us all,
But at times we require a fairy's call.
To remind us of the difference between right and wrong,
And give our heart guidance that it does long.



“So, listen well, dear children all,
And hold the conscience fairy close to call.
For with her spell, she will help you see,
The path to compassion, love, and empathy”.

“As for your search”, Chiron exclaims,
“Look to the place where the humble Hob stays.
Yet he is akin to the Boggart, their family the same,
He may aid in your quest, or not, those be his ways”.

10. The Hob

The Hob, small and crumpled, must be appeased,
Else, they'll turn naughty, very displeased,
Boggarts they'll become, if once insulted,
Nothing but trouble, turning revolting.

If offered shoes, the Hob will feel shame,
A farmer once learned this, through pain,
Shooing received for a pair of clogs,
Hob's temperament, tougher than logs.

In defending Boggarts, Hob stands tall,
A bond unbroken, through it all
Repetition, recurrent at play
Time passes, yet they never sway.

The Hob, ever-present, in life's game
A creature of habit, stays the same,
Their ways, a cycle, to the end
But for those who understand, a friend.



So, appease the Hob, small and kind,
To their loyalty, one must bind,
For Boggarts to stay, protect they will,
Their ways, forever, unyielding still.

The Hob knows well your search persists,
For the Conscience fairy that you've missed,
Yet family ties cannot be undone,
“Boggarts and Hobs forever are one”.

But fear not, there is still a way,
A fairy door with a faerie's stay,
Protected and sweet, it may lead,
To your fairy, your heart may plead.

For love can span the test of time,
And this, my friend, is no mere rhyme,
So, venture forth and find your way,
Seek out the faerie hound this day.

11. The Faerie Hound

The Faerie Hound is a fearsome sight,
A green glowing dog, emerald eyes so bright,
Twice the size of a wolf, it prowls in the night,
And defends the fairy realm with all its might.



Approaching the hound, its eyes lock onto thine,
Pulsing with power, they appear to shine,
The Hob's words ring true, it may hold a sign,
To locate the conscience fairy, lost in time.

But a spell of the Boggart has cloaked the ground,
Hiding the path, no trace can be found,
The Faerie Hound sniffs and snarls all around,
But the enchantment holds, unbreakable, profound.

We wait and watch as the moon climbs high,
A silent moment as the wind whispers by,

The Faerie Hound starts to howl and cry,
Its mournful tune echoing through the sky.

(Howl)

Suddenly, the spell is broken, we see a light,
A trail of shimmering dust, now in sight,
The Faerie Hound senses, with all its might,
The conscience fairy, deep away in the night.

The Faerie Hound, our guide through the dark,
With eyes that gleam, and a cry so stark,
In eerie mists and shadows, it makes its mark,
A guardian of the Faerie Realm, a legend to hark.

12. The Sirens

The friendly Sirens of the sea,
Sing soothing songs of sweet melody,
Their voices, soft like summer breeze,
With lullaby, bring you to peace.

Exhausted from your quest divine,
For the Conscience fairy, hard to find,
But with their symphonic tune,
You fall asleep, beneath the moon.

On grassy rise, your dreaming mind,
Now filled with beauties of all kind.
Your heart now light, your soul serene,
The gentle Sirens, those angels' unseen.



Refreshed, uplifted, you rise up,
To continue your journey, a little less tough,
The Sirens smile, and bid you adieu,
Their kindness, a gift, pure and true.

In a world that's often harsh and cruel,
The friendly Sirens, a shining jewel,
Of hope, of love, of human grace,
A reminder, of goodness in this space.

May we all be like the Siren kind,
Bringing peace and love, to those we find,
And in our quest for humanity,
May we bring light, hope and unity.

13. The Green Dragon



You met a friendly green dragon whilst on your way,
Who offered a ride on her strong crested back.
She opened wings of majesty, and her head did sway,
As she took you soaring, oh what a rare ride you had!

Protecting mother earth is her mission, her solitary role,
And she spoke of the need to protect and reserve,
this planet you call home, for the good of us all,
Is a lesson you're taught, but do you really observe?

She told of the dangers looming near,
"Earth's beauty" she growled, "struggles to endure".
"Pollution and waste are a problem it's clear,
humanity is at fault, and they must do more".

"Recycling, planting, being eco aware,
Simple steps that each of us can make every day.
Mother earth's health, it must be preserved,
And you can help do it, in your own little way".

The dragon dropped you off at the edge of a glade,
Said "a Leprechaun be found here, of that, I am sure.
Head to its home where you may engage",
Then she fast flew away, leaving you with no more.

So, as you take the first step, to seek and to serve,
The planet that nourishes, the planet that gives
Your quest for the Boggart, must too be preserved.

A challenge that little by little, you have strived to achieve.

And so, you continue, following wild journey ways,
Before you too can head home, to your very own lair.
Head to the Leprechaun lodged within emeralds glade,
Who will guide to that which made fairy disappear.

14. The Tiny Cobbler

The tap-tappy-tapping of tiny cobbler hammer,
Resounds through the forest louder and louder.
Hints of a Leprechaun, elusive and sly,
Granting wishes to those who dare to stop by.

Oh, the lure of riches and power so strong,
Binds him to the magic that's been here all along,
The beauty of nature, the mystery of life,
Offering the answers to struggles and strife.

Still, in the distance, you hear tap-tappy-tapping,
And your heart stirs with the longing for... something,
A link to the world beyond these trees and their leaves,
A glimpse of the truth, of where the Boggart lives.

Leprechaun knows your needs, your heartfelt desires,
Yet evades your capture using cunning and wiles,
But he leaves you a key with a rainbow design,
For a fairy door that now you must find.



So, follow the sound of the Leprechaun's tune,
Through forests and rivers, under the moon,
And reach the fairy door with its bright rainbow gleam,
To that wish that you truly need to redeem.

Redeem our souls from the dark path we're on,
Rediscover the love that's been here all along,
Search for labyrinth's thorns grown from dry, dusty earth,
And find there a guardian that will show you its worth.

And as the tap-tappy-tapping fades away,
You know in your heart that you'll find a way,
To discover Conscience Fairy that we need still,
Through honour of a Leprechaun and his free will.



15. The Labyrinth

Outside a maze so vast and wide,
A tiny door caught my eye,
And by its side, a friend did hide,
A caterpillar just passing by.

Curious, I asked the way,
To the centre of the maze,
The worm replied without delay,
"The right way is the only way."

Confused, I murmured wearily,
Your answer says not much to me.
Whatever do you mean, my friend?
And please forgive if I offend.

Caterpillar crawled along a thorn,
Tells me with a sigh... once more.
"The right way through is the right way out,
I know the path, without a doubt".



"The path is long, yet not unmeasured,
Though seldom travelled, it promises treasure.
The maze is old, and the trails will change,
But the one way through, always the same".

"You'll find your way, with patience and care,
To the seat of the Minotaur residing there.
The right way, is the only way,
Despite how hard, or far away"

The right way is the only way,
What is the caterpillar trying to say?
There he sits, and says no more,
but what he's said two times before.

The caterpillar, steadfast still,
"Again, repeating it I will,"
It's the same advice, yet said once more,
Will you stumble, forevermore"?

Caterpillar speaking, slow and shrill,
"The right way is the only way.
Think now, it's the same answer still,
Are you truly listening to what I say"?

Realisation dawns, that's it, you must,
Only ever turn to the right,
And so, you move forward and trust,
In the caterpillar's proposed insight.

The path repeats, a constant theme,
Veering right at every chance,
Time passes as you boldly aim.
To the maze's end, and hope at last.

But what lies within? A statue grand,
Of a minotaur, fierce and proud,
A beacon for a barren land,
Of courage, strength, and yet some doubt.

For what is right, if not the call,
To break free from the recurring fate,
To rise above and stand up tall,
And save the fairy, before it's late.

The caterpillar led the way,
But it was you who found the path,
The power to break free and stay,
The courage to face the aftermath.

Life is like a never-ending maze,
Search for love, in countless ways.
We chase the dreams that we create,
In hopes of improving our own fate.

So, let us follow, this wise old friend,
And may our journey never end.
For in repetition, we find the truth,
That life's great hopes, rest with our youth.

16. Caverns of the Minotaur

The mossy minotaur stands so still,
Stone eyes are dull, its presence chill,
But as I stare into its gaze,
Its eyes light up with a fiery blaze.

Stone grates on stone, a whirring sound,
And the statue shifts, makes a profound
Movement to expose the way,

Into a cavern, lit up like day.

I step down, the air is chill,
The light is bright, from luminous walls,
I feel a sense of déjà vu,
As if I've seen this place before.

The caverns twist and turn around,
Is it a new labyrinth I've now found?
But no, as forward I move my feet,
The space opens with air so sweet.



Stepping into a world unknown
I feel as if I'm not alone.
Although I feel I'm being looked upon
For search of answers, I must move on

So, I keep walking, step by step,
As breeze, gentle as cobweb
Brushes by with peaceful touch
And draws me to a golden bush.

Approaching it with careful pace,
I suddenly see a well-known face.
The caterpillar that I'd seen before.
Standing guard at the maze front door.

But as I stare a little longer
Its eyes light up with new-found vigour
"Well done my friend, you've passed the task,
You're at the fairy's jail at last".

“Behind this shrub you’ll find a door,
Unlike the ones you’ve seen before
For this won’t lead to a faerie’s realm
But where the evil Boggart’s dwell”.

As the caterpillar’s gaze regards me,
I step through the door, towards my destiny.

17. Meanwhile in Boggarts lair.

Conscience Fairy, trapped in cage of night,
A Boggart's toy, his earth-bound sprite,
Her voice now muted, no positive light,
She can't escape, try as she might.

The Boggart's world, place of naughty fun,
Where kids run wild and laughs begun,
No rules, no morals, they're all undone,
A world of chaos that he's spun.

The Conscience Fairy whispers low,
"Kindness, love, it's all we know,
Without them, we'll all fail to grow,
Our souls will wither, torment will show."



The Boggart laughs, a wicked sound,
"A world of kindness, bah, let it drown,
Let naughtiness and mischief abound,
Our spirits free, our wickedness unbound."

The Conscience Fairy sings a song,
"Be kind, be good, it can't go wrong,
No harm, no hate, it won't take long,
To see your heart, beat pure and strong."

The Boggart mocks, "Oh, what a treat,
Your words, your thoughts, are sickly sweet,
But in my realm, we can't be beat,
Our badness vast, our hate complete."

The Conscience Fairy, trapped, deserted,
Watches as time grinds forward borne,
Her voice is silenced, her spirit torn,
Her hope, her light, forever shorn.

The Boggart laughs, a sinister smirk,
Placing chains upon her to work,
His twisted mind, forever berserk,
A darkness sheer, eternal murk.

In cages, hearts can't spread their wings,
Forever silenced, their voice that sings,
An endless cycle, where hope stings,
And time, a cruel bird, spreads its rings.

18. Land of the Boggart



Within the land of Boggart dread,
Where deepest nightmares are raised and fed,
He tries to stop me with my own worst fears,
Those that have haunted me through the years.

Yet, my heart doesn't tremble, nor does it sway,
As the Boggart tries to scare me away,
He mocks me with his twisted grin,
But my determination only strengthens within.

I walk through the gloom with a solid gait,
Refuse to be influenced by this Boggart's hate,
For the Conscience Fairy awaits my arrival,
I carry on forward, there'll be no reversal.

From my path, I cannot be deterred,
By those fears that once would have left me disturbed.
For I am the master of my own fate,
And the Boggart's attempts to lead me astray.

Soon the echoes of his taunts fade away,
As I walk on towards the light of day,
The Boggart's power over me is naught,
For my strength and will cannot be bought.

I am empowered by Fairy's spirit and might,
As my journey continues on into the night,
The Boggart tries to stop me at every turn,
But my determination like a flame brightly burns.

I'll rescue Conscience Fairy from her cruel plight,
With each step, I grow stronger in my right,
No Boggart challenge can bring me down,
My spirit and soul shall always rebound.

I am the conqueror of the Boggart's land,
For strength and courage are at my command,
My journey continues with an unwavering heart,
As I march towards this fresh new start.

19. The Final Battle

In the Boggart's lair, I did appear,
With courage bold outshining fear.
Sneaking past a creaking door,
My eyes fell onto a cage on the floor.

Within the bars a fairy did rest,
Her wings, her dress, her hair a mess
With heavy chains that held her in place,
A prisoner in this repulsive space.

With careful hands, I freed the sprite,
But then the Boggart came in sight
With his fury, his rage, did soon arise,
And with evil magic, he filled the skies.

Nightmares danced before my eyes,
But the fairy responded with lullabies.
Her spells of love, her spells of light
Blocked every horror that came to sight.



No matter what the Boggart threw,
The fairy knew just what to do.
A song of peace she sang out loud,
Sending Boggart sleeping upon the ground.

Together we fled from the evil's lair,
And returned to safety, free from fear.
The fairy's magic saved me from harm,
Her goodness powerful, a healing balm.

If you see a Boggart, so full of hate,
The fairy's spell is your saving grace.
A reminder of love's goodness, a shining light,
Guiding you through the darkest nights.

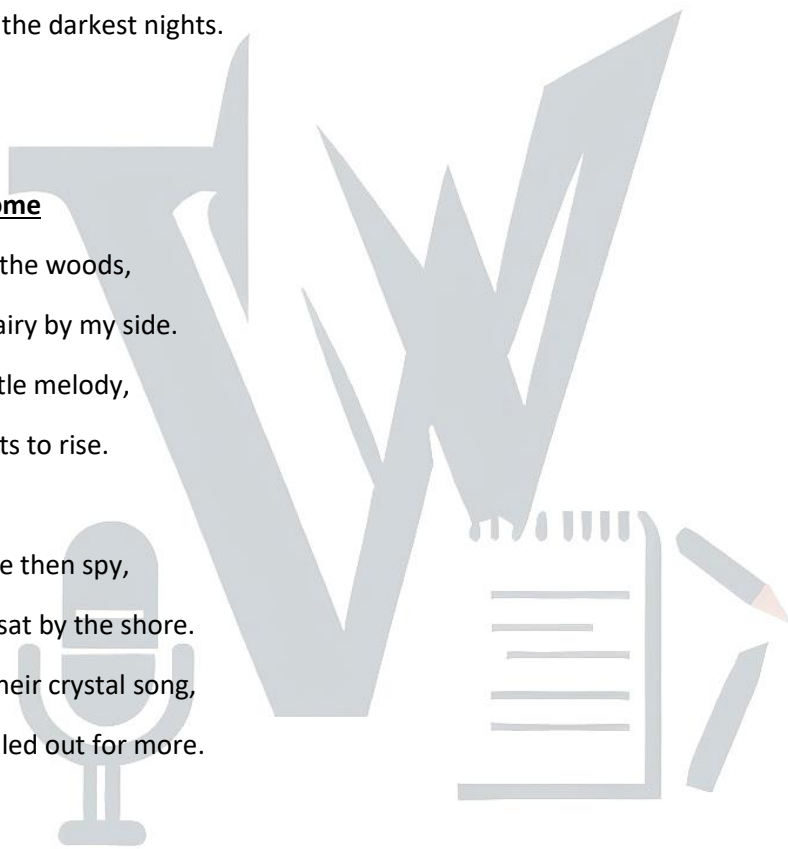
20. Welcome Home

We walk on through the woods,
me and conscience fairy by my side.
When we hear a gentle melody,
With a tune that starts to rise.

Through the trees, we then spy,
Mermaid and Sirens sat by the shore.
Welcoming us with their crystal song,
We listened, then called out for more.

On the beach, we happened to meet,
Chiron the Centaur, the Brownie, Gnome.
The friends that had helped in my quest,
With wide smiles, welcoming us home.

Golem, I see is there too,
with impish friends of all shapes and size.
We're heartily welcomed with open arms,



and there is yet one more surprise.

Look who is perched up on high,
Atop the faerie hound's wet nose?
It's a tiny caterpillar, who winked,
"It turned out right", he said "I suppose".



It was then that the Conscience Fairy,
Called together the happy crowd.
The fairy's voice so soft,
but her message it echoed out loud.

"There's a Boggart inside us all,
A creature deep within,
That tries to lead us down the path,
Of rudeness and of sin".

"Sometimes it's hard to resist,
As he can offer what we crave,
And we give in without a thought,
And become his willing slave".



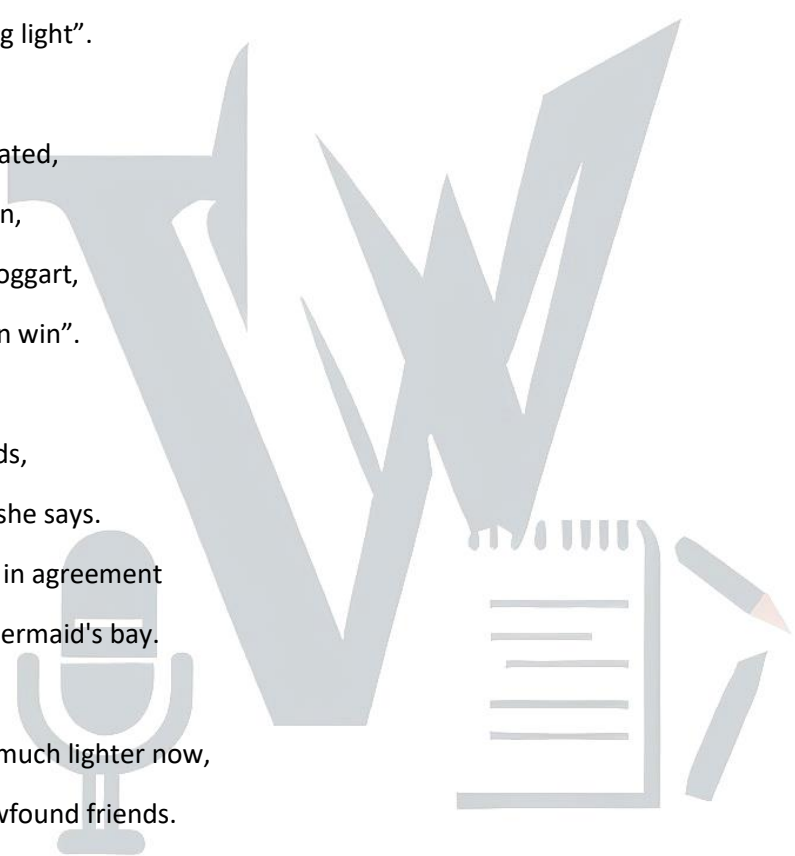
“But if we listen to our voice,
That small and quiet sound,
Our conscience which reminds us,
Of the goodness to be found”.

“Then we can all be heroes,
The ones who choose the right,
by standing up to the darkness,
And shine as a guiding light”.

“So, let's not be defeated,
By the creature within,
But face up to that Boggart,
And the battle we can win”.

We listen to her words,
seeing truth in what she says.
Our conscience nods in agreement
as we dance in the mermaid's bay.

Our hearts they feel much lighter now,
As we laugh with newfound friends.
We'll never forget this most epic of quests,
where love, and magic always transcends.





by Ian Nenna - 2023

