



Stories of Stuff

Dancing on Granite
by Nell Turner
From a tale told by K



Clover didn't know what to do with her father.

'Definitely told me the Cheesewring,' her brother said.

'He'll get cold.'

'Don't be soft, Clo.'

She stood clutching the pewter tankard. 'I'm still not sure he meant up here.' Father roared with glee as he was cast from his tankard. He danced in the wind over the moors and granite. He whinnied to his mother and aunts as they roamed with their loves. He watched his children grow young. They played on the moorland outside the pub while he clinked glasses with his best mate, Ron.

That night, Clover dreamed of pickled eggs. The next day, she asked to meet Ron at the Cheesewring.

'Can't believe you kept some of him, Clo.'

'Just wasn't sure he meant the tor or here.'

Ron raised the tankard at his mate's empty bar stool. 'Same again?'

Father's spirit kept the beer flowing all day. His laughter sang through his daughter.

The landlady rang for time. After the last drinker had gone, she slid the door bolt and handed Ron a knife. Clover upturned her father's bar stool and Ron slashed its belly. 'Ashes,' he demanded. With the precision of a taxidermist, he stuffed the leather and turned back to Clover. 'Sew it up with love.'

THE WRITERS' BLOCK

So Clover's father sat once again with his best mate, emptying tankards and nattering. The landlady carried on the tradition of filling stools: each one stuffed with happiness.

One Christmas Eve, the hurlers were dancing with the bar stools as the giants and saints had called a truce. No-one saw the candle fall or the flames creep up the legs of the stools. Having whirled for days, the plumes of smoke settled under a sunset up on the tor. Clover's father and Ron were seen dancing joyously in the ashes.

'Trust us to get cremated twice!'

Stories of Stuff is a community arts project discovering the stories inspired by treasured objects. It has been created by The Writers' Block.

