This has just made my evening. A message through Facebook about the tiny Land of Green Ginger footprints.

As a small child (About 1970 ish) I visited Tessymans leather suppliers in Land of Green Ginger. My Dad was a shoe repairer as were several generations of Houltons before him. His great grandad had a shoe and boot making business on High Street and the man in Tessymans was Fred Houlton. (I think) He took me into the cellar and asked if I'd ever seen a river flowing inside a house. Taking up a section of the wooden floor boards he said 'there look there's the river Hull'. Water was flowing just beneath the cellar floor. Tessymans was a magical place, similar to Olivanders inside. Tiny footprints don't surprise me at all. It'll be the elves wondering where all the shoemakers have gone