

The York Story – Day 3 – Tuesday 8th March

I don't believe it! After a first night of Mr Brown's snoring significantly affecting the ability of Sir and Mr Leslie to sleep, last night Mr Leslie joined in. Shortly after 3 a.m. I lay in bed listening to the pair of them snoring in perfect synchronised rhythm, alternating with snorts and enhanced by Mr Leslie's puff after each inhalation! Talk about *Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark* – although at times it seemed more like *WMD* than *OMD*! A bleary-eyed headmaster arose at 6 a.m. wondering what tonight holds!



Equally bleary-eyed were several of the children when awoken by us this morning. The absence of any other residents in the hostel enabled us to have more of a synchronised approach to wakey-wakey time today, providing 'shock and awe' for three rooms at once!



The children walked, staggered and crawled their way to the showers before we headed for breakfast. There was a palpable sense of excited anticipation as we prepared ourselves for the big event of entering the National Railway Museum. Even the bin truck burst



its hydraulics (or lifty-uppy bits as Fliss described them with an acute sense of engineering accuracy) with excitement.

It's difficult to put into words the sense of awe and admiration for engineers of the past when you enter the NRM. The Great Hall made its usual impact and even those who soon become less than enthused



Whilst most children found the horse's skull fascinating, Rachael remained horrified at the follicular disaster she was witnessing before her very eyes!

by trains can't help but be impressed with the sight that greets you as you enter. Naturally, for all the feats of engineering that should leave their mark on the trip, the bit that always provokes the greatest enthusiasm is the ride on the miniature railway! Whoops of delight accompanied the chugging of the small locomotive engine.



Fascinating as archaeology may have been to them, Suzy knew it was simply the BEST fun to play with the little rubber chips once she'd buried her trowel deeply enough!

After a quick peek at the Hogwarts Express, we headed into the city for the Jorvik experience. They've worked hard on broadening the experience beyond the ride, and it offered us more of a lasting experience than in previous years. This had the added advantage of making it impossible to endure shopping in the Shambles before we went to The Dig!

There's one thing that always gets us about male archaeologists as represented in The Dig – why do they always have to have long hair? Our good 'fwiend' was there and the children got thoroughly stuck in to their archaeological activity, although Suzy did seem more like a puppy burying her bone at times!



Ryvah just knew he was on to something special with his sheep's skull underarm deodorant in spite of his friends tactfully ignoring his commercial investment opportunity!

We strolled through the centre of the city, once again bathed in sunshine,



and admired all the closed shops! Our route took us through the ruins of the abbey in the park before another opportunity to admire the rowing teams of St Peter's School on the river. Alas, no pancakes today, so we'll have our own pancake day next Wednesday afternoon and get the children cooking them – lent will start a little later for Year 6! Night, night!