

PICKWICK WINTER TALES



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https://www.paypal.com/donate/?cmd=_s-xclick&hosted_button_id=BQ4WYYY95X4KA&source=url

Front cover photo. by John Maloney: The Round House, Pickwick, a former turnpike building

FOREWORD

Councillor Neville Farmer (Corsham Pickwick Ward & Chair, Community Services Committee)

We created *StoryTown* as an alternative approach to the literary festivals that have sprung up across the UK. We wanted something to promote story creation, that would bring Corsham together as a community and attract outsiders to join in. Although authors are welcome to tell their tales and sell their books, *StoryTown* took a lateral step, to put the story first, regardless of author or medium, to use our inherent love of a good yarn to inspire and provoke and engage. Bath Spa University's *Paper Nations* project was a natural partner for the first three years of *StoryTown* as the university had a campus in Corsham Court where creative writing was studied. The Town Council, the university, the Pound Arts Centre and other local groups worked well together and the first year proved it was worth continuing.

In the second year, *Paper Nations* included local history and inter-generational activities as two of their main themes for the year and *StoryTown*'s team set about finding ways to meet this goal. I was concerned that Pickwick, as one of the town's most historic enclaves, had not really found its place in the project. With such a strong literary connection, this seemed a lost opportunity to engage the people of Pickwick and to connect with the children of the nearest school, Corsham Regis Primary School.

I cannot express sufficiently how heartening it was to find both the older members of the Pickwick community and the staff of the school embracing the idea and each other so enthusiastically. With Marnie Forbes Eldridge's boundless positivity and creativity and help from Bath Theatrical Costumes and use of the Freemason's Masonic Hall, Pickwick, the songs, poetry and drama of the first event sealed a bond between young and old, secure and vulnerable, that exemplified the concept of *StoryTown* and *Paper Nations*. We all made great plans for summer events in 2020 and the third *StoryTown* in October.

Then the pandemic hit. We had to rethink. *StoryTown 2020* became a largely digital festival, successful thanks to Corsham's energy and creativity, but the *Pickwick Capers* had to be rethought. We all agreed to postpone till the end of the year but the determination of the Pickwick Association members and other local residents, Corsham Regis School and Marnie was rock solid. Based around the idea of winter stories and Dickens' Christmas Carol, the *Caperers* set pens to paper, fingers to keys and re-discovered their inner child. In a special Zoom performance, the *Caperers* created a magical world of stories for the children. And the children responded with the joy and enthusiasm that only a great story can inspire.

Here are those stories. *Pickwick Capers* is alive and well. Read on and enjoy and please join us in all Corsham's future *StoryTown* events.

David Taylor, Chairman, Pickwick Association

I am delighted that this charming booklet has been produced as it provides for all those involved a lasting reminder of the second creative/educational project produced by the *Pickwick Caperers*, a small but enthusiastic group of Pickwick Association members and residents, in conjunction with Corsham Regis Primary Academy. Together we shared what was for most of us a new experience - an exercise in creative writing. We - old and young alike - all learned something new and were inspired once more by the excitement of discovering and delivering together something different - the creation of both a literary and spoken response to a simple stimulus.

The live performance, of impressively high-quality, was pure unmitigated joy. Performers and audience alike had been nudged and encouraged to outputs and expression far beyond our expectations, or our perceived capabilities. The rapt attention and enthusiastic and noisy participation of the large Year 5 group for a good ninety minutes was clear evidence of how right the formula was.

All those involved are deserving of the highest praise; and due to the generosity of the sponsors and John Maloney, they can each be given a copy of this booklet to enable them to re-visit these texts in years to come while fondly recalling this wonderful project.

Mrs. Abby Symons, Acting Headteacher, Corsham Regis Primary Academy

What a wonderful winter world the Year 5s at Corsham Regis Primary Academy had, as they were introduced to the *Pickwick Caperers*, who took them through their winter tales of foxes to childhood memories. It was a fantastic fusion of the traditional and modern as they put pen-to-paper and produced stories, then transmitting them to the classroom via Zoom. The children of Regis sat listening, taking notes and developing ideas from little sparks of inspiration - their imaginations set alive by the members of the *Pickwick Capers*.

Joanna Nissel, Engagement Manager, Paper Nations/ Bath Spa University

It was so lovely to read the book. I really enjoyed the use of the images against the text, seeing the prompts taken in different ways by the writers, and a little more context to how the book was developed. The Pickwick community invites you to step into the snow-crisp landscape. Walk with them through the wealth of memories and histories that cover every inch of this Wiltshire settlement. '*Pickwick Winter Tales*' is a wonderful community writing project and I am delighted to see the lovely stories that have emerged from the StoryTown Corsham festival.

INTRODUCTION

In 2019, once again, Corsham celebrated the art of creative storytelling and writing with the Corsham StoryTown festival. Thanks to the success of the festival, Corsham was designated one of three towns in the South West to spearhead the national 'Paper Nations' campaign promoting creative writing for all.

One of the main organisers, Cllr Neville Farmer urged that the Pickwick Association [PA] and Corsham Regis Primary Academy [CRPA] school get together and came up with a title for the event, *Pickwick Capers*. He proposed collaboration with Marnie Forbes Eldridge [who ran workshops and training in theatre and drama for over 20 years] and who coached the CRPA children. *Pickwick Capers* was conceived as a 'music hall' type performance by Marnie Forbes Eldridge and myself and was based on the Dickens' connection with the area, as featured in his book *The Pickwick Papers*. The venue was the Masonic Hall, Pickwick and the event was lauded as having been very successful (see photos on p. 4).



Three of the performers of *Pickwick Capers* [from right to left ~ Stuart Boomer Davies, Larry St Croix and David Taylor]. Photo. by Muriel St Croix, effects by Larry St Croix

As a result, another collaboration was agreed in 2020 which is how *Pickwick Winter Tales* was conceived. Marnie confirmed that the CRPA Head, Mrs. Abby Symons, was once again keen for the school to take part and had selected a Year 5 class. We contacted the *Pickwick Capers* group and other interested local residents and many were keen to be involved once again and so the first meeting by Zoom was set up for December 2nd. The *Caperers* entered into the Zoom sessions wholeheartedly and with great enthusiasm and no little imagination. [I wrote a 2000+ word illustrated story which was based around notable Pickwick landmarks and associated events/stories, thinking that it might serve as a teaching aid about Pickwick. I edited it for presentation to the CRPA!].

Following rehearsals, our presentations to the CRPA took place by Zoom on December 17th, set up and quite brilliantly managed by Marnie. All the group put in fine performances and, if the reaction of the children was a measure, it was a most successful 'event': clearly, by their responses and questions they found the presentations interesting and stimulating. Marnie is to be particularly congratulated for her leadership, inspiration, technical skills, unwavering enthusiasm and rapport with *the Caperers* group and the CRPA children and teachers. Inevitably, there was eagerness for the *Tales* to be published and so I undertook to organise that and sought sponsorship. There was enthusiasm for further involvement with Marnie and the CRPA and, Covid-19 allowing, it is hoped that a summer BBQ may be possible.

Acknowledgements

Pickwick Winter Tales was compiled and designed by me and edited by Cath Maloney. Many thanks to all the contributors for their tales and keen involvement. Grateful thanks are due to Corsham Print and the Pickwick Association for their sponsorship. Acknowledgements are made to the copyright holders of the images featured under *Fair Use Copyright*.

John Maloney



Pickwick Capers: Cllr. Neville Farmer outside the Masonic Hall [top left]; Marnie Forbes Eldridge [top right]; Martin Cadwgan and other members of the cast [middle left]; Larry St Croix and Hillary Cadwgan [bottom, far left] and Larry St Croix, convincing as a drunken sailor, and other members of the cast and audience [bottom right].

The collage features photographs of the *Pickwick Capers* performance taken by Tom Dodd Photography which were kindly provided by Joanna Nissel, Bath Spa University.

The silence was the strangest thing



The snow storm which had been raging for days in the countryside around Pickwick, had abated.

The wind had howled and snow and ice had covered the fields in a blanket-like white cotton wool, and the trees had icicles hanging from them.

The little deer herd had been sheltering in the woods behind Pickwick and kept close together, not venturing far, and they were now hungry and tired after the storm.

Today the sun had appeared wearily over the horizon at day break, and the deer herd decided to venture out into the fields to find some food. This morning the bird song had started again, as they came out to fly high in the bright sky.... It seemed it was going to be a special day.

It was the first winter for Little Prancer, the youngest deer. He had been born in the spring, when everything was fresh and green. The summer days had been long and warm, the sun dancing through the leaves in the forest, and all the animals out and about in the countryside. It was a happy time for him as a baby.

Now winter was here he was exploring in the snow and cold, and today he could feel something very different was happening.

He spent the day finding green shoots to eat under the snow, and as dusk fell, the sky was clear and the stars were coming out. He lingered behind as the herd returned to the wood for the night.

He could see some bright lights twinkling in the distance in the houses in Pickwick. He trod carefully through the snow as he was inquisitive to find out more..... everywhere there were beautiful coloured lights on trees in gardens and windows and along the streets. To his surprise he saw a brightly lit deer like himself in the front garden of one of the houses. Something special must be happening.

He looked upwas he dreaming? There travelling in the moonlit sky he could see a sleigh being pulled by a team of reindeer with bells jingling, and in it was a man with a long white beard and red coat, there were lots of presents piled high. Such a lovely sight and sound.

Prancer remembered that he had heard about a man called Father Christmas.... Could this be him... delivering gifts to all the excited children in Pickwick...? Of course he now remembered, it was Christmas Eve.

The reindeer pulling the sleigh saw little Prancer looking up at them, and bowed their heads as they raced along.

Prancer felt sad and wished he could have joined them, to help bring happiness to all the children, but they were soon gone, and after a little while, he slowly made his way back to join his family.

What a wonderful magical few moments he had enjoyed, but now it was back to the darkness and quiet in the woods behind Pickwick, and the silence was the strangest thing.

Anthea White

Blackbird



I'm here and there all over the place. On the verges, the flower beds, the lawns that have just been cut (for me? - probably not!). The lawn mower, the noise it makes, I find frightening and quite deafening as it vibrates and stimulates the earth beneath. Perhaps, I hope it will make an unsuspecting worm come to the surface?

I'm listening, moving my head from side to side. I've got finely tuned ears and I can hear the faintest sound - is that one now I can hear twisting around under me or am I mistaken? Yes, it is if I'm not imagining it.

Now, I must be very careful and I must not rush things along too quickly. I must brace myself for the ultimate moment steady steady pounce, and I find myself pushing down through the grass (ooh how the grass tickles!) but carry on drilling down got him got him start pulling, pull like I'm victorious! It's thrashing around as I pull it out of the ground and then I realise that it's not for me. It's for the for ever hungry brood in the nest and I wouldn't have it any other way. Must hurry and get them another feed!

Martin Cadwgan

Snow Ghost

The silence was the strangest thing as it always is when it snows so heavily.

What little sound there was seemed muffled, it was a feeling as much as a lack of sound until the silence was broken by the faint crunching sound of my footsteps yet sounding so far away.

It was then that I saw an old woman, wrapped in rags, standing under a lamp post that gave off a yellow glow which seemed even more yellow against the white of the snow.

What struck me about the old woman was that you could hear her rasping breath and heavy breathing and yet there was no mist when she exhaled.



Another odd thing, she was standing under the yellow streetlight and yet she cast no shadow!

The snow was falling very heavily now, and it was getting difficult to see as the snow flicked my eyelashes. It was at this point as I was straining to see through the blizzard that I realised she was the old woman from the Pickwick sweet shop and that the snow falling on her worn rags wasn't melting but building up layer by layer.

But this couldn't be possible as the old woman from the sweet shop had died tragically in 1876. It was as if she was becoming a snowman, right before my eyes.

Maybe, just maybe, she was a ghost encased in snow and inside every snowman, there is a ghost waiting to be released.

Stuart Boomer Davis

It was that fox again – the one with the limp

It was that fox again – the one with the limp.

We live in Beechfield House and are used to seeing foxes in the parkland that surrounds us. We'd seen him first in the middle distance one warm, golden afternoon in late autumn. He was handsome, with a reddish-brown coat, dog-like appearance, pointed muzzle and a bushy, white-tipped tail that's known as a "brush". But this fox was different from the usual ones - he had a very pronounced and distinctive limp – from what was clearly a badly damaged and painful left leg.

This time, on Christmas Day he looks even more different. He's alone, heading out to the fields beyond the hedge. The white tip to his brush is difficult to see against the thick snow that now lies everywhere, covering the landscape.

His coat is dull and ragged now but the black fur of his lower legs and the back of his ears stands out. He's thinner and moves more stealthily, more slowly; the limp is more pronounced. Walking is obviously painful; running – to eat or to escape from hounds – may be impossible. He carries his head low, not high and proud as it was in autumn.

We are sitting inside our large warm home, comfortable and happy together as a family, with our newly opened presents, the log fire and the Xmas decorations. The glorious smells from the turkey roasting in the oven add to our feelings: of contentment and safety, of the anticipation of pleasures to come.



As we watch him limping sadly into the gloom of evening we wonder "Where is that fox going to find his Xmas dinner?" Through the autumn he would have managed to find enough to eat, not easily by any means but he'd coped, kept himself alive. But these freezing cold snowy conditions make it so much harder for any animal to find what he needs to survive, to keep him warm – even if they are not badly injured. Before the snow he would have been eating earthworms & insects – but they're in frozen ground now – and he can't dig; birds – would have been very much on his menu before but now they won't be eating off the snow-blanketed ground; rabbits, rodents – he can't chase them as his bad leg is so much worse now. Fruit and carrion (dead animals) are probably all the scraps that he will have to try to depend on.

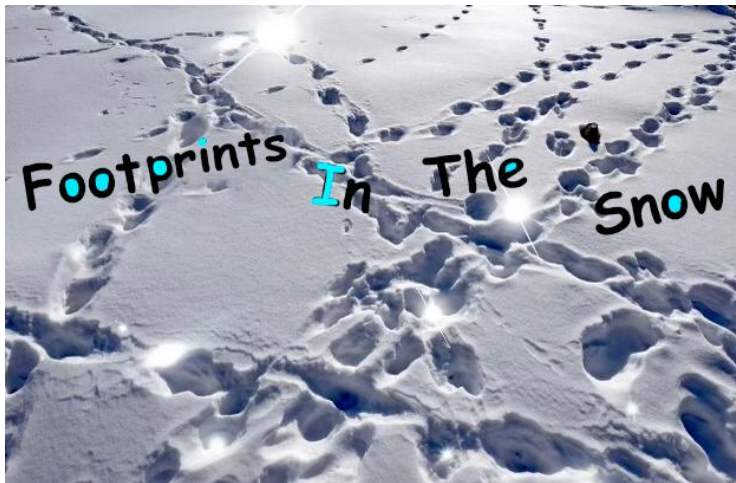


We watch him through the window as the afternoon darkens into early evening. As he limps, lurches heavily away through the snow into the meadow we wonder where he will sleep: we wonder if he can survive this Christmas night, survive until the snow thaws, survive until the spring when everything should be easier..... and maybe his limp will get better....."Can he? Will he? "

That fox again, the one with the limp. These thoughts of doubt and sadness refuse to go completely away as we take our places around the table for our Christmas dinner "Can he? Will he?"

David Taylor

Footprints in the snow



Went to bed last night with my hot water bottle and head under the duvet. Spent the first 5 minutes under the duvet shining my torch and dreaming of creating 'footprints in the snow'.

***"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten
And children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow, the snow
Said, I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every Christmas card I write
May your days, may your days, may your days
Be merry and bright
And may all your Christmas' be white*"**

Sung by Bing Crosby

In the morning the dog next door always wakes up barking as soon as it is daylight and it is so loud, I can hear it with my head still under the duvet – so it's time to get up.



Jumped on the chair next to the window to open the curtains and the windows were all frosted and misty creating a beautiful pattern. I wrapped one of the long sleeves of my pyjama jacket around my hand and wiped a windowpane clean enough for me to see outside.

My eyes almost popped out of my head – Yippee! – my dream has come true! It's snowing in **Pickwick** and it already looks at least 4cm deep and enough to cover the feet of my wellies and create footprints in the snow.

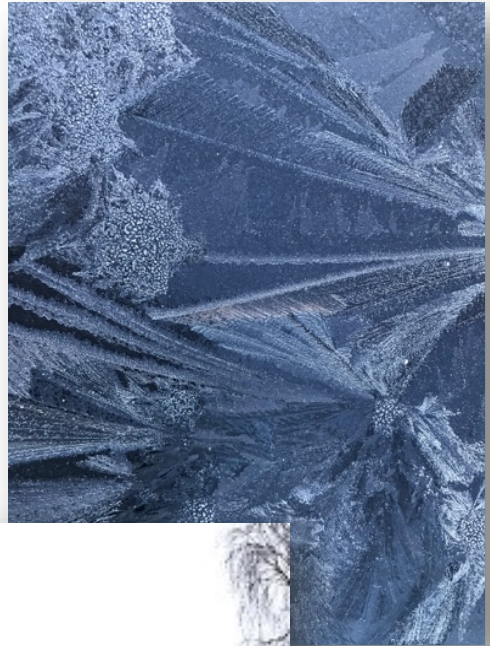


Photo. by
John
Maloney

By now and since I got out of bed and with all the excitement, I forgot about feeling cold.

I best get a quick wash – Mum's shouting 'don't forget to wash behind the ears'!

I must get dressed for playing in the snow: thermal underwear, two woolly jumpers, the first belonging to me and the other second larger one belonging to my elder brother.

My trousers – oops picked up my short trousers by mistake and that would be a mistake if I was to wear them in the snow! Try again, my trousers now have long legs and a little longer than necessary but no problem as they will tuck into my wellies.

Two pairs of socks with the second pair longer than the first stretching right up to my knees which will help my feet to fit snugly into my wellies and keep my feet and legs warm and cozy.

Hot porridge for breakfast and a hot mug of milk (*semi skimmed of course*).

Two slices of hot toast with the butter melting over the edges, but I only bite into one slice because I can't wait to get outside in the snow.



With two pairs of socks on I had to force my feet into my wellies making my face go red with the **strain** – phew! got there in the end. I don't really know how I'm going to get my wellies off when I'm finished playing in the snow, but I'll only worry about that when the time comes.



I need help with my coat so it's a shout for mum "Mum please help me quick". Coat on and my mum fastened the zip secure all the way up to my neck and at the same time moving my head backwards to stop the zip catching my chin and skin!

My scarf is long, so it needs wrapping around my neck with enough left to tie a knot. My woolly hat and gloves are the final requirement before I step outside to be the first person to create 'FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW'.

Oh, and yes - not forgetting the carrot for the snowman's nose!



Oh, you know what? I forgot to brush my teeth – not to worry just this once! “Oh no” my mum replied, and she brought my toothbrush and toothpaste, so that I could clean my teeth in the kitchen. This is the first time I have ever brushed my teeth dressed in my coat, scarf, hat, gloves and wellies.

Oh, what a wonderful and exciting day: Footprints in the snow, sledging, snowballs, running around kicking the snow, rolling in the snow and making a snowman with a carrot nose – I’m exhausted!



It’s getting late so it’s back into the house taking off my hat, scarf, gloves, coat and a huge big effort required to take off my wellies. After a hot shower I dressed in my pyjamas and dressing gown. After my dinner I relaxed on the cozy sofa with a hot chocolate drink and thinking about all the excitement and enjoyment and was very happy to realise that my day was a dream come true.



It’s back to bed with my duvet over my head, hot water bottle and my torch. It wasn’t long before I was once again dreaming of FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

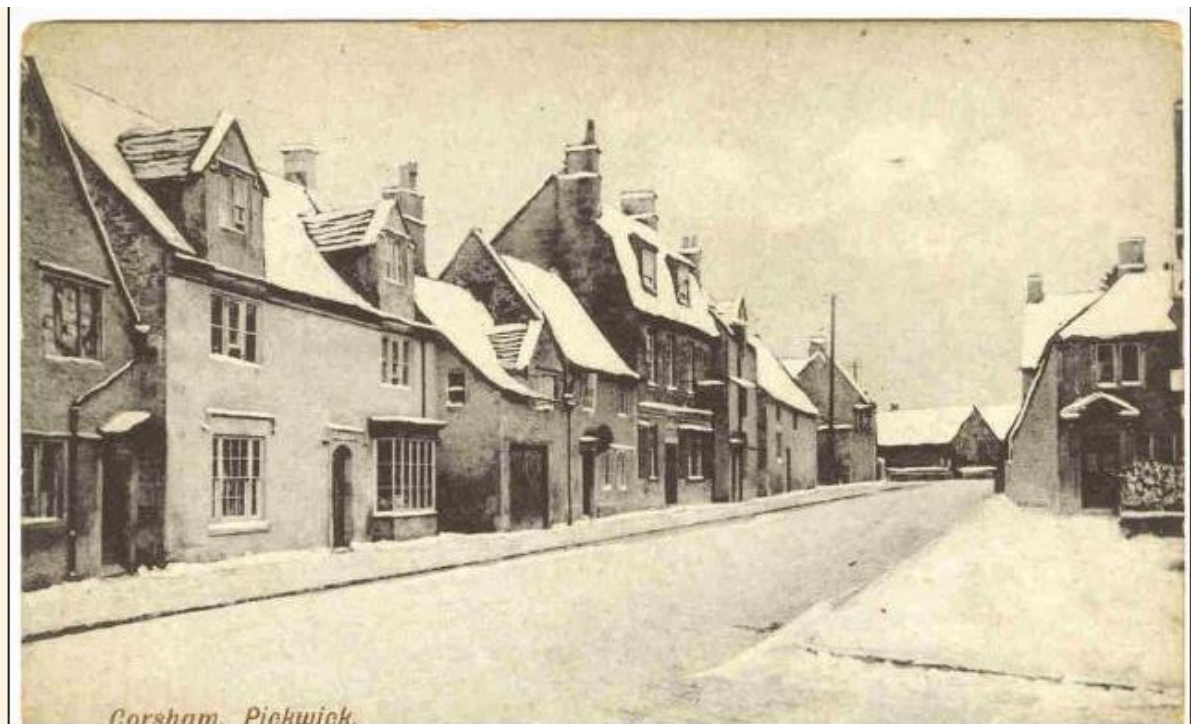
***“Oh, I wish it could be Christmas everyday’:
When the snowman brings the snow
Well he just might like to know
He’s put a great big smile on somebody’s face
If you jump into your bed
Quickly cover up your head”***

Sung by ‘Wizard’, 2005.

Larry St Croix

A Pickwick Christmas Story

I left a warm fire, dancing merrily in my cosy study, and ventured out into the snow of what used to be called Pickwick Street [now it's just part of the Bath Road]. With its charming Georgian buildings, its appearance on that afternoon was a veritable Christmas picture postcard. Unusually – and eerily - there were no vehicles. I could hear the distant chiming of bells from St. Bartholomew's ancient church, in nearby Corsham, and memories of the past were recalled to my mind.



Pickwick in the Snow

Description:

Pickwick village in the snow. The snow effect was almost certainly added by an artist at a later date. This postcard dates from 1907. The shop (left of centre), Hare & Hounds and Spread Eagle pubs are here. The ad-hoc approach to building is now an attraction of English towns and villages. Compare this 1907 photograph with an identical one from 1963 (Ref: PW005)

Ref: PW004

Location: Pickwick

Date:

After a few steps, I was in Middlewick Lane, a quiet side turning off the main London to Bath road, which quickly provides access into a strikingly rural landscape, at the heart of the ancient Pickwick settlements. As I slowly, and heavily, made my way down the lane, ploughing through drifts of snow into quite open countryside, I was aware of a wind having got up and becoming quite intensely cold.

I became conscious that my mood had changed, bringing forth memories of the harsh conditions that resulted from extreme cold ~ tales about poor people having to gather firewood in the lane and trapping rabbits for food. Remembrance - or certainly echoes - of past times came to my mind:

[low, growly voice] the January of 1694 was the coldest that anyone in the village of Pickwick could remember. An abandoned baby in a basket was seen by the roadside and rescued by a woman in a carriage. The

babe grew up to be Moses Pickwick and, much later, Charles Dickens, having come across the name on his travels to and from London to Bath, immortalised it in the book 'The Pickwick Papers' and the name became famous worldwide.



By the time I had ploddingly reached the intersection with the old turnpike road at the end of the lane, *[harder voice] the cold was different, harsher, sharper and harder than I have ever experienced. Even the trees appeared to be sh, sh shivering. Icicles formed, sharp as daggers and equally threatening: curiously, I felt as though the icy hand of death was reaching out for me and I recalled Henry Purcell's wonderfully evocative The Cold Song ~*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3qkLqQ2UPV0>].



Having come out of my reverie, I continued along the old private turnpike 'road' which, for a time from 1743, was used by mail and passenger coaches approaching Bath, avoiding Corsham. There was the danger of encountering a highwayman such as Thomas Boulter, known as the Flying Highwayman of Wiltshire who preyed on roads in the Corsham area. [*low growly voice*] *His very appearance was said to be terrifying: he was described as a tall, swarthy man, with a thick scar on his cheek, the result of a bullet wound which had also torn skin off his forehead and burned his left eye!*



A depiction of Boulter on his horse Black Bess

At I came back into the 'old' road [Bath to Chippenham and onwards to London] I walked towards the distinctively round former toll house. In the past, maintaining and repairing the surface of the road had been paid for by a fee collected by a toll keeper. In the early 1900s, the Toll House had become a sweet shop, kept by a little old lady ~ customers were mainly the children from the nearby Pickwick School. They called it the 'Pepper Pot' Sweet Shop.



As I went past the lively, noisy Hare and Hounds pub, out of habit I glanced at a clock high in the wall of the building on the opposite side of the road. Yet again I wondered if there was any truth in the tale that when its maker, Thomas Bullock of Corsham, died in 1903, the clock stopped at that precise time, six minutes past nine?



All photos. in this article by John Maloney

Glad I was to see the lights of my home and I paused by my front door and remembered a previous owner of the house: an elderly man who after his wife had died and with no other relatives living nearby, was lonely and sat in the window seat of the front room watching out for passers-by.



Intermingled with those recollections of times past were my memories and those of my family and neighbours and somehow I had a feeling that such memories had become part of the 'spirit of Pickwick' which existed in the very buildings and landscape.

And I thought how very fortunate I was not to be penniless, starving or lonely!

John Maloney

A snowy evening

It was a snowing of a winter's evening and I was walking down Middlewick Lane. The wind was cold and the snow was pitching amongst the muddy puddles which had frozen, making the sound of a crunching under my feet. With the snow and the coldness of the wind in my face, it all became surreal and I became rather confused. I strode on despite this feeling of being disconnected from the reality of what was happening around me.

I took another step forward and, all of a sudden, having stepped into what I thought was a muddy puddle, I was falling down and down to the bottom of this dark and damp chasm. Thank goodness I was still conscious and able to feel a distinct pulse in my body.

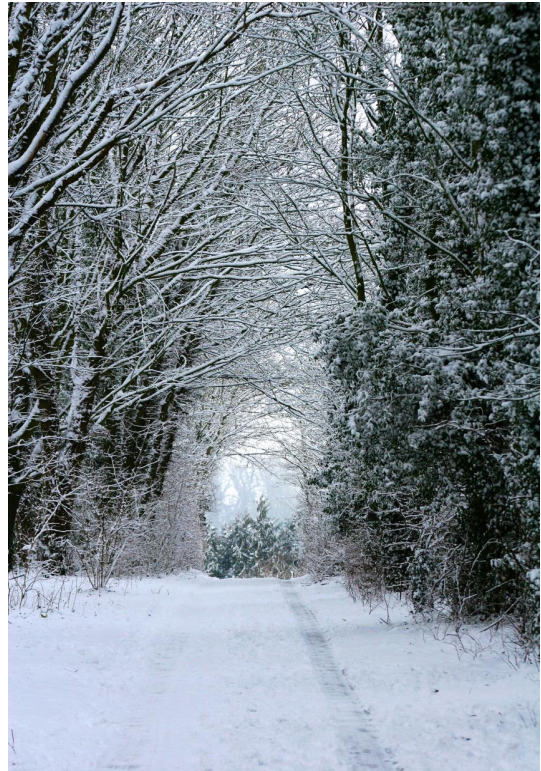


Photo. by Larry St. Croix

What was it that I could remember about my being there?

Suddenly, I was able to sense a certain familiarity about where I was and I was alright. Someone was approaching me with a beautiful cup of tea, which was very welcome! I was in my bed.

Martin Cadwgan

He knew she wouldn't come back

Jonas Fletcher who was 8 years old, his parents and his little sister Emily were moving from London to live in a little town called Pickwick. His father Tom had accepted a new job in Bath. The family were all packed and ready, and the family pets, Digger the dog, Benson the cat and Harry the hamster were all being loaded into the car on top of the boxes and cases.



Everyone was squeezed in to make their way to their new home.

His parents had told Jonas that Pickwick was in the lovely Wiltshire countryside, with lots of history and old buildings. It was where Charles Dickens is said to have written his stories, and on the main A4 road in the olden days there would have been highwaymen and rich wealthy people travelling in their coach and horses on their way from London to Bath, where they would have stopped to have food and lodgings overnight in the old pubs.

What a change his life was going to be after the hustle and bustle of London, but he was excited to find out what was in store for him.

As they left London the countryside opened up, and there were so many fields with cows and sheep, and the houses were so different. Some had thatched roofs, which he had never seen before.

At last they reached their destination, and drove up the long drive to their new home.

It was a lovely big old house, built of stone, with mullioned windows and large oak front door.

Jonas and Emily couldn't wait to explore, and ran inside after their parents with Digger barking excitedly. Benson waited patiently in the car in his cage and little Harry the hamster was furiously treading his wheel.

They wandered into the huge hall with a wooden staircase. First of all they found the library with lots of shelves and hidden cupboards.... The lounge had a big fireplace which you could almost walk into and the dining room and kitchen had flag stone floors overlooking the beautiful big garden.

Jonas ran outside to explore with Digger at his heels. It was full of lovely old trees, and hedges, and an old shed which he could imagine being his play house. There were so many hide and seek places where he and Emily could play.

It was getting late, and after tea, it was time for bed after their long day.

Emily's room was smaller than his, and more cosy, but he had opted for the larger one which had wooden panels on the walls, and an enormous wardrobe. He opened the doors on it, and it seemed to be hiding something exciting.

His mother and father came to say goodnight and he lay for a long time trying to sleep, but it was so exciting and different, and he couldn't drift off. He suddenly felt a rush of air, as though a window had opened. He blinked, as he could not believe what he saw ... a lady dressed in white, coming out of the wardrobe. He wasn't frightened as she looked so kind and friendly. He sat bolt upright, and as she walked towards him, she took his hand and whispered.

I am the ghost of Pickwick, and I have come to welcome you and your family to our little town.

I do hope you will have many happy years here in this lovely house which is where I grew up with my parents and brothers and sisters. We have so many happy memories.

I must go now, but I will be watching over you while you are here, and make sure you are safe.

Jonas managed to whisper a "Thank you" to her, as she disappeared from sight.

He lived in the house for many more years, and was always happy to know the Ghost was keeping him safe, but he knew she would never come back.



Anthea White

*With thanks to the sponsors Corsham Print,
Pickwick Association and John Maloney.*



Christmas card from the Pickwick Association to Corsham Regis Primary Academy showing the front door of No. 23 Pickwick ~ designed and produced by Larry St. Croix