


**MIND YOUR
HEAD**



A photograph of a wooden structure, possibly a gate or a frame, made of weathered logs. The structure is set in a forest of bare trees. The text "Once upon a time there was a man who lived on the top of a hill" is overlaid on the image in a typewriter-style font. The word "Pool" is partially visible on the right-hand log.

Once upon a time
there was a man who
lived on the top of a hill

Pool



Poole's Cavern Buxton

The Young Writers' Camp Collection was created during four days of workshops at Poole's Cavern in Buxton.

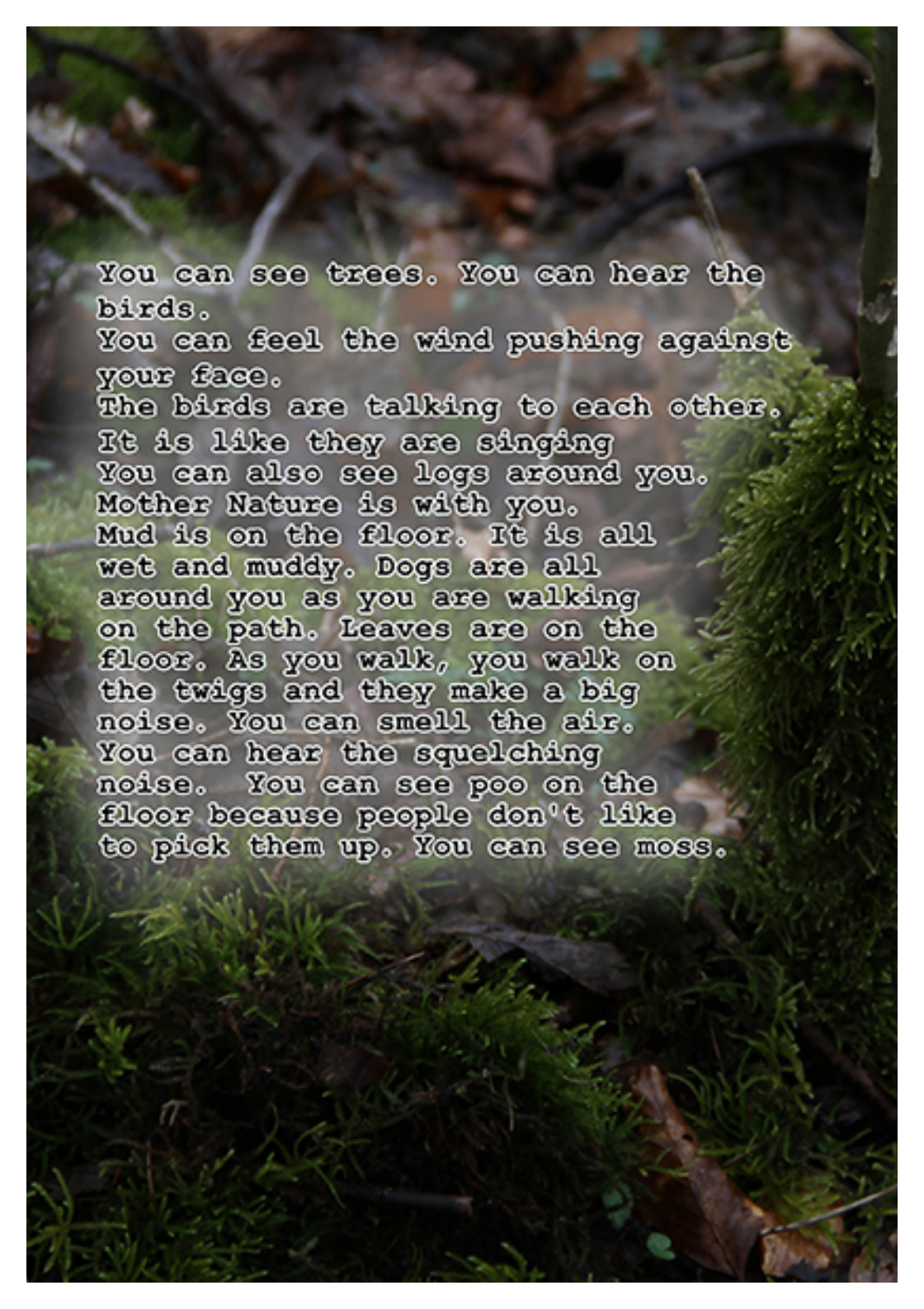
22 young people from across the High Peak and from Manchester came together to let the imaginations run wild in the landscape.

This Collection is just a starting point for the projects they have all returned to, and the contents of this book and the DVD are creative commons, for anyone to take ideas and give them a new life.

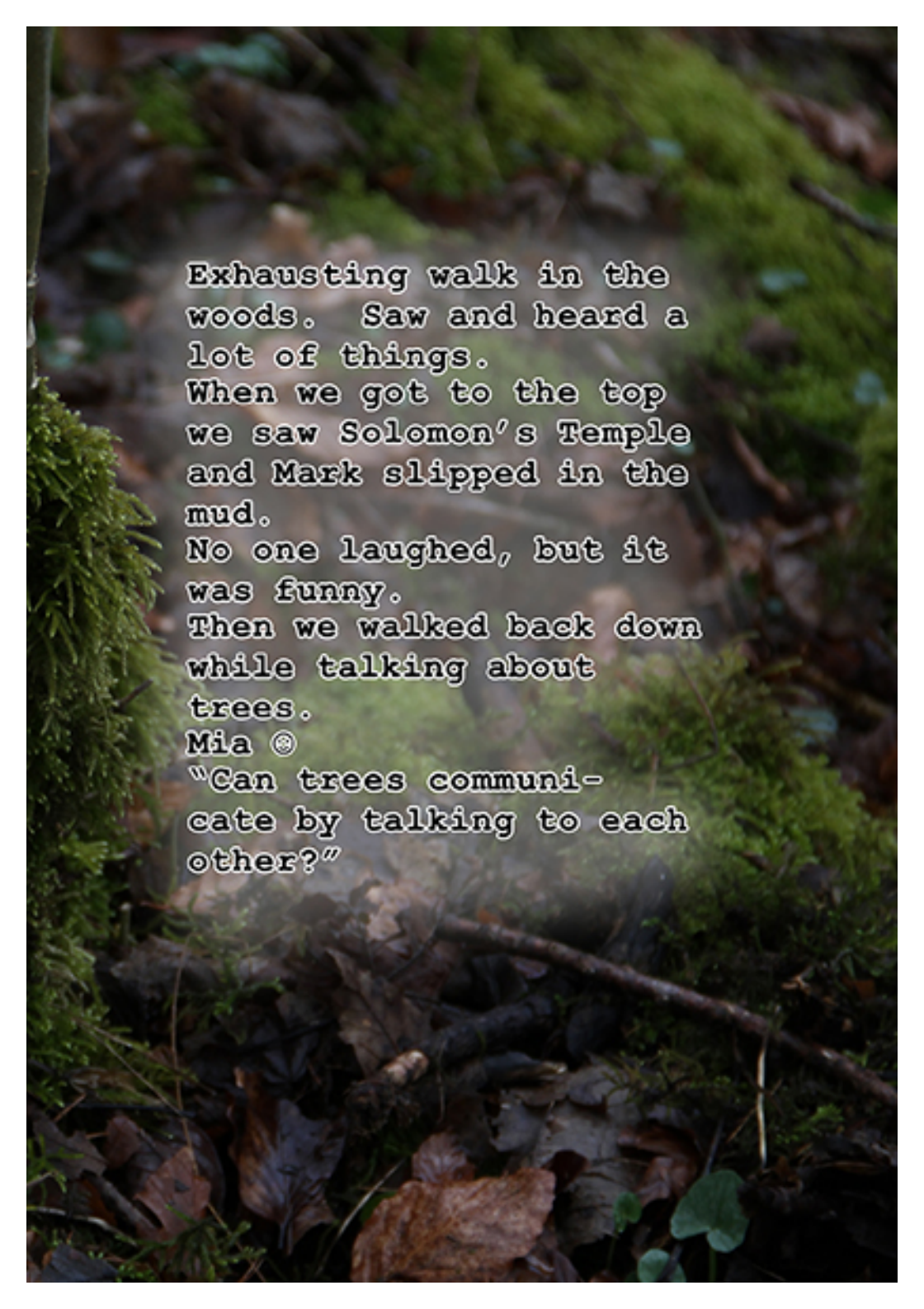
Contact High Peak Community Arts to access the full collection, or find it on our website:

www.highpeakarts.org

And let us know if anything in the collection inspires some new work!

A close-up photograph of a forest floor. The foreground is dominated by vibrant green moss growing in patches. Interspersed among the moss are several brown, fallen leaves, some of which are partially covered by the moss. The background is softly blurred, showing more of the forest floor and the lower branches of trees, creating a sense of depth and a natural, serene atmosphere.

You can see trees. You can hear the birds.
You can feel the wind pushing against your face.
The birds are talking to each other.
It is like they are singing
You can also see logs around you.
Mother Nature is with you.
Mud is on the floor. It is all wet and muddy. Dogs are all around you as you are walking on the path. Leaves are on the floor. As you walk, you walk on the twigs and they make a big noise. You can smell the air. You can hear the squelching noise. You can see poo on the floor because people don't like to pick them up. You can see moss.

A photograph of a forest floor. The ground is covered with a thick layer of green moss and brown, fallen leaves. The background is slightly blurred, showing more of the forest floor and some tree trunks. The lighting is soft and natural, typical of a forest setting.

Exhausting walk in the woods. Saw and heard a lot of things.

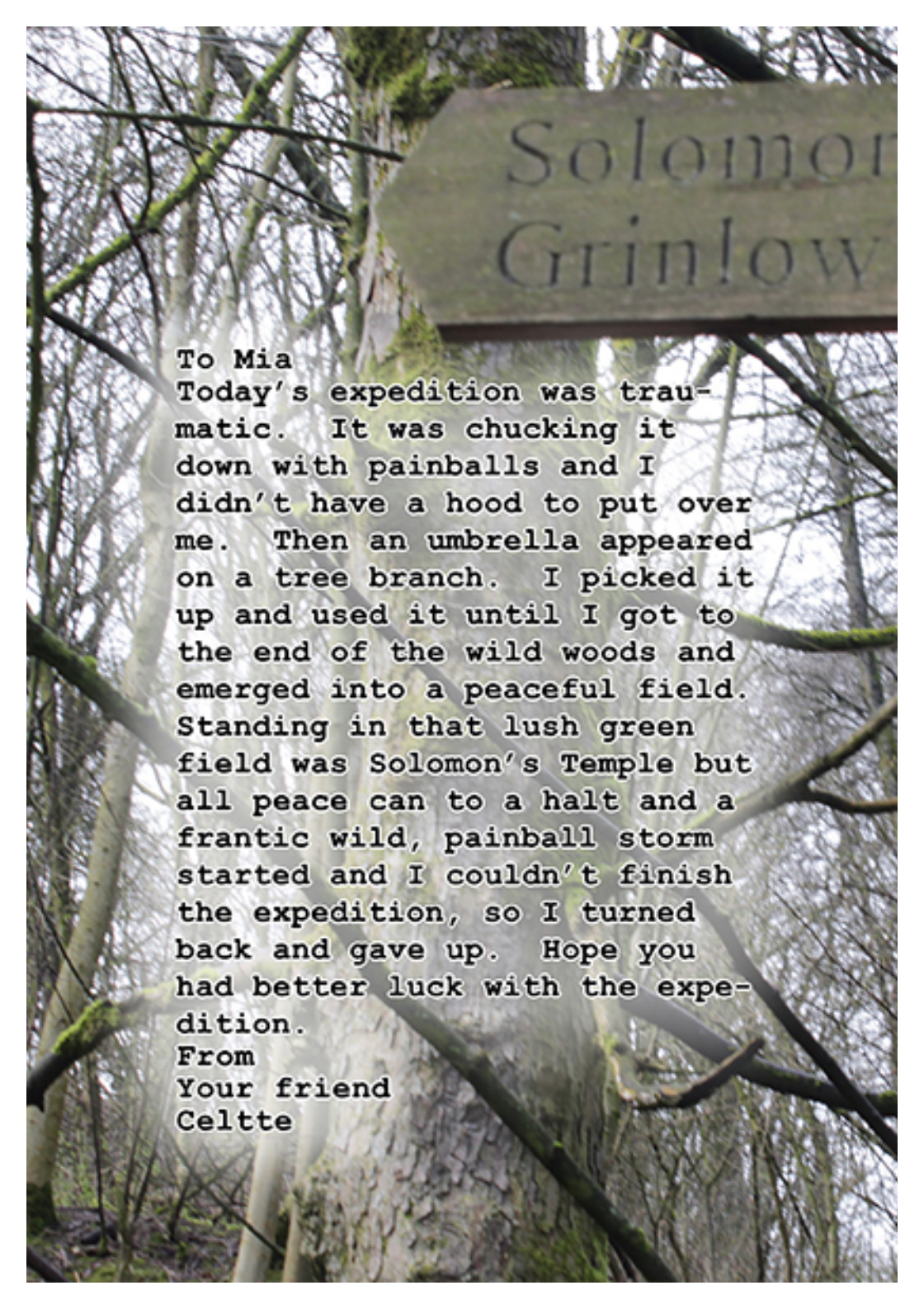
When we got to the top we saw Solomon's Temple and Mark slipped in the mud.

No one laughed, but it was funny.

Then we walked back down while talking about trees.

Mia ☺

"Can trees communicate by talking to each other?"

A stone sign is mounted on a tree in a forest. The sign has the words "Solomon" and "Grinlow" carved into it. The background shows a dense forest of trees with bare branches and some moss on the trunks. The text on the sign is in a serif font.

Solomon Grinlow

To Mia
Today's expedition was traumatic. It was chucking it down with painballs and I didn't have a hood to put over me. Then an umbrella appeared on a tree branch. I picked it up and used it until I got to the end of the wild woods and emerged into a peaceful field. Standing in that lush green field was Solomon's Temple but all peace can to a halt and a frantic wild, painball storm started and I couldn't finish the expedition, so I turned back and gave up. Hope you had better luck with the expedition.
From
Your friend
Celtte

n's Temple

To Celte,
No I didn't do better with the expedition. It was hailing the way I went as well. It was really painful. One of my teammates gave me an umbrella but when we all got to the top of the woods. That's where the temple was. Just looking at it reassured me. It was really intense but I wouldn't give up. When I got there the intensity evolved into a frantic wild storm. We were all huddled together in the temple. But it was my determination and "never give up" attitude that got me back safely. Firstly I was worried about everybody else, but then I realised everybody was back before us, which made me feel reassured and jealous at the same time.

Mia

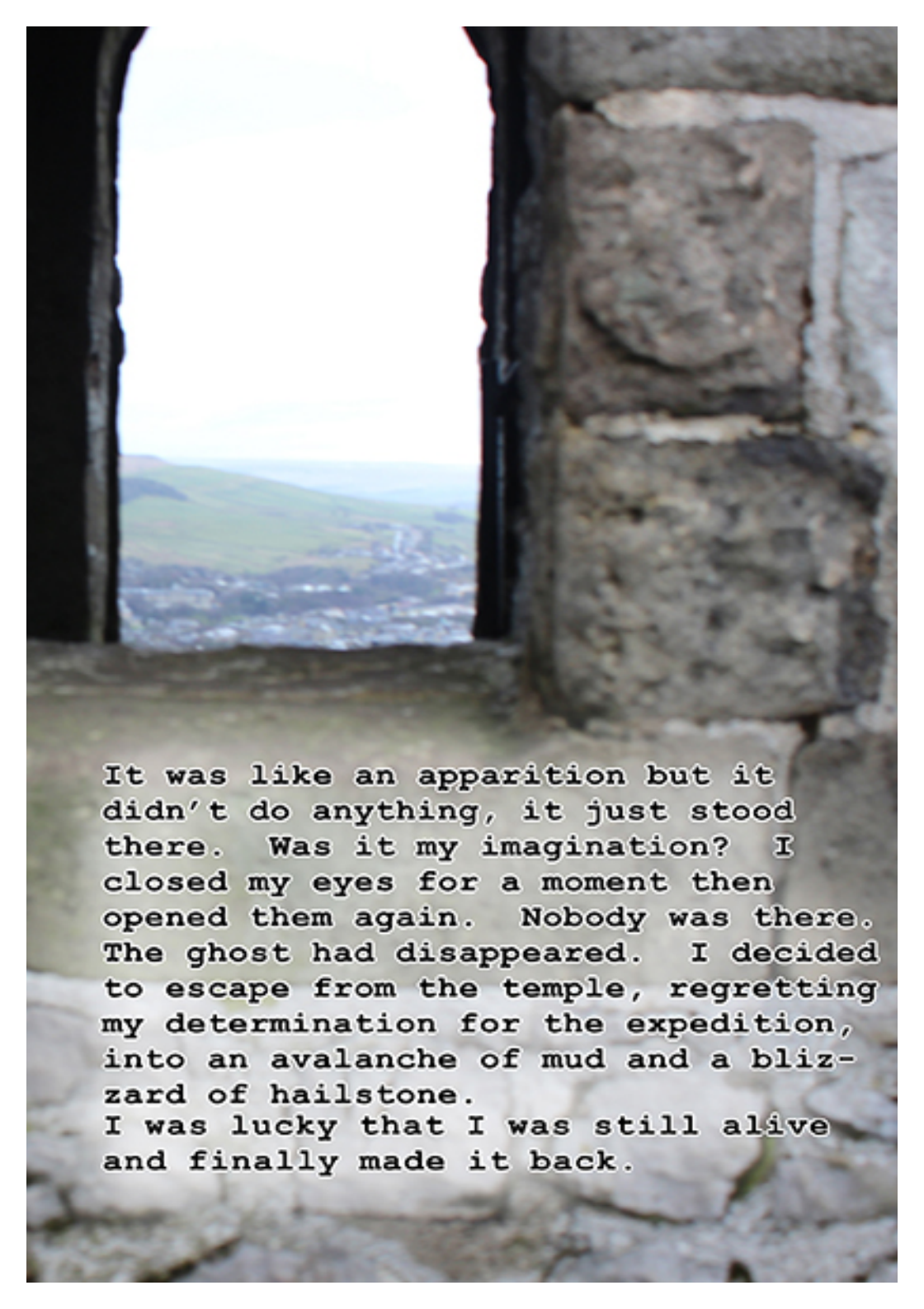
A horrible aura of rotting leaves turning from green to brown in a soggy atmosphere. I was there, imagining a warm aura from the sun, repelling the bitterness of cold weather.

But I was not in the blazing heat of the sun.

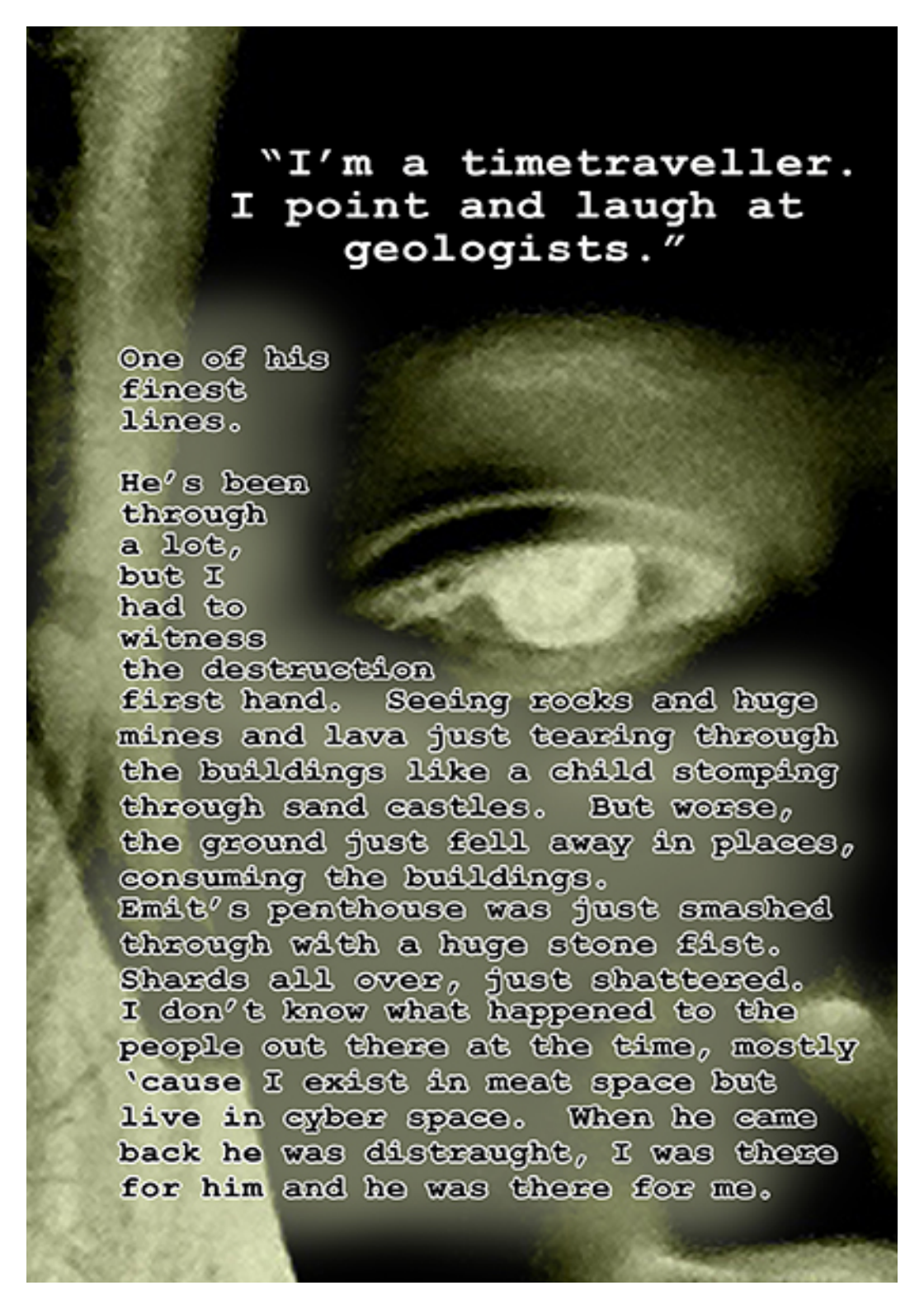
I was in the damp woods, where it was hailstoning, feeling sorry for myself.

The only thing that was warm was the spicy taste of the curry from last night. It was reassuring to hear the soft cry of chirping birds.

Finally I made it to the peak of the woods and found Solomon's Temple: Standing tall like a castle turret. I sheltered myself there from the constant drumming of hailstone crashing on my neck. Something was not right. It felt like I was being spied on by somebody, but no one was there. But suddenly a dark towering shadow loomed over me.

A photograph of a stone archway or window in a building. The arch is made of dark, rough-hewn stone. Through the arch, a wide valley is visible, featuring rolling green hills and a small town or village with buildings. The sky is bright and hazy. The foreground shows the interior floor of the building, which is made of light-colored stone or concrete.

It was like an apparition but it didn't do anything, it just stood there. Was it my imagination? I closed my eyes for a moment then opened them again. Nobody was there. The ghost had disappeared. I decided to escape from the temple, regretting my determination for the expedition, into an avalanche of mud and a blizzard of hailstone. I was lucky that I was still alive and finally made it back.



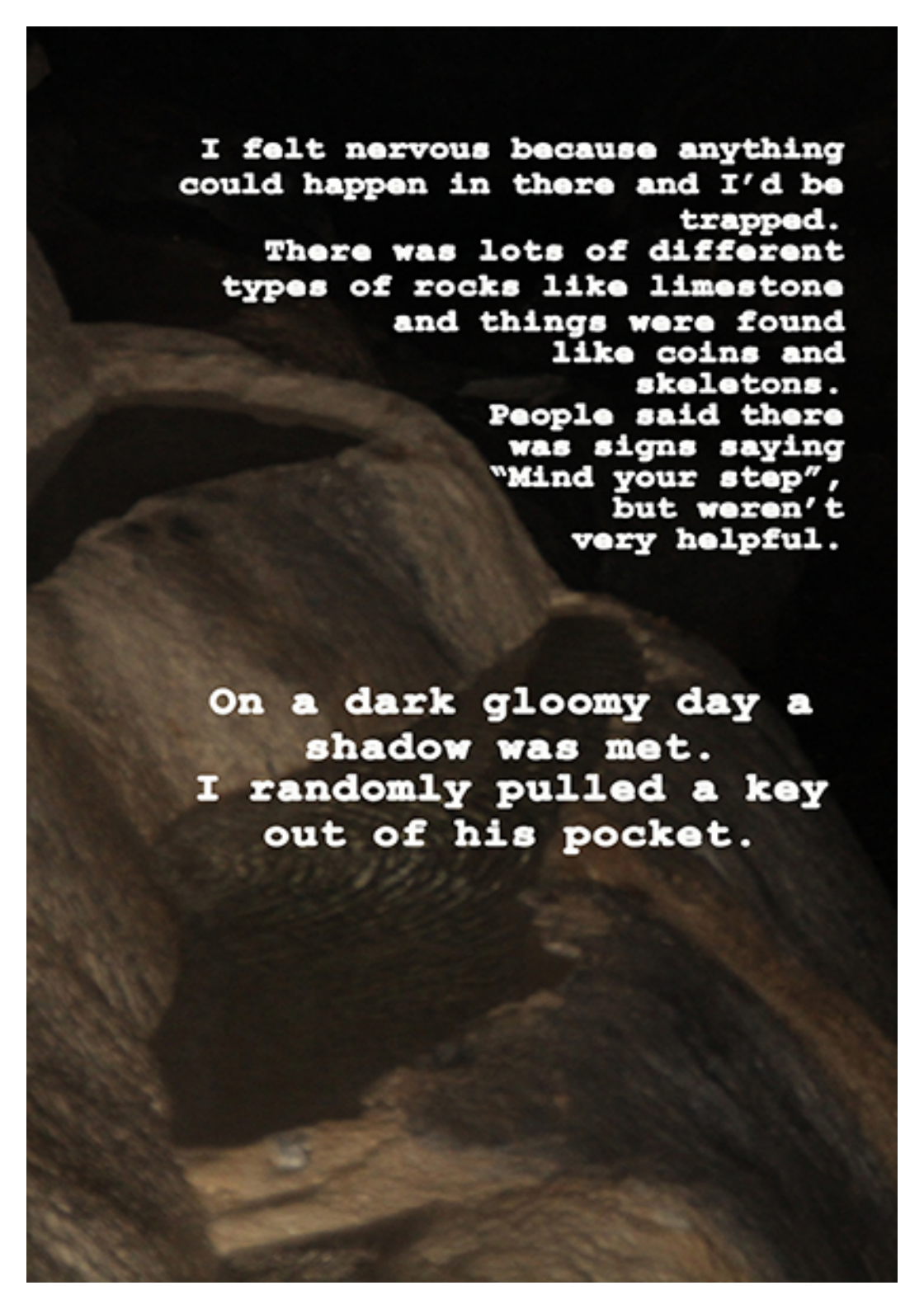
"I'm a timetraveller.
I point and laugh at
geologists."

One of his
finest
lines.

He's been
through
a lot,
but I
had to
witness
the destruction
first hand. Seeing rocks and huge
mines and lava just tearing through
the buildings like a child stomping
through sand castles. But worse,
the ground just fell away in places,
consuming the buildings.
Emit's penthouse was just smashed
through with a huge stone fist.
Shards all over, just shattered.
I don't know what happened to the
people out there at the time, mostly
'cause I exist in meat space but
live in cyber space. When he came
back he was distraught, I was there
for him and he was there for me.



Meat
45
China
Watches battles
Sword
Stealth as a elephant
World
Frightened of the queen
Rome
Losing wars
Hunting
Roman
Bears
Born 1866
Worship Gods
Rock / making peace
Winning
Jeff
Getting out of bed
Settled
King



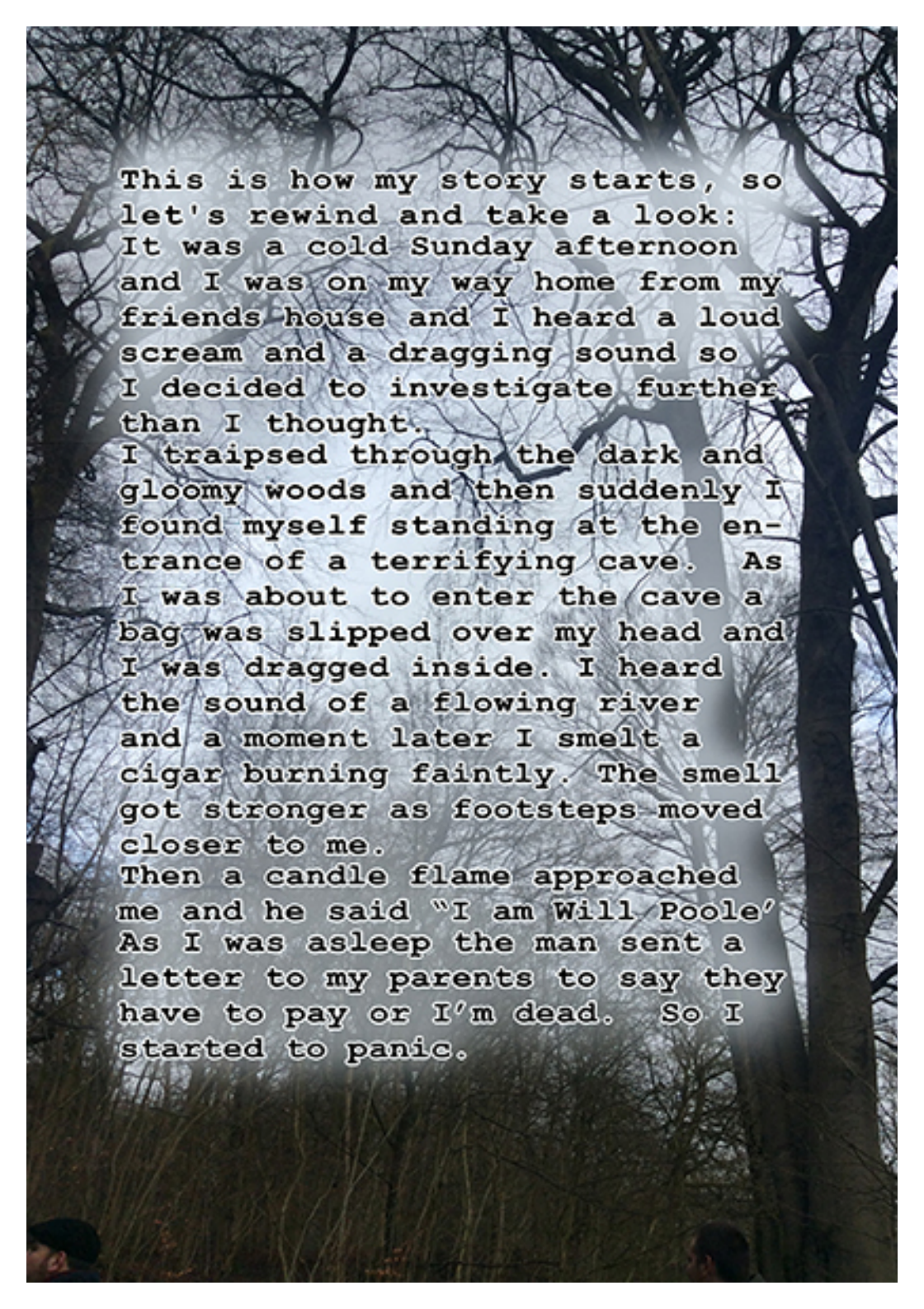
I felt nervous because anything
could happen in there and I'd be
trapped.

There was lots of different
types of rocks like limestone
and things were found
like coins and
skeletons.
People said there
was signs saying
"Mind your step",
but weren't
very helpful.

On a dark gloomy day a
shadow was met.
I randomly pulled a key
out of his pocket.

Cold
Spine shivering
Pitter patter
Water makes you want to
go to the toilet
Blacked out
No lights
Can't see where I am
going
Life threatening
Dangerous

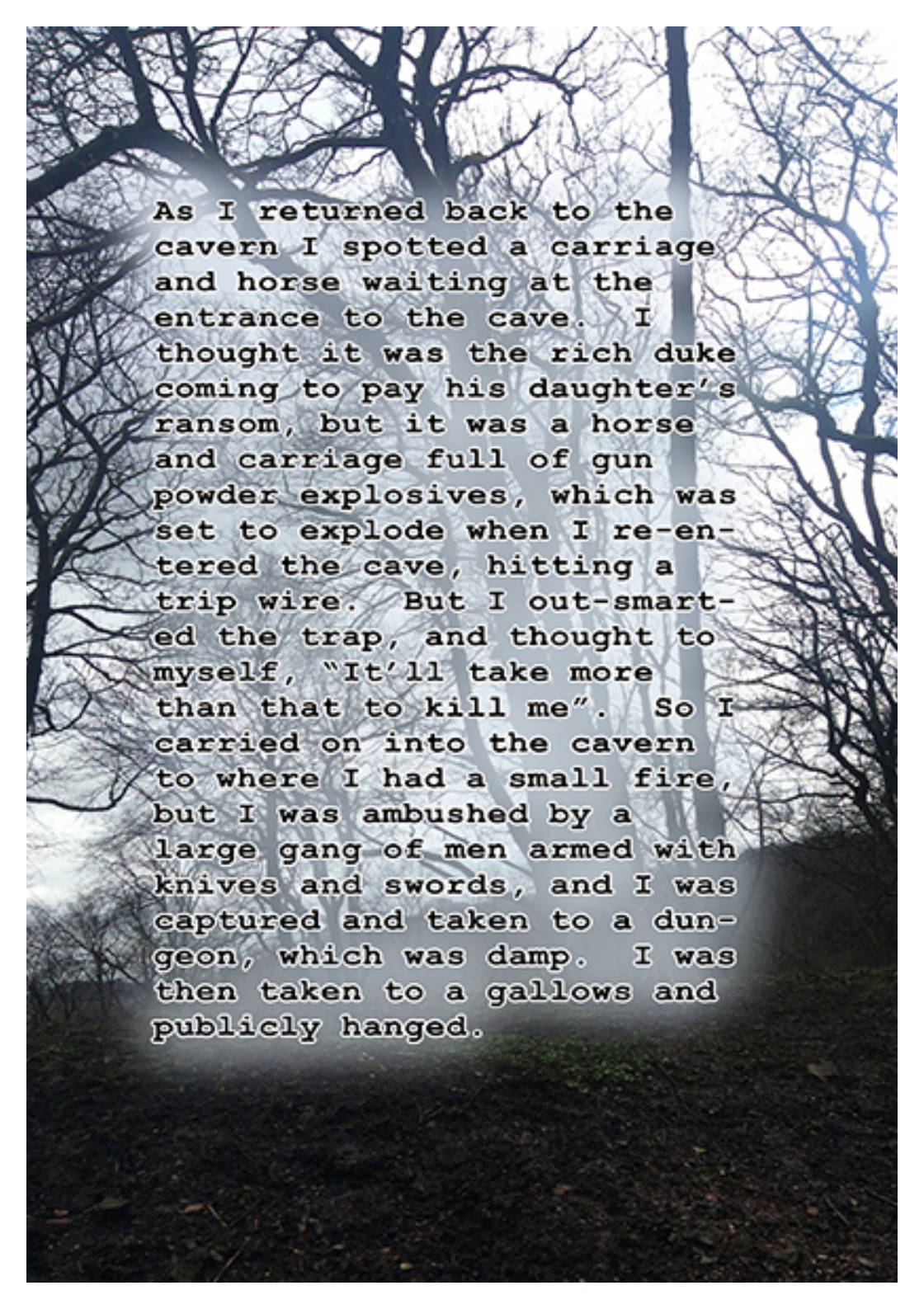
One dark, windy night a black shadow suddenly appeared in the middle of a street. The shadow crept slowly and quietly towards a door using a key to open the door. Straight away the shadow went in. What was it doing? Was it a thief or the owner? It was a thief! He stole things which were very valuable at the house a vase, necklaces and ear rings.



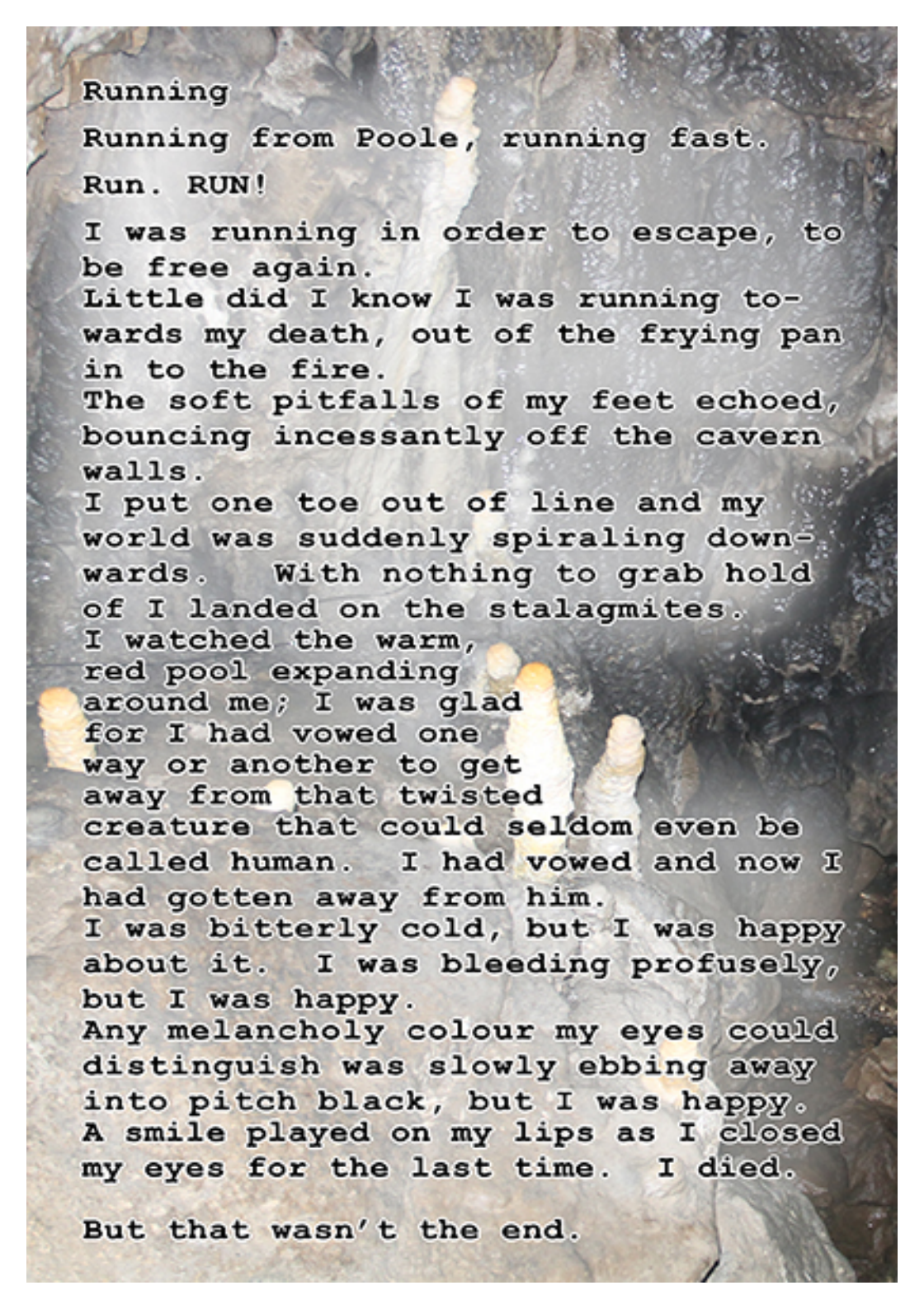
This is how my story starts, so let's rewind and take a look: It was a cold Sunday afternoon and I was on my way home from my friends house and I heard a loud scream and a dragging sound so I decided to investigate further than I thought.

I traipsed through the dark and gloomy woods and then suddenly I found myself standing at the entrance of a terrifying cave. As I was about to enter the cave a bag was slipped over my head and I was dragged inside. I heard the sound of a flowing river and a moment later I smelt a cigar burning faintly. The smell got stronger as footsteps moved closer to me.

Then a candle flame approached me and he said "I am Will Poole" As I was asleep the man sent a letter to my parents to say they have to pay or I'm dead. So I started to panic.



As I returned back to the cavern I spotted a carriage and horse waiting at the entrance to the cave. I thought it was the rich duke coming to pay his daughter's ransom, but it was a horse and carriage full of gun powder explosives, which was set to explode when I re-entered the cave, hitting a trip wire. But I out-smarted the trap, and thought to myself, "It'll take more than that to kill me". So I carried on into the cavern to where I had a small fire, but I was ambushed by a large gang of men armed with knives and swords, and I was captured and taken to a dungeon, which was damp. I was then taken to a gallows and publicly hanged.



Running

Running from Poole, running fast.

Run. RUN!

I was running in order to escape, to be free again.

Little did I know I was running towards my death, out of the frying pan in to the fire.

The soft pitfalls of my feet echoed, bouncing incessantly off the cavern walls.

I put one toe out of line and my world was suddenly spiraling downwards. With nothing to grab hold of I landed on the stalagmites.

I watched the warm, red pool expanding around me; I was glad for I had vowed one way or another to get away from that twisted creature that could seldom even be called human. I had vowed and now I had gotten away from him.

I was bitterly cold, but I was happy about it. I was bleeding profusely, but I was happy.

Any melancholy colour my eyes could distinguish was slowly ebbing away into pitch black, but I was happy. A smile played on my lips as I closed my eyes for the last time. I died.

But that wasn't the end.

I spent many nights and days unable to leave the cavern. I had been forced to become a recluse, I was bound by what appeared to be a chain encapsulating my ankle. This chain had an odd quality to it - It was long enough to stretch anywhere in the cave, but as soon as I tried to leave it became excruciatingly tight, too much to bear.

One day, people came to the cavern; they spoke in a strange tongue and I could understand very little of what they were saying.

Three things I could understand were:

Poole's Cavern (they had named this place after that despicable man?!), excavation and the fact that they had discovered three skeletons in the cavern. That meant that others had never escaped.

They had died too, even a small child had not been spared from this fate.

Tragic though it is - that means that the others are here somewhere.

"I have to find them!"

Two sisters (twins)
Born into royalty -
Liz is the heir / fave
Spoilt as children

Memory: playing with her sister
as a child

Everyone fusses over Liz and
neglects Mazz

She has always been in the
shadow of her sister

Her and her sister used to be Queens
of two neighbouring villages,
who co-existed in harmony until
Mary's sister betrayed her.

Liz becomes Queen

Family make Mazz the Queen of a dump

Her sister's greed makes her angry

Mazz gets invited to Liz's a lot and
feels embarrassed and
plots to kill Liz

Gets caught

On the run from her sister's
henchmen/ monsters

Refuge in cavern

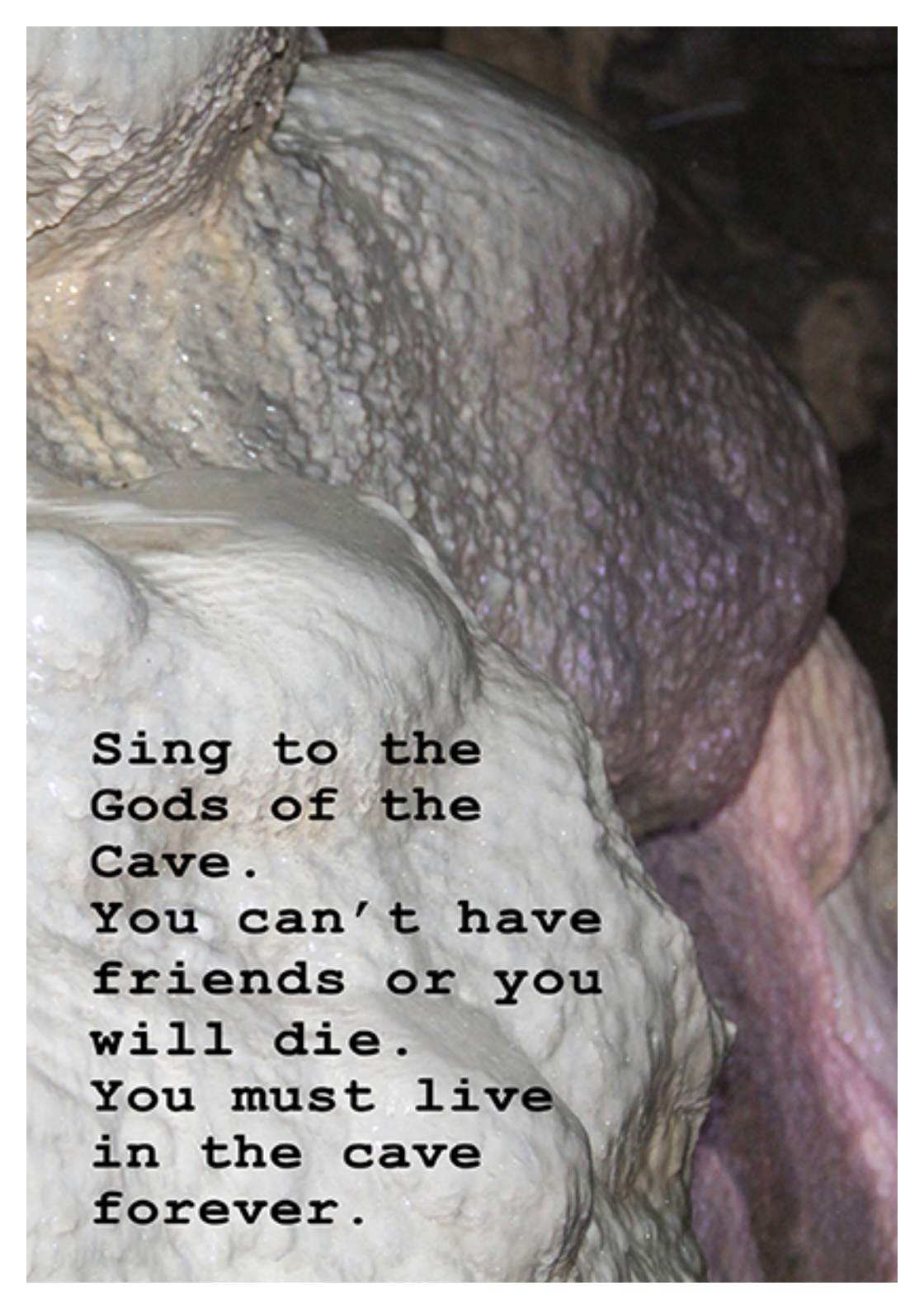
Culture shock

Fascinated by nature / wildlife /
animals / plants

Nearly starves to death

Finds sanctuary in nature

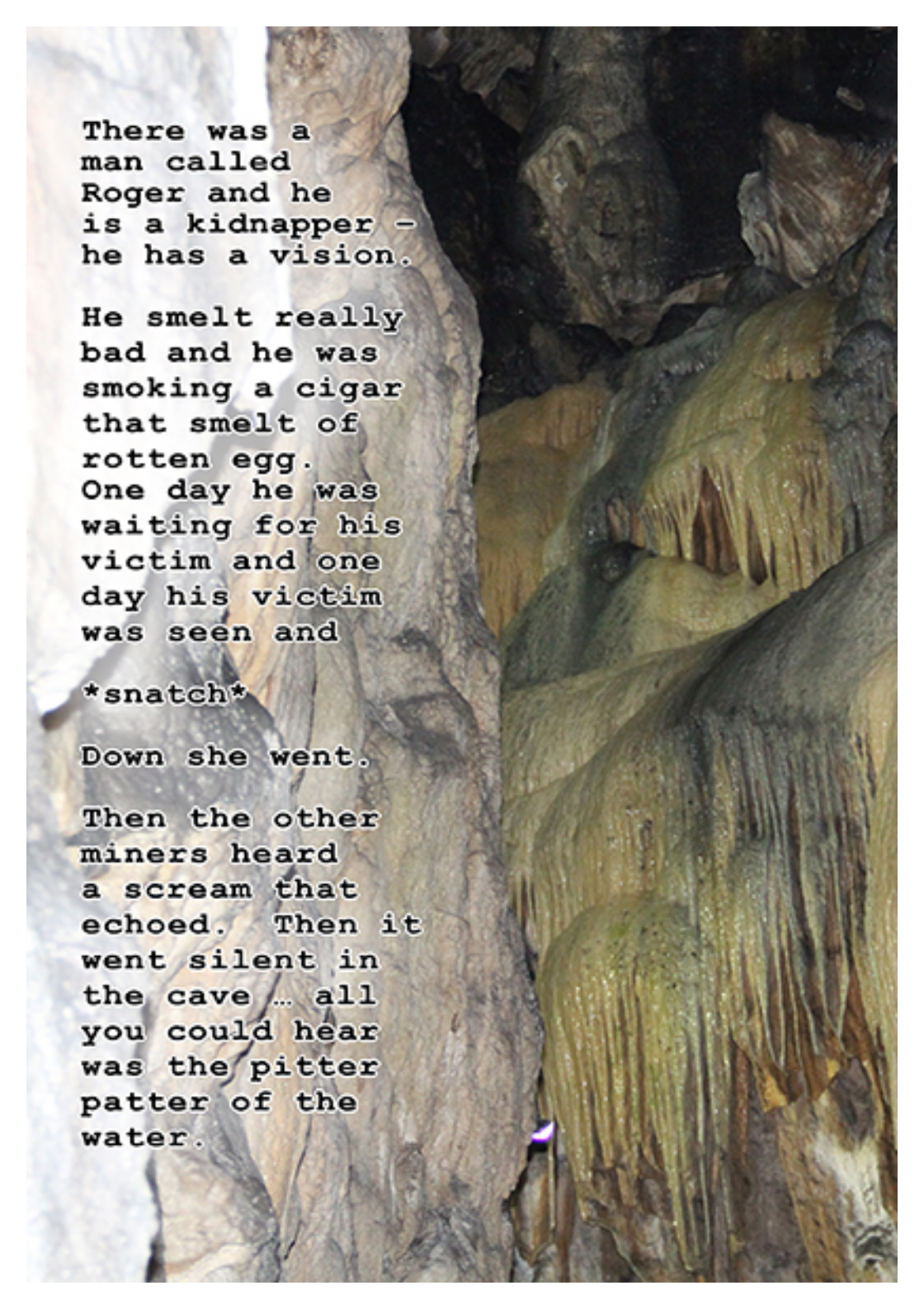
Turns into Queen of the Cavern

A photograph of cave formations, likely stalactites or stalagmites, with a textured, crystalline appearance. The formations are illuminated, showing various shades of white, grey, and purple. The background is dark, suggesting an underground setting.

Sing to the
Gods of the
Cave.

You can't have
friends or you
will die.

You must live
in the cave
forever.

A photograph of a cave interior. The scene is dimly lit, showing various rock formations. On the right side, there are several large, yellowish-brown stalactites hanging from the ceiling. On the left, there is a vertical rock pillar. The overall atmosphere is dark and mysterious.

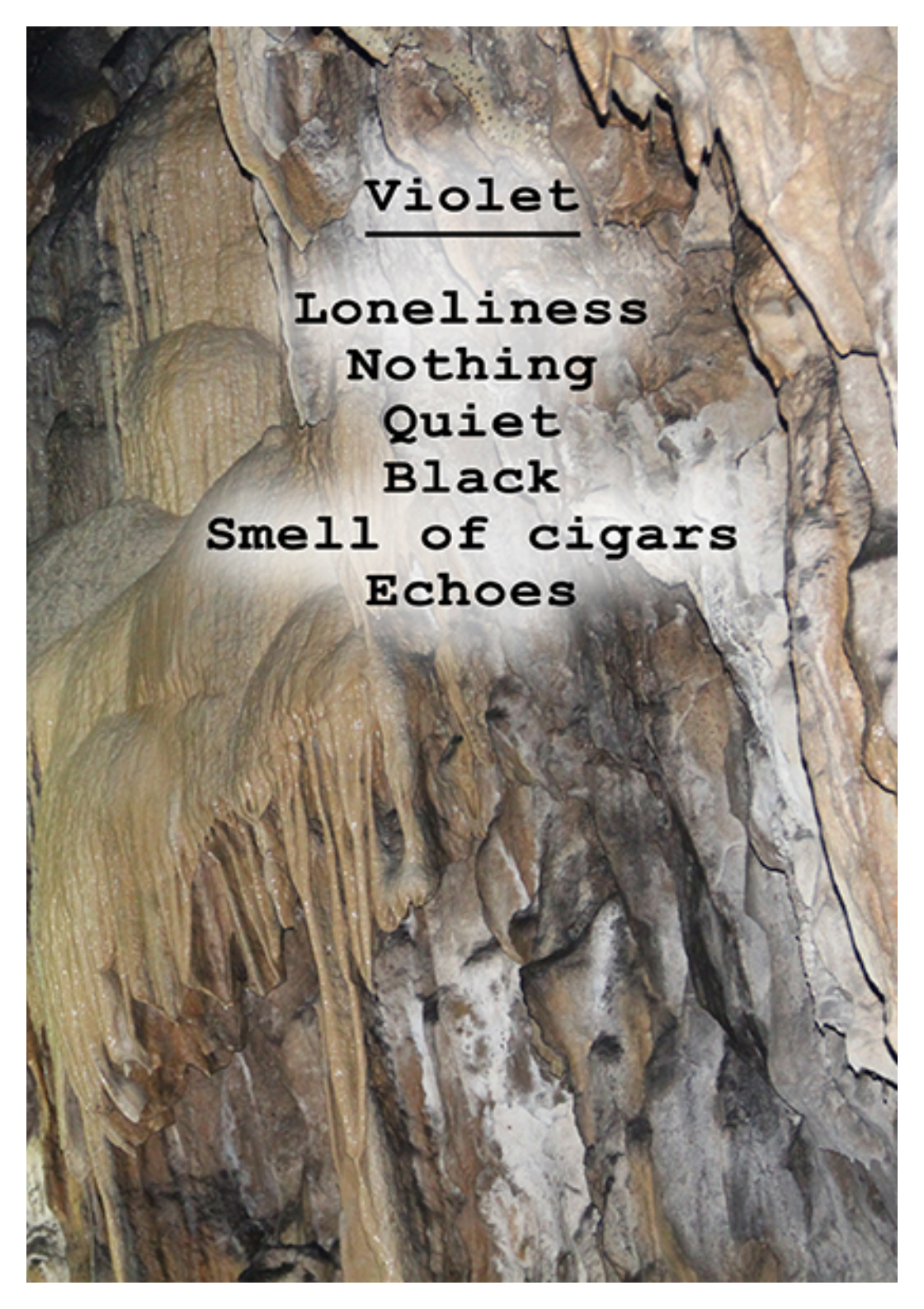
There was a
man called
Roger and he
is a kidnapper -
he has a vision.

He smelt really
bad and he was
smoking a cigar
that smelt of
rotten egg.
One day he was
waiting for his
victim and one
day his victim
was seen and

snatch

Down she went.

Then the other
miners heard
a scream that
echoed. Then it
went silent in
the cave ... all
you could hear
was the pitter
patter of the
water.



Violet

Loneliness

Nothing

Quiet

Black

Smell of cigars

Echoes

Notes on what happens to Tom
and a bit of the story

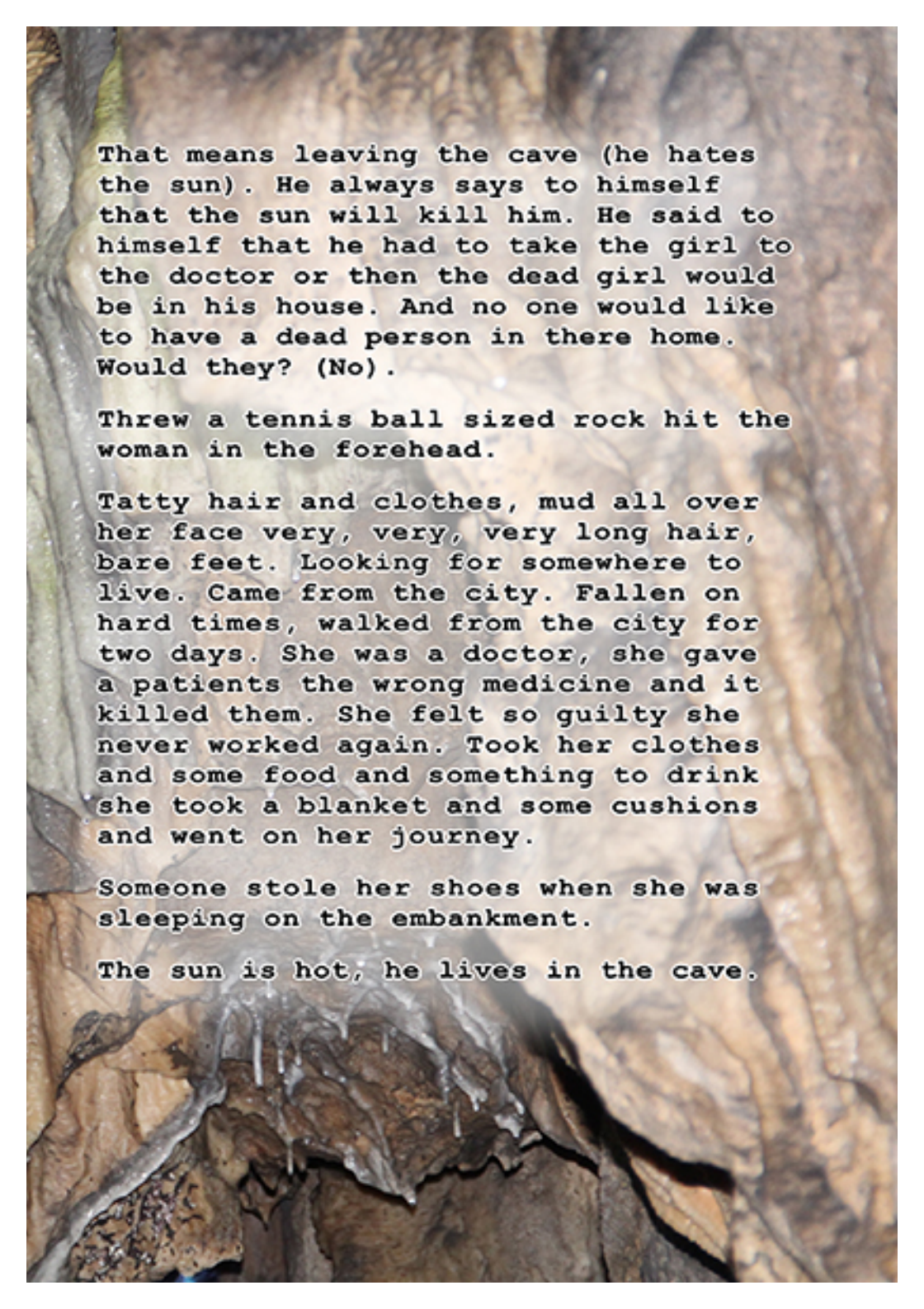
Once there was a boy called Tom, he does not have a family. He is just on his own. There was no one there because he lived in a cave.

No friends, lonely, poor, territorial, naughty, protecting himself, cave man,

His most favourite thing is a rock. If people come in he just finds a rock then starts to throw it at them. He can use a big or a small rock but he doesn't really think about which one to use. Sometimes he can find a smooth rock or a not smooth rock. But it still doesn't really matter for him. Comfortable, safe, feel of rock, hard.

One day some one was walking in his cave he picked up a big, dirty, dark, hard, sharp rock and

He threw the rock and killed the person. He didn't know them. When he looked at him or her, he said to himself "I just killed a nice looking girl". He started to cry because he knows he has to take her to the doctor.

A photograph of a cave interior. The walls are made of rough, brownish rock. In the lower part of the image, a person's face and hands are visible in the shadows, appearing to be working on something. The lighting is dim, creating a somber atmosphere.

That means leaving the cave (he hates the sun). He always says to himself that the sun will kill him. He said to himself that he had to take the girl to the doctor or then the dead girl would be in his house. And no one would like to have a dead person in there home. Would they? (No).

Threw a tennis ball sized rock hit the woman in the forehead.

Tatty hair and clothes, mud all over her face very, very, very long hair, bare feet. Looking for somewhere to live. Came from the city. Fallen on hard times, walked from the city for two days. She was a doctor, she gave a patients the wrong medicine and it killed them. She felt so guilty she never worked again. Took her clothes and some food and something to drink she took a blanket and some cushions and went on her journey.

Someone stole her shoes when she was sleeping on the embankment.

The sun is hot, he lives in the cave.



Isabel

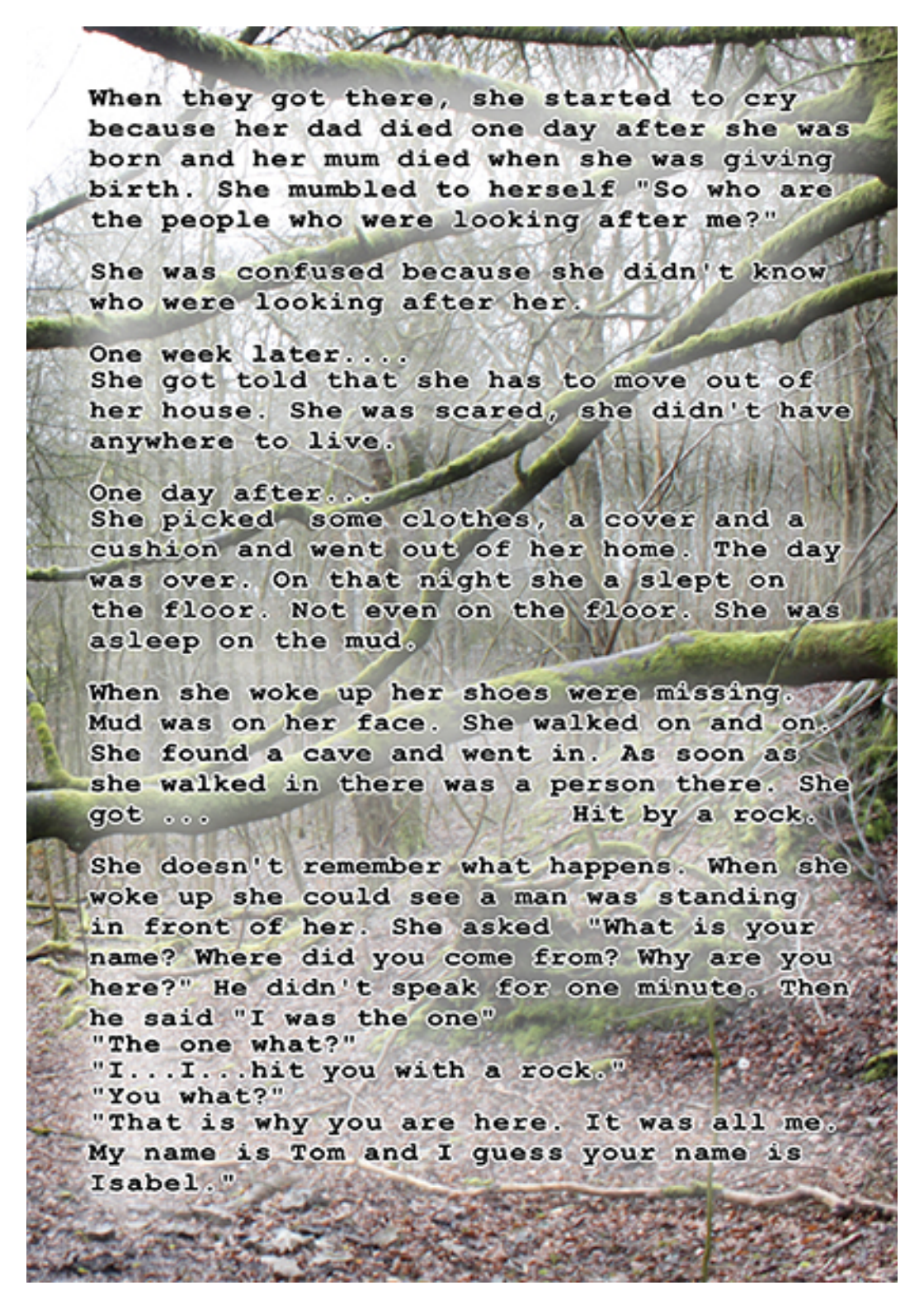
This is a story about a girl who lost her job and had nowhere to live. She goes looking for a home then something bad happens. Read on to find out more about how Isabel lost her job.

Today is the day that Isabel was born. She was born in the city. Every one in her family visited her when she was a baby. But when she was about five years old every one stopped coming to visit. Everyday she asked her mum and dad if they can come round. Her mum and dad say that they don't want to talk about it.

She is now about 21 years old and she is a doctor. She looks after people who are ill. One day when she went to work someone came in and said that they are feeling ill. She gave them the wrong pill and they....

The person died a day after. She was fired. She no longer had a job. She stayed in bed for one week. Then she said that she needs to go and see her mum and dad. But when she went to go and visit they opened the door and said that they didn't know her.

I'm sure this is where my mum and dad lived. "If that was them why don't they remember me?" she said, crying. She went around the whole city to see if people knew them and they all said no. Some people said that they died. Some one said "come with me and I will show you their grave".



When they got there, she started to cry because her dad died one day after she was born and her mum died when she was giving birth. She mumbled to herself "So who are the people who were looking after me?"

She was confused because she didn't know who were looking after her.

One week later....

She got told that she has to move out of her house. She was scared, she didn't have anywhere to live.

One day after...

She picked some clothes, a cover and a cushion and went out of her home. The day was over. On that night she a slept on the floor. Not even on the floor. She was asleep on the mud.

When she woke up her shoes were missing. Mud was on her face. She walked on and on. She found a cave and went in. As soon as she walked in there was a person there. She got ... Hit by a rock.

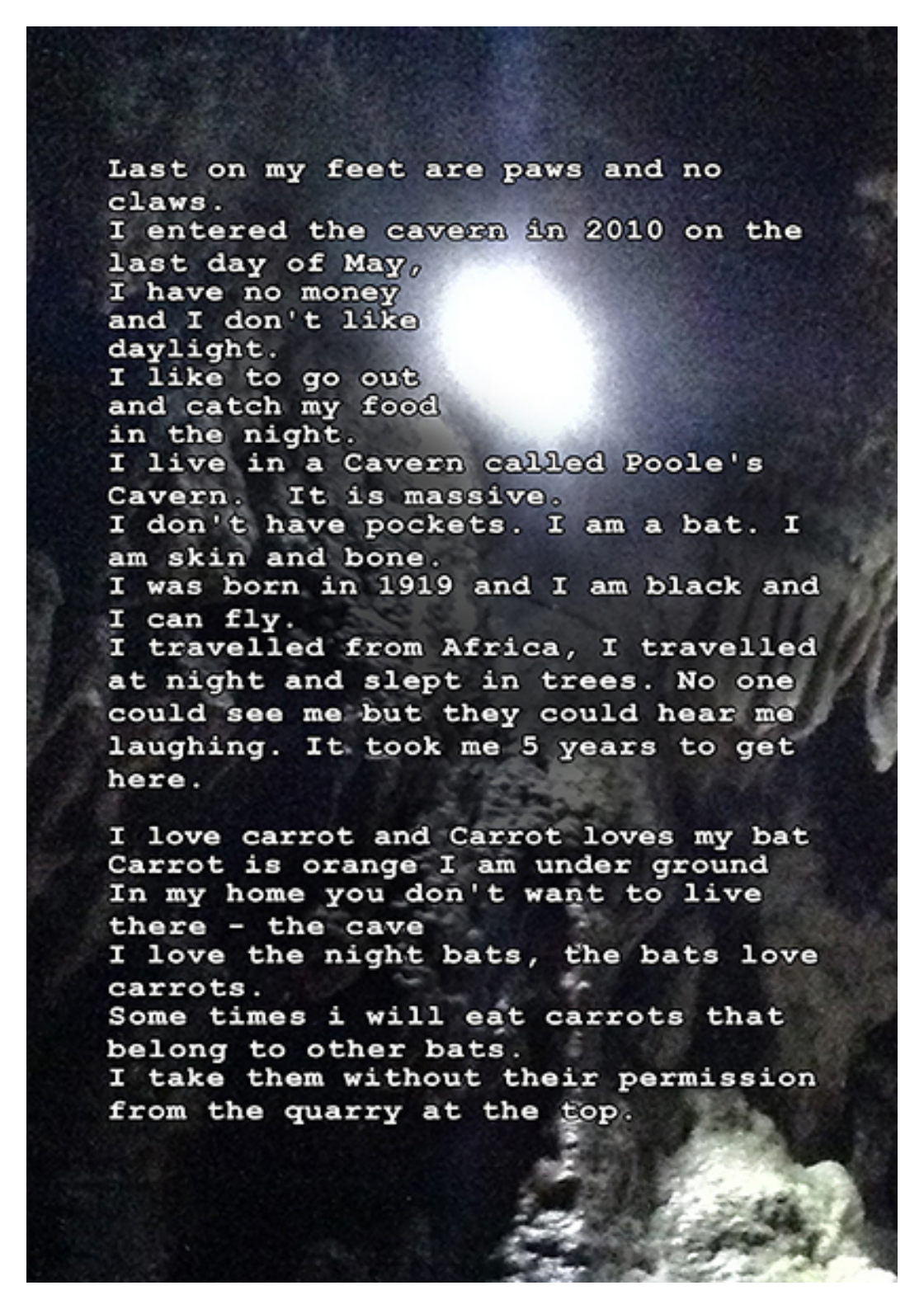
She doesn't remember what happens. When she woke up she could see a man was standing in front of her. She asked "What is your name? Where did you come from? Why are you here?" He didn't speak for one minute. Then he said "I was the one"

"The one what?"

"I...I...hit you with a rock."

"You what?"

"That is why you are here. It was all me. My name is Tom and I guess your name is Isabel."



Last on my feet are paws and no
claws.

I entered the cavern in 2010 on the
last day of May,
I have no money
and I don't like
daylight.

I like to go out
and catch my food
in the night.

I live in a Cavern called Poole's
Cavern. It is massive.

I don't have pockets. I am a bat. I
am skin and bone.

I was born in 1919 and I am black and
I can fly.

I travelled from Africa, I travelled
at night and slept in trees. No one
could see me but they could hear me
laughing. It took me 5 years to get
here.

I love carrot and Carrot loves my bat
Carrot is orange I am under ground
In my home you don't want to live
there - the cave

I love the night bats, the bats love
carrots.

Some times i will eat carrots that
belong to other bats.

I take them without their permission
from the quarry at the top.

The Bat story - Carrot loving Bat

One day I was nodding off to sleep and I saw a kid in the corner of my eye. I was scared, I thought I was going to die- there had never been a kid this far into the cave before. I flew into the corner so I wouldn't be visible, but he shone a spotlight on me. It hurt my eyes. I couldn't hide anymore.

I tried to cover my eyes but it still went through my wings. I flew further into the cave, into a part I had never been in before, but I got lost. I tried to find my way back but it didn't work. I was scared that I had made myself lost.

Ahead of me was an open space. I was happy. I flew through the entrance. It was a totally different place. It looked new. It was glistening and it burnt my eyes. I tried to stop looking but I couldn't. It got brighter and brighter. I turned around so my eyes could have a break.

I opened my eyes. Everything looked normal. I was back in my cave. I decided to move my home to another place. I moved closer to the entrance, but I couldn't find my carrot. I looked high and low. The entrance was cold. I didn't like it. I went back to the dark place. It was scary. I flew around for 5 hours. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw something glinting from the middle of the floor. My carrot! It was resting on a smooth stone floor.

Kid saw something orange and white. He thought it was limestone so he told the quarry men, and they came down to have a look and discovered that the bat had been nicknamed from the quarry men.

No Name

No Name changes colour in the light. He loves apples and music and intends to inspire people. When it comes to crowds and loud noises he gets scared and feels uncomfortable. He loves to listen to music and create music. He isn't a normal person and often gets strange looks that affects his day to day life. His main struggle is confidence but tries his best. What he was small his parents got killed and is now going through lots of families. He felt unwelcome wherever he went.

His object that he admires is a small mushroom teddy he was given when he was young. He works finding rocks and adventures.

There was a small strange thing born in a small cave that was dusty and dark but very spacious. This baby was called 'No Name', but he didn't look like a baby he was hairy and colourful and wasn't normal. He didn't cry while coming out he actually smiled and laughed.

5 years later

Noname had been getting pretty bored lately so his parents gave him little teddy mushroom, which was red, spotty and soft. He thought it was really cool and ever since was very clingy to it. He called it 'Mushroomy' and he just cherished it and asked his parents politely if he could take him on a big adventure, and they said "yes". So he explored the cave with his parents.

But that wasn't a normal day. It was the day his parents would die. They kept getting deeper and deeper into the cave, and Noname was exhausted. All he wanted to do was sit and rest, but he carried on for Mushroomy. They had got deeper into the cave and it was more unsafe, small rocks had been falling. It had been getting smaller, colder. The more unsafe it got and rocks started to fall and one big rock that was the biggest and old, fell on Noname's parents. He stood staring, not believing what had happened. He tried his best to get the rock off them, but he kept slipping on the wet rocks under his feet, and loose gravel. He realised he was too late to save them. He sat down and cried. Was it his fault? Why would such a thing happen to him? He felt guilty to leave them, so he stayed and cried. It felt like forever. All he wanted to do was stay in the cave.

In the cave with dead parents crying, feeling heart broken and unfortunate.

Cold, wet, noisy, deep and smells of damp.

Many years later he had been there for way too long and hair had been growing on his face! He wanted to inspire and be happy and just explore. He needed to get out, as it was cold and damp and dark and he was scared of the unlit.

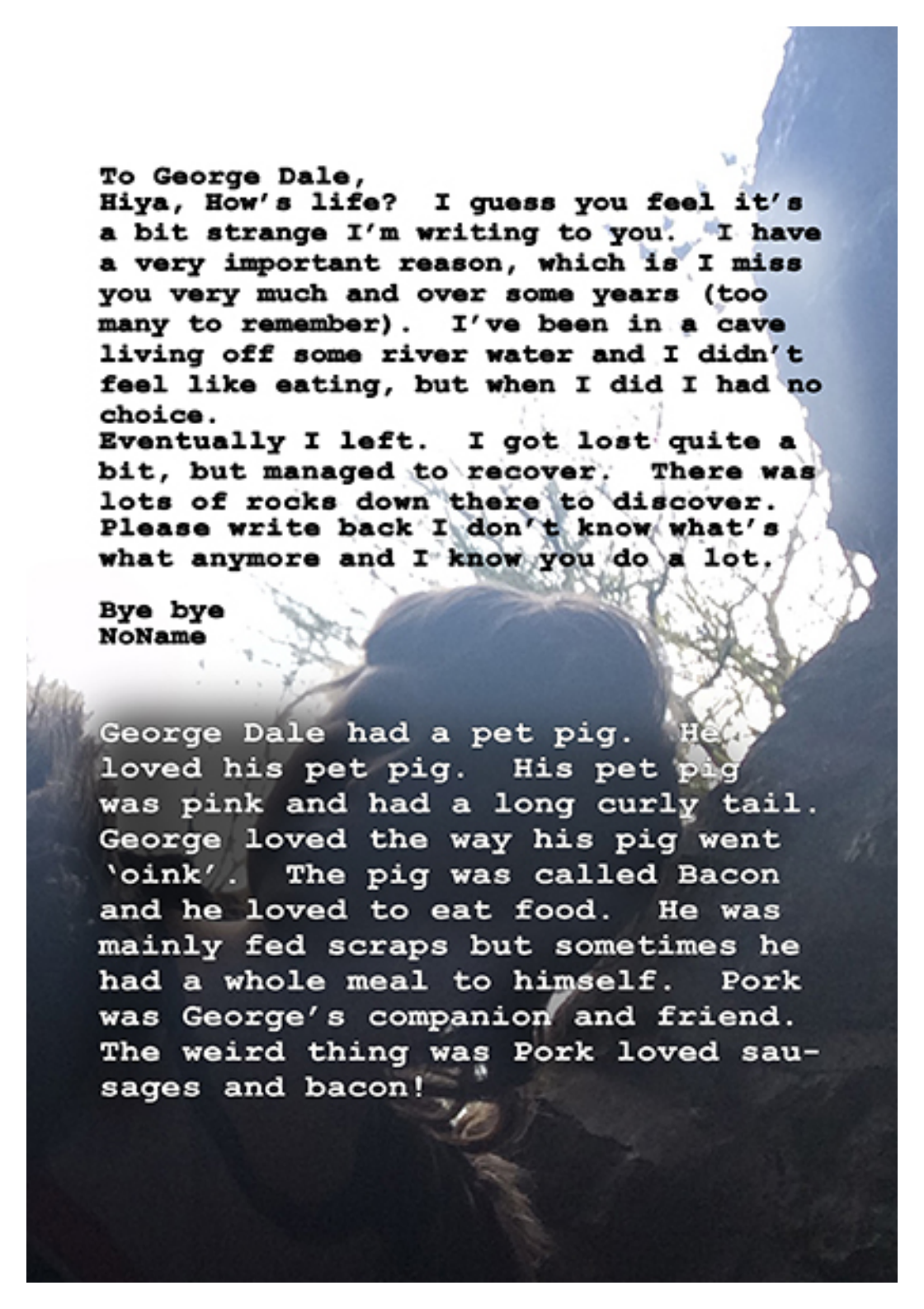
He had many routes to get out. He was very anxious about the decision but it was for the best. His beard, hair, moustache, which was all over his face and in his way. So off he went.

His routes were complicated as he couldn't remember the way. He went home through different rocks that amazed him. He'd finally got home and most of his clothes were way too small! He eventually found some clothes belonging to his Mom and Dad which were too big, but he didn't care. They were his parents, so he felt safe.

He swiftly went up this small hill that was luckily clear, but the outside wasn't that safe. It was busier, noisier, people started crowding him. He didn't like it. He didn't like it at all. Some were laughing. Some stared as they thought he wasn't normal. But they wasn't normal to him. People arrived in something with lights and sirens and he didn't like that either. But they were there for a good reason. Noname didn't know that though.

They were there because he'd found the cave worth millions and more, but he ran, scared. He felt a warm calming hand. It was a woman. She got him before he could go, and reassured him, and then he realised HE IS RICH!!

After escaping the cave, he'd grown up quite a bit more now and had been through a range of meetings and foster parents. He wanted to inspire. He had been forced to have the hair on his face cut, but it only grew back and change colours in the light. If people were to stare he'd smile and wave. He did presentations and told his story. He just hated having a personal escort because of the crowds and cameras.

A person wearing a dark jacket and a hat is looking out from a cave opening. The background shows a bright, overcast sky and some trees. The text is overlaid on the image.

To George Dale,
Hiya, How's life? I guess you feel it's
a bit strange I'm writing to you. I have
a very important reason, which is I miss
you very much and over some years (too
many to remember). I've been in a cave
living off some river water and I didn't
feel like eating, but when I did I had no
choice.

Eventually I left. I got lost quite a
bit, but managed to recover. There was
lots of rocks down there to discover.
Please write back I don't know what's
what anymore and I know you do a lot.

Bye bye
NoName

George Dale had a pet pig. He
loved his pet pig. His pet pig
was pink and had a long curly tail.
George loved the way his pig went
'oink'. The pig was called Bacon
and he loved to eat food. He was
mainly fed scraps but sometimes he
had a whole meal to himself. Pork
was George's companion and friend.
The weird thing was Pork loved sau-
sages and bacon!

Once upon a time there was a guy called Bob. Bob was a very good guy, and his favourite possession was a Jetpack, and the handles were made out of the rarest metal you could find. Every day he would go out and go at 130 miles per hour - and it was very fast.

The boosters are green and the flames out of it are red - and he made it! And it was his own invention. And at the bottom, when it flies, it has very good flames, made out of the rarest gas. He likes flying it.

Then one day his Jetpack breaks - like this - Snap Snap.

So he needed to get it fixed, but he didn't have any money. So he decided to fix it himself. Bob worked hard and hard, and the Jetpack was almost fixed - but he needed something very precious - the rare metal - because it fell out of the booster - and that's how it malfunctioned.

So he went on a trip to the mine - and he found something very amazing.

Bats hibernating, bats, spiders crawling, stones crunching, plants growing, rain dripping, rain exploding into little mouths.

Then he found the rarest metal, but it was guarded by a person called Jeff. Jeff was a bad guy - a mean man, and his sister, Angel, was a good person - so Bob decided to ask Angel to get Jeff out of the cave, so he could get his rare metal. So he went to the cave and Angel called him off, and Bob ran to the rare metal.

But something happened. The ground was shaking, everything started to fall. Then there was a boulder, crashing, crushing across.

Bob ran as fast as he could, but the boulder was breaking everything. So he decided to use the Jetpack.

Well it did not work.

Then, then it only worked halfway there - so he needed to run, so finally he made it out of the cave alive!

So when he came back, he mended it. Then he test flew it. So he flew for a minute, then one minute later, it was working, except for the speed - it was going 130 miles per hour it went 150 miles per hour instead!

The end.

Smoke. It smells really strong, burning. It's coming from a house close to the cave. Hail stones drop from the sky they sound like drums falling from the sky. Horrible water, it tastes like salt. I wish I was famous. Cold and wet from the river, I feel like my skin has been scratched by the fog. Lightning - it's like jigsaw lines across the sky. The lightning, electric coming down, setting the road on fire.

This place is quiet and clean from the rain.

But the fact is a good time with the new version is better to be the first half of the year of high quality of life and the first half of the day after a long day of my friends are so many things I do it again in a while ago but the first half of the day after a long day of my friends are so many things I do it again in a while ago but the first half of the day I have a nice dream about the future is bright and early for a few weeks and months and it will take a nap and I have to be a good day to be a good time to get a new one is a great day for me to the point where the heck are they not the best way for me I was in my room for a long way toward a good time to go to sleep and wake of my day was so funny when you are so much for me and I don't think that I can be the first half of the year and the rest is history



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