

THE GLOOM OF
GRIMM WART



WRITTEN BY JAMES EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUNA REZENDE

An illustration of a witch named Grimwart sitting in a wooden rocking chair. She has a large, black, pointed hat and is wearing a black dress. She is holding a small yellow cup. The room is dimly lit, with two arched windows showing a gloomy, overgrown garden. To the right, there is a stone fireplace with a black cauldron on top, and shelves filled with various bottles and jars. A white cat is sitting on the floor near the windows. The overall atmosphere is gloomy and somber.

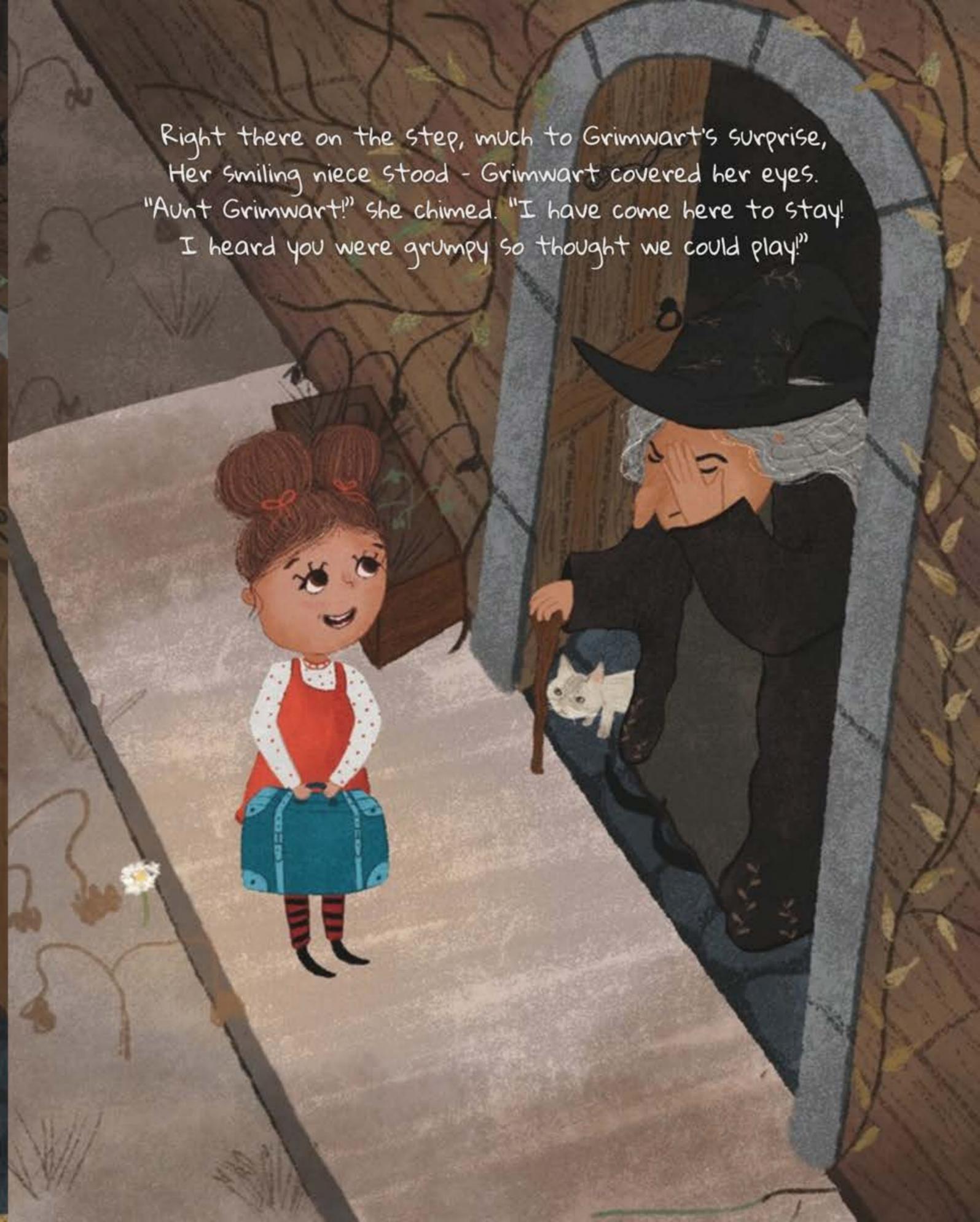
Grimwart rocked slowly in her creaky old chair,
Peering out the window with a cold, vacant stare,
She hadn't smiled once since she was a young girl,
For Grimwart had long lost the joy of this world.

Her home, like her heart, had grown gloomy and grim,
An overgrown garden and rooms that were dim.
Her black cauldron gurgled with potions of grey,
As old Grimwart moaned, "What a horrible day!"

Her cat meowed loudly as the clock struck three,
For a knock at the door made her spill her cold tea.
And hobbling and grumbling across the stone floor,
She grumpily yanked at her rickety door.



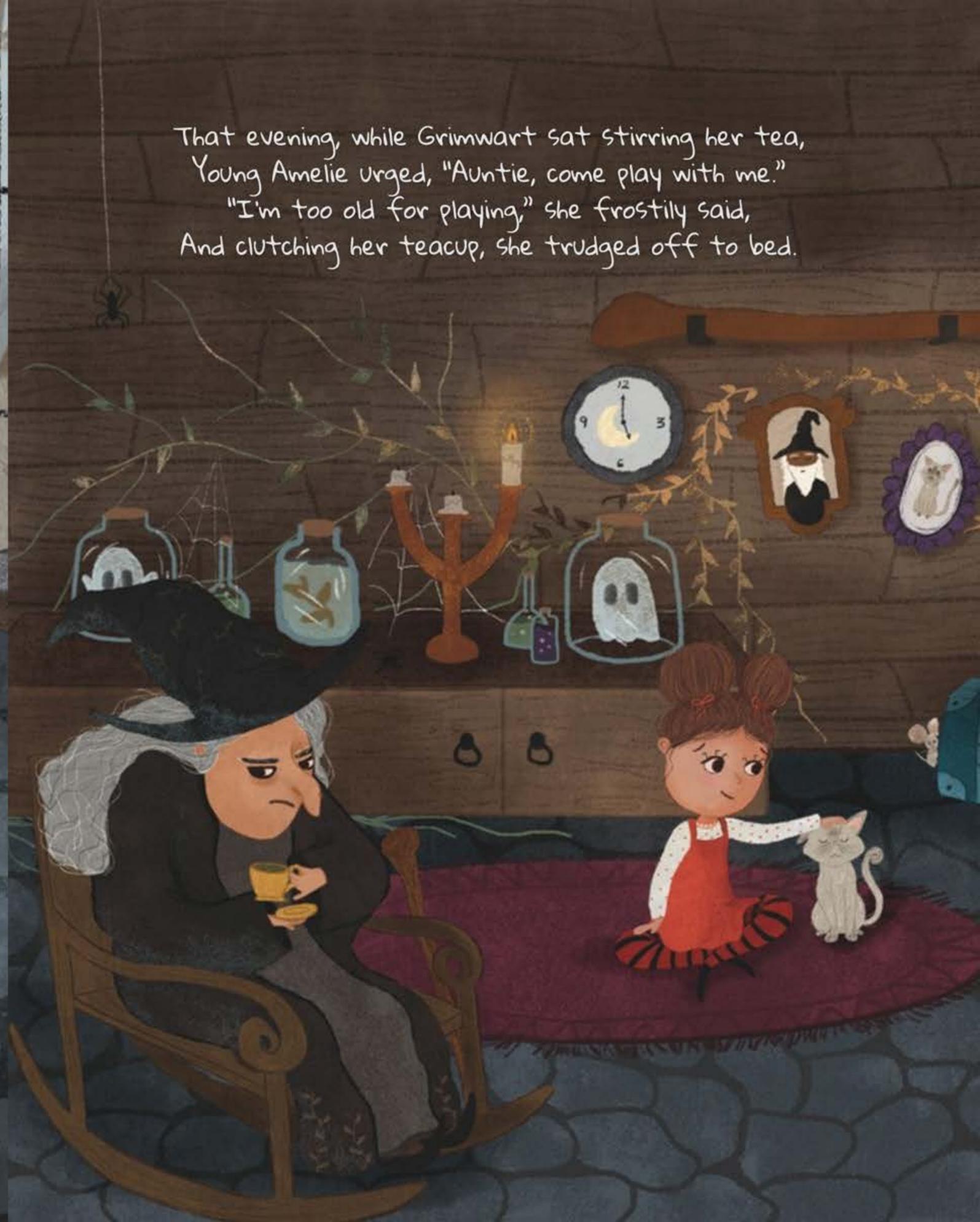
Right there on the step, much to Grimwart's surprise,
Her smiling niece stood - Grimwart covered her eyes.
"Aunt Grimwart!" she chimed. "I have come here to stay!
I heard you were grumpy so thought we could play!"





Old Grimwart blinked twice, then she let out a groan—
Another small pest I must add to my home.
"Fine, Amelie," she barked, slamming the door.
"You'll stay for two days and not one second more."

That evening, while Grimwart sat stirring her tea,
Young Amelie urged, "Auntie, come play with me."
"I'm too old for playing," she frostily said,
And clutching her teacup, she trudged off to bed.





But Amelie vowed to drive out all this gloom,
So weeded the garden and cleaned each dark room,
She sang silly songs and she danced down the halls,
Whilst stringing up lanterns to brighten the walls.



At first, Grimwart grizzled at all her niece tried,
Till one day she paused for a small peek outside.
The garden was blooming, her bedroom was bright,
And deep in her heart something flickered alight.

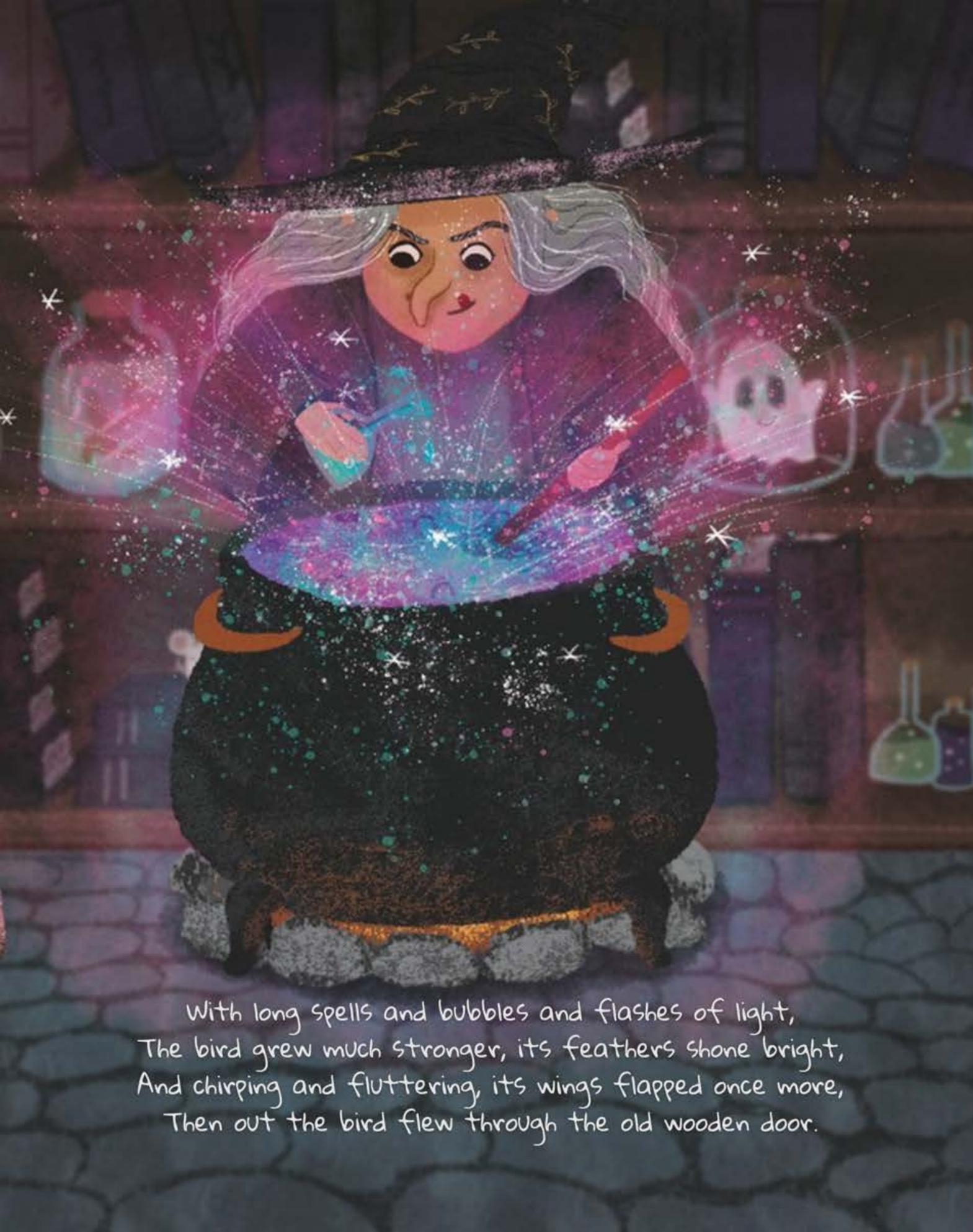


That night, they drank tea underneath the yew trees,
As fireflies danced on the cool summer breeze
And watching the glow as it lit up the air,
Old Grimwart tried hard not to smile from her chair.

Next morning, they woke to a small cheeping sound,
And there by the door, lay a bird on the ground.
Its wing was bent up and it squeaked a sad song—
"Oh, Auntie, let's help her for something is wrong!"

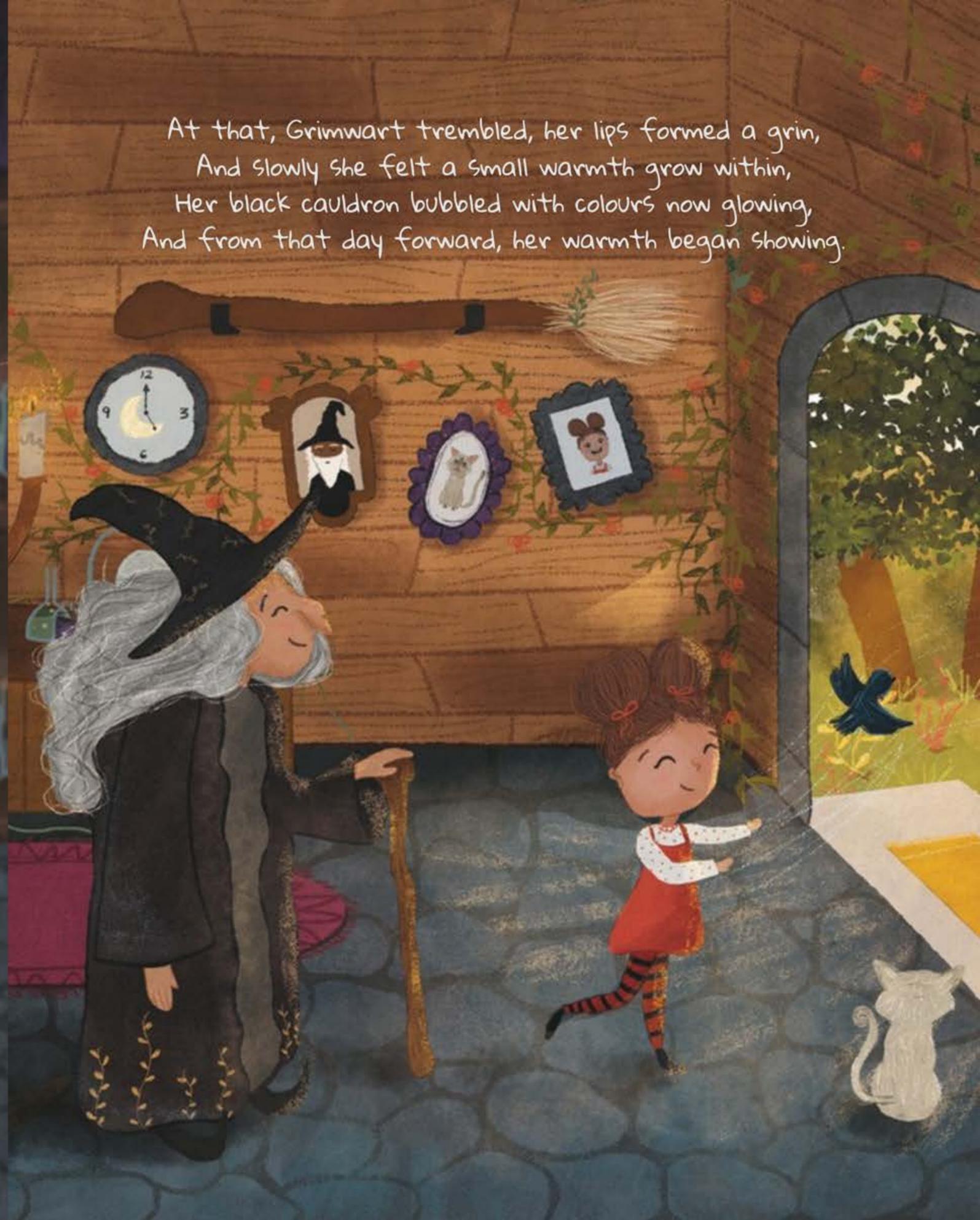


"Fine, bring it inside," Grimwart huffed with a sigh,
"I'll brew up a potion and give that a try."
And Amelie smiled as she held the bird tight—
"My auntie will fix you - you'll soon be alright."



With long spells and bubbles and flashes of light,
The bird grew much stronger, its feathers shone bright,
And chirping and fluttering, its wings flapped once more,
Then out the bird flew through the old wooden door.

At that, Grimwart trembled, her lips formed a grin,
And slowly she felt a small warmth grow within,
Her black cauldron bubbled with colours now glowing,
And from that day forward, her warmth began showing.



Each day they'd set out with a spell-book in hand,
To help all the creatures and care for the land.

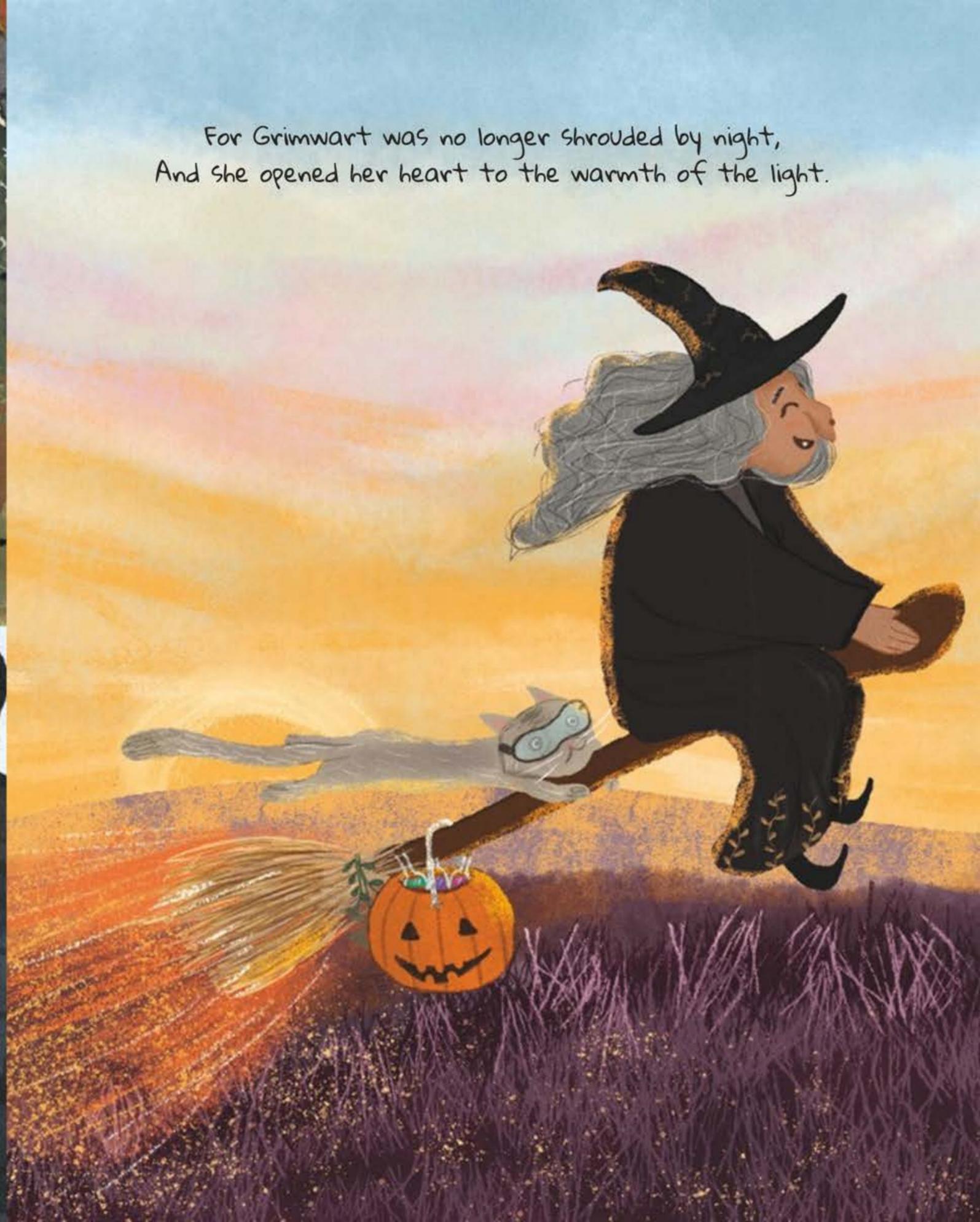


They healed wounded animals, saved wilting flowers,
And fixed injured bugs using Grimwart's great powers.



And when her niece left, Grimwartz grumbled no more,
All thanks to that pest she had let through her door,

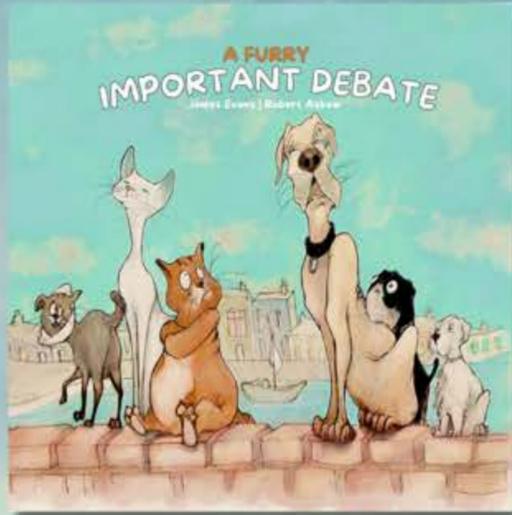
For Grimwartz was no longer shrouded by night,
And she opened her heart to the warmth of the light.



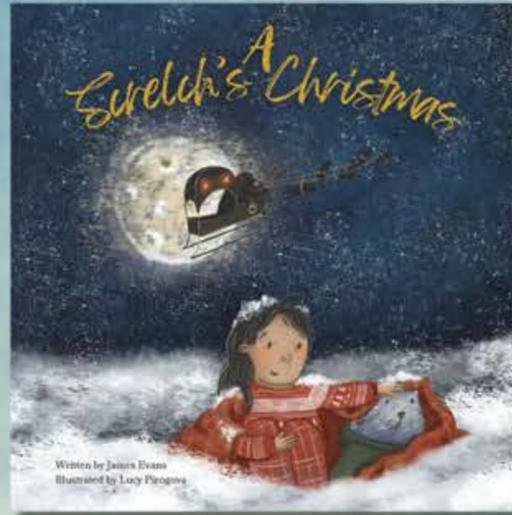


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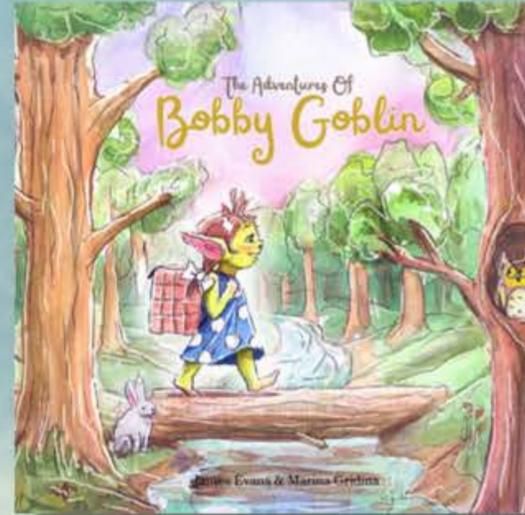
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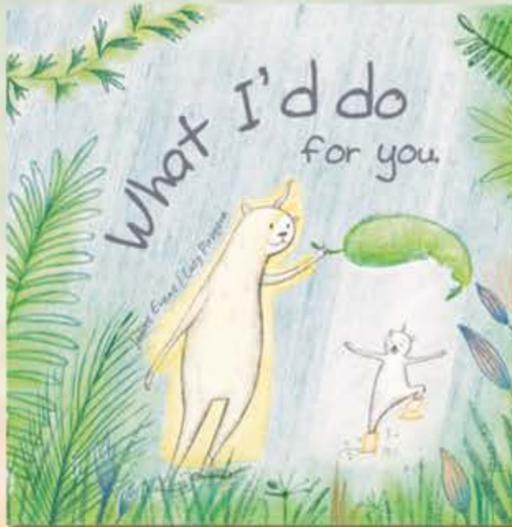
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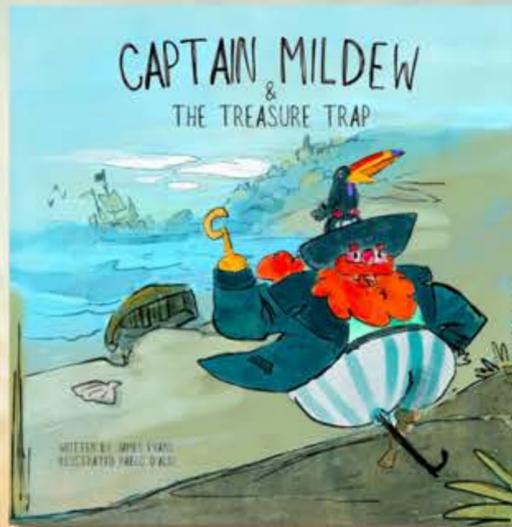
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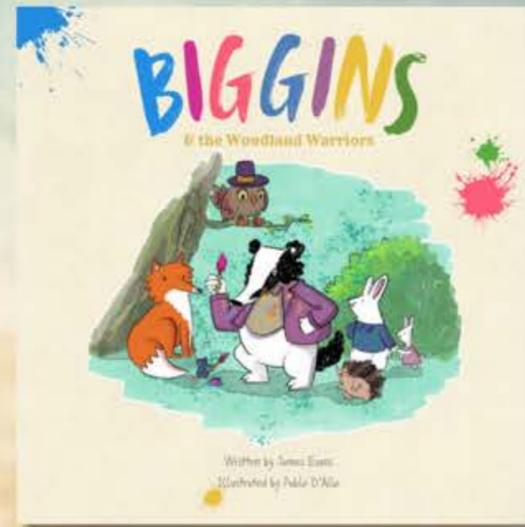
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