**Act III: The Longhill Burn**

**Pg. 36**

One evening passing by the green,

He sees a quite nostalgic scene.

Kids and adults play together,

A rounders game for sunny weather.

Jimmy watches, hand on chin,

Recalling happy times for him,

He’s lost deep in his reverie,

When someone asks if he wants tea.

A person he’s not seen till now

Takes his hand and gives a bow

“I’m from the Firesmiths. How’d’you do?

Stay a while and have a brew.”

He’s sees a few more dressed the same,

Joining with the rounders game.

He’s curiosity is raised:

“What brought you Firesmiths here today?”

“They say they’re going to build a fire,

a huge and beautiful Longhill pyre,

The like of which won’t be believed,

Out on the Eastmount Playing Fields.”

Jimmy lifts the mug and sips,

The tea’s like nectar on his lips.

He listens to the voices churn,

The Firesmiths talking of their Burn.

**Act III: The Longhill Burn**

**Pg. 38**

It’s been three days since Laura called,

And Jimmy’s feeling really bored.

His mother makes him take a walk,

And tries to get her son to talk.

But he’s not in the mood for chatter,

Doesn’t quite know what’s the matter,

When “Whoah!” his mother cries out, turning,

“That massive bonfire, ripe for burning!”

They see those Firemiths have been grafting,

Building, heaving, layering, crafting.

And now the neighbourhood’s alight,

Excited, for the Burn tonight.

~~The light is fading, sky is pink,~~

~~When Jimmy and his mum go in.~~

The Firesmiths gang have one more task,

“What gives you hope?” a helper asks.

Jimmy takes the piece of card,

Holds it tightly, thinking hard.

And somewhere deep within his heart,

He feels a tiny flicker start.

He writes of people brought together,

Longhill memories in all weathers –

~~Nosy Nigel, Sue the snob,~~

~~Christine from the corner shop,~~

Neighbours, friends, community,

The things that make your heart soar free.

He stands back then, in heat-edged dark,

To watch the bonfire in his park.

**Act III: The Longhill Burn**

**Pg. 40**

~~Jimmy can’t believe his eyes,~~

~~Behold the bonfire’s epic size!~~

~~It really is a mighty build,~~

~~Standing proud above Longhill.~~

The sun is setting, sky ablaze,

All around him faces gaze.

Waiting for the fire to start,

The flames to reach the central heart.

And as it burns, a crate is lifted

Offered to this pyre – gifted.

Hoisted up to reach the heart,

And burned until it falls apart.

Jimmy sees what’s happening,

That all their hopes are crammed within,

And burning them till black and curled,

Will send them out into the world.

The crowd is whooping, full of cheer,

And songs of Longhill reach his ears.

When the fireworks bang and crack,

A hand is placed on Jimmy’s back.

He turns. She meets his eyes and smiles,

“I wanted to come home – surprise!”

In his heart, a warmth alights,

As Laura’s smile beams through the night.

He doesn’t know if it’s for good,

But something’s lifted in his mood.

Their arms entwined, flames dancing high,

They watch the colours paint the sky.

**Act VI: Land of Green Ginger Unleashed**

**Pg. 64**

Hull is waiting, something’s brewing,
Feel it on the air; what’s coming?
Potent, indescribable;
Like anything is possible.

A bell chimes out, the sound of hooves,
Under pavements, over roofs.
Whispers, whistles, float on high,
A keening drone, a pensive sigh.

A sense of hidden eyes, looking,
What’s this alchemy that’s cooking?
Crates have started to appear,

Adding to the atmosphere.

Crates on rooftops, crates in piles,
Crates in doorways, windows, aisles.

As if by magic, on Lowgate

A simply massive stack of crates.

Marks appear on cobbled streets,

Curious signs beneath the feet.

‘Land of Green Ginger’; they declaim,

The crates all carry marks the same.

Shoppers swap inquiring glances

At these strange new circumstances.

But it is a thrilling air,

That’s filling Queen Victoria Square.

**Act VI: Land of Green Ginger Unleashed**

**Pg. 66**

The noises are more frequent now,

And growing louder by the hour;

A bubbling, boiling, energy,

A crackling electricity.

And as the afternoon turns late,

People gather by the crates,

No-one can explain quite why

Except they feel it deep inside;

Like moths that fly into the light,

They simply know tonight’s the night.

And then a few becomes a lot,

All gathered round in various spots.

The thickness in the air is growing,

And the crates have started glowing,

Occasionally, they shake and rock,

And people next to them back off.

Whatever’s going on, it seems,

That all are sharing in the dream,

Where wooden crates just can’t contain,

What lies within their wooden frame.

A mist and sparkles, smoke and light

Flowing through the darkening night,

Spilling through the nooks and crannies
Scaring children, thrilling grannies!

**Act VI: Land of Green Ginger Unleashed**

**Pg. 68**

Then all at once the crates burst open,

In a booming, bright explosion.

Flames and sparks go flying high,

Illuminating all the sky.

People marvel, point and gape,

As things inside make their escape

Birds twirl free alongside pages,

Confetti lands on upturned faces.

Then, the fanfare, as they come,

Accompanied by beating drums;

Giants, high as any steeple,

Flanked by scores of tiny people,

Scattered all around their feet,

Tiny footprints in the street,

A huge winged horse, as dark as night,

Pulls a carriage filled with light.

Stags and wolves are running fast,

A woman with a grinning mask,

Giant toadstools, hares leap free,

As red smoke clouds their gleeful spree.

A Gold Nose sniffs its way around,

As people stand and watch, spellbound;

Fire, wonder, magic, song,

Drives the rabbling, manic throng,

**Act VI: Land of Green Ginger Unleashed**

**Pg. 70**

And then, there comes the strangest thing -

Everybody starts to sing.

They look and reach and find each other,

Struck by urgent, sudden wonder.

Grabbing hands and spinning round,

The street’s a blur of joyful sounds,

Laughing, whooping, cheering, twirling,

Round in rapture all go whirling,

Older folk with younger ones,

Giddy toddlers with their mums;

Richard, Chelsea, Mary, Jimmy, ,

Dave and Agnes start to shimmy.

The wolves rear up and bay a tune

Against the shining silver moon.

Confetti floats and sparks rain down

Covering all of Hull’s old town.

Hand in hand and arm in arm,

Hull’s an effervescent storm

Of love and wonder, life and joy,

For men and women, girls and boys.

And nevermore will life be dull.

Forevermore for those from Hull

these wanton, wondrous, Acts will linger.

Memories of Land of Green Ginger.