*Found in a ginger-smelling crate, The Nose first came to light.*

*Made of gold, from who knows where, its legend burning bright.*

*Some say it travelled from the East, on cargo ships of spice.*

*Some say The Wild Boar turned it up, a fateful throw of dice.*

*Some say its filled with magic to bring good luck to all,*

*While others claim coincidence, where fortune dares to fall.*

*First spoken of in Bransholme’s build, some fifty years back now,*

*When unsuspecting workmen found a casket in the ground.*

*They pulled it up and found within, The Gold Nose lying there,*

*A legendary artefact of warm and golden glare.*

*It lasted merely days under the widespread media eye*

*Before it disappeared again, though no one knows quite why.*

*Adrift in mists of legend’s sprawl, the treasure was thought lost -*

*(or taken by light-fingers at the general public’s cost).*

*And so The Nose slipped once again from general interest,*

*considered urban myth, a joke, a tale of mere spindrift;*

*Until the smell of ginger started flowing through the air,*

*No obvious origin, save for the large crate standing there.*

*When we started to investigate, we found nestled inside,*

*an odd-shaped object gleaming bright, with shop fittings beside.*

*We ran a competition asking people what they thought,*

*With answers like some gold ginger? A fairy boat? A cot?*

*And someone even guessed it, the answer left to linger –*

*Could it be? Of course it could! The Gold Nose of Green Ginger!*

*And after that, the interest went straight up through the roof*

*With disbelief that urban myth could turn out to be truth.*

*So North Point got in touch and asked if they could be the host*

*And bring the treasure home and display it for two months.*

*We agreed, and took them up on their extremely kindly offer*

*And started to move in to the shop unit that they proffered.*

*On June 18, a special day, a horse and carriage brought*

*The Nose Guardian, two assistants and The Gold Nose to the door,*

*And solemnly they processed with The Gold Nose on a pole*

*To tell the world the legendary treasure had come home.*

*There it stayed for two whole months - 62 gold days -*

*And opened up its doors for folk to visit, wish and stay.*

*With nose-themed crafts, a story time and lessons in nose flute,*

*Tea and biscuits, live concerts and nose parties to boot!*

*But most importantly perhaps, the public made their wishes,*

*And found the secret pocket to take time out and just listen.*

*It didn’t take too long for tales of good luck to come through,*

*Bingo wins, good school reports and lottery scoops accrued.*

*Some quite specific, others broad; all wished for different things,*

*Hoping that The Gold Nose would see fit to give them wings.*

*The Gold Nose of Green Ginger space brought chat and heart and fun,*

*But sadly after two months, the time to move had come.*

*On a Saturday in August, they solemnly processed*

*Once more, The Gold Nose through North Point, to its new place of rest.*

*A short bus ride surrounded by keen well-wishers and friends*

*A fitting farewell party to mark a happy end.*

*And surrounded by some special guests, of all denominations*

*Hull History Centre took The Nose amid great celebration.*

*The Lord Mayor welcomed it for safekeeping in the city*

*And thanked The Nose Guardian before the welcoming committee.*

*For The Gold Nose wouldn’t be so safe without all her attention*

*And that of her assistants, and the volunteers who ventured*

*Into the Nose Space every week, five days out of seven,*

*And followed it right to the end, to its brand new location.*

*So there it stands for all to see and make their wishes on*

*The Gold Nose of Green Ginger, bringing hope and good fortune.*

*Who knows what lies in store for it? Adventures to explore,*

*For now we’re just glad that it’s here, at long last lost no more.*