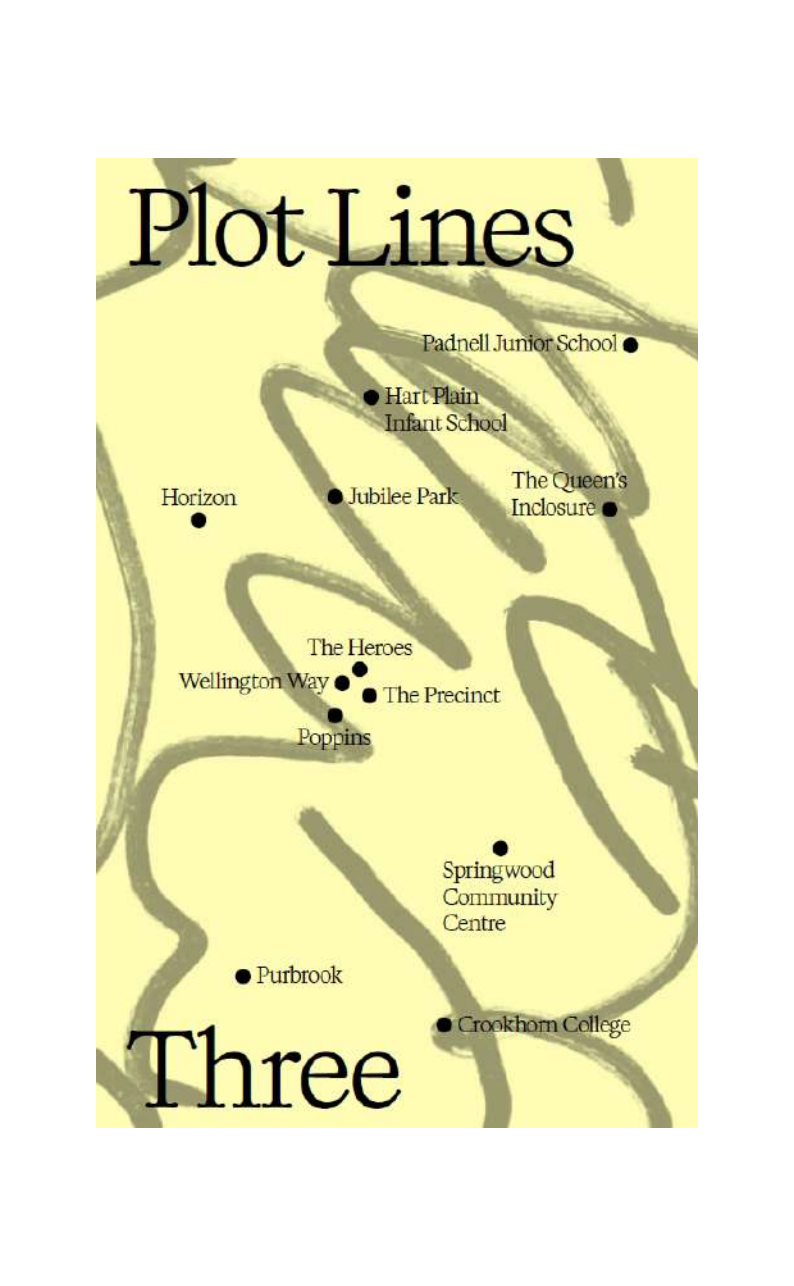


Plot Lines



● Padnell Junior School ●

● Hart Plain
Infant School

Horizon
●

● Jubilee Park

The Queen's
Inclosure ●

The Heroes
●

Wellington Way ●

● The Precinct

●
Poppins

●
Springwood
Community
Centre

● Purbrook

● Crookhorn College

Three

Table of Contents

Introduction

1. *On Being a Child from Waterlooville*, Lucy Jones
2. *The Place to Be*, Anna Jones
With poems by young people from the local area
3. *Precinct Preamble*, Anna Jones
4. *SU627069*, Anna Jones
5. *Trees*, Lucy Jones
6. *Snap*, Aoife Mannix
7. *Magical Thinking*, Anna Jones
With poems by local residents
8. *A Wish for Waterlooville*, Lucy Jones
9. *All Hallow's Eve*, Anna Jones
With poems by students of Crookhorn College
10. *Springwood Writers*, Aoife Mannix
With writing by members of the Springwood Writers Group
11. *Midpoint*, Amelia Simpson
12. *Finding Refuge*, Aoife Mannix
13. *Beatrice from Waterlooville*, Anna Jones
14. *Newlands Primary Academy*, Aoife Mannix
With poems inspired by Newlands Primary Academy reception children aged 4-5

About Our Writers

Credits & Thanks

Colophon

Introduction

And so we arrive at our destination - the third and final Plot Lines publication. This journey has taken us from observing present day Waterloooville in Volume One, where we began to understand the rhythms of the area, to Volume Two, which explored memory and the quiet details we hold onto as a place changes and evolves over time.

In this final volume, we turn our gaze forward, speaking with young people about how they feel about where they live and what it means to them. We are proud to include contributions from attendees of Waterloooville Leisure Centre's club for 0-15 year olds 'THRIVE' as well as students from Crookhorn College and Newlands Primary Academy, alongside imaginative and lively pieces from Springwood Writers and other local people who have ventured into fictional worlds, imagining new landscapes and creating places that exist just beyond the familiar.

We hope these little yellow books have offered you a fresh perspective on the place you call home. Sharing stories with one another is one of life's great pleasures.

Please be aware that some pieces in this collection explore themes which may be sensitive for some readers.

1

On Being a Child from Waterloooville Lucy Jones

Born in the seventies (just!). Grew up in the eighties. A teen in the nineties. Long before mobile phones, social media and e-bikes and scooters came along. Us kids had to be creative; we had to make our own fun with what we had, wherever we could find it.

A family walk along the seafront became all the more exciting if you could chase cousins along Southsea's infamous zig-zag path, or wind your own way back and forth, slowly but surely, snail's pace, as your parents marched onwards, determined and set against the, often bracing, wind. Add a doll's pram or a pair of roller boots into the mix and this was a dream of an afternoon for any child back then.

A trip 'down town' to meet friends in Pompey would start by jumping on the number 41 bus in Waterloooville, and would oftentimes lead to a meeting 'at the fountain' in Commercial Road. A fountain that frequently bubbled over thanks to bored teenagers looking for cheap, 'harmless' fun by adding something cheap and 'harmless' to the water. Not something I ever did, but I remember school friends laughing as they talked about wanting to do it (I was horrified). Some of them probably had done it, or could recall incidents when older siblings had.

As meeting spots go, the Queen Elizabeth Fountain at the junction with Arundel Street, just outside the entrance to Alders Department Store, was pretty near perfect. Easy to find. Plenty of seating (concrete and circular) in case you arrived early or were kept waiting. But how long should you wait, if this

was a new acquaintance or a potential date? Without mobiles, these plans were made days in advance and we just hoped on the day that said person would show up. Most often they did. With or without the cheap bubble bath!

Then there's The Cannon in Waterlooville. Wellington Way. How many mums and dads have had to carefully navigate a route around the shops to avoid passing this, for fear of the shopping trip being significantly extended by a child wanting to sit on it 'just for a bit'. Once up they'd never want to get down! Negotiations, I'd imagine, might have involved promises of a trip to the sweet shop. Or more specifically, Woolworths, for the 'Pick n Mix'. If I recall, the shop frontage was just slightly out of sight from The Cannon, but the lure of those sweet delights was strong and most likely worked a treat every time. Failing that, what child could resist an invitation to pop down to Kiddiworld? Do any of you remember this place?

Kiddiworld. A tiny shop on the corner, just a stone's throw down from The Cannon. It's a barbershop now. Back then it was where I got my first hula hoop. Red and white striped. We also bought all the bits and pieces to fill my birthday party bags; bouncy balls and bubbles, balloons and party blowers, all the fun you could possibly squeeze in, not unlike the shop itself. I remember it literally full to bursting, it seemed. Stacks and stacks of toys and games. Joy and happiness boxed. Fun piled up, from floor to ceiling.

Isn't it funny what we remember from our childhood and the places where we lived. To me it seems so simple, so clear. It's all about fun. About joy and the feelings of being happy. How simple an idea

to lay a zig-zag path of pink paving slabs for little feet to follow. How sad to learn that this has now been removed as part of the current regeneration of Southsea seafront.

How beautiful to celebrate a monarch's silver jubilee by bringing water into an otherwise dry space, so that amidst the busyness of shopping and working and crowds of people, we may stop and notice the sound of trickling water, or the squeals from excited children who may have accidentally got a teensy bit splashed, or who were encouraged to dip their fingers (or toes!) to cool off on a hot summer's day. And that those with an irrepressible, naughty streak might bring a wry smile to a passer-by, who knows only too well what they're up to with that dish soap!

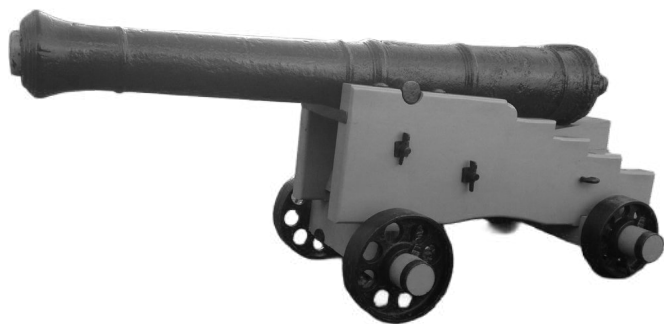
The Cannon in Waterlooville might now be looking 'a little tired' and may be wanting a 'refresh' or 'replacement' but it has served the families of Waterlooville very well indeed over the decades since it was donated from The Royal Armouries Museum in the seventies. Kids have loved it. And parents, I'm sure, were also very grateful for it, because, aside from the minutes lost as children played on it as if it were some sort of climbing frame, many a tantrum could be avoided by the promise of a lift to sit up on the cannon. Simpler times, yes. But special times, for sure.

Many a scratched knee would have been soothed by that cannon, by the distraction of being seated higher and getting a different view of the world we all inhabit here. Waterlooville. Our shops. Our town. Our home.

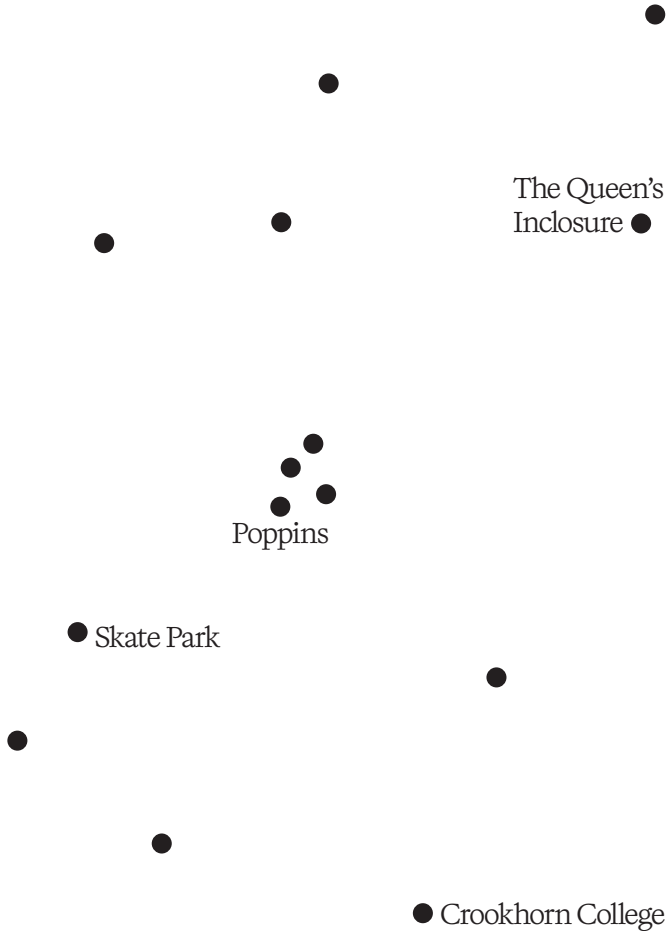
I wonder how many photo albums from the eighties hold pictures of youngsters posing, perched

upon The Cannon, beaming smiles. Maybe not many, being as this was a time when to take a photo meant having an actual camera on you, and a roll of film inside it. For an everyday trip around town? Perhaps not. However...

I recently discovered that Waterloooville had a little fountain all of its own. It was situated at the upper end of town, near The Heroes pub. And I've seen the photos to prove it! It's highly likely that this is where my Cowplain schoolmates did much of their 'foaming the fountain'. But, how peculiar...I would most certainly have passed this fountain hundreds of times over the years, and yet, had completely forgotten its existence. Thanks to a local Facebook group I have now been reminded and it got me thinking. Perhaps this is why community is still so important, in whatever form it now takes (online or otherwise); it is as essential now for the sharing and preserving of memories as it ever was, if not more so. And local photography that has captured the changing landscapes over the years, well where would we be without all those images? When our memories fail, the photo albums will not, and there is an undeniable comfort in that. So please do keep taking those local photos and be proud to share them too, both now and in years to come. You never know whose memory might need jogging or how precious their recollections might be.



2



The Place to Be Anna Jones

Home is where the heart is, and at the heart of Plot Lines is gathering and sharing stories from the people who call Waterloooville home.

We asked young people to tell us about places that are significant to them, that hold special memories, places they wished to be, that make them feel at home.

From schools to skate parks, from piers to Poppins, their responses have given an intriguing and insightful range of hyperlocal, nearby and imagined places that evoke a sense of belonging.

During our sessions at Crookhorn College, THRIVE Leisure Centre drop in cafes and Waterloooville Library, we also talked with young people about the forests and green spaces around them – the Forest of Bere and Park Wood – and they created pieces inspired by walks in the woods.

There is No Place Like Home.

Click your heels and make a wish.

The Garden

Olive Edom,
Horizon Waterlooville THRIVE

I hear pigeons and the rustling
of pheasants, deer, squirrels;
Blackbirds coming to nest
I see far away sheep, hawthorn
hedges, starlings in the sky;
Dewy grass sparkling in the sun,
sweet just after the rain
I feel the hard bark on my hands
when, like a gymnast, I climb
to collect walnuts
I taste kale fresh from the ground,
an abundance of
accidental tomatoes;
Twelve carrots I share
with everyone
I smell lavender, lemon balm
and bay leaves
crushed to make potions and
bitter tea;
Wood smoke drifting from
the fields,
the freshness of salty wind;
Freedom

The Swing Over The River

Harvie Smith, Crookhorn College

My favourite place is the swings
in the woods
Just by the school
Queen's Inclosure
It's fun at night
Trees creaking, birds tweeting
The best is swinging on the swing
attached to a tree that hangs over
the river
I'll go again on a Thursday
I will feel calm and chill

The Skate Park

Archie Skerratt,
Crookhorn College

Scooters riding round
Skaters on ramps
Doing trikes
It is so fun
People having fun
You will have fun
It feels really fun
And exciting

PSG

Aaliyah Oyeleye, Crookhorn College

Portsmouth School of Gymnastics
My gymnasium
Trampolines, mats, bars, floor
Coaches scream
Doing flips
Water and sweat
I'm energetic and tired

The Paulsgrove & Ted Harris ABC

Luca Bijaru, Crookhorn College

Paulsgrove Boxing
Marsden Road
I box there in the day
Punch bags
Sweat
Going there yesterday and today
Makes me happy

Eastney Pier

Jack Murray, Crookhorn College

Eastney Pier
Where I go fishing
Low tide going down
High tide coming up
The sound of seagulls
Flying towards Hayling Island

Crookhorn

Lucie Reed, Crookhorn College

Crookhorn College the place to be
Waterlooville for you and me
It's the place I love and know
I love the way the lunch line queue
The concourse proud and strange
Enjoy the arts, the maths, the air
Monday to Friday it's where I'll be
Crookhorn College the place to be

Bosmere Junior

Ava Howes, Crookhorn College

Here in Havant

I spent my last four years

Bosmere Junior School

Teambuilding in Year 6

Everyone laughing and screaming

Teachers ready for lessons

Fish fingers on Fridays

Lower Bere Wood

Liam Dean, Crookhorn College

My house

A nice neighbourhood

It's mostly chill

I love dinner time and my cats

My House

Evie Wyatt and Tilly Harris-Pritt,
Crookhorn College

Waterlooville home

My favourite place in the world

I love my house

Morning, night

I can hear the owl in the woods
behind me

I can smell my mum's perfume

Outside the fresh air

Doing fun stuff with my family

Playing with my baby sister

My dog, my cat

I feel normal and happy and love

My Room

Dalton Gray, Crookhorn College

In Waterloooville

Down the road

You will see a house all alone

In my room

I'm waiting for someone to come

In my room

It's a mess

And my Mum always says

'There needs to be less...

Next time you leave your room,

it needs to be clean...

Or it ends in Doom'

My Room
Fifi Hart, Crookhorn College

In my room is where I feel safe
My room is a beautiful place
I can lay on my bed, sit at my desk
I can do anything in my
 special place
I can do my homework, play games,
read a good book, listen to my
favourite tunes
My room is where I feel good
This is why I love my room

The Flower Garden
Kimberly Jera, Crookhorn College

Where the birds sing in unison
Flowers bloom like the
 wildest similes

The Forest
Lessie Hughes, Crookhorn College

The forest behind my house
is the place I love the most
It's a quiet place
where I can be independent

Poppins is Perfect
Daiya Hart, Crookhorn College

Poppins is perfect
In Waterlooville town centre
It is my place
Good food
Kindness shining through
Poppins is perfect on a Saturday
morning
Laughing and talking

Calm Land
Isabell Kirk, Crookhorn College

There is this land far, far away
It's called Calm Land
I go there whenever I need
 to calm down
My land is far away from this world
It is from my imagination
At night, all the fairy lights
 come on
It is beautiful
I wish I could share Calm Land
 with everyone

Autumn Walk

Olly Selway, Crookhorn College

As you wake you smell and feel
the cold of the dawning autumn
day. You look outside at the lush
colours of the autumn trees and
hear birds chirping in their nests.
You see children chattering
to school and get your dog ready
for a walk. You both watch the
crispy orange leaves drift down
to the ground and crunch them
underfoot (under paw?) When you
return you smell the apple pie
that your family has baked for
later that day.

Autumn Forest

Lessie Hughes, Crookhorn College

It was a cold autumn day and
I was taking an evening stroll
through the frozen, frosty forest.
As I walked I could smell the
sweet breeze of cinnamon swirling
through the trees. I could feel
the satisfying crunch of frost
leaves at sunset. Birds sang their
last melody, stretched their wings
and soared above my forest earth
brown hair.

Until Next Year

Evie Selway, Crookhorn College

The breeze whisks along the
tree branches
The amber leaves carry on the wind
As people step on them the leaves
crunch like breaking glass
The trees are so vast and losing
their leaves
Until they are bare and naked
The summer sun has disappeared,
leaving clouds in its wake
The autumn scents whiff into
their noses
The children who normally play
on the field have gone inside
Too cold to play with no jacket
The animals have gone to hibernate
in their homes
We won't see them until next year

New Beginning

Daiya Hart and Luke Toull,
Crookhorn College

The time has come
Bronze leaves trickle from
the trees
We carve pumpkins for
everyone to see
Sweets galore
Children thieves take more
than four
Autumn is a new beginning
Good bye sun, hello moon
We will see you at noon

Hibernation

Isla McManus, Crookhorn College

The large brown bear wanders
to its hidden forest cave
Trampling through the autumn
coloured ground
The wind whispers towards the sky
The bear looks up... his eyes
very wide
The orange trees rustle as the
sun sets
The cave darkens to the
starry night
Slumbering sleep under
towering trees
No wake until next year,
once Spring is here...

Archie Skerratt

Dying leaves
Whistling trees
Taste of burnt old leather

Eleanor Taylor

Sometimes spooky
When the wind creaks by
Smells of pumpkin spice
Crunchy leaves beneath
my feet
Warm, but not summer warm

Izzy Cox

Hiding in the trees
Leaves in the breeze
Animals sleep waiting
for summer

Thomas Gatland

The golden leaves fall
The world starts to slumber
Under this golden veil

Jasmine Buxton

Autumn leaves
The season reds
Like fiery dreams

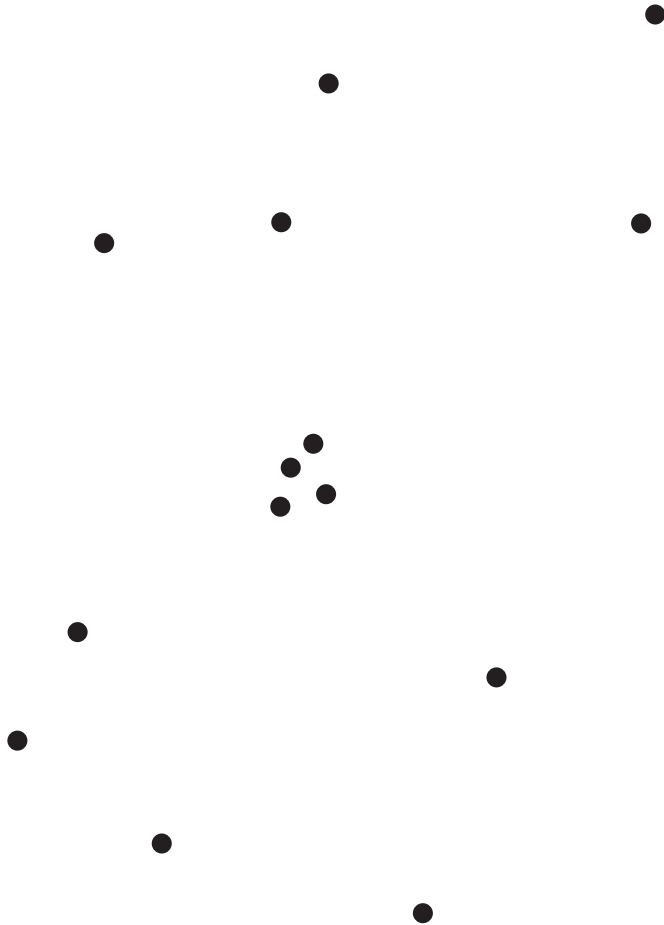
Precinct Preamble

Anna Jones

Walking to Waterloooville Library for our 'Play with Poetry' workshop to mark National Poetry Day, I'm struck by the wide range of shops and services in the town centre.

The tattoo parlour's name is my initials, it feels like this is the place I'm meant to be.

Cutting Edge Fabric, skilful seams sewn
Co-op Funeral Care, sentiment in stone
The Heroes Pub serving filthy chips
Emily's Nails salving flaky tips
Curls sorted at Sugar Locks
Cash sorted at Company Cox
Little Bay, matcha madness green
Total madness down Denmead Queen
Jade Garden flashes OPEN
Noodle Bar flashes OPN
Over one hundred languages spoken
Victory Carpets winning their fights
Coffee Ville winning tasty bites
British Heart has strong Foundations
Give, gift, make donations
Jamaica, Rhodes, TU-rkey escapes
Betting, Barbers, Vintage, Vapes
Witch N Warlock, everyone's vanished
To Enchanting Care all've been banished?
Star Bus links, One Beyond sales
AJ inks, library tales ...



SU627069
Anna Jones

The short drive out of Waterlooville to stay with my family takes me across Portsdown Hill. The view is magnificent and makes me want to write the place a love letter. I settled on a sonnet, for centuries the fourteen line frame used to explore and convey the complex human experiences of love. Shakespeare gave his sonnets numbers, mine is given the location's Ordnance Survey National Grid reference.

Portsdown Hill you took my breath clean away
Reached an unexpected high, took the view
Made me sigh, give in, submit to cliché
Was no turning back til I'd conquered you

Natures force drove me dangerously wild
Ignored all the rules, obeyed the urges
Park & Ride, had never felt so beguiled
Stop as long as you want on these soft verges

Built up the Forts but defences now down
Stop me from falling, from wanting dearly
To never let go this newly found town
Love is real Folly, I can see clearly

On it, on it, like the car bonnet, deep
In The Thicket, completed this sonnet

Isn't it funny how often trees become sacred to us personally. To others they may look beautiful at various different times of the year, but if a tree is special to you, it isn't ever a seasonal thing. It goes far deeper than that.

Those trees that really matter, they hold magic, hold memories, hold love, hold people. People who may have long passed, but they exist somehow within the branches, the leaves, the wind that circles through them, even down into the roots we can't see.

Some people might carve into the trunk, maybe a message, a heart, names or initials. Others might ceremoniously scatter ashes beneath them. Precious treasure could be buried there. We would never know.

What makes a particular tree, in a particular spot, special to a particular person, is literally none of our business. But it is a beautiful idea that something so exposed to the world and all the elements can stand strong and retain all the love and sentiment that we pour into it, simply by picturing it in our minds, or admiring it on an occasional visit. It survives in spite of the storms, one way or another. Maybe our love and devotion add strength, aid resilience, and encourage future growth.

Trees also give back to us. Not just in the sense of wellbeing; it's been proven how much better we humans feel after a walk in woodland: trees help us to breathe easier and feel calmer in our bodies. Countryfile even did an episode on this over on the Isle of Wight. But did you know that simply looking at pictures of trees and green spaces can support your wellbeing too? It's true.

I love the image of the Tree of Life and my family have gifted me jewellery depicting this, as well as a crystal suncatcher to support my heart and soul to happiness on darker days. How beautiful that we can choose to wear or hang something symbolic, then feel and enjoy the benefits of doing so.

If you have a tree where a past love or loved one still exists, know that this is the kind of sentiment and romanticism that inspires poetry and songwriting; lyrics you may never know, songs you may never sing. But embracing this notion of your love continuing to exist in nature, and nurturing it there, is a beauty you should be proud to embody. Never lose that belief. You are making magic. And the trees love you for it.

Inspired by song lyrics by The Bluetones, Nik Kershaw and Five Star, and the Great Storm of 1987 when a large oak tree came down in King George V Playing Fields, Denmead, plus other trees that are special to my family.



6

Snap
Aoife Mannix

In Creech Woods this winter
the dog discovers that whisper
just before the world gives way
to floods, the crack of ice
for the first time. The air so new
Noah could breathe dragons two
by two. The waters rise far beyond
the horizon of hills with their angels melting.
As if we had always been born
into a blizzard of golden possibilities,
instead of the dark swirls of mud
trampled under boots that do not print
the language of silver birches stark
in their glitter of frost, cabaret dancers
swirling black feather boas just before the crash.

We started with practical thinking – finding out what might engage local residents. Plot Lines community conversations showed that young people, perhaps unsurprisingly, expressed an interest in gaming – both on and offline.

To connect to this, we use a range of gaming techniques at the Waterloooville Library and THRIVE sessions – particularly from Dungeons and Dragons including dice, character creation and magical items.

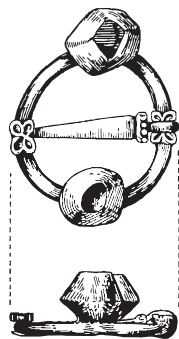
Story dice were duly rolled to prompt ideas for writing. Bespoke character cards were created to connect to local people and places.

Magical items are physical prompts including bracelets, ‘potion’ bottles and keys that Lucy and I bring from home (imbued with our own spells of hope). I also share the images and story of a truly magical local find of buried treasure – a late 13th century gold ring brooch unearthed from a Waterloooville garden and now part of the Portsmouth Museum collection.

The magical items in the resulting stories include a box, an apple, an ancient necklace and some treasure, perhaps similar to the ring brooch, found by Twity.

Young people also shared with us their magical wishes for Waterloooville.

Their thinking and writing left us enchanted.



Horizon

Waterloooville Library

Crookhorn College

The Leopards' Temple

Dorothy Everitt, Waterloooville Library

31st October 1902

Suddenly, the clock stopped. Water stopped trickling, birds stopped tweeting, the leaves crunching beneath gave to complete silence. They knew they were in danger, they had no choice. Locked in their temple, trapped by the magical shield, they had to protect themselves. Only until the chosen one came to save them could the leopards safely come out. The moon was shining from above and these spiritual creatures were prepared to stay there for as long as it took. Little did they know it would take over a century...

Today

The sound of
Water trickling
Birds tweeting
Leaves crunching beneath feet
The smell of
Fresh water
Rose petals
Natural incense
Moon shining
Ivy covered canopy above
In an abandoned temple with a magic protection shield
Lived the magical leopards
She held the ancient necklace, the key to the shield
Bought from an antique shop
Her mouth was dry as she saw
Weird masked people wandering in the forest
Her heart was beating in her chest
Like the tick of a clock
Her feet were soft
She knows she is being watched

Twity's Treasure

Sophia Crooks, Horizon Waterlooville THRIVE

Once upon a time there was a bird called Twity. One day Twity found a key on a branch then a bee flew past and landed on a flower. Then all of a sudden a trap fell and caught Twity! Twity was scared when he was driven away from home.

When Twity was at the place it was very very quiet. The only thing Twity heard was him banging the cage. Then he saw a bat flying through the window. The bat had Twity's key and the bat rescued Twity! They flew back to Twity's home and the bat flew to his home.

Twity told his mother everything. He did.

'Goodness me!! That is a lot!' said Twity's mother.

'A lot of excitement!' said Twity's father. Twity's father said 'Why don't you explore a lot more?'

'No!!' said Twity's mother. 'It's time for bed! It has gone past your bedtime! Let's have a bath and go to bed.' So they all flew down to the bath and jumped in.

But Twity didn't jump in.

The next day Twity found some treasure in a cave.

He went home and showed his Mum and Dad.

He saw the same bee again. This time the bee landed on a different flower, this flower was a buttercup.

Next to it were more buttercups.

The End.



Box
Lucie Reed, Crookhorn College

It was a night of peril,
a night of fears
And on that night a box appears
It turns and twists without a hand
Right in front of it I did stand
I stop and hesitate
I dare not move, I dare not wait
What pops out now makes me cry
What happens next?
I lay down and die

The Magic Apple
Oliver Addison,
Horizon Waterloooville THRIVE

An eye saw a magic apple fall
from a tree near the bridge
Meanwhile, a happy turtle
under the bridge
Saw a sheep cross the bridge
north towards a tent

Our Magical Wishes for Waterloooville
Horizon Waterloooville THRIVE

More people feed birds in the winter

More forests

Lots of trees

More playtime

Lots of deer + dogs + flying squirrels

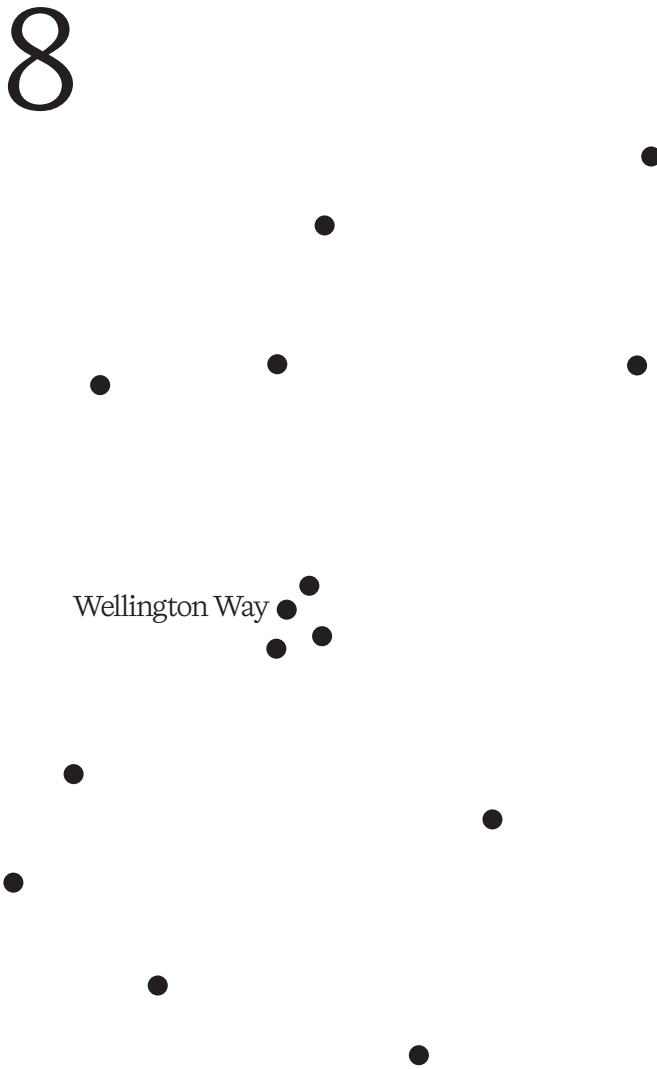
Trees and a park

Waves in the pool

Snow and snowmen

A Wish for Waterloooville

Lucy Jones



If I could gift Waterloooville anything,
I'd gift it something fun.
Yesterday I won an online giveaway –
a healing session for an Inner Child.
I'd love to gift that to somebody else,
to anyone and everyone that needs it.
An invitation to return to their childhood,
remember it with warmth, love, fondness.
Memories laced with joy and deep nostalgia,
nostalgia that stings in the most delightful way.
A happy way?
A heartfelt way?
An insightful way?
A curious way?
And what about the Wellington Way?
Hmmm...
What to do with Wellington Way?

If I could gift Waterloooville anything,
I'd gift it something fun.
Something for the kiddies,
something for future generations
to explore, enjoy, grow alongside.
To look back on in years to come,
with weary, wizened eyes,
but with the deepest feeling of ease.
Ease that comes only from proximity,
familiarity, experiences repeated
throughout the whole of our lives.

9

All Hallow's Eve Anna Jones

We visit Crookhorn College at the beginning of the new term and so autumn is one of the prompts we have for the students' writing. We talk together about what this time of year evokes for us – Diwali; Bonfire Night; the start of school; the end of summer.

But one topic is reoccurring for many and links the other themes we have explored: memories, home, magic. Halloween.

We discuss the use of simile and metaphor and using all the senses to add layers of description. These are some writing tricks. Here are some writing treats.

● Crookhorn College

Halloween Night

Aaliyah Oyeleye, Crookhorn College

Halloween night

What a fright!

Dressing up, causing spooks and
scares

In the creeping Halloween air

Taste the sweets

From Trick or Treat

Halloween Party

Amelia Coombes, Crookhorn College

Night time, on a tall hill

Decorations, dancing and darkness

Sounds of music and an owl hoot

Tastes of candy floss and
wood smoke

Then back home for my PJs

and my dog

Until next Halloween

This Is Halloween

Neve Louca, Crookhorn College

This is Halloween where all you
can see looks spooky and scary

This is Halloween where all you
can hear is the sound of screams

This is Halloween where all you
can smell is sweets and treats

This is Halloween where all
you can feel is cobwebs touching
your fingertips

This is the Halloween where all
you can taste is frosty air
in the cold evening

Henry's Halloween

Henry Jones, Crookhorn College

I step on my bedroom floor

It creaks

I walk around my street

Spooky, scary decorations
scattered everywhere

Dread not to talk in case

I get haunted

Halloween Senses

Logan Smith and Jack Jacobs,
Crookhorn College

Carved pumpkins
Screeching bats screeching
 in my ear
Halloween is getting near
I can smell the shortbread
 from here
Freshly baked shortbread
Sugar rush

It's Finally Here

Scarlett Officer, Crookhorn College

It's finally here
The night everyone dreams about
Brushing against the neighbours
cobwebbed door
Smelling sugary smells in the air
Venturing into the darkness
 around me
It's finally here
Soft glow of pumpkin eyes and grins
Screams of passers by
This is Halloween
It's finally here!

Last Halloween

Holly Devlin, Crookhorn College

I remember as I was finishing
my sculpture, I could feel the
autumn breeze rushing through me,
sweeping brown crunchy leaves
along the stained pavement.
I remember smelling pumpkin pie
from familiar kitchens. I remember
a neighbourhood filled with
Halloween decorations that lit
up the streets all night.

I remember hearing children's
laughter as they tried on their
costumes. I remember trying
on my costume and our continuous
family laughter. I remember the
excitement I felt ringing on
a doorbell, trying to predict what
treat I might get.

We strolled across our
neighbourhood in Waterlooville
where pumpkins stare at you, hoping
you don't look back. I heard an
evil cackle behind me, it was
a witch mixing her pumpkin stew
in a ditch.

I remember last Halloween was my
favourite. There were so many jump
scares and I got 100 sweets!

Halloween Is At Your Door
Phoebe Spencer, Crookhorn College

Spooky spirits all around
Darkness settles over town
Howling wolves, scream some more
Halloween is at your door
The feeling of an old nightmare
Smell of candy through the air
Close your eyes and take a bite
Black cats creep into the night

Pumpkin Poem
Frankie Hopkins, Crookhorn College

We strolled across our
neighbourhood Waterloooville
Where pumpkins lay astray at will
I smelt a gust of pumpkin air
Must be more pumpkins over there
I heard the laugh of an evil witch
Mixing her pumpkin stew in a ditch

Cheers For The Spooky Season
Dalton Gray, Crookhorn College

Ghosts and blood are everywhere
Zombies are emerging
Autumn is here
Halloween is near
The kids are getting out
Cheers for this year's
spooky season

Home Comforts
Rachel Galliers, Crookhorn College

As Halloween night gets closer,
the costumes get spookier
The brown crunchy leaves crunch
under foot
The damp smell is really nice
in my nose, really comforting
Smells like sticky gooey sweets
in our baskets
The sweets taste so good, but the
treat waiting at home is better

Halloween Nightmare

Kimberly Jera, Crookhorn College

It was a dark spooky day
I was sick, sweaty and scared
But think music
To fall asleep
That's where the nightmare starts

Black Crows

Rukky Nomvoja, Crookhorn College

Black crows
Illuminated pumpkins
Rusted gate
Creepy costumes
Crows call
Spooky music
Doors knock
Gate creaks
People scream

Trick or Treat

Albert Smith, Crookhorn College

Little children go out to
 'Trick or Treat'
The air is filled with laughter
 and BOOs
Leaves are orange, red and yellow
People crunch over them like
 eating cornflakes
You can smell the sweets in the air
Chocolate, lolly pops and Haribo.
The taste of fizzy pumpkins
 lingering on your tongue

Eugh!

Talia Hamad and Amelia Foster,
Crookhorn College

Door bells rang, sweet bags
 to the brim
One last bell for the children
 to ring
The door creaked open
They peered inside
Bags of sweets
But realised too soon
They weren't sweets
It was raisins
Eugh! THEY WON'T DO!

This All Hallow's Eve
Fifi Hart, Crookhorn College

Look around and you will see
All the leaves falling
 from the trees
As we progress and the time
 goes past
Halloween is approaching fast
People hanging scary decorations
Buying candy for the kids
A few more weeks
All Hallow's Eve is here
Children in costumes acting crazy
Parents feeling slightly hazy
Pumpkins have been carved
All the kids are screaming
As All Hallow's Eve comes to an end
All the kids are going to bed
The mums and dads sit outside
Breathe in the fresh air
As autumn comes to an end
We look forward to Christmas
And now everyone sleeps on this
 All Hallow's Eve

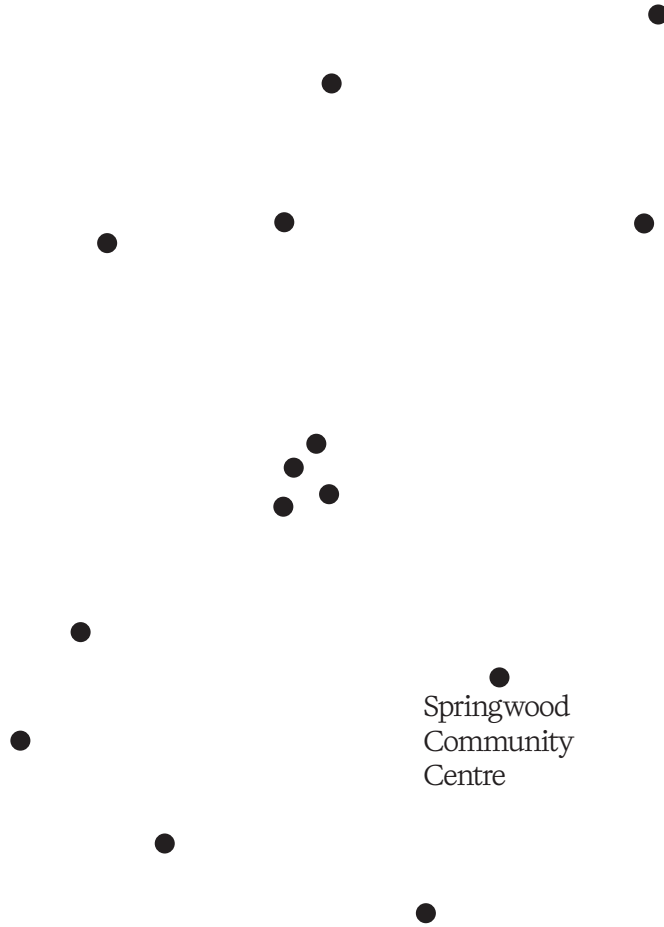
Brew of the Stew
Talia Hamad and Amelia Foster,
Crookhorn College

On Halloween Night
The witches arose
The sweet stock nose
The brew of the stew and the
 cackling crew



I headed to Waterlooville early on a dark, rainy morning in January feeling like I couldn't wait for winter to finally end. By the time I arrived at Springwood Community Centre, it was as if the birds had heard my wish; they were singing cheerfully in the trees as sunshine broke through the clouds. The Springwood Writers meet every Friday from 10 till 12:30 in the centre's conference room and couldn't be more welcoming to newcomers. Their motto for 2026, which one member has had 3D printed with the help of his grandson, is 'start somewhere or get nowhere.' This 'can do – just have a go' attitude immediately caused my January blues to evaporate.

Margaret, who runs the group with Bruce, explained that they alternate between having a writing week, where they do writing exercises, and a reading week where they share their work. This week's theme was writing for children, particularly those with additional needs or barriers to learning. Many of the members had written stories and poems for their grandchildren. A couple of them were editing children's stories that had been written by their own parents. This sense of wanting to create something for others to enjoy, combined with a warm sense of humour and wonderful imagination, meant the next couple of hours flew by as I listened to tales of dragons, dinosaurs, difficult princesses and brave teddy bears. The feedback to each other was full of enthusiasm and encouragement. One man spoke about how he'd always enjoyed writing but then the business of life had got



Springwood
Community
Centre

in the way. Now he's retired, he really values these Friday mornings that are as inspiring as they are friendly.

Writing for Children

Aoife Mannix

Sometimes when the words stumble
across the page, a princess just needs
to hear that the sidewinder snakes
she loves are sneaking by the oasis
to eavesdrop on tales of Arabian adventure.
Jewels carried on camels across
the hills where a boy rolls recklessly
in bandages because sometimes the touch
of the world on your skin is sensory overload.

If you can name all of the dinosaurs,
or find a lost teddy bear
who shares your phobia of needles,
this will give you the courage to dance
at the monster's ball with pterodactyls
and unicorns. To overcome your fear
of wooden tigers, being drowned at sea,
losing your sister. There's nothing
as sweet as the sound of a baby's babble,
the choo choo of the train in grandad's shed,
the swish of a naughty fairy's wand.

Sometimes a princess just needs 365 pairs
of shoes, one for every day of the year,
so that she can escape the castle in the sky,
hide deep in the woods with her hunger for stories.

Fairies in the Copse

Robert Campbell, Springwood Writers

The Porter family are enjoying an afternoon in the garden in the May sunshine, a rare treat. Dad, that's Joseph to his friends, or simply Joe to his family, is sitting in his deckchair, paperback in hand and an iced drink on the low table beside him.

Joe has reached his thirty second year, and he has been married to Rachel for eight of them. Their twin daughters, Amy and Harriet, are six years old and attend the local primary school in Waterloooville. Although they share the same physical looks with blue eyes, fair hair and freckles on their faces, their characters are completely different. Yet they complement one another in their curiosity and play habits.

So it is that Amy usually rides on the play horse while Hattie pushes. After completing a few laps of the garden, where they narrowly avoid a collision with Dad's drinks table, they come to a stop, Hattie in particular has run out of breath.

Rachel calls out to them: 'Girls, come and get your glass of lemonade.'

'Aw,' say the twins, together. 'Mum, can't we have cola, please, just once?'

'No, girls, you know cola is full of sugar, Mum has made the lemonade specially.'

'Dad,' says Amy, 'why are you always the spoil sport?'

'I know,' Hattie calls, acting the peacemaker, as usual. 'Why don't we talk about fairies?'

'Like the ones that Nicole tells us about at school?'

'What does Nicole know about fairies, girls?'

'You should know, Dad. She's always talking about them, isn't she, Amy?'

'Yes, she has fairies at the bottom of her garden.'

'Now, Amy, have you or any of your friends seen them?'

'No, Mum. She's dreaming them up, just like she always does.'

'Well, why don't we try to find some real fairies ourselves?'

'Dad, that would be wonderful!' Hattie doesn't know whether to believe him or mock him, but for once Dad isn't 'Mr. No', so it must be worth humouring him. Does Dad really believe in fairies?

'Where do fairies live, girls?' asks Joe.

They almost fall over themselves trying to explain, then they collapse in a fit of giggles. Amy is the first to recover her poise.

'Well, I think they always live near water.'

'In a glade in the woods where they can dance on the grass,' adds Hattie.

'And there must be bluebells,' they say together. 'They play tunes in the wind.'

'Then, we must get in the car, now. Are you driving, love?'

'Yes, dear. Are we going to our favourite copse in the Forest of Bere? I know there's a stream there, all we need is a clearing between the trees.'

'Don't forget the bluebells, Mum.'

'Mum never forgets, Amy. You should know that.'

'I'll pack a picnic. Help, please, girls. And Joe, pack up your things, don't just leave them in the garden.' Are there really fairies in the copse? Somehow it doesn't matter.

One morning Sidney and Cecilia were lying under their favourite rock looking at the desert. The sun was blazing down and it was very hot, just as snakes like it.

'It's very hot now,' said Sidney, 'but I don't think it will stay like this.'

'Oh! Why not?' said Cecilia. 'It's lovely now.'

'That cloud over there is heading our way. I think it's going to rain. It often does this time of year but it probably won't last long.'

'Oh good,' said Cecilia. 'I don't like the rain.'

Sidney was right because, as Cecilia often said, he was a very clever snake. The rain soon came and fell straight down in big drops, bouncing on the rocks in front of them. They wriggled further back into their rock so they wouldn't get wet.

'I hope Caractus Scorpion's alright,' said Cecilia.

'Oh, don't worry, he can look after himself, he'll be nice and snug under a big rock somewhere, probably not very far away. No need to worry about him, he'll be fine,' said Sidney.

As they watched the rain started to ease off and they moved back to the front of their rock to get a better view. Soon it had stopped altogether and the sun started to shine brightly again. The rocks dried off before their eyes, gently steaming in the sun.

'I told you it wouldn't last long,' Sidney said.

'Yes, you did.'

Before long everything was nice and dry, their rock was warm and cosy, the sun was blazing down

again and there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

Caractus Scorpion suddenly appeared from behind a rock in front of them, his tail held high and a big smile on his face as he scurried towards them. 'You two alright? Bit of a shower just then, didn't it come down?'

'Yes,' said Cecilia, 'It certainly did but we're fine. 'Glad you're ok though.'

'Oh I'm alright,' said Caractus. 'And you two look nice and snug under that rock. I'm just off to get something to eat. I'm always starving after the rain. Take care.'

'And you,' said Cecilia. 'See you soon.'

Baby Fox

Wendy Dobbinson, Springwood Writers

This is a story of baby fox,
Who ends up in a little box.
Because his mummy fox got hurt.
He finds her laying in the dirt.

All is not lost, kind people came,
They took them and relieved their pain.
And then, when the time was right,
They took them back to their old life.

Mum and son, lived out their life,
Happy days and days of strife,
But always happy that they met,
Kind people who took mum to the vet.

Butterfly

Joan Horton, Springwood Writers

Next time you see a butterfly
blow gently on its wings
and whisper all your secret thoughts
from which hope eternal springs.

And as it soars beyond your reach
to skies beyond compare,
watch it glide and swoop and shake
itself to leave your secrets there.

And so they float earthwards one by one
like snowflakes - different sizes:
They are blown, shown, and passed around
like many of your surprises.

Your hopes will prosper, your dreams come true
your expectations will be high.
And all because you stopped one day
and blew gently on a butterfly.

Grandma Stole My Scooter
Margaret Jennings, Springwood Writers

My Grandma stole my scooter
and wouldn't give it back,
I asked for it very nicely
and offered her my hat,

but she wanted to do wheelies
and make sparks fly in the sky,
my grandma stole my scooter
and I began to cry,

'Please Grandma let me play again
I'll show you all the tricks,'
but she wouldn't give it back to me
and started jumping bricks,

'Don't do that you'll break it,'
but she was too busy to listen,
she built slopes and jumps and wheelie things,
she really was on a mission.

My Grandma stole my scooter
and she went really fast
and when she started to wobble
I knew this jump was her last

She landed in a puddle
with a huge great big fat splat
and grazed her knee for all to see
but laughed and said 'How's That!'

The Talking Cat
Tinu Okubadejo, Springwood Writers

Baby loves his blankie
And his big fat hat
"Meeoo?" asks PuffPuff
The Talking Cat.

Brother loves his cushion
But the cushion is flat
"Purroo," purrs PuffPuff
The Talking Cat.

Sister is a
Fabulous acrobat
"Wawoo!" says PuffPuff
The Talking Cat.

Mummy loves koalas
And a big Wombat
"Yawoo!" growls PuffPuff
The Talking Cat.

Daddy loves cheese
Which is smelly and flat
"Nawoo!" shouts
PuffPuff
The Talking Cat.

PuffPuff loves treats
In his habitat
"Nomnom". Big PuffPuff
The Talking Cat.

Can Crocodiles Smile?

Yda Nevitt, Springwood Writers

Can crocodiles smile?

Can they run a mile?

Do they dance a jive
Just to feel alive?

Do their belly's rumble
As they slide through the jungle?

What would they take
If they went to meet a snake?

What would he say if you were to meet
The next time you walked down your street?

I asked the crocodile at the zoo
I liked his answers, I hope you do too

So can a crocodile smile?
He certainly can
When you see all those teeth
I think you'll be a fan

What about running a mile I ask?
Our croc admits that might be too big a task

So how about a jive,
A jolly old dance?

Of course not the crocodile says
With a glance

Do their belly's rumble?
I ask curiously
He grins as he nods,
Eyeing me hungrily

What would I take to meet a snake?
Why nothing at all,
If I were to meet a great snake
I'd slither away fast to the nearest lake

And if I met you walking down your street
I'd lift up my hat and say hi
Then I'd stroll on past
And turn politely to say goodbye

Dream Palaces ... Once Upon A Time

Bruce Parry, Springwood Writers

We dreamed in seats, with Dairy Box and sweets,
Our cinema days and ice cream trays ...
From flea pits to the Ritz, our screens were lit,
With picture house joy, and hands held coy...
Queuing around and out, for the matinee shout,
The Savoy, The Majestic, new trailers are out...
Once they were silent, with words that we read,
The orchestra played and the Wurlitzer raised...
Out of the floor, conducting black and white frames,
Theatrical movement, deep eyed actors and dames...
A clattering projector, lighting faces aghast,
At the drama, the gunshot and a kiss in the past...
The pictures were moving, the music was playing,
Another full house, with the 'Chocolates Boy' waiting...
A modern theatre, orchestral music with seats first class,
3d, 6d, 1/-, 1/6d at the circle, shining chrome and brass...
The latest productions, at this palace of dreams,
Everything screened, full sound, no breaks or seams...
Uniformed staff, greet us and welcoming,
Queue here please, last reel still running...
We sat and we waited, the Princes and the Plaza,
Smoke filled projection beam, misting ornate plaster...
Silent, sound, colour and 3D,
900 faces stare at the screen...
Starlight ceiling, carpet red floor,
Torch ladies' duty, stand by the doors...
Clara Bow, the 'It' girl herself, sub-titles gone,
But wide eyed and ghost like, her image lives on...
Iconic symbol of International Times,

How far she has come, fashion she defines...
Ki Ora and hot dogs, newsreel and cartoon,
Three screens to choose, and man on the moon...
Saturday morning pictures, children beaming,
Late night horrors and adults screaming...
Our cinema days, and picture house loves,
Our meet outside, in the lights of the stars...
Stars we viewed, in the darkness and grandeur,
Buildings we adored, for their magic and splendour...
Arches and stairways, stucco and murals,
Domes and friezes, sunken lights dimming surreal...
Film posters we watched going up, and coming down,
Daring not to miss, the latest picture in town...
Each Laurel and Hardy two-reeler seemed real,
Tom and Jerry for sure, made us squeal...
Zoom lolly...and Mivi...and choc ice and tub,
Made our cinema days, a world that we loved.

Dear Grandson

Carol Piercy, Springwood Writers

Well dear grandson, you wanted to know,
 stories of life long ago
How old do you think that your dear Nan is
A guess ... only that I will give
It's fair to say, I've seen a lot, from the day I came until
the day I 'pop' back to my home
Beyond the stars. The planets such as the
 Moon and Mars,
Where Mercury flies with wings of gold,
 and Jupiter whose brave and bold
Saturn with his rings of fire, around him spin
 of colours no man has seen,
Uranus, too, who gently plods a well worn path
 with the Gods.
But back to Earth, dear grandson come,
 and I will tell of things long done
Of wars where people maim and kill
That is a very bitter pill. It serves no purpose
 or has no gain, it only causes death and pain.
As weapons made, from cave-man's stones and
 tribal spears of skin and bone
Indian's bow and arrow, true to fly and seek
 a target strong, that strikes the heart
And it is gone.
So dear grandson, conflict and war, only causes pain
 and sore
And stains the Earth with dark red blood, not fit for
 purpose or for love

So I will tell of things to come, when we turn
 our ways around
Where we can live in harmony, upon the land
 and with the sea,
All creatures that walk beside us too, and plants and
 flowers on forest's floor,
Where trees grow tall and cast their shade to reach
 into the leafy glad
So let love come in and anger cease, a kind word
 to utter that we can share
To bring Peace to the beautiful place that is home
 to every race
Whatever colour, creed or faith or none, dear grandson,
 it matters not
This is the world that you must know, forget the things
 of long ago,
Look to the future with an open heart, and trust
 someday when you depart
The path you've walked has been straight and true
And filled with love for all you knew

Nan

Padnell Junior School ●

Midpoint
Amelia Simpson

In this interview I speak to Waterlooville based musician Jack Guy. I met Jack through Big Trousers, a post-punk band. I'm really not into punk, let alone post-punk but Big Trousers are genius. Jack and his bandmate Harry Geeves collaborate to create music that speaks volumes about the world we live in, and how even through the harsh expanse of the current climate, we can continue to connect with one another through music.

Jack has just returned after touring across the UK with his band. I meet him over Zoom at his home in Waterlooville.

AS: What was it like growing up in Waterlooville?

JG: I don't remember too much. It was pretty good. I went to Padnell Junior School. The only things I used to do as a kid around the area were parks and stuff, I'd go to the woods, take the dog out. Honestly, it was quite an uneventful childhood.

AS: You do a lot of travelling for work, you're all up and down the country, but you always come back to Waterlooville?

JG: I go all over the place with the bands. Some say it's a bit boring here, but I actually quite like that. It's nice to come back here, it chills me out. I spend a lot of time in London and that just does my head in, there's too much going on all at once!

AS: How did you get into music?

JG: I've been playing guitar since I was five, I had guitar lessons and I sort of took to it. It was fun.

I was in school but ended up struggling and my mum took me out at 13, I think it's been a big part as to why I've managed to get a job in music. I think school teaches a lot of people that doing anything creative isn't really a viable career.

At 14 I managed to get myself into college to do engineering, because I enjoyed that sort of stuff. I finished my engineering course at 16, that was where I was supposed to do my GCSEs, but I failed them. So I went to Fareham College for music. It seemed like there were a lot more opportunities out there for someone like me if I went into music. It's one of those industries where you get given opportunities based on how good you are, not how good you are on paper, and Fareham College was where I met the guys in my first band Electric Milk, at a Battle of the Bands, they weren't even from Fareham, they were from Alton College.

Then I met Harry, who I formed Big Trousers with, at an Electric Milk gig. When you look at it like that and it's like, yeah, do you know what? You can trace it back to me failing my GCSEs. So for me it was a really positive thing.

AS: Did growing up somewhere so quiet shape the music you create? And what keeps you here?

JG: Yes, in a way. Some of our songs are about growing up somewhere where there's a lot of nice people, but there's also a lot of small-minded people, or people who are quite happy with never leaving their hometown. I do think it's important for anyone who lives in a town to try and experience other things. Living here is almost a midpoint. You've got all these places you can go to, but you

don't have the hassle of actually living in those places.

AS: What does home look like for you?

JG: I live with my mum, my brother and my sister at the moment. We've got a nice place here. It's nice and big, plenty of room for all of us. I live near Billy's Lake. That's a lovely place. And we are about a ten minute drive away from some of the nicest parts of the South Downs. I've just recently come off of a tour with my band. It was great. We had a good time. But touring is pretty hectic. Mentally draining. If I was going home and I lived somewhere in London, there's a lot going on all the time. I'd get distracted. That would burn me out even further. Whereas coming back here, I can just chill.

AS: What do you do when you're not touring?

JG: As well as being in the band, I teach guitar. I've got a couple of students who are based here in Waterlooville. That's the only 'real' job I've ever done, I had guitar lessons at the same place that I now teach at. A couple of years ago the guy who ran the company was looking for a new guitar teacher, and I just messaged him asking for work, and he said, 'I've seen your work that you've done with the bands, would you like a job?'

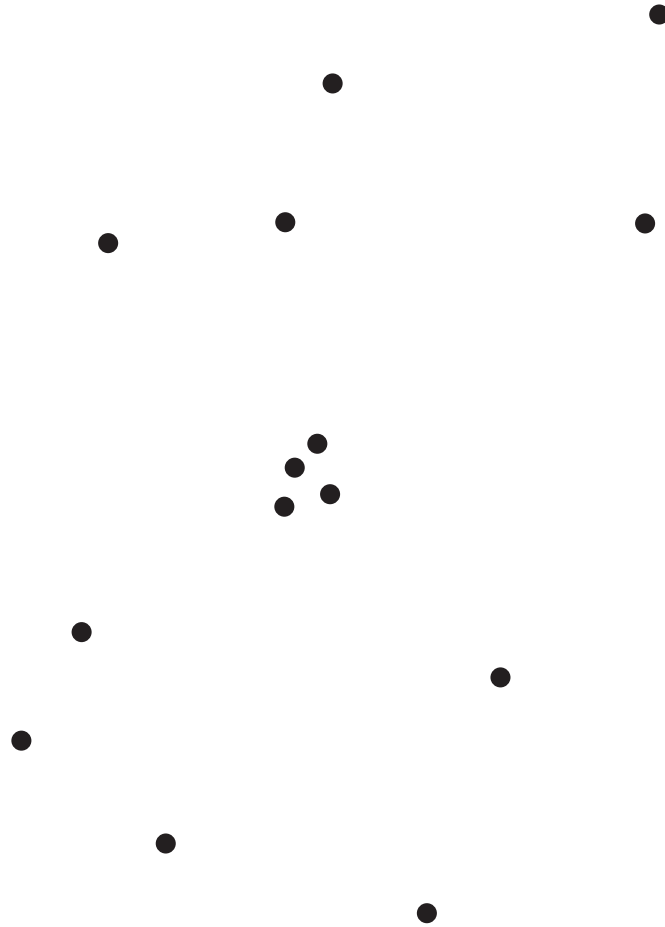
AS: Do you enjoy teaching?

JG: I find it quite easy to teach guitar. Pretty much all of my students actually want to learn it. I think a lot of them look up to me because they see what I do with the band. I'm not saying if you practice guitar you can do what I do. But if you practice guitar and work on a bunch of other things, it can

lead to exciting places. I didn't expect any of this stuff to happen with the band at all.

AS: What would you say to younger people growing up here now?

JG: I'd say use the fact that this is a hub, a midpoint in between many other places. Go and see other places. There's a lot more to do in this country than just stay in one place. But coming back to somewhere that is so quiet is actually a massive advantage.



I speak to Marushka on a rather dark, cold evening. She tells me how as a postwoman on the Berewood Estate, some of her customers call her ‘the Pied Piper’ because of how the dogs and cats love to follow her around. When they hear her keys jingling, they come rushing out as they know she puts treats through their letter boxes. One orange cat called Tigger even hops up on her trolley to hitch a ride! On her route, she’s always looking out for the wonders of nature that others might overlook. She’s delighted to meet foxes and hear the singing of so many different types of birds. She describes a path that runs between the newly built houses and the industrial units where she often sees heron and deer. She loves how her job means she can be out in nature chatting to customers and dogwalkers. She says the estate is a really friendly and supportive community. She suffers from IBS and fibromyalgia so when the Postal Service switched her from a van to a trolley route, she struggled without access to a toilet. The Parish Council gave her a spare key to the community hall and customers invited her to come in if she needed to.

She says she has a deep love of animals and feels very protective towards them. The other day she rescued a newt from a little girl’s doorstep where it was in danger of being squashed. Back in September she called her Mum to come help save a baby house martin that had fallen from a nest in the eaves of a top floor flat in a three storey building. Yet when she had to leave her own home due to domestic abuse, she discovered there

was little support available to her. For over a year, she was forced to sleep on sofas. When she registered as homeless, she was told she would need to get rid of her beloved pets if she wanted to ever get a place with her son. She would sit in her car and cry because that was the only private space she had. Her ex-girlfriend was found guilty of criminal damage as well as two counts of fraud as well as controlling and coercive behaviour but only received an 18 month suspended sentence. After being stalked by her ex, Marushka still carries a personal alarm and has an app so her family can track her when she's at work. She says her parents have been very supportive, she comes from a really close Maltese family and has been lucky enough to finally get somewhere to live with her son and her beloved fur babies. Others have not been so lucky. She describes how one of her customers on the estate was found murdered after reporting her ex-partner multiple times to the police. Her sister organised a protest to highlight how domestic abuse isn't taken seriously enough. Inspired by this and her own experiences, Marushka decided to raise money for Refuge by doing sponsored walking. She says the response from her customers has been amazing and has made her feel a truly valued part of a wonderful community. She feels it's important to tell her story to raise awareness so that better support can be put in place. I am struck by how brave and kind she is, how much she values both her community and the natural world, and how determined she is to help others where she can.

Domestic
Aoife Mannix

You deliver smiles to every dog and cat
on the estate. The jingle of your keys
erupting into a chorus of welcome
as Tigger hitches a ride on your postie's trolley.
The Pied Piper of Berewood followed by
Siamese kittens, newly minted puppies.
You are a saver of lime green caterpillars,
waving their yellow stripes on the doorsteps
of children. A rescuer of a baby house martin
fallen from a nest on the top floor,
nursed till she was ready to set sail for Africa.

But when you lost your own home to the
coercive control of someone you once loved,
someone who stole the map of your identity,
who stalked you through the streets where you
no longer felt safe to own your location,
you became a surfer of sofas. Crying in your car
because there was no other privacy, no room
for your own son. They told you to give up
your love of animals, to accept a suspended future,
refused to take you seriously like so many women
who are in danger of becoming statistics.

So you took to walking with a purpose,
raising money for refuge because no one
should be terrified to open their front door.
In sharing your footsteps, you found your community.
Sealed with a fox's courage, a family's love,
a brand-new address, a gift delivered.

The inspiration for my writing comes from people, place and history and how we respond and resonate with the past in our present. I'm particularly drawn to the untold or misrepresented stories of historical women. In my research into the history of Waterlooville, I'm struck by the life of Beatrice Shilling, born here at the start of the twentieth century and blazing a trail through the male dominated world of Meccano, military and motor racing. She made a small but significant difference to the outcome of World War Two, and to victory for women in believing in all they can achieve, against all the odds.

Beatrice Shilling

Anna Jones

My mind was made up from the earliest stage
Disrupt patriarchy, turn a new page
Dismantle Man's World, one piece at a time
Remodel in a way that feels like its mine

Starting here in Waterlooville, 1909

I'm going to build and I'm going to tink
I'm not taking up sewing, I'm not wearing pink
Meccano to play with, no dolls they're so silly
Its penknives and glue that make Tilly Tilly
I'll use my own money to get my own tools
My wit and my wile to break all of their rules
I'll carve my own future, I'll tread my own path
And I know they will scorn, they will mock -
let them laugh
There's an itch to be scratched, there are
problems to solve
And I've got the grit, resilience, resolve
It's never, no never, domestic life for me
I'm using my brain and my hands to break free
They can call me a tomboy, but I'm still a girl
Who just wants to make a different way in this world
I'll pull engines apart, I will see how they work
If I have to sit still it will drive me berserk
Ma & Pa you can watch, wring your hands,
shake your head
But I AM going out to fix things in the shed
It may be the Twenties, I'm only fourteen
But I'm sharp, persistent, determined and keen

And I love my fingernails covered in grease
Combustion, ignition bring one such peace

Oh Tilly, daughter dear this is unladylike
To be dragging around with that brute motorbike
Oh Tilly, oh Tilly, what's to be done?
Surely needlepoint is so much more fun
Your hands are covered in dirt and with blisters
And oh the ideas you are giving your sisters!
These masculine notions just need be dropped
It's unsettling us and it has to be stopped

I'm not going to stop, not going to be changed
It's not me, it's the world that must be rearranged
Oh mother, dear mother, oh father, dear father
Stop getting yourselves in such a daft lather
I don't want to sip tea, arrange flowers or paint
I can't be that person so quiet and quaint
I don't want to cook or to stitch or to draw
I want to do something more real and more raw
I've heard of a place that seems fit for me
The Women's Engineering Society
I've done some research, I've written a letter
And the news in my view simply couldn't be better
Dear Shillings, we do have a role for Beatrice
She can start right away: electricians 'pprentice

So I packed up my bags, and finished at school
Went to work for Margaret Partridge – epitome of cool
A whizz with electrics, a sparky pioneer
Navigated male industry with flair and no fear
Mag smoked and she drank and she wore a top hat
And I thought to myself – I'll have some of that

She opened up doors and opened my mind
With an attitude kick ass and heart that was kind
Taught me women can be whatsoever they choose
Encouraged me to study and start changing views

Uni's didn't take women, though Manchester
was willing
But had to register myself as 'Mr' B Shilling
No female option on student records
Signed my name to a future we were heading towards
Degree and then Masters in Mechanical Engineering
Graduation in '33 was real pioneering
With Sheila McGuffie my sole sisterhood
We showed women can and we showed women should

Theoretical mechanics has its own place
But my real passion drove me to start to race
Build my own bikes, making them faster
Adding a revolutionary supercharge blaster
To my Norton M30 and with this mech hack
No one could catch me out there on the track
At Brooklands, Goodwood outperformed every man
You could say I invented 'This Girl Can'
Ripped up the course and ripped up conventions
Reached 106 MPH with my inventions
One of three women awarded Gold Stars
And made my mind race – now what about cars?

I'm a practical gal, you can tell that by now
Fuelling this fuel head meant earning somehow
The Royal Aircraft Establishment needed a clerk
So headed home to Hampshire and started to work
Typing technical manuals, and yes making the tea

Became clear pretty soon there was much more to me
All the men on the base saw there's nowt I can't fix
Aircraft Engineer Head come '36
Workshop and race circuit I kept quite a pace
At both kept on seeing an interesting face
What he did with his hands set this heart aflame
George became my life, but never my name
Unusual and shocking back in that day
But I was born a Shilling and a Shilling I'll stay

As I fell in love, the world fell to hate
Evil marched fast and wide from Brandenburg Gate
Aircraft care now took on a different guise
As the Luftwaffe took their war to our skies
This green and pleasant land was under attack
Merlin, Hawker, Spitfire pilots bravely fought back
But nosedives were causing their engines to fail
Negative gravity forces will always prevail
Planes would misfire, stall, at worst cut dead
Fuel flow a fatal flaw, filling the RAF with dread
Not just the craft, but hearts that were broken
Leaving those on the ground with
a grief can't be spoken
Until the problem was solved, til these crashes ceased
Britain and Beatrice would never find peace

Cogs started to whirl, minds started to tick
Solutions were needed and needed real quick
We thought and we tested, tested and thought
Battles were raging, enemies had to be fought
Then one day Eureka! The answer struck me
The way to stop fuel flooding perilously
Was to fit a restrictor inside carburettors

My prototype worked, my refinements got better
Oversaw installation inside every plane
So with less trepidation it was take off again
Challenges overcome meant less sleepless nights
We still had a dog in these aerial fights

My innovation was as neat as the pilots were brave
Small brass disc - middle hole - became our key save
Craft combat control was like never before
My improvement: a washer that helped win the War
Military masochism coined my life saving device:
'Miss Shilling's Orifice' - not very nice
The name given my hardware was hard to wear
Knowing knowledge stopped deaths helped
me to not care
My thinking and tinkering, this tiny piece of Victory
Meant George - one of those Bombers -
came safely home to me

After another 'War to end all Wars'
I continued to work, this mind could not pause
Mechanical questions to answer, to solve and to fix
In rocket propulsion and supersonics
And there were races to win, dreams of glory to dream
Even designed and built a bobsled for our
Olympic team
Although it wasn't honours motivating me
Was proud in '48 to receive my OBE

Let's stop looking back, time moves us all on
Of this body, this earth I am now long gone
You've heard my life story, what came after for B?
Shilling scholarships for women at my university

Buildings, parks and houses named after me
Plus a 'Spoons' in Farnborough, whatever that might be
And here in Waterlooville, place of birth,
childhood and teens
Shilling Place unveiled my plaque in 2019

This is your story now, with still so much to do
Fix the world, invent your way, and love being you



Beatrice said of her childhood in Waterlooville:
'I played with Meccano, spent my pocket money
on penknives, an adjustable spanner, a glue pot and
other simple hand tools.'

At the time, Meccano was seen and sold as solely the
preserve of boys. The toys and things we play with can
shape our lives and the images we see in our formative
years set the tone for how we believe the world sees
us. The following poem is constructed from vintage
advertising slogans for Meccano when Beatrice would
have been building, not just models but her own way
on her own path.



Dick's visit to Meccano Land
Anna Jones

Boys! This Is Great
A Worldwide Brotherhood
A Great Brotherhood Of Worldwide Extent
Where Dwell the Happy Boys
I Built It
For Boys
For Ingenious Boys
In The Interests of Boys
Started at the request of Boys
As far as possible conducted by Boys
Every Boy Should Join
Become A Member
Bringing together Boys all over the world
Helping them to get the best out of life
The kind of scheme by which their longings might
become an accomplished fact

The Three Objects

1. To make every Boy's life brighter and happier
2. To foster clean minded ness, truthfulness,
ambition and initiative in Boys
3. To encourage Boys in the pursuit
of their studies and hobbies

Instructions

Tilly, Tilly
Don't be Silly
You can't join
You've got no willy
All parts are interchangeable (?)

I had some difficulties finding Newlands Primary Academy as it is so new that it doesn't appear on any maps and sat nav doesn't recognise its post code! Once I arrived though, I was very warmly welcomed by Miss Moore and the nine children in her reception class. The school still smells of fresh paint as it only opened in September. It will grow rapidly but this inaugural class of four-to five-year-olds seem very happy to be pioneers!

I read them a children's poem of mine called 'Magic School' stopping after each verse to check their understanding and getting them to participate by doing actions/sounds connected with the poem. They then drew and talked about what their magic home would be like.

I then read them a story I wrote called 'Lost in Jumping' which was published as part of an English As Another Language project in a primary school in Leamington. It tells the story of a young rabbit looking for the perfect home. We then talked about why home is important to them. They drew the inside of their magic homes including who would live in them and what food they would eat.

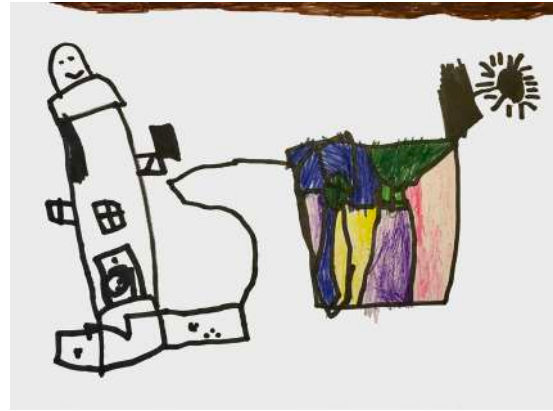
I finished with a performance of my poem 'Slithermonchowchuck' about a monster who is scared of children. Again, they were really enthusiastic about doing the sounds/actions that go with the poem and there was a lot of laughter. I was deeply impressed by their vivid imaginations and confidence in sharing their ideas. When I asked them what was magic about

● Newlands Primary Academy

their school, they said it was brand new and we talked about how they had planted a memory capsule in the playground which wouldn't be opened until they were in Year 6. 'That's a really, really long time away,' one little girl informed me.

It was a total joy to work with these wonderful children. Here's some poems with examples of artwork they did. The words all came from things that were said during the workshop.

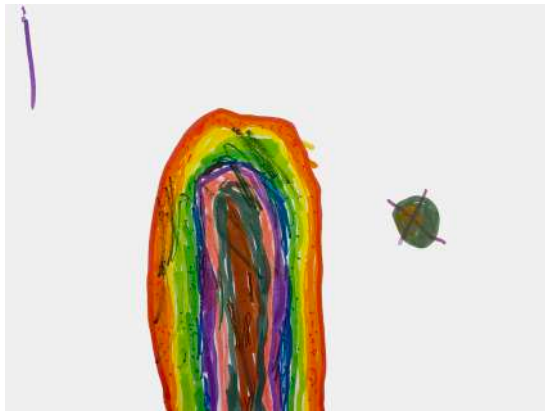
Inside My House
Aoife Mannix



Mum and Dad and me
live in a lighthouse by the sea
where we drink Coca-Cola under a brown sky
and watch all the happy ships go by.

There's a fireman's pole runs from ceiling to floor
and a firefighter we keep right by the door
in case of an emergency.

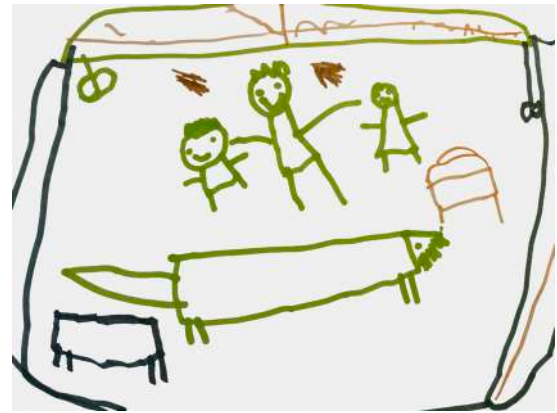
You see, it's a non-stop party!
There's a stage for dancing
and prancing with Peppa Pig and Bluey
and my baby sister who's going to be born soon.



We keep rainbows in every room
and our beds are made from Yorkshire pudding.
Safe and round, so there's no flooding.

We love to eat spaghetti on a plate,
so don't be late. Fish fingers and chips,
chocolate dips, carrots which are good for you,
strawberry ice cream, vanilla too.

There's a guest house for my cousins,
shaped like a triangle, and if you want to go
to the moon, you just swish your wand
and Beep! Beep! You'll be there soon.



But the best thing of all is my dog,
he's as long as a log and totally ginger,
you can just cuddle him and cuddle him
in front of the TV, all warm and soft
like a home should be.



I've a magic home
where I love to roam.
It's a cursed mansion,
plenty of expansion,
hundred and sixteen rooms,
my pet baby bat zooms
at super sonic speeds
to get the milk she needs!

I've a magic home
where I love to roam.
A flying submarine,
the best you've ever seen.
Deep under the dark sea,
rainbow fish chasing me.
Happy sharks love to play,
cry when I fly away!



I've a magic home
where I love to roam.
A school with legs and arms,
walking spells, magic charms.
Hair around its brick face,
it loves to race and chase.
Wednesday lives there,
she plays truth or dare,
with her own mermaid twin
who she never lets win!

I've a magic home
where I love to roam.
My helicopter spies
the bad guys as it flies
above my locked jail.
Any escape will fail.
Don't try to cut and run,
I'll tie you up for fun!



I've a magic home
where I love to roam.
Where animals live free,
they never have to flee.
It is ever so nice
as a playground for mice,
who get the warmest hugs
from super chatty bugs.
Squirrels will be your friend,
true besties till the very end!

About Our Writers

Aoife Mannix was born in Sweden and grew up in Ireland, Canada and the US. She now lives in a tiny hamlet in the Cotswolds with her partner, thirteen year old son and a pomsky called Marsha. She has previously published five collections of poetry and a novel as well as being writer in residence for the Portsmouth Museum, the Gosport Gallery, BBC Radio 4's Saturday Live and the Royal Shakespeare Company amongst others.

Anna Jones was raised on the wilds of the Yorkshire moors and Dartmoor. Anna's work includes writing, site specific art and producing festivals and theatre. She is inspired by people and place and untold histories. Her first writing commission was a play based on the history of her house and performed in the front room. Anna lives in Slough and has written for performance at the Horlicks Quarter, Herschel Park, Slough Train Station and The Mere, the site of Charles Dickens publisher. Anna has also created work for RHS Wisley, Kew Gardens, and museums in Reading, Oxford and Windsor.

Lucy Jones was born at home in Denmead and lived locally to Waterloooville for most of her childhood and adolescence. She studied Psychology at the University of Plymouth, graduating in 2001, before returning to Portsmouth where she qualified as a Childcare Practitioner and Primary School Teacher. Both of her children were born at home in Waterloooville. Lucy is now back in Waterloooville after ten years living on the Isle

of Wight. Plot Lines is her first foray into freelance writing after working as a blog writer and social media content creator in her previous position on the Island.

Amelia Simpson was born in Oxford and is now based in Southampton. She runs a poetry open mic and writers' group in the city's only independent bookshop, facilitating a welcoming space for local writers. She writes from a place of curiosity and is interested in the ways personal histories play out in the poetic form. Amelia works for ArtfulScribe and, in her spare time, is a pianist and drummer.

Credits & Thanks

Donna Martin and the team at Crookhorn College
Emily Dewhirst, Dragonfly Arts Centre
Fiona Baxter, The Spring
Jack Guy
Jennifer Thornton, Miss N. Moore and Mrs D. Pearson,
Newlands Primary Academy
Marushka Agius
Michael Whitelock, Children's Activity Manager,
Horizon Havant
Neil Spurgeon and all at the Havant Local History Group
Springwood Writers
Waterlooville Library
Grainger Plc
Winchester City Council

The Plot Lines team:

Amelia Simpson
Anna Jones
Aoife Mannix
ArtfulScribe
Gail Howard
Hannah Newton
Henry Mulhall
Kym Devine
Lucy Jones
Siân Rosa Hunter Dodsworth
SOUP
Studio Response

If you or someone you know has been affected by sexual violence or relationship abuse, you are not alone and it was not your fault.

Contact the National Domestic Abuse Helpline for free, 24/7 on 0808 2000 247 (run by Refuge)
Visit refuge.org.uk for further support and help.

The Men's Advice Line, for men affected by domestic abuse 0808 801 0327 (run by Respect)
respectphoneline.org.uk

The Mix, free information and support for under 25s in the UK: 0808 808 4994
themix.org.uk

For young people visit loverspect.co.uk a website that helps you to recognise the signs of an unhealthy relationship before they escalate.

National LGBT+ Domestic Abuse Helpline 0800 999 5428 (run by Galop)
galop.org.uk

Samaritans (24/7 service) - 116 123
samaritans.org

Colophon

Editors:

Aoife Mannix
Studio Response

Publication design:

SOUP

Typeface:

Kalice by Margot Lévêque

Printing:

Angel Press

Plot Lines is funded by a developer's contribution which was agreed as part of the planning permission for West Waterlooville via Winchester City Council. The Agreement states that the contribution has to be spent on art.



Winchester
City Council