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BLOG

Lakeside Castle

BY BELLATRIXIE — 2024-09-05



With the last update to the lake¹ still fresh in our minds, rumours about the next one² are already surfacing. Not the least of these is a poem, reminiscent of the Scottish bard Robert Burns³, we've heard whispering in the quiet corners of the lake. Is it a portent of things to come? Will the lake truly get its own Scottish castle? We can't wait to find out!

How the lake got its Castle

Oh, Bellatrixie, bonnie lass, Wi' eyes like loch and heart like glass, She wandered by the waterside, Where peace and beauty did abide.

The lake, a mirror for the sky, Its ripples kissed by breezes high. Strange folk she met, their tales untold, Their voices thick as heathered gold.

¹<https://new.thehiddencircle.com/summer-days-at-the-lake/>

²<https://new.thehiddencircle.com/early-fall-at-the-lake/>

³https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Burns

"Guid day," they'd say, their accents wild, As Tentie stirred beneath the tide. A monster, tentacled and vast, Guarding secrets from the past.

And Gary, Viking bold and fair, His horned helmet and braided hair, He sought a golf course, fair and green, Amidst the glens, where dreams convene.

"Nae links here," Bella laughed aloud, "Yet golf ye'll find—the Highland crowd plays 'fore the mist, with haggis caddies, Their putts as wild as Highland gladdies."

But Bella dreamed of more than greens, Of turrets tall and ancient scenes. "The lake," she mused, "needs walls and stone, A castle grand to call its own."

So she gathered stones, each whispered wish, And built her keep on isle's small dish. Wi' drawbridge lowered, dreams unfurled, Bella's castle stood—a Highland pearl.

Its dungeon high, where moonlight crept, Locked naughty souls who laughed and wept. "Ye've trespassed here," she'd sternly say, "Behave yersel' or in ye'll stay."

And Tentie watched from watery deeps, His tentacles a secret keep. While Gary, Viking, tried his swing, His golf balls lost to faerie ring.

So raise a dram to Bella's might, Her castle fair, bathed in moonlight. May loch and legend intertwine, And Bella's tale forever shine.

With special thanks to Gary for the image