

*The Magic  
of Folly  
Meadow*

*Other Titles by Cindy Wright*

**Children's Fiction**

The Secrets Within Hampton Manor

**Non-Fiction**

How to Have Fun on Halloween

The Dark Traveller Exploring the Black Death in London  
and Eyam

Cindy Wright

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# *Chapter 1: Folly Meadow*

It was a lovely, bright sunny day. The birds filled the air with their joyful songs, darting between the branches of tall trees that swayed gently in the breeze. Colourful butterflies, in hues of deep blues, oranges, pinks and purples, fluttered over the wildflowers, their wings shimmering in the sunlight. The meadow stretched out like a vibrant quilt of blossoms, each petal delicate and perfect, as though the flowers themselves were part of an ancient magic.

Folly Meadow had always been a peaceful, almost timeless place. Children played there freely, chasing one another through the tall grasses, while the soft murmur of Folly Stream echoed nearby. It was safe enough for the children to play in, because it was always impossibly clean, its water so blue it seemed otherworldly. It wound through the meadow like a ribbon of silk, glistening under the sun, and though no one was ever seen tending to it, it remained pristine and pure.

The meadow was a sanctuary, a place where families came to escape, to picnic under the trees and feel the weight of the world slip away. Today, as always, a few families had gathered, setting out colourful blankets and baskets full of food. Laughter echoed through the air, mixed with the distant barking of dogs chasing around, sniffing at all the new scents, as well as an occasional butterfly that dare to go near them.

Folly Meadow was also a good place to meet friends; old and new.

But there was something about Folly Meadow that felt different from any other place. It wasn't just the beauty. It was in the way the air felt—like a soft whisper, carrying secrets only a few could hear. The children who played there liked to believe the meadow was magic, and perhaps they were right.

Suzie sat quietly on the picnic blanket, her back resting against the rough bark of a large oak tree. Her blonde hair, down to her waist, shimmered in the sunlight, but she paid little attention to the world around her. A half-eaten sandwich lay forgotten beside her, as she had lost herself in the pages of her book, a place far more familiar to her than the noisy world outside. Suzie was an only child, small for her age and painfully shy. Books were her

companions, offering her a kind of comfort that people never could.

She glanced up briefly, watching a group of children kicking a football in the distance. Their laughter echoed through the meadow, carefree and joyful, but it only made her feel more alone. She turned her eyes back to her book, wishing she could disappear into its pages. Here in the countryside, things were supposed to be better—quieter, less overwhelming—but in truth, Suzie felt more isolated than ever. The move from the bustling city to the quiet village of Follyfield had been a big change, and not one she was certain she liked.

Suzie had now finished the book she was reading, and was starting to get very bored. Her parents sat nearby, chatting with another family. Suzie could hear her mother laughing softly, but the sound barely registered. Her parents had always been proud of her—she



worked hard in school and always got the best grades in her year. Her parents were very proud of her, but at the same time very worried. But Suzie knew, deep down, that they didn't understand her. They didn't understand why she preferred the company of books to people, or why she sometimes felt more at home in her own thoughts than in the real world.

They had recently had to move away from the city, because her father had a new job in the country village of Follyfield. He was a veterinarian, and a very good one, which is why his last boss recommended him.

There was one week left of the summer holidays, before all the children had to head back to school. Suzie was looking forward to going to her new school. Her parents had done a lot of research to make sure it was the best for their daughter. She would be starting her first year

there in year five, because she had just turned nine years old on the 5th August.

Suzie let out a small sigh. The truth was, there were things about her that no one knew. Not her parents, not her teachers, not even the friends she used to have back in the city. She had a secret, one that made her feel even more different than she already seemed. And here, in the stillness of Folly Meadow, she could feel that secret pressing against her, as if waiting to be revealed.

Suzie's attention was pulled away from her book when she heard her mother calling.

"Suzie, why don't you come and say hello to Samantha and Ben? They'll be moving into the same class as you next term", her mother called, waving her over.

Suzie's stomach tightened. She glanced across the meadow and spotted the twins, Samantha and Ben, sitting with their parents. They were

laughing about something, looking perfectly at ease, and Suzie immediately wished she could shrink into the tree behind her.

“No, Mum, I just want to sit here and enjoy the sun”, she called back, her voice quieter than she’d meant it to be.

Her father sighed. “Come on, Suzanna, stop being so shy”, he said in a voice that sounded more tired than frustrated. “It’ll do you good to make some friends before school starts.”

Suzie shook her head, keeping her eyes fixed on the ground. She could feel the other parents glancing in her direction, and her cheeks burned.

“Leave her,” her mother said after a moment, turning to the other parents with an apologetic smile. “She’s in one of her moods. She’s always been shy. We’ve never been able to figure out why. We’ve always encouraged her to mix with others.”

Suzie's heart sank. How could they not understand? She wasn't just shy. It wasn't that simple. And yet, here she was, as always, the subject of a conversation she didn't want to be a part of. She didn't want people to look at her, to think of her as the strange, quiet girl who never fit in.

She bit her lip, fighting the sting of tears. The truth was, there was so much more to her than they knew—things she could never explain. No one would ever believe her if she told them. Not even her parents. She had been taken to see so many child psychiatrists that she had lost count.

Suzie shifted uncomfortably on the blanket, her parents' voices fading into the background as she stared at the ground, lost in her thoughts. She wished they could see her for who she really was. But that wasn't possible. Not when even she couldn't fully explain it.

Because the truth was, Suzie was different.

It had started when she was very young. Strange things would happen—things no one else seemed to notice. She would hear whispers in the wind, soft and comforting, like distant voices speaking in a language only she could understand. Sometimes, she would feel a presence near her, warm and gentle, as though someone or something was watching over her.

And then there were the animals. In the city, she would see birds perched on windowsills, staring directly at her, their eyes knowing. Even here in the meadow, the butterflies seemed to linger near her longer than they did with anyone else, as if they were trying to tell her something.

Suzie let out a slow breath and closed her eyes. The air around her seemed to shift, becoming cooler, calmer. She could almost feel it now—that familiar presence. It was always there, hovering just beyond the edge of the world

everyone else could see. A place she didn't talk about. A place only she could visit.

The spirit world.



## *Chapter 2: First Day at School*

The last week of the summer holidays had disappeared in a blur. Boxes had been unpacked, new rooms arranged and the garden was finally ready for planting new plants and vegetables. Suzie had helped where she could, though her heart wasn't quite in it. It all felt so strange—this new village, this new house. And now, the looming thought of a new school.

With Suzie's father being at the surgery all day her mother needed something to keep herself occupied, as well as earn some extra money.

Growing their own vegetables would save them a lot of money, and hopefully have enough of them left over to sell too. Her mother was also going to ask around the village to see if anyone needed any washing and ironing doing.

Suzie had to do her chores around the house and garden as well. Moving to the country had been a very big step in life for the whole family, so everyone was expected to work hard.

Suzie's mother woke her early on Monday morning, her voice soft but insistent. "Time to get up, sweetie. First day of school. Let's make a good start, shall we?"

Suzie groaned quietly into her pillow, her stomach already twisting with nerves. She could feel the weight of the day ahead pressing on her. It wasn't just the usual first-day jitters—it was something more. A sense of dread sat in her chest, heavy and unmoving, like a stone.



Downstairs, her mother had set out a small breakfast: toast, fruit and a glass of orange juice. Suzie pushed the food around her plate, not really hungry, but her mother gave her a look. “You’ll need energy, Suzie. Eat something.”

Reluctantly, Suzie nibbled on a slice of toast, her thoughts already spiralling. What would the other children think of her? What if no one wanted to talk to her? Or worse, what if they did and didn’t like her?

Her mother was busy packing her lunch—tuna and mayonnaise sandwiches, some fruit, a piece of cake and a bottle of water. Suzie smiled faintly at the cake. At least that was something to look forward to. Suzie was such a fussy eater that she would never have any of the school meals. “You’ll be fine,” her mother said, not looking up as she packed the bag. “New starts are always a bit nerve-racking, but once you get there, you’ll settle in.”

But would she? Suzie wasn't so sure. This wasn't just about settling in—it was about fitting in, something she had never quite managed before.

Lessons started at 9.00 am, so at 8.30 am she was in the car with her mother, and off to her new school. By now, Suzie was feeling very nervous indeed.

The car pulled up slowly to the front gates of the school, and Suzie's heart sank as she saw the swarm of children milling around. They were standing in groups, chatting and laughing, already familiar with one another. Suzie swallowed hard. She didn't belong here—at least, not yet.

"Here we are, sweetie," her mother said brightly, turning off the engine. "You'll be fine." She leaned over to give Suzie a quick hug and kiss goodbye, but Suzie jerked away, her face flushing with embarrassment.

“Sorry, Mum, but everyone’s looking,” Suzie whispered urgently. She glanced around, feeling as though every pair of eyes was on her. Her mother sighed softly.

“Alright, sweetie. Have a good day, and I’ll pick you up at half past three.”

Suzie nodded, clutching her school bag tightly as she slowly slid out of the car. The moment her feet hit the pavement, she felt exposed, like all her nerves had come to the surface. The sound of the school playground—children’s chatter, laughter, the occasional shout—seemed to close in on her, making her feel smaller with every step she took.

She spotted Samantha and Ben standing with a few other children by the gates. The twins looked up just as Suzie passed, and she quickly looked down at her shoes, pretending not to see them. She could hear them giggling, the sound sharp and piercing in her ears.

“They must have told everyone about me,” Suzie thought miserably as she hurried past. The weight of her school bag felt heavier than ever, pressing down on her shoulders as if to remind her just how alone she was. She found a quiet corner by the wall and leaned against it, grateful for the small shield of isolation.

Five minutes felt like forever. She kept her eyes fixed on the ground, too nervous to meet anyone’s gaze. Then, a tall lady with long brown hair tied back in a ponytail appeared at the door, ringing the bell to signal the start of the day.

“Alright, everyone!” the lady called in a cheerful voice. “Line up!”

Suzie lingered at the back of the crowd, feeling small and out of place as the other children quickly fell into neat lines. She fidgeted with the strap of her bag, her eyes darting around in search of something familiar, but everything felt

strange and foreign. She had no idea where she was supposed to go.

As the lines formed, the tall lady approached Suzie with a kind smile. Her presence was calm and reassuring, a sharp contrast to the buzzing energy of the children around them.

“You must be Suzanna Russell,” the woman said softly. “I’m Miss Rogers, your new teacher.”

Suzie nodded nervously, her throat too tight to speak. Miss Rogers' smile widened, her eyes gentle and understanding. “Don’t worry. You can join this line, just here at the end,” she said, gesturing to a nearby group of children.

Suzie hesitated, but Miss Rogers placed a hand lightly on her shoulder, guiding her toward the line. “You’re going to do just fine. Let’s take it one step at a time, okay?”

Suzie managed a small smile in return, grateful for Miss Rogers' warmth. For the first time that

morning, the knot in her stomach loosened just a little.

Her first day went rather quickly. She had no trouble in any of the lessons, because she had done most of the work already at her old school.

Miss Rogers helped Suzie fit in well, and was always on the lookout for any bullying.

The final bell rang, and the classroom erupted in a flurry of activity as children gathered their belongings and rushed toward the door, eager to be free. Suzie, however, hung back, moving slowly as she packed her bag. She didn't feel the same excitement as the others. The day had passed without much incident, but also without any real connection.

No one had spoken to her outside of the classroom, and she hadn't dared to approach anyone. The other children seemed to flow together so easily, as if they all knew the dance

by heart, while Suzie felt like she was standing on the outside, unsure of how to join in.

As the room emptied, Suzie slipped out into the corridor, keeping her eyes low. The playground was already half deserted, children running to their waiting parents. Suzie spotted her mother standing by the gate, waving. She felt a small wave of relief wash over her.

“Well, how was your first day?” her mother asked as Suzie reached her, her tone bright and hopeful.

Suzie shrugged, not quite meeting her mother’s eyes. “Not bad,” she mumbled. “But my new teacher, Miss Rogers, is very nice.”

Her mother smiled at that. “Good, that’s a good start.”

Suzie nodded, but the tight feeling in her chest didn’t ease. The truth was, she still felt like she

didn't belong. School had ended, but the loneliness hadn't.

That night, after a quiet dinner with her parents, Suzie retreated to her room. She felt drained from the day, but not in the way one feels after a busy day. It was more of an emotional tiredness—a heaviness that weighed on her even as she tried to relax.

She got into bed, and slipped under her covers and closed her eyes, but sleep didn't come easily. Instead, her thoughts swirled around the new school, the children, the laughter she wasn't a part of. The tight feeling in her chest hadn't left her since the moment she arrived, and now, in the quiet of her bedroom, it seemed even stronger.

That night, before going to sleep she prayed silently to her guardian angel, Josephine.

"Where are you? Why don't you come to see me? Did I do something wrong and upset you?"



With all these questions going around in her head, eventually, sleep overtook her, and that's when the dreams began.

They weren't ordinary dreams. They never were.

She found herself standing in the middle of Folly Meadow, the grass swaying gently in a breeze she couldn't feel. The air shimmered around her, as if something was moving just beyond her sight. There was a sense of urgency in the air, like the meadow was trying to tell her something important—but she couldn't understand it.

Suddenly, familiar faces began to appear—her friends from the spirit world, their forms faint and flickering like candlelight. They looked worried. Troubled. Suzie reached out to them, but before she could speak, they vanished, melting back into the shadows of her dream.

While she slept, Josephine came and sat by her on the bed, and stroked Suzie's hair gently.

“I am always here, and I will never leave you,” she softly whispered.

On leaving, she left Suzie a note by her pillow, with one of her silky, soft wing feathers; a token of her love for this wonderful, special child.

When she awoke, her heart was pounding. She sat up in bed, the memory of the dream vivid and sharp. Had they been trying to reach her? Were they in trouble?

That’s when she found Josephine’s letter, placed on the side of her pillow. A rush of excitement and peace came over her as she clutched the letter in her hands. Josephine, her guardian angel, was still with her and Suzie instantly knew she was still loved by the spirit world.

As she glanced out the window at the moonlit meadow beyond, a soft whisper of wind brushing against the glass. This was the first contact from her spirit friends since moving here. Something wasn’t right. She could feel it.



## *Chapter 3:* *Josephine's Message*

Friday morning arrived, and with it, the relief of knowing the weekend was just around the corner.

It had been four days since her guardian angel, Josephine, left her a message—a message that still puzzled her.

She had read it over a hundred times by now, trying to make sense of it. Every morning before school, Suzie unfolded the small piece of

parchment tucked under her pillow and read the delicate handwriting once more:

*Dearest Suzie,*

*We all love you very much, and would never leave you. Since arriving in Follyfield, we have been quite busy. We have friends that live on the Folly Meadow, who have been having trouble with some of the children here. They have been destroying their homes. We think they have the gift of sight, also, which is why they continually know where to find the houses to destroy them.*

*If you would like to help, please visit us at the meadow at 11.00 am Saturday morning.*

*Josephine.*

Suzie stared at the note again, even though she knew it by heart. Children destroying homes? That couldn't be right. What kind of children would do such a thing? Suzie's stomach twisted with discomfort. She couldn't stop thinking

about it. The idea that someone—other children, even—could destroy the homes of her spirit friends made her angry. But more than that, it scared her.

She didn't want to believe it, but Josephine wouldn't lie. What if these children were somehow connected to the spirit world, just like she was? How would she face them? The thought weighed heavily on her, distracting her from everything else.

Suzie's mother was shouting upstairs, which soon broke her out of her daydream. She grabbed her bag and hurried downstairs, the smell of toast and coffee filling the kitchen. Her father was already gone for the day—called out early to an emergency at the surgery, no doubt—but her mother sat at the table, holding a cup of tea.

“Here,” her mother said, pushing a plate of toast toward Suzie. “Eat something before you go. I don’t want you fainting from hunger.”

Suzie nodded and sat down, though her appetite was weak. As she spread butter over her toast, her mother sighed and said, “I hope Mrs. Stevens' cat is going to be alright. Your dad thinks it’s just a broken leg, but poor old Sooty’s in shock. He might have a concussion too.”

Suzie frowned, pausing mid-bite. “What happened to him?”

“Some careless driver hit him while he was crossing the road,” her mother replied, shaking her head. “People don’t pay attention these days.”

Suzie felt a pang of sadness for the cat. The thought of something so innocent being hurt reminded her of the message from Josephine, about the children destroying homes in Folly Meadow. She glanced out the window, her mind

drifting back to the meadow. How could anyone be so careless?

Once Suzie had arrived at school, and was sat at her table working on the day's tasks she couldn't stop her mind from wandering to her dream and Josephine's letter. She loved being in school learning about animals, other countries and space, but today would not end soon enough. Miss Rogers was an amazing teacher, and kept everything fun and exciting.

Suzie just sat there staring at the page in front of her, but the words blurred into meaningless shapes. Her thoughts kept drifting back to Josephine's message, playing over and over in her mind like a song she couldn't shake. She couldn't focus on her schoolwork—how could she, when the spirit world needed her?

The gentle sound of the bell rang, signalling the start of home time, and the children around her scrambled to put away their books and head

outside to their parents. Suzie moved more slowly, her mind still elsewhere. As she gathered her things, Miss Rogers approached, her brow furrowed in concern.

“Suzanna,” she said softly, “could you stay behind for just a moment?”

Suzie’s heart skipped a beat. Was she in trouble? She bit her lip nervously but nodded and remained at her table while the other children filed out of the room.

Miss Rogers sat on the edge of Suzie’s table, folding her hands in her lap. “Is everything alright? You’ve seemed a bit... away with the fairies this week.”

Suzie’s eyes widened, and she barely suppressed a giggle. If only Miss Rogers knew the truth.

“I’m sorry,” Suzie mumbled, staring down at her hands. “I’ve just been... distracted. I’m meeting up with some old friends tomorrow. I’m so



excited because I haven't seen them for ages. I'll work harder next week to catch up. I promise."

Miss Rogers smiled kindly. "It's okay. Starting at a new school can be hard. You're doing well, but I want to make sure everything's alright. I've noticed you still haven't made friends in the class. Are Ben and Samantha still giving you trouble?"

Suzie shook her head quickly. "No, not really. They've mostly left me alone."

Miss Rogers studied her for a moment, her eyes soft but searching. "Well, if you ever want to talk, I'm here, alright? You don't have to carry these things on your own."

Suzie nodded, feeling a small flicker of warmth at Miss Rogers' words. She wasn't ready to tell anyone about her secret, but it was nice to know someone cared.

"Thanks, Miss Rogers."

The truth was, even though Ben and Samantha had stopped teasing her as much, Suzie still felt completely alone. Outside of the classroom, the other children seemed to move in a world she couldn't touch. They ran in tight-knit groups, laughing and talking as though they had known each other forever. Suzie often wondered if they even noticed her at all.

During play time, she found herself standing on the edge of the playground, watching from afar as the other children played. The swings and slides were full, the sounds of laughter filling the air, but Suzie couldn't bring herself to join in. It wasn't that she didn't want to be part of their games—she just didn't know how. Every time she tried to approach, the words would get stuck in her throat, and she would turn back before anyone could see her hesitation.

Instead, she spent most of her time hiding away in the library or finding a quiet spot outside,

away from the noise. Here, at least, she could disappear into her thoughts and escape the feeling that she didn't belong. But no matter how hard she tried, the weight of loneliness never really left her.

Josephine's words echoed in her mind: *If you would like to help, please visit us at the meadow at 11:00 a.m. Saturday morning.*

But what? How could she possibly stop them?

Suzie glanced at the clock. Tomorrow couldn't come fast enough.



## *Chapter 4: The Meadow Comes Alive*

Suzie awoke with a jolt of excitement coursing through her. Sunlight streamed through her bedroom window, casting soft golden light over her room, and she stretched beneath the covers, grinning. Finally, Saturday had arrived.

“At last,” she whispered to herself, pulling on her clothes quickly. “Today’s the day.”

She had barely slept the night before, her mind buzzing with thoughts of Josephine's message and the upcoming visit to Folly Meadow. What sort of trouble were her spirit friends in? And more importantly—how could she help?

After breakfast, Suzie hurried through her chores, her mind racing ahead to the meeting. By the time 10:30 a.m. rolled around, she was already asking her mother if she could pack some sandwiches, as she wanted to go and read in the meadow. The weather was quite sunny and warm for September. Her mother, seeing the sparkle in Suzie's eyes, agreed easily, cutting a piece of freshly baked chocolate cake for her to take along.

Suzie grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and set off, her heart racing with anticipation. The closer she got to Folly Meadow, the lighter her steps became, as if the air itself grew thinner and more magical with every passing moment.

There was always something special about the meadow, something that made her feel different. And today, she felt it even more strongly.

The path to Folly Meadow was familiar, yet today it felt different. Suzie couldn't put her finger on it, but the air seemed lighter, as if it hummed with a quiet energy. The stream that wound its way around the meadow glistened in the late morning sun, the water as clear as glass, flowing in a way that felt timeless, as though it had always been there and always would be.

Suzie paused for a moment at the entrance to the meadow, where the stream narrowed just enough for her to jump across. As soon as her feet touched the other side, she felt it—the soft change in the air. It was as if the meadow had taken a breath, welcoming her into its heart. A familiar warmth spread through her, and Suzie knew her friends were near.

She walked further into the meadow, the grass brushing against her legs as the wind stirred the leaves above her. The world seemed quieter here, like a secret tucked away from the rest of the village. Suzie looked around, her eyes scanning the wide open space, but saw no one. Yet, she could feel them—her spirit friends were close.

She was a little early so, with a smile, she made her way to the large oak tree where she had picnicked before. It was a comforting spot, its branches stretching high into the sky, casting dappled shadows on the ground. Suzie sat beneath it, waiting, her heart fluttering with both excitement and nervousness.

The meadow was still. For now.

Suzie had just begun to settle against the tree trunk when the air around her seemed to shimmer, like sunlight dancing on water. A soft breeze rustled the leaves above, and suddenly, she felt a presence beside her. Turning, her eyes

widened in joy as she saw her guardian angel, Josephine, sitting gracefully at her side.

“Josephine, you’re here!” Suzie exclaimed, her heart lifting with excitement.

Josephine smiled warmly, her long, golden hair cascading over her shoulders, her white wings glowing softly in the dappled sunlight. She reached out and pulled Suzie into a gentle hug, and for a moment, they sat there in silence, the world around them fading into peace.

After what felt like forever, Suzie opened her eyes and noticed a subtle shift in the meadow. It was as if the entire landscape had come to life. All around her, rabbits darted through the tall grass, squirrels chattered from the branches above and birds with feathers of every colour sang melodies that seemed to fill the air with joy. Butterflies, their wings glowing in vibrant shades of blue, red, purple and orange, flitted lazily



among the flowers, creating a kaleidoscope of colour.

But it wasn't just animals. Small, delicate figures began to appear, flitting between the flowers and leaves—fairies. Their wings sparkled like sunlight on dewdrops, and their laughter filled the air, light and musical. Suzie gasped in awe. The meadow wasn't just alive—it was magical in a way she had never fully seen before.

“The spirits of Folly Meadow,” Josephine said softly. “They’ve always been here, hidden from those who aren’t ready to see. But you, Suzie, are different. You’ve always been able to feel them.”

Suzie nodded, her eyes wide with wonder. She had always sensed something special about the meadow, but seeing it like this, so full of life and magic, made her heart soar. For the first time in a long while, she felt completely at home.

Josephine's voice broke through the peaceful hum of the meadow. "Suzie, this is the friend I was telling you about."

Suzie turned, her breath catching as she spotted a small figure hovering in front of her. It was the most delicate fairy she had ever seen—no taller than Suzie's hand, with long, flowing red hair and wings that shimmered in every shade of red and gold, like the petals of a poppy in the sunlight.

"Hi, Suzie!" the fairy sang, her voice soft and musical. "I'm Poppy. Josephine told me you were coming to help."

Suzie smiled in awe. "Hi, Poppy. I love your name. I'm going to help if I can."

Poppy twirled in the air, her wings fluttering gracefully. "Thank you! All the fairies here are named after the flowers we take care of. I look after the poppies. There's Daffodil, Iris, Tulip, Rose, Sweet Pea, Freesia and Marigold. Oh,

there are so many of us! You'll meet them all soon, I'm sure."

The three of them chattered for some time about what had been happening in the meadow. Suzie ate her lunch as they talked. She had suddenly become very hungry, and pulled out her lunch and started eating.

"It seems like today's children just don't care about the environment", sighed Poppy.

Suzie couldn't help but laugh, her heart feeling lighter with Poppy's cheerful energy. But before she could ask more, Poppy's smile faded, and her wings stilled. She floated closer to Suzie, her face growing serious.

"We need your help, Suzie. The children—the ones from the village—they're hurting us. They keep destroying our homes, trampling the flowers, knocking over nests... It's getting worse."

Suzie's heart sank. The playful energy of the meadow suddenly felt fragile, like it could all be taken away. "That's awful," she whispered. "Why would they do that?"

Poppy shook her head. "I don't know. But Josephine thinks they have the gift of sight—like you. They can see us, and that's how they know where to find us."

Suzie stared at Poppy, her heart heavy with the weight of what the fairies were going through. Who could be so cruel? She had seen children play in the meadow before, but none of them seemed like the type to destroy something so beautiful.

Josephine's voice broke through her thoughts, soft yet serious. "Suzie, there is something you need to know."

Suzie looked up, her stomach twisting in anticipation.

“The children who are causing the harm... you know them. The ringleaders are the Allen twins—Ben and Samantha.”

Suzie froze, her breath catching in her throat. Ben and Samantha? Her classmates? How could it be them? She had always been afraid of them—they had teased her and made her feel like she didn’t belong—but she never imagined they would be capable of something like this.

“They must have the gift of sight as well,” Josephine continued, her eyes filled with understanding. “They can see the fairies, just like you. But instead of protecting them, they are using their gift to destroy.”

Suzie’s mind raced. The idea that Ben and Samantha were not only tormenting her at school but also harming the spirit world she loved made her feel sick. How was she supposed to face them? How could she possibly stop them?

Josephine placed a gentle hand on Suzie's shoulder. "You don't have to do this alone, Suzie. We'll be with you, every step of the way."

Suzie had forgot that her guardian angel could hear her speak without her having to talk.

Suzie nodded, though the knot of fear in her chest remained tight. She glanced back at the meadow, watching the fairies flit through the flowers, their wings shimmering like delicate glass. She had to protect them. But how?

"It's getting quite late", said Josephine, "You should be going home. I'll come to see you in a few days and we'll talk."

Suzie hugged her guardian angel and her new friend Poppy. They said their goodbyes, and Josephine walked with Suzie to the stream. She jumped over it, turned to wave at her friends, and then ran home.

What a lot to think about, Suzie thought in bed that night. She wanted to help her friends, but no idea how. Why did it have to be Ben and Samantha causing all the trouble? There again, they are the troublemakers of the village. I'm sure the angels will come up with a plan, though, they always do. They have sent me so many wonderful gifts to help me in times when I have been upset, that I know they will help again. It's surprising how much angels know, and how they can help people.



## *Chapter 5: A New Family Member*

The week ahead seemed to drag by. Suzie had started to hate school, more and more, every morning. She told her mother that Friday morning that she didn't feel well enough to go to school. Her mother made her go.

"You'll feel better when you get to school," she said.

Suzie knew she wouldn't, but dare not argue with her mother about it. It would be no good; mother's word was always final, when it meant



taking time off school due to illness. “If you can get out of bed, you are well enough for school.”

Josephine hadn’t been to see her either. Suzie knew she was busy, but she missed speaking with her guardian angel. She always made her feel better and happy. Suzie thought about running away from school, just to go and sit in the meadow until it was home time. It was no good, because the teachers would tell her mother and then she’d get into a lot of trouble. So she stuck it out.

Miss Rogers couldn’t help but see that Suzie had not been herself all week. She felt sorry for her, and wished she could help.

At last, it was home time and she finally escaped. At the gates, both her parents were waiting for her. Looking very happy and smiling.

“Have you closed the surgery early today, Dad?” asked Suzie.

“Yes, because I had a very special errand to make. You see your mother and I have noticed you’ve not been yourself lately, and you’ve not made any new friends since starting school.”

“That’s right,” said her mother, “we are very worried about you being so lonely all the time. So Dad found you a little companion. Look over towards the car.”

There looking out of the side window of the back seat with his big paws on the frame was the cutest puppy Suzie had ever seen. He seemed to look straight at her as if he knew he belonged to her.

His tail was wagging so hard, that Suzie was sure it was going to wag right off any minute.

“Well, what you going to call him”, asked her father as they walked towards the car.

“Is he a Chocolate Labrador?” asked Suzie.

“Yes, and he’s just a baby. Eight weeks old. This lady brought him to the surgery Tuesday morning, wanting us to put him to sleep. He was the last of the litter and they couldn’t sell him. Their house isn’t big enough to keep him. After the lady had gone, I had the most terrific idea. I’d give him to you, and then you could go on long walks together. I didn’t have the heart to put him to sleep. He’s got the most wonderful character. I kept him a few days to give him a health check, but there’s nothing wrong with this little chap. So what’s his name?”

“I think it should be Lucky. He was very lucky to come to you, and not be put to sleep. He is also very lucky to come and stay with a family like ours. Thanks Dad!”

She gave her father a hug and her mother too. Quite forgetting the onlookers. Suzie got in the back seat with Lucky, and he curled up on her lap all the way home.

That night when Suzie was alone with Lucky she said quietly to him.

“Until, you arrived in my life this afternoon I was thinking of running away from school for the day. I’m so glad that I didn’t. If I had, my parents may have changed their minds about you.”

Lucky gave a little bark as if he was agreeing.

Lucky was allowed to sleep in Suzie’s bedroom with her. Her mother had brought him a large furry basket for him to sleep in. Lucky didn’t want to sleep in the basket. When he knew everyone was asleep, including Suzie, he would jump up on her bed and snuggle up to her all night.

That night, Josephine visited Suzie while she slept. Neither Suzie nor Lucky woke up while she was there.

It was Saturday morning. Suzie woke up to find Lucky snuggled up to her on the bed. The day before had felt like a dream, but now she knew it was all real.

Lucky found a note that Josephine had left during the night. He took it straight to Suzie, who was brushing her hair, as if he knew it was important. Suzie took the note and started to read.

*Dearest Suzie,*

*I have been keeping a watch over you every single day and night. You are my first priority.*

*Things are falling into place, very nicely. Soon Poppy and the rest of the fairies will be safe again.*

*We will need your help soon to catch these bullies. Please do not worry sweet child, we will be there to help and protect you, as always.*

*Lucky is just one of our gifts to you. He is very special too. All will be revealed soon.*

*Love you always,*

*Josephine.*

“Oh, Lucky you are a gift from my spirit world friends. Now you are really special.”

Lucky gave Suzie a big sloppy kiss on the cheek, and she giggled.

Lucky quickly settled into life at the Russell household, his playful energy filling the house with laughter and joy. Every morning, Suzie would wake to the sound of his tiny paws padding across the floor, his tail wagging furiously as he greeted her with eager eyes. He followed her everywhere, his curiosity boundless, and within days, it felt as though he had always been part of the family.

It had been a few days since Suzie’s meeting in the meadow, but the weight of what she had

learned still clung to her like a shadow. She had barely slept, her mind constantly buzzing with thoughts of the Allen twins and their cruel treatment of the fairies. But today, something else was demanding her attention—something much closer to home.

At first, Suzie found herself distracted by the puppy's antics. She would laugh as Lucky chased after butterflies in the garden or tumbled over his own paws while exploring every corner of the house. His presence brought a kind of lightness to her days that she hadn't felt in a long time.

But even in the moments of joy with Lucky, Suzie's mind kept drifting back to the spirit world. No matter how hard she tried to focus on her new friend, the image of the fairies in Folly Meadow—frightened and desperate—never left her. Every time she looked into Lucky's eyes, she was reminded of the fragile balance of life, and

the importance of protecting those who couldn't protect themselves.

Lucky brought comfort, but he couldn't erase the weight of the responsibility that still rested on her shoulders.

As the days passed, Suzie couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong in Folly Meadow. Even when she was playing with Lucky, her mind would drift back to the fairies and their broken homes, the frightened animals and the destruction caused by Ben and Samantha.

She sat by the window one evening, watching Lucky chase a butterfly in the fading light of the garden. The sight of him—so carefree and full of life—made her smile, but the smile didn't reach her eyes. She could still feel the knot of worry deep in her chest.

What if the damage was worse than she thought? What if she couldn't help them in



time? The thought of the Allen twins, using their gift of sight to harm the magical creatures of the meadow, filled her with dread. They had been cruel to her at school, but this was something else—this was a kind of cruelty that she couldn't understand.

She glanced at Lucky, his small frame leaping through the grass, blissfully unaware of the troubles in the world. A part of her wished she could be like him—happy and carefree. But she knew better. She had a responsibility, and no matter how much she tried to enjoy these moments with her new friend, the weight of what was happening in Folly Meadow never left her.

That night, as Suzie lay in bed with Lucky curled up at her feet, sleep wouldn't come. Her mind was restless, replaying Josephine's words over and over again—*The children who are causing the harm... you know them. The ringleaders are the Allen twins.*

The idea that Ben and Samantha were responsible for so much pain and destruction in the spirit world gnawed at her. How could they do such terrible things? And how could she possibly stop them?

Lucky stirred in his sleep, letting out a soft, contented sigh and Suzie reached down to gently stroke his fur. He was so innocent, unaware of the dark thoughts swirling in her head. She envied him, his ability to simply exist without the burden of responsibility.

But she couldn't be like that. The fairies and the creatures of Folly Meadow needed her help. And she couldn't ignore the fact that the Allen twins were growing bolder, their actions more destructive. If she didn't do something soon, the damage could become irreversible.

Suzie sat up, her heart pounding. Tomorrow, she would go back to the meadow. She would speak to Josephine again. She needed to

understand what could be done, how she could help. The weight of what lay ahead pressed down on her, but beneath the fear, she felt something else—determination.

She wasn't going to let the Allen twins destroy the magic of Folly Meadow. Not if she could help it.



## *Chapter 6: Cousin Ian Comes To Stay*

Monday morning came, and Suzie was feeling sick and sad again, about going to school. Lucky put his head on Suzie's lap. He could sense how she felt, and wanted to help. During breakfast, her mother made an announcement.

"Do you remember your Aunty Louise, my sister?" her mother asked.

"Yes," Suzie had replied with a grin. "I remember playing with Ian when they visited. We had so much fun."

“Well, maybe you can again. Louise hasn’t been well and has to go into the hospital for a little while to get better. Uncle Jack will be visiting her a lot, so he asked if we could take care of Ian.”

Suzie’s heart had leapt at the news. “Can he come, Mum? Please?” Ian was more than just her cousin—he was the only family member who believed in her gift. Having him around was like having a big brother, and Suzie had always felt safe with him.

Her mother smiled. “It’s already been arranged. By the time you finish school today, he’ll be here,” her father had added.

Suzie had squealed in delight, “Yes! Can I stay off school just today to meet him?”

“No,” her mother had said firmly. “We’ll have enough to worry about getting the spare room ready for him.”

Suzie's excitement had quickly vanished. "But I could help..."

"No, it's final," her mother had insisted. "You're going to school as normal."

Now, sitting at the table, Suzie felt a mix of excitement and nerves. The thought of Ian coming to stay filled her with happiness, but the looming school day and the troubles in Folly Meadow still weighed on her.

Her father suddenly chimed in, trying to lift her spirits. "I'm giving Lucky his vaccination today, so you'll be able to take him for walks starting tomorrow."

"Thanks, Dad", Suzie had said tearfully, stroking Lucky's soft fur. The puppy had jumped onto her lap, as if sensing her mixed emotions, his eyes full of innocent curiosity.

By mid-morning, Suzie found herself feeling lightheaded and distracted. The excitement of

Ian's arrival and the lingering worries about Folly Meadow swirled in her mind, making it hard to focus on anything else.

At around 11:00 a.m., her head began to ache, and she could barely keep her eyes open. The school nurse quickly noticed her pale face and suggested she rest in the sick room. Suzie didn't argue—she needed the quiet.

"There's no one home today. My parents are busy," Suzie explained to the nurse as she lay down. "If I could just stay here a while, I'll be fine soon."

The nurse looked concerned but nodded. "Alright, try to rest. I'll keep checking on you."

Suzie closed her eyes, trying to relax. The excitement of the weekend and the thought of Ian's arrival made her stomach twist, though not in an entirely bad way. She missed him and was looking forward to having someone who truly

understood her. Still, the troubles of the spirit world weighed heavily on her.

A gentle knock on the door roused Suzie from her rest, and she looked up to see Miss Rogers entering the room.

“How are you feeling, Suzie?” her teacher asked with a soft smile.

“A little tired,” Suzie admitted. “It’s been an exciting weekend, and my cousin Ian is coming to stay with us today.”

“I saw your new puppy on Friday,” Miss Rogers said, brightening the conversation. “He’s gorgeous! What have you named him?”

“Lucky,” Suzie replied, smiling weakly.

“Perfect name for him,” Miss Rogers said, sitting beside her. “Is your cousin Ian Smedley?”

Suzie nodded. “Yes, that’s him.”



“Well, he’s been enrolled in Mr. Parkes’ class, and he’ll be starting school tomorrow”, Miss Rogers informed her.

Suzie’s eyes lit up. Ian was starting school tomorrow? Suddenly, the thought of being at school felt less lonely. “Really? That’s great!”

Miss Rogers smiled, pleased to see Suzie’s spirits lifted. “I thought that might cheer you up. I’ve spoken with the nurse, and she’s happy for you to stay here until lessons resume after lunch. You can rest here and have your lunch in peace.”

Suzie relaxed a little, her heart feeling lighter. Knowing Ian would be there tomorrow made everything seem more bearable. She’d have someone to talk to—someone who wouldn’t think she was strange.

The bell rang for end of lunch, and Suzie walked sulkily to her classroom. Miss Rogers was there, and asked her to help set up the tables before

the others came in. When they did, the bullies stared at her. She actually stared back, and smiled at them. They quickly looked away. They were going to be sorry they ever picked on her when her cousin Ian comes to school.

Suzie seemed to have a new feeling of confidence that Friday afternoon, which was starting to worry the bullies. Even Suzie didn't know why she was feeling better and stronger.

As the school day dragged on, Suzie's thoughts kept drifting back to Ian's arrival. The excitement of having him around again, someone who understood her, lifted her spirits. But alongside that excitement came a sense of unease. What if Ian noticed something strange?

Suzie had never told him everything about the spirit world—not all the details, anyway. Sure, Ian believed her in ways no one else did, but the full extent of what was happening in Folly Meadow was too complicated, too dangerous.

The idea of him getting mixed up in it worried her.

Ian was adventurous, always seeking out new things to explore. What if he stumbled upon the magical side of Folly Meadow and got involved without realising how serious it was? The Allen twins were bad enough—what if more people discovered the spirits and fairies? Would the meadow ever be safe again?

Suzie shook her head, trying to focus on her work. She was glad Ian was coming, but she couldn't let him get involved with the spirit world. Not with so much at stake.

It was home time at last, and Suzie couldn't wait to get home to speak with Ian. She hung back as usual while the others went ahead. She still didn't feel brave enough to be alone in the corridor with them. When she got through the doors Ian was there waiting for her. He had grown a lot taller since she had seen him last,

but it was still cousin Ian. She wanted to run to him, but somehow stopped herself. Suzie then put her head in the air, and walked confidently over to him. They hugged, and everyone stared. Ian noticed this, and gave them a look back. They soon went away, quickly. Ian sensed something was not right with his favourite cousin and these other schoolchildren. He needed to speak to her alone soon, very soon.

That evening, after school, the house felt livelier than it had in a long time. Ian's infectious energy filled every room, and soon Suzie found herself swept up in his enthusiasm. They spent hours catching up, talking about old memories, and playing with Lucky in the garden.

For a while, it was nice to escape from everything. Ian had always been good at making Suzie laugh, and his playful nature helped her forget the worries that had been weighing her down. The usual quiet routine of her afternoons

was replaced by Ian's chatter and plans for "adventures" they could have together.

But even in these moments of laughter, Suzie felt the familiar pull of responsibility nagging at the back of her mind. She hadn't been back to Folly Meadow since the weekend, and the fairies were still in danger. She knew she couldn't ignore the spirit world forever, but with Ian around, it was harder to focus.

Lucky, ever the playful distraction, followed them around the house, and as she watched Ian chase after him, Suzie couldn't help but wonder how long she could keep the two worlds separate—her family life and the secret world of the spirits.

After tea, Suzie showed her cousin Ian to his room. At last, thought Ian, I get to speak to Suzie alone. The spare room was at the back of the house, next door to Suzie's room. From the

window, you could see Folly Meadow very clearly.

“Alright, Suzie, what’s happening at school? And don’t say 'nothing,' because I know differently. Those children gave you some weird looks as they walked passed”, blurted out Ian the first chance he got. He wasn’t going to let this opportunity pass.

The two children sat on the window seat and Suzie began to tell her story to Ian, about the Allen twins and the problems they were causing in the meadow. Ian sat listening, with interest, as well as sadness for his cousin. Then he finally spoke.

“Well cuz, you have been having fun without me!” he joked. Then more seriously, “we must try and do something about this while I’m here. Suzie, you know bullying isn’t good, and picking on the spirit folk is even worse. How about

taking me to see your new friends in the meadow.”

“I’d love to. We’ll have a lot of fun. How about we go on Saturday? Mother won’t let us go before, because I have to do my chores around the house. The garden needs weeding as well.”

Ian had shared many times and adventures with Suzie and her spirit world friends. He was not always a believer so he didn’t see everyone that appeared. He always saw Josephine though, that really pleased Suzie. Although, she thought there was a little magic involved in that.

As we all have at least one guardian angel looking after us, sadly not everyone sees or can connect with them easily. Ian has never seen or heard from his. According to Suzie, his name is Joe, and they have many conversations together, which annoys Ian. Suzie will tell Ian what Joe needs to say to him. Ian still thinks that Suzie makes it all up to make him feel better, but

unknown to him it is all true. Ian, one day, hopes that he gets to finally speak to Joe himself. If he really does exist, although, Suzie is not much for lying when it comes to the spirit folk. It is all very confusing for Ian, at times. The week ahead was an eventful one, especially with Ian being there. Suzie was happy for the first time in weeks about going to school, and before she knew it, it was the weekend.

Later that night, as Suzie lay in bed, she couldn't help but replay the events of the day in her mind. Ian's presence had brought so much laughter and warmth into the house, but it also made her more aware of the thin line between her two worlds.





## *Chapter 7: Ian Goes To the Meadow*

It had been a long week at school. Every day, Suzie met Ian at break, and they ate lunch together. It didn't take long for rumours to spread that they were cousins, and while this seemed to keep the Allen twins away during breaks, they made up for it in the classroom. Miss Rogers had caught them misbehaving more than once, sending them straight to the head teacher's office. Even the rest of the class had grown tired of their antics.

One day, during a Science lesson, a new girl, Debbie Evans, arrived in Suzie's class. When they were assigned to work in pairs, Debbie approached Suzie, much to her surprise.

"Would you like to be my partner?" Debbie asked, her voice soft but confident.

Suzie blinked, caught off guard. She had grown used to working alone, but something about Debbie's friendly smile made her nod. "Sure".

They worked well together, and by the end of the lesson, Suzie had learned a little more about Debbie.

"Thanks for being my partner". Debbie said as they packed up. "I know the others pick on you, but I don't get why. I'm not interested in being friends with them. There's something strange about those twins. Can we be friends?"

"Of course," Suzie said cautiously, unsure if Debbie was sincere. Was she just spying for the

Allen twins? Suzie couldn't shake the feeling she might be walking into a trap. But as the week went on, she would soon discover that Debbie was not only genuine but would become one of her best friends.

The next morning, Suzie and Ian could barely contain their excitement Friday night, and talked about it until bedtime. Tomorrow, they were finally going to Folly Meadow, and Suzie's mother had said they could stay until tea-time. She had even promised to pack them some sandwiches—and, of course, some treats for Lucky.

Ian and Suzie woke early the next morning, eager to start their first full day together without school.

"What are you two up to today?" Suzie's father asked casually over breakfast.

“Suzie’s taking me to the meadow, so we can walk Lucky,” Ian replied, glancing over at his uncle with a grin.

“That’s right,” added Suzie’s mother. “Your sandwiches and snacks are all packed up in the kitchen. Grab them on your way out.”

“Thanks, Auntie Elaine”, Ian said with a broad smile.

As Suzie and Ian gathered their things, Suzie couldn’t help but feel a mix of excitement and worry. Spending the day with Ian in the meadow sounded wonderful, but the thought of him discovering the magic—or worse, the danger—gnawed at her.

It was time to be on their way to the meadow. Ian carried the picnic basket. Lucky went running ahead. He knew exactly where they were going, and wanted to get a head start to chase the rabbits and the squirrels. In fact, the animals loved playing with Lucky, because he

was a dog sent by the angels. He could hurt no living thing.

As they stepped into the warm, late-morning sunlight, Suzie led the way toward Folly Meadow with Lucky bounding happily beside them. The meadow felt different today—quieter, more still. Suzie couldn't help but wonder if the spirits knew she was bringing someone new. She had spent so many afternoons in the meadow alone that sharing it with Ian felt strange, but exciting too.

Lucky dashed ahead, his ears flopping as he ran through the tall grass, chasing after butterflies. Ian chuckled at the sight. "Lucky sure loves it here, doesn't he?"

Lucky understood every word that was spoken to him, and in the meadow, he was like all the other animals there. He could speak too. Suzie and Lucky loved going to the meadow just so they could talk together. When he jumps back

over the stream as they go home, he becomes a normal dog again; with a difference. He can still understand English, but cannot speak it. Of course, Suzie had forgotten that she had left that bit out when explaining things to Ian. She was so used to Lucky now, that it was normal. Ian got quite a surprise.

Suzie smiled, though her heart beat a little faster as they got closer to the stream. “Yeah, he does. There’s something about this place... I think he feels it too.”

Ian raised an eyebrow. “Feels what?”

Suzie quickly changed the subject. “Come on, let’s find a good spot to sit. I think you’ll like it.”

They crossed the narrow stream, and the meadow stretched out before them—its wildflowers in full bloom, the breeze carrying the scent of fresh grass and earth. It all seemed so peaceful, but Suzie knew better. Just beyond the trees lay a world of magic and danger.

They found a spot beneath the large oak tree, the same one Suzie always returned to. She spread out the blanket her mother had packed, and they sat down, enjoying the food and snacks in peaceful silence for a while.

As they ate, Ian glanced around the meadow. “You really do come here a lot, don’t you? I can see why. It’s so quiet... peaceful.”

Suzie nodded, looking out over the meadow, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Could the fairies see them? Were they watching? She didn’t want Ian to find out too much—not yet. But she couldn’t shake the feeling that something was going to happen today.

“Wow, it’s so bright here!” exclaimed Ian. “Is it always like this?”

“Pretty much! The magic here seems to be so strong that it can change the look and feel of the meadow whenever it’s needed.”

“I’ve sensed that. Something I’ve never felt before”, remarked Ian.

“Look at Lucky”, Ian said suddenly, pointing to where the puppy had run off. Lucky had stopped in front of the stream, his nose in the air, as if sensing something. Suzie’s heart skipped a beat. Lucky always seemed to know when the spirits were near.

“I think he’s found something,” Ian said, standing up. “Come on, let’s check it out.”

Suzie hesitated, her stomach twisting with worry. This was exactly what she had feared. “Maybe we should just stay here. There’s nothing over there...”

But Ian was already walking towards Lucky, curiosity pulling him closer to the edge of the spirit world. Suzie scrambled to her feet and followed, unsure of what they were about to find.



“He’s really going for it,” Ian said, laughing as he watched Lucky run ahead. “What is it about this meadow that makes him so excited?”

Suzie hesitated, a flicker of nervousness running through her. “Well... the animals know he won’t hurt them. He’s kind of... special.”

Ian raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Special, how?”

Before Suzie could answer, Lucky stopped near the stream and turned to look back at them, his tail wagging in delight. “Hurry up, slow coaches!” he barked, his voice clear as day.

Ian froze. “Did... did Lucky just—talk?”

Suzie blinked, realising her mistake. She had forgotten to mention one very important thing about Lucky. “Oh,” she said sheepishly, “I kind of left that part out. Lucky can speak... but only here, in the meadow. It’s like... the magic of this place lets him talk, just like the other animals.”

Ian stared, wide-eyed. “You mean he can actually talk?”

Lucky, now trotting back toward them, grinned. “Of course, I can talk. We’ve had plenty of conversations, haven’t we, Suzie?”

Suzie nodded, feeling a little awkward. “Yeah... but once we cross the stream to go home, he becomes a regular dog again. He can still understand us, but he can’t speak. It’s only in the meadow that he’s like... this.”

Ian’s mouth hung open in shock. “You’ve been keeping that from me this whole time?”

“I didn’t mean to,” Suzie said, stifling a giggle at Ian’s expression. “I’ve just gotten so used to it, I kind of forgot to mention it.”

“Well,” Ian said, shaking his head in disbelief, “this place just got a whole lot weirder”.

“We’ll sit under this big tree until they show themselves. Stop that now Lucky, and come over here.”

“Sorry, I got carried away as usual”, Lucky apologised.

“So I noticed.” Suzie laughed quite forgetting Ian who was sat next to her with his jaw nearly on the ground.

“What’s wrong Ian? Are you alright?” asked Lucky going over to him and resting his head on Ian’s lap. “Suzie, I think you forgot to mention my little secret to Ian, like that I can talk in the meadow. He’s gone quite pale. You should have warned him.”

“I thought I had. There has been so much to catch up on. Ian speak to me,” begged Suzie. “I’m sorry I forgot to tell you about Lucky.”

“Is this a dream?” asked Ian suddenly.

“No silly. We’re in the meadow where you wanted to come.”

“But I thought I heard Lucky speak, like English and not doggie talk. That’s not normal.”

“Not anywhere else,” said Lucky still with his head on Ian’s lap. “But in here it’s so magical and powerful I just come to life like all the animals in here.”

“Really!” Ian said in surprise. Still getting over the shock of Lucky talking, let alone any other animal.

“Hi Blossom,” shouted Lucky to a passing rabbit.

“Hey Lucky,” she replied and carried on her way.

“See we all have the gift of speech in here.”

“Well I never!” said Ian still in shock.

As the afternoon wore on, Suzie and Ian sat beneath the oak tree, Lucky curled up at their

feet, still basking in the excitement of the day. The magic of the meadow seemed to hum all around them, even though things had quieted down.

“I still can’t believe Lucky can talk,” Ian said, shaking his head for what felt like the hundredth time. “This place is... incredible.”

Suzie smiled softly. “There’s more to this meadow than you think. It’s not just Lucky. All the animals here... they’re part of something bigger. But it’s not always safe. That’s why I’ve been trying to keep you away.”

Ian’s curiosity flared. “I’m not scared of a little danger. If there’s something going on, I want to help.”

Suzie hesitated, her heart conflicted. She had always felt protective of Ian, never wanting him to get involved in the risks of the spirit world. But seeing the way he looked at her now, with

determination in his eyes, she realised there might be no stopping him.

“Ian, this isn’t just about exploring. There are people—children—who can see the spirits, like me. And not all of them are good.”

Ian leaned in, his voice serious. “I’m with you, cuz. Whatever’s happening here, I want to be part of it.”

Suzie felt a mix of relief and fear. The world of Folly Meadow was pulling Ian in, and she wasn’t sure if that was a good thing. But one thing was certain—things were about to change.

As Ian and Suzie sat beneath the oak tree, still absorbing the magic of the meadow, a soft light shimmered in the air. Josephine appeared, her presence warm and comforting as always. She had been waiting quietly before stepping forward, not wanting to interrupt until the right moment.

“Hello, Ian dear”, Josephine greeted, giving Suzie a warm hug before turning to Ian. “My, you did get a bit of a shock just then.”

Ian laughed awkwardly. “Yeah, I wasn’t expecting that. But I think I’m coming around to the idea.” He quickly changed the subject. “I hear you’ve got some trouble here.”

Josephine nodded, her expression turning serious. “Yes, we do. But it’s nothing we can’t handle together.”

At that moment, Poppy fluttered over, her wings shimmering in the soft light. “You must be Ian! It’s wonderful to finally meet you”, she sang, her voice as light and musical as ever.

Ian smiled, shaking his head in amazement. “I’m still getting used to all of this, but it’s... incredible.”

They talked for a while about the meadow and the plans to protect the spirit creatures from the

Allen twins. Though Ian was familiar with fairies from the stories Suzie had told him, actually speaking to them was something entirely new. But talking dogs? That was still sinking in.

After what seemed like only a few minutes, Josephine glanced toward the stream at the entrance to the meadow, where the sky was starting to darken.

“It’s getting late”, she said softly. “We control the weather and the flow of time here in the meadow”, Poppy explained, her voice apologetic. “I’m sorry for keeping you so long. Time can slip away from us.”

Suzie smiled, feeling a strange sense of peace. “That’s okay. We should be heading home anyway.”

They said their goodbyes and made their way back toward the stream. As they crossed over, Ian couldn’t resist a playful joke. “Do you still speak here, Lucky?”



Lucky let out a loud “Woof! Woof!” in response, his tail wagging.

Ian laughed. “Just checking.”

“You two are hilarious”, Suzie giggled, joining in the laughter.

As they walked through the gate and headed home, Ian shook his head in disbelief. “I don’t think I’ll sleep at all tonight after all that excitement. And if I do, I’ll be dreaming of talking dogs and magical creatures!”

Suzie smiled to herself, glad that Ian had been able to share in her world. But deep down, she knew this was just the beginning.

It wasn’t long before any of them were asleep, including Lucky. He had tired himself out chasing the rabbits and squirrels.



## *Chapter 8: The Truth About Debbie*

The two children were soon back at school Monday morning after their weekend adventures. They had been back to the meadow Sunday, and had got to know more of the creatures that lived there. It was quite a full community.

Debbie was waiting for them as they arrived at school.

When they got to class, Suzie was surprised to see that she and Debbie had been moved to a table of their own, right next to the bookshelves.

Miss Rogers had rearranged the seating, and it seemed like she had intentionally placed them there.

“Looks like we’ve got a good spot,” Debbie said with a grin as she sat down.

Suzie nodded, glancing over at the shelves. There were a lot of new books—ones she hadn’t noticed before. Titles about fairies, unicorns, angels and other creatures from the spirit world lined the shelves. Suzie frowned. How strange. How had Miss Rogers known?

Debbie picked up one of the books, flipping through it with interest. “I love reading,” she said casually. “Looks like we’ve got some good ones here.”

Suzie smiled faintly, though her mind raced with questions. It was great to finally have a friend to share her work with, but something about the situation felt... off. Miss Rogers had always known how to handle the troublemakers in the

class, and if Debbie had been one of them, she wouldn't have paired them up. That meant Debbie must be okay, right? Miss Rogers wouldn't have put them together otherwise.

Still, the coincidence of the new books bothered her. Was it just chance that they were filled with stories about the very creatures Suzie had been keeping secret? Or was it something more?

Morning lessons went smoothly, and for the first time, Suzie found herself enjoying school. Having someone like Debbie to share things with was nice, but she still couldn't shake the feeling that there was more to her new friend than met the eye.

Suzie had thought about talking to Ian about it, but she wasn't sure if she should. Ian trusted people easily, and she didn't want to make him suspicious of Debbie if it was all in her head. Still, something about Debbie's sudden appearance in her life just didn't feel right.

It was finally lunchtime, and Suzie was feeling very hungry and happy for the first time in a few months. She went over to Ian, who was sat on a wall waiting for them.

It wasn't their turn to go into the dining hall until the second bell, so they had chance to talk.

Suzie and Ian found out that Debbie had just moved to the country too. She had left all her friends behind and was feeling quite lonely herself, until today. She had a pet rabbit, named George and they also had chickens and a goat. Fresh eggs and milk were always available at their house.

Debbie liked many things, the same as Suzie. They were surely, going to be very good friends. She told her new friends about the type of books she likes to read, and that she was really interested in the spirit world. She was getting very excited when she spoke about this subject, then suddenly stopped and took a deep breath.

“Go on!” the others encouraged.

“No, I’ve spoken enough. Someone else should speak. Dad always calls me his ‘Little Chatterbox’. I never know when to stop sometimes.”

Despite their growing friendship, Suzie couldn’t shake the nagging feeling that something about Debbie didn’t quite add up. It wasn’t that Debbie had done anything wrong—she had been nothing but kind. But in the back of Suzie’s mind, a small voice whispered that it all seemed too... convenient.

Why had Debbie chosen to befriend her now, when no one else seemed to want to? Suzie couldn’t help but wonder if the Allen twins had anything to do with it. Was Debbie really just a kind girl who saw past the teasing, or was she somehow connected to the trouble Suzie had been dealing with in the spirit world?

Every time Suzie tried to push those thoughts away, something would happen to bring them back. A strange look Debbie gave her during class, or the way she seemed to be watching Suzie when she thought no one was looking. It made Suzie feel uneasy, like there was more to Debbie than she was letting on.

Suzie had thought about talking to Ian about it, but she wasn't sure if she should. Ian trusted people easily, and she didn't want to make him suspicious of Debbie if it was all in her head. Still, something about Debbie's sudden appearance in her life just didn't feel right.

As much as Suzie wanted to believe that Debbie's friendship was genuine, the question of her true intentions lingered, gnawing at the back of her mind.

When it was time to go home Ian came to meet Suzie outside her classroom. Her mother had

allowed them to walk home together when the weather was fine.

“What do you thing about Debbie?” Suzie asked.

“She seems a very nice girl. I’m so glad you have found a friend. I won’t have to worry about you as much when I go back home.”

One afternoon, as Suzie and Ian walked home together, something unexpected happened. Suzie had been lost in thought, but suddenly, without warning, she stopped in her tracks. A boy walking behind her nearly tripped over her, muttering as he passed by. Suzie paid him no mind—her attention was elsewhere.

Across the road, Debbie had paused outside a house, talking and laughing with someone Suzie hadn’t seen before. But it wasn’t just anyone. Suzie’s eyes widened. Debbie was speaking to a very pretty angel, with long blonde hair flowing down her back.



“Oh my goodness!” Suzie whispered, grabbing Ian’s arm. “That’s her secret.”

Ian looked confused. “What are you talking about?”

“There! Across the road. Don’t you see? Debbie is talking to an angel. Probably her guardian angel. My new friend sees too! Do you see, Ian? Do you see?”

Ian squinted, trying to make sense of what Suzie was seeing, but he shook his head. “No, sorry. I can tell she’s talking to someone, but... it kind of looks like she’s talking to herself.”

Suzie playfully shoved him. “Oh, stop it!”

“I’m serious”, Ian smirked. “She really ought to be careful where she holds her conversations.”

Suzie grinned but felt a wave of excitement rise in her. “I can’t wait to talk to her at school tomorrow.”

The next day, Suzie couldn't contain herself. As soon as they had a moment alone, she told Debbie what she had seen. "I saw you talking to your guardian angel yesterday," she said softly. "I can see and speak to angels too."

Debbie's eyes filled with tears, and for a moment, Suzie feared she had upset her. "I'm so sorry, Debbie. I didn't mean to—"

"No", Debbie interrupted, her voice thick with emotion. "I'm not upset. I'm happy. So happy. I've wanted to share this with someone who has the gift for so long."

They hugged tightly, and Miss Rogers, passing by, smiled to herself, pleased to see the two girls getting along so well.

At break, they met up with Ian as usual, eager to speak more openly about their shared secret. "So", Ian teased, "been talking to yourself again lately, Debbie?"

Debbie frowned, confused, but Suzie quickly jumped in. “Don’t mind him. He doesn’t always see the things we see. He thought you looked like you were talking to yourself yesterday.”

Debbie laughed, but Suzie’s expression grew serious. “It does worry me a little, though. Angels usually cloak their conversations in public, or they appear as human beings to those without the gift. You might want to mention this to your guardian angel. Even angels forget sometimes.”

Debbie nodded, a hint of concern in her eyes. “You’re right. I’ll make sure to talk to her. It is a bit worrying.”

The rest of the week passed in a blur of whispered conversations and shared glances between Suzie and Debbie. Now that they both knew the truth about each other’s gifts, there was a growing sense of trust between them. For the first time, Suzie felt like she wasn’t alone.

She had Ian, of course, but Debbie understood the spirit world in a way that even Ian couldn't.

Still, there was something that kept Suzie on edge. It wasn't just the strange incident with Debbie's angel—it was the feeling that things were about to change. The more they shared their secrets, the more Suzie realised how exposed they both were. The Allen twins were still causing trouble, and if they ever found out about Debbie's gift... well, Suzie didn't want to think about what might happen.

At the same time, the idea of having someone else who could see and speak with the spirit world was thrilling. Debbie could become a real ally in the challenges ahead—or she could bring new dangers.

As Suzie walked home with Ian that Friday, her mind buzzed with questions. Could she really

trust Debbie with everything? Or would their shared secret bring even more trouble?

Only time would tell.



## *Chapter 9: The Investigation*

During the night, Suzie had another visit from her guardian angel. Josephine had already woke Ian, and had asked him to join her in Suzie's room. When they were all awake, and listening, Lucky too, she began.

"Sorry to wake you dear ones, but this is important. We cannot wait any longer. Since Ian's arrival and your friendship with Debbie, things have got worse."

“That’s dreadful,” remarked Ian.

“The gnomes have reported that the Allen twins have started trampling down their toadstools. They use these for meetings and for making the magic circle. The magic is more powerful when they group together, and it helps to keep the meadow the peaceful place it is.”

“What can we do to stop them?” Suzie asked, in a whisper. Afraid of waking her parents and at the same time forgot that Josephine would have used magic to keep them from hearing anything.

“We need you children to keep an eye on them in the physical world. They seem to be getting in on the east side of the meadow; you go in from the west. If you can spend an hour after school watching them from a safe place and report back to us what you have seen, that would really help. The creatures have all moved to another land across the stream for safety. They are really very scared. Poppy has agreed to stay, until it

gets too bad. Lucky you must keep her safe if anything happens. She is so intent on giving them a scare, before we remove the bullies completely.”

“Yes, we can do that,” said Ian. It’s lighter after school now so I’m sure my Aunty and Uncle won’t mind.”

“Oh, and don’t forget to include Debbie. I’m, sure she’d love to help. Now back to sleep all of you, and we’ll speak soon.”

They all snuggled down into their beds again. Lucky climbed on to Suzie’s bed. Before falling asleep Suzie thought to herself how blessed she was to have a guardian angel that knew everything she thought and wanted.

The next morning, as Suzie and Ian walked to school, their conversation buzzed with excitement about their upcoming investigation of Folly Meadow.



“We need to note everything the Allen twins do,” Suzie said, her eyes bright with determination.

“Yeah, a record of everything,” Ian agreed. “We can show Josephine and use it as evidence. If things get bad, we might need it for other people in authority too. We don’t have to tell them the whole truth, though. If the twins are dumb enough to mention fairies, who’s going to believe them?”

Suzie grinned. “Oh, Ian, I’m getting so excited now!”

They arrived at school with ten minutes to spare, and Debbie was already waiting for them at the gates, her usual spot.

“Morning, Debbie!” Suzie called, pulling her friend aside. “Quick, over here. We’ve got something important to tell you.”

“Sounds exciting”, Debbie giggled as she followed them to a quiet corner.

Suzie and Ian explained everything as quickly as they could—their plan to track the twins, the evidence they would gather and how Debbie could help. They managed to get through most of it just before the bell rang.

“See you at break!” Ian shouted as he dashed to his line.

At each break and lunchtime, the three of them huddled together in the far corner of the playground, away from prying eyes. They refined their plan, laying out a strategy for their stakeout in the meadow. The more they talked, the more excited they became about helping the creatures of Folly Meadow.

But they weren’t the only ones paying attention. Ian had noticed Ben Allen lurking nearby, his eyes narrowing as he tried to catch snippets of their conversation. “Change the subject,” Ian muttered under his breath. “Ben’s getting curious.”

Suzie glanced over, catching Ben's suspicious glance before turning back to Ian and Debbie. "They're definitely starting to get nervous," she whispered. "I think they know we're onto them."

After school, the three of them met at the stream, Lucky trotting beside them, his tail wagging as if he sensed the excitement in the air. Suzie had made sure to explain to Debbie about Lucky's special ability to speak in the meadow, and now the three children prepared to cross into the magical realm.

"Remember", Ian whispered as they huddled behind a tall bush on the east side of the meadow, "we have to keep an eye on our watches. Time seems to stand still here, and we can't stay longer than an hour or the grown-ups will start worrying."

"I'll keep track of time", Lucky piped up, sitting proudly. "Yes, I can tell time too", he added with a grin when the children gave him funny looks.

They all exchanged quiet smiles. “Okay, now we wait”, Ian whispered, his heart pounding with anticipation.

They hadn’t been waiting long when the sound of voices carried through the air. Suzie froze, her eyes widening as she glanced at Ian and Debbie. The Allen twins had arrived—but they weren’t alone.

From their hiding spot behind the bushes, the children watched as Ben and Samantha slipped under the fence, followed by three older boys. Ian’s eyes narrowed. “Who are they?” he whispered.

Debbie quickly pulled out her notebook, ready to jot down everything they observed. She had been chosen as the group’s note-taker, and this new development was important. “Looks like they brought backup”, Ian muttered.

Suzie’s heart raced. She hadn’t expected the twins to bring others into the meadow, and the

presence of the older boys felt... wrong. She could sense something more dangerous about them.

Just then, Suzie felt a familiar warmth wash over her. Her guardian angel was nearby, and she could tell Debbie and Ian felt it too. Poppy, who had been in the meadow moments before, was swiftly taken away by a pair of angels who had appeared the moment the bigger boys entered. Even the spirit world seemed unprepared for this.

The destruction began quickly. The older boys yanked flowers from the ground, pulling them up by their roots and tossing them carelessly aside. Bushes were stripped of their leaves, and branches were thrown into the once-clear stream. One of the boys pulled a bag from his backpack, dumping its contents—sweet wrappers, crisp packets, pop cans and more—into the water.

Debbie's pen flew across the page, documenting the damage, while Ian clenched his fists in frustration. "This is worse than we thought," he whispered.

Suzie felt a pang of despair. The water nymphs, sensing the destruction, had fled to the other world, leaving the stream vulnerable. The gnome's toadstools were kicked about the meadow like toys, trampled underfoot.

As they watched helplessly, Suzie could feel it—the magic of the meadow was fading. Every flower pulled, every branch snapped, seemed to drain the life from the air around them. The spirit world was retreating, and the children knew they had to act soon, or the magic might disappear forever.

As the destruction continued, Suzie, Ian and Debbie stayed hidden behind the bushes, watching the Allen twins and their older companions with a mix of anger and

helplessness. Debbie's notebook was already filling with notes, each new act of damage carefully documented. But they needed more than just a list of destruction—they needed to understand why the twins were doing this.

"We need to get closer", Suzie whispered, her eyes narrowing as she watched Ben and Samantha exchange smirks with the older boys. "There has to be a reason they keep coming here."

Ian nodded. "We need to know what they're saying. Maybe they'll slip up and mention something."

The three of them carefully crawled forward, moving as quietly as they could. Lucky, sensing the need for stealth, stayed low beside them. When they reached a patch of tall grass just a few feet from where the boys stood, they stopped.

Ben's voice was clear now. "We've gotta keep going," he said, kicking at another gnome toadstool. "You know what happens if we don't."

Samantha glanced nervously at one of the older boys. "Yeah, but... do you think they're watching?"

One of the older boys, who seemed to be in charge, crossed his arms and shrugged. "Who cares? It's not like anyone believes in this fairy-tale rubbish. We just need to follow orders."

Suzie's heart pounded. Follow orders? Who was giving them orders? The twins were clearly involved in something bigger, just like Debbie had suspected.

"Did you hear that?" Debbie whispered, scribbling furiously in her notebook. "They're not acting alone."



Ian clenched his fists, his mind racing. “There’s someone else behind this. We need to find out who.”

As the boys continued their destruction, the trio of investigators exchanged looks. This was no longer just about the twins being bullies—there was a larger force at work, and they were going to have to figure out what it was.

After what felt like an eternity, the Allen twins and their gang finally left, their laughter echoing across the meadow as they disappeared through the trees. The children stayed hidden for a moment longer, too shaken to move. Suzie’s heart ached as she looked out at the meadow. It didn’t feel like the peaceful, magical place they all knew anymore.

“Look at this mess”, Ian whispered, standing up. The sun was setting, and the fading light made the scene even more haunting. The once-beautiful meadow looked desolate, stripped of its

magic. It was getting darker, and colder too—something none of them had ever experienced in the meadow before.

Suddenly, Lucky's ears perked up. He bolted across the meadow, heading straight for a rabbit hole that had been blocked by large stones. "What's wrong, Lucky?" Suzie called after him.

Lucky began digging furiously. "It's Blossom!" he panted, his paws working at the stones. "She's trapped down there. She can't breathe!"

Without hesitation, the children rushed over to help. They worked together, pulling away the heavy stones that had been used to block the entrance. The hole went deep, and Blossom was stuck far inside, unconscious and barely breathing.

"She's so weak," Suzie whispered, her voice trembling. "I have to get her to my dad. He'll know what to do."

With that, Suzie gently cradled the limp rabbit in her arms and ran as fast as she could towards home. “Be careful!” Lucky shouted after her. “We’ll make sure Debbie gets home.”

When Suzie finally reached the house, she burst through the garden gate, breathless. “Dad! Dad!” she cried.

Her father appeared at the door, alarmed. “What’s wrong, Suzie?” Then he saw the rabbit in her arms and his expression changed. He quickly took Blossom from her and rushed into his study.

Suzie followed, tears streaming down her face. “She was trapped, Dad. The Allen twins blocked her hole with stones. Please help her.”

Her father gently placed Blossom on his desk and began examining her. “She’s very weak, but I think we caught her in time. Go wash up. I’ll take care of her.”

Suzie reluctantly left the room, but not before casting one last glance at Blossom. A little while later, Ian and Lucky returned home, their faces sombre.

Her father emerged from his study, wiping his hands. "Cheer up", he said with a smile. "I think Blossom's going to pull through. She'll need plenty of rest, though. Now, what exactly happened?"

Ian explained the whole story, and when he mentioned Lucky's role in saving Blossom, Suzie's father knelt down and gave the dog a big fuss. "Well done, boy! I think you saved her life."

Suzie's mother, who had been listening from the doorway, looked troubled. "The Allen twins? You mean Ben and Samantha, the ones we met at the meadow? They seemed like such nice children."

Suzie nodded grimly. "They're not."

Later that evening, as Suzie sat quietly by the window, looking out over the darkened meadow, she couldn't shake the feeling that things were only going to get worse. Blossom had survived, but the damage done to the meadow couldn't be undone so easily.

"What are we going to do now?" Ian asked as he sat beside her, Lucky curled up at their feet. "The Allen twins aren't working alone. Whoever's giving them orders, they're serious."

Suzie nodded, her thoughts racing. The spirit creatures had trusted them to protect the meadow, and now it was more important than ever that they figure out who was behind all of this. "We have to keep investigating," she said quietly. "We need more proof, and we need to figure out who's pulling the strings."

Debbie, sitting across from them, looked equally determined. "I'll keep taking notes. The more

evidence we have, the better chance we have of stopping them.”

Suzie glanced out at the stars twinkling above the meadow, her mind buzzing with possibilities. “Josephine’s coming tomorrow. Maybe she’ll have some answers.”

As the night deepened, the three of them knew that the investigation was far from over. The magic of Folly Meadow was still alive—but for how much longer?

Before going to bed Suzie and Ian were allowed to see Blossom. She couldn’t speak out of the meadow, but stretched out her tiny paw on to Suzie’s hand to say thank you.

“Now off to bed with you, all of you. This little lady will be warm and comfortable at my surgery by the time you wake, but don’t worry about her. You can visit her every evening if you wish.”

And they did.

The one thing that worried the children was what they were going to do with her when she was better. They definitely couldn't take her back to the meadow.

"Let's hope she can go to where everyone else has gone", said Suzie. "I hope they're not all blocked in with the magic weakened."



## *Chapter 10: Solving the Mystery*

That night, while Suzie and Ian slept soundly, Lucky lay awake, his ears twitching at every small sound. He felt a deep unrest in the air, as though the damage done to the meadow had unsettled more than just the physical landscape. He remained on high alert, keeping watch over the children, afraid something might happen while they were vulnerable.

At around half past two in the morning, Josephine appeared, her soft glow casting a gentle light over the room. She had sensed



Lucky's worry. "Everyone is safe", she began, her voice soothing. "The only one hurt was poor Blossom, but she's recovering well."

Lucky let out a sigh of relief. "I'm so happy to hear that. After all that destruction, it's a blessing."

"Yes," Josephine replied, her tone serious. "But it's going to take strong magic to rebuild the meadow. For now, it must remain as it is until the problem is fully resolved. Tomorrow morning, one of our angels will report the vandalism to the authorities. The older boys will need to be held accountable."

"They certainly do," Lucky agreed. "The older ones were the worst. They need to be punished."

Josephine nodded. "Everything is falling into place. The humans will step in now. We've been watching closely, and it seems Samantha is just tagging along with her brother. We must find a way to keep her from getting more involved."

Lucky lowered his head, still worried. "I can't wait for things to go back to normal, when Suzie and I can talk freely in the meadow again."

"They will, in time", Josephine assured him. "Now rest, dear Lucky. I'll keep watch until morning."

By the time Suzie and Ian woke the next morning, Lucky was exhausted from his night of worry. He wished he could tell the children what Josephine had said, but he knew he had to keep the conversation to himself.

At school, Suzie and Ian found Debbie waiting for them at the gate, her usual spot. They quickly huddled together in the playground's corner, quietly discussing the previous night's events. Debbie, always cautious, had wisely left her notes at home, relying on her memory to recall everything.

When they arrived in class, Suzie noticed something unusual—Mr. Nales, the head

teacher, was sitting at Miss Rogers' desk. He explained that Miss Rogers had an appointment and would return after lunch.

As the morning rolled on, it was clear something was amiss. Samantha Allen was absent, and when Mr. Nales asked Ben about his sister, Ben handed over a note from their mother, explaining that Samantha had been sick all night.

About thirty minutes into the lesson, the school secretary, Mrs. Wilson entered, followed by two policemen. "We'd like to speak with Benjamin Allen," she announced. The room went silent as Ben, looking pale, walked toward the door with the officers. He was gone for nearly an hour, and when he returned, his eyes were red and swollen. He had clearly been crying, and for the rest of the day, he was uncharacteristically quiet.

On the way home, Suzie, Ian and Debbie whispered about the day's events. "I wonder what the police wanted to talk to Ben about", Ian thought. "Do you think it has something to do with the meadow?"

"It must have been reported," Debbie replied. "The meadow is popular with families. Someone must have noticed the damage."

For the second night in a row, Suzie, Ian, Debbie and Lucky met at the stream, prepared for their one-hour watch. There was a tension in the air—after everything they'd seen and learned, they knew something big was brewing. Tonight, they hoped to uncover more clues that would bring them closer to solving the mystery of the meadow.

Once they crossed the stream and settled into their hiding place among the tall grass, they waited. The air felt colder than usual, and the familiar sense of magic in the meadow seemed

weaker than before. The children exchanged nervous glances, but they stayed focused.

It wasn't long before the four boys appeared again. Ben and Samantha's older companions led the way, kicking at the ground as they walked. But something was different this time. One of the older boys seemed to be searching for something, pacing around the patches of flowers and crouching down every so often to sift through the grass.

"What's he doing?" whispered Debbie, her brow wrinkled.

"Looks like he's lost something," Ian replied, watching intently.

The older boy grew more frustrated, slamming his fist into the dirt. "I thought you said fairies lived in these flowers!" he shouted angrily at Ben.

Ben shrugged, clearly out of his depth. “They must be hiding. We’ve been wrecking their homes—maybe they’ve moved out.”

Just then, the rustling of flowers caught Suzie’s attention. Her heart leapt when she saw the familiar flash of red hair and shimmering wings. Poppy, their fairy friend, was hiding among the poppies. What was she doing?

Before any of the children could stop her, Poppy grew to her full size—still smaller than the boys, but tall enough to make her presence known. She flew straight up into the air, circling the boys with a mischievous giggle.

“Leave us alone, you wicked boys!” Poppy’s voice rang out, clear and sharp. She darted around them, just out of reach.

The boys tried to grab her, but she was too fast. Every time they lunged, she zipped away, laughing as she flew in dizzying circles around their heads. The boys, bewildered and

increasingly scared, stumbled and tripped over each other.

“Did you see that?” one of the older boys gasped, his eyes wide with disbelief. “Was that a fairy?”

“No way,” another boy muttered, shaking his head. “Fairies are for girls. We must’ve imagined it.”

But the fear was evident on their faces. They had seen Poppy, and even though they didn’t want to admit it, they were rattled.

“I think we better get out of here before she brings back her friends,” the eldest boy muttered. “We need a new plan if they’re starting to fight back.”

As they gathered their things and prepared to leave, the eldest boy paused. “We need help. The Warlord isn’t going to like this.”

Suzie, Ian, Debbie and Lucky all froze at the mention of the Warlord. Who was that? And why did the boys seem so afraid of him?

The boys disappeared into the trees, leaving the meadow eerily silent. Suzie's heart pounded in her chest. "Warlord?" Ian whispered, his face pale. "Who are they talking about?"

Lucky growled softly, his tail low. "Warlords can be very evil. It's not safe here anymore. Now I understand why I felt so uneasy last night."

Suzie shivered, a cold wind blowing through the meadow. "Come on", she said quietly. "We need to get out of here."

They walked Debbie home first, making sure she was safe. Then, as they headed back to their own house, the weight of what they had just witnessed hung heavily over them.

After dinner, Suzie and Ian went straight to bed, exhausted from the night's events. But Lucky lay



awake again, his mind swirling with worry. The mention of the Warlord was a bad sign, and he knew they needed Josephine's guidance more than ever.

The next day at school, Suzie, Ian and Debbie couldn't stop thinking about what they had witnessed the night before. The mention of the Warlord had shaken them, and the image of Poppy confronting the boys was still fresh in their minds.

At lunchtime, the three friends huddled together in their usual spot in the far corner of the playground, speaking in low voices so no one could overhear.

"Who do you think the Warlord is?" Debbie asked, her voice trembling slightly. "Why are the boys afraid of him?"

Ian frowned, deep in thought. "I don't know, but it doesn't sound good. They're clearly scared of him, and if they're doing all this damage on his

orders, it means the Warlord has something to gain.”

Suzie nodded, her mind racing. “And what about Samantha? She wasn’t there again last night. Do you think she’s really sick, or are they trying to keep her away from the meadow now?”

Debbie bit her lip. “Josephine said Samantha’s just tagging along. Maybe she’s starting to realise what her brother and those boys are really doing. If the Warlord is as dangerous as we think, she might be in more trouble than we thought.”

They all sat in silence for a moment, the weight of their investigation settling over them. What had started as an attempt to stop the Allen twins from bullying the spirit creatures had become much more complicated. There was a larger force at play, and the Warlord seemed to be at the centre of it.

“We need to find out more about this Warlord,” Suzie said finally. “If he’s behind the destruction of the meadow, we have to stop him.”

Ian clenched his fists. “Agreed. We can’t let him get away with this.”

Debbie nodded, determination filling her eyes. “I’ll keep taking notes, and we’ll keep watching them. There has to be a way to figure out who the Warlord is and what he wants.”

As the bell rang, signalling the end of lunch, the three friends exchanged a determined look. They were closer than ever to understanding what was going on in the meadow, but they knew the real challenge was still ahead.

That evening, after school, Suzie, Ian and Debbie met at the stream once again. The day had passed slowly, each of them distracted by the growing sense of danger surrounding the meadow. As they crossed the stream and entered the magical realm, the air felt even

heavier than before. The once-vibrant energy of Folly Meadow had dimmed, and even the birds seemed quieter.

“What’s happening to the meadow?” Debbie whispered, looking around in concern. “It feels... different.”

“I don’t know”, Suzie replied, her voice tight. “But it’s not good.”

Lucky, walking ahead of them, suddenly froze. His ears perked up, and a low growl rumbled from his throat. “Something’s wrong,” he said, his voice tense. “I can feel it.”

Before the children could react, a cold gust of wind swept through the meadow, rattling the leaves and sending a shiver down Suzie’s spine. The bushes ahead rustled, and out of the shadows emerged a figure the children had never seen before—a tall, menacing creature with dark, swirling energy around it. It looked like something straight out of a nightmare.

“Who are you?” Ian shouted, stepping in front of Suzie and Debbie protectively.

The creature didn’t answer. Instead, it took a step closer, its eyes glowing faintly in the dim light. “You shouldn’t be here”, it hissed, its voice like the wind through dead leaves. “This place isn’t safe for you anymore.”

Suzie’s heart pounded. The air around them felt heavy with fear, and Lucky’s growls grew louder. “We’re not leaving,” Suzie said, her voice trembling but defiant. “This is our meadow.”

The creature let out a low, eerie laugh. “Foolish children”, it sneered. “You think you can stop what’s coming?”

Ian clenched his fists. “We’ll stop you, whatever you are.”

The creature’s eyes narrowed. “You are too late,” it whispered, before vanishing into the shadows as quickly as it had appeared.

For a long moment, no one spoke. The only sound was the wind rustling through the trees.

“What was that?” Debbie finally asked, her voice barely audible.

“I don’t know,” Suzie replied, still shaken. “But I think we just met our new enemy.”

Lucky padded over to them, his growls fading. “We need to tell Josephine about this. That creature... it was evil. We’re in more danger than we thought.”

The children exchanged nervous glances. The threat had just gotten much more real.

As the children made their way home, the weight of what they had just encountered hung heavily over them. The meadow, once a place of peace and magic, now felt like a battlefield. They had seen the first signs of what was coming, and it terrified them.

“We can’t face this alone,” Suzie said quietly, glancing at Ian and Debbie. “That creature... it’s something we’ve never dealt with before. We need Josephine’s help.”

Ian nodded, his fists still clenched from the encounter. “And we need to find out more about the Warlord. Whoever he is, he’s the one behind all of this.”

Debbie’s face was pale, but her eyes were filled with determination. “We’ll figure it out,” she said, her voice steady. “But we need to be careful. This is bigger than the Allen twins now.”

As they reached the gate of Debbie’s house, Lucky paused, his ears twitching. “We’ll need all the help we can get,” he muttered, his eyes scanning the shadows. “The meadow is in real danger, and so are you.”

Suzie swallowed hard. Lucky’s words sent a chill down her spine, but she knew he was right. The battle for Folly Meadow was just beginning, and

they would need every bit of magic—and courage—to face what was coming.





## *Chapter 11: The Unexpected Revelation*

Josephine again came to talk to Lucky in the middle of the night. She had been finding out more about the Warlord, the boys spoke of. The angels had found out that he had been sent by the Underworld King to cause chaos and destruction upon Earth. He was told to find some humans to help him out, so he chose the most naughtiest children of the village. Especially the ones who were known for causing

trouble. He had been hiding in the woods on the east side of the meadow, so he could be close by.

The Warlord needed to take control of the meadow, because it was the entrance to many other spirit worlds. If the Underworld King could get to these worlds, he could destroy the peaceful spirit world forever.

Lucky was shocked to hear this news.

“Things are going from bad to worse. It’s not just trouble from the human children anymore. This problem is much bigger. There’s going to be a war,” said Lucky feeling anxious.

“Not if we can help it. Wars can go on for years. We are working on a plan. If we get these boys to stop, the Warlord will just find more to help him in his task. He will know by now, from Ben, that the police have been involved. As bad as these boys are, we don’t want them hurt.”

“No, they just need to be punished enough, so they don’t do wrong again.”

It was soon morning, and time for school. Lucky had realised that he still had the power of speech. Had Josephine forgot to remove the magic? Or left it on purpose? Lucky took advantage of this and relayed all to the children about what he had been told.

“We must stop this Warlord,” Ian said crossly. “Is he really evil? Do you think we can defeat him?”

“The angels are working on a plan,” said Lucky. “They don’t want a war, which is what the Underworld King is wanting.”

“Can’t wait for the weekend to come, so we can spend more time on this”, announced Suzie.

“Are you two going to stay upstairs chatting all day”, Suzie’s mother burst into the bedroom. “If you don’t hurry they’ll be no time for breakfast.”

“Sorry Aunty Elaine, we’re coming.”

The mid-morning sun streamed through the classroom windows as Suzie and Debbie sat quietly at their desks, listening to Miss Rogers' lesson. Everything seemed normal, but Suzie's mind was elsewhere—still filled with thoughts of the Warlord, Lucky's warning and the mysterious events in Folly Meadow.

Just as Miss Rogers began explaining the next exercise, the classroom door creaked open. A tall, unfamiliar figure stepped inside, drawing everyone's attention. The man wore a long brown coat, his face mostly hidden under a wide-brimmed hat. There was something odd about him—he seemed to almost shimmer in the sunlight. Miss Rogers paused, glancing at the man, her eyes narrowing ever so slightly.

"Excuse me, Miss Rogers," he said in a deep, smooth voice. "I'm here to deliver something."

He walked down the aisle slowly, his eyes flicking over the children until they landed on Debbie. Without a word, he placed a sealed letter on her table and nodded slightly before turning and leaving the room, his footsteps soft against the floor.

Debbie stared at the letter, her heart pounding. The envelope was sealed with a crescent moon and stars etched into the wax, glowing faintly in the light. Suzie and Ian leaned in, exchanging puzzled glances.

“Open it”, Ian whispered.

Miss Rogers watched the scene quietly, her expression unreadable. Debbie hesitated for a moment before carefully breaking the seal and unfolding the letter. The parchment felt old, like it had been waiting a long time to be delivered.

Inside, the writing was neat, almost too perfect:

*Dear Suzie, Debbie, Ian and Lucky,*

*We sense a great change coming to  
Folly Meadow. The Warlord's  
presence threatens more than just  
your world. Be careful whom you  
trust. Seek the guidance of Josephine,  
but the path ahead is yours to  
choose.*

### ***The Council of the Spirit World***

Debbie's eyes widened. "Who... who could have sent this?" she whispered, her hands trembling.

Suzie, feeling her own pulse quicken, glanced at Miss Rogers. But their teacher remained silent, as if she knew more than she was letting on.

After morning lessons ended, Suzie, Ian and Debbie were called to the head teacher's office. The summons left them uneasy—especially after the strange arrival of the letter. They shared nervous glances as they made their way down

the hall, Lucky still lurking in the school grounds, keeping an eye on them from a distance.

When they reached Mr. Nales' office, the door was already slightly ajar, as though he had been expecting them. They knocked gently and entered.

Mr. Nales sat behind his large oak desk, adjusting his glasses as he studied the papers in front of him. He looked up slowly as they entered, his piercing eyes locking onto each of them. Despite his formal appearance, there was something warm and reassuring about him, but also an underlying seriousness that made Suzie's heart race.

"Come in, children", Mr. Nales said, motioning for them to sit. "I'm sure you're wondering why I've called you here."

They sat down, exchanging wary glances. The office felt much larger than it was, with tall

bookshelves lining the walls, each filled with dusty, old books. Suzie had never noticed how many ancient-looking books the head teacher kept in his office before.

“I understand you’ve been having some... troubles, particularly with the Allen twins”, Mr. Nales began, folding his hands on the desk. “It has come to my attention that certain unusual activities are happening outside of school—things that perhaps I should know more about.”

Ian shifted in his chair, sensing that the head teacher was speaking in riddles. “What do you mean, sir?”

Mr. Nales gave a faint smile. “Let’s just say I’ve been keeping an eye on things. The Allen twins are not the only ones you need to be cautious of. There are other... forces at play.”

Suzie’s heart skipped a beat. The letter had warned them not to trust everyone, but here was their head teacher, hinting that he knew



something about what was happening in Folly Meadow.

“Sir, do you know about the Warlord?” Suzie blurted out, her voice barely above a whisper.

Mr. Nales’ expression didn’t change, but his eyes seemed to darken slightly. “I know enough to be concerned,” he replied cryptically. “But this is a matter for you and your friends to solve. Just know that not all adults are unaware of what’s happening around you. If you ever find yourselves in need of protection... well, you’ll know where to find me.”

The children were speechless. Mr. Nales had always been kind but distant—now they were seeing a different side of him, a side that suggested he knew more about their world than they could have imagined.

“Be careful”, Mr. Nales said finally, his voice gentle but firm. “You have a difficult path ahead.

And whatever happens, remember—you are not alone in this.”

As they left his office, Suzie, Ian and Debbie exchanged puzzled looks. What exactly did Mr. Nales know? And could they really trust him?

After leaving Mr. Nales’ office, Suzie, Ian and Debbie couldn’t stop thinking about the cryptic way he spoke. His words had been careful, but it was clear he knew more about the magical world than he let on. The ancient books on his shelves, his mention of “other forces” and his calm, knowing smile—it all added up to something they couldn’t quite understand yet.

“I always thought Mr. Nales was just... normal,” Ian muttered as they walked down the corridor. “But now, I’m not so sure.”

“Me neither,” Suzie said, her voice quiet. “It’s like he knows about the Spirit World. He knew about the Warlord, but he wasn’t surprised.”

Debbie shivered slightly, clutching the letter from the Council of the Spirit World in her hand. “Do you think he’s one of them? A spirit or an angel?”

“I’m not sure”, Suzie replied thoughtfully. “But there’s definitely something special about him. He’s watching us, making sure we’re safe.”

They didn’t realise just how close they were to the truth.

Later that evening, after their usual observations of the meadow, Suzie sat on her bed, unable to sleep. She couldn’t stop thinking about Mr. Nales. Everything about him seemed normal—until you looked closer. His office had been filled with strange artifacts and ancient books, and the way he spoke about “forces at play” reminded her too much of what Josephine had said.

Suzie wondered how long Mr. Nales had been watching over them. Maybe it wasn’t just

recently. Maybe he had always known about Folly Meadow, keeping an eye on the children who passed through it.

Her thoughts swirled as she drifted off to sleep. Somewhere deep in her mind, she could sense that Mr. Nales had been involved in the spirit world for much longer than they realised. He wasn't just their head teacher—he was a **guardian**, placed there to protect the magic of Folly Meadow.

The next morning, Suzie, Ian and Debbie were still buzzing from their conversation with Mr. Nales. But as soon as they entered the classroom, they noticed something unusual—Miss Rogers was watching them closely, as if waiting for the right moment to speak.

Morning lessons flew by, and when the bell rang for playtime, Suzie, Ian and Debbie were startled when Miss Rogers asked them to stay behind.

Ian, who had come from Mr. Parkes' class, looked just as confused as Suzie and Debbie.

Once the room was empty, Miss Rogers closed the door quietly and turned back to the children, her expression serious but kind. "I need to speak with you about something very important," she said softly.

The three children exchanged uneasy glances, unsure of what was coming.

Miss Rogers walked slowly to the front of the classroom and took a deep breath. "I've been keeping a secret from you, but I think it's time you knew the truth." She closed her eyes for a moment, and as the children watched in awe, two beautiful, golden wings began to grow from her back, unfurling like a delicate flower in bloom.

Suzie gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. Ian's eyes were wide, and Debbie could only stare in disbelief.

Miss Rogers smiled gently. "It's alright, children. You can breathe now."

The three of them let out the breaths they had been holding, their hearts racing.

"I'm not just your teacher," Miss Rogers continued. "I was sent here to protect you. The Warlord is becoming more dangerous, and my role is to watch over you while you face this threat. There are many things you don't know yet, but I am here to guide you."

Suzie blinked in amazement. "You're... you're an angel?"

Miss Rogers nodded. "Yes. My name is Katie, and I've been sent by the Council of the Spirit World to protect the children of Follyfield—especially you three."

Debbie's voice shook. "But why us?"

"There are many reasons," Katie said, her wings shimmering in the classroom light. "But most

importantly, you have the power to stop the Warlord. That's why you must be careful. The Allen twins are being influenced by dark forces, but they don't understand the danger they're in. We have to protect them, too."

Ian, who had been silently processing everything, finally spoke. "So, Lucky's speech—it wasn't an accident, was it?"

Katie smiled. "No, Ian. Lucky's ability to speak was intentional. You need him more than you realise, and that's why he can communicate with you. The meadow is in grave danger, and you must stay cautious."

As the bell rang, signalling the end of playtime, Katie folded her wings and they disappeared as quickly as they had appeared. "Now, remember this—if you ever need help, come to me. And outside of school, please call me Katie. We are in this together."

The children nodded, still in shock as they filed out of the classroom. As they walked down the corridor, they could barely contain their excitement and awe.

“I can’t believe it,” Suzie whispered. “I usually see angels without them having to reveal themselves.”

“Me too,” Debbie added. “She must have been using magic to hide herself from Ben and Samantha.”

Ian, looking back towards the classroom, grinned. “This is getting more interesting by the minute.”

After school, Suzie, Ian and Debbie walked home together, their minds still spinning from Miss Rogers'—Katie's—angelic reveal. The shock of discovering that their teacher was an angel sent to protect them had left them all with more questions than answers.



“I can’t believe she’s been hiding that all this time,” Ian said, still trying to wrap his head around the sight of Miss Rogers with wings.

“And what she said about the Allen twins...” Debbie added, frowning. “Do you think they even know what they’re caught up in?”

Suzie shook her head. “I don’t think they have a clue. They’re just being used. But Katie’s right—we need to be careful. The Warlord’s getting stronger.”

They arrived at Suzie’s house, where Lucky was waiting in the garden, wagging his tail happily as they approached. He had sensed something strange all day, watching over the children from the school grounds. Suzie knelt beside him, scratching behind his ears.

“I wish you could have been in class with us, Lucky,” she said with a smile. “You won’t believe what we learned today.”

Lucky barked softly, his eyes warm but alert.

Once they had collected their things, the group made their way to the stream for their usual evening stakeout—what they had now started calling "Meadow Watch". The sun was beginning to set, casting long shadows across the trees, and the air felt crisp with the promise of nightfall.

When they reached the stream, they found Katie waiting for them, her soft presence glowing faintly in the dim light. Her wings were hidden once more, and she smiled kindly as they approached.

"Hello, children," Katie greeted them warmly. "I thought I'd join you tonight."

Ian's eyes widened. "You're on watch with us?"

"Yes, I'm here in case there's trouble", Katie said, her voice calm but serious. "We're

expecting something soon, and I want to make sure you're safe."

Suzie, Ian, Debbie and Lucky exchanged glances, their hearts quickening. The meadow had always felt magical, but now the stakes were higher than ever.



## *Chapter 12: The Warlord Confrontation*

The air felt thick with tension as Suzie, Ian, Debbie, Lucky and Katie settled into their hiding place in the meadow. The golden light of sunset faded quickly, casting long shadows across the field and the familiar sounds of the meadow—birds singing, leaves rustling—seemed distant, as if the place itself was holding its breath.

Suzie's heart pounded in her chest. She glanced at Katie, who stood silently beside them, her

eyes scanning the meadow for any sign of movement. Lucky, ever alert, was low to the ground, his ears twitching at every sound.

“Do you think he’s really coming tonight?” Debbie whispered, her voice barely audible.

Katie didn’t take her eyes off the darkening horizon. “I can feel his presence getting stronger. He’s coming. Stay close to me.”

For what felt like hours, they watched and waited, the chill of the night creeping into their bones. Then, just as the last light faded from the sky, they heard it—a low, rumbling noise, like distant thunder.

Ian shifted nervously. “What’s that?”

Katie’s wings unfurled ever so slightly, ready for action. “He’s here.”

Out of the shadows, a figure emerged from the far end of the meadow. He was tall—much taller than any of the children had expected—and

dressed in dark, tattered robes. His face was hidden beneath a hood, but they could feel his anger radiating toward them like a hot wind. He moved with purpose, his boots crushing the wildflowers beneath him as he trudged forward.

The Warlord.

Suzie swallowed hard. She had imagined this moment many times, but nothing could have prepared her for the sheer presence of him. The power that surrounded him felt suffocating, like a dark cloud pressing down on the meadow.

Without warning, the Warlord swung his arm violently, tearing through a patch of flowers and sending petals flying into the air. “Where are you, you little pests?” he growled, his voice deep and filled with rage. “I know you’re here.”

The children shrank back further into the bushes, and Lucky let out a low growl, unable to contain his disgust for the creature.

“Show yourselves!” the Warlord bellowed, stomping through the meadow. His eyes, glowing faintly under the hood, scanned the area. “I know you’re the ones meddling in my plans!”

Katie placed a hand on Suzie’s shoulder, her face calm but focused. “Stay hidden. Let him come to us.”

Suzie, Ian and Debbie nodded silently, their hearts racing as the Warlord drew closer, his anger growing with every step. They could see the flowers wilting in his wake, the magic of the meadow recoiling from his touch.

“I will destroy this place,” the Warlord hissed. “And anyone who stands in my way.” The time for hiding was almost over. Suzie’s pulse quickened as she prepared for what was coming.

The Warlord’s booming voice echoed across the meadow as he ripped through more of the delicate flowers. The air around him felt heavy

and thick, as if even the magic of the meadow was pulling away from his darkness.

Suzie's heart raced as she glanced at Ian and Debbie. They were all trembling, but they knew what they had to do. Katie nodded silently at them, her wings barely visible in the shadows, ready to act.

Without warning, Ian stepped forward, emerging from their hiding spot. "We're here!" he shouted boldly, his voice steady despite the fear that gripped him.

Suzie gasped. Ian had moved before they had a plan—but there was no turning back now. She and Debbie followed him out, standing tall beside him, their hands clenched tightly at their sides. Lucky padded forward, his chocolate-brown fur bristling, growling softly as he took his place next to them.

The Warlord stopped in his tracks, his hooded head turning slowly toward the children. For a



moment, the meadow was silent. His glowing eyes seemed to pierce through the darkness as he studied them.

“So, these are the brave little fools who think they can stop me”, he sneered, his voice dripping with hatred. He took a step forward, and the ground beneath him seemed to crackle with dark energy. “You’re nothing.”

“We’re not afraid of you”, Ian fired back, standing his ground.

“Oh?” The Warlord tilted his head, amusement flickering in his glowing eyes. “We’ll see about that.”

With a swift movement, the Warlord raised his hand, and a wave of energy flew towards them. Suzie flinched, but Katie’s wings flared out from behind her, creating a shimmering barrier that absorbed the attack. The wave of energy dissipated as it hit Katie’s protective magic, and the Warlord snarled in frustration.

“You’re not alone in this fight,” Katie said calmly, stepping forward to stand with the children. Her wings glowed softly, filling the meadow with light as they unfurled to their full span.

The Warlord growled, stepping back slightly. “You think you can save them, angel? You’re too late. The meadow is dying, and once it’s gone, there will be nothing left to protect.”

“That’s where you’re wrong”, Suzie said suddenly, her voice shaking but determined. “We’re going to stop you.”

The Warlord’s laugh was cold and hollow. “You? Children? You’re out of your depth.”

Lucky, who had been growling softly the whole time, suddenly barked loudly and lunged towards the Warlord. His eyes blazed with fierce determination, and for a moment, the Warlord stepped back in fear.

“You fear him,” Ian said, catching the Warlord’s hesitation. “Why are you afraid of Lucky?”

The Warlord’s glowing eyes narrowed beneath his hood. “I fear nothing!” he snapped, though his voice stuttered slightly. His eyes flicked nervously between Katie and Lucky, as if he could sense a power greater than his own.

Katie smiled faintly. “You underestimate the power of those who protect this meadow,” she said, her voice firm. “The magic of this place is stronger than you know. And these children are braver than you give them credit for.”

The Warlord’s cackle returned, but there was an edge of uncertainty in his posture. He took another step back, his dark energy wavering.

The battle was far from over, but for the first time, Suzie could see a flicker of doubt in the Warlord’s eyes. They had him on the defensive—and they weren’t backing down.

The Warlord's chuckle twisted into a grimace as he glared at Katie and the children. His dark energy flared around him, crackling like a storm about to break. "You think your tricks will stop me?" he growled, raising his hands again.

But before he could strike, the air around them shifted. A soft, shimmering glow began to fill the meadow, spreading from the edges of the trees to the very centre. The Warlord froze, his eyes darting around in confusion as the light grew brighter.

"Not just tricks," Katie said calmly. "Help has arrived."

From the sky above, a host of glowing figures descended into the meadow. They moved gracefully, their golden wings shimmering in the moonlight as they circled the Warlord. The angels landed softly around the children, their presence creating a barrier of light that pushed back the darkness.

Suzie's eyes widened in awe. She had seen Josephine many times, but never so many angels at once. Their wings shimmered like pure sunlight, and their faces were calm, yet determined. Ian and Debbie stood speechless, their fear melting away in the warmth of the angels' protection.

The Warlord snarled, stepping back further as the angels surrounded him. His power seemed to shrink in their presence, the dark energy that had once crackled so fiercely now flickering weakly.

One of the lead angels stepped forward, her voice firm but gentle. "Warlord", she called out, her tone carrying both authority and compassion. "Your time here is over. The magic of this meadow will not fall to your darkness."

"You think you can stop me?" The Warlord's voice was filled with anger, but Suzie could

sense the fear beneath it. "I will return, and when I do, this meadow will be mine!"

"Not today," the angel replied calmly.

With a swift movement, the angels raised their hands, and a glowing net of light began to form around the Warlord, tightening like an invisible chain. He struggled against it, thrashing wildly, but the angels' power was too strong. The light bound him, pulling him down toward the ground, where he stumbled backward into the large oak tree that stood at the edge of the meadow.

Lucky barked loudly, and the Warlord's eyes flashed with panic. "This isn't over!" he shouted, his voice echoing through the meadow. "You may have won today, but I will return! And next time, you won't be able to stop me!"

"Good boy, Lucky!" said one of the angels. "We'll take over now."

With a final burst of energy, the Warlord disappeared, vanishing into the shadows of the oak tree. The dark energy that had filled the meadow evaporated, leaving behind only the soft glow of the angels' light.

For a moment, there was silence. Then, the children exhaled in relief, their hearts still racing but filled with hope.

Katie turned to them, her face soft and kind. "Well done, children. You faced him bravely."

Suzie felt a surge of pride but also confusion. "Is he really gone?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

The lead angel stepped forward again, her eyes warm but serious. "For now. But his threat remains. The Warlord's power runs deep, and we must stay observant. The magic of this meadow has been weakened, but with time and care, it can heal."

Debbie nodded, still staring at the spot where the Warlord had vanished. “What do we do now?”

Katie smiled gently. “We rebuild. Together”.

As the last traces of the Warlord’s dark energy faded into the night, the meadow seemed to exhale, as if the very air had been holding its breath. The glow of the angels lingered in the trees, casting a soft, comforting light over the children and Lucky. For a moment, everything felt peaceful again.

Suzie looked around, her eyes tracing the path of destruction the Warlord had left behind. The flowers were still trampled, and the magic that had once hummed through the meadow felt quieter, weaker. She could feel the change in the air, like the meadow was trying to heal, but wasn’t quite strong enough yet.

Katie’s voice broke the silence, gentle but firm. “The Warlord is gone, but his darkness still



lingers. It will take time for the meadow to fully recover.”

Debbie knelt down by a patch of crushed poppies, running her fingers over the wilted petals. “Will it ever be the same?”

“Yes,” the lead angel said softly, stepping forward to join them. “But only if we continue to protect it. The magic of Folly Meadow is resilient, but it needs care. You’ve done more than you realise tonight. Your bravery has given the meadow a chance to survive.”

Ian, who had been quiet for most of the time, finally spoke. “But what about the Warlord? He said he’d come back.”

Katie nodded sadly. “He will try. The Warlord doesn’t give up easily. But now you know what you’re up against. And you’re not alone. You have us, and you have each other.”

Lucky, sensing the lingering unease in the air, let out a soft bark and pressed close to Suzie. His warmth brought her comfort, but she couldn't shake the feeling that the battle wasn't truly over.

"We won today," Suzie said quietly, "but I don't think it's over."

Katie smiled knowingly. "You're right. The Warlord's power is great, and his influence runs deep. But he's afraid—of you, of this place and of what you stand for. That fear is what will keep him at bay."

Suzie exchanged a glance with Ian and Debbie. They had done something incredible tonight, but the weight of what lay ahead still pressed down on them. Protecting Folly Meadow wasn't just about one battle—it was about all the battles yet to come.

"We'll be ready," Ian said firmly, his voice steady and sure.

The angels began to retreat, their glowing forms lifting gently into the night sky. Katie, her wings still faintly shimmering, turned to the children with a soft smile. "Go home now. Rest. You've earned it. And remember, the meadow is safe for tonight."

As they walked back toward the stream, the weight of the evening hung in the air between them. The meadow behind them was quiet again, but the magic was still there—faint, but alive.

Lucky stayed close to Suzie, his dark eyes scanning the path ahead. He hadn't said anything, but Suzie knew. He still felt the danger. And so did she.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to this," Debbie whispered as they reached the edge of the meadow.

"Me neither," Suzie replied, glancing at her new friend. "But at least we know we're not alone."

As they crossed the stream, the soft light of the angels faded behind them, and the night folded in around them. For now, the meadow was safe—but they knew this wasn't the end.



## *Chapter 13: Summer Holidays at Last*

The last bell rang, echoing through the school corridors. Suzie, Ian and Debbie walked out of the classroom, excited that there was only one day left before the six weeks holiday would begin. The weight of schoolwork lifted from their shoulders as the last few days are always full of parties and other fun stuff, but there was still something hanging in the air—an unspoken tension.

Katie had gone to the meadow, but Debbie's guardian angel, Tilly, appeared beside her, smiling warmly as she walked Debbie home. Tilly's presence brought a sense of calm, but Lucky wasn't so easily reassured. His brown fur bristled slightly, and his sharp eyes darted from side to side as he walked protectively beside Suzie and Ian. Ian knew that Josephine and Joe were by their sides, but he would be ready too.

"I don't know why, but I just can't shake the feeling that something's coming," Lucky muttered under his breath.

Suzie glanced down at him, placing a gentle hand on his head. "The angels are doing everything they can, Lucky. It's going to be alright."

"I hope so", Lucky replied, his voice serious. "But no matter what, I'm not taking any chances."

As they reached home, Lucky followed Suzie and Ian inside, still keeping his senses alert. He paced around the house before settling on the landing outside their bedrooms. Suzie and Ian shared a knowing look—they had never seen Lucky so on edge before. Even after everything they had faced, his tension felt different tonight.

Before heading to bed, Suzie knelt beside Lucky. “Are you going to stay here all night?” she asked softly.

“Yes,” Lucky said firmly, his dark eyes gleaming in the dim light. “I can still speak for a reason, Suzie. The angels want me to keep in contact, and that means there’s something out there we need to be ready for.”

Suzie nodded, a shiver running down her spine. It was comforting to know that Lucky would be watching over them, but she couldn’t shake the feeling that his unease came from something deeper. He knew more than he was letting on.

“Alright,” she whispered. “I’ll leave my door open, just in case.”

Satisfied with her promise, Lucky curled up on the landing, his ears twitching at every sound in the quiet house. He was prepared for whatever might come next, even if the children didn’t see it yet. As Suzie and Ian drifted off to sleep, Lucky kept watchful, his senses attuned to the subtle shifts in the air, always ready to act.

The next morning, Suzie, Ian and Debbie arrived at school for their final day before the summer holidays. A buzz of excitement filled the air as the children eagerly chatted about their summer plans, but for Suzie, something felt off. Ben Allen hadn’t been at school for two days, and Samantha sat at her table looking pale and tired, her usual confident smirk nowhere to be found.



“I almost feel sorry for her,” Suzie whispered to Debbie, watching Samantha from across the room. “She looks... different.”

Debbie nodded, her eyes narrowing. “Something’s wrong. Do you think it has to do with the Warlord?”

Before Suzie could answer, Miss Rogers clapped her hands to get the class’s attention. “Alright, everyone, it’s the last day before the holidays, so we’ll be having a more relaxed day. Feel free to read, draw or chat quietly.”

Suzie and Debbie exchanged a quick glance before heading to their usual spot on the carpet near the bookshelves. They picked up a few books and settled in, whispering softly about Folly Meadow and the Warlord’s capture. Ian had gone back to his own class, but the girls knew they would see him soon—there was always "Meadow Business" to discuss.

“Did you see how tired Samantha looks?” Debbie asked, flipping through the pages of a book about unicorns. “Do you think she’s still under the Warlord’s spell?”

Suzie shook her head, her voice hushed. “I don’t know. Maybe the spell is wearing off, or something else is happening.”

Before they could speculate further, the bell rang for lunch, but Miss Rogers called their names before they could leave the room. “Suzie, Debbie—stay behind for a moment. Ian will be joining us.”

The girls exchanged nervous glances. This wasn’t unusual anymore—being called for secret meetings with Katie had become part of their routine. But today, there was something heavier in the air.

A few minutes later, Ian entered the room, looking puzzled. “Another meeting?”

Katie smiled gently, waiting until the room was empty before speaking. “It’s time we talked about what’s been happening with the Allen twins.”

The children sat in silence as Katie folded her arms, her eyes serious. “Samantha is not the same girl she was under the Warlord’s influence. Lucky was right that night—the Warlord had a far deeper hold on her and her brother than we realised. Without him, Ben and the other boys have lost control, and they’ve been terrorising their family and parts of the village.”

Suzie felt her heart sink. “What about Samantha?”

Katie sighed. “Samantha was under a powerful spell, but it’s starting to break. The angels placed a minor illness on her—nothing serious, just a way to weaken the spell. But her body is still recovering, and she has been using her power to keep her brother and the other three

boys, Tim, Josh and Peter, away from her family and herself. Her power will not be mature properly until her eleventh birthday. She is using strength way beyond her ability, which is why she looks so ill.”

“Samantha has no choice, though,” said Suzie. “Have the boys lost that much self-control, that they would hurt their family and friends? None of them have been near the meadow since the warlord was captured.”

“They are using their new powers to create havoc on the village”, Katie continued. Some of the villagers are so scared that they have moved out to stay with family and friends in other parts of the country. They will not return until the boys are put away somewhere. That’s why Lucky has been on guard every night. He senses all of this, and fears for your safety. Don’t worry though children; you are too well protected for any harm

to come to you. Debbie gasped. "She's been using her powers? I didn't know she had any!"

"Her abilities are growing, but she's not ready to handle them," Katie explained. "She's exhausted from overusing her strength. That's why she looks so pale. But she's a victim in this, more than we thought."

Ian leaned forward. "So what do we do?"

Katie's expression softened. "We need you to be friends with her. She's going to need help, and she'll need friends who understand what she's going through."

Suzie blinked in surprise. Be friends with Samantha? The girl who had bullied her for months?

"You want us to be friends with her?" Debbie asked, her voice disbelieving.

Katie nodded. "She's more like you than you think. The Warlord's spell clouded her judgment,

but now she's fighting back. If you can reach her, she'll be a valuable ally."

Time had flown quickly, and they had talked all through lunchtime. The children were not bothered. This was important. A matter of life and death, in fact. Ian went back to his own classroom, and the girls sat back on the carpet. Just before everyone came in, the tables and chairs started moving about by themselves. The girls became scared, and looked at Miss Rogers thinking something bad was going to happen. She sensed their fear and smiled. "Only me!" she whispered. "I'm feeling a little lazy today. It's only a few hours before the holidays. We all may as well have some fun."

The children giggled. Then they noticed an extra table and chair had been placed by theirs. They knew it was for Samantha, and had to do what they could to help her. But they were so used to being on their own.

After lunch, Suzie and Debbie returned to the classroom, still thinking about Katie's request. Be friends with Samantha? The idea seemed impossible.

"I'm sitting you with the girls for the rest of the day," Miss Rogers told Samantha.

Samantha scowled, but did as she was told.

"You can come and sit on the carpet with us, if you wish," Suzie said to Samantha, bravely. "Do you like to read?"

Samantha sat by them, and nodded in reply to the question. It was clear, she was either not happy about being moved with the girls, or just too tired to argue.

"What do you like to read, Samantha?" asked Debbie.

"Sammie," Samantha snapped in a tired, squeaky voice. "I like to be called Sammie."

“Alright Sammie, let’s start again,” Debbie managed to stay calm. “What do you like to read?”

“Anything about unicorns,” she said in a very tearful voice.

Debbie smiled, trying to ease the tension. “Yeah, we love reading about magical creatures. What do you like to read about?”

Sammie hesitated, her hands fidgeting with the edge of her jumper. “Unicorns”, she finally admitted, her voice very tearful. “I’ve always liked them.”

“Really?” Suzie said, genuinely surprised. “That’s great! We were just reading a book about a unicorn who could fly. Want to join us?”

Sammie looked between the two girls, clearly uncertain, but something in her shifted. She slowly nodded, her lips forming a small, tired smile. She moved to the carpet and sat down



beside Suzie and Debbie, her posture still guarded but less hostile than before.

As they read together, Suzie couldn't help but notice how different Sammie seemed now. Gone was the girl who used to smirk at her from across the playground or giggle with Ben about her. Now, Sammie just looked... lost.

After a few minutes, Sammie broke the silence. "Why are you being nice to me?" she asked quietly, her voice barely audible. "After everything I've done?"

Suzie glanced at Debbie before answering. "Because we know it wasn't really you, Sammie. It was the Warlord's spell. Katie, or Miss Rogers in school, told us what happened."

Sammie's eyes widened in confusion. "Katie, Miss Rogers ... knows?" "I'm confused!"

“Katie is an angel, and has been sent here to watch over us, but we must remember to call her Miss Rogers in school”, explained Suzie.

“It seems I have a lot to catch up on”, Sammie said with a little smile.

Debbie nodded. “She knows everything. And so do we. It wasn’t your fault. You were under his control.”

Sammie stared down at the floor, her fingers gripping the pages of the book in her lap. “I tried to fight it, but I wasn’t strong enough. My brother... he’s still not himself. And the others—they’re out of control.”

“That’s why we’re here,” Suzie said softly. “To help.”

Sammie’s eyes filled with tears, and she quickly wiped them away. “I don’t know if I can ever make up for what I’ve done.”

“You don’t have to,” Debbie replied. “We just want to help you get better. And we can be friends, if you want.”

For the first time that day, Sammie smiled—a real smile. It was small, but it was there. “I’d like that,” she whispered.

“Ok class,” Miss Rogers’ voice broke through the silence. “It’s nearly time to go home and enjoy the summer holidays, but first I have an announcement to make. Over the past few months vandals have destroyed Folly Meadow, therefore, we have been told to inform you that it is closed for picnics this year. It’s too dangerous, so please do not go near it. Leaflets have been sent out to everyone in the village, so by now your parents will have been informed. The police have said that they will be looking for trespassers.”

“At last, it’s half past three and home time. I’ll wish you a good and fun holiday, wherever you

spend it and I'll see you again next year. That's right we will be together again. I have decided to stay on for one more year", looking in the direction of the girls.

A cheer swept through the classroom, and even Suzie and Debbie couldn't help but smile. Knowing that Katie would be there with them for their last year of Follyfield Junior School, even in her human form, made them feel a little more secure.

They were very pleased. Sammie even gave a little smile.

"We'll see you again next year, Sammie. If not before," Suzie said.

"Yes. I would like to see you again through the holidays. It will be nice to speak to someone who knows the truth."

"See you around then, Sammie", Debbie called as they walked out of the classroom to find Ian.

He was clearly eager to get off school for the holidays, because they didn't have to look far, he was waiting for them out in the corridor.

Debbie nudged Suzie with her elbow. "Looks like we've got a new friend."

"Yeah," Suzie murmured, glancing back over her shoulder at Sammie. "Who would've thought?"

"We've just had the strangest of afternoons," Suzie told Ian. "Come on, we'll tell you about it on the way home."

The girls told Ian about the conversation they'd had with Sammie. About her liking unicorns and that she would like to see us in the holidays.

"Wow! I wish I was a year younger, so I could have spent the afternoon with you. Mr. Parkes made us do maths!"

Suzie, Ian and Debbie walked out of the school gates, their thoughts still on Samantha. The afternoon had gone better than any of them had

expected, but there was a heavy feeling in the air, as if the day's revelations were just the beginning of something bigger.

"I still can't believe we're supposed to be friends with Sammie," Ian muttered as they walked towards the school gates. "It feels... strange."

"It does," Suzie admitted. "But she's not who we thought she was. The Warlord had a stronger hold on her than we realised."

Debbie sighed, her eyes flicking back toward the school. "And now, without the Warlord, Ben and the others are completely out of control. Katie said they've been terrorising the village."

"Mum said some people have already left to stay with family in other parts of the country. No one feels safe with those boys running wild", Suzie continued.

Suzie shivered. The thought of Ben and his gang wreaking havoc on the village was unsettling.

She couldn't imagine how frightened the villagers must be. "Katie told us that Archangel Michael and his warriors are patrolling the streets at night, but even with them, things are getting worse."

"They can protect the village from the Warlord's influence," Debbie said quietly, "but the boys... they're human. The angels can't deal with them directly."

Ian frowned, his mind racing. "So what happens now? How do we stop the boys if they're still under the Warlord's spell?"

"That's what Katie is trying to figure out," Suzie replied. "We need to break the spell, but no one knows how to do it yet."

The children walked in silence for a while, the weight of the situation settling over them like a thick fog. They had faced danger before, but this felt different. The Warlord's reach had spread beyond Folly Meadow, affecting their entire

village. And now, without him to control them, the boys had become even more dangerous.

“Do you think the police will get involved?” Debbie asked, breaking the silence.

“They might have to,” Ian replied. “But how do you explain something like this to the police? They don’t know about the Warlord or the magic. They just see a bunch of boys causing trouble.”

Suzie frowned. “It’s not just trouble, though. It’s something darker. The Warlord’s power is still in them, even if he’s locked away. If we don’t break that spell soon... I don’t know what will happen.”

Lucky, who had been quietly walking beside them, let out a soft growl. His ears twitched, and he glanced around the village streets, his senses heightened. “I can feel it,” he murmured. “The danger. It’s everywhere.”

Debbie looked down at him, her eyes wide. “What do you mean?”



Lucky's gaze hardened. "The Warlord's influence may be weaker, but it's still here. The boys are spreading it, and it's making the whole village unstable. We need to be careful."

Suzie nodded, feeling a chill run down her spine. The village wasn't just on edge—it was on the brink of something far worse. And it was up to them to stop it.

"We're meeting at the stream later, right?" Ian asked as they passed Debbie's house.

"Of course," Suzie replied. "We've still got 'Meadow Watch.' Even if the meadow's closed, we're not done yet."

Ian grinned. "Good. We've got six weeks of adventure ahead of us."

As they parted ways, Suzie felt a mix of excitement and uncertainty settle over her. The six weeks holidays stretched ahead, full of possibilities. But she knew that protecting the

meadow—and the village—wasn't just an adventure. It was their responsibility.



## *Chapter 14 - The Bullies Are Caught*

The air around the stream was colder than usual as Suzie, Ian, Debbie and Lucky made their way to their usual hiding place for "Meadow Watch". They had dressed warmly tonight, sensing that the meadow's magic was fading faster than before. The darkness around them felt thicker, almost like the meadow was holding its breath.

Suzie shivered as they jumped over the stream. "It's so cold tonight. I don't think I've ever felt the meadow like this."

Ian nodded grimly. "It's dying. You can feel it."

Lucky stayed close by, his nose twitching as he scanned the area, sensing something different. When they reached their hiding spot, they were met with an unexpected sight. Sammie was already there, sitting on a low branch, her face pale and tired but determined.

"You're here early," Ian said cautiously, stepping forward. "What are you doing here, Sammie?"

"I know you don't trust me," Sammie began, her voice low and pleading, "but I have to stop my brother. Please... help me."

Suzie glanced at Ian, unsure. They had only just started to consider the idea of being friends with Sammie, but now she was asking for their help. "How do we know this isn't some kind of trick?" Ian asked, his tone sceptical. "What if your brother put you up to this?"

Sammie shook her head. "I don't blame you for not trusting me. After everything I've done... I get it. But I promise you, I'm telling the truth. I need to stop Ben before he destroys everything."

Debbie, who had been silent up until now, stepped forward. "We're willing to help," she said softly. "But you have to prove we can trust you."

Sammie nodded, her face serious. "I will."

Lucky, who had remained quiet the entire time, lay down at Suzie's feet, his eyes never leaving Sammie. He wasn't growling or barking—just watching, and pretending to be a normal dog. If anyone could sense when someone was lying, it was Lucky. She took a deep breath and stepped toward Sammie. "Alright," Suzie said. "We'll help. But no tricks, Sammie."

Sammie's eyes filled with relief, and she nodded quickly. "Thank you. I won't let you down."

The children took their positions, huddling close together as they watched the meadow, the tension building with every passing moment. The darkness pressed in around them, and the cold seemed to seep deeper into their bones.

Lucky stayed close, his body tense, ready for whatever might happen next. The meadow was still—for now—but they all knew that wouldn't last.

As the group settled into their hiding place, the air seemed to grow colder still. Suzie pulled her coat tighter around her, her breath forming small clouds in the chilly night. The meadow, usually filled with life and magic, felt empty and lifeless.

Then, they heard it—the unmistakable sound of footsteps crunching through the grass.

“They’re here,” whispered Sammie, her voice tight with anxiety. She was trembling, though whether from the cold or fear, Suzie couldn't tell.

The footsteps grew louder, and soon, the four boys emerged from the shadows. Ben, at the front, looked angrier than ever. His eyes scanned the meadow, searching, as though he could feel the presence of his sister and her new friends.

“Sammie!” Ben called out, his voice laced with venom. “We know you’re there! Come out and face me, traitor.”

Suzie’s heart pounded in her chest. They had always known this confrontation would come, but seeing Ben like this—filled with rage and dark energy—was terrifying. She glanced at Sammie, who sat frozen beside her, her face pale as she tried to control her shaking hands.

“Making friends with the enemy now, sis?” Ben sneered, his eyes narrowing as he continued to search the bushes. “You think they can help you? You think anyone can help you?”

Sammie’s breathing grew more ragged, but she didn’t move. Suzie could see the strain on her

face, the effort it was taking to keep her power in check.

“No one can help you anymore,” Ben taunted. “The magic of this meadow is dying, and soon, all the worlds it connects to will die with it. The doors will close forever, and no one will be able to get in—or out.”

His evil laughter echoed through the meadow, sending a chill down Suzie’s spine. She could feel the meadow’s magic weakening, its life force slipping away.

Ben stepped closer, his eyes gleaming with malicious joy. “Your precious unicorns, Sammie, will die out. All that nonsense about healing with their horns? It’s just a fairy tale. They don’t belong in the real world.”

Suzie’s eyes widened as Ben’s words hit her like a lightning bolt. **Healing.** That was it—the key to breaking the spell! The unicorns’ healing power could restore the meadow’s magic and break the



hold the Warlord had over the boys. But how could they find a unicorn now, with the doors to the spirit world closing?

Sammie remained still, her eyes locked on her brother. Suzie could see the effort it was taking for her to remain calm. Ben continued to taunt her, stepping closer, his dark energy swirling around him. But then, something strange happened. Ben hesitated. He stopped just short of the bushes, his expression shifting from anger to confusion.

“What’s the matter with Ben?” Ian whispered sarcastically. “It’s like he’s too scared to come closer?”

Ben scowled, his fists clenching, but he didn’t move forward. Instead, he stood there, glaring at the bushes, unable to step any closer.

Ben growled in frustration, his voice low and threatening. “This isn’t over, Sammie. The meadow is dying, and soon, so will you.”

Without another word, Ben turned on his heel and stormed off, his gang following closely behind. Suzie let out a breath she hadn't realised she'd been holding.

"That was fun", chortled Lucky. "Who would have thought that the enemy would come over to our side?"

"You were quiet for a change, did you suddenly lose your human side." Ian said humouring Lucky.

"No cheeky, I just needed to make sure Sammie is telling the truth, before all our secrets are revealed. Even angels are known to make mistakes from time to time."

"What puzzles me is why Ben wouldn't come over to the bushes. He could have quite easily dragged us out," said Suzie.

“We were bound by a protective white light,” explained Lucky. “Sammie here was producing it. With it being angelic light, Ben couldn’t go near it. He is under the influence of the Underworld at the moment, and cannot enter the light.”

As Ben and his gang disappeared into the darkness, the meadow seemed to breathe again, as if it had been holding its breath during the confrontation. The tension in the air slowly dissipated, but the coldness remained. Suzie, Ian and Debbie sat in stunned silence, trying to process what had just happened.

Sammie sat back, her face pale but her expression calm. She had protected them, even though she barely seemed to understand how.

Lucky stood up first, shaking off the dust from his coat. “It’s safe now,” he said, stretching his legs. “For tonight, at least.”

Suzie let out a sigh of relief and glanced over at Sammie. "You were protecting us, weren't you? With the white light?"

Sammie looked surprised, as though she hadn't fully realised what she'd done. "I... I guess so," she said, her voice quiet. "I didn't even know I was doing it. I just... I wanted to keep him away."

"Well, it worked," Ian said, standing up and brushing off his trousers. "Ben couldn't get near us. That light kept him at bay."

Sammie blinked, still looking confused. "But why?"

Lucky padded over to her, his brown eyes soft but serious. "Because your light comes from the angels," he explained. "It's a kind of magic that Ben can't touch. He's bound to the Underworld right now, and that makes him vulnerable to angelic light. It's what kept him from crossing the bushes."

Suzie watched as Sammie processed this information. It was clear that Sammie had been struggling to understand her own powers, and tonight had shown just how much she had yet to learn.

Ian gave Sammie a half-smile. "Maybe you're not as bad as we thought, Sammie. Katie wouldn't ask us to help you if she didn't think you were worth it."

Sammie's face softened, and for the first time, she looked genuinely touched. "Thank you," she whispered. "For giving me a chance."

Debbie smiled at her, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "We're in this together now. We've got your back."

They all stood, stretching their legs after the tense encounter, and began walking back toward the stream. Debbie's guardian angel, Tilly, was waiting for her by the water's edge, her wings shimmering softly in the moonlight.

“Time to go,” Tilly said gently, smiling at the group. “You’ve done enough for tonight.”

As they said their goodbyes, Sammie lingered for a moment, her eyes filled with gratitude. “Thanks... for trusting me. I won’t let you down.”

Lucky wagged his tail. “We’ll see you tomorrow.”

The children made their way home, the quiet of the night surrounding them. For the first time, Suzie felt a flicker of hope. Maybe they were making progress. Maybe, with Sammie on their side, they stood a chance.

That night, sleep did not come easily for Suzie or Ian. Despite the calm after the boys' retreat and Sammie's display of power, the weight of the meadow's fate hung heavily in the air.

Tomorrow was the first day of the summer holidays, but Suzie tossed and turned, the darkness of the meadow creeping into her dreams. In her nightmare, Folly Meadow was no

longer the beautiful, magical place she knew. The once vibrant trees had withered and their barks had turned black, their branches bare and lifeless. The stream that had always flowed so clear and pure had dried up, leaving only cracked earth behind. It was like it had all been burned to the ground.

Suzie wandered through the dead meadow, her heart aching as she called out for her spirit friends, but no one answered. The air was filled with an eerie silence, broken only by the occasional screech of strange birds circling above. Their cries were sharp and menacing, unlike the gentle calls of the meadow birds she was used to. One of them dove toward her, claws outstretched, aiming for her head.

With a gasp, Suzie woke up, her heart racing and her skin slick with sweat. She sat upright, her breath coming in shallow, ragged bursts. The room was dark, and for a moment, she

didn't know where she was. But then, she felt the comforting presence of Lucky beside her, his brown eyes glowing faintly in the moonlight as he lifted his head to nuzzle her hand.

"You alright, Suzie?" Lucky asked softly, his voice full of concern. "You were mumbling in your sleep."

Suzie exhaled, her hand trembling as she reached down to stroke Lucky's fur. "It was just a nightmare," she whispered, trying to shake the lingering fear from her mind. "I dreamt the meadow had... died. Everything was gone. It was awful."

Lucky shifted closer, resting his head on her lap. "It's not gone yet," he said, his voice gentle. "And as long as we're here, we'll do everything we can to save it."

Suzie nodded, her heartbeat slowly returning to normal. With Lucky beside her, the fear began to fade, replaced by a sense of calm. "Thanks,



Lucky” , she whispered, grateful for his constant presence.

After a few minutes, Suzie lay back down, still shaken but comforted by the warmth of Lucky’s body curled beside her. Sleep came easier this time, and no more nightmares followed.

In the next room, Ian was having trouble sleeping, too, though his struggle wasn’t from nightmares. He lay awake, staring at the ceiling, his mind racing as he tried to figure out a plan. Usually, he was good at this—coming up with clever ideas to solve problems—but this was different. The meadow was dying, and everything they tried seemed to fall short. The Warlord’s influence, the boys, the dying magic—it was all too much.

He sighed, rolling over to face the window, watching the moonlight filter through the curtains. Eventually, exhaustion overtook him,

and he drifted into a fitful sleep, though no clear answers came to him.

The next morning, Suzie and Ian woke up still feeling tired, but after breakfast, the weight of their nightmares began to fade. It was the first day of the six weeks holidays, and although the meadow weighed heavily on their minds, they had chores to do.

Ian busied himself in the garden, digging up vegetables and sneaking the occasional ripe strawberry into his mouth. “Hey, stop eating those, they're for tea, you thief!” Suzie laughed, throwing a weed at him from the flowerbeds.

Lucky lay stretched out in the sun, yawning loudly. “You two look like you’re having all the fun,” he teased, his tail wagging.

“Hard life is it Lucky, sleeping in the sun?”, said Ian feeling amused, tossing a handful of dirt in Lucky’s direction. Lucky snorted, pretending to ignore him, but it wasn’t long before he trotted

over to help by placing the weeds Suzie threw into the bucket.

“You really should keep the garden tidier, and not throw weeds around”, Lucky joked in a very quiet voice so that Suzie’s mother didn’t hear.

They enjoyed the sunshine, trying to push thoughts of the meadow to the back of their minds. But as lunchtime came and went, the air seemed to shift. There was a tension in the village that was hard to ignore.

After lunch, Suzie and Ian were asked to take some laundry to Mrs. Lamb, an elderly lady who lived around the corner. Suzie’s mother had been doing very well with the laundry orders, especially from the elderly villagers.

As they walked through the village, they passed a little ice cream shop and decided to stop for one, grateful for a moment of normalcy in the warm summer sun. How they wished they were living by the sea instead of in the country.

But their peace didn't last long.

Just as they were about to leave the shop, Lucky stopped in his tracks, his ears twitching and his fur standing on end. "What's wrong, Lucky?" Ian asked, immediately sensing the change in his demeanour.

"The boys are over there," Lucky growled softly, his eyes narrowing as he pointed his nose toward the baker's shop across the road.

Suzie and Ian froze, listening. From inside the shop, they could hear shouting and the sound of something crashing to the floor.

"They're causing trouble," Suzie whispered. "We have to do something."

"I'll run to the police station," Ian said, already turning on his heel. "You two stay here, and no heroics while I'm gone!"

Ian sprinted off, leaving Suzie and Lucky watching the scene unfold. The shouting from

the baker's shop grew louder, and they could hear the boys demanding money from the baker, who was clearly terrified. Customers had already fled, leaving the boys to trash the shop, throwing bread and cakes around as if it were a game.

A few minutes later, Ian returned with two policemen, who immediately rushed inside the shop. The boys inside were still causing havoc. The situation escalated quickly—there was more shouting, and then, suddenly, the sound of glass shattering as one of the shop's front windows was smashed by something large being thrown.

Suzie's heart pounded as she watched from the corner of the street, trying to stay hidden. The boys, fuelled by the Warlord's magic, were stronger than usual, fighting back against the policemen with a strange, unnatural energy.

More police cars arrived, and soon the boys were overpowered, their energy seeming to drain from them as the handcuffs were placed around their

wrists. Suzie felt a strange sense of relief as the boys were finally captured, each one led into a separate police car to keep them from causing more damage.

As the police cars pulled away towards the police station, the streets began to fill with curious villagers, all wondering what had happened. Nothing could be done until the boys' parents had been called. Ben was a minor, so the policemen couldn't speak to him without a grown-up present. So it was a waiting game to see what happens, for now.

Suzie, Ian and Lucky stood back, watching as the chaos slowly subsided. "I can't believe they've finally been caught," Suzie whispered.

"Let's hope it's over now," Ian muttered, still tense from the scene they had just witnessed. "At least the village is safe for now."

"We had better get this laundry to Mrs. Lamb, or we won't be back in time before Meadow Watch.

I wonder what will happen tonight now that the boys and the Warlord have been caught. Let's hope it's over," said Suzie.

By the time Suzie, Ian and Lucky returned home, the village was buzzing with gossip about the boys' arrest. It seemed like everywhere they went, people were talking about the police cars and the smashed shop window. The whole incident had spread like wildfire.

Village life is a very intimate community and rumours and stories soon get around very quickly.

As soon as they walked in, Suzie's mother greeted them with a wide smile. "I hear you three are the heroes of the day!" she said, her voice filled with pride.

Suzie blinked in surprise. "How did you know, Mum?"

“A nice policeman called me just before you got home,” Mrs. Russell replied, setting down her laundry basket. “He told me what happened at the bakery. You all did a very brave thing, helping the police catch those boys. The whole of Follyfield Village is grateful.”

Ian grinned, a little embarrassed by the praise. “We didn’t do that much. The police did most of the work.”

Mrs. Russell laughed softly. “Still, you did more than most would’ve in that situation. Now, since you’ve been so brave, I’m giving you the rest of the day off from chores. Go celebrate—you’ve earned it.”

Suzie and Ian exchanged excited glances. “Thanks, Mum!” Suzie exclaimed, already heading for the door with Ian and Lucky in tow. “We’ll be back later!”

They ran straight to Debbie’s house, eager to tell her the news, only to find that she had already



heard all about it. “Why do I miss all the fun?” Debbie teased as they filled her in on the details. “You get the boys arrested, and I’m stuck at home doing chores!”

“Well, you can join us for the celebration”, Ian said with a grin. “We’ve got the whole afternoon off!”

Debbie’s eyes lit up. “Let’s head to the meadow! We should tell the spirit folk that it’s safe now. They need to know that the boys have been caught.”

The three of them, with Lucky trotting beside them, made their way to the meadow, feeling lighter than they had in days. The danger in the village had passed, at least for now, and they could finally focus on restoring the magic that had been lost.

As they reached the stream, Suzie paused, looking at the familiar landscape. The meadow was still dark, its magic dimmed, but for the first

time in a long while, she felt a spark of hope. “Do you think this means it’s over?” she asked quietly, glancing at Ian.

Ian shrugged, though his expression was thoughtful. “Maybe. But we still have the Warlord to deal with. He’s not going to stay locked away forever.”

Lucky nodded, his eyes scanning the meadow. “True. But at least the boys are out of the way for now. That gives us time to figure out how to fix things.”

Debbie smiled, her eyes bright with determination. “We’ll find a way. We’ve come this far, right?”

As they stepped over the stream and into the meadow, the children felt the familiar pull of magic surround them. They weren’t finished yet—there were still challenges ahead—but for the first time in weeks, they felt like they had a chance.



## *Chapter 15 - Ian Goes Home*

The meadow was not the place Suzie remembered. Though the sun shone brightly, it felt dim and lifeless. The once vibrant flowers had wilted, the trees stood bare and the stream, which had always flowed so clear and bright, looked dirty and sluggish. The magic was almost completely gone.

Suzie, Ian, Debbie and Sammie arrived at the meadow, their hearts heavy. It was hard to believe this had once been a place filled with life

and energy. Now, it felt like it was barely hanging on.

But then, as they stepped further into the meadow, something incredible happened.

From the tall grass, six gnomes came running toward them, their small, sturdy bodies bustling with energy. “You’ve come back!” one of the gnomes exclaimed, his face beaming with happiness. “We’ve heard all about what you did. Thank you, thank you!”

Before the children could say anything, the gnomes surrounded them and Lucky, hugging them one by one. The joy and gratitude from the little creatures were catching, and despite the sad state of the meadow, Suzie felt her spirits lift a little.

“We’re all here to clean up the mess,” another gnome said, gesturing around. “It’ll take some time, but we’re working as fast as we can. The

magic here is delicate. We can't rush it, but we'll rebuild, piece by piece."

Suzie glanced around and saw that the meadow was far from empty. Fairies were fluttering above the trees, carrying tiny brooms and bags of seeds. Other magical beings—some Suzie didn't even recognise—were busy at work, tidying the rubbish left behind by the boys. The scene was heartwarming despite the destruction.

"How long will it take to bring the magic back?" Ian asked, his eyes scanning the damaged meadow.

The gnomes exchanged glances. "A few weeks at least, maybe more," one answered. "We need to tidy up first. The toadstools have to be replanted, and they need to grow naturally. Until they're fully ready, we won't have the magic to bring everything back. But don't worry, we'll get there."

Josephine, Tilly, Joe, Katie and a few other angels appeared, floating gracefully over the meadow. They landed softly in front of the children, their wings glowing faintly in the sunlight.

“We’ll help too,” Josephine said, her voice soothing. “The meadow’s magic is delicate, but it’s not gone. We just need to be patient.”

Sammie stood to the side, watching silently as the others greeted Josephine and the spirit folk. She looked out at the damaged meadow, her face filled with regret. It would take time for them all to trust her fully again, but for now, she was doing her best to make things right.

Sammie stood near the edge of the meadow, watching Poppy flutter around as the fairies continued their work. Despite the destruction around them, Poppy’s red wings glowed brightly as she chatted with the other fairies, offering

encouragement as they planted seeds and tended to the broken flowers.

Suzie, Ian and Debbie approached cautiously. Though they had started to trust Sammie, the weight of her past actions still hung between them. Sammie sensed their hesitation and looked over at them, her expression soft but sad.

“I’m really trying,” Sammie said quietly, her eyes shifting to the ground. “I don’t expect you to trust me completely yet. But I have to stop my brother, and I can’t do it alone.”

Ian, always the boldest of the group, stepped forward. “We know you’re trying,” he said. “But we also know your brother’s still a problem. What’s going to happen to him now?”

Sammie sighed, folding her arms as if to protect herself from the heaviness of her own thoughts. “Mum and Dad are angry with him,” she admitted. “The police are keeping him in custody until they can send him to a special school. They

think that might help... but it won't. Not unless we break the Warlord's spell."

Debbie frowned, her brow furrowing in concern. "Can we break it? Isn't there anything we can do?"

"I don't know," Sammie replied, her voice tinged with frustration. "I wish a quick dose of the flu would work on Ben like it did for me. But he's too far gone. The Warlord's magic has wrapped itself around him, and without something stronger, he'll stay like this forever."

"The other boys have been sent to juvenile detention centres around the country. They are not allowed to come in contact with each other at all. They could be there for a while, even with a cure, because they have a bad history of violence and destruction."

Suzie bit her lip, thinking. "What about the unicorns? They have healing powers, right? Maybe they can help."



Sammie's face fell, and she shook her head. "We were too late", she said softly. "The entrance to Unicorn World is closed. The magic in the meadow is too weak to keep the doorways open, and without that doorway, we can't reach them. Even if the unicorns wanted to help, they can't get here."

Suzie's heart sank. The idea of using the unicorns had seemed like their best hope, but now it felt like another roadblock in their path. "So we're stuck?"

"For now", Sammie nodded, her expression grim. "But the gnomes are doing everything they can to keep the doorway to the meadow folk's world open. It's weak, but it's holding. No one lives there, but it's a beautiful land. Once the meadow's magic is restored, we might be able to open the other doors."

Josephine floated over, her serene presence calming the group. "She's right," Josephine said.

“The meadow’s magic needs to be strong again before the unicorns can help. But don’t lose hope. Every bit of work being done here today is one step closer to restoring balance. The spirit world knows how important this is.”

Suzie glanced over at Sammie, her heart softening a little more. Despite everything, Sammie was trying hard to make things right, and Suzie could see how much it hurt her to be stuck in this position. “We’ll figure it out,” Suzie said, offering a small smile. “Somehow, we’ll get the magic back, and then we’ll set things right.”

Sammie looked up, her eyes brightening with gratitude. “Thanks, Suzie. That means a lot.”

As the children and Sammie stood by the edge of the meadow, Josephine’s soft voice drew them closer. Her presence, as always, radiated a calming energy that soothed their worries, even amidst the destruction around them.

“The restoration of this meadow will take time”, Josephine began, her wings shimmering faintly in the sunlight. “But time is something the spirit folk understand well. You see, magic is delicate, and rushing it could cause more harm than good.”

Suzie tilted her head, listening intently. “What exactly needs to happen?” she asked. “How do we get the magic flowing again?”

Josephine knelt down beside the stream, which was now dirty and slow. “The stream that runs through Folly Meadow is key,” she explained. “The water nymphs are working tirelessly to clean it. Once the stream is pure again, it will help protect the meadow from outside influences—like weather. The stream binds the magic here, keeping it safe. Without it, the natural order of things, like day and night, would spill into the meadow and throw everything off balance.”

Suzie, Ian and Debbie exchanged thoughtful glances, realising just how connected everything in the meadow was.

Josephine continued, “Once the stream is restored, the next phase involves the fairies planting flowers and the gnomes replanting their toadstools. These toadstools are crucial to the magic circle that powers the meadow. As the toadstools grow, the magic will slowly return. It’s like starting an engine and keeping it fuelled. But it can’t happen all at once. We need patience.”

“But what about the doorway to Unicorn World?” Suzie asked. “How will we get the healing magic we need if we can’t reach them?”

“The doorway will open when the meadow is ready,” Josephine said, her voice gentle. “The magic in this meadow is tied to the spirit worlds. When it’s strong enough, the doorways to those worlds will open naturally. For now, the focus

must be on restoring the meadow's magic. Without it, none of the worlds connected to Folly Meadow can thrive."

Ian frowned, trying to piece everything together. "So, everything depends on the magic circle being strong again. No magic, no doorways?"

"Exactly", Josephine nodded. "But remember, the spirit folk are already hard at work. The toadstools may take time to grow, but the fairies will work day and night to nurture them. Once the magic is restored, the meadow will be as it once was—if not stronger."

Debbie, who had been quiet until now, looked up at Josephine with a worried expression. "Are the spirit folk angry with us for what the boys did?"

Josephine smiled, her gaze warm and reassuring. "The meadow folk are upset, yes. But they understand the boys were under the Warlord's spell. They are forgiving creatures, and

they know the children didn't act on their own. As long as the meadow can be restored, they will forgive."

The children sighed in relief, but there was still much work to be done. As Josephine stood, her wings catching the light, she looked at each of them with gratitude. "Your help today, and every day, makes a difference. Keep believing in the magic. The meadow needs your hope just as much as it needs the spirit folk's work."

Suzie felt a small flicker of hope inside her. The road ahead was long, but for the first time, she believed that they could help restore the meadow's magic. It was just going to take time—and faith.

After spending the rest of the afternoon helping the spirit folk tidy up the meadow, Suzie, Ian, Debbie, Sammie and Lucky finally headed home. The day had been warm and full of hard work,

but the meadow still had a long way to go before it could fully recover.

As they approached Suzie's house, Ian couldn't help but joke, "If the meadow doesn't need us for a while, that means I'll have to get back to regular chores, right?"

"Oh, absolutely," Suzie teased. "But just think—we've got strawberries for tea!"

"That's if the strawberry thief hasn't eaten them all", Lucky chimed in, wagging his tail as he trotted beside them.

Debbie and Sammie exchanged confused glances. "Strawberry thief?" Debbie asked.

"Oh, don't mind them", Ian said, laughing. "I may have eaten a few too many strawberries while I was picking them earlier."

"More like half the crop!" Suzie teased, playfully shoving him.

They all laughed as they reached the house, feeling the lightness of the day after the heaviness in the meadow. Mrs. Russell was waiting for them at the door, a warm smile on her face.

“You’re just in time for tea”, she called out, stepping aside to let the children in. The smell of freshly baked scones and sweet strawberries filled the kitchen, making their mouths water.

As they gathered around the table, Mrs. Russell cleared her throat. “Ian, I’ve got some good news for you,” she said, her eyes twinkling. “Your mum is out of hospital and doing very well. She’s been asking for you and would like you to go home next weekend.”

Ian’s face lit up with surprise and joy. “She’s better? Really?”

Mrs. Russell nodded. “She’s feeling much stronger now, and she misses you terribly. She says she can’t wait to see you.”



“Thanks, Aunty Elaine, for everything”, Ian said, his voice soft with gratitude. “I’ve had the most wonderful time staying here with Suzie. I don’t know how to thank you for taking care of me.”

“You’ve been a pleasure to have, Ian,” Mrs. Russell said, smiling warmly. “And you’re welcome back anytime.”

After tea, the children gathered in the living room for a game of cards. They laughed and joked, enjoying the simple pleasure of spending time together. Even Sammie, who had been so quiet and serious earlier in the day, was beginning to relax, showing a side of herself that they hadn’t seen before. She was fun to be around when she wasn’t burdened by her brother’s troubles.

Lucky, meanwhile, had curled up on the rug by the fire, his eyes half-closed in exhaustion. He had been on watch for days now, and it was clear he needed a good rest. For the first time in

a long while, the children felt like they could relax without worrying about what was lurking in the shadows.

As the evening drew to a close, Suzie walked Debbie and Sammie to the door. "We'll see you tomorrow?" Suzie asked.

"Of course", Debbie smiled. "Same time as always."

Sammie nodded. "Thanks for letting me come. It was... nice. I'll see you tomorrow."

Suzie watched her friends walk down the path, feeling a sense of peace she hadn't felt in months. Things were far from over, but for tonight, everything felt right.

As the children settled in for the evening, Suzie couldn't help but think back on everything that had happened over the past year. So much had changed since her family had moved to Follyfield.

At first, she had felt completely out of place. Leaving the city and her old friends behind had been hard, and her first days at school had been lonely. The other children had stared at her, and she had spent most of her time with her nose in a book, avoiding their teasing.

But then, the meadow had brought everything into focus. Through her connection to the spirit world, Suzie had made two of the greatest friends she could ever ask for—Debbie and Sammie. The three of them, along with Ian, had gone on adventures she could never have imagined. Adventures that had tested their bravery, strengthened their bonds, and made them believe in the magic around them.

“What a year,” Suzie whispered to herself, glancing over at Ian, who was sprawled out on the couch, half-asleep. Lucky lay next to him, equally tired after the long days of guarding and watching over the children.

Ian had been her closest ally through it all, like the big brother she had always wanted. Even though he didn't have the same gift of sight that she and Debbie shared, he never doubted her stories or the magical things that happened around them. He had stood by her side through everything.

Next weekend, he would be heading home. His mum was out of the hospital, finally recovering after being ill for so long. Suzie felt happy for him but also a little sad. She had loved having Ian around, and it would be strange not having him there anymore.

But she knew this wasn't the end. They would stay in touch, and there would always be more adventures—more magical things to discover.

"Thank you for everything, Ian," Suzie whispered, even though he was already fast asleep.

The following week flew by. Ian spent his last few days in Follyfield helping Suzie and Lucky with their chores, sneaking a few strawberries whenever he could. They laughed and played as they worked, trying to soak up as much fun as possible before he had to leave.

On Ian's last day, he took Blossom, now fully recovered, back to the meadow where she belonged. The meadow wasn't fully restored yet, but there had been a noticeable improvement. The stream was running clearer, and the gnomes had started preparing the soil for their toadstools. The meadow was slowly coming back to life.

As Ian placed Blossom gently on the soft grass near her burrow, he smiled. "There you go, Blossom. Welcome home."

Blossom twitched her nose, giving Ian a final look before scurrying into her burrow. Ian stood

up, watching her disappear into the safety of her home.

Suzie, Debbie and Sammie were there too, watching the scene unfold. They knew it would still be a long time before the meadow was fully restored, but this moment—seeing Blossom return to her home—gave them hope.

“What a year it’s been”, Suzie said, echoing her earlier thoughts. “So much has changed.”

“And so much is still going to change”, Debbie added. “This is just the beginning, right?”

Suzie nodded, a smile spreading across her face. “Yes. There’s more magic to come.”

## About the Author



Cindy is a writer who creates magical and mysterious stories for children, as well as non-fiction for all ages. She loves exploring the countryside, old houses and anything with a story to tell. *The Magic of Folly Meadow* is her first children's novel, and she's already working on her next - *The Secrets Within Hampton Manor*, a spooky ghost mystery full of hidden secrets. Cindy lives in the UK and always has a notebook close by in case inspiration strikes.