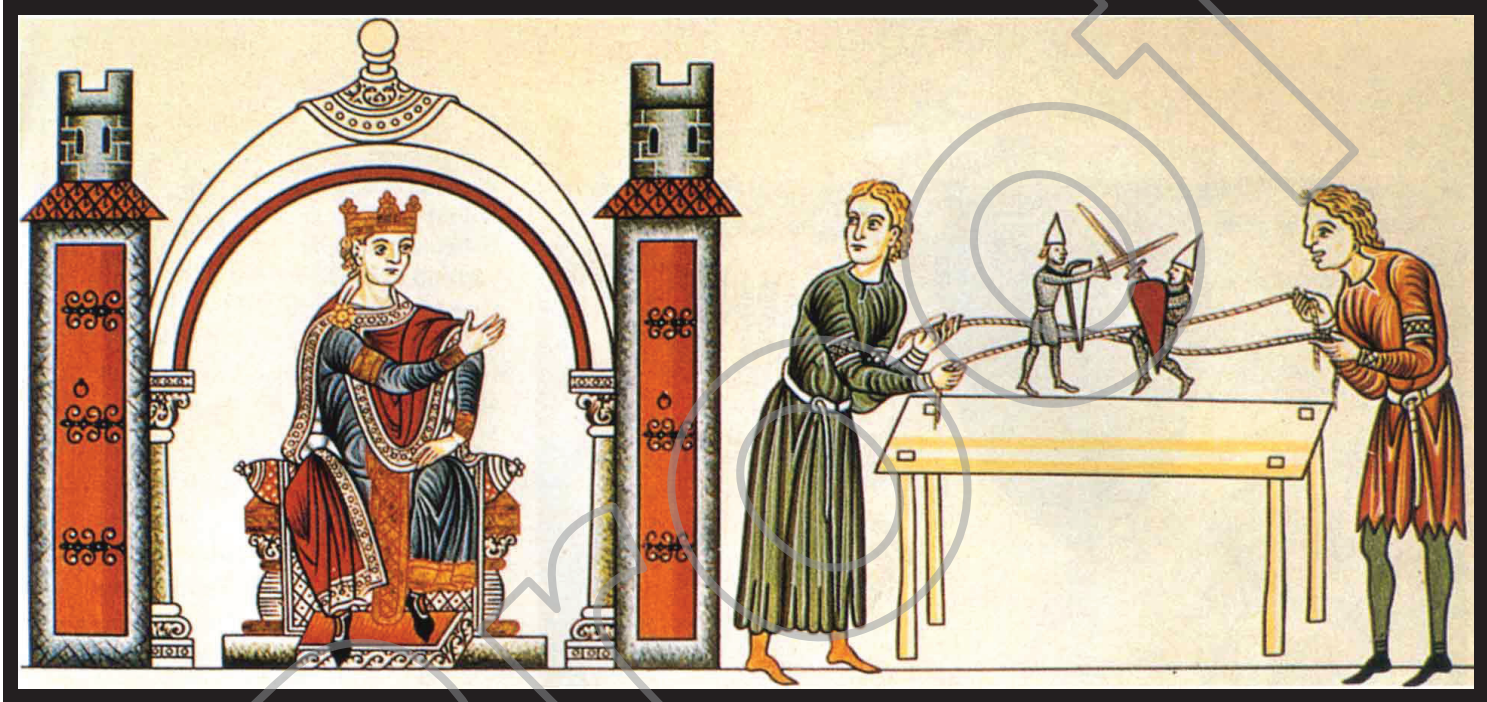


The Puppeteer



Lynda Kempsey

www.nittygrittylearning.co.uk

The view from one of Redgate's many perches still shows the route from a hidden Drysdale....which crosses the river, which flows past ancient Bradley Hall, which stands across the road from where the archers practised, just in case.

Tenacious ramblers may stop, gaze and take a deep breath. And perhaps the group of pine will remind them of ladies holding the hems of their gowns away from muddy ground.

And it may be that, in the grass at their feet, they might see, not stumble-making rubble, but mementoes of lives past: a lintel from a manor house where royal decisions were taken; a shard of iron where a kitchen once stood and mouth-watering feasts were prepared; and the ruined fragment of a letter, whose words may have eventually faded to nothing, but the words that prompted them never did.