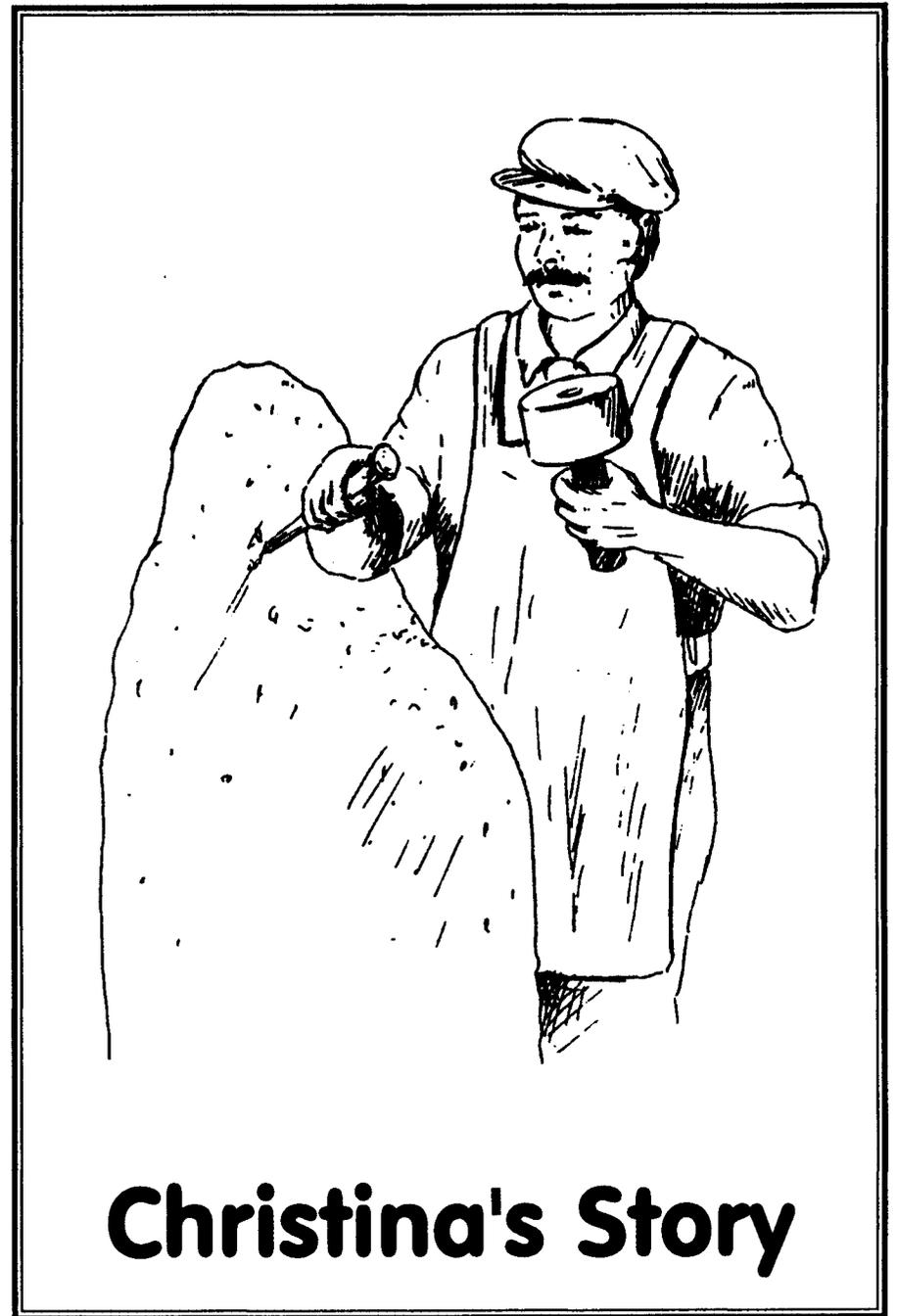


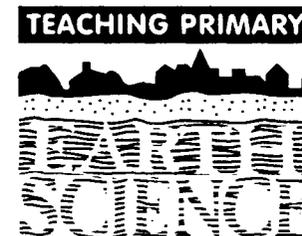
Produced by the Earth Science Teachers Association



Christina's Story

Christina's Story

by
Jennifer Claringbold



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ESTA

The Earth Science Teachers' Association has been involved for many years in writing teaching materials for all levels. Support has previously been given by The Curry Trust for materials at Key Stages 3 and 4 of the National Curriculum.

Resources for the Earth Science component at Key Stages 1 and 2 have been published by ESTA in "Teaching Primary Earth Sciences".

Earth Science Teachers' Association (ESTA) is the organisation which helps all teachers to deliver the Earth Science component of the National Curriculum at all levels, and beyond - to University level.

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The authors are listed on the accompanying Activity Pack.

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Design National Stone Centre

Some people come and look very carefully at the names and write down all that is written on the stone.

They sometimes wear bright clothing and talk with strange accents about their relatives from Leeds, but I do not see Mr. and Mrs. Brydon or the little boy anymore.

I wonder what has happened to them all?

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Jennifer Claringbold





Now lots of visitors come to look at the stones and all sorts of people come to look at my part of the field.

Sometimes there are children with teachers who look at the stones and they talk about the colour and size of the crystals.

I like the youngest children best because sometimes the older ones come and scratch my surface and drop liquid on the stone to see what happens. I don't think they are doing wrong because their teachers do not look cross, but I do not like the look of it.



Christina is an angel. She is made of marble which came from the Carrara region of Northern Italy. She has been in England for many years now and she does not look very happy.

Let us see if she will tell us what is wrong. . .



Since the day Mr. Ackroyd put me here I have seen a lot of changes. As time went by there were more and more pieces of stone. People usually come and look at each piece as it is set up and then for some time after. There have been some wonderful pieces of stone brought in.

Close to me there are some huge pieces of black stone pointing straight into the sky. When they were put up lots of people came and made speeches but now only a few people look at these stones.



I miss Italy so very much. I have been here in Leeds for a long time and I am beginning to forget how my home town looks. I have not been in contact with my friends for such a long time that I think they will have forgotten me.

I love Italy. It is so warm and pleasant there. The sun always shines and there are beautiful smells in the air. I used to smell things like lemon and olives and some of the trees smelt spicy.

I even miss the not so nice smells like the donkeys and also the flies.



I don't look the same any more and my surface is no longer white. I think it is the awful weather in Leeds because I am now covered with a green layer which makes me look old.

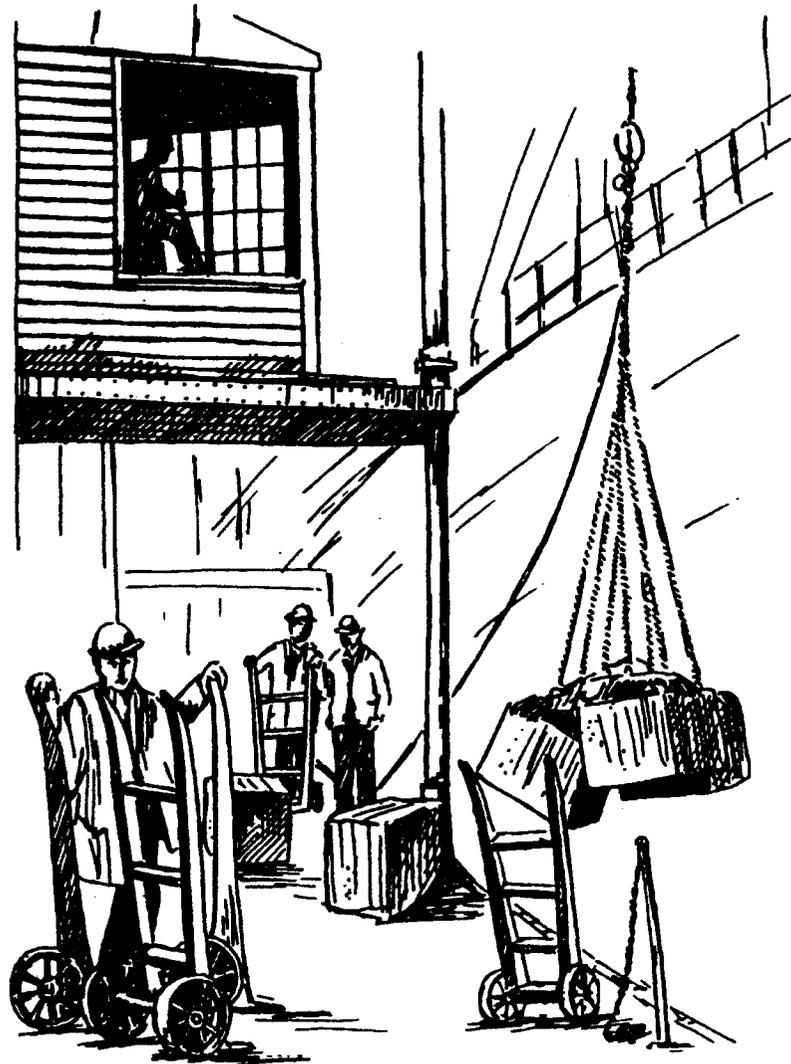
There was a time when the air smelled awful and sometimes the fog had a bitter taste.

I have heard people discussing the conditions and blaming the factories for the pollution. I am not sure what they were talking about.



Now I am here in Leeds and the weather is awful - it seems to be always wet and some days the rain never stops.

There is something called fog which is like water hanging in the air and that is horrible. I can't see anything at all on days like that.



Well, that was all a long time ago and I have been standing in this field ever since. At first Mr. and Mrs. Brydon used to come regularly and put flowers on top of the quartz crystals. These were different flowers from the ones which grow at home and I do not know the names of them. Some of them smelled like those I remember from Italy.

Then Mrs. Brydon became fatter and fatter and stopped coming for quite a long time. When she did come again she had a little boy called Albert with her and she told him about his sister who had died when she was two.

The family visits became rarer and rarer and I haven't seen any of them for a long time now.



I came from a lovely area of Italy where I was part of a large mountain. There have been men quarrying for many years in my area but I did not understand what might happen to me.

I was cut out from the rest of the rock and 'dressed' - not in clothes though. This word means to have the edges and corners straightened - a bit like a haircut I suppose. Then I was put on a big ship and brought here to England.



So Mr. and Mrs. Brydon bought me from Mr. Ackroyd and asked him to make me into an angel standing on a block. A message about Mavis, their daughter, was added underneath. I was then put into a field which contained many pieces of stone, all with messages written on them. There were pieces of white marble around the foot of the block making a rectangle on the ground. Inside this shape were strewn pieces of white quartz.

Everything was bright and shining and Mr. and Mrs. Brydon cried. They said I was a beautiful reminder of their daughter and they were very grateful to Mr. Ackroyd.



For quite a long time I was in a small yard behind a large church until one day two people arrived.

They were looking for a piece of stone to make a gravestone for their daughter. They chose me because of my beautiful white colour which they felt looked pure and clean and would be a suitable memorial.



I learned a lot about myself when the man who owned the yard - Mr. Ackroyd - was talking to these people.

He said I was Carrara marble and that having a gravestone made out of white marble was very fashionable. Also that it would be easy to make a monument from my type of rock as it was easy to work - I think that meant that he would be able to chip off bits easily. I am guessing really but that's what he did do later.

Marble is a very close grained rock and there are no spaces between my particles so my surface looks very smooth.