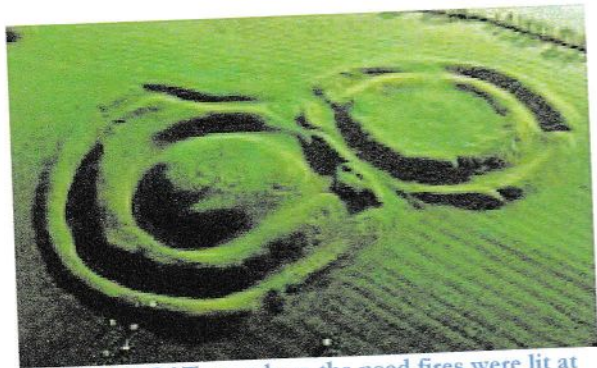


SerpentStar

Newsletter for the Australian and New Zealand members of OBOD

Beltane 2007



The Hill Of Tara, where the need fires were lit at Beltane from the fire lit by the High King

Beltane, Bealteine, Bealtaine, however you spell it, it's upon us again. In old Ireland Beltane was the whole month, with Lá Beltane, (Beltane day) held about halfway between Alban Eiler and Alban Hevin, the spring equinox and the summer solstice. At this time of the year, the cattle which had been kept close to home and fed on hay all winter, were driven between two fires to cleanse and revivify them before letting them out to graze.

In those days, people had earth floors covered with straw, rushes or peat. They slept on bedding made, according to the old ballads '*o' the clean sheets and the clean straw*'; and at the end of a long winter, with everyone kept working inside at indoor tasks such as spinning and weaving, leather-making and carpentry, it was time to clear out the old litter. All the families of a district would pile up this litter to be burnt for the Beltane Fires. Thus they have come to symbolise for us purification and clearing the way for renewal.

These Beltane customs took people out of their homes for more than a day, long enough for their need fires, also referred to as *theine cigin*, or kitchen fires, normally kept burning constantly on their home hearths, to go out. Relighting hearth fires wasn't easy in those days before there were tinderboxes or boxes of matches in Ireland, so it made sense to light one big fire for the Beltane festival so that everyone could light their own need-fires at home from that.

As this ancient practice, purely practical in origin, acquired symbolic power, the lighting of this first fire became a political act, the priority of the king, and a symbol of his power and authority to light this first fire; and according to legend, people were not permitted to light any fires beforehand. Everyone lit their need fires from the king's own symbolic blaze.

This leaves us with a symbol of warmth, power and illumination emanating from a single source and reaching out into all the darkest, coldest corners of the earth, an idea which we of the 21st century can easily incorporate into our Beltane rites with great benefit to the Earth and all her beings.

Sadly, dear old Tara, also spelled Teamhar, pronounced just like 'tower', is now in grave danger and needs our help. See article within.

26th Annual Beltane Pagan Gathering at Mount Franklin.

The longest running, and the biggest gathering of its type in the Southern Hemisphere, held each year since 1981 at Mt Franklin Reserve, Midland Hwy, Central Victoria.

Mt Franklin is a dormant volcano, about 8 miles north of Daylesford. Public transport is available as far as Daylesford. The Gathering is held in the crater, in which there is a beautiful garden, with BBQ facilities, outdoor toilets and running water (but bring your own drinking water.)

This annual Gathering is always held at Mt Franklin on the last weekend in October. There's a Feast of Beltane on Saturday night with a ritual and bonfire, and a market and Maypole dance on Sunday. Most folk arrive on Friday afternoon or Saturday.

Bring warm weatherproof camping gear, wholesome food to share, and anything to sell or swap at the Pagan Market. Bring also your Robes or special clothing to wear at the Beltane Ritual, a sense of fun and a love of the Old Gods! For further information, if needed, write to:

"OCTOBER GATHERING"
PO BOX 54
CASTLEMAINE
VIC 3450



wyverne's words

6-day, Southern Hemisphere OBODies!

In this issue we give an ovation to our retiring editor, **Stormwolf**, who took over the job from **Carole Neilson** all those years ago. Carole established the original **SerpentStar** during the 1990s and Stormwolf has kept it vital and alive. It's a mighty act to follow, and I'll need all the help I can get from you, the readers - and that means **contributions!** We've already got nearly a hundred eager readers, ravenous for your insights, so get 'em down and **keep 'em coming!** Articles, poems, rituals, news, artwork, reviews of books or films, recipes, photography - anything of interest to **Bards, Ovates and Druids**, of all ages. If you've got an idea for a series of articles or a regular column or similar, email me at wyueuro@bigpond.com or snailmail to PMB2 Angaston SA, 5353 Australia. Also of interest are the urls of **good pagan websites** with details about them.

This issue bristles with goodies. Tiki sends us a story from the future, Carole begins a brave new column, and there are poems and articles for us all.

The serpent energy is rising, and **SerpentStar** wants to spread out wide its starry wings and fly!

vyvyan ogma wyverne

Ochre - Kangaroo Island

Words became a paste
an ochre, red and yellow
for my face,
streaks of sun.

I wanted to live,
to run up the hill,
the ravine,
to be amongst the shrubs and trees,
the wallabies scuttling by.

I wanted to be the breeze at my back.

To fall into the water cupped by stone
in that shimmering stream

Known only to me
here in this sacred glade.

I wanted the word to speak my heart
and my heart to speak my mind

and my heart set free
a love of this Earth.

Keith MacNider

Wednesday 2nd August 2222
Immolg

"Have you heard of a biddy doll?" he asked.

It was night time. We were walking out across
big basalt stepping stones, piled in a path across
a sunken lake. I looked at him and let my body
say "blank".

"What it was, was a wand. With a cross piece
tied to it, then dressed up in clothes. Like a doll.
It was a doll. But it was meant as the Goddess."

We walked around a loop of stones that formed a
pool. A large rock pool, black waters surrounded
by deep stone in the middle of a light grey lake.
We stood where we could see the reflection of the
first-quarter moon in the pool.

"There was another wand, just a wand, and that
was the God. And there was a thing called
Bride's Bed, or Brigid's Bed, where you put the
biddy doll and the wand together in a bed. And
that was the Goddess receiving the God for the
first time."

Watching the moon in the rock pool in the
middle of a wide lake, I found my heart aching
and a deep pressure in my soul. Beside me, he
knelt. I started to resist, then chose not to. And I
knelt too, silently watching the water, listening
to the moon in the cloudy sky. He reached into
the water, and held it cupped in his hands.

Sometime in the silent listening, I reached into
the water and lifted up the reflection of the moon
in my cupped hands. I watched it shimmer as the
water trickled noisily out between my fingers. I
felt the cold, the nearness. The sight in the water.
The soft memory of surrender. I brushed the last
drops across my forehead and eyelids. Then I
took another handful, and joyously tossed liquid
drops into the sky with the stars, and listened to
them invisibly plashy-fall.

We both stood, and he said to me "That's also a
way we learn." I wasn't sure, so I asked him what
he meant. "As druids. We find the sacred
moment and the sacred place in the heart of the
mundane, and we live it."

And this was Immolg night, under the light of a
first-quarter moon.

Tiki

Earth Talk

Science for Druids
with Carole Nielsen

Plants Can Recognize and Prefer Their Kin

There has been some interesting research done in **HAMILTON, Ontario, Canada**, this year at McMaster University that will be of some interest to Druids.

We already know how plants compete with each other for space, light and nutrients. What researches have now found is that although plants become competitive when forced to share a confined space with strangers of the same species, they don't compete with plants that belong to their own family, ie. who have the same **mother**.

The ability to know and favor kin is common in animals, but this has not been shown before in plants said Dr. Susan Dudley, associate professor of biology at McMaster University in Hamilton.

If you put unrelated plants, of the same species in a pot, the plants grow more roots so they can grab a bigger share of water and other nutrients in the soil, than the other plants in the pot with them.

But the research has shown that if the plants put in the pot are also related to the plants already there, they don't increase root growth, and the two plants share the resources.

Because differences between groups of strangers and groups of related plants only occurred when they shared a pot, it is thought that the root interactions may provide a cue for kin recognition.

The plant studied was sea rocket, *Cakile edentula*. This plant is a member of the mustard family native to beaches throughout North America

The two biologists grew batches of sea rocket in pots of four, either with specimens from the same maternal family or from several different families.

Plants growing with strangers had a much bigger root ball after two months of growing than those sharing pots with siblings.

We could perhaps keep this in mind when we are planting our own gardens, being careful to keep families of plants near each other e.g. when we are breaking them up to replant, keeping them near the mother plant.

It is thought that a protein or chemical signal specific to each plant's family might be secreted and detected by other roots nearby.

For the full story follow this link <http://www.ens-newswire.com/ens/jun2007/2007-06-13-03.asp>

sometimes we suffer...

*sometimes that ache that howls
through the long cold echoing
corridors of space,
like the roar of the yawning birth
of our starry, streaming,
strenuous Dreaming,
opens our mouths to be born,
pushes like a feisty fist into our lives
in order to become...*

*it rages in ritual and rhythm and rut
corrupts our best efforts
deforms our fond phantoms of dignity and truth
cripples our bodies and thwarts our desires
until everyone shares -
atom and galaxy, beast, soul and spirit -
in the pain of the bringing to birth of the pain
of the bringing to birth of the pain
of the bringing to birth...*



*and in the out-of-our-control, incomprehensible,
rammed-jammed-packed-full immensity
of even the emptiest spaces
comes yelling down the tunnels of time
of its own engendering
all the ringing triumph of the gladness
of the mother in travail*

*therefore we carry our sacred pain
like a child of a mother,
and in our participation,
when we are in pain,
we are both mother and child.
even when whimpering, craven and surrendered,
we are most numinous,
potent, mysterious and strong.*

wyverne

The use of enchantment

Beginning a new series: where to start.

We druids interpret our reality in terms of enchantment. At the basis of many magical systems is a belief in an all-embracing singularity; in the oneness of the infinitude of beings, entities, events, situations etc that exist; in the awen. From an atom or smaller all the way up to and beyond our own "Big-Bang" and all its consequences, any being is constantly enchanting, disenchanting and maintaining established enchantments, while at the same time being enchanted, disenchanted and re-encharnted by the beings around it, in a constant interplay in which all reality is engaged.

Designers, artists, singers and poets all study enchantment. It is well-known that commercial advertisers deliberately craft enchantments using symbolism and subliminals sometimes unscrupulously to make us buy their products; and most of us easily resist it. Politicians, household pets, schoolteachers, preachers and priests, and children all use enchantment both instinctively and deliberately, for good or ill. Television itself has been with us for several generations now, and the majority of us approve of the enchantments cast by programmes with strong, positive themes, like *Neighbours* or *Star Trek*.

Biologists describe the way flowers use colour, odour, attitude and form to fascinate their pollinators; chemists describe the enchantment that binds oxygen to hydrogen in water (and we can feel the flavor, spiritual nature and power of that enchantment when, as ovates, we practice soft-gazing into water). The Superb Blue Wren has features designed specifically to enchant us and our human faces have features that enchant the tiny wren. That's why it flaunts its colours to us so flirtatiously, choosing nesting sites close to our homes; and why it is loved by children, birdwatchers, housewives, pagans and most people not too preoccupied to see them or unwilling to go under his cheerful little spell.

The power of enchantment ranges from a melody's power to delight a listener to that of one atom to captivate another; from the power of an idea or attitude to empower or vanquish, to the power of someone's bad mood to spoil a good day, or cheerfulness to redeem a bad one. The best enchantments interact in our society to create the moods and attitudes, sensitivities and abilities, qualities and modalities that inform our behavior, and to manage the politics, dreams, inspirations and ideologies that make our world vital and exciting, and keep us enchanted with it, loving life, loving the world, loving our culture, with all its faults, and loving our neighbours in this world and beyond. The worst enchantments drive the greeds, hatreds and cruelties that spoil it all.

Unless we are extremely powerful, cunning or deceitful, the power to cast enchantments over others comes only with their consent. We let our children enchant us, but only up to a point, knowing that they might exploit us if they could. A town lets a church cast an enchantment of holy protection over it only when it trusts the church. Even the natural world with all its

beings, resists our enchantments for healing and repair until it trusts the circle, grove or individual druid, ovate or bard who casts it. A good spell can only come from a well-managed magical basis, and that entails an understanding of the spells we've casually consented to go under. We also have to know what natural, instinctive enchantments we cast and succumb to when we're not even trying, and what enchantments the world is casting over us, helpful or not, before we can deal with them and move on from there to casting well-crafted enchantments in our own magical practice, for the good of all beings, but also for ourselves.

Enchantment is not glamour. Glamourie is the art of making things seem to be what they aren't, for good or ill - applying make-up to look younger, older, more erotic, etc, than you really are if you're a woman, or wearing camouflage if you're a soldier, or resembling a twig if you're a caterpillar, and it *uses*, but *isn't* enchantment. Enchantment may incorporate glamour, as when a frog puffs itself up to look bigger than it is and so fascinates its true-love and frightens snakes (frogs are masters of enchantment), or when an advertisement uses symbolism to subtly misrepresent its product, making it seem better than it is so that people will buy it. Glamourie doesn't always seek to beautify, and beauty isn't glamour. We earthlings are enchanted by sunrises, rainbows and dewdrops, and these beauties of nature and our spontaneous, instinctive sacralisation of them are among our purest truths.

To know our own enchantment and how we respond to the enchantments affecting us on a day to day basis, we need to be clear-minded and perceptive. That means healthy - physically healthy and in harmony with our surroundings, our conflicts well-managed, on good terms with our neighbours. We also need to be honest, towards ourselves and towards others, and this means self-purification, for example through ritual attunement to awen, and commitment to a virtue path of some kind, committing us to the central ideals of our world, such as love, truth, courage, strength, and wisdom, such as we craft for ourselves in our own personal druidry.

Some magicians will feel the need for periods of solitude in which we can learn by self-contemplation to distinguish the many enchantments interwoven in our lives and begin to work creatively with them, instead of becoming bewildered by them and surrendering to the consequent 'dumbing down' enchantment, with respect to magical awareness. A magician also benefits from time spent in meditation on the concept of enchantment, preferably in ritual rapport with the old druid gods and ancestors in the sacred grove we learned to access as bards. Inspiration is sure to follow, and will illuminate all your magical work, formal or informal, whether in your circle or temple, in creative play or work, or in an ovate's contemplation of the symbolic sense and meaning of chance or contrived events.

Now surely that's for the good of all beings!

wyverne

C J Dennis (1876- 1938), was born in Auburn, South Australia. Famed for 'Songs of a Sentimental Bloke', a Melbourne larrikin's songs of love for his 'ideal tart' Doreen, he seems to have known his Bardry.

THE STOUSH O' DAY

Ar, these is 'appy days! An' 'ow they've flown -
Flown like the smoke of some enchanted fag;
Since dear Doreen, the sweetest tart I've known,
Passed me the jolt that made me sky the rag.
An' ev'ry golding day floats o'er a chap
Like a glad dream of some celeschil scrap.

Refreshed wiv sleep Day to the mornin' mill
Comes jauntily to out the nigger, Night.
Trained to the minute, confident in skill,
'E swaggers in the East, chock-full o' skite;
Then spars a bit, an' plugs Night on the point.
Out go the stars; an' Day 'as jumped the joint.

The sun looks up, an' wiv a cautious stare,
Like some crook keekin' o'er a winder sill
To make dead cert'in everythink is square,
'E shoves 'is boko o'er an Eastern 'ill,
Then rises, wiv 'is dial all a-grin,
An' sez, " 'Ooray! I knoo that we could win!"

Sure of 'is tittle then, the champeen Day
Begins to put on dawg among 'is push,
An', as he mooches on 'is gaudy way,
Drors tribute from each tree an' flow'r an' bush.
An', w'ile 'e swigs the dew in sylvan bars,
The sun shouts insults at the sneakin' stars.

Then, lo! the push o' Day rise to applaud;
An' all 'is creatures clamour at 'is feet
Until 'e thinks 'imself a little gawd,
An' swaggers on an' kids 'imself a treat.
The w'ile the lurkin' barrackers o' Night
Sneak in retreat an' plan another fight.

On thro' the hours, triumphant, proud an' fit,
The champeen marches on 'is up'ard way,
Till, at the zenith, bli'me! 'E—is-IT!
And all the world bows to the Boshter Day.
The jealous Night speeds ethergrams thro' space
'Otly demandin' terms, an' time, an' place.

A w'ile the champeen scorns to make reply;
'E's taken tickets on 'is own 'igh worth;
Puffed up wiv pride, an' livin' mighty 'igh,
'E don't admit that Night is on the earth.
But as the hours creep on 'e deigns to state
'E'll fight for all the earth an' 'arf the gate.

Late afternoon . . . Day feels 'is Gabby arms,
An' tells 'imself 'e don't seem quite the thing.
The 'omin' birds shriek clamorous alarms;
An' Night creeps stealthily to gain the ring.
But see! The champeen backs an' fills, becos
'E doesn't feel the Boshter Bloke 'e was.

Time does a bunk as us-u-al, nor stays
A single instant, e'en at Day's be'est.
Alas, the 'eavy-weight's 'igh-livin' ways
'As made 'im soft, an' large around the vest.
'E sez 'e's fat inside; 'e starts to whine;
'E sez 'e wants to dror the colour line.

Relentless nigger Night crawls thro' the ropes,
Advancin' grimly on the quakin' Day,
Whose noisy push, shorn of their 'igh-noon 'opes,
Wait, 'ushed an' anxious, fer the comin' fray.
And many lusty barrackers of noon
Desert 'im one by one—traitors so soon!

'E's out er form! 'E 'asn't trained enough!
They mark their sickly champeen on the stage,
An' narked, the sun, 'is backer, in a huff,
Sneaks outer sight, red in the face wiv rage.
W'ile gloomy roosters, they 'oo made the morn
Ring wiv 'is praises, creep to bed forlorn.

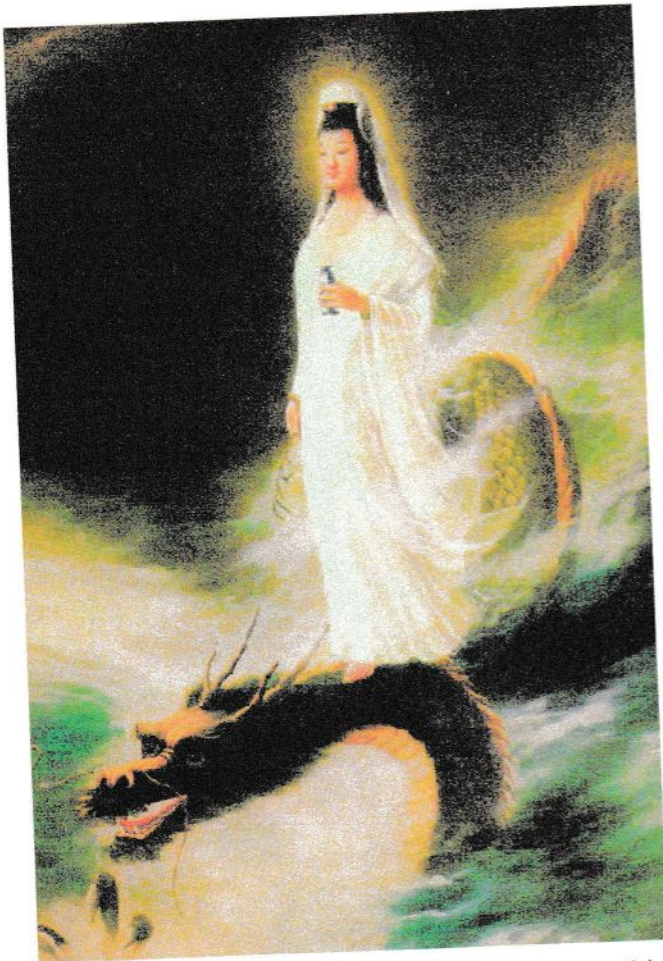
All hint an' groggy grows the beaten Day;
'E staggers drunkenly about the ring;
An owl loots jeerin'ly across the way,
An' bats come out to mock the fallin' King.
Now, wiv a jolt, Night spreads 'im on the floor,
An' all the west grows ruddy wiv 'is gore.

A single, vulgar star leers from the sky
An' in derision, rudely mutters, "Yah!"
The moon, Night's conkerbine, comes glidin' by
An' laughs a 'eartless, silvery "Ha-ha!"
Scorned, beaten, Day gives up the 'opeless fight,
An' drops 'is bundle in the lap o' Night.

So goes each day, like some celeschil mill,
E'er since I met that shyin' little peach.
'Er bonzer voice! I 'ear its music still,
As when she guv that promise fer the beach.
An', square an' all, no matter 'ow yeh start,
The commin end of most of us is - Tart.

SerpentStar is looking for contributions for this page. Send poems, prose, pictures etc, by Australian or NZ authors that somehow relate to our Druidry. Older material is often no longer under copyright.

Kuan Yin, Goddess of Mercy.



Many believe that there are ascended masters on this earth who play a decisive role in the spiritual development of humankind. Kuan Yin, known as a being of boundless and radiant compassion, is considered one, and her work has reverberated throughout the world although her roots are in Asia.

Open yourself to Kuan Yin to find your own inner sanctuary of infinite compassion:

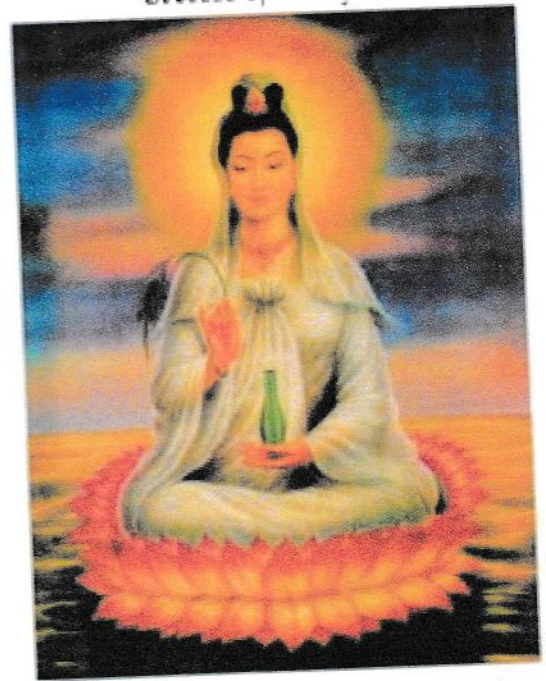
SIMPLE SOLUTION:

Imagine Kuan Yin seated on a rock surrounded by an expansive sacred lake. Her presence blesses all beings living nearby, and she provides protection from the perils of the swirling water.

Anu is considered the manifestation of a crystal-clear sacred lake that, according to Indian legend, is located on the northern side of the Himalayas. Four sacred rivers flow from this lake. Its shores are covered in gold, silver and emeralds, and the beaches are golden sand.

The holy lake Anu is a special power spot. Here, everything is purified, and this is the energy Kuan Yin represents in this vision and it is called Anu Kuan Yin. The water (mind) is crystal clear; there are no clouds or disturbances. Gold and silver represent the universal energies, and emeralds stand for communication, spiritual powers, and the energy of the heart. The four sacred rivers spread out to the four directions, carrying the pure, sacred consciousness of Kuan Yin throughout the world.

Beloved Kwan Yin
Goddess of Mercy



*"I Love the Love of God in my soul,
and I Love the Love of God in the
soul of (name of person)."*

Call her to you and ask her to help you find your inner sanctuary of compassion and clarity. Here's a simple spell you can cast for the safety and health of a soul you wish to help.

Take an object that represents the soul to you, a flower, a stone or a leaf, for example, and place it on her altar or before her shrine and say the spell.

I'm saying mine for Monsanto.



The Spotted Cow:

Beltane Mirth from Merry Old England
trad

(Tess of the D'Urbevilles' mother embarrasses
Tess by singing this song)

*One morning in the month of May
as from my cot I strayed,
just at the dawning of the day
I met with a charming maid,
just at the dawning of the day
I met with a charming maid.*

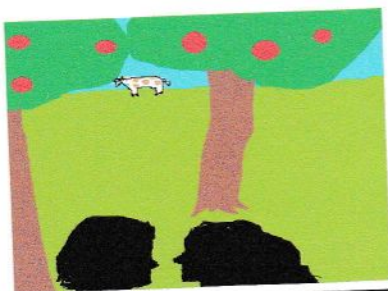
*"Good morning to you, whither?" said I,
"Good morning to you now."
The maid replied, "Kind sir," she cried,
"I've lost my spotted cow."
The maid replied, "Kind sir," she cried,
"I've lost my spotted cow."*

*"No longer weep, no longer moan.
Your cow's not lost, my dear,
I spied her down in yonder grove,
Come, love, and I'll show you where,
I spied her down in yonder grove,
Come, love, and I'll show you where."*

*"I must confess you're very kind,
I thank you, sir," said she.
"We will be sure her there to find,
Come, sweetheart, go with me.
We will be sure her there to find,
Come sweetheart go with me."*

*And in the grove they passed the day,
They thought it passed too soon.
At night they homeward bent their way
As brightly shone the moon
At night they homeward bent their way
As brightly shone the moon.*

*When he should cross the flowery plain
Or go to view the plough
She comes and calls "You gentle swain,
I've lost my spotted cow.
She comes and calls "You gentle swain,
I've lost my spotted cow!"*



EARTH WATCH

Focus on endangered ecological, sacred,
or otherwise important places.

Your contributions for this page, please.

In this issue, the focus is on Tara, the
home of the high kings of Old Ireland.

Unbelievably, the Irish Government has decided, despite protests, to put a Highway through the Tara complex, a large area consisting of the Hill of Tara, the traditional seat of Ireland's kings and many associated sites of great archaeological interest, and considered by many to be the spiritual heart of Ireland. Irish protestors have likened this to putting a sword through Ireland's heart.

Perfunctory archaeological assessments by experts employed by the builders of the highway, working sometimes in secrecy to foil protestors, have revealed large henge-like structures, and have uncovered burials and removed bodies – in violation of Irish laws – and all for the sake of a heavily tolled highway that no-one is satisfied with.

Commuters claim that toll costs will discourage commuters from using it, that the existing road should be up-graded, and that if a railway line, now being destroyed for the highway's sake, were repaired and up-graded instead, there's be no need for a new highway at all. Right now, the fight is still on to have the highway rerouted so as to by-pass the Tara complex altogether. Find out how to help by visiting

<http://www.tarawatch.org> or joining the discussion at hilloftara@yahoogroups.com

Beltane and the Wheel of the Year

Beltane comes halfway between Alban Eiler, the Spring Equinox, and Alban Hefin, the Summer Solstice. In our Bardic circles, that puts it in the north-east in the Southern Hemisphere, the direction of the descendents, our own personal posterity, the results of our contribution to the world. It's good place to cast a spell for future health for our planet. Meditating in the north-east, make a list on paper of what is harming us in our lives now that we don't want to pass on to our descendents or successors in the world, and as the Beltane fires leap hungrily to life, throw the list in, with a wish to be purified and healed.

Kids Page

Junior Bards:

Bards are **creative**. That means they **make things**. When you make up a poem or paint or draw a picture, write a song or sculpt a statue you are making **something appear that never existed before**.

That's almost like **magic**!



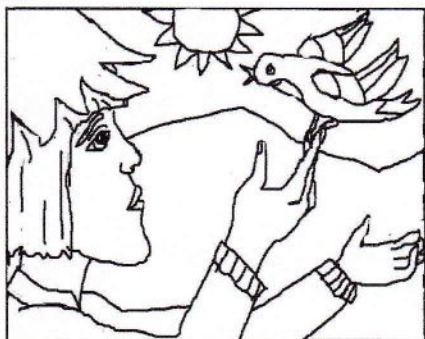
Are you a bard?

Do you like to make new things, such as poems, pictures, clothes, plays, photographs, sculptures, or anything at all?

If you are, we'd like you to send us a photo of something you've made that you're proud of. Or make up a new poem or story or picture and **send it in to SerpentStar!**

Don't forget to include your name so we'll know who sent it.

Here's a picture to colour in.



Young ovates:

Ovates are the **wise healers**, the **diviners**, and the **priests of Nature**.

They understand **plants** and **animals**, and know how to talk with them.

They know the powers of **crystals and gemstones**, and can heal every illness with **potions, spells and charms**.

Fairies and elementals know them and love them!

Ovates learn to understand **omens**, the **flight of birds**, the patterns in the **clouds**, and the dance of the **flames**, because that is the language that **Gaia**, our planet, uses when she speaks to us through **Nature**.



Here's a picture of Gaia, aka Planet Earth, our home. In the distance is the Moon. Do you think they can see or hear or feel each other? How would it feel to be a planet or a moon?

Would you talk to the stars?

Something to do.

What's your favourite animal? Think of everything you know about that animal, and the reasons why you like them. Imagine what it would feel like to be one. You might like to find out more about it on the web or by reading about them. Write a poem, story or a paragraph or two about it, or draw a picture, or both, and email or post it in to **SerpentStar!**

Budding Druids:

Druids are wise **magicians, scientists** and **philosophers**, always **questing** after more and better **knowledge** and wiser ways of using it **for the good of all beings**.

Druids know that **the whole world is magical** and they know how to walk the mystical **pathways of time and space**.

Druids **care** about things like **justice, truth, equality, freedom**, the **environment** and both **animal and human rights**.

Druids are scholars, but the **whole universe is their schoolroom**, and their teachers are the wise old beings of **Nature**: the trees, the stars and the stones, and the sights and sounds of the passing parade in cities and towns.

Of course, druids love **books** too! The little **wren** is one of the wisest druid teachers of them all, because he is nothing less than a **wise old druid** of the **ancient times** himself, in the shape of a



tiny bird!

Imagine being a druid. You might need a wand, or a staff of power. What sort of robes would you wear? How would you speak when you cast your magic spells?

Write and tell **SerpentStar** what spell you would cast for planet earth and all her people, animals, plants and stones, and the stars and the vastness of deep space.