

## Grasby – A Short, Illustrated History for Children

*(with special thanks to Megan Riley for the artwork)*



“Careful with those sticks boys”, said grandad. “You don’t want to hurt each other now”.

“Knights are best”, cried Charlie. No “Vikings are best”, yelled William.

“Well, Grasby has been home to both Vikings and Knights of the Realm, don't you know”, said Grandad. “Now run back to Mummy and give me some peace you scallywags”.



“Ah, peace at last, just five minutes to myself in the warm sunshine”, thought Grandad

Soon Grandad is gently snoring, pictures of Grasby’s past floating through his mind.





Grandad dreams of Grasby long ago in 807 AD.

“Look William, who are all these people?”, said Charlie.

“I think they are called Vikings, perhaps they are on their way to Lindum to visit the Roman fort”, replied William.

“That’s a very long way to walk”, said Charlie.

“Yes, it is but it’s the Viking Way”, said William.



Grandad's dream turns to 1066 AD, when a new King had arrived in the land.

"Hello my brother, did you know the people of Grassebi call you 'William the Conqueror'?"

"Yes, I'm the King of all of England and to you my brother Odo, I give you these lands to protect".

"Thank you, dear brother. I will build churches for everyone".





Grandad drifts to 1408 AD when Knights roamed the Lincolnshire countryside.

“Who might that be, so noble and proud?”, said Ted.

“That’s the gallant Sir John Poucher on his trusty steed, come to visit the folk of Grasby”, said George the Ox.

“I wish I was a Knight”, said Ted.

“I wish I was a Knight’s steed”, said George. “This ploughing is very hard work”.





Grandad's dream is almost over, but before he wakes, he imagines it's 1855 AD.

"Keep those bricks coming lads", said Charles Tennyson Turner to the farm workers. "This school won't build itself".

"You're right my Lord, we will build it strong for the many children of Grasby now and in the future", said Charlie.

"I need to be home soon. My brother Alfred is coming for Tea and later we will write poetry while walking in the garden".



“Oh, I must have dropped off for a few minutes”, said Grandad.

“More like twelve hundred years Grandad”, said Charlie.

“Come on Grandad, you need a jetpack to fly you to the future”, said William.

“Alright boys, to Grasby and beyond...”.