

Fossilised Life

Feel out the fossils on the wall,
wet like a person's dribble.
The rocks are hard and their corners
sharp,
maybe you could cut yourself.

Taste the crystal clear water,
it's very, very nice.
Healthier than tap water, you know.

It was dark brown inside.
It was like we were stuck inside the
world's mouth,
stalactites and stalagmites for teeth,
the fallen down bit the throat that
drops into its tummy,
crystal clear water in its trough.

Drops from the ceiling like a shower
trickling down our backs,
tiny camouflaged creatures on the
floor.

Jennifer Bristow

Photography by Chris Webb
Sites of Meaning April Cottage
Middleton by Youlgrave DE45 1LS

Other Stones - Other Meanings is a collaboration between the adults of Middleton and Smerrill and the children of Youlgrave Primary School.

Visiting archaeological sites suggested by the adults of Middleton, the children explored old mines, an ice house, the remains of a pump house, and of course, Bateman's Tomb and Arbor Low. Supported by archaeologist Alice Ullerthorne, they recorded their discoveries in note books and with cameras. Returning to school, the children worked with writer David Fine to produce these poems.

Sites of Meaning will use some of their words on the stones which mark the parish boundary of Middleton and Smerrill.

For further information see sitesofmeaning.co.uk



Poems at Youlgrave Primary School (Photograph: Charles Monkhouse)

Other Stones - Other Meanings was run by *Sites of Meaning* in partnership with Youlgrave Primary School and funded by the Local Heritage Initiative, a partnership between the Heritage Lottery Fund, Nationwide Building Society and the Countryside Agency.



otherSTONES OTHER meanings

A Guide in Verse and Image



The Wind

I feel a breath of wind go past -
Who was there?
How did they get there?
Buried deep down under.

Above the wind swirls and swirls,
I feel a cold breath of wind go past.

Jay Parker

SITES OF MEANING
Marker Stones for the Millenium

Inclination

we were really tired,
walking, walking up the hill,
the stones hard, sharp at our feet
till we stopped at the top, to look.

a whole bunch of water,
flat trees, hills, ourselves
reflected, captured
in a glance.

Y1 with David Fine

Shiver

The stones are there
lying on the ground.
The clouds cover the sun,
the emptiness of air.
Stones rattle in the wind,
People stood shivering away,
Trees sway to and fro.
The stones were there
lying on the ground.

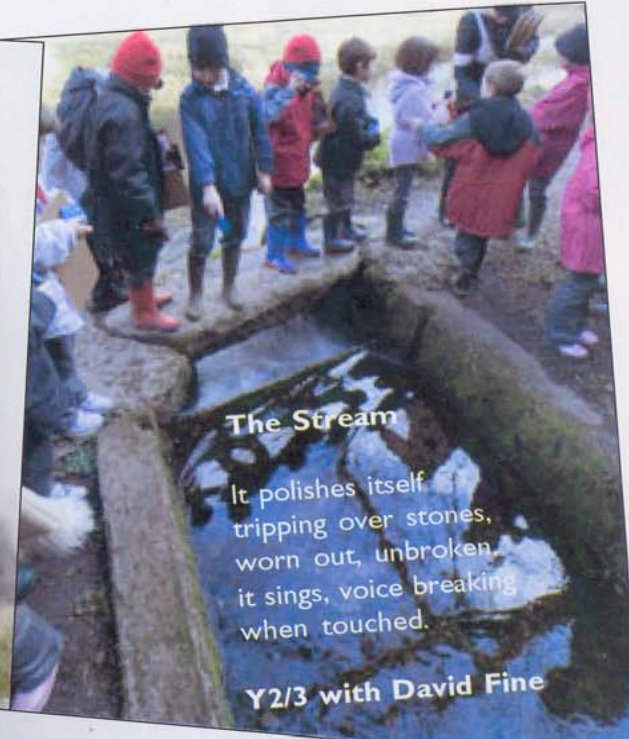
Gemma Dawson



The Stream

It polishes itself
tripping over stones,
worn out, unbroken
it sings, voice breaking
when touched.

Y2/3 with David Fine



Rock to Rock

Children come and jump from rock to rock,
And then the stones
Are woken once again.

The stones stood there still as statues,
Never been moved and waiting
To be jumped on again.

Read my poem,
See how busy life was.



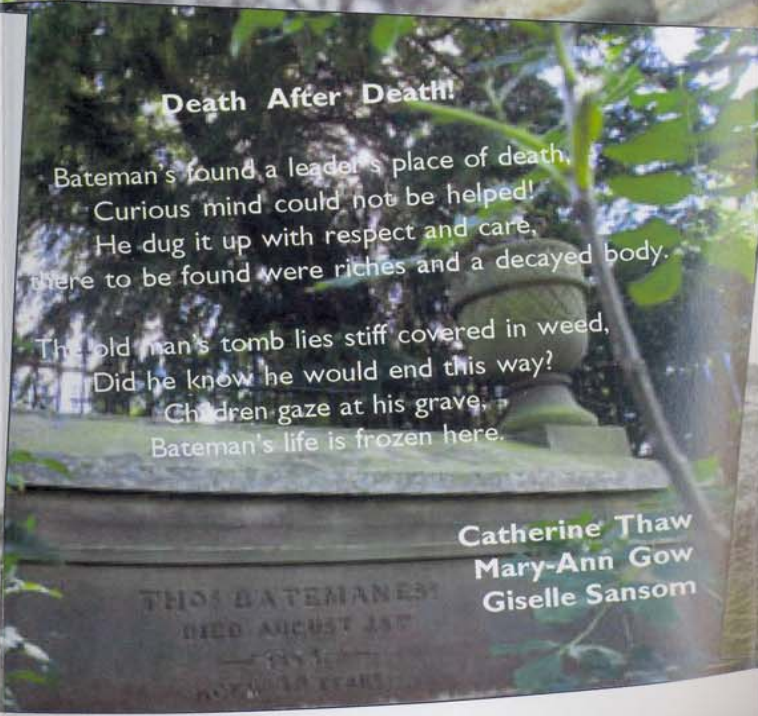
Angela Atkinson
Stephanie Mellor
Emma Andrews

Death After Death!

Bateman's found a leader's place of death,
Curious mind could not be helped!
He dug it up with respect and care,
there to be found were riches and a decayed body.

The old man's tomb lies stiff covered in weed,
Did he know he would end this way?
Children gaze at his grave,
Bateman's life is frozen here.

Catherine Thaw
Mary-Ann Gow
Giselle Sansom



Lonely

Lonely, standing in the middle of the circle,
snowflakes falling on my face; between the rocks
I found a doll.
Flashing lights peeping through the sky,
It is the sun.

Oliver Middleton

