

# ERAS

Plantagenet  
1154–1485

Tudor  
1485–1603

Stuart  
1603–1714

Georgian  
1714–1837

Victorian  
1837–1901

Edwardian  
1901–1910

Windsor  
1910–

DATE

10,000BCE

1300

1400

1500

1600

1700

1800

1900

2000

ROBIN About here  
(Aged 23)

PLAGUE VICTIMS  
Died 1348

HUMPHREY 1531–1575 (Aged 45)

MARY 1571–1612 (Aged 39)

ANNIE 1670–1711 (Aged 41)

KITTY 1768–1790 (Aged 22)

THOMAS 1796–1824 (Aged 28)

LADY BUTTON 1854–1912 (Aged 58)

CAPTAIN 1900–1945 (Aged 45)

PAT 1946–1984 (Aged 38)

JULIAN 1945–1993 (Aged 48)

## KEY EVENTS

DATE

10,000BCE

1300

1400

1500

1600

1700

1800

1900

2000

Britain becomes an island 7000 BCE

Construction of Stonehenge begins 3000 BCE

Vesuvius eruption destroys Pompeii 79 CE

Roman Empire falls 476 CE

Kingdom of England founded 927 CE

Battle of Hastings 1066

Great Famine 1315–1316

Hundred Years' War 1337–1453

Black Death 1348–1350

Shroud of Turin first displayed 1354

Peasants' Revolt 1381

The Canterbury Tales written 1387–1400

Battle of Agincourt 1415

Joan of Arc killed 1431

Eton College founded 1440

War of the Roses 1455–1487

Caxton's printing press 1476

Columbus reaches the Americas 1492

Mona Lisa painted 1503–1506

Mary Rose launched 1511

Lady Jane Grey beheaded 1553

Shakespeare 1564–1616

Throckmorton Plot 1583

Spanish Armada 1588

Gunpowder Plot 1605

Mayflower lands in America 1620

English Civil War 1642–1652

Great Plague of London 1665

Great Fire of London 1666

Newton's laws published 1687

Acts of Union create Great Britain 1707

Walpole first Prime Minister 1721–1742

Tom Jones published 1749

Watt's steam engine patented 1769

Lord Byron 1788–1824

Jenner's smallpox vaccine 1796

Ireland joins the Union 1801

Battle of Trafalgar 1805

Great Exhibition 1851

Crimean War 1853–1854

On the Origin of Species published 1859

Boer War 1899–1902

HMS Titanic sinks 1912

World War I 1914–1918

World War II 1939–1945

First Moon Landing 1969

Berlin Wall falls 1989

World Wide Web launched 1991

YouTube launched 2005

Brexit vote 2016

# GHOSTS

THE BUTTON HOUSE ARCHIVES





# GHOSTS

THE BUTTON HOUSE ARCHIVES

WRITTEN BY

Mathew Baynton

Simon Farnaby

Martha Howe-Douglas

Jim Howick

Laurence Rickard

Ben Willbond

BLOOMSBURY PUBLISHING

LONDON • OXFORD • NEW YORK • NEW DELHI • SYDNEY



Like ripples in that pond would he  
Still echo thro' eternity?  
Or ne'er again would this world see  
The idle stone she tossed...

from 'Hermione and Roger'  
(unpublished)

For those poor souls who, across the centuries, have died at Button House – or on the land it now occupies – every passing year sees the memories of them fade further; their legacies lost to time.

But before their deaths came their lives – some exceptional, others mundane; some flush with privilege, others marked only by hardship. Yet all with one thing in common. That, out there somewhere, languishing in filing cabinets and libraries, damp basements and dusty boxes, were

fragments of evidence that spoke of the unique lives they led.

Collected here, for the very first time, are these arcane artefacts, rare documents and rediscovered diaries which, combined with the testimony gathered by Alison Cooper (thanks to her most unique of gifts), paint a vivid picture of the lives once lived by the restless spirits of Button House.

The Ghosts brought back to life . . .

Given that they're ghosts, they seem to know very little about how haunting works. But GHOSTS these seem to be the rules, as far as I RULES can work out from speaking to them.

\* CAN WALK THROUGH WALLS

- and do so constantly

(bathrooms + bedrooms seem to be a favourite) <sup>Have stopped telling Mike as he started showering in trunks</sup>

- asked why they don't fall through the ceiling when walking on first floor. 'No idea'

\* CAN'T LEAVE

They can't go past the edge of the grounds. <sup>??? might be different borders for different ones? Will ask.</sup>

\* STAY HOW THEY DIED

- one has no trousers on because he died like that (vague about details)
- one has an arrow in his neck - he says if he took it out it would just go back in... Sort of want to see that, but seems rude to ask.
- one has head cut off, presumably executed. Not sure which bit is weirder, head or body.

it's something to do with going to soon???

\* HAPPENS AT RANDOM <sup>Lady B saw what I wrote and that became a whole big thing</sup> <sup>actually only one of them seems to be old so maybe</sup>

- None of them have a clue why they're here.
- Doesn't seem to be 'unfinished business' or 'needing to send a message' or anything.
- Violent deaths? (some of them don't seem
- Maybe it's just potluck? (to fit the bill for that)

Zam thought ← \* CAN WEE - they say it turns to dust. Might be having me on. What are they weeing if they can't drink? <sup>They're constantly re-weeing their last drink!!</sup> \* CAN'T AGE Once saw Kitty vomit and it disappeared. What was that? <sup>Disgusting.</sup> - though mostly still keen to celebrate birthdays <sup>Maybe whatever was in her tummy when she died??</sup>

NB. 'Death Days' are less celebrated, which is fair enough, I suppose.

\* CAN'T EAT

- but talk about food a LOT! <sup>it was pineapple</sup>  
I suppose they just miss it.

The cave one really misses rump steak, but doesn't call it that. Wish he would.

\* CAN SLEEP

- out of habit? Certainly they're <sup>Have</sup> obsessive about bedrooms. Will be <sup>stopped</sup> tricky when we have guests, <sup>putting</sup> as they'll basically be sharing. <sup>female friends in the politician's room.</sup>

\* CAN'T TOUCH ANYTHING

- except the politician (Julian) who can touch things with his finger (with a lot of effort)

UPDATE: Claims he developed the skill through 'sheer perseverance'. Found an old copy of The Sun in 1997 and spent 7 years turning to Page 3.

\* MIGHT NOT BE FOREVER?

- So, apparently, they could disappear into the great beyond (or wherever) at any moment. There's like a bright light and they just sort of 'move on' (Mary calls it being 'sucked off', no matter how much I ask her not to). Again, they have no idea why.

To the Principal Secretary  
October 3<sup>rd</sup> 1575

Sir W,

Further to questions raised in respects of the operation that did resulte in the death of Sir Humphrey Bone, I am glad to submit a most fulsome accounte of the night in question, replete with all such detail as can be recall'd to mind.

Upon the night of September 26<sup>th</sup>, having receiv'd, from agents of your office, goodly reason and spake accounts of Catholic collusion and treasonous plot at the home of Mister Bone, a garrison was despatch'd, under my command, to a residence in the borough of Hemel. Upon our approach to the homestead, three persons - varied in both gender and tongue - were seen to exit, whom, catching sight of the closing troops, did take to the heel in such a manner as to inspire a tincture of mistrust. Giving chase, we swiftly apprehend'd the flighty shades, then turned our weight to the doors of the house, all a while robustly announcing our authority.

Aft many a mumble and afear'd whimper was heard from within, our might at last did turn the door to splinter, and entry followed apace. A search most thoro' was conducted, by all hands, but, unable to place either Bone or his spouse within, an order was given to retreat and log warrants for arrest upon sight.

However, as I mov'd to exit the residence, a sound of effort caughte my ear, causing me to pause upon the threshold. Returning with haste to the dining room, accompanied by Sergeant Hutchens, a figure was observ'd to climbe from the breaste of the chimney, matching the suspect in given stature and the pure twin of his sketche.

Catching sight of Hutchens and I, he did produce, from the copious folds of his cloake, a broadsword, mace, hatchet and dagger, and, with a cry of "death to the Queen!" did lunge with greate force towards Sergeant Hutchens, across whose body I dove to deflecte the flurry of experte blows. Wrenching my own sword free of its scabbard, I manag'd to fend off his every strike, bringing the full fury of his attack upon myself. Fuell'd by the frothing

venom of his Catholic rage, he did become possess'd with the strength of several men.

Fearing only for Sergeant Hitchens, who I knew to be slight of sinew and weak of bladder, I did summon the strength to force back the assailant with a crook'd leg, swung high my sword and, pulling down upon it with the claspe of both hands, found true target in the necke of the a'curst Bone, striking his head a'twain of his body.

But, alas, such was the papal fury of the suspect, his body did continue to put up a most fearsome defence, even now divorced of a head, flailing its razored arsenal with such precision as no sighted man could match. And again did I, in defence of the dumbstruck Sergeant Hitchens ~ his mouthe agape, throw my shoulder to the bodily portion of the assailant, sending it crashing to the flagstones, and resting my whole weight there upon until the final pulse of blood did vacate the spitting cavity.

Pulled back to full height, I did then take goodly stock of the scene ~ noting not only the position of both parts of Bone, but also the ornamentation knocked

asunder in our Herculean tussle. My breath collected, I did help Sergeant Hitchens from the scene, and ordered his weapons be tossed into the lake, so they should not again fall into Catholic hands. Washing all blood from our sleeves, we did hurry to catch up the retreating garrison and made good our first report of the dramatic encounter.

In recognition of his rally of spirits and eager assistance once danger had passed, I would recommende Sergeant Hitchens be advanced to the rank of Ensigne. And, while I seek only God's blessing in regard to my own actions, Sergeant Hitchens has humbly requested that I be considered for the role of Lieutenant of the Field, having exhibited ~ and here I quote ~ "valour and bravery unmatched in any battle my eye hath witnessed".

Your humble servant,  
Sergeant Major  
Arthur Pinkhoe



HERTS & BEDS REGIMENT  
BUTTON HOUSE HQ

DAILY PHYSICAL JERKS

HQ/398-2/

DATE: 31st July 1941

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A STIFF UPPER LIP TO GIVE HITLER A FAT LIP!

I like to encourage the men and women here at Button House to get physical as often as possible. Don't sit around idle, go at it as often as you can! Fitness is key to winning this war, not just the wellbeing of the mind but of the body too.

Here is a pictorial guide to my PHYSICAL JERKS REGIME that takes place at 0600 hrs every morning. Attendance is not compulsory but I encourage all members of the Company to attend. I am asking Command to make this compulsory.



A. 1-MILE RUN. Nothing warms the blood more in the morning than a good pump in the woods.



B. THE STAR BURST From a small crouch detonate yourself into a star shape. Do this TWENTY times.



C. THE REACH AROUND From a neutral position REACH AROUND each side of your body. You need to do this TWENTY TIMES each side.



D. TAKE COVER Sprint twenty feet then TAKE COVER! Repeat TEN times.



E. BEAT THEM OFF Jab, jab, left hook, upper cut, knock out! Let's give Jerry a bloody nose! Repeat TWENTY TIMES both arms.



F. GOD SAVE THE KING! Take a moment to reflect, get your breath back and think of God, England, and the King.

With sincere thanks to our resident artist It Heanley for so vividly capturing my every jerk.



**ARCHAEOLOGICAL REPORT  
(ABRIDGED)  
BUTTON HOUSE / Site ref: HJH7865**

**Location**

The dig is located in the basement of a dilapidated manor house in a generally poor state of repair. Late 15th-century wood-framed core, extensively remodelled circa 1650, but with documentary evidence of settlement on the site from the 13th century.

**Grounds for excavation**

Structural surveys, commissioned by a hotel chain, unearthed possible human remains in the immediate substrata. Initial forensic analysis confirmed the finds to be pre-Victorian, falling under the purview of Historic England, who commissioned excavation(s) and a site report.

**Findings (abstract)**

A total of 17 bodies (majority complete skeletal remains) were uncovered within the area approved for excavation, with partial remains at the trench borders suggesting a larger grave area extending towards/beyond the foundations of the house. Core sample results have now confirmed the presence of *Yersinia Pestis* bacterium, which suggests mass infection of bubonic plague, explaining the hurried and communal nature of the grave. Carbon dating places the burial date at approximately 1345–1350, which would fit with the known prevalence of 'Black Death' in major English cities at this time.



How and why such a major outbreak of plague occurred in such a rural location is uncertain (this is only the second site of this type to be found outside of London). With travel to the capital atypical for residents of such a remote hamlet at this time, we can only hypothesise about the route by which plague came to be so prevalent in the local population:

Given the evidence discovered of pelts and fabrics within the grave site, of a quality unusual for home-woven garments, it is possible that a number of textiles were brought to

the village from London by someone unaware that they were harbouring plague-bearing ticks. If said textiles were then distributed throughout the village, that may explain the blanket nature (so to speak) of infection here.

Alternatively, perhaps the hamlet was of a large enough scale to warrant an incumbent local official; someone of sufficient standing to warrant the long, arduous commute to the capital for diplomatic business, returning with an infection that then spread amongst the community.

Colleagues at University of Oxford School of Archeology kindly agreed to undertake facial reconstruction based on the most complete skull found on site. Named by the department as 'Button Bill', might this be the face of the important local official whose vital business saw him bring plague to this blighted parish?



Unrevised transcript of evidence taken before  
The Members' Allowances Select Committee  
Inquiry on

FRAUDULENT EXPENSE CLAIMS RELATING TO  
THE EXECUTION OF MINISTERIAL BUSINESS

Evidence Session No. 4 | Heard in Private | Questions 174 - 181

FRIDAY 19 JUNE 1992  
3:30pm

Witnesses: Mr Julian Fawcett MP

CHAIRMAN: Welcome, Mr Fawcett. Thank you for sparing the time to join us today.

JULIAN FAWCETT: I was told I had to.

CHAIRMAN: You do.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Well then.

CHAIRMAN: We just have to declare any interests before we start.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Oh, well ehm... Wine, I suppose - fine wines. And rugby.

Harlequins mainly, but-

CHAIRMAN: No, no. I mean any personal or business interests that might colour your testimony to the committee.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Oh, right... Would I need to say if I slept with your secretary at a party conference in '89?

CHAIRMAN: No.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Right. Good... Because I didn't.

LADY CALDER: So, Mr Fawcett, this swimming pool-

JULIAN FAWCETT: The Community Pool, yes.

LADY CALDER: Well, let's just refer to it as the swimming pool-

JULIAN FAWCETT: It's a Community Pool.

LADY CALDER: But built in your garden.

JULIAN FAWCETT: I donated a portion of my grounds to the project, if that's what you mean.

(Q1) LADY CALDER: But the cost of construction was filed as a business expense through your constituency office, is that correct?

JULIAN FAWCETT: Yes, well, it's very much a community resource, you see. Free to use for anyone living within a two mile radius of the house.

(Q2) LADY CALDER: And how many other properties are there within a two mile radius of your estate?

JULIAN FAWCETT: Well, I wouldn't know off the top of my head. I'd need to gather relevant census data to provide an accurate-

LADY CALDER: Three.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Well, if you have the answer, why ask the question?

LADY CALDER: Three houses. All of which already have their own swimming pools.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Yes, but not Community Pools.

(Q3) LADY CALDER: Mr Fawcett, if there is no community for the pool to serve, how is it a Community Pool?

JULIAN FAWCETT: If a tree falls in a forest and there's no-one around, does it make a sound?

LADY CALDER: What?

JULIAN FAWCETT: Precisely.

CHAIRMAN: Mr Fawcett-

JULIAN FAWCETT: Look, we had all this out when the pool opened. That's why I expanded the catchment area to include affiliate membership for the entire village of Lower Hazeley.

LADY CALDER: Yes, subject to what you describe as 'selective membership screening'.

JULIAN FAWCETT: It is perfectly reasonable to require some personal details from prospective patrons for security reasons.

(Q4) LADY CALDER: And what were the personal details you requested?

JULIAN FAWCETT: I don't recall.

(Q5) LADY CALDER: Was it a recent photograph and vital statistics?

JULIAN FAWCETT: Look, if you have the answers there, why ask the question?

(Q6) LADY CALDER: And how many affiliate membership passes were issued as a result of this process?

JULIAN FAWCETT: Do you have the answer written down?

LADY CALDER: Yes.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Eleven?

LADY CALDER: Thirteen.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Oh, well, even better then.

LADY CALDER: All of whom are women between the ages of 18 and 27.

JULIAN FAWCETT: That's a lie! One wasn't quite- Actually, no; carry on.

LADY CALDER: Mr Fawcett. I put it to you that the financing of this swimming pool, reimbursed - as it was - from the public purse, is a flagrant abuse of members' privilege. The pool in question is quite clearly of benefit to you alone and merely masquerades as a public resource.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Well, there's a woman in it right now who'd beg to differ.

(Q7) LADY CALDER: A single woman?

JULIAN FAWCETT: Yes, they're all single.

(Q8) LADY CALDER: No, I mean one woman? Hardly a bustling local amenity, is it?

JULIAN FAWCETT: Well Topless Friday's always quiet.

LADY CALDER: What?!

JULIAN FAWCETT: I said 'Friday's always quiet'. No further questions.

CHAIRMAN: I say that!

JULIAN FAWCETT: Oh yes... Were you about to?

CHAIRMAN: No.

JULIAN FAWCETT: Tits.

26th Jan - written down verbatim for Robin, so he 'not forget'.  
(after quite a long conversation about the word 'verbatim'.)

NB. Let the record show it is 5.21 am.

Says he'll let me sleep once I've 'done job'.  
if he wasn't dead, I would kill him!

So, this way to win any game.  
Foolproof. People think chess  
hard, but it not - people just  
stupid. Now, might get bit  
tellycall (technical?) so put it  
down EXACT. OK?

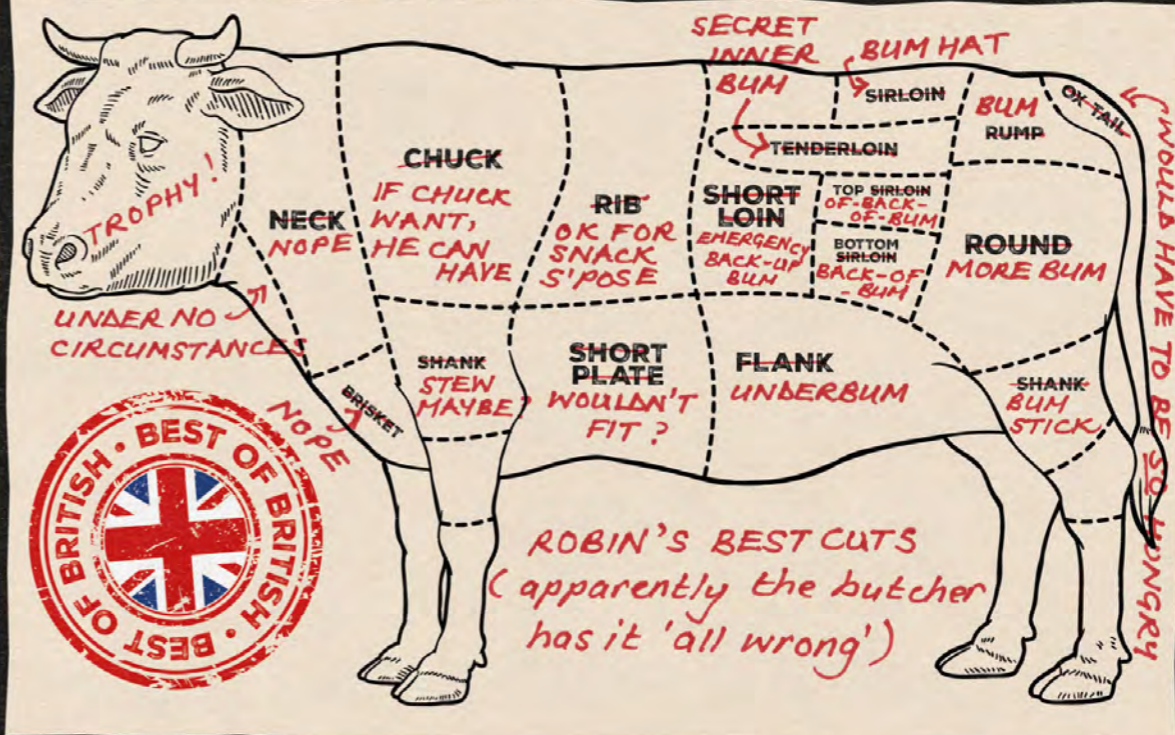
OK, Good. So first...  
Prawn two go dooka. So Julian do  
prawn fight dooka. Dooka-dooka.  
I do middle prawn, dooka, which  
mean his out-prawn do takey-jump.  
BUT, when his prawn dooka my  
prawn, weird-willy-guy go slide  
to dooka. 'Ha' he think and  
dooka prawn here, here, here.  
But whodis? Other-willy-guy!  
Take Julian bully-prawn DOOKA!  
'So what?' he think as he take lots  
prawn and I do just one.  
But while he deep in prawn dooka,  
out go lady-hat in double-dooka.  
Then just dooka-dooka, SLIDE-dooka,  
CHECKMATE!

I mean, not pretty, but get  
job done.

Read that back. Good. Now hide!  
Show only me. Chess world see  
that, it finished.

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## MILKING WITH MARY

Milking a cow is not as easy as many do think.

If she be troubled, uneasy or afraid, she will not milk. Step to her slowly, speak or sing softly to her. Something's like, "Good, lovely cow, thank you for your milk."

Do not move sudden or she may run or worse, kick. Old Godfrey once was kicked by his cow, rights in the private place, and t'was never the same.

Tie her about the neck to the milking post and give her good hay to feast on. Tie her tail to her leg so it dangles not at the udders.

Sit yourself upon your stool, straights and comfy.

Next, clean the udders with good water from the stream, not the puddle. If it can be warmed from the fire, she will like it better.

Mary's talk  
of the day,  
15th March  
2019.

Do not place the pail neath the teat for the first pulls. Firmly but gently pull the teat to get the muck out. The first pulls may be beige and lumpen, which you do not want. Do this for each teat. When it is nice and clean milk, you can puts the pail between your legs.

Take a pairs of teat in hand between thumb and first finger, so that the teat fills your palm as you squeeze. If she need encouragings, you may bump the udder as the calf would to help the milks come. Do not yank or tug, be gentle but firm and go until the udder looks no longer bulging. Make sure the hay be plenty while the milking be done.

Enjoy the milk fresh, or make butter, or whatever you likes, Al'son.

Ro

# Bob-a-job-gob

by TOBY CHAMBERS

A LOCAL nursing-home manager was left incensed last week after a Boys Adventure Group's 'Good Deed Day' ended in chaos.

Reading 4th group were assisting staff at the St Martin's Rest Home to raise money for local charities - an opportunity for the Young Adventurers to earn their 'Helping Hands' badge.

Linda Lineker, owner and manager of the rest home, said, "I've seen them helping people in the town over the last few years, washing cars and planting flowers. They seemed like nice lads and it was for a good cause so I thought I'd invite them to the home to help out."

"One of the boys was asked by a resident if he would sterilise his false teeth and, well, before long the idea spread and everyone wanted their dentures cleaned!" Pat Butcher, the Adventure Group's leader, explained. "Now, because there were quite a lot of teeth and the boys and I were keen to get back for The Krypton Factor semi-final, I thought, to save time, why not put them in one big bowl and wash them all together? I never considered that we'd have to put them back in the right mouths and that, I'll admit, was bloody stupid, mate."

After their initial horror, Mr Butcher and the boys set about finding the correct teeth for each resident. "At first it was tricky, matching gums with dentures, but after a while it actually became great



"Bloody stupid" - Boys Adventure Group Leader, Pat Butcher

fun!" he mused. "We missed The Krypton Factor but it didn't matter. This was OUR Krypton Factor and we completed the task in just under four hours, five minutes!"

Mrs Lineker didn't share Mr Butcher's enthusiasm. "It was a disaster. It took ages! Some teeth were too big, others too small. One poor resident already had the hair of Ken Dodd and then found himself with the teeth of Ken Dodd. And he hates Ken Dodd. It was very upsetting."

Sadly, one resident passed away while the mix-up was being rectified, though Mrs Lineker assured our reporter that the correct dentures were "swapped in" prior to the funeral.

Mr Butcher has since apologised to Mrs Lineker for the incident. "We were trying to do some good deeds, but sometimes things get taken the wrong way. Rest assured, from now on I'll be keeping my boys out of pensioners' mouths."

## News

# Choc shock at bird of prey display!

by COLIN TAYLOR

AN INQUIRY into the safety of wildlife entertainment is being considered by Berkshire County Council after an incident at a bird of prey display in Reading last week.

The Reading 4th boys' adventure group was hosting a demonstration from Big Peckers Falconry at their clubhouse and grounds, when a large bird attacked a boy in the audience.

Adventure club leader Pat Butcher, who organised the event, said he'd never seen anything like it and was relieved that no one was seriously harmed.

"One of my lads opened a finger of Fudge at the wrong time and the condor went straight at him. Perhaps he thought it was a worm? Or maybe he's got a sweet beak?"

Originating from North America, the condor is one of the largest birds of prey in the world. With a wingspan of up to 3.2 metres and the biggest bird in the display group's collection, the condor is typically saved as the finale of the show.

"Tip to tip he's the size of Jaws from James Bond. Or half the size of Jaws from Jaws. A bloody big bugger." Mr



Pat Butcher (left) poses with golden eagle, Apollo, prior to the incident.

Butcher explained. "We'd just seen the black crows and the eagles and now it was time for the condor. He hopped out of the hutch, heard the rustle of the packaging and locked onto the boy. It galloped towards the lad like a crazed hunchback, not paying a blind bit of notice to the instructor's commands. It didn't want a dead rodent, it wanted creamy fudge, covered in Cadbury's milk chocolate."

Robert Hargreaves, nine, tried to

escape but the giant bird gave chase.

"They were charging around for a good minute but Robert was still clutching his finger of Fudge," Mr Butcher continues. "Drop the Fudge, Robert! It wants the Fudge, Robert!" we screamed, as his cries of "Get Mum!" resounded across the field."

Having been cornered by the bird, Robert finally threw the confectionery away and dived for cover into a nearby bramble hedge.

"Robert was very brave. He had some cuts and bruises but that provided an excellent opportunity for the other lads to practise their first-aid skills. He was patched up in no time."

Mr Butcher says he's cancelling the upcoming visit from the local snake handler "to be on the safe side" and says he'll focus the boys' activities away from the animal kingdom and on to other, safer, pursuits such as orienteering and archery.

Fri Nov 25  
THE QUEEN  
CelebratIn  
year on th  
of Freddie

Sat Dec 10  
CHRISTMAS  
Gifts for t  
(cake) and

Fri Dec 23r  
CAROLS BY C  
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*over a joy of*

*(I have, wasn't probly*

*Finally go, Inomara talk about  
The attitude and spirit that equal good times,*

*(Lost all*

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Dearest Jane,

It is difficult to express in words what you have done to me. And I, a poet! But the language simply does not exist to describe the agonies I have suffered. My heart quickened when first I saw you and has not slowed in the days since we parted. It is as though my very thoughts are no longer my own, so completely have you captivated me. I am your prisoner. From the moment first I rise to the sound of lark (and how its song seems to tease me! Does the lark not understand that the world can hold not a shred of happiness until I am reunited with my love?) until late into the night sleep finally grants me brief respite, I see your face, I hear your voice, I remember our fingers brushing against each other as we walked about the grounds of your uncle's house. I try to drive my thoughts on to something, anything, else, but there you are. Inescapable. What sweet, bitter torture to be haunted not by a demon... but by an angel. How can you, a creature of such unbounded loveliness, be the source of such unendurable pain? How may I be released? I dream of a simple kiss that, if granted, would transform this pain

to unimaginable ecstasy. And yet I fear that a kiss from you would set my very bones on fire, or else send me soaring into the skies on the wings of an angel. Tell me that you think of me too. Tell me that you ache as I do. Tell me that you long to see me. Tell me that we shall meet again and I shall hear once more your soft, sweet voice.

Until then I am your servant, your slave,  
your sweetheart.

Thomas Thorne

Dear Mr Thorne

I am afraid I cannot recall meeting you. I presume you refer to the weekend at Barnham House and my Uncle Joseph? There were so many guests present that I am afraid I do not remember every man to whom I was introduced. I am sorry that I have inspired such feelings but I can assure you it was quite without intent on my part since I am betrothed these last four months. I hope that you feel better soon.

Yours, Miss Jane Ash.

LADY BUTTON  
WELCOMES YOU TO  
DINNER  
TO CELEBRATE  
THE 50<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY  
OF  
LORD BUTTON

MAY 17<sup>TH</sup> 1906

*Button House,  
Hemel Hempstead*

MENU

To be Served at 8pm Sharp

First Course - Hors D'oeuvres  
Turtle Mousseline and Smelts in Dutch Sauce

Second Course - Soup  
Oxblood and Liquorice Consommé with a Plum Wisp

Third Course - Fish  
Salmon Canterbury served with an Oyster Recollection

Fourth Course - Entrées  
Lamb Groin with a Kidney Philip and a Gallop of Young Peas

Fifth Course - Removes  
Dishes are changed

Sixth Course - Sorbet  
Egg and Melon Fingers

Seventh Course - Game  
Jellied Tongue of Partridge with a Cauliflower Cacophony

Eighth Course - Roast  
A Chauffroix of Woodcock with an Interlope of Carrots  
and a Dappled Cream Removal

Ninth Course - Salad  
Bruised Asparagus on a Nest of wet Marjoram

Tenth Course - Sweets  
Fanny's Flan Fanfare / Creamed Ice /  
Dunwoody Pudding with a Pomegranate Spill

Eleventh Course - Fruit  
Orange a l'orange

Twelfth Course - Cheese  
The Four Cheeses