

## KINBOROUGH

By Simllce Jacobson

*The Woodroffe School, Lyme Regis*

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“Kinborough! Who on earth is Kinborough?” the nurse exclaimed, “I have heard nothing of this arrangement.”

The man sighed. “It has been decided, that considering the young princess is growing, she needs a young lady to converse with.”

“It is not essential!” the nurse puffed.

“Well, you know, another lady’s company can be good for another lady,” the man stuttered.

“When is she to arrive?” the nurse continued, sizing the man up. The man took out a pressed handkerchief and wiped his brow.

“She is to come tomorrow at twelve,” and before the nurse could utter another bitter word the man had turned and hurried down the steps.

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From the moment I arrived I had a place; I had to follow. I remember stepping out the grand carriage and staring awed at the grand Hatfield House before I was face to face with a squat lady who introduced herself as the Lady Elizabeth’s nurse. “You must change” she said, “before you meet Elizabeth.” Must I? I thought mother had always made sure I dressed well. That is how I came to be Elizabeth’s companion; my mother had been one of Anne Boleyn’s ladies in waiting, and when they had needed a child for the Lady Elizabeth, my mother and father had been only too pleased to suggest me. So that is how I ended up all alone at the age of eight on the steps of Hatfield House ready to toil at a job I had no say in doing.

The sunlight seeped through my eyelids. I stretched, and regretfully turned over. Time to awaken. I pushed my feet out from under the covers into the cold of the morning. I lay there for a minute then jumped quickly out of bed and tiptoed across the floor to my wardrobe. My room it is right next to Beth’s, and is half the size with no four poster bed. However it has lovely furniture, panelling and an exquisite carpet. It felt early, a wane light filtered through the heavy curtains. My room had a very Tudor feel, richly full, like good food; touches that distinctly showed your class, like you’re there to impress. Who am I supposed to make an impression on? No one visits me.

This room has held me for far too long. I have my companion duties to fulfil. Amusing Beth, dressing Beth, telling Beth what she wants to hear. I open my wardrobe, I have nice clothes too (though not half as extensive as Elizabeth’s) as I’m with Beth all the time and I can’t look shabby. I begin to get dressed pulling on my underskirts and petticoats. I then put on my corset. Years ago, I had realised that doing up your own corset strings is very hard. The strings always slip and it doesn’t do up properly, so I developed a technique. I locked the wardrobe and tied my corset strings to both handles. Then I took a deep breath, braced myself and pulled. The strings went taut. I pulled until the corset was tight then undid the strings and tied them neatly. After another layer I pulled out my green dress with the fine spider web lace and slipped it on, adjusting the sleeves and smoothing out the creases. I buttoned myself in, then washed my pale face and did my hair, winding my straight brown locks round and round then fixing it in place with a head piece. I was done – time to go and see Beth.

I shut my bedroom door and slid along the corridor. My dress rustled as I came to Beth's room. I knocked gently and an imperious voice called "Kin, is that you?"

I smiled and called, "Yes!"

"Come in then," she called a little louder.

I opened the door and shut it behind me then turned to see the fine room in which my young mistress was. She lay on her grand four poster bed dressed in her nightgown. The Lady Elizabeth was not exactly beautiful, but she was striking with her straight aristocratic profile and ginger hair that waved to her waist. She was my friend and my jailer. I knew my place, I also knew better than to upset Elizabeth, who was stubborn, bossy and domineering, along with having a temper as fiery as her hair. And yet there was something sad about her. All the things she had, all there to try to make her forget that she had been pushed and prodded; that she'd been not wanted. Dusted away in a corner where she couldn't be seen. But I saw her. I saw her plain and clear.

I had dressed Beth hurriedly in a fine parchment-coloured silk gown and we now hastened along one of the many elaborate corridors the house possessed. Suddenly, Beth stopped outside the walking room. "Care to take a turn with me?" she muttered.

"But it's lesson time," I protested.

"I'll ask Blanche to tell Kat to wait," the princess proclaimed (Blanche is one of Elizabeth's favourite servants, and Kat is her much loved tutor.) As Beth explained to Blanche, I turned to stare out of one of the windows. Hatfield House was made of red brick and had extensive grounds, a kitchen garden and a beautiful garden full of flowers with fine topiary hedges framing gravel walkways. Shining fountains full of clear water rose against the sky. I felt a hand on my arm and turned to see Elizabeth. "Shall we go in?" she said. I nodded respectfully before pushing the door open. The walking room stretched away from us, there were windows along the entire length of it. The rush matting had been watered the day before and it smelled wonderfully fresh. I breathed in the clean scent like oxygen. Slowly we began to walk then Beth spoke: "As you know I am getting painted today."

"Yes, I know."

"I shall wear my most elaborate dress."

"I will get it when the time comes."

"And," Beth stuttered, "I am told that perhaps the painting may go to my Father."

I tried not to look sympathetic but I knew how much Beth wanted her father to notice her. She had been raised by wet and dry nurses and her mother had been executed when she was but two. I found it unlikely that the King would want the painting. I just smiled as we turned and walked the length of the room again, talking of other things before we went to Elizabeth's lessons.

From a very young age Beth had been extremely well educated. She was clever and knew several languages. Her tutor was called Katharine, or 'Kat' as Beth called her. I sat at the back of the room listening hard. I was supposed to be doing needlework, but I listened with all my might, reciting the French Beth was learning under my breath. I wanted a good education and this way I was almost getting the very best. The hours ticked by and Beth got more and more fidgety until finally Kat said, "Well, Elizabeth, I think we have done enough

for today, you may go and get ready for your painting.” Beth rose quickly and indicated that I should follow. I got up and hurried after her.

“Pull harder!” said Beth.

“I’m trying!” I cried.

“Well try harder,” came the reply. I set my face, looped the strings several times round my fingers and pulled. I stood back panting. Beth’s bodice was as tight as it could go. I was dressing Beth for her portrait, pulling on several petticoats and attaching her bum-roll before putting on her richly patterned under skirt and hooking on matching sleeves. Then I pulled on her beautiful rich red dress encrusted with jewels and buttoned her in tightly. Then I arranged her skirts while she hung some stunning necklaces round her throat. I could tell she was jumpy as I did her hair and attached a matching head-piece. It was an exquisite dress, so rich and fine.

“There,” I said, tweaking a wrinkle in her shirt, “You look beautiful.” I was trying to comfort Beth as we waited outside the door of the room where she was to be painted.

“Oh, Kin! It won’t go to him. I know he won’t want it. No one notices me and I try and try!” She was getting in to an angry fit, so I said the first thing I could think of.

“One day you’ll show them, Beth, and they *will* listen. Do not despair.”

She smiled.

“Good luck”, I said as she was called in. Beth opened the room door, took a deep breath, and entered.

I spent the next few hours wandering the palace gardens lustily. I went through the topiary garden full of wealthy smells. I went through the kitchen gardens full of cabbages and beans and lavender for medicine, and I was just coming back round the drive when Beth rushed down the steps, now wearing a velvet beret and her riding dress, holding falconry gloves. (I breathed a sigh of relief – I wasn’t going to have to change her again.) She was closely followed by a servant carrying two hooded hobbies, one on each hand. Stag, the house’s great deerhound, loped along silvery grey behind Beth.

“We’re going riding, Kin,” Beth dictated, and she began to walk in the direction of the stables.

“Did the painting go well?” I asked.

“Fine” was the only answer I got.

We reached the stables and Beth handed me a leather glove which I promptly put on. I was then handed Clove, a handsome male hobby, while Beth took Jasmine, the female. We then went to the mounting block and our horses were led over. Beth mounted Kate, her beautiful grey mare, while I got on Pod, Beth’s second best horse a jumpy bay stallion. I settled myself in the side saddle while Beth told the servant that we didn’t need an accompaniment as we were only ground round the grounds, and with that final word we set off.

I love riding; it is one of my favourite things to do. We rode down onto the parkland, talking of things we had always wanted to do. Finally, I couldn’t wait any longer. “Let’s let the hawks fly!” I said.

“Yes, let’s do,” came the reply.

I removed the hood from my bird's head. Keen yellow eyes took me in, and the hobby's mottled head flicked around.

"Ready?" Beth called.

"Yes," I whispered.

We both undid the leather straps that held our birds to us, then I threw my hand up in the air. Both birds rose, riding the air currents. I breathed in. It was so beautiful. Beth leaned over and using her gloved hand, handed me a piece of meat from the pouch by her waist. I held it out and as my bird began to dive, I had a wonderful, unimaginable idea. I kicked my heels into my horse's flank and like an arrow from a bow pod, shot forward. I had never felt such speed. I shrieked and heard Beth's cry of surprise, then I heard the pounding of hooves and suddenly Elizabeth was next to me and instinctively my horse speeded up.

"I'm flying! I'm free!" I cried as the wind rushed past my ears, and Beth let out a boyish whoop.

Behind us our hawks flew, chasing the meat in our fingers.

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Epilogue:

Not long after this Elizabeth was summoned to London. King Henry died when she was there. Things immediately changed for Kinborough as Elizabeth was not in London a lot, and very anxious. Then Mary came to the throne. She began burning Protestants, starting with the closest people in her line of vision. This meant servants. Elizabeth saw the danger for Kin, a Protestant, and secretly helped her escape. "But what of you?" Kin asked, "You're as Protestant as I be."

"She's my sister; she won't touch me," Beth replied. Then suddenly she added "You've been a good friend, Kin, a good companion."

"I was just doing my job, Beth. In this day and age, we have little time to follow our choices. Follow yours and they will serve you well. As I, I hope, have done."

Not long after, Elizabeth was taken to the Tower. She then became Queen. She never talked of Kin, considering her to be in the past, at a stage of her life she no longer needed.

**PILGRIMS' PROGRESS**  
**By Sam Troy**  
***Haslemere Prep School***

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Chapter 1

It was God's will for us to cross the seas; God's protection that saved us from death and God's blessing on the true way of following that gave us our little town in America. We were Pilgrims, the fathers of America. Through storms we went and through all we prayed. This is our story.

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I followed after Father who was dressed in his usual puritan black doublet, breeches, hat and shirt, which was as blindingly pure white as the other clothes were pure solitary black. Mother was behind in a woollen shawl and dress. I was dressed similarly to father and had that queer combination of nervousness, excitement and expectancy that amounts to a host of butterflies flitting their peculiar way about one's stomach. For I, Samuel Eaton, would go to the New World and (just as father said) be English *and* have a separate church to go to that was puritan. Mother almost had us go to Norway, where we would be free to go to separate churches but would not be English. Father said "No", we should "go to America where we can be English *and* have our churches."

The *Speedwell* had arrived from the Netherlands and we had planned to sail a week earlier, only the ship had leaked on the voyage and she needed to be patched up. She was carrying a large proportion of the people who would go on this voyage. And we planned to meet up here and sail on together to Virginia.

We had got into the busy part of Plymouth now, where there were lots of stalls, selling all kinds of things, from butterscotch to pottery in this crowded street. Father bought me some barley sugar sweets in a beautiful little clay pot, the type that makes a glorious Native American drumming sound if you hit it when empty - ~"as a treat for this special day", Father said.

Now through the market, we were arriving at the harbour. It was glorious. A crowd of masts, long spindly wooden fingers pointing heavenwards with great, beautiful flags and banners fluttering at the top of each; I soaked in the cries of gulls, the ripple of waves, the dockyard men's grunts as they loaded the ships all in. And there, beside two great bleak and evil looking warehouses precisely in the middle of the harbour, I saw two small gay merchant ships just like any others beside them. I could just make out their names: the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*.

"Eh – theer we are laddie". I was hoisted up on board the ship by a pair of strong arms and a beaming well mannered face. "Oim Robert Coppin, mat ter ships master Chjristopher Jones – oh, no," he added, seeing my face, "Oi'm no 'tickler friend 'o his, that's me rank. Oh – Oi were forgettin – 'ere's a nice polite gennelwoman. You must be 'is mother." He lifted up Mother, who was bright red with embarrassment, and then Father was lifted likewise.

As we went down below to be shown where we wold sleep and live, we were met by the Ship's Master. We went through the customary greetings and he insisted on taking us below and showing us where our luggage – which had been put on board when the *Speedwell* arrived – was stored.

When we had finally got down to where we would sleep I was shocked at how dirty, crowded and unclean it was and I said so to father. "Father, do we have to live here for two months?" (For that was how long we expected the journey to take.)

"If we want to go to the New World."

"No, can't we go somewhere else to sleep, I mean?"

"Nay, we can't do that. Try out your bedding."

I did so, and, sleepily, for it had been a long morning and I couldn't sleep the night before, for there was a host of noises invading the room from the rowdy bar below. I asked one last question to mother in the crowded musty below deck gloom: "Will we die like the other settlers in America?" She turned her head away, tears growing at an alarming rate in the corners of her eyes.

## Chapter 2

I woke up next morning and I felt famished. I enquired of food and even before I asked whether we had cast off moorings and it was only when I was half dressed that I heard orders, rattling of bells and feet upon the deck. Of a sudden, I rushed past the bedding laid out on the floor of the lower deck and joining the throng on deck half-naked. I made my way to the stern, squirming through the crowd. There were a couple of other children there staring at their homeland disappearing behind them. Soon, the harbour wall was a grey streak on the horizon; soon, the beaches were a yellow streak on the horizon; soon, England was a muddy streak on the horizon; soon, there was nothing on the horizon.

"Samuel Eaton, you should be ashamed of yourself, going about with naught on your chest. Go down and put your shirt on at once." The voice of mother shook me to my senses and in a few seconds I had scampered through the hatch to the 'tween decks like a monkey, hurried past the other bedding, and finally come to ours. It was awfully stuffy and dark with only the light of the hatch – but in the gloom – I saw some animals. I tugged my shirt on and went over to a goat. I stroked him placidly – thinking of the animals at home. He had big brown eyes – how comforting they were in this strange environment. I saw hens as well, sheep too. Thus I spent my first morning at sea saying my greetings to a farmyard on board a ship.

Started out of my daydream by a footstep, I turned round to a mischievous looking girl about my age. "Lord, if you are like us I'll be happy." Three boys and a small girl appeared behind her. She was dressed in a rages sort of skirt and a ragged sort of top. "UM?" I said, slightly perturbed.

"Let us introduce ourselves. I'm Lucy."

"And I'm Jim," another boy said.

"And I'm John£."

"And I'm a pickpocket". The girl reprimanded this latter speaker and he, blushing, replied "I ain't got a name."

"He's called Joshua" Lucy said. A toddler hugged Lucy. I assumed this was another sibling.

"Who are your parents?" I asked.

“Well, Ma loved Pa but they were both already married to different people. They made children and me and John looked like we were born of Ma’s husband. Jim, James and the baby didn’t so they were smuggled out to a wet nurse. It was all going well until the baby saw Ma in the streets and called out ‘Ma’. Then it was all out and we were sent away to be forgotten about. Pa paid a fine and Ma was whipped by her husband.

“They deserve it!” I blurted out.

“What!”

Oh, what had I done? “I – I mean that they shouldn’t commit adultery.”

“It’s all right for you when everything is black and white – but ...” The poor girl lay sobbing at my feet. Adultery was wrong – I thought – for the simple reason that it gave so much distress to its products.

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The *Speedwell* started leaking after a small while and we had to go back to port. After she was plugged up, we set to sea again, only to have the *Speedwell* leaking once more. We went back to port again. We were tired of these in and out voyages. So we left *Speedwell* and some passengers behind, but taking some. The *Mayflower* was now crowded with goats, cows, hens, sheep, 105 people and the hold was stocked with the *Speedwell* cargo as well as our own. We were lined with ships biscuit for a month and not going anywhere. We set out for a third time and having run low on supplies, stocked up at Southampton where the ship’s master hired a cooper, John Alder, there.

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After the former incident our friendship blossomed. We explored the ship, had a competition on who could eat the most maggots from the ships biscuit every evening, tried to confuse the helmsman by shouting out various calls. This was an old ship and it was steered by a whip staff – it was a lever really – from below the decks. The helmsman couldn’t see where the ship was going so he had to be shouted down orders by another crew member. We delighted in mimicking a swarthy voice and hearing the helmsman’s various blasphemies. The ship turned back and we sailed into Plymouth again due to a leak on *Speedwell*. What was that to us? It happened twice – that deserved identical treatment.

Eventually, as *Speedwell* was the cause of our troubles, we left her behind and stored the *Mayflower* with *Speedwell*’s passengers and goods. The *Speedwell*’s goods were hauled into the ship with a winch called a capstan that was turned with a yew staff that, in its turn, slotted into various holes. One then pushed it to turn the winch. The goods were taken into the hold and through the loading we discovered how to navigate mountain ranges of cargo and dodge the crates when the ship was tossed about at sea.

“Haul on the mainsheet!” Robert Coppin, Master’s mate bellowed. “Wae, steer a little to port! Na, not starboard! Theer start ter slacken! Straighten up to starboard! Slacken them sails! Oi, why don’t you start furling you filthy ....” And many more commands were shouted. After a small while the ship’s master came up and joined in the frantic shouting. With sails furled we used our momentum and drifted into the moorings where a few men were waiting. We threw the painters overboard and we were hauled into port.

The ship’s master hopped off, shook hands with all the waiting men and sent a few away cursing. The rest he took up to the poop deck and they went into the gloom of the Roundhouse where the ship’s course was set each morning.

Robert Coppin said we should be off ship for the day while the supplies were stored but multiple grumblings told that none would follow the orders. At that very moment a cart of salted meats, space and biscuits arrived. In a flash like the sun on a blade we were off ship and on land.

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Mother and father beside me, we set off to the market in order to buy a new dress for mother, a new cap for father, a bundle of white and black wool, a long dress for a baby and a bucket for mess and egested matter. The baby clothes were an indication of mother being pregnant – each time and every time since I had been born all her children had been stillborn – so I thought nothing of it.<sup>i</sup> I got a second little pot of sweets – not eht same shape as the other one, so it made no sound that was reminiscent of war drums. This would be shared by Lucy and me in the New World.

Upon returning to the ship I found he crew on deck – well pleased with their work – and a swarthy, rough young seaman, who must, with his ill manners, have been picked up at Southampton. He saw mother’s bucket and taunted her “By our Lady” (mother and father were much shocked by this language) “It’s the Dying people with their Death bucket. Sickness is a dangerous thing – so I’ve heard. You will be the first to be thrown overboard – no, you won’t feel it. Hope I’ll be doing it.”<sup>ii</sup>

“Look here, Sir” Father retorted but to no avail. The sailor turned away cursing loudly and went away to plague another good Christian family. The next day we set sail once more with a few more crew members and full stores.

### Chapter 3

On my customary prowlings with Lucy on the morrow, we came across a tanned young seaman who was dressed in brown and had a cheerful and sunny face. He was bending a series of thin planks which were in a bucket of water and whittling a few dried (but bent) ones into suitable panels for a barrel. At our approach he looked up easily. “Hey now – a lassie and lad t’gether – what be yer names?”

“Samuel and Lucy” I piped up.

“Oh, you’re Samuel and you’re Lucy” he said, motioning deliberately to the wrong children. Lucy ignored the gentle teasing, enquiring as to who the gentleman was and what he was doing. “Now, Missy, I’m John Alder and Cooper by trade. I’m bending these into a panel for a barrel and I’m whittling these so they fit together. Once they’re all done I’ll bring tar, nails and a few metal rings up to put round the barrel. Oh bless me! I were forgettin’ these circular panels here that are nailed in afore the barrels are closed up by the nails and tar. There that’s what I’m a-doing.”

I then enquired as to whether we could do it and he replied in the negative, but then changing his mind gave us a couple of thick sawn off bits and said we could try it in a tankard and so we did. The bits swam in the mug overnight and, me getting the ‘wrong end of the stick’, were plastered with ale and were – funnily enough – as sticky as though tarred.

We brought them to him and his face burst into merry laughter wrinkles. He went below; brought up some other cut offs and carved them into circles for our miniature barrels. Taking the wet and sticky panels he, with forehead furrowed, smeared it with tar and stuck the barrel together, leaving the top panel to be inserted without tar and when the barrel had dried.

We passed many days similar to this and many days were passed with her siblings also. Now, the youth with bad manners, blasphemy and bad language was stricken with a fatal illness one day and died soon after. His curses were turned upon himself and thus he was the first to be thrown overboard. Divine vengeance had been shown.

Soon after the death of this sailor, the summer and the fair weather ended. A storm hit us, a fellow traveller was thrown overboard, but he was saved by God when he caught hold of a rope trailing after the ship. We were kept below deck and many suffered from seasickness. We only came up to face the elements when the chamber pots needed emptying. It was a terrible few weeks. The children like me hugged their mothers. Lucy and her family hugged each other. We cried and called upon God but to no avail. After weeks of being thrown about, the storm stopped. The damage was repaired and the main mast, which had been broken, was fixed. We had been thrown miles off course.

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<sup>i</sup> In fact mother was mother to no less than three more children on top of me in the New World – sadly one died in the winter 1621.

<sup>ii</sup> Dead bodies were thrown overboard and he was saying that he wished us dead.

## **The Dawn is Breaking by Imogen Hipkin-Holland**

“Miss Georgina Mavis Rochford, come down this instant! Today is the day your father is being introduced to the House of Lords!” I was eleven when my father became Lord Rochford. It was also the day our house in London was split into three apartments. I suppose then I didn’t know how much my life would change. That was the day my future was decided. That was the day I became a suffragette.

Our apartment was on the middle floor. The first floor was for sale and the third floor had been bought by two ladies who had a lot of banners and sashes shouting out in bold letters: VOTES OR WOMEN! My father told me to ignore them. He said they were crazy and that a girl like me shouldn’t mix with that sort of riff-raff. But I had always been a curious child and my father’s words hadn’t dimmed my inquisitive mind. One afternoon, when I was 13, I decided to introduce myself to the ladies upstairs. My father was reading out one of his speeches about a topic called Suffragettes. I didn’t know what suffragettes were until the door swung open and a woman who looked quite eccentric called out “Pricilla, darling! We have guests.” A voice came from within “A guest Gertrude, dear. Grammar!”

“Oh Pricilla you are a stickleback”

“It’s a stickler not a stickleback, Gertrude!”

They carried on shouting down the corridor without taking any notice of me. I knew it was unladylike but I could feel a monstrous laugh swelling up inside me. When I started laughing Priscilla and Gertrude stopped yelling and started laughing too. After 5 minutes of raucous laughter we settled down and had tea. They were both quite plump with their hair up in messy buns. They wore white blouses and clean white skirts. I took a sweeping look around their drawing room. It was very tidy with oak furniture but there were newspapers and a bookshelf full of political books no piano or art easel no sewing or embroidery. There was a tool box and many more items that women should never been seen with. When they saw me looking around in amazement they explained.

“We’re Suffragettes! We fight for women’s rights! Men rule and that is wrong, very wrong! We are equal to them!” Priscilla was staring into space with steely look on her face. Gertrude could see Priscilla was in her own world so she said “The march is next Wednesday. I think you would enjoy it. It’s in Hyde Park. Be there! I told my friends, Iris, about the march and she agreed to join me.

I cannot tell you how excited I was that day of the march. From my father’s speeches and my mother’s comment I could see they disapproved of suffragettes so I lied that I was going to the Harrods to do some shopping. Gertrude had lent me two sashes for myself and Iris. We were about to become suffragettes.

We walked into Hyde Park and saw a sea of white, green and purple. A woman was making a speech and the crowd was cheering passionately. Another group of women were fixing banners. Suddenly a voice boomed. “Let the march begin!” Iris who was black eyed and black haired held my hand so tightly I swear she cut off my blood supply! We marched, singing peacefully for one hour until there was a scream. We looked at each other. I could see in Iris’s eyes fear and regret. No one knew what was happening until a voice called out loud and clear “IT’S THE BOBBIES! STAND FIRM LADIES!” No

one ran. But soon no one was holding my hand. I saw Iris kicking and screaming being led away by the police.

“HOW DARE YOU!” my father thundered “NO ONE MUST KNOW THIS! YOU COULD DISGRACE THE FAMILY NAME!” I knew what I was about to say was dangerous but I wanted to vote. I wanted freedom of speech. “I may disgrace the family name but women will look back and applaud me. You may hate me forever more but I dream one day a father can sit by his daughter in the House of Commons. So I will carry on marching until justice has been reached. I will not rest till I can shake equality by the hand. Please do not diminish me. So, father, I beg you do not say it is a stupid dream. Please.”

I made the exact same speech in Hyde Park seven years later. I had never been so proud. Three years later I met a politician called Ernest Ashdown he too wanted votes for women. One year later we were married. 1918 gave us the vote. One battle was won. More will follow.