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Newbold Verdon Library
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This is the Libraries Home page: www.leics.gov.uk/libraries/



New bold words
words new bold
Bold new words

Words by the community of Newbold Verdon in Leicestershire



Edited by Sue Mackrell & David McCormack



"Picture Yourself at the Heart of The Eye" – Christina Baker

The mosaic was completed and installed at the end of 2010. Working with the children, community and staff from the library became a very special working relationship. Everyone responded in such a positive way, creating an incredible array of ideas, images and words celebrating the village and all its aspects and diversity. This kind of collective energy and desire to collaborate produced a finished artwork which really resonated quality and a true ethos of a "big society" or village. The work will also become a historical and heritage documentation of the people who worked on the final work well into the future.

Projects of this quality and cultural depth only exist through good funding and vision of the people who commissioned the work. The staff at the library were brilliantly positive and supportive of the project which is why the final work is so stunning. Also the official opening of the work in March 2011 was incredibly well attended by the community of Newbold Verdon.

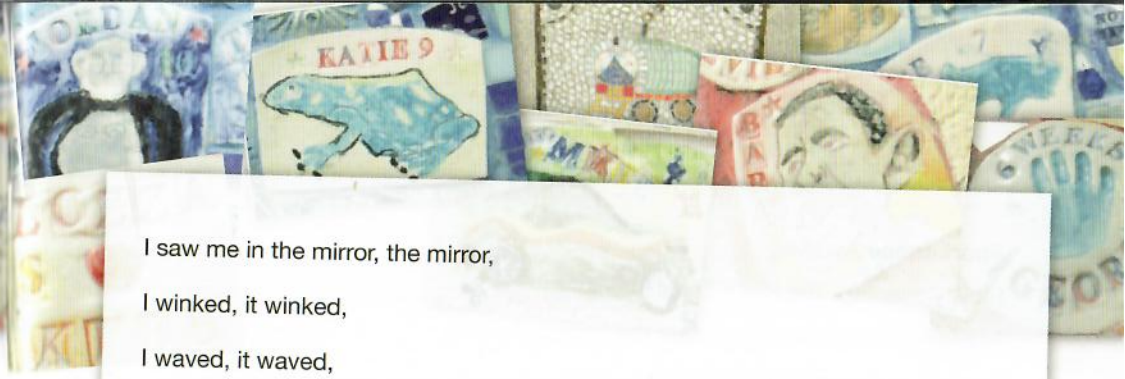
Phil Hardaker

It has been a pleasure and a privilege to work with the community of Newbold Verdon. Using *The Eye* as a starting point we asked people to write about themselves and their place in the community. We asked children who had made tiles to write about what had inspired them, and we asked them to pick a favourite tile and write about their choice. We met people born in the village, those who had moved to the village in later life, those who had brought up children here, and those who live, work and are retired here. *The Eye* is a portal, inspiring people to reflect on their own and their family history, and what their wishes are for the future. The result has been a collection of evocative, imaginative and inspiring writing. A recurring theme has been communication, across generations, across communities, and across boundaries. We hope that *The Eye* and New Bold Words will continue to inspire communication.

Sue Mackrell and David McCormack

"If I made a tile, it would have my granddad and me on it, catching a big fish. But the important thing is that when we go fishing, we talk together about lots of things. My tile would also have my mum and dad and my nana, my great nana, my uncle, my great granddad and my cousin."

Liam Sanders



I saw me in the mirror, the mirror,

I winked, it winked,

I waved, it waved,

I stuck out my tongue, and guess what it did back?

I turned around, it turned around,

I went to walk away, when I turned and

Saw it looking straight at me.

I got angry and I walked home, walked home.

Brooke Ryde

The Eye looks like an old fashioned moustache,

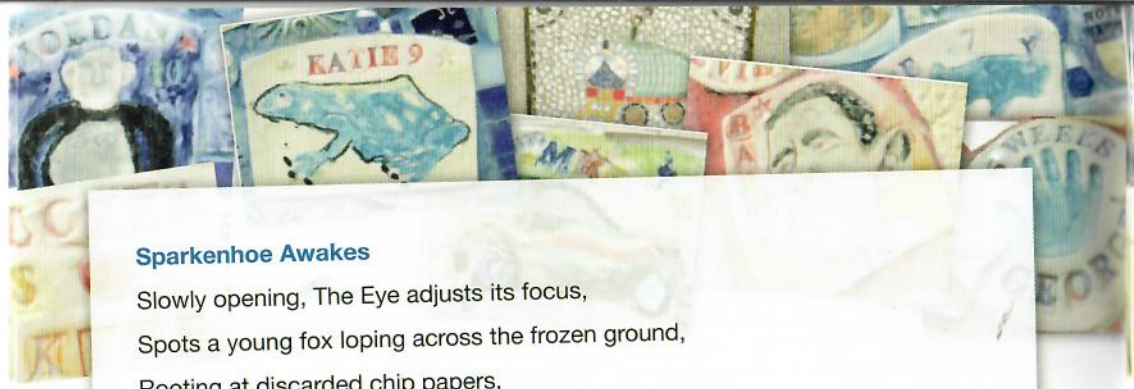
Curling out at the sides,

Or is it an octopus?

I can't decide.

Kieron Farrington





Sparkenhoe Awakes

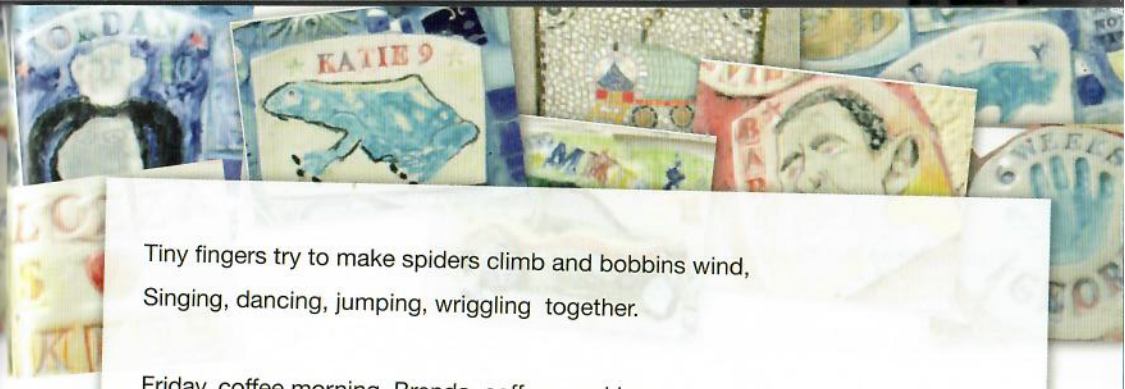
Slowly opening, The Eye adjusts its focus,
Spots a young fox loping across the frozen ground,
Rooting at discarded chip papers,
Brilliant, twinkling stars of distant galaxies reflect in its silver dome.

Sparkenhoe awakes, car park begins to fill,
Faces glance at themselves in The Eye as they saunter past,
Shutters shudder and shake as the drawbridge rises,
The Library is open, the day's business begins.

Books to borrow, to browse, to grapple with that tricky issue,
Health books, cookery, travel, gardening, history, money.
Books to share in cosy cuddles, adventure books,
Fantasy, crime, romance,
Books for teens, for aspiring vampires.
Books for readers, or not.

Computers gently hum, their mysterious, magical impulses
Buzzing far around the wonderful world wide web,
Accounts added, searches started, questions answered,
Messages sent, homework begun, games played.

A surge of buggies, babies clinging limpet-like,
Toddlers, bright scarves, faces, eyes and smiles,
Wide-eyed, listening to stories.



Tiny fingers try to make spiders climb and bobbins wind,
Singing, dancing, jumping, wriggling together.

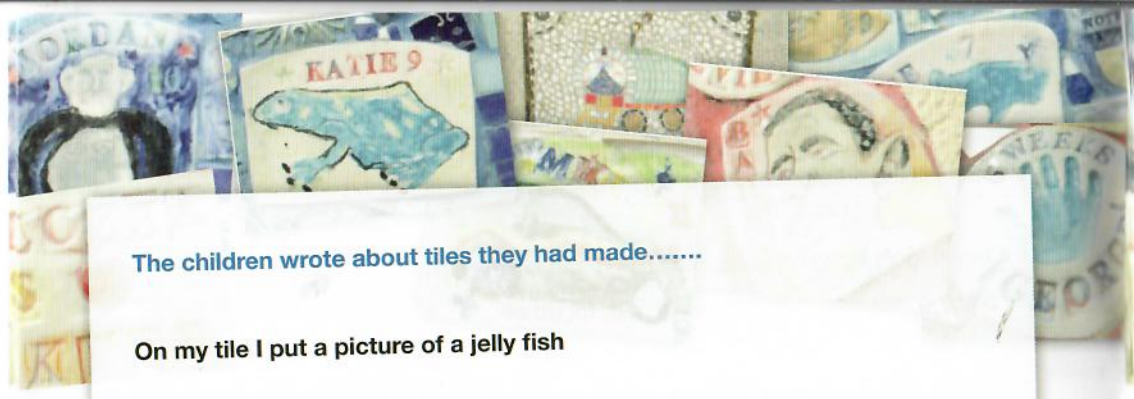
Friday, coffee morning, Brenda, coffee, cookies,
Creaky joints, buttoned up coats, shining brooches, hairdos,
Learning. laughing, friendship, caring and sharing,
"This library is the best thing that ever happened to this village."

Learning galore –
How to find a percentage, use that apostrophe,
Import a picture, send an email, be an author,
Look after bees, celebrate Christmas in Denmark!

Convivial clubs,
Family trees branching into the distant past,
Committed committees,
Friends to our library and the village.

Darkness falls, The Eye adjusts it focus,
Brilliant, distant stars of distant galaxies reflect in its silver dome,
Sees stargazers adjust their focus,
Searching for the wonders of the universe.

Gill Harris
Newbold Verdon Library Development Worker



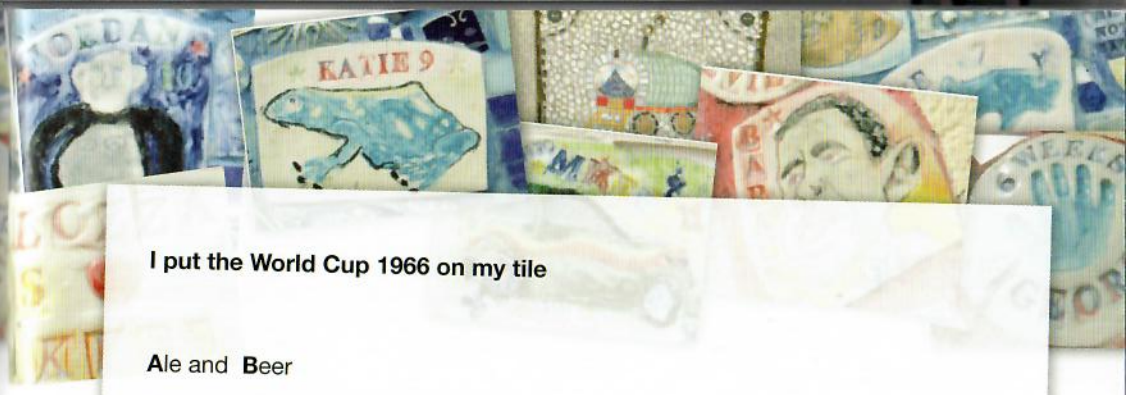
The children wrote about tiles they had made.....

On my tile I put a picture of a jelly fish

Sounds like the sound of waves or a buzz,
Mean when you are angry with it
Over the ocean they go,
Ocean is their home
The colours are blue, green and red.
Happy is not what you'd feel if you were stung by one.

Jelly fish are always wet,
Everlasting sting when people touch them,
Lethal is the sting as well,
Lying on the rocks in the deep blue sea,
"**Y**ay," is what some people shout when it is dead,
Fishy and salty are what it smells like
It is seaweed drifting through the ocean
Smooth, but rough in different places,
Hangs on to its life in the ocean.

Sophie Dhillon



I put the World Cup 1966 on my tile

Ale and **B**eer
Cannot **D**efeat
England! **F**lags are only
Green if you support Ireland,
Heskey, an England player
Is **J**umping, '**K**os **L**ionel
Messic, an Argentinian player,
Needs **O**ne **P**enalty to get a hat trick,
Queens **R**un **S**inging **T**o **U**pson, an England player,
Very **W**ildly and **X**citedly, **Y**oung
Zips down the line.

Like a tiger.

Taylor Yates-Smith



On my tile is a -

Small cute scruffy dog

Making a loud woof

All his whiskers are black as coal,

Lots of his fur is rough,

Little muddy paws are all over the place.

Creating lots of mess

Under the ground he has buried his grey bone,

Though his smell isn't at its best,

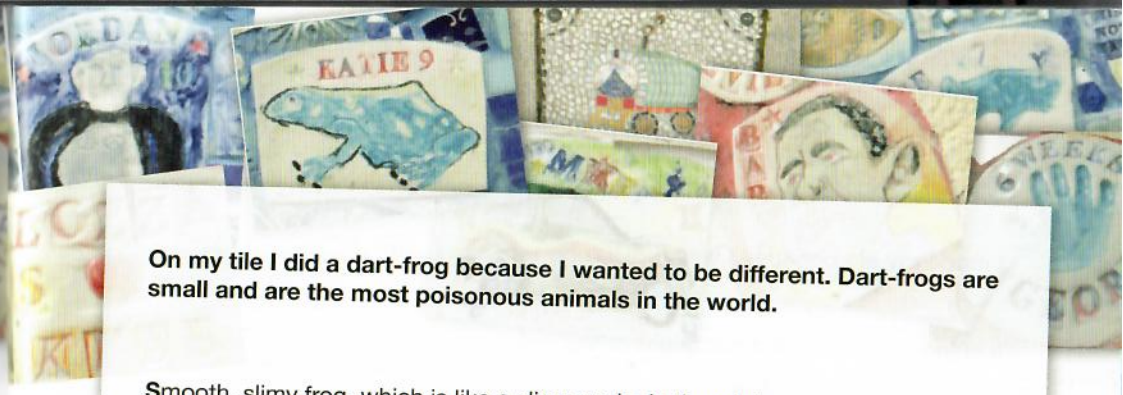
Ears flapping as he runs,

Dodging all the rocks

On the green grass he

Goes, but suddenly he stops!

Ria Dhillon



On my tile I did a dart-frog because I wanted to be different. Dart-frogs are small and are the most poisonous animals in the world.

Smooth, slimy frog, which is like a slimy snake in the wild,

Little, small, cute frog which is like a leaf drifting through the river.

It is a bold, brave and heroic animal,

Me and my frog meet every day in the park and eat until we are as full as a fat cow.

Yelma, he smiles, is his name.

Fierce and valiant name,

Rice is his favourite food,

Or it can be jelly fish crumble, don't you think it's cool?

Get rid of it? No! Why not? Well, because it's my own frog.

Katie Wolska



I made my tile because I was moving house

It stands out because it has bright yellow walls
With bumpy tiled windows.
As I closed the door on my old house
I was sad, missing my life before.
However, there will be no scary echoes from the creaking floor.
This house is different from the one before,
Alex Walker



I made my tile with a picture of my Bronze Award on it

Awesome achievements are fun, but hard,
Whether it's mine or not,
I would always say, "Congratulations, you must be really
Really proud, definitely cool."

But guess what –
It's me this time!
Ashley Dennis-Hill

I made a tile with an eagle on it

Wings, furry feathers,
Nice brown and orange and golden,
It said my name,
A beak, orange, he eats with it,
Smooth eagle, soft feathers
Dillon Evans



My Mum

My mum pawned her watch so that we could all have a day at the seaside, and then she never had the money to redeem it.

How do I start to describe my mum? I could tell you that she was born in 1919 in Stockton on Tees and died at Gateshead's Queen Elizabeth Hospital in 1982, she was 4ft 11 inches tall, light brown hair with a few grey hairs, a fair and delicate complexion and she weighed just over 8 stones sopping wet, but that doesn't tell you anything but the bare facts and my mum was so much more than that.

One of my first memories of my mum is her singing to us; she didn't tell us stories, instead she sang. After lunch when the housework had been done and my older sisters were still at school my mum would sit on the tiled hearth of our fireplace with my brother in her arms, rocking him to sleep and she would ask us what we wanted her to song. Nearly always we answered, "Barnacle Bill the Sailor," and my mum would laugh and say, "Not that again, surely," but we were adamant and so she would start singing, "Who's that knocking on my door?" and she would lower her voice from her normal soprano to that of a lower tone so that she could sing the "man's part." This song was usually followed by a medley of show tunes and those of Guy Mitchell.

Monday was always wash day and that involved the old blue gas boiler and the gas washing machine with a "hand agitator" and rollers. Soon the scullery was filled with hot steam and the smell of Persil washing powder. There wasn't much room in the scullery when all of this paraphernalia was in use and so lunch was usually what had been left over from our Sunday's dinner, a little bit of meat and mashed potato and mushy peas made into a sort of pancake and fried in the frying pan, absolutely delicious, especially the little burnt bits. To get out from under mum's feet while she was working so hard, after lunch we had our naps in the armchairs next to the fire. These were of grey moquette, and I can still feel the roughness of this material on my cheek as I went to sleep.

Sunday was bath day in the old tin bath in front of the fire. You had to be careful not to touch the side that was nearest the fire, otherwise you got burnt. The cleanest one (usually me) went in first followed by my brother, my mum washing us gently with a facecloth and the smell of Lifebuoy toilet soap, and how it stung if it got into your eyes. My mum dried our hair, and at the time it seemed quite rough, our faces pressed to our chests as she rubbed it dry. How we dreaded the regular hair check for "nits", mum sitting with a piece of newspaper on her lap and us on our knees in front as our mother inspected our heads carefully.



Night time, and in the winter mum put a hot water bottle in our beds, and if it was a particularly cold night (and it seems to me that there were a lot of those,) mum would put one of my Granda's old army coats on the top of the bed for extra warmth, and it wouldn't be the first time that I woke up with the imprint of one of the buttons on my face.Before we went to sleep my mum would say, "Goodnight, God bless and keep you safe." I found that I couldn't go to sleep unless she said it, even after I got married and left home I missed her saying that to me.

I remember watching my mum getting dressed up to go on one of their rare nights out, taking the rollers out that she had slept in the night before and brushing her hair. She would spray it with hair lacquer that my dad used to complain about as it made him cough, and it also stained the mirror. She put on her make-up, Max Factor Crème Puff powder and red lipstick. Finally she dabbed on her perfume, "Evening in Paris," then she was ready to go. "You look beautiful, mum," we said as she laughed and kissed us good night. Whenever I smell any of those products the memories come flooding back. Also, on the days that mum used to have a "home perm," one of her friends and later on one of my sisters used to do it for her. I remember the chemical smell of the Twink perm solution and the sound of the papers rustling as they were used with the small hard plastic curlers to curl mum's hair, my mum waiting for the perm to "set" and lighting up a cigarette, being very careful not to get the lighted cigarette close to her "setting" hair.

Afternoons in the holidays usually meant playing in the back lane with friends who lived a few doors away. We would play skipping with a length of rope left over from the washing line. Sometimes, if all the work was done, my mum and my friend's mum would join us in skipping and teach us the rhymes they used to say as children.

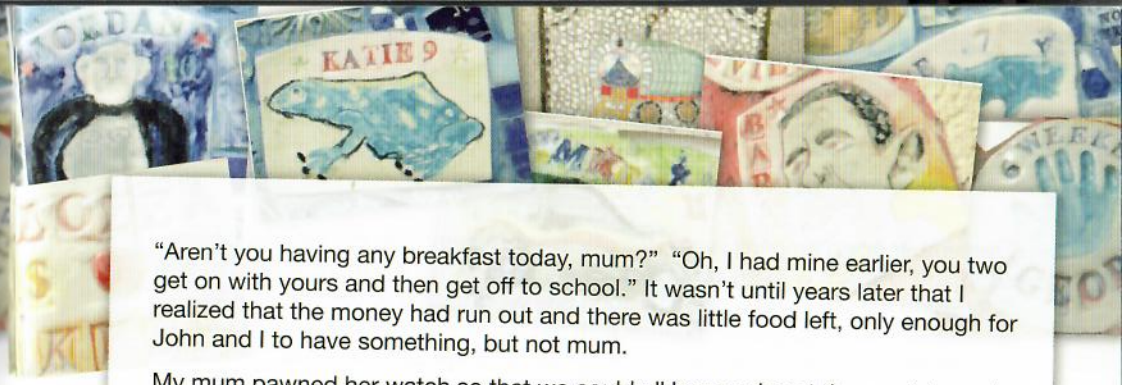
Bonfire Night was special, mum helping us to make the "guy" with some old clothes belonging to my brother, stuffing the legs, body and arms with old newspapers and tying the ends with string, making a head and drawing on a face, and then us kids standing outside the shops shouting, "Penny for the guy please." Excitement would be building as we waited impatiently for it to get dark, hurriedly eating our tea, impatient to get outside and help build the bonfire. One year my mum made some "bonfire toffee" and it set so hard that my dad had to take a hammer and chisel to the pan to get it out. "You had better just suck that and not chew it, I don't want any of you to lose any teeth." We still ate it and it tasted fine, although one piece seemed to last all night. Mum never again made any, I wonder why!



We would pool all of our fireworks together and put them in an old Peak Freans biscuit tin. Once, a neighbour pretended to chase mum, to put a firework down her back, and us children stood in front of her to "protect" her. We built the bonfire in our back lane on the cobblestones and one year the heat from the fire made the paint on the nearby back doors bubble up and we all got into trouble for "popping" the blisters. I remember the taste of the potatoes that had been put in the embers, the skins were black and crispy, the inside was soft and fluffy, and they tasted faintly of smoke. Finally, we would go to bed later than usual, also smelling of smoke, and eagerly looking forward to the next big event, Christmas.

Christmas Eve seemed to go on forever, and at last it was time to go to bed. "If you don't go straight to sleep, Santa won't come." Excitement kept us awake, but eventually we did fall asleep. I would wake up in the dark and feel with my foot to see if Santa had been and left my presents in the pillowcase that I had left on my bed. I remember the delicious feeling when I knew that he had, sitting up in bed and dragging the pillowcase towards me as I tried to get my brother in the bed next to mine to wake up, and at the same time trying to unwrap my presents slowly so that I could prolong the moment until I had unwrapped my final present. An apple, an orange, some nuts, a new penny, these wore always in our "stockings," a book, a doll, a selection box, there were never expensive presents as my parents did not have a lot of money, but we always had a pillowcase full of treasures. Our wonderful Christmas dinner, was usually chicken with all the trimmings, the smell of which would fill the house and make your mouth water. Boxing Day was our second Christmas Day as my mum's family would come to visit us and bring us some more presents and we would have another Christmas dinner; we thought we were the luckiest children in the world.

One thing that stays in my mind is the look of fear on my mum's face when my brother, aged about two, got a pineapple chunk sweet lodged in his throat and couldn't get his breath. My sister had been told not to let him have one, but they had given in to his pleading. She picked my brother up and ran out of the black door, screaming. My brother was clawing at my mum, desperate to get his breath, tearing her apron in panic. A neighbour who had been pegging out her washing rushed to help. She grabbed John and held him upside down while she thumped him on the back and the pineapple chunk shot out, and I remember the look of relief on my mum's face. I observed all this through the gap in the back door where the sneck was as I was too afraid to venture out. I spat out the sweet I was eating and I have never eaten another pineapple chunk in my life.

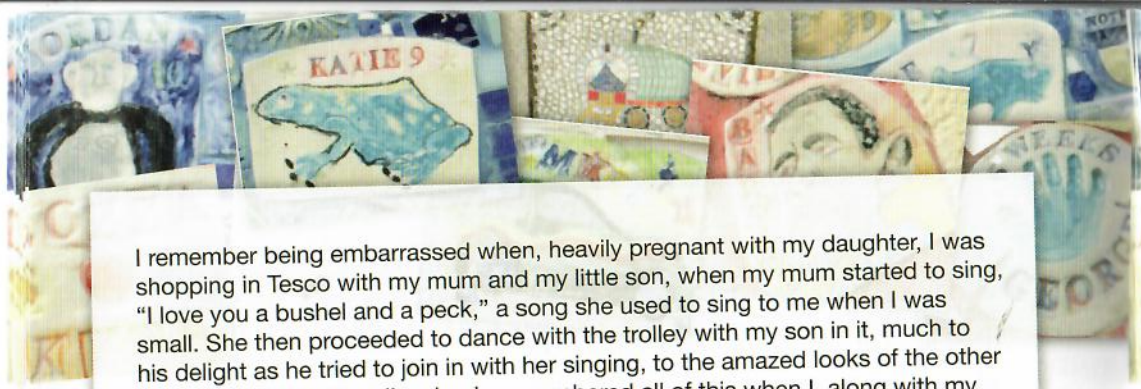


"Aren't you having any breakfast today, mum?" "Oh, I had mine earlier, you two get on with yours and then get off to school." It wasn't until years later that I realized that the money had run out and there was little food left, only enough for John and I to have something, but not mum.

My mum pawned her watch so that we could all have a day at the seaside, and then she never had the money to redeem it. I started work and then a few weeks later it was mum's birthday and I bought her a watch. I had always been curious as to why she never had one, and had only just learnt of the story, so it seemed an obvious choice for a present. I will never forget the look on her face when she opened the package, the feel of her slightly rough fingers on my face, and of course her unique smell as she held me tight and kissed me.

When his mother died my then fiance came over to tell us and my mum immediately put her arms around him and said, "I will be your mum now." And she was. She loved flowers, especially orchids, and I swear that he bought my mum more flowers than he ever did me when we were "courting." He and my brother used to tease my mum and when she started to chase them they used to pick her up and put her on the draining board and threaten to turn on the cold tap to calm her down. How we used to laugh.

I remember my mum's love for her family, especially her grandchildren. When I gave birth to my son, my husband went to tell my parents that he had been born. It was February and the worst winter in decades, with snow lying thick and very deep. My husband threw a snowball at the window to wake them up. (It was early on a Sunday morning.) My dad shouted at him to pack it in as he had only cleaned the windows the day before, and my mum hurried downstairs to let him in. When he told her that they had a new grandson my mum was so excited that as my husband put it, she "scuttled up the stairs on all fours like a demented crab." The reason she did this was that her dressing gown was too long for her and she was in such a hurry to get back upstairs to tell my dad that instead of grabbing a handful of the material as she usually did, she just got down on all fours and scurried up the stairs.

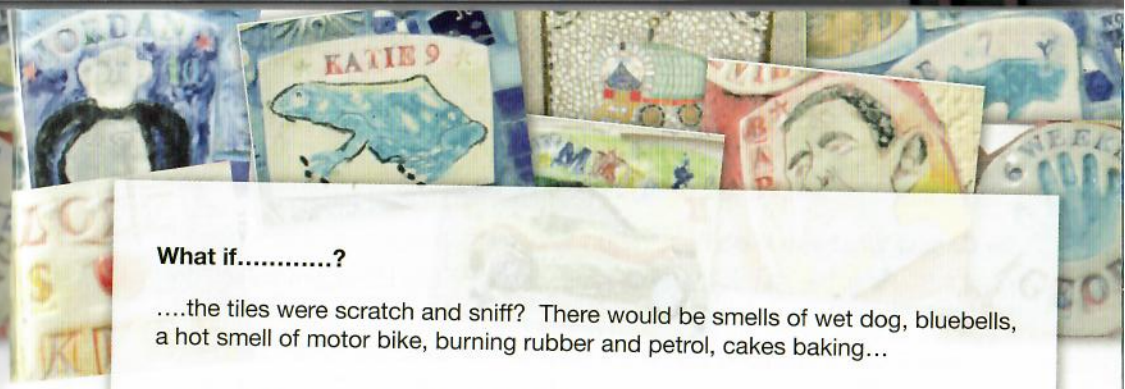


I remember being embarrassed when, heavily pregnant with my daughter, I was shopping in Tesco with my mum and my little son, when my mum started to sing, "I love you a bushel and a peck," a song she used to sing to me when I was small. She then proceeded to dance with the trolley with my son in it, much to his delight as he tried to join in with her singing, to the amazed looks of the other shoppers, and their smiles. I only remembered all of this when I, along with my granddaughter, were singing the same song whilst shopping in Asda, much to my daughter's embarrassment. They say what goes around comes around.

Moving from the North East because of the work situation, never having been further south than York, having to make a new life far from family and friends, was difficult. But worse was to come. A few weeks after the move my mum was diagnosed with cancer, and I only saw her again one more time. I remember ringing my mum and both of us pretending that everything was fine and that when she got better she was coming to see us, all while all that time that cold knot of fear was growing bigger and the tears slipped down my face. Neither of us wanted the other one to know exactly what we were feeling because we didn't want to hurt each other. I had to try and explain to a four year old and a three year old that their beloved Mammar had died and when my son said, "But she isn't dead because when I close my eyes I can see her and she lives in my heart." I thought that my heart would break. After the funeral, I took a pair of sheepskin mitts that belonged to my mum and kept them in a plastic bag in my dressing table drawer so I could prolong her scent on them. When things got too bad, I would take them out to sniff them, and so for a few minutes my mum was there with me. Of course as time went by the scent faded until no matter how hard I tried I couldn't smell that special smell and so I wore them until they fell apart.

My mum always said "Life is for living," and so I try to enjoy life as much as I can. Have I described my mum? This special, funny, feisty, loving person that I was blessed and honoured to call "mum?" I hope I have.

Gail Horsley (Alma's daughter.)



What if.....?

....the tiles were scratch and sniff? There would be smells of wet dog, bluebells, a hot smell of motor bike, burning rubber and petrol, cakes baking...

...you could press a button and the tiles made a noise...'my baby brother, giggling,' 'my husband, he could tell you a tale or two about the village,' the vroom of a car, children laughing, people chattering, a dog barking, drums drumming....

...you touched the tiles, and you could feel the rough coat of a dog, the smooth coat of a cat, a bird's feather, a warm tea pot, the cold shiny steel of a car....

...you could taste grapes and chocolate, and the salty air of the seaside...

What if I went through The Eye with my mind? Would I see behind the tiles all that each tile means to everyone, behind the memories? Emily and Katie, aged six and nine when they made their tiles, imagine them years ahead, looking at their tiles. What would they think? Our love hearts put on the wall for everyone to see.

Marilyn Chappell

What if we returned in twenty years, and asked, "Where are the people who made the tiles? What has happened to them? Does Lozza still love Kyle? Did Barack Obama save the world?"

Sue Luker





Be Careful What You Wish For A short story by Francene Hoy

Midsummer's Night, and the old man watched as the two teenagers walked down the dimly lit street, hand in hand.

"Oh look, Brad, let's go and look at the sculpture at the library, it's shaped like an eye," said Amber.

"OK," Brad said, looking bored.

"Susan says you can make a wish at 12 o'clock, come on."

Amber produced a candle out of the large bag she always carried. Quickly she lit it and placed it beneath the mirrored eye. The candle flickered.

"Bit spooky, isn't it?" Brad glanced nervously around.

"Let's wish we were some place else then." The old man shuffled away from the shadows where he had been hiding. Amber and Brad jumped with fright.

"Who are you, old man?"

"I'm the Keeper. I'm here to welcome travellers of The Eye, so be careful what you wish for – it might come true."

"Fat chance of that, then," sneered Brad.

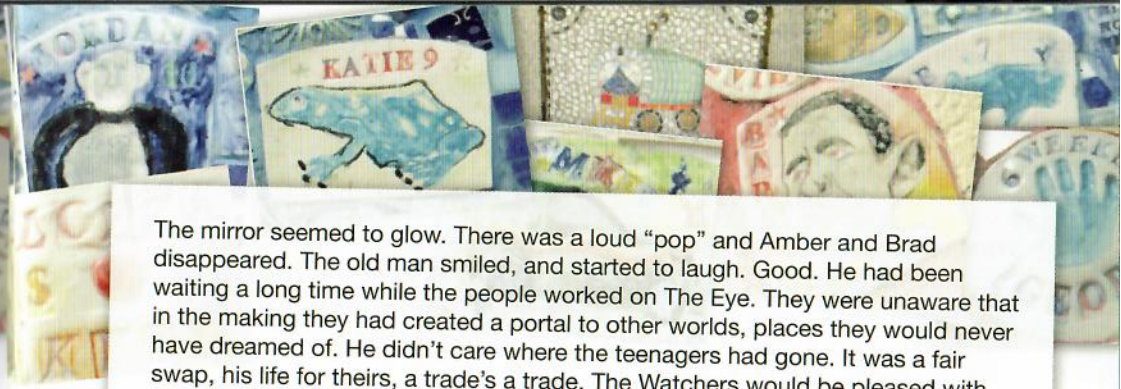
"I can help you if you like." With a flurry he showed them two silver bracelets he had on his bony wrists. "Put them on."

"These look cool, let's try, what harm can it do?" Amber touched the stones as they glittered in the reflection from the candle. The strange symbols seemed to move. Suddenly Amber giggled, and put the bracelet on, encouraging Brad to do the same.

"Where would you like to go?"

"Somewhere exotic and different."

They were both thinking of the travel programme they had watched the night before when the old man pulled what looked like a wand with a crystal set in it out of his tattered coat. Pointing at The Eye, he muttered something.



The mirror seemed to glow. There was a loud "pop" and Amber and Brad disappeared. The old man smiled, and started to laugh. Good. He had been waiting a long time while the people worked on The Eye. They were unaware that in the making they had created a portal to other worlds, places they would never have dreamed of. He didn't care where the teenagers had gone. It was a fair swap, his life for theirs, a trade's a trade. The Watchers would be pleased with some new blood to play with, he thought grimly. Without a backward glance he turned and ambled away, rubbing his hands together. "Hmmm, it doesn't seem a bad world, this."

Behind him the candle went out and The Eye turned black.

Favourite tiles....

Dolphin swimming in the deep blue sea,

Oceans twinkle in the beaming hot sun,

Look at the great turquoise colour of the dolphin,

Playing, making loud splashing sounds,

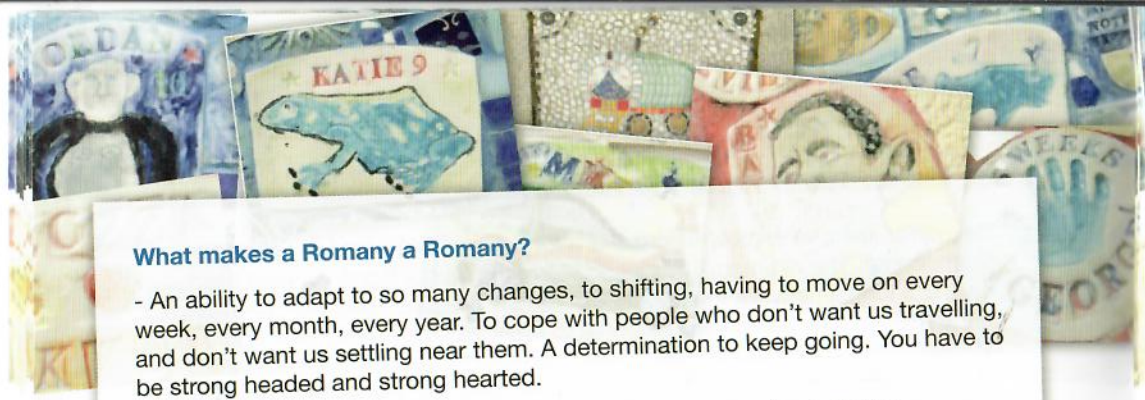
Hear the clicking sounds they make when they communicate,

In the water it smells fishy,

Now that's the swimming dolphin of The Eye.

Amy King





What makes a Romany a Romany?

- An ability to adapt to so many changes, to shifting, having to move on every week, every month, every year. To cope with people who don't want us travelling, and don't want us settling near them. A determination to keep going. You have to be strong headed and strong hearted.

- A fantastic memory. If you can't read and write you pass down stories, knowledge, history. You read the landscape, navigating by trees, hills, rivers, buildings and signs.

- An ability to read people, to see in their faces and body language what people are really thinking.

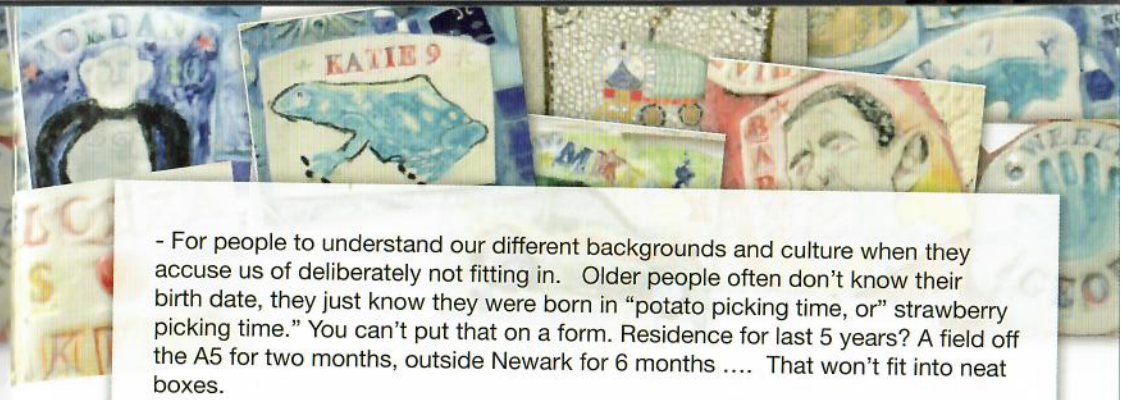
What does a Romany look like?

- Like anybody else. I was in a shop the other day with my daughter. We were chatting to a woman. She left her purse on the counter. My daughter ran after her with it. She didn't know we were gypsies, we don't have a "G" tattooed on our foreheads.

What does a Romany want?

- to be allowed to settle, to be able to choose where we live, to have a fair hearing for planning permission on land we own. Not to have to suffer bitter winters trying to keep the kids warm with no electric and no water. Not to be herded into council sites - not everyone gets on just because we are gypsies, We are all different, individuals.

- Not to have to explain to a child waving at strangers that they are not friendly, they are swearing and shouting bad names. Not to have our children spat at. To be respected, and teach our children to respect others. How can we explain things to them, like a man in a land rover trying to deliberately ram our trailer when we had stopped on a verge so that the men could go and get milk and food for a baby? We were obviously not stopping, we hadn't even uncoupled. We'd explained we would be moving on when the men got back and the children were fed, but he kept reversing, revving, putting his foot down, shooting forwards, stopping within inches of me and my small daughter, standing arms outstretched, trying to protect our home. We were hysterical, crying, pleading with him to stop. I called the police. They just moved us on.



- For people to understand our different backgrounds and culture when they accuse us of deliberately not fitting in. Older people often don't know their birth date, they just know they were born in "potato picking time, or" strawberry picking time." You can't put that on a form. Residence for last 5 years? A field off the A5 for two months, outside Newark for 6 months .... That won't fit into neat boxes.

- For people to remember our history – about half a million gypsies were murdered by the Nazis. When we applied for planning permission to build on our land, local people signed a petition against it. Even a woman who was friendly with me signed it, until her husband, who was born in South Africa, said to her, "That's what they did with the black people." She visited us, had a cup of tea, talked to us, and changed her mind. But we still lost.

- To challenge some of the myths about gypsies. It used to be said that gypsies stole babies. It was the government which stole babies – in the 1930's in Scotland the authorities took away all the babies and children from gypsy settlements and put them into care. The government in Australia recently apologised for doing the same with Aborigine children. I haven't heard any apologies for what happened to ours. Families are still trying to trace them.

- To be represented fairly in the media, not just in tabloid scare stories and sensationalist documentaries like "Big Fat Gypsy Wedding" which focus on stereotypes and reinforce prejudice. It's like saying that all settled people are like people in Wife Swap or Jeremy Kyle.

Betty and Sapphira Taylor



Nostalgia is a Weapon

saturn's rings are rusting on the back
of the longest school day in history

playtime orbited, from these seats
we command empires of flumps, fruitang
and ladders that stretched to 3.15

piles of grass where our commodity
small gods of the recky, metallic fingers
raw and happy, rich in optimism
and shiny token animal bars

***

it is dented now, held bent
like our childhoods, lives played out
on walls running deeper than concrete
roots, stories to be told, on the periphery

somewhere in the bark as it happened
curved words in Newbold's eye
are refracted into memories

as afterthoughts, we are small
pictured at the top of a slide

Kyle Campbell



The tile I chose was multi-coloured and smooth and it said WELCOME. I chose it because it really stood out.

Callum McKay

Calling,"Howzat?"

Running for the ball

I'm going into bat now,

"**C**atch it!" the team shout,

Kris takes the catch,

Excitement all around, smells of linseed oil, grass, sweat,

They only have two wickets left.

Stumping

The batsman,

Umpire gives it out,

Matt bowls the last over,

Pitching it short,

Steve takes the catch and we've won!

Joseph Malsbury

Memories of the Second World War

We had a special assembly at school on VE Day. I burst into tears. My Dad was still fighting in the jungles of Burma.

As an evacuee with my mother and siblings we moved from the heavily bombed city of Kingston upon Hull to Horbury, a village near Wakefield.

Initially my sister and I were boarded with a farming family with one son. He did not like us. My sister was terrified of the hens, so she was given the chore of collecting the eggs daily. Mum, with her baby and toddler, lived with an elderly couple. Some months later we shared a house with other evacuees from Hull, a Mrs Kent and her two children. Finally we got our own house, no. 2, The Shut, sandwiched between houses 1 and 3 where twin sisters had married twin brothers. It was bliss to be surrounded by fields, with marvellous places to play in as we got older, and to make dens and climb trees.

We spent an idyllic few years in Horbury, made welcome by the small rural community, seemingly untouched by warfare. An added bonus were the food parcels from Canada and America, a real treat.

Mum was a small, feisty lady who held the family together as Dad was a serving soldier. She even managed to do some war work in a munitions factory – I think she was bussed there.

We had a special assembly at school on VE Day. The headmistress explained that war in Europe was over. In celebration we sang songs of the Commonwealth. I particularly remember the Canadian, "Maple Leaf Forever", the National Anthem, special prayers and cheering the King and Queen.

I then burst into tears. My Dad was still fighting in the jungles of Burma, and the conflict had not been resolved.

Later, after VJ Day was declared, the family having returned to Hull, we awaited the return of our soldier Dad. The children viewed this event with excitement and apprehension. After all, for years, our only contact was the occasional letter from abroad.

Dad's homecoming was tense. There stood this stranger on the front doorstep. He wore his fifty bob - £2.10s navy demob suit, and was carrying gifts. Lovely soft, decorative bags for the girls, and a romper suit for his son, the latter being far too small for a lively little boy. Dad's memories of my brother were of him being a baby.



My father was a quiet, private person. He never discussed his war years with his family, though in retrospect he was certainly damaged by his experiences. For example, across the road from our house was a communal, wooded, grassy area. When walking there, Dad would disappear behind a tree, scanning the terrain, and progressing from tree to tree as if on manoeuvres.

He was fortunate to have friends who had survived alongside him in the jungles of Burma, who had also returned to Hull, so in effect they had their own little support system. If in work, one of their highlights was a trip to London, for the Burma Star Reunion dinner. It meant a weekend away for the men, a chance to meet up with comrades, renew friendships and reminisce.

Mum and Dad had two more children, and over time we moved into a larger house and settled into the rhythms of family life.

Jean Murray

Husky Dog

Husky dog
Soft furry coat,
Sharp claws clicking on the tarmac
Sniffing the camera,
Thinking, "Get me off this lead now,
I want to explore."

Sam Payne



My Favourite Tile

This tile is a mould of

My baby brother's

Tiny hand.

It makes me feel warm

When I see it.

James Wheatley



My favourite tile....

Sponge Bob, Pat Pat and Gary,
Gary, Sponge Bob and Pat are very pally,
Yellow, blue, pink, red,
They always want to go to bed,
Gary should sleep in a shed.
Sponge Bob, Patrick was going to call him Larry,
Larry, Larry, Spongebob's little Larry,
Pat, Pat, little Pat's Rock,
Squidword has a grumbly look,
He hates, he hates them, they give him a shock,
Shock, shock, shock, he had to make a plot.
Mr Krab's the boss.
He is very cheap,
Now it is the end.

This tile was made by a person called Abby, 12, it's funny and colourful. I touched it and it felt weird and hard. It is awesome, exotic and eye-catching, and it made me feel happy.

Harry Bennett

Favourite tiles.....

The tile I chose looks like a tree with two birds. The tree is green and the birds are white and their beaks are orange. It feels half rough and half smooth, and it would taste like sweets.

Cecilia Parker

The Botany

The wood was full of sounds, the wind in the leaves, and the call of many birds in the woods.

I was asked where in Newbold Verdon was special to me. I replied, without, doubt, "The Botany." The Botany, for those few in Newbold Verdon who don't know, is a wood much loved by huntsmen in the 19th century, when chasing foxes. I am not sure whether the wood was specially planted for this purpose, or whether use was made of an existing small copse. It is named "The Botany," after Botany Bay, being a long way from the farm.

Ever since we came to the village, The Botany has been special to my family. It is wonderful in all seasons. When my children were young we would walk the footpath across the fields to The Botany. In late spring, bluebells of the most vivid blue, and with a perfume with which no perfume manufacturer could compete, would carpet the wood. The wood was full of sounds, the wind in the leaves, and the call of many birds in the woods. We would often play "pooh sticks" in the small stream which ran through the woods, waiting with anticipation to see whose stick was first under the bridge. There were animals, foxes and badgers I believe, but we never saw any. Perhaps we gave plenty of notice of our presence!

In summer the wood was at its thickest and greenest. I am reminded of one day when we were there at the end of a heatwave. We were walking in the wood, glad of its coolness, when suddenly an almighty thunderstorm blew up. The Botany felt almost threatening, and very eerie, and for once we were glad to leave.

In autumn it was blackberry time and we collected them to make into jam. We often walked with friends and their children, which added to the enjoyment. The fallen leaves would crackle under our feet and the children loved to walk through them. The walk would be rounded off by us retiring to one of our homes for mugs of tea and cake in front of a roaring fire. These are the times when I can say that I was truly happy and contented.

In winter we would walk more quickly. The trees were mostly bare, except for the holly, which is, of course, evergreen. At Christmas I would collect greenery to make a Christmas wreath. The Botany holds memories for every season. I still walk the footpath through The Botany, with my husband sometimes, but often just me and the dog. The Botany is now fenced off as it is used for the breeding of game birds. There is no longer free access to the wood.

I still really enjoy its sights and sounds, but I so miss that feeling of being part of the wood, of being at peace with the world. I understand John Clare wrote a poem on his feelings of loss at the times of the Enclosure Acts in the 18th century. If I was a poet I would write a poem about the loss of access to my beloved Botany.

Eileen Watts

Favourite tiles...

I chose a tile with a cute squirrel on a wall.

It had blue sky around the squirrel.

The squirrel sparkled. The walls and the squirrel were a cream colour.

It reminds me of when a squirrel came into our garden.

It was sitting on the fence.

Lydia Chajecki

I chose the New York tile because I want to go there, and go to the biggest toy shop in the world. The tile has a red apple on it, the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, and a dollar. New York would sound noisy.

Liam Sanders



Newbold Verdon Library

Fresh
Unique
New

Pleasant
Lovely
Attractive
Creative
Exciting

Tremendous
Original

Beautiful
Exquisite

Novel
Energetic
Welcoming
Bubbly
Of great importance
Luminous
Delightful

Vivacious
Enjoyable
Remarkable
Distinctive
Outstanding
Noteworthy

Lively
Inventive
Brilliant
Relaxing
Animated
Radiant
Youthful



Rebecca Payne

If I made a tile...

... it would have a Sand Phoenix with ruby eyes because I read a book called "The Desert Princess" and two girls had to answer a riddle from a Phoenix.

Lydia Chajecki

... I would put Star Wars on it. It is most important to me because my grandma bought me half of my collection.

David Statham

... I would put the Fair Trade symbol on it. I want to tell people to stop slavery because it is bad, so I am trying to tell people to help me.

Luke Smith

... it would represent my friends and family, with my favourite band and music.

Aidan Downer

... I would draw ice skates on it. I have never done skating before and I want to try because it looks fun. I would like to do it with my best friends.

Natasha Tarrant

... I would put my family and friends, Dillon, Jordan, Jamie O, Luke, Aidan, Hannah, Shelly, Liam, David, my mum, my dad, Joe, Joseph, me. All my family and friends are so important to me. I like Joe Cole because he is a great friend and he helps me with everything I do. He is so supportive. I would put Manchester United on it because I would like to play for them, and manage them.

Jamie Statham

If I made a tile...

...I would draw a zombie on it because zombies are my horror monsters favourite. Zombies are scary, they have cuts all over them and blood all over their clothes, My friends are important to me because they would like to kill zombies all day with me.

Jamie Oldfield

...it would have WWE on it, having the key to success in your hands, knowing that what means most to you is right in front of you, inspiration and enjoyment. I am inspired to be a wrestler because of Kok0-B-Ware and Dx and team extreme.

Callum McKay

...it would have an eagle on it,
a skilful and agile bird of prey,
a fascinating bird.

Nathan Saunders

Dog, fluffy and sweet smelling,
Owned by people
Giving it a loving home.

I chose this dog because I like them and I have two at home.
So shiny, so smooth, so fluffy, so furry, so small,
Black and white like a panda,
That's why I called it Poe, Poe the small dog
With the shiny nose.

Jason Smith

Miners' Welfare



It was a playgroup, a bingo hall,
Derelict.
My mum said it was a Miners' Welfare.
My granddad was a miner. And mine.
So was my great uncle, and my great granddad.
My husband was miner.

My father was a miner and worked underground for 52 years at the Nailstone and Bagworth Collieries. In 1926 there was a Miners' Strike. Soon after that he was buried in an accident. He was injured and he lost part of his right ear. He was only taken to the local doctor, who stitched back the part of the ear that was hanging off. He always had a peculiar, very blue ear.

I was down the mines. Twenty years. Wouldn't have missed it,
The camaraderie. You relied on each other see? You had to.
The strike, that split families, neighbours and communities.
Scargill should have had a ballot, It would have been official then.
He would have won.

Him and Thatcher, stubborn as each other.
Working people stuck between the two of them, some families never the same again.

From conversations with people in the village.

When I grow up I would like to sing for charity and for people who are just like my sister. I love to look after children with problems, but I like to look after my sister more. I play with her and look after her. Sometimes I play tag and football, swing on the swing and play hide and seek.

Cecilia Parker

What's most important to me?
Money, art, food and football,
Wrestling and education.

Dillon Evans

Halo is important to me because I like playing the game with Jamie S!

David Statham

Liv, Lucy, Ria and Amy are my friends, and they are important to me. I play games with them, tig, board games and loads more. They are great friends but I don't play with them much because I don't live in Newbold Verdon.

Natasha Tarrant

My tile is the point of the aeroplane, shooting like an arrow,
Its colours are white and dark blue, a bit of yellow on the wings,
The end of the plane is as sharp as the end of a sword,
The blades in the engine are as sharp as knives.

Kieran Farrington



Favourite tiles...

Blue rider, on a black bike with shiny sparkling silver wheels,
Looked at a huge spider,
Upon his left leg. The spider ran
And jumped on the man,
On his leg it crawled.
Deciding not to bite, the spider ran,
And everyone drank the cider
The rider had delivered,
And away went the rider, with a smell of
Fuel, leather, hot metal and rubber,
With no cider, but with the spider.

Harvey Dhillon

Favourite tiles...

Union Jack is a flag for the Queen and people in England,
with a love heart in the middle of it,
No one will ever believe how smooth and soft it is until they start feeling,
In love or not, it will fill your heart with smiles
On the flag you see the red, blue and white, you know that it's the start,
Never let the evil in, get your jack and stop them hurting.

Jumping with joy or running with fear, your Union Jack will always be there, people
Appear in from the sky or smiling, rich, being famous must be hard,
Cooking, skating or just having fun,
Kids running past it or riding their bikes, the Union Jack will always be smiling back.

Skye Binnersley

Earliest Memories



I had a fear of flies, and Daddy Francis cured me. He called them "Jimmy" and when one landed on his glass he tapped the glass, saying, "Go away, Jimmy."

My earliest memory, nineteen thirty eight to nine, is digging in the garden while my grandfather (Daddy Francis) sat in a chair. I remember my sister coming home from school. It must have been a sunny day. Daddy Francis had lost a leg in an accident in a tin mine in Cornwall. He also had silicosis through mining, and I remember my mother changing a huge bandage on his chest.

He had a bald head and I used to play at washing him. I always asked him to put his head down so I could wash his "other face!" I remember dressing him up in my raincoat, placing it across his shoulders. We often played "Christmases," and I filled a sack with an apple and an orange, and put it at the bottom of his bed, which was in the sitting room.

On one occasion I was sitting outside the sitting room on the stairs when my mother asked me why I was there. I replied, "Daddy Francis said I can't go in because my doll hasn't any pants!"

I had a fear of flies, and Daddy Francis cured me. He called them "Jimmy" and when one landed on his glass he tapped the glass, saying, "Go away, Jimmy."

Ann Pape

Favourite tiles...

My Golden Labrador - *For my Poppy*

Growling dog,
Orange dangling fur
Looking relaxed
Deep black eyes
Ever ready to play
Nothing gets in her way.

Lots of whining
And woofing,
Breeze through her fur
Red wet dangling tongue
A cute little smile
Drooping ears
Obedient and clever
Ready to be stroked.

Melody Dorrington

My favourite tile...

Big blue bus, number 4 on the top,
In great condition, sounds of doors opening and the ticket machine,
Ginormous black tyres, big black wipers.

Big blue bus
Like a King on rhino-tough wheels,
Up above, a second level,
Enormous black tyres, smells of petrol, engine, sweat.

Big blue bus, shiny steel,
Underneath the axles turn,
Strong engine makes it move, screeches to a halt.

Joseph Clarke

Colourful Car

Can it race? Who knows, it looks like a racing car, speedy, fast,
Only the owner can drive it,
Licking through the dusty streets,
Over the muddy hills, rainbow colours, green, yellow, black, blue, orange,
Under the shining stars and boiling sun,
Rubbing away dark and making it shine,
Flying past all the grass and all the bugs,
Underneath the hot sunshine,
Leaving the gusts of wind behind, a happy car,
if it could talk it would say "beep, beep."



Can people touch it?
And if the driver has friends, does he let them in before
Reaching his destination?

Dominic Giles

The picture of the dog made me feel sorry for him.

The Abused Dog

Daniel the dog is as white as a huge, humungous and heroic polar bear,
Colourful and fast, he runs after its owner, hides,
He feels guilty, and bends down, underneath his bed,
Peeks one eye to see his owner and, bang, smack, smack, smack.
Frightened and scared but his big pal eventually arrives back home,
He gets a cuddle and falls asleep, however,
His big mean owner comes along,
Daniel peeps an eye and was so scared he peed on his owner's carpet,
Fierce and strong he can be, as he yelps at his owner
Rebelling against his owners pinning him down,
But he had to suffer the consequences.

Harry Warren

The Jog

Eyelids flick open, to the persistent beep.
Quick coffee and shave, got to look neat.
Turn of the key, click of the door.
Into the day, I jog once more.
Flat pebble clouds, low shards of sun,
My NewRuns beat the pavement, warm-ups begun.
"Good morning," I say, as a regular I spy,
"Good morning," she replies, as I jog by.
Into the wind, I'm planning the day,
Cars doppler by, making their way,
Puddles leapt over, dog barks "Stay away."
Into my stride, round the corner I sway,
Two thirds done, now the worst part.
Alternate lamppost, sprint, jog, I start,
Round the next corner, no rumble in ears,
Winds pushing me, destination nears.
At home I arrive, the end of my jog.
My stretching done, fill in the log.
Breathing is back, endorphins are high.
Helping me through the day, to get by.

Colin Chappell

What's important in my life?

The most important thing in my life is my brother because he is special and autistic. I teach him spellings and play games with him to help him with maths. His name is Adam.

Elena Durran

My favourite tile...

It is red and yellow,
It is a house, it is very tall.
It has a blue door – open it up to hear the noise of the children playing,
It has a pointy roof reaching to the sky,
The windows shine like the sun.

Anyone is welcome inside my house,
My lovely house.

Callum French

Wash Day

I heard a horrible scream – I was mangling a frog!

I was married in 1947 and went to live in a very old house in Markfield. There was no water or electric, and we had to carry a paraffin heater to each room. We cooked our meals on a primus stove. To get any water we had to walk to the bottom of the field, over the planks to dip your bucket in the well. We had to heat it in the copper to get some hot water for washing. I had a dolly tub, and one night I was doing the washing and needed some more water so I had to go down to the well. It was nearly dark, and as I was putting my washing through the mangle I heard a horrible scream – I was mangling a frog.

Frances Massey

Memory Tiles

Tiles that inspire us
Tiles that defy us
Tiles created for the community by us

Announcements of faith
Statements of love
Long remembered words from a teacher, with love.

Pictures of animals
And lovers of sports
words that have meanings long lost in our thoughts

There's Mrs so and so
And Thomas was here
Drawing a picture of a horse, or a deer.

Remembering sad things,
Remembering fun
Remembering loved ones now left us, now gone.

And here for the future
A hand set in clay
A moment in time forever to stay.
But live for the present
Let time not pass by
Picture yourself at the heart of the "Eye."

Christina Baker
Library Manager
Newbold Verdon Library





Ballerina jumping in the air,
A purple dress and long brown hair,
Lovely, she jumps energetically,
Leaving the ground so gracefully,
Everyone here sees her beauty and style,
Rhythm and music all the while,
In this place it smells so clean
Nature would say this tile's a queen,
And that's the ballerina of The Eye.

Olivia Swain

What if...?

...the shiny World Cup on the glimmering tile suddenly opens, loads of cheering fans come barging out like a pack of wild beasts chasing their prey, the English team had triumphed, they had won the World Cup! Fans are singing England's National Anthem, God Save the Queen, Shearer, the England Captain carried out in glory. In 1966 the World Cup was theirs!

Taylor Yates-Smith

...it was early in the morning. The glittering tile on the wall began to shake. Then, pop, it jumped out of the wall. "I'm free, at last, I'm free at last, thank goodness I'm free at last," screamed the bus. It sped off. Passengers come and go all day. As dusk gets closer, Big Blue Bus yawns. His final stop approaches, the library. He stands before the Eye of tiles. "Goodnight World," he yawns. He fades away, and appears back in the tile, ready for another day.

Joseph Clarke



Imagine ...

Imagine if I had a plane which I could fly to space,
Imagine if it was so long a million people could come on,
Imagine it was made of cardboard and the windows were made of cellophane
Imagine it would never crash, a million people would want to come on,
Imagine if there was a McDonalds in there, and no-one paid a fare,
Imagine if there was a shop in there, which sold anything,
Imagine if the journey would never end until we reached our alien friends,
Imagine me holding it in one hand above the land.

Mitchell Willett

My friend Janet

I was afraid of a thunder bolt coming down from on high.

Sitting in the Baptist Church, trying not to laugh at something that was said, I bent down my head so that it almost touched the pew in front, with my fist crammed into my mouth to prevent any laughter from escaping. How must I have looked to the rest of the congregation, how pious? The truth was I was afraid of a thunder bolt coming down from on high. What kind of person was I to have a fit of the giggles in church? Someone depraved perhaps? And then one Sunday, sitting in the quietness of the church, something was said and I could feel the giggles building inside me, and then, to my horror and amazement, I heard someone else giggling. No, it wasn't me, my handkerchief was pushed into my mouth. I turned around to look, and there was Janet, giggling her head off, and even more surprising, the rest of the congregation was smiling too. Janet became my friend and she now has a companion in laughter, me, and no, as yet we haven't been struck by a lightning bolt and I thank her for bringing joy into my Sunday worship and for being my friend.

Gail Horsley

Memories

My aunt had an old HMV gramophone you had to wind up to make the record play…

I was born in May 1957, in Ibstock, a small mining village in Leicestershire. We lived in Pretoria Road with my Gran. I never knew my Grandad as he died young in life, just 26 years, with TB, which could not be treated in those days. My mother never saw her Dad, so we always looked after Gran.

On a weekend we would always visit my Great Aunt Maggie, who lived in Newbold Verdon, in a cottage on Main Street, opposite the War Memorial. To get there we had to catch two buses, one from Ibstock to the tollgate at Barlestone, and then we would walk down to Gibsons garage to catch another one into Newbold. As we got to the corner near The Swan, I always looked for my aunt, who would be standing on the front doorstep looking for us.

The cottage was very old and belonged to the Fradsham family. There was no hot water, just a heater that used to spit when it boiled. My mum used to call it "Big Bertha." The toilet was across the yard, which frightened me, because of the spiders.

The thing I liked most was my aunt had an old HMV gramophone that you had to wind up to make the record play, and open a door to let the sound out. I would play records like, "Take Me Home Again, Kathleen," and "Will the Angels Play their Harps For Me?"

We would go over to the Post Office and General Store which was next to The Swan.

Then at the end of the day we had to go all the way back to Ibstock on two buses, but I always looked forward to this visit.

I always went to the Methodist Sunday Sermons with my Aunt, not knowing that my husband to be was always on the platform. I married him in 1976 and lived in my aunt's cottage. We have been happily married for 35 years.

Sue Smith

Favourite tiles…

Ladybird

Sounds like a gentle wind
Moving through the sky like leaves in a breeze,
Over the field they fly
Onto the bright red pansies,
The colours, red and black
Happy, they make us feel.

Lying on a nice green leaf
A smell of spring fills the air when we see them
Down the valleys and through the meadows
"**Y**ay," we cry when we see them
Bumpy in some places, smooth in others,
In the sky they dance with the butterflies,
Round our heads they fly,
Dying to see them, we search around, looking for ladybirds.

Natalie Hunter





Barack Obama, as a caricature,
Always saying, "Yes we can,"
Red, brown, black, blue, pink, yellow,
Amazing, excited, fantastic, brilliant,
Cracks in time is what I feel,
Kids have made and felt this tile,

Over the hills I can hear, planes, birds, wind and trees,
Back over the hills I can smell spring flowers and
Air is what I can taste, spring air,
Made by a child,
Always in my heart!

Lucy Mecklenburgh

Barack Obama



Barack Obama,
Wearing a blue suit, black hair.
The background was yellow.
He had a red tie,
He sounded like a leader.

Joe Coles

Favourite tiles...

My tile looked like a bunch of grapes.

I chose the bunch of grapes tile

Because it had a perfect shade of light purple.

I think it will taste sweet.

The tile felt very, very bumpy, like grapes.

Elena Durran



Favourite tiles.....

The tile I chose looks like a submarine with a machine gun, a torpedo and the UK's flag on it. It felt like it was carved out with a knife. It makes me think of my grandpa.

Aidan Downer

My favourite tile has a horse on it, and it is brown with big ears, yellow reins and blue eyes. He is called I One and is an evil dictator in horse-land.

David Statham

Memories of Newbold Verdon

There was a fish and chip shop in the old thatched cottages...

I was born in a house on the edge of the village. Mr and Mrs Cadle lived next door. A farmhouse stood where the Hornbeam estate is now, and there were fields where Arnold's Crescent is now. There were old cottages where modern houses are now, opposite the butcher's. The doctor's was on Bells Lane, where the old rectory was. There was a fish and chip shop in the old thatched cottages next to the shoe shop. I remember roller skating on the pavements down Dragon Lane, and there was a coal merchant's where the shoe warehouse is now. My mum worked in the office of Chadwick's builders, then she was a school secretary. My dad was a driver for Deacon and Hardy. The old Dragon pub was knocked down because of subsidence. My grandparents' house had a pump in the garden, with wells.

Janice Hand



I chose my best friend's tile, with a dog on it, his footprints and a bone. It had a brown nose and brown ears. It was a happy dog. The bone was white and the footprints were brown. It was a cute doggy. It is my best friend's picture. She drew the dog because she has a dog called Ben and she loves dogs. The dog looked very good. It also reminds me about her dog.

Natasha Tarrant

Favourite tiles...

He was a monkey.
He was happy and playful
And swung on a branch.
He was hairy and his tail was very long
He was holding a banana,
He can jump from tree to tree.

Luke Smith

It had the word National Lottery,
It felt bumpy and then very smooth.
It would smell like money and delight.
It sounds like delight to other people.
I want to go there and present it.

Jamie Statham

The National Lottery Tile is white and blue and red. I picked it because the money goes to other people.

Jordan Norton



Memories of our Mother

She was the oldest lady in Leicester at that time (she was 86 then) to have gone to the home when she was twelve, in 1920.

My mother, who was born in 1908, was a very strong willed and feisty lady who died on Good Friday in April 2000, aged 91 years.

Tragically, her own mother died when she was 12 years old, on Christmas Day, which was something that she never got over. She would mention it frequently. Her father died two years later, when she was fourteen years old.

The oldest member of the family then was her sister (Auntie Annie.) who was able to devote her time to looking after the rest of the family. This meant they could all stay together and not go into an orphanage.

In 1920, soon after her mother died, she was visited by an official from the Mablethorpe Children's Home Committee and asked if she would like to spend two weeks' holiday at the home in Mablethorpe. It was run by a group of Leicester business people who were able to donate sums of money to enable poorer children of a certain age in Leicester to have a two week holiday. It was like a camp set in the sand dunes. The boys slept in tents and the girls in a wooden building with a corrugated roof. They were very well looked after, with good food and well organised pastimes. Some of the children had never seen the sea before.

Mum went on her two week holiday, but she told me she was very nervous as she hadn't been away from her family before. But everyone was so kind to her and she made new friends, whom she always remembered. Lots of children in Leicester benefited from these holidays. The Mablethorpe home is still in existence offering holidays to underprivileged children of Leicester.

One day in 1993 my husband and I were at home and Mum asked us if we would take her to Mablethorpe for the day to see the children's home as it is now. It is now a modern building with separate girl and boy areas. We knocked on the door and a lady called Mrs Eagle answered it. We explained why we were there, and she was very pleased to meet mum and invited us to look around. Mum saw pictures on the wall of how it used to be when she was a girl of twelve. It brought a lot of memories back for her. Mrs Eagle and her daughter, Helen, made us very welcome. They ran the home with a lot of staff, helping to give the children a holiday they would never forget.



At that time I was working as clerical support to a team of children's social workers in Leicester. Mrs Eagle suggested that I had a word with my manager to ask if Mum could have an invite to Mablethorpe Civic Day. It is a day in June each year when the Lord Mayor of Leicester invites everyone who is involved with the Mablethorpe home, for example, office staff, and the Leicester business people who support the home financially, to spend a day meeting children and staff.

So when Mum got her invitation from the Lord Mayor to attend, she was so very thrilled. We went by coach from Leicester, stopping for coffee on the way. At that point, Mum met the Lord Mayor of Leicester – she was so thrilled. When we were there she met some of the children and had photographs taken with them. Her picture appeared in the Leicester Mercury. The children did a concert for everyone during the afternoon. They looked very nervous. After the concert they had to line up and they were all given a £1.00 coin by the Lord Mayor. We then had a lovely afternoon tea, followed by a raffle, which Mum actually won.

Mum had a wonderful day. She enjoyed all the attention, as she was the oldest lady in Leicester at that time (she was 86 then) to have gone to the home when she was twelve, in 1920.

It was a memorable day for her and for myself and my sister. Shortly after our visit I had a phone call from the BBC to ask if they could come and interview us for the East Midlands Television news. She agreed and they came to film her at her warden assisted flat. We were all thrilled when we saw her on TV.

I am sure that all the children who are still visiting the home in 2011 are creating the same memories as mum, and every child who has been there since the home was opened in 1912.

The Home is still run by Helen and her husband and their team of very helpful young staff. They all do a wonderful job.

Pam Ward



Memories

There was an air raid shelter in next door's garden we could play in. There was an old cake tin in there, still with a fruit cake in it, but we didn't eat it. Stories of the war were a big part of our everyday lives.

I was born in 1948, on the same day as Prince Charles. Mum got a gift from the Queen. I was born, and spent my childhood and teenage years, in Liverpool. My eldest sister was two years older, then two younger sisters came along. Our house was an end terrace on a very long road called Long Lane. At the side was an entry, a passage way used for cleaning and the rubbish bins, but no other traffic was allowed. The side gate out of our yard opened on to this. We had an outside toilet, but were lucky enough to have an upstairs bathroom. Lots of our neighbours didn't.

At school we used to celebrate Commonwealth Day, Royal Oak Day and other religious events like Whitsuntide and May Day. We were allowed to dress up and go to school on our bikes, which we decorated with ribbons on the handlebars and in the spokes of the wheels. There was a large iron may pole in the playground, and chairs with handles on the end which we used to swing on. We walked to school, me and my sisters, with mum crossing us over the roads. We passed bomb sites, which mum explained to us was where houses had once stood. It was only later I realised how soon after the war I had been born.

I passed the 11 plus exam and had to go to the Liverpool Girls' college in the centre of town, two bus journeys from the house we had moved to. It was a semi detached house in the suburbs. Dad spent many years renovating it. There was an air raid shelter in next door's garden we could play in. There was an old cake tin in there, still with a fruit cake in it, but we didn't eat it. Stories of the war were a big part of our everyday lives. All the women wore pinnies – large aprons wrapped round over their dresses. I don't remember any women wearing trousers when I was little.

When I was 60 I wrote to Prince Charles and received a hand written letter with two tins of Duchy of Cornwall biscuits, and congratulations.

Shirley Burnett



Favourite tiles....



I chose a tile with a gorilla on it,
Hairy and black,
With a big belly button.
He's like my friend Jordan,
Standing up on two feet,
With a big cheeky grin and big bulging eyes.

Nathan Saunders

Memories

I have a large black and white photograph of my mum's family which I inherited last year. It is rather unusual in the fact that the central figure has been removed because it was the mother, and she didn't want to be photographed. She lost her own mother when she was born.

Valerie Hill

My favourite tile...

The white little dog,
It is white as a ghost
It has a red tongue,
It has black eyes that shine,
It is so life like,
Soft as a feather,
It is completely amazing.

Luke Collins



Memories

An older sister of one of the girls came to meet us and said that we must hurry home right away. The war was on.

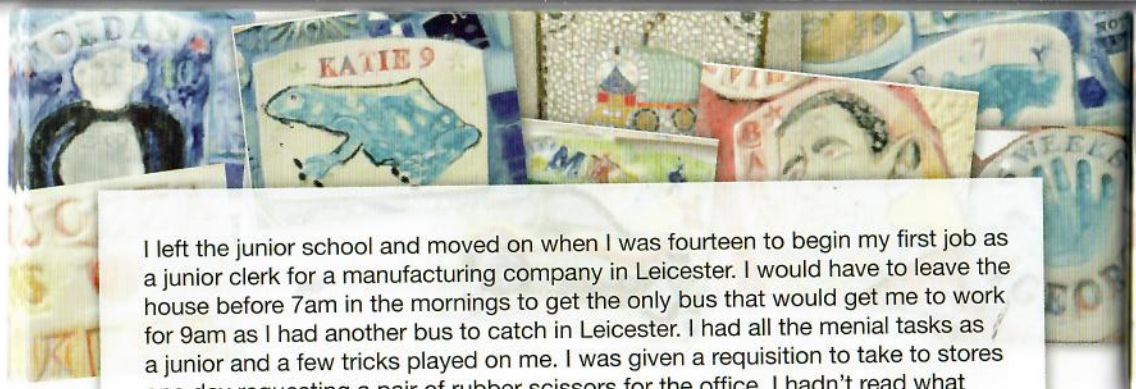
I was born in 1932 in the LRI and my parents lived one mile out of the village at The Heath.

I attended the local junior school and we had to walk there and back each day to school in all weathers. I remember the winter of 1947 when we had snow blizzards. In some places it was literally as high as the hedges. Our headmaster was Mr Cadle, who used to say he could always rely on the children from The Heath to get to school even from there. There was no other way of getting to the village.

We had butchers' vans to deliver weekly. The milkman came to the door and milk was measured out from the milk can into our jugs or bowls.

The greengrocer brought his wares on a cart twice weekly, and also the baker with nice fresh bread. If allowed, on occasions, I liked to slice the crust corner of a new loaf and spread it with butter and sugar, as did my life-long friend next door. We had great times in our gardens in the summer, erecting makeshift tents with the wooden clothes horse and an old sheet and a tin bath to play in on the lawn when it was really hot. We could have outside birthday parties with our friends and on May Day we always made up a tray of all the spring flowers we could collect and take them round to local houses. We danced around a May pole.

Then the war came in 1939. My friends and I were walking home from Sunday School. That Sunday was the 3rd September. An older sister of one of the girls came to meet us and said that we must hurry home right away. The war was on. That didn't mean too much for us at the time as most of us were only seven or eight years old. But later it became frightening when all the house windows were blacked out and if the siren went, which was on top of The Swan public house, we had to get under the stairs for shelter. There wasn't any other form of shelter at The Heath. Mum would wake me and quickly dress and go under the stairs while my father was outside with other dads checking on the windows and watching the searchlights and whatever else was occurring. He and several others were appointed as wardens.



I left the junior school and moved on when I was fourteen to begin my first job as a junior clerk for a manufacturing company in Leicester. I would have to leave the house before 7am in the mornings to get the only bus that would get me to work for 9am as I had another bus to catch in Leicester. I had all the menial tasks as a junior and a few tricks played on me. I was given a requisition to take to stores one day requesting a pair of rubber scissors for the office. I hadn't read what was on it before taking it. I then moved on to do more admin. work and went to Morgan Squires in their Bought Ledger office in Hotel Street, Leicester. I was there for several years until I was offered a better job in an engineering company in Aylestone. During that time I was attending Clarks College in the evenings for shorthand/typing. I stayed with that firm until after I married in 1952. My husband was a miner, as was my father, who had been in the mines at Bagworth and Nailstone for 52 years. My husband had to come out of the mines to do National Service of two years, and he never went back as a miner. He worked for Caterpillar Engineering until he died at the age of 59, of lung cancer.

When he was alive our main hobby was dancing and we took lessons for a few years and passed lots of exams. I eventually went back to this after his death, to carry on until I progressed and reached a high standard in Ballroom and Latin. My next move was to go to the Tower Ballroom in Blackpool, but travelling would have been a problem and I gave it up.

We had four sons and they are all fairly near. The two younger ones joined the Royal Navy and were both out at the Falklands on the same ship, HMS Fearless, the assault ship. The ship was hit, but they weren't injured, just mentally scared I suppose. The youngest one is now working on the Super Yachts as second in command and is in the South of France at the moment. He has met some very influential people, including film stars. He worked in Miami and the Bahamas for Johnny Depp for 18 months. The second eldest joined the police after his eleven years in the R.N. He retired at 51 after doing his time in the police where he was Operations Manager for the city. Number 3 son works across the country with the RSPCA. He is the National Training Officer for the boating side of the RSPCA. He has been involved in the floods in Cockermouth, and previous ones down south. The eldest one worked on the Tube for a time, but didn't enjoy being inside, and became a long distance lorry driver.

I went back to work when my youngest was 8 years old, and worked for the local Vauxhall firm for 25 years.



My husband died during that time and I eventually moved to a Leicester swimming pool company, still doing 2 or 3 days a week. I have found other interests during that time. Flower arranging is one, and I have been secretary for that club in Market Bosworth for over 10 years. I also enjoy my garden and I am an avid reader. Since the New Library opened in our village that has given me even more interests now, and I enjoy the meetings and the events that are possible to attend, with no travelling involved.

Jean Smith

My favourite tile has Horrible Henry on it...

Happy Peter and Henry hates
Evil, as can be, you know him.
Sneaky, smelly and stinky, you all know him, shout HENRY!
Are we going to get him?
Yes we are!
Sneaky as can be....
Horrible Henry is so sneaky, so what do we all shout? Henry!!
Eating everything in his path,
Naughty Henry, put that back, ratatatatat
Really mean to Peter so does he get in trouble? YES
Yes! I don't care.

Abbie Wayne

Favourite tiles...

Plane shining in the sun
Everyone eating a hot cross bun
And it flies through the air,
No-one has to pay a fare.
The plane is blue,
The plane is white,
The plane is yellow, which is bright,
Passengers hold on tight,
You won't believe what's ahead of you on this flight.

William Smith

I had a dream,
It was blue and white,
Smooth, bright,
It was an aeroplane,
The plane flies in a dream that leads
To Martin Luther King.

Bradley Eadley

In my loft there are cases, boxes and suitcases of my dad's drawings and when I was young he sketched me and my mum. What's important to me is my family and my friends and drawings.

Jordan Norton

Poppy - what hides
Under the scruffy mess?
Puppy lives in poverty

Different
Out of all the other
Gorgeous dogs

No puppy dog, don't chew shoes
It's not nice,
Scruffy creature you are, and
Eye catching you are not.

Jamie Lawrance

Ballerina dance

Ballerina dance
Around, circling again and again
Land low
Lay low
Everybody thinks she has legs as long as can be,
Round and round again
In front of the audience
Naturally her talent shows
Again and again she goes.

Sarah Collins

Poppy

Imagine I had a dog.
Imagine it was gold.
Imagine I had my name up in the top corner,
It must be red, 'cause that's the colour
Of his bed.
Mud is dirty, mud is smelly,
There was a bone on the floor and
The dog at the door.
The dog was whining and the cat was climbing
All on Christmas Day.
The dog wants a treat
And the cat wants a beat up
All on Christmas Day.
The cat wants meat and the dog wants feet.

Alesi Hutton

Dad woke up with a dumdum dum ta ta bang tang rang
Running in solo, in 2010 he's the only drummer in the land
Unusual colours, red, light blue, midnight blue, black, gray, come together,
Make the drums play, I hear him say
Smooth, soft, a beautiful structure.

Dad asks me, "Do you want to play?"
I say, "Yay."

Rhys Statham

Our New Library

What do we need a new library for?
Well, the roof leaks, the floorboards creak
And there isn't enough room to swing a cat.
How can we build it, there is no money?
We are applying for a lottery grant.
Why bother, we won't get that,
Others do, but not us.
Yippee, success, we have the grant
We can plan ahead instead of just dreaming
A vision of what our new library will be,
Something for all,
Young, old and in between,
The able bodied and the not so able
Those who are part of society and those who are on the fringes,
No one will be excluded.

Two years have passed in a blur
So much has happened, so much more to do,
Meetings, and plans, fun, laughter and learning too,
Learn to read and write
Books galore, large print too,
Computing, family history,
Stargazing, coffee, tea and chat,
Fun and circus games for the children
Visiting authors and artists too
Making a tile for the "Newbold Eye,"



A cinema is planned,
What fun that will be
Action films, romantic ones too
Refreshments, ice creams perhaps?
Libraries are boring?
Not ours,
Ours is vibrant, exciting, welcoming and so much more.

Gail Horsley

Thanks to Lindsay Orton at Hinckley and Bosworth Borough Council, to the wonderful staff at Newbold Verdon Library, especially Gill Harris, and to the teachers at Newbold Verdon Primary School. We hope the participants at all the creative writing workshops enjoyed them as much as we did. Apologies to the ladies of the Friday coffee morning at the library if you expected a Guide Dog puppy as your visitor and got David instead! Thank you to everyone for making us so welcome.

Sue Mackrell is a poet and short story writer. Her work has been published in regional and national anthologies and magazines, including Coffee House, Poetry in the Waiting Room and Hearing Voices. She is a co-director of Crystal Clear Creators and teaches creative writing at Hereward College, Coventry, a national college for disabled students. She has an MA in Creative Writing from Loughborough University, and now teaches creative writing there. With David, Sue runs creative writing workshops in schools, colleges and community settings.

David McCormack's poetry has also been published in a range of magazines and anthologies, including In the Beginning, Coffee House, and Cannon's Mouth. He has recently co-edited, with Sue, issue two of Hearing Voices, an anthology published by Crystal Clear Creators. David writes plays for radio – Stalin's Final Statistic has been broadcast on Renaissance Radio. A former actor and director, he also now teaches at Hereward College. A co-director of Crystal Clear Creators, he is RADA trained, and has an MA in Shakespeare Studies from the Shakespeare Institute.

For more information email **jessntab@aol.com.** Their work can be seen on www.creativehinckley.co.uk, search member directory and learning and community. Or you can hear them read their work on www.hilltop-radio/storytime

Philip Hardaker is a practising artist who lives and works in Stoke on Trent, Staffordshire. He has completed hundreds of community based art projects in the West Midlands. He has worked with children and adults in various locations including public buildings, schools, hospitals, parks and communities. Philip also creates private commissions and has worked in many private collections and museums. More of his work can be viewed on his website **www.philhardaker.co.uk**

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