



Evie, our own poet in residence (February)

LANGDALE

One weekend in mid February,
little Evie was so merry.
For she was at the place of Langdale,
where there was no hail or gail.
Just sun, lake and hill,
her happiness this did fill.
She had not a fear,
for she knew Hexham, Shilhill and Pecsætan were
near.
Her fun began on the Friday,
or at least that's what she did say.
Now let free and loose,
she decided to make a chocolate moose.
With Rosie she explored the grounds,
then went on to climb a very big mound.
Then the sun did set,
so chips she did get.
Her belly full now,
much like a cow.
She decided to play cheat,
but no one she could beat.
After four hours of play,
she decided to hit the hay.
Now on the Saturday
she rose quite late,
cos been tired she really did hate.
She had breakfast with her friends from Crook,
this they happily took.
Then she set out on a walk,
to her good friend Rosie she did talk.
After their two hour adventure,
at the pub they did linger.
One O'clock Sally appeared,
but tired and ill Evie had steered.
Up to the hostel they did trek,
trying to avoid the muddy beak.
Evie went straight to bed,
she felt almost dead.
When she woke again,
all most gone was all the pain.
The hours passed with lots of fun,
including tunes from the melodeon.
By seven O clock everyone was in fancy dress,
some people looked a right old mess.
Curry was served and went down well,
until off went the fire bell.
Pirates, Indians, Fairies and Lost Boys,
all went out to the night's joys.
After a while they ventured back
in, then they could have pudding.
When everyone was done,

they went off and had some fun.
rook
but they didn't mind cos they'd had a good
day.
The party started with a few ceilidh dances,
then each side did their performances.
Hexham a dance,
in which they did prance.
Crook a game,
this was not at all lame.
And Pecsætan a play,
which was good Evie did say.
People then played,
sung and danced,
until they could no longer prance.
The last to give a big yawn,
went to bed at three in the morn.
The sun rose far too early the next day,
Little Evie just wanted to stay and lay.
But she got up, dressed, ate and packed her bags,
then went out and put on her rags.
She was much more tired and colder,
so almost fell asleep on her friend's shoulder.
Twelve O clock came near,
so down the steep hill everyone did steer.
For Martyn and Jen they did have to wait,
which everyone did a little bit hate.
The five side took it in turns to caper, galley and half
hey,
for this the audience did pay.
It was a beautiful sight,
when everyone was in kit all tight.
Crook's baldrics, get the mick.
Silhill's rags, make them look like hags.
Hexham's top hats, fit for cats.
And Pecsætan's bells, sound all over the fells.
But then the great weekend had to come to a close,
so little Evie could go home and have a doze.