



Brontë  
Parsonage  
Museum



Stanbury Village  
School



Lees  
Primary  
School



Brontë  
Writing  
Club



Haworth  
Primary School



Oldfield Primary  
School



Oakworth  
Primary School



Nessfield  
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Friday 3rd September-8pm

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The Brontë Writing Club consists of twenty one gifted and talented writers aged 8-9 years from six primary schools across the Worth Valley.

Throughout a twelve week period the children have had the opportunity to research, experience and write about 'Brontë Country' to inform and inspire other young writers. They have worked exceptionally hard, and I am very proud of their efforts and achievement.

Here they share some of their work with you. Happy reading and I hope it inspires you to want to write too.

Sharon Sadler Brontë Writing Club Organiser

*"It was great working with Sharon and the children from the partner schools on this project. The children were really focused and so interested and enthusiastic in their response to the Parsonage and its collections. They worked hard too and I think all this shows in the imaginative work they produced."*

Sue Newby  
Education Officer, Brontë Parsonage

Cover Illustration by Thomas Robertson-Brown  
Stanbury Primary School

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# Haworth: Home of the Brontës



Following a visit to the Brontë Parsonage Museum Adam Pedley, Eve Edmondson, Eleanor Vidic, Jessica Murdoch and Bailey Warrington-Shaw share some of the interesting facts they found about the Brontë family.

## Did you know...

• Patrick and Maria Brontë had six children. They were called Maria, Elizabeth, Charlotte, Branwell, Emily and Anne. They lived at Haworth Parsonage from 1820 to 1861. The Haworth Parsonage is now called the Brontë Parsonage Museum.

• The Brontë family (all apart from Anne-who is buried in Scarborough) are buried in a vault beneath Haworth Church.

By Adam Pedley  
Lees Primary School

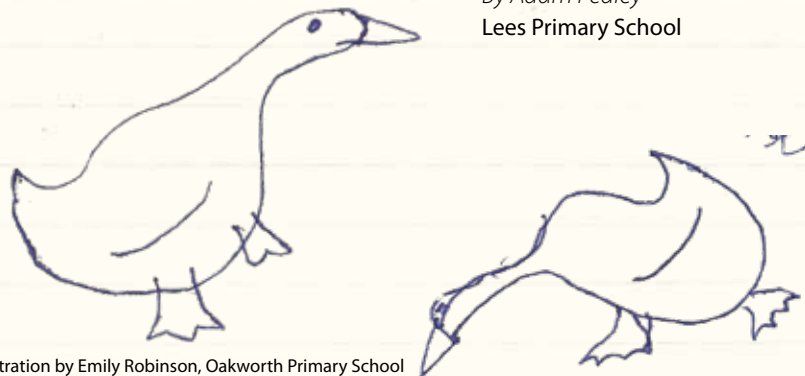
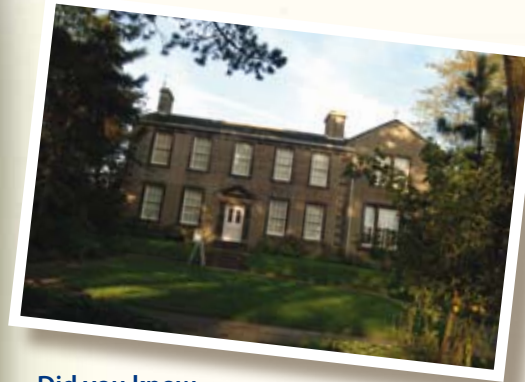


illustration by Emily Robinson, Oakworth Primary School



## Did you know...

• Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë were brilliant writers. Charlotte wrote a famous novel called Jane Eyre in 1847, Emily wrote Wuthering Heights in 1847 and Anne wrote the Tenant of Wildfell Hall in 1848. Although written over 150 years ago they are still loved by people all over the world.

By Eve Edmondson  
Oldfield Primary School

## Did you know...

• The Brontës used to keep pet geese in their house and walked them out around Haworth. They were kept in the servant's room at the Brontë Parsonage. The geese were looked after by Tabby the servant who was the servant who stayed for the longest at the house. Geese were a popular pet in the Brontë times.

• The Brontë children wrote many of their stories in tiny books. The children wrote stories about faraway lands. They also drew tiny illustrations on their bedroom wall and shared a bed. The Brontë children could only write small because there was a shortage of paper and they didn't want anyone to read them.

By Eleanor Vidic  
Lees Primary School

## Did you know...

• The Brontë sisters had two dogs. One was called Keeper and one was called Flossy. At the Brontë Parsonage Museum you can see the collars that the dogs would have worn. Keeper was not known to be a kind and gentle dog. He was known to be a ferocious fighting dog!

• Once Keeper got into a terrifying fight and everyone was too scared to get involved and stop it. But when Emily Brontë found out she marched straight down to Keeper and rubbed pepper in his face. This stopped the fight immediately!

By Jessica Murdoch  
Haworth Primary School



## Did you know...

• On the 19th December 1848 Emily Brontë died at the age of 30 on the sofa in the dining room. Branwell died in 1841 at the age of 31 and Charlotte died in 1855 when she was 38.

• Patrick Brontë bought some toy soldiers and all of his children played with them. The soldiers became characters in their imaginary lands.

• Haworth Parsonage became a museum in 1928. Visitors come from all over the world to find out more about the Brontës.

By Bailey Warrington-Shaw  
Lees Primary School



*The Brontë Writing Club invited Malcolm Hanson along to the Cobbles and Clay Cafe in Haworth to talk about his life and work as an author. Finn Sedgwick and Michaela Hartley share their findings.*

### An Interview with Malcolm Hanson

Malcolm Hanson is an author of several books. He writes about the history of the Keighley district and the supernatural. The Brontë Writing Club interviewed him to find out more about his life and work.

**Q:** Where did you grow up?

**A:** I grew up in Denholme.

**Q:** When did you start writing?

**A:** I started writing in 2002. I was a late developer!

**Q:** Who inspired you to be an author?

**A:** One of my teachers. When I was twelve I was encouraged to write a story. I used my imagination and wrote a 100 page story!

**Q:** What books have you written?

**A:** Well, I've written eight so far so I'll name just a few: *The Darkside of Town*, *Keighley's Darkest Secrets* and *The Gateway Walk*....

**Q:** What is the hardest part about being an author?

**A:** In my experience I'd say writing a big book. I try not to worry about my use of grammar when I'm writing because if I do the whole thing goes wrong.

**Q:** Where do you get your ideas from?

**A:** Places that I have been to or read about.

**Q:** Who is your favourite author?

**A:** I enjoy all of the Brontë sister's books. In particular *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë.

**Q:** What's the best thing about being an author?

**A:** The achievement. It's good to write books



because you know people will enjoy them.

**Q:** What advice would you give to anyone who wanted to be an author?

**A:** Be whatever you want to be. Follow your dreams and use your imagination.

**Q:** Do you have any pets?

**A:** Yes, 'Happy Cat'! He is a soft toy and goes with me everywhere.

**Q:** What is your favourite colour?

**A:** I like blue and red. I know they clash but when I put my head on a pillow and close my eyes those are the two colours I can see clearly.

**Q:** In a crowd do you like being the centre of attention?

**A:** An interesting question – to which I answer yes I do!

**Q:** What would be the first thing you would cook if you were a chef?

**A:** I would cook egg, beans and bacon!

Thank you very much Malcolm Hanson.

By Finn Sedgwick  
Haworth Primary School

Michaela Hartley  
Nessfield Primary School

## Who was Lily Cove?

The Brontë Writing Club went to Haworth Cemetery to find out.

*In the year 1906 Lily Cove (Elizabeth Mary Cove) died in a tragic accident here in Haworth, at the age of 21!  
Read on to find out more...*



Lily Cove  
Miss Elizabeth Mary Cove  
Parachutist  
Daughter of Thomas Charles Cove of London  
Who died 11th June 1906  
Age 21 years  
Lily has been dead for 104 years now!

By Charlotte Bostock  
Oakworth Primary School



Nobody knows why. Did Lily jump because she was ditched or did she fall?  
Her grave is at Haworth Cemetery.

By Poppy Ballantine  
Haworth Primary School



## Have you ever read Charlotte Brontë's novel Jane Eyre?

The Brontë Writing Club had the opportunity to take part in a Jane Eyre drama workshop at the Brontë Parsonage Museum. The children acted out scenes from the book playing a range of characters. They then went on to write a diary entry in role to give insight into the characters thoughts and feelings.

*Do Charlotte Bostock, Hannah Richardson, and Isabella Bailey persuade you to read the book?*



### Mrs Reed – Jane's Aunt

I am so glad that Jane Eyre has finally gone to Lowood School. She is a bad influence on my children. Just the other day she had the nerve to touch our precious books. At least John knows what she is allowed to touch in our marvellous house. Why did I have to have this child? She questions me and I am older than her. She is nowhere near polite! I have got a very good plan tucked away in my head. I have a feeling Jane's uncle is going to give her a great deal of money and she might become richer than us. I will tell him she has died! (even though she is at Lowood!) I am positive my husband – Mr Reed loves Jane Eyre more than his own children. Isn't that appalling! How can my husband love that child? She is badly dressed and cannot behave. Good riddance is what I say!

Charlotte Bostock  
Oakworth Primary School

### Helen Burns – Jane's friend at Lowood School

I hate that horrible, cruel history teacher Miss Scatcherd. This morning she made me fetch a rod and she slapped it upon my hand three times! Although I suppose I am a slattern – as Miss Scatcherd tells me regularly. I met this girl Jane Eyre, who is a really nice person. One day I bet she will become my best friend.

However Miss Scatcherd picks on me badly all the time, so that means I am not good, that means I will not go to heaven! I can't bare it! You never know I might die of a horrifying disease any day. I just really hope I don't. Nobody else really likes me, so it is a privilege to have a friend like Jane Eyre.

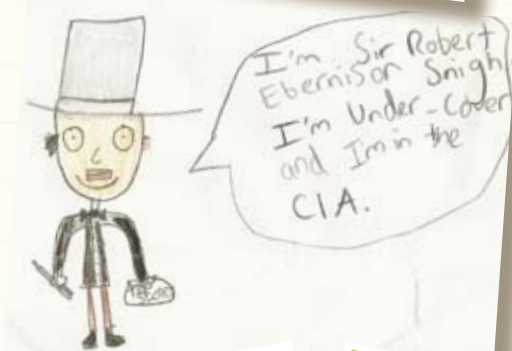
By Hannah Richardson  
Oakworth Primary School

### Miss Temple – the beautiful and kindly superintendent of Lowood.

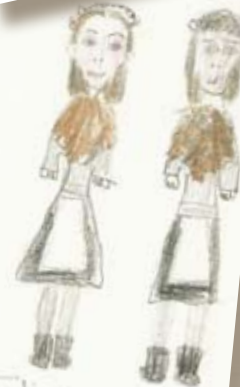
Oh dear I wonder if Mr Brocklehurst (Manager of Lowood) will act nicely to Jane and the rest of the pupils. Mr Brocklehurst is so mean, I wonder if he is going to bring his daughters who are also mean and selfish. I hope Jane Eyre is a sensible girl and I hope she doesn't have curly hair because Mr Brocklehurst doesn't like children with curly hair (apart from his own of course!). As I saw all the pupils I noticed one girl, it must have been Jane because her face looked new and she had curly hair. When Mr Brocklehurst arrived he saw Jane. When he looked at the children his exact words were "Miss Temple! Who is this girl with the curled hair?" I tried to tell him that her hair curled naturally but he didn't listen. He demanded it be cut off instantly. Poor poor Jane!

By Isabelle Bailey  
Stanbury Primary School

The Brontë Writing Club travelled on the Worth Valley Railway from Oxenhope to Keighley and back. They met a number of characters along the way that they then used for their story writing. Here are some of the characters.



Widow Comy



Eliza Anne



Cartoon illustrations by Keiran Picken, Finn Sedgwick, and Jessica Murdoch

## Worth Valley Railway Adventures

1. By Luke Green, Stanbury Primary School
2. By Georgia Greatrex, Lees Primary School

### 1. The Long Journey

I will never forget yesterday, we were all so excited about going on the Worth Valley Railway Adventure. The journey was supposed to last thirty minutes, but it lasted a lot longer than that...

Me, Joe and Sam all got ready in our best clothes and met at Damens Station at nine thirty in the morning ready for the adventure to begin. Ten minutes in we arrived at Oakworth

Station after passing green luscious meadows, each one full of flocks of sheep grazing under the scorching sun.

Suddenly Sam pointed out an odd thing. "Hey, look at that woman in the freaky dress!"

We took a look, he was right. We looked again there was more than one person dressed like that.

"Wait, don't these people look a bit Vikingish to you?"

I replied immediately, "NO! Don't you mean Edwardianish?"

Our class had been learning about Edwardians and I could recognise those hideous clothes anywhere.

After our sighting later on during the train journey we forgot about it all. Until, something else caught our eye.

"Look at that old man in a horse and cart!" We were all confused at this latest sighting. "Shouldn't he be in a car?" questioned Sam.

Suddenly, the train grinded to a halt! We all flew out of our seats. When we got out I asked a passerby what the date was. I was

horrified when I heard the answer. "The date is November 12th 1910". We had gone back in time! We all stared at each other in shock and horror; we had gone back to Edwardian times.

"Hold on, aren't we at a station?"

"Yeh".

"So why not catch a train back home?"

"Two things wrong there Sam, one - we all live around here, and two - you can't catch a train one hundred years into the future!"

When it all looked like certain doom for us, we all heard a loud noise, cowered down and covered our eyes. We must have been there for around one minute when all of a sudden,

we found ourselves in my bedroom.

"Come on boys stop playing that silly game about going back in time, Joe's mum is here, hurry up your sleepover is over".

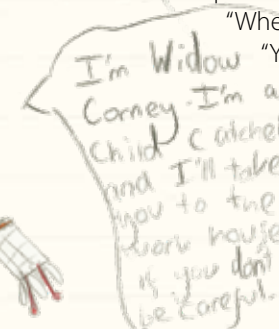
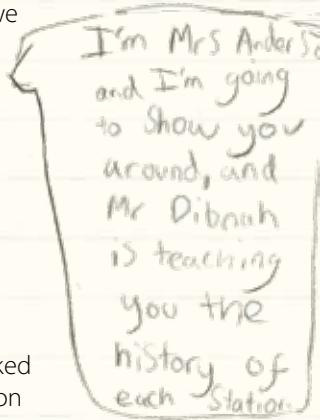
We looked at each other confused.

Had it been a game or was it real???

We never knew what happened that day but one thing is for certain we had a memorable time.

I was thinking about our brilliant yet mysterious time together when out of the corner of my eye I saw a horse and cart go by.

A horse and cart?



### 2. Adventure on the Railways

Yesterday was probably the worst day of my life and hopefully I shall not have to remember it. "We're going on a trip to the countryside," my mother announced coming down the stairs. Before I knew it we were walking to Haworth train station (just down the road) with packed bags in our hands.

"I want to sit by a window!" yelled Pollyanne. "Me too, me too, me too!" three voices yelled.

Soon after that we were on the train half an hour into our journey. I was sat next to a woman with a baby in her arms. She was weeping. Her eyes were red and sore and tears were seeping down her cheeks.

I found the courage to talk to her. "What's wrong Maam?" I asked.

"My husband was hit by a train when he was crossing the railway." Then she continued to tell me what happened. Apparently he was killed and his wife had recently had a baby.

"What's your name?" she asked me.

"My name is Elizabeth," I replied.

"Well I'm Mrs Johnson, well Widow Johnson."

Before you knew it, we were in the countryside - Oxenhope. Me and my three little brothers and two little sisters sat on the riverbank fishing. "I'm just going for a walk," said my father.

"Okay, come back soon!" yelled my mother after him, whilst reading a book.

It was a good half an hour and father wasn't back. "Shall I check the woods?" I said.

Mother nodded, so I ran off as fast as I could. I stumbled into an old woman dressed in black.

"Come with me," she said. "I can give you a job."

I knew she was trying to trick me because I knew who she was - Widow Corney from the workhouse in Haworth. I ran past her and continued to search. I scanned the woods but no luck, so I went back to mother.

"I couldn't find him," I said slowly. She looked up from her book, "What?" she exclaimed. Her voice was shaking. She got up and called for my siblings. I was grief stricken. I couldn't believe I couldn't find him. Before I knew it we were back on the train. The first station we stopped at was Haworth. We scoured the place.

"Where is father?" "Yes, where is he?" said Charles. They were too young to understand that we were actually looking for him.

Next was Oakworth station. He wasn't there. "I'm tired,"

complained Anne. I picked her up.

"You've been on the train most of the time, how can you be tired?" I said.

"I'm tired too," complained Josephine.

"Well I can't pick you both up. So you'll have to take it in turns."

Damens station - no sign of father. Ingrow station - not there. Keighley - no. We went back to Oxenhope in the hope he was there. On the way a man with a briefcase gave me a funny sideways look. He thrust his briefcase at me and told me to hold it till we got to Oxenhope.

Father wasn't at Oxenhope either. The following day whilst we were sat at home by the fire, the front door suddenly opened and there he was - father! We all gave him a huge hug. "Where have you been?" I asked. "That's a secret for now," he said grinning at me.

# Charlotte's Train Trip!

By Caitlin Rodgers Nessfield Primary School

Charlotte sat on her bed in the dull orphanage. She dreamed of a sunny day, laughing and playing with her mother and father like she used to. In her mind, Charlotte said "I love you mother..." Now, she could not say that, her parents died when she was one in a Hackney Carriage accident. Madam Julie Smith and Sir John Smith had been very rich!

Charlotte decided to leave the orphanage. That afternoon she brushed her long fair hair, put on her best clothes, then set off for the train station. As she arrived it started to rain, so she pulled her hat down hard and hugged herself, while waiting for the train.

She stepped onto the train as it pulled up at the platform.

Lots of other people got on as well. Charlotte sat down on the scratchy seats and took her hat and coat off. A pretty petite woman got on and sat opposite Charlotte. In her arms was a wailing baby wrapped in a blanket.

Thirteen year old Charlotte smiled sympathetically at the woman. The lady started sobbing and Charlotte said "Excuse me Madam, but why are you crying?"

"Well my husband is dead and my little baby Joseph and I have to move out of our house by the end of the week!" the lady said still weeping.

"Oh that's terrible! May I ask what is your name?" asked young Charlotte.

"Mrs Johnson and you are?"

"Charlotte Smith," replied Charlotte.

"Well Charlotte, this is my stop," said Mrs Johnson, as they pulled into Oakworth Station.

As she got off, a woman in black got on and glared at Charlotte.

"Such a young girl like you would be perfect in my workhouse!" cried the lady, slowly walking towards Charlotte.

"Urn, pardon Miss?" stammered Charlotte, sliding closer and closer to the window.

"You heard what I said young lady!" snapped the woman.

"I am Widow Corney, the owner of the local workhouse, and I don't care what you say but you're coming with me!"

Widow Corney held Charlotte's hand very tightly. Charlotte started weeping quietly as she was bundled off the train into a big building that looked like a prison!

When she got inside Charlotte gasped in shock because she saw girls in mucky, tight dresses with little white caps on. They

were looking very glum, sewing and fixing stockings by hand.

"Oh wow, a new worker!" said one girl who was tubby with faint freckles on her face. Charlotte later found out that she was called Elizabeth.

She also found out that working in the workhouse was very hard! Her hands were worked to the bone, and made really sore with blisters.

Time passed slowly until a handsome doctor named William Oakwell arrived at the workhouse to cure some of the girls of influenza. William had light brown floppy hair with chestnut brown eyes and was wearing a black suit.

He turned to Charlotte and said in a gentle voice "I can see you work incredibly hard Miss Smith, and I like you, so will you come and work as my parlour maid at Oakwell Manor please?"

"Well..." mumbled Charlotte looking at Widow Corney.

"You can Charlotte, he's right you do work hard," replied Widow Corney, with a tiny smile on her face.

So Charlotte packed her belongings (there wasn't many) and got into the Black Rolls Royce.

When they finally reached Oakwell Manor, Charlotte gazed up at the giant house. Having been in the workhouse for five years, this was certainly something! William called Charlotte inside.

The inside was even better than the outside.

There was a deep red carpet and pale cream walls with a long staircase.

"You can get right to work, go to the servant's quarter and put on your uniform please," said William in a calm voice.

Charlotte went up to her room and there lying on a wooden bed was a cream mop cap, a white blouse, a long grey skirt and an apron. She put them on and looked in the mirror. She looked good, and was hoping to impress William.

She went downstairs and into the kitchen to make her secret love (ooh la la!) some lunch. (I'm saying secret love because ever since Charlotte first saw William she loved him).

Charlotte made William a lunch of roast lamb with potatoes and carrots.

"You do know my dear that I cook the meals!" said a stern voice.

Charlotte spun round to see a jolly looking lady of about forty eight looking at Charlotte.

"May I ask, who are you?" asked Charlotte, smoothing the creases in her apron.

"I am Master Oakwell's cook and you?" said Cook.

"I'm Charlotte Smith Madam, the new parlour maid," she replied "And if you don't mind I'm serving lunch today!" she said as she shoved past Cook.

"Well Charlotte what a lovely meal," said William, as he was just finishing.

"Why thank you Sir," replied Charlotte grinning.

"Listen Charlotte, I need to ask you something," mumbled William.

"You can ask me anything," said Charlotte.

"Well, I know you are eighteen and I'm twenty but..." stammered William, mopping his brow.

He got down on one knee and said "Charlotte Smith, will you do me the honour of being my wife?" asked William, grinning from ear to ear, as he took a diamond ring out of his pocket.

"Oh William, of course I'll marry you!" replied Charlotte, giving him a loving kiss.

*The Wedding Day!*

Charlotte put on her long white dress and tiara. She was very happy that she was marrying her first love. William was wearing his black tuxedo and was as happy as Charlotte.

Charlotte walked down the aisle with flowers on either side of her. The vicar was smiling at them both. "We are gathered here today to celebrate the marriage of Charlotte Smith and William Oakwell."

"I now pronounce you man and wife!" said the vicar, still smiling. So now Charlotte was Mrs Charlotte Oakwell and was excited and happy about it.

The next morning Charlotte sat up in bed, William was still snoring quietly next to her. Now that Charlotte was no longer a parlour maid, she didn't have to wear the uniform. So she put on a long red dress with black tights, black boots and a black shawl. Her hair was like a blonde waterfall past her shoulders.

"Wake up sleepyhead," whispered Charlotte gently shaking William.

"Oh hello sweetheart," replied William propping himself up on his elbows.

"Do you fancy a walk along the riverside?"

"Of course," replied Charlotte.

That morning after breakfast Charlotte and William packed a picnic and found a nice area next to the river. They put out the blanket and laid out the food: buns, sandwiches, sausages on sticks and much more.

"It's a beautiful day," said William.



"Yes gorgeous, especially the swans, they're very graceful," said Charlotte eating a bun.

"Yes definitely, let's have a fun day. We'll go on my yacht," said William getting up.

As they sailed along with the wind in their faces, Charlotte knew there was something wrong. She said "I just want to go home William..."

At Oakwell Manor Charlotte went straight to bed. It was still quite dark when Charlotte awoke, so she decided to take a trip on a steam train, like she had that morning when she was thirteen. Charlotte brushed her hair, put on her best clothes then went.

As she reached the station it started to get light and sunny.

The train pulled up right on time and Charlotte boarded it. She hoped to see Mrs Johnson, and to her surprise she did!

Mrs Johnson sat opposite Charlotte.

"Morning Miss," said Mrs Johnson. There was a boy sitting next to her, obviously Joseph.

"Good morning Mrs Johnson," replied Charlotte grinning.

"Charlotte?" asked Mrs Johnson leaning forwards.

"It's me and I'm no longer Charlotte Smith," said Charlotte.

"What do you mean darling?" asked Mrs Johnson.

"I am married to Dr William Oakwell!" replied Charlotte.

"Oh that's wonderful! Meet Joseph Johnson, the heir of Oakworth Railway. Well we've both got good news!"

"This is my stop," said Charlotte.

When she reached Oakwell Manor William was waiting for her. Charlotte smiled at him and went into the living room. She knew it was time. She felt unwell and tired. Charlotte drifted off into a deep sleep and never woke again. That was to be the end of a great life for Charlotte Oakwell.

Whilst wandering on and around Haworth Moor Luke Green, Jessica Murdoch, Eve Edmondson, Keiran Picken, Thomas Robertson-Brown and Olivia Belcher created these poems to show what Haworth Moor means to them.

## Haworth Moor

On Haworth Moor, fragrant heather blooms,  
The sweet, tender bilberries grow.  
The jagged rock faces greet you,  
As the dancing wind starts to blow.

On Haworth Moor you'll feel free,  
As you explore the vast open space.  
You'll walk in the footsteps of the Brontës,  
In this historic, inspirational place.

On Haworth Moor you'll fall in love,  
As you begin a romantic affair.  
With the passionate, intense wilderness,  
For you and your soul mate to share.

Come and visit Haworth Moor,  
And memories will be made.  
You'll never forget your time here,  
The experience will never fade.



Illustration by Luke Green, Stanbury Primary School

## Haworth Moor

On Haworth Moor,  
there is a magnificent view.  
In the hills hues,  
of red, orange and purple too.

The surroundings are peaceful,  
in the summer blue.  
The breeze is beautiful,  
the leaves on the trees too.

Get yourself there,  
you won't feel blue.  
If you care,  
you'll come too.

By Keiran Picken  
Nessfield Primary School



## Haworth moor poem picture



Illustration by Adam Pedley, Lees Primary School

## Haworth Moor

Unknowing where mysterious paths lead,  
Amongst pink and purple heathers,  
The gargle of the grouse,  
The humming of the bees,  
This is what Haworth Moor is like to me.

By Thomas Robertson-Brown  
Stanbury Primary School

## Haworth

Come to Haworth and see the sights,  
This is the home of Wuthering Heights!

By Eve Edmondson  
Oldfield Primary School

## The Brontës

The family of the Brontës,  
Were very famous indeed,  
They got their writing abilities,  
From the Haworth Moor you see.

By Olivia Belcher  
Haworth Primary School

## Haworth Moor!

Haworth moor is just so great,  
All the time, no need to hate,  
Whatever the weather you can walk up and down,

Or maybe look at views around,

Round July Blueberries come out,

Then in September Hether comes out without a doubt,

Haworth Moor is a brilliant place,

Maybe you could go on race,

On the Moor you can see for miles,

Only you have the files,

Ready to go?!

By Emily Robinson  
Oakworth Primary School

## What a Day!

"No it's mine,"  
"No it's my bucket and spade,"  
argued Holly and Amy.  
It was the Hothworths family  
vacation – two lovely weeks in  
Devon. However so far all they  
had done was argue.

Meanwhile Kipper the dog was digging  
away when they heard a sharp woof! "What  
is it Kipper?" Holly said worryingly.  
Then just at that moment Kipper threw out  
a glimmering crystal that was buzzing with  
power! Holly and Amy both picked up the  
sparkling crystal. Under their breath they  
murmured a few magic words and bang  
they were gone!

The next thing the two girls knew was that  
they were on a train, chuffing down the  
Worth Valley Railway line! "W...where are we?"  
stammered Holly.

"I don't know!" bellowed Amy.  
Suddenly the train stopped. Two ladies came  
on, one crying her eyes out and the other  
comforting her. Me and Amy ran up to her  
and asked what was wrong, but all that  
came out was a blurred mumble. The lady  
who was comforting her said that she was  
Daisy Green and the woman crying was Mrs  
Johnson. When she could finally talk she told  
us that her husband had died and that she  
had been kicked out of her cottage. "Oh my,"  
me and Amy said together.

Suddenly I had a brain storm. "You can stay  
in our caravan until you find a house."  
"Oh thank you," said Mrs Johnson gratefully.  
And with that they were gone!



We were playing on the beach again,  
playing happily. "What a day we have had,"  
we said together. "This is one for the diary!"

Dearest Diary,  
Today we have been to the  
beach and we found a magic  
crystal and we went back into  
the time of the Edwardians. It  
was awesome!

Holly

Dear Diary,  
It has been the most awesome day  
of my life because we went back into  
Edwardian time and met Mrs Johnson  
and Daisy Green. It was so cool!

Amy

By Eloise Mashiter  
Oakworth Primary School



## The Brontës and Haworth Moor

Charlotte, Emily and Anne were the three Brontë sisters who were and still are famous for their writing. They came to live in Haworth in 1820. Their home is now the Brontë Parsonage Museum. It holds memories of the Brontë family. People visit the museum to find out interesting facts, see old paintings and examples of their writing. Charlotte and her sisters wrote many famous books such as: Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights.

The three Brontë sisters were mostly inspired by going out onto the peaceful moors. On the moors they would sit on wooden stools and write some imaginative stories. Follow in the footsteps of the Brontë sisters and complete this memorable Haworth Moor walk.

By Olivia Belcher  
Haworth Primary School

## Come Follow in the Footsteps of the Brontës!

On this walk from the Parsonage you will follow in the footsteps of the Brontës and learn more about them and the place in which they lived.

*You will see some amazing things on the walk:*

*\* If you go in Summer you will see heather and bilberries.*

*\* You will see woodlands, fields and animals.*

*\* You can search for the five stone books. Some people think that they were put there in memory of the Brontë family.*

By Olivia Avison  
Nessfield Primary School

## Haworth Moor Walk

### Directions

1. Go along the cobbled path from the Parsonage Museum to Haworth Church.

1. Walk through the graveyard to the kissing gate.

### Fact Box

*Did you know...*

The dry stone walls are over 500 years old!

3. Go past the allotments and along the path.

### Fact Box

*Did you know...*

When you come to a fork in the road that's called Charlotte's Way. It's where Charlotte met Arthur in secret, till they married!

4. Keep going along the path until you come to some stone books stuck in the ground. These stone books provide a place to rest, snack or write. Enjoy the GREAT views!

5. Keep walking along the footpath until you see a giant hole in the ground. This is called a crater.

### Fact Box

*Did you know...*

A crater is something people use to get stone and rock out of.

6. Go along the path. Soon you will come to the road again.

7. Walk down the path to the allotments.

8. Go down past the kissing gate and into the graveyard.

9. Now walk past the church. STOP! Look up at the church you should see small dints in the tower. Patrick Brontë (the Brontë sister's father) kept a loaded gun in his bedroom in case someone burgled them. He would often shoot the gun if he thought he was being watched or followed.

### Fun Things to Do!

*\* In Summer up on the moors you can go bilberry picking.*

*\* The moors are a great place to take your dog for a walk.*

By Saffron Bell  
Lees Primary School

Map





### Haworth Moor

**H**aworth Moor Haworth Moor visit once you will be back for sure.  
**A** walk around the moor with the sun in your face, some children even say it's totally ace.  
**W**hen you have some spare time you should visit the moors and have a tree climb.  
**O**n a sunny day you should go to the moors because it's quite simple, you don't have to pay.  
**R**ead a book under a tree, on the moors is the best place to be.  
**T**he moor the moor, the moor is the best and by far better than all the rest.  
**H**aworth Moor Haworth Moor visit once and you will be back for sure.

**M**oors, moors which one is the best? I think Haworth Moor is better than the rest.  
**O**ur local Moor is to adore.  
**O**ur one our only local Moor.  
**R**etell a story under a tree because Haworth Moor is the best place to be.

By Jessica Murdoch  
 Haworth Primary School

### Haworth

*Come to Haworth and see the sights,  
 This is the home of Wuthering Heights!* By Eve Edmondson Oldfield Primary School



Illustration by Charlotte Bostock, Oakworth Primary School

### Brontë Writing Club 2010

- Olivia Avison
- Isabelle Bailey
- PoppyBallantine
- Olivia Belcher
- Saffron Bell
- Charlotte Bostock
- Eve Edmondson
- Georgia Greatex
- Luke Green
- Michaela Hartley
- Eloise Mashiter
- Jessica Murdoch
- Adam Pedley
- Keiran Picken
- Hannah Richardson
- Thomas Robertson - Brown
- Emily Robinson
- Caitlin Rodgers
- FinnSedgwick
- Eleanor Vidic
- Bailey Warrington - Shaw

**Be a part of Haworth's first Ecofair!**

**Haworth Fairtrade Group invites you to get involved in their first Ecofair set in the beautiful Bronte Parsonage Meadow.**

**Share your skill, knowledge and passion in music, arts, gardening, woodcraft, nature, ecology, or anything else you enjoy and think others might too at this family friendly event.**

We're looking for volunteers for many other tasks so if you are able to give a hand throughout the weekend of the 11-12 September, please call **John** on **07870 743 372** or **01535 647 776**.

The Fair Intents event will have professionals running workshops, demonstrations, talks, etc all with an eco/environmental/recycled theme but we believe there is a wealth of talent right here in our Community and would love to find it!

[www.fairintents.org.uk](http://www.fairintents.org.uk)

**FAIR INTENTS**  
 11 - 12 September 2010  
 Part of Haworth Arts and Music Festival

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