

FROGWARTS



A Journal of the Potterverse

SPRING EQUINOX 2024 EDITION



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ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

“A whimsical wordsmith with a paintbrush for a heart.” That’s what author, Danielle Rouge, aspires to be known as to her closest friends and the world alike. She first danced into storytelling through her colorful illustrations, and her debut children’s book [‘Yelli Jelli Makes a Witchy Pie’](#) published in 2022. With four more children’s tales ready to frolic into the world, Danielle is excited to venture into the realms of fantasy world building with her newest writing project, determined to sprinkle magic through the beauty of the written word. Danielle’s page backgrounds and fan fiction illustrations appear throughout the journal.



Welcome to Frogwarts, a Journal of the Potterverse!

We are excited to introduce our 2nd issue on the Spring Equinox!

This is the place for all things Harry Potter and for all who love them.

Here you'll experience fan fiction, poetry, art, reviews, and opinions on the Wizarding Universe.

We hope to publish four times a year, on the Solstices and Equinoxes!
Please send your art, writings, reviews, or other submissions at
anytime. [Visit the official Frogwarts page to submit!](#)

Magically,

Lyricus Abbey – *Professor of Magical Poetry and Editor*

Yurika Applebee – *Professor of Creative Magic*

Penelope Heartspring – *Professor of Magical Information Portals*



FAN
FICTION
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POEMS



# Volderoos

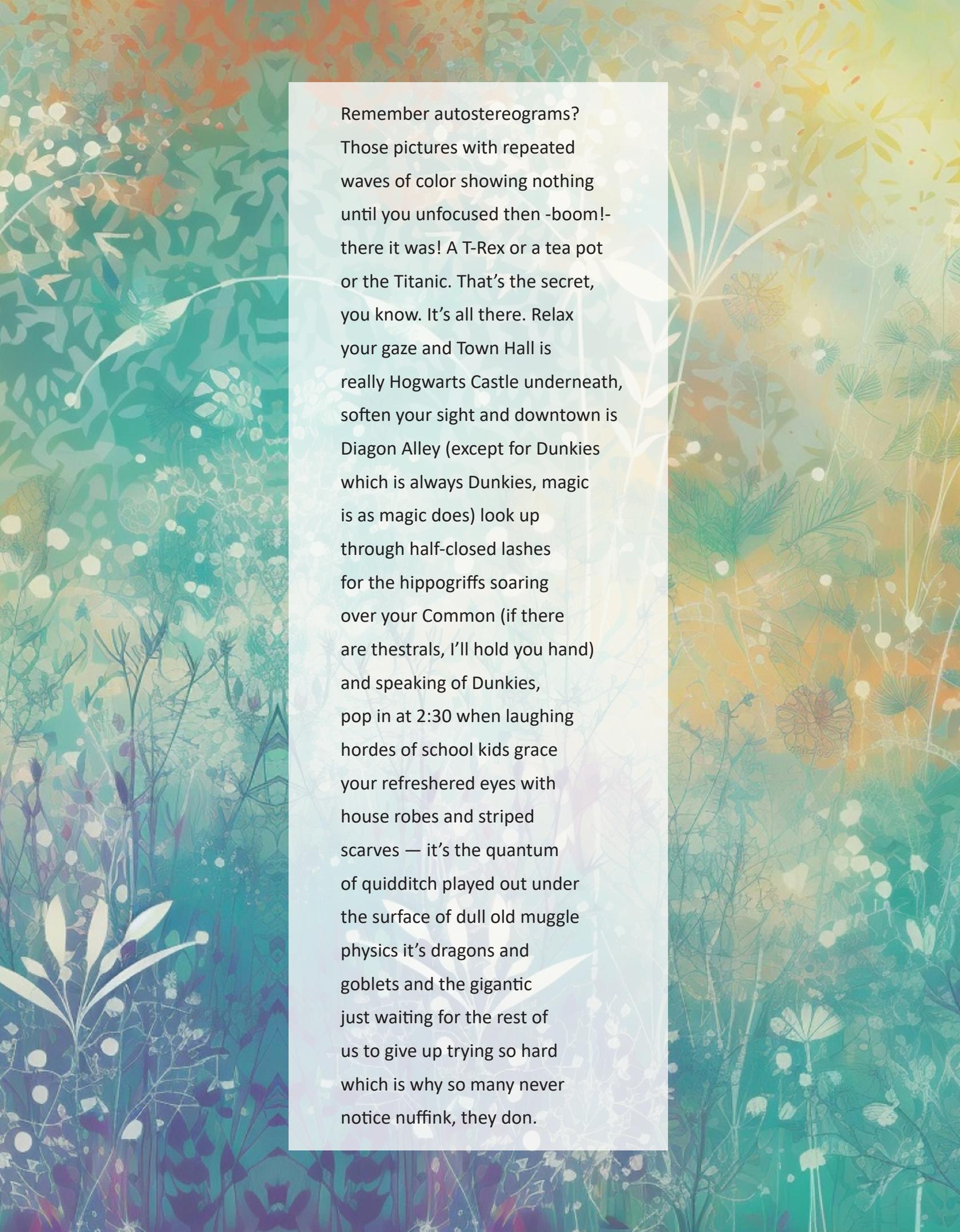
*by Wayne-Daniel Berard*

They snuck into the halls  
one night; there was Umbridge  
patrolling like a pink pirhana.  
From behind winking tapestries  
George whispered, "Let's use  
Knee-Reversal Hex! Watch her  
backslide like a drunk flamingo!"  
"Nah!" Fred laughed. "Langlock!  
Fix her tongue to the roof of her  
mouth! No more decrees!" "I'm  
for Leek Jinx!" Ron chirped in.  
"They'll grow out her ears!  
Let her smell how she sounds!"  
"Nuh-uh!" Ginny grinned wickedly.  
"Levicorpus!" And Dolores hung  
upside-down in mid-air. Other  
three stared incredulously. "What's  
that she's wearin'?" Ron asked.  
"Volderoos!" Ginny laughed. "It's  
underwear for Huns to wear!"  
"Peeves! Wake up the school!" Fred  
shouted.



Autostereo Spell

*by Wayne-Daniel Berard*



Remember autostereograms?  
Those pictures with repeated waves of color showing nothing until you unfocused then -boom!- there it was! A T-Rex or a tea pot or the Titanic. That's the secret, you know. It's all there. Relax your gaze and Town Hall is really Hogwarts Castle underneath, soften your sight and downtown is Diagon Alley (except for Dunkies which is always Dunkies, magic is as magic does) look up through half-closed lashes for the hippogriffs soaring over your Common (if there are thestrals, I'll hold you hand) and speaking of Dunkies, pop in at 2:30 when laughing hordes of school kids grace your refreshed eyes with house robes and striped scarves — it's the quantum of quidditch played out under the surface of dull old muggle physics it's dragons and goblets and the gigantic just waiting for the rest of us to give up trying so hard which is why so many never notice nuffink, they don.



FAN  
FICTION  
~~~~~  
WRITING

Dog Fight

by Wen

**** EXPLICIT LANGUAGE WARNING FOR YOUNGER READERS. ****

Fenrir barked out a breathy laugh; there wasn't any way little Remus Lupin could outrun him. No matter that Remus was more than 20 years younger than he was. Even in his late 60s, Fenrir was feeling energetic and young. Hair still an inky black while Remus' brown curls had gone grey years ago.

The bigger werewolf licked his lips, cornering the younger man against a dead end. The younger man had made a wrong turn, mistaking this alleyway for a small street.

Remus could feel his chest heaving, his breath coming out in exhausted but panicked bursts. He pressed his back to the chain fence that the alleyway ended in, fingers of one hand curled against the chain, fingers of the other hand holding tight to an old wand.

And Fenrir could see the panic in those wide green eyes.

He stalked closer, his one working eye on the younger man. It kept flickering, like a skilled predator that was watching its prey - which, Remus supposed, that was exactly what was happening.

"Remus," Fenrir purred the name, as though he were tasting it on his tongue. As though he were savoring its weight and flavor.

The green eyes widened just a fraction more.

"Oh, Remus," The big werewolf cooed, walking

closer, hands held in front of him. "I've no weapons, so why have you got one?"

"Because - I -"

"Because you need one." Fenrir sneered. "Because you can't face me as a werewolf would."

Remus took in a deep and shaky breath.

His grip tightened on his wand, and he pressed himself back into the chains of the fence.

"You aren't going to," he snapped his fingers, the noise loud in the alleyway. "apparate away? That's what all you little wizards are good at. Running. Hiding."

"Stop." Remus hissed through grit teeth. Oh, he definitely knew where Fenrir was going. He knew what Fenrir was thinking.

"Well, usually they're quite good at hiding. Usually, wizards can," He snapped again, louder this time, "away as quick as they want."

"Fenrir." Remus' voice wavered a little, warning the bigger werewolf.

"But, you know," And Fenrir moved closer still, coming just feet from the younger man. "Sometimes things stop them from hiding."

"Shut up!"

"I bet you wish that pretty little wife of yours was quick enough before I gutted her like a doe, eh,

Remus?" The purr in his voice grew louder with his words, like he was reliving the moment in his mind, and it was bringing him nothing but joy. "Shut UP!" Remus roared, a flare of anger bursting in him and causing uncontrolled magic to shoot from his wand in the form of red sparks.

"Ohh. A bit testy?"

Fenrir moved quickly and silently as he always did; Remus barely had time to track him. The wand was knocked from his hand, and he was pressed hard against the chain link fence. Remus could feel the other man's large hand wrap around his throat. Dirty claws cut into his skin and those green eyes widened once more as the scent of blood seeped into the air around them.

Panic bubbled up inside of the younger man and he struck out, slashing at Fenrir's face with his sharp nails hard enough to send him reeling back. Large gashes were freshly carved into the older man's cheek, blood dripping down his face in rivulets.

"You little bitch!" Fenrir snarled loudly, aggressively, showing off his teeth like an angry dog.

Remus might not be the best at fighting like a werewolf, but he was quick on his feet. As soon as Fenrir reeled back, clutching at his face with his hands, Remus dove to the dirty alleyway floor and grabbed his wand. His worn shoes kicking off at the pavement almost desperately as his hand grabbed the familiar wood.

He scrambled on the ground, ducking under Fenrir's reach and darted for the open end of the alleyway. The bigger werewolf wheeled around as well, shaking his head like a wet dog, a spray of blood splattering against grimy brick walls like water. Fenrir ran after the younger

man, pouncing and slamming him to the ground before Remus could reach for the daylight of the open aired street. Remus fell to the ground heavily, with Fenrir's weight atop him. One arm reached out toward the light as his chest impacted harshly with the pavement.

"Fuckin' bastard." Fenrir growled. The sound was low in his throat

Remus was more than sure that this was the day he'd die. That he'd be reunited with Tonks. That he'd go up and see James and Lily and Sirius.

But Teddy?

But his son?

The beautiful mix of himself and Tonks that brings so much light and joy to his life. Who doesn't seem to care about anything beyond toys and sweets. Who reminds him of Tonks every day, especially when his hair switches color effortlessly to depict his mood.

Swinging his arm around, the tip of Remus' wand touched to Fenrir's chest.

"Bombarda!"

The hulking werewolf's eyes went wide for the briefest moment at the exclamation before the explosion happened. It wasn't a big one, not as big as it could have been. But it sent Fenrir flying back and caused Remus to slide a little on the pavement in the other direction.

The younger man got to his feet, albeit a little shaky.

He kept watch on the bigger man. His eyes were drawn immediately to the claws that dug into the ground, scratching as he tried to get back to his feet. It was difficult; Remus could tell he was

certainly feeling the explosion. He was definitely hurt.

Fenrir stood, wiping blood from his face with the back of his hand. His chest heaved, breathing wheezing and weak. But he took a determined step forward, moving toward Remus.

“Fenrir.” The younger man’s voice had a warning tone. Like a father chiding a child. As though it was going to be of any use to talk to the bloodthirsty werewolf before him.

He didn’t answer. He bared his teeth like an animal, jaw clenched.

Remus raised his wand. “Don’t do it. Fenrir, I’ll do it, I swear I’ll do it. I’m not going to die by your hand.”

The man - beast, might be more fitting - roared, saliva dripping, fangs glistening. His sharp claws raked the brick wall as he pushed himself off to give himself more speed, charging at the younger man.

Remus closed his eyes, swinging his wand, as he cried out, “Bombarda Maxima!”

There was a moment.

A pause.

The briefest heartbeat.

And then the explosion.

Remus was blown back, but not as hard as Fenrir was.

The younger werewolf was pushed by the force, stumbling back and catching himself against a dumpster.

Fenrir, on the other hand, was thrown into the air. Was sent flying backwards until he collided with the chain link fence. Or rather, a large metal pole that held the chain link fence in place. The big werewolf crashed, fell, slumped. And he didn’t move.

Remus gasped, free hand clutching his chest, as he shakily stood upright.

He moved cautiously over to where Fenrir had flown. Taking it one step at a time, the younger man kept his eyes glued to the older one. He still wasn’t moving. He was slumped on the ground in a seated position with his chin to his chest. His eyes were half-lidded, his lips parted just so. Remus could see the blood dripping like sap from a tree down the pole he crashed against. Could see it causing the red of the man’s flannel to grow dark and wet.

He wasn’t breathing.

Remus took a step back, almost stumbling in his shock.

Fenrir was dead.

And Remus was free.

Harry Potter and the Free Four- Part 2

by Wayne-Daniel Berard

The three friends settled into the Gryffindor Common Room — two of them sat; the third, a young merman, sprawled himself across one of the sofa's with a display of relief.

"Ahhhh! It's so good to be horizontal!" Morrow sighed. "My dorsal is killing me."

Across from the sofa, a young centaress folded her hooved legs underneath herself and sat on the rug. Her palomino coloring complimented the gold of the weave almost perfectly. "At least you have someplace comfortable to lie down," Hollydor moaned. "Sure, they moved a bed out of the dormitory to make room, but the other girls complained about the grass and moss they brought in for me to bed down on. I have to sleep on the hard, cold floor — with girls tripping over me every time they get up to go to the loo!"

"If only you could sleep back in the forest?" a young goblin girl asked, sympathetically.

"Don't I wish!" Hollydor shook her white mane. "But the herd made it clear to my family: We had to choose. If I studied at Hogwarts, there was no place for us with them any longer. It was good of Hagrid to set up that open paddock for my folks near his hut. But there have been threats; my parents think it's safer for me here in the castle."

"My people couldn't care less what I do, except for my mum," Morrow interjected. "Boys don't count for much in my world — it's all 'mermaid songs' and 'mermaid legends!' Tom Hanks didn't give a splash about mermales, I'll tell you that! Still if I'm not back in the water at least once

every twenty-four hours, everything starts to shut down. I could even die." A noise interrupts him. "Not that THAT lot would care!"

The sound of laughing students approaches; a group of young Gryffindors had just been just granted entrance by the Fat Lady. When they saw the three in the Common Room, they stopped short.

"Let's come back later," one girl scowled.

"Yeah, when the rubbish's been emptied," a boy smirked.

"Got something to say, wee wand boy?" The goblin girl challenged him in her Scots accent. She stepped forward fiercely. Her name was Fillia, and she was Professor Flitwick's niece. Very short but bursting with in-your-face energy, her longish features sported a variety of piercings, her sharp nails were painted black and silver, and her (somewhat scraggly) hair was dyed to match.

The speaker started to visibly tremble. "No, no nothing," he mumbled, then turned on his heels and quickly exited, followed by the others.

Once more, the three were all alone

"Sometimes I ask myself if it's worth it," Hollydor sighed.

"Of course it is!" Fillia exclaimed. "We can't let that flock of gitgulls get us down! We're the first non-wizards or witches to get into this school! We're groundbreakers, pioneers! Remember what the Daily Prophet called us?"

“The Free Three,” a new voice joined the conversation. Avi Greene, the Gryffindor prefect, had entered the Common Room. Tall and gangly, he seemed even taller in his black, conical hat.

“At least you speak to us!” Morrow said gratefully.

“He’s the only one!” Hollydor muttered.

“I know it’s tough,” Avi empathized. “It’s not the same, but you must have noticed there aren’t a lot of other ‘Greenes’ around here? Or Goldsteins? Or Friedmans?”

“Maybe we’re all paving the way for future generations,” Fillia proclaimed, jutting out her chin proudly.

“At least for now,” Morrow shrugged. “You know my mom works for the Minister for Magic. She told me that trouble’s coming, even if Malfoy and his lot lose the election tomorrow.”

“Doesn’t surprise me,” Hollydor adds. “We centaurs can read the heavens. Mars is strong in its ascendancy. War is coming.”

The four friends grew silent for a moment.

“And if it does, I’m ready to fight!” Fillia puts out a tattooed hand. “Who’s with me?”

Hollydor rose to her four feet. Morrow slid from the sofa, fluttered his flying-fish wings and approached. Each put a hand over Fillia’s.

“Free Three!” they shouted in unison!

“Four!” Avi joined in and added his hands to theirs. “Let’s chutzpah those schmucks!”



Author’s Bio: Wayne-Daniel Berard, PhD, is an educator, poet, writer, shaman, and sage. Wayne-Daniel is a Peace Chaplain, an interfaith clergy person. His latest books of poetry include the full-length *Art of Enlightenment* and a chapbook *Little Ghosts on Castle Floors*, poems informed by the Potterverse, both with Kelsay Books. Wayne-Daniel lives in Mansfield, MA with his wife, The Lovely Christine.



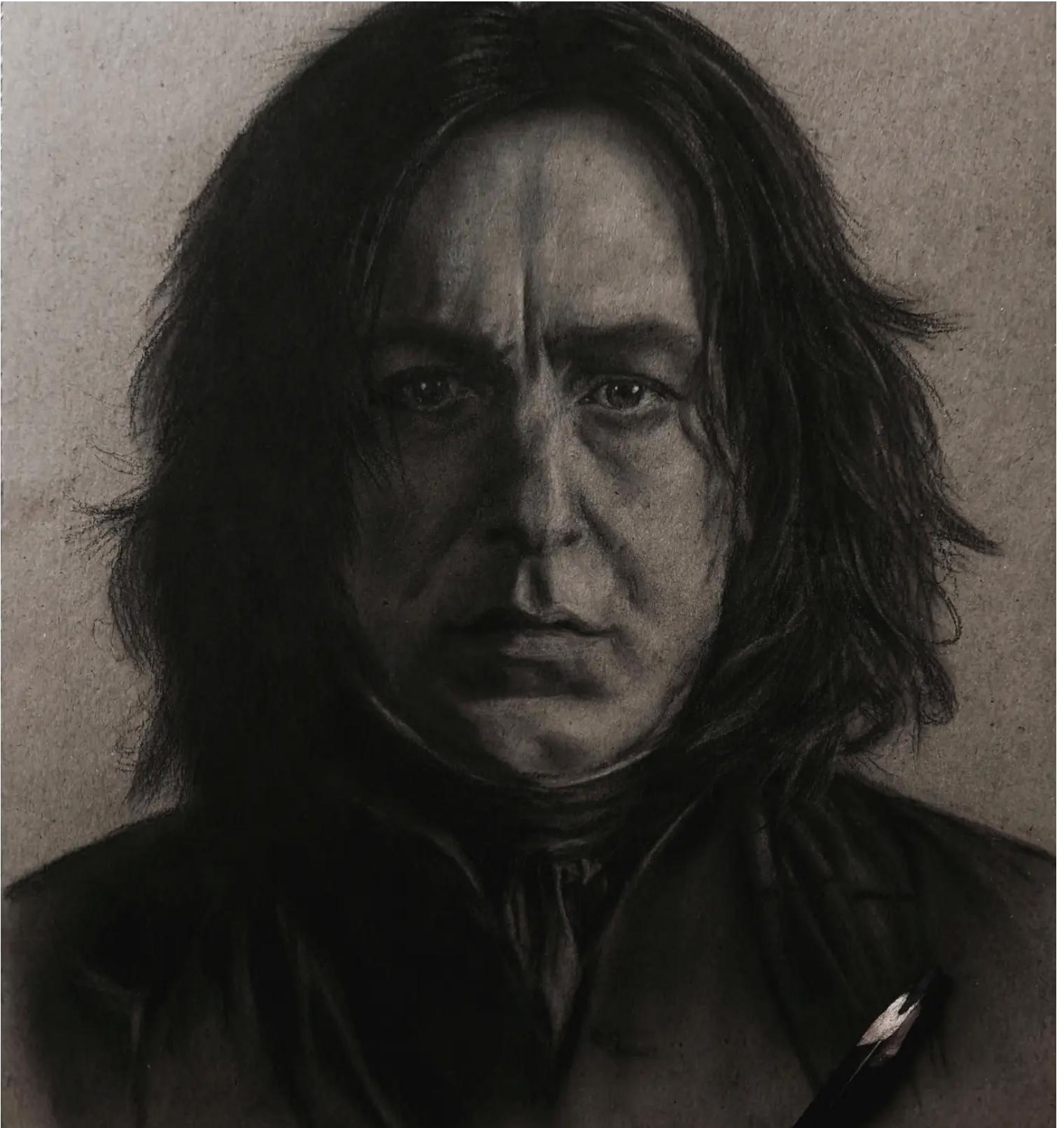
FAN
FICTION
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ART

# Featured Artist: *Margarita Severyants*

I am a photographer by profession. Lately, I have been doing self-realization, something that brings me pleasure and gives me great joy. These are my paintings and graphics. I am happy to share my results with everyone!

Website: [www.soledadfoto.ru](http://www.soledadfoto.ru) ~ You can view my work in the Art section.

You can also knock on my door on Instagram: @soledadfoto ~ Enjoy watching :)

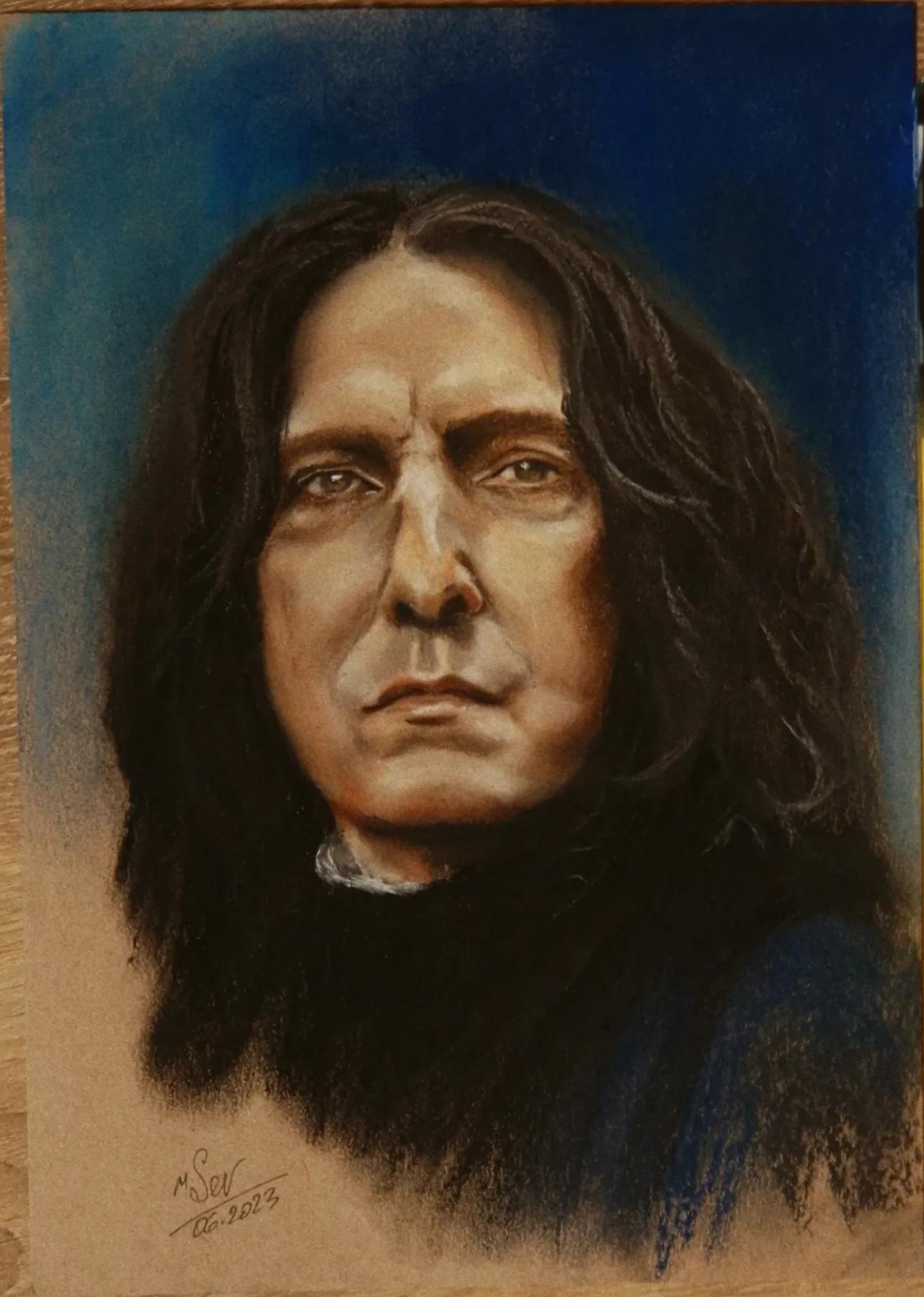






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“Harry Potter and  
the Cursed Child”

Broadway Production

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Reviews

# Holy Moly Evil Trolley Witch Batman! What Did I Just Watch?

*Reviewed by: Charlie Micksen*

I was asked to give my opinions on The Cursed Child Broadway production and unfortunately, I'm gonna give it to you straight. From one Harry Potter fan to another, I refuse to insult your intelligence by lying my way around this one and saying I absolutely loved this play. Nope. I refuse. So here it goes; let me just say it:

This play was FLAWED! Riddled with Dragon Pox! Seeping with contradictory information about the Wizarding World we have all come to know and love. And yet, would I tell you or any other muggle or wizard alike NOT to go see it? -- Absolutely not. Please, make a day of it and be sure to stop by the other fantastical Harry Potter store and exhibitions as well. But just know going into the play that you will equally be just as enthralled by the outstanding talent, truly magical ambiance of the stage design, the tricky smoke and mirror ingenuity behind the razzle dazzle performances, as you will be disappointed by the faulty storyline itself.

It's best to set this play apart from the story we know, and instead, view it with fresh eyes as a whole new, independent thing. So, let me get to the nitty gritty and pull this mandrake root from the soil. The things I enjoyed about the overall premise of The Cursed Child was the fact that it puts a spin on the all-to-vilified Slytherin house. We get to see the good traits and qualities of our Slytherin protagonist, Albus Severus Potter, Harry's son. And we even get to enjoy a flourishing friendship between two boys who would have otherwise been bred to be mortal enemies, that being Harry's son and Malfoy's son. I really enjoyed this concept because I think in the original

series, a few bad eggs gave the entirety of Slytherin house a pretty bad rep, and that was an unfairness destined to be corrected. Points to JK and the playwrights for that accomplishment!

But these aren't the most unlikely occurrences in the play. Without too many spoilers, my biggest pet peeve about the whole thing, besides the mathematically inappropriate time traveling (with time turners that were supposed to have been destroyed) is that Voldemort has a DAUGHTER. The man's soul was split into 7 horcruxes. I doubt he has anything left to instill in a child. I found it very unrealistic and inconsistent to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's character. A romantic relationship is unthinkable for him, but even a contractual relationship just for the purpose of producing an heir would also be unfathomable. Voldemort sought nothing other than to be THE most powerful and immortal being, at the risk of anything and anyone who got in his way and a child would surely be a threat to this goal. But in the Cursed Child we entertain the idea that Voldy had a little bouncin' baby girl the whole time -- and oh yeah, Cedric the Deatheater is somehow a plausibility in this universe, too!

My final thoughts and advise: If you go into this looking for problems, you'll surely find many! I recommend removing any critical lenses that a lifelong fan may carry and just enjoy the play as if it were a piece of fanfiction written for the sole purpose of indulging in the whimsy of the ever-loved Potterverse!

# Harry Potter and the Cursed Child: Review

*Reviewed by: Abigail Beaudry*

**CAUTION!! CONTAINS SPOILERS!!!  
STOP HERE IF YOU MUST.**

I really enjoyed seeing *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child* on Broadway. This show follows events that occurred 19 years after the Epilogue scene in the last book, *Harry Potter and The Deathly Hallows*; it focuses on Albus Severus Potter's (Harry Potter's middle son's) journey and who he meets at Hogwarts. This was the best show that I have ever seen in my entire life. I am going to give this play on Broadway and the playbook an A+ and two thumbs up.

I loved the playbook, so I was really happy that I got to go to New York to see it on Broadway. In previous years, *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child* was shown in two parts. It was an inconvenience, if you could not get to both shows. Now they have condensed the script so it can be shown in one showing. However, this does come with some sacrifices, such as they took some characters out, like Harry and Ginny's daughter Lily Potter, Hermione and Ron's son Hugo Granger-Weasley and Draco's wife Astoria Greengrass which was disappointing. They also decided to hyphenate Ron and Hermione's children's last names, which was an interesting and creative choice. I still

really liked that idea even though it was not like that originally in the epilogue scene.

What I really liked about *Harry and the Cursed Child* is that old characters return and new characters are introduced. Whether they were good or evil, these brief cameos or quick walks across the stage immerse the audience with a feeling of nostalgia and excitement as the mysteries of the Wizarding World continue. Shocking twists and turns, such as when they elaborated on the death of Hufflepuff's hero Cedric from *The Goblet of Fire* and how they would bring him back as an unexpected Death Eater. This was an interesting plot twist, considering the qualities of the Hufflepuff House. Harry Potter's son, Albus, becomes a Slytherin making you wonder why and what qualities did he value that put him in that house. Each plot line left you on the edge of your seat or gasping in shock. However, I was not surprised that Bellatrix cheated on Rodius. Her real prize was the Dark Lord himself, so it made a great plot twist that Amos never had a niece and Dephini Diggory was actually Dephini Riddle all along. It really was exciting to see how these characters become their own individual characters, some of them you might not

think you would like, but you end up liking them anyway.

The crew and cast members all did a great job with the show. Their talents brought these characters to life on the stage and made me feel like I was there in the story with them, just as the Harry Potter books and movie series did. It does not end there. The costumes were amazing and on point. I loved the Slytherin bathrobes that

Albus and Scoruos wore. The costumes were very elaborate and detailed. The Time Turners were incredible and the portrayal of the Dementors was really cool. They did make you feel a little scared, followed by a sigh of relief that they were not real. The details did not stop at the costumes. The special effects were amazing, and it did not just end at the stage, but engulfed the whole theater. Elaborate details surrounded you perfectly and transformed the

*Cont'd on page 28*



## *About Abigail Beaudry*

Abigail is a vibrant and energetic girl, who always sees the positive in everything. She is a published author, having written [The Rising Butterfly](#) (Amazon) which is based on her first-hand experiences and emotions, growing up as a young girl with Autism.

Finding inspiration from those around her, she has decided to never let Autism define her. She wants her story to help others and give them inspiration. Her message is to never stop spreading your wings toward reaching your goals...and to always fly, no matter the challenges.

Abigail currently lives in a small town in Massachusetts with her mom, step-father, and a variety of pets. She has a brother—whom she adores—who is serving as a Combat Medic for the U.S. Army. Abigail is an UBER Harry Potter fan, she enjoys drawing, singing, writing and being involved in Theatre. In her free time, she loves to go camping, take road trips and make videos for Youtube. She is currently working another book, hopefully due out in early 2025.

theatre, allowing the audience to feel like they were a part of the show. From the moment the lights went out you felt like you'd left your world and entered another. Special lighting would reveal writing on the walls and on the seats, illuminating messages that made me feel like I was with the characters discovering a secret, almost to the effect of breaking the fourth wall with the audience making you feel like you were part of the adventure and not just the observer. It was really extraordinary to see, because of so many special touches and special effects brought to life by directors, actors/actresses and creative artists. I also loved the gift shop and the merchandise that you can get there. I loved the new styles and symbols. The best part is that, if you cannot go to the gift shop there, you can visit the Cursed Child website and buy merchandise online.

I do hope other theatre companies begin to do these types of detailed effects for audiences in future plays. This is a show that should stay on Broadway and a script that should continue to grow into future shows, so it can allow new characters to grow and endear themselves to us. This play continues to take the observer on a journey. Whether you are from the past generation who followed them or the new generation who will become familiar with the world of Harry Potter, this play allows the imagination to grow, giving the audience an escape into a magical world of twists and turns.

The writers Jack Thorne and John Tiffany did a great job with doing the play with J.K. Rowling. They left room open for future shows, and I do hope they make a second book, play or movie to fill in the questions

I was left with, such as, which house does Hugo Granger-Weasley get placed in? Or what happens in the fifth, sixth, seventh and other future years at Hogwarts, because the play ends with this cliffhanger, and it leaves me wanting to learn more about these characters. Let us hope so we can have more time finding out about the spaces in-between and all those years that they did not have time to include in the playbook, especially Albus's first three years at Hogwarts.

Of course, this comes with some controversy, and I can understand why there is controversy over it not being written by J.K. Rowling. However, she did work on it a little with Jack Thorne and John Tiffany. As far as the book being Head Cannon, well that is up for opinion and up for debate. Do not let that make you miss out on an extraordinary show. I know that I am glad I did not let the controversies stop me from reading and watching the play.

Bottom line: This show was super Spectacular. I love Harry Potter, and I always wondered what happened after the last movie. So, it was exciting to be able to return to the wizarding life that we all came to know and love, to once again be reminded of the glorious adventures the Harry Potter stories took us on and to embrace new characters as we are introduced to. Their children's new adventures will keep us on our toes and wanting more. The Harry Potter Legacy continues for past, current and future generations to come.

# About The Authors

## *Lyricus Abbey*

*Professor of Magical Poetry and Editor*

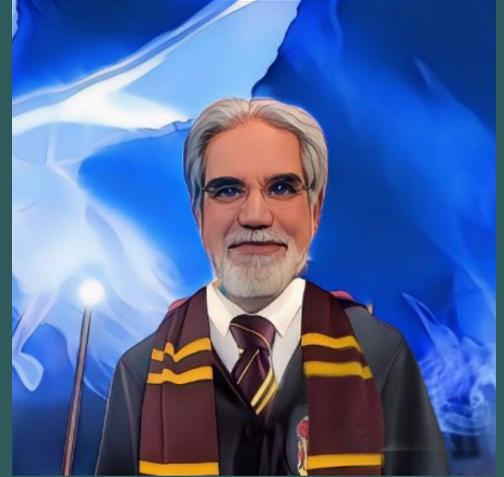
**House:** Gryffindor

**Patronus:** Winged Unicorn

**Wand:** Vine

Lyricus Abbey is a writer, poet, Gryffindor, and teacher of Magical Poetry Writing, who feels strongly that the Pottermore provides the new, shared (and much needed) mythology of our day.

Visit Lyricus behind the scenes: [waynedanielberard.com/](http://waynedanielberard.com/)



## *Yurika Applebee*

*Professor of Creative Magic*

**House:** Hufflepuff

**Patronus:** Dolphin

**Wand:** Rowan

Yurika Applebee's heart pumps yellow and black with her passion for food, art, and making new friends. This undeniable Hufflepuff is happy to dedicate her time toward bringing people together to celebrate The Wizarding World and all of its magic, muggles included.

Visit Yurika behind the scenes: [www.yellijellibooks.com/](http://www.yellijellibooks.com/)

## *Penelope Heartspring*

*Professor of Magical Information Portals*

**House:** Ravenclaw

**Patronus:** Ibiza Hound

**Wand:** Cedar

Penelope Heartspring exists to share her vast imagination, mystical intuition, magical creativity, and her love of information rabbit holes. You can find Penelope taking long walks amongst the trees with her dog, or reading in front of a fire for hours on end.

Visit Penelope behind the scenes: [www.align-bydesign.com/](http://www.align-bydesign.com/)





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