

# THE ARP ACTA



Aylsham Roman Project Magazine



## Gronmoad Tales 2017

Hello everybody and welcome to a very special magazine edition of The ARP Acta.

Children from John of Gaunt Infant and Nursery School and Bure Valley School in Aylsham were invited to write stories about Gronmoad, our Roman dog. These are the stories, with a winning story from each of the schools.

We hope you enjoy them as much as the group of volunteers did who read through them all.

**Thank you so much to both schools for taking part in this activity.**

The younger children's tales, though short, showed good imagination and have included some lovely time travel! The older children were really imaginative, showing a good historical knowledge.

*They felt like complete stories, good enough to be in the town library.*

All showed they could identify with a dog from long ago and bring her to life.



Please sit back, read and enjoy!

### John of Gaunt Infant and Nursery School

**\*Star Story\*\*Star Story\*\*Star Story\*\*Star Story\***

A long time ago in the year 200AD there was a dog called Gronmoad. She was a sandy coloured dog who liked to play. Her master made pottery. He wore a red and white shirt and some shorts.

One day the master said, "Gronmoad, we've got a long journey ahead of us."

It was a lovely night until thunder struck and there was a flood. A tree got struck and caught fire.

"What's happening!" said the master as he woke up. "Gronmoad! Gronmoad!"

She didn't respond because she was dead. Her head hit a hard tree and got knocked out.



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One Happy New Year she crept downstairs. Her owner saw her. The owner called her but she refused. She jumped out of the window! The owner did not know why.

She found a swimming pool. She went in. She almost drowned. She went back to her owner.

She barked, "I won't run away again."

**Jack Year 1**

A long time ago there was a dog called Gronmoad and she was female. One day Gronmoad's master said, "Gronmoad come here, look, the market's open," and Gronmoad barked.

When they got to the market, Gronmoad's master said, "What shall we buy today? Carrots, potatoes or lettuce?"

Gronmoad replied, "Bark! Bark!" which meant all of them.

When they got home, they went hunting and found some sheep. Gronmoad got one of the sheep and they took the sheep home.

After a few years Gronmoad got old and every month they went hunting. After a few days, Gronmoad got ill and her master thought she was going to die in a few weeks and unfortunately Gronmoad died.

**Star Year 2**



One day 1700 years ago there was a dog called Gronmoad who was a polite dog.

She got lost in the woods. Her master found her in a net. The master got his sharp sword and cut the rope.

**Ryan H Year 1**

A long time ago in the year 200AD there lived a Roman dog called Gronmoad. She was a sandy dog and she always did what she was told.

"Gronmoad, fetch me some corn," said her master.

Gronmoad loved to dig and she found lots of coins and pottery. The pottery helped the master very much. He sold the pottery for money and after a few weeks he was rich! He spent the money on a new tractor. The master drove the new tractor.

The dog died in Aylsham. The master said, "We've had some fun."

**Finn Year 2**

Once upon a time there was a dog called Gronmoad. She went to get some food from the town and loads of food in the town and went to her boss.

One day she went to get some food in Norwich City and there was 10 million bits of food in the big city. The next day she went to Cromer and she went to a shop and she bought something that was £100 but she had £10.

With that money she bought a big fidget spinner. She spun it for 16 days but it stopped at 8 o'clock in the morning.

"Where is my glowing fidget spinner?" said the dog. She died 1700 years ago. **Thomas Year 1**

1700 years ago there was a dog called Gronmoad. Her master worked as a man who made potter.

"Gronmoad, come here now. Did you do this?" said the master pointing at a broken pot. Gronmoad shook her head.

"Hmm?" went the master.

They went to the soldiers and told them what had happened. The soldiers were on the case pronto! They found a trail of pottery and it lead them to a strange pillar. A man ran out if it.

"Oh no!" he said, "they're on to me," he screamed. He was taken to prison. He won't get out now.

After the horrible thing that happened, they decided to go to Aylsham. When they got to Aylsham there was an accident and Gronmoad died and was buried at a grassy plain.

**Eliot Year 2**

Once upon a time Gronmoad was under the pottery and she was looking for her master. Her master is called Grammer. Grammer was looking for her, then finally they found each other.

But one day Grammer went looking for Gronmoad but his sandy furry Roman dog was under the table.

Then when he found her he said, "Would you like to go on an adventure?"

She said, "Yes!"

So off they went to a castle of all Romans. They went up a hill, they went down a hill and they arrived at the castle spluttering and hot.

**Gilby Year 1**



Once upon a time there was a dog called Gronmoad. One day she was naughty, her boss sent her away to a magic world.

She was walking on the road. She met a fairy. She said, "I will give you one wish."

"I wish my boss loves me."

The fairy did it. Gronmoad went home.

The boss loved her. He said, "I love you."

The dog loved him. He said, "Do you love me?"

"Yes."

They went to the dog show, it was awesome.

**Lexie Year 2**

Once upon a time Gronmoad had a master called Ira and Ira said, "I'm hungry."

So Gronmoad went to get food for her master Ira. On the way Gronmoad was kidnapped, then she thought, "I have an idea."

"I'll bark very loud to alert Ira," the female sandy dog said.

Ira knew it was Gronmoad so Ira went straight to her and shot several arrows and scared the enemy away and then went to a pizza restaurant and they bought more food. They ate all the food then they walked to their friend's house. Ira had a check list. He said, "I won't need to check me off," so

they walked and met their friends. They were called Burnsey, Johnsey, Sam Sordy, Tyrent, Tarface and Rockenie.

They were running through the streets of Chicwala. Those guys blowed up an evil palace.

These guys are good guy gangsters so they went to beat up the Scots. They met the absorbing man and he cracked the ground. They had a question, what happened next? **Ronnie Year 2**

A long time ago in 200AD there lived a Roman dog called Gronmoad. Gronmoad lived with her master. She had a curly tail and she was sandy coloured. One day her master said, "Gronmoad, come here. Did you do this?"

Gronmoad had knocked over all the Roman pots. "No, it wasn't me," she barked at her master, but she got sent away.

On New Year's Day everyone was making lots and lots of noise and it woke Gronmoad up. She didn't know what was going on, Her master said, "Come out," and they were all happy until sadly Gronmoad died and she was buried in the mud in Aylsham. **Eleanor Year 2**

One day a long time ago there lived a dog called Gronmoad. She lived in a little house with her master. Her master was laying in bed. Gronmoad went up to her master and laid beside him.

Gronmoad wanted to make him happy so she thought and she had an idea. She went in the garden and started to dig a hole and she dug up a little gem. She ran back to her master and gave him the gem.

He said, "Gronmoad, look what you have discovered."

It made him so happy that he jumped up and down. Her master got dressed.

"What is it, a gem or a diamond?"

Gronmoad said, "It's a gem."

Her master said, "Pop." Pop was her master's sound.

The dog did not know that the gem had powers. The gem shrunk and a thunder storm came. The dog was allergic to thunder so she died.

Chase Year 2



## Bure Valley School

**\*Star Story\*\*Star Story\*\*Star Story\*\*Star Story\***

### Gronmoad: The Roman Dog

Gronmoad panted in the rays of the beating sun, which, in roman mythology, was pulled by a golden chariot and driven by the God Apollo. She was waiting for her master to leave the pottery store he worked in, which was labelled 'Hannibal's Aylsham Pottery: fresh clay from the river. Gronmoad had no idea who Hannibal was, but she guessed they were a friend of master.

Her curly tail wagged as master walked out of the door, carrying pots that balanced on each other. They swayed left and right, but master juggled them well.

"Hello, Gronmoad," he said. "Lots of pots here, the rich people have ordered hundreds of them. Come on, I have to put these on the rack."

Walking by master, Gronmoad and master entered the shed next to the store. Inside it were lots of pottery tools, and by the side was a rack. On it were vases, urns, pots and more antique objects.

Master walked over and put them on the rack. Nodding approvingly, he looked at them. Then he muttered some things, like "maybe a better rim.....good flat bottom, though...."

But Gronmoad had different interests. She had heard a faint something and whipped around. A disgusting, vile, sneering, dirty cat.

It arched its back and hissed. Then it straightened out, jumped onto a pot moulder. It made its way to the rack. Before Gronmoad could stop it, it knocked all the pots on the floor...

SMASH!

All the pots were broken. Every single one. Gronmoad began to whimper, but master laughed.

"Don't worry! They were just test pots!" And he hugged her.



### Gronmoad and the Clay Dragon

The golden sun rays shined on the fur of Gronmoad the Roman dog. Her eyes fluttered open as she yawned herself. Gronmoad was in her own private bedroom, also known as the guest room, as she likes to sleep alone so no-one can disturb her deep slumber. She lifted herself up yawning for a second time followed by a good stretch.

"Ahh....What fine morning. I know! I'll go and see Master!" thought Gronmoad as she strolled across the oak floorboards. Suddenly sneezing, the waking dog entered the main room. However, Master was nowhere in sight. It was bright outside and Master always wakes up at sunrise, but not this time. She whimpered scanning the room for any sign of Master.

A single clay dragon sat on the Master's work desk with a big mischievous smirk in its face. Its ears perked up with a triangle shape at the tip.

Two bulging eyes stared down at Gronmoad pushing her into the floor. Even though the clay creation frightened her, she decided to greet it.

At the back of the desk was a birch stool covered in a layer of skin which is where she would jump from. When she was behind the dragon, she lowered her head to sniff. It smelled like rock - which doesn't have a scent - and smoke and it looked like the scalt creatures from her many strange dreams. A dampened sniffing and snuffling could be heard from its incomplete nostrils.

Gronmoad tapped the red head of the creation with her blond fur. When she brought it back it was tinted with burnt black. The dragon was burning hot. She barked repeatedly at the dragon and smacked it off the desk.

**SMASH!**

Hundreds of pieces of dragon were scattered across the room. A gasp of surprise came from upstairs. Footsteps thundered down the stairs revealing Master with a wide mouth. He was not happy at all. Gronmoad realised this was her cue to leave.

**Cole Year 5**

## The Tale of Gronmoad

Gronmoad was a dog. Not a normal dog, a sandy coloured very cheeky dog with a big personality. She wanted to be naughty, so she decided to jump into the pond and get muddy and dirty. She came out of the pond shaking all the muddy water off.

Then she decided to do it again and again until her owner walked out, her owner was the local potter that made pottery for people far and wide, he was also quite kind and helpful. The pottery he made was very delicate and took him about a month to finish. The potter was angry with Gronmoad so she got really badly told off.

Gronmoad walked indoors still dirty and decided to lay down on the potter's new leather cow skin

blanket that he had to trade for all his food to get, all of a sudden the blanket turned black. Her owner got very angry at her, in fear she ran away.

One week later, she plucked up courage to go back home as Gronmoad was absolutely starving. When she got back home the potter was so happy to see her and bathed her and fed her until she felt safe and secure again. Gronmoad realised that her owner was not actually that mad with her. They had a big celebration to become friends again and they lived happily ever after.

**Emily Year 5**



## The Tale of Gronmoad the Dog

One day, Gronmoad was sleeping under a bush. "Wake up," shouted the potter, "it's already 7.00am!"

Gronmoad woke as soon as she heard the voice. "Go and get us some breakfast, maybe some rabbit."

Gronmoad slowly walked off to the woods to get some rabbit.

Then Gronmoad spotted a rabbit....she crouched down so the rabbit didn't see her, then she quickly pounced on the rabbit. She looked down to see if the rabbit was still there but it wasn't! Gronmoad looked around for the rabbit and saw it behind a tree! Gronmoad instantly chased after the rabbit, the rabbit ran faster than her so she started to sprint faster and faster. She sprinted but she couldn't catch up with the rabbit. Eventually the rabbit ran out of sight so Gronmoad turned around to go back to the potter but she had ran too far! She didn't know where she was!

The potter was worried about Gronmoad so he set off to find her.

The potter went in the same direction as the dog did. He followed her footprints, they were really muddy!

In the end he finally found Gronmoad! She was beside a river.

"Gronmoad," the potter shouted, "I missed you so much!"

And when the potter picked Gronmoad up to give her a cuddle there were 5 golden coins under her. Now they were the happiest dog and potter in the **WHOLE WIDE WORLD!**

**Phoebe Year 5**

## RIP

The rain was pouring down onto Gronmoad's sandy fur. She was a Roman dog who in the year 200AD. She made her way along the streets of Rome back to her master. Her master was a pottery maker called Varius. Wherever Varius went Gronmoad followed.

One day, Varius and Gronmoad settled in a small village called Aylsham. They bought a tiny insulae which is a poor roman house by a beautiful river.

Late at night, Gronmoad awoke from her slumber. She stumbled onto the flowing river. Just a little paddle she thought. Gronmoad made her way into the river swimming wildly. But her foot tangled in emerald green weed. Marcus heard her howls and came rushing outside. He spotted Gronmoad in the water...

A couple of days later Varius buried Gronmoad by a posh villa named Woodgate Villa.

**Stevie Year 5**

## The Loyal Hound

In the year 200AD, seventeen hundred years ago, a dog controlled the scorching streets of Rome. The canine walked but it troubled her. The golden-phoenix coat was filled with dust as the bustling market moved too and fro. A tall man called Julia moved with her - her master - he was

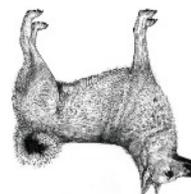
he was ordinary except for his hands, since he was a potter his hands were careful and ginger yet scarred.

Emperor Nero (the blue-blooded crazy one) ruled over the people with peculiar rules. One was even an order to call him God! If people don't, into the sewer they fall!

One day, burning weather shone onto the head of Julia but he kept working. He was to be tortured the next day, patrolled through the streets, made to carry heavy things, crucified, all the punishments - minus the coliseum - had been planned for the next day.

Gronmoad acted like she knew this and yelped and she kept by her master all the time. Nero came that very day but Gronmoad wouldn't let her master go. She howled, bit, scratched; even after being tied up she stopped them. A crowd did what crowds do and one gave her some bread but she kept by him, even when he was thrown into the sewer she jumped in and pulled him out. Nero was amazed! He was so angry but....but still so shocked. A deal was struck and he let the potter and Gronmoad off under one condition. They would make him a custom pot with paw-prints on!

**Grace Year 5**



## Gronmoad and Scavenger

One day a potter, Rupert, and his dog Gronmoad came to Aylsham. Gronmoad bounded around the market, knocking over stalls and apple carts. She limped back to Rupert, her arthritis kicking in again. They trudged through the streets until they got to their rented villa and walked in. Rupert took Gronmoad outside and they started making pots.

A few days later Gronmoad was running around a forest, when he met up with a fox. They ran around for what seemed like forever and ever, jumping over low branches and sitting on tree stumps. Suddenly Gronmoad's ears picked up when he heard Rupert whistling. She said goodbye to her friend and ran to join her master.

Gronmoad and Scavenger played together for the rest of the week, glad they had some canine company in the world.

Gronmoad and Scavenger's puppies were the cutest things ever. All the children in the town wanted one, but one of them stayed with its parents, Scavmoad, the youngest puppy. Scavenger, Gronmoad and Scavmoad sat in the forest that night watching the sun set over the happy family.

**Poppy Year 5**

## Gronmoad's Travels

"Woof!" barked Gronmoad. Lifting her head, she saw a rabbit, a tasty rabbit. Gronmoad darted after it and three seconds later returned looking rather pleased with herself.

"Good girl, Gronmoad, good girl," said master. They set up camp and roasted the rabbit over the burning fire.

"Big day tomorrow, Gronmoad, I'm sure we'll sell our prize pot, ( a water pot), then we'll buy a much better villa."

Gronmoad woke to hear a pack of wolves. She barked once, master didn't wake. She barked again, he still didn't wake. She tried one last time and he finally woke. They dashed on to the chariot and rapidly rode into town.

They sold their prize pot and bought a lovely villa in the middle of Woodgate.

**Summer Year 5**



## The Tale of Gronmoad the Dog

One day Gronmoad the dog was being walked. Her owner, the potter, stopped to talk to a friend which distracted the sandy-coloured dog. While the potter was speaking, she untangled herself from the rope round her neck and began running down the cobbled path. Gronmoad enjoyed her lonely walk, but soon came across a deep hole, someone was stuck in the hole.

"Gronmoad, Gronmoad!" yelled the bewildered potter from a distance, "Where are you, Gronmoad?"

Gronmoad began barking loudly, it was clear her master was searching for her.

"Oh there you are, you naughty dog!" spoke the potter. Gronmoad started again.

"You've found a hole?" the potter paused. "And someone is trapped inside!" The potter could not believe his ears. "We better help them from this hole."

Struggling, the potter dragged the poor woman out from the muddy hole.

"Thank you!" stammered the lady. "My home has been taken by a large group of Saxons perhaps you are willing to shelter with me?"

Of course you can stay with me until a new home is found."

"Your dog deserves an award, may I?" asked the woman.

The lady presented a juicy bone to the dog. Gronmoad's rescue became local, in fact her fame became worldwide.

**Issy Year 5**

## The Adventures of Gronmoad

I am the potter's dog and this is my story.

One golden day Gronmoad awoke to the sound of her master calling.

"Come on girl, we are going to Aylsham today."

Aylsham Gronmoad and the potter found themselves starving by a lodging but the potter was penniless so he ordered Gronmoad to hunt down some food, so she set off to hunt. Five minutes later she came back from her hunt triumphant only to find her master was being beaten with a stick, so she bit them and they took off quickly.

When they finally got to Aylsham the potter and Gronmoad started working on building the kilns.

When it was time for supper the two went to eat their tea and watch the glorious sunset.

**Rose Year 5**

## The Tales of Gronmoad the Dog

It was 200AD and the sun was bursting with colour as Gronmoad settled down for bed. She was a lovely sandy colour and belonged to a potter called Gallus. Gallus was an ancient man and was as wrinkly as a man who had lived to 1000!

One day, Gallus and Gronmoad went to a small village to ask if anybody wanted to trade any pottery. People traded for books, jewellery and much more. While Gallus was trading, Gronmoad wandered off to the butcher's. She stole some pork. Lots of pork.

When Gallus was finished, he looked all over the place for Gronmoad but he couldn't find her. He spent weeks looking for her, but still no luck. So Gallus decided to go home.

On the way home, Gallus started to sob. He saw lots of people with dogs. That made him more upset. So Gallus decided to run all the way back to his villa. That took a long time.

When he was near his villa, Gallus heard barking in the distance. It was Gronmoad standing like a guard dog at the door. From then on, Gallus and Gronmoad lived a very happy life together.

**Hannah Year 5**



## Gronmoad's Dream

The hot golden sun waved down on Gronmoad's golden fur. Her owner was a Roman potter. All day he would make pots ready for selling while up to mischief.

One day Gronmoad decided to venture into the woods. She walked for hours until night and stopped by a river. She drank the water and set off again, refreshed. Soon the night sky was full of bright stars guiding Gronmoad along the way. Suddenly Gronmoad saw a light. Almost immediately the clear night sky filled with gagging smoke. Screams filled the silent atmosphere. Gronmoad ran towards the fire and spotted a little girl with dark hair and frightened blue eyes. As quick as a bullet, Gronmoad was in and out of the flames with the girl.

As Gronmoad returned to the village she was greeted by her owner and was given extra special pork. Suddenly, she woke up in woods. It had all been a dream.

**Evie Year 5**

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**Evie Year 5**

## The Loving Dog

Seventeen hundred years ago, in the year 200AD, there lived a dog named Gronmoad. Gronmoad belonged to a potter. The potter had faithful blue eyes and the stubble on his chin was coarse and thin but that didn't trouble him at all.

Gronmoad had golden, sun-lit fur and each day she would roam the dusty, shadow-covered streets to hunt for food.

One rapid, rainy morning, the birds began their daily song. The potter needed to purchase some treats for Gronmoad. Yawning, he stumbled towards the market. As the potter was rich he could afford some fat, juicy meat for Gronmoad. The potter spun around to face Gronmoad who was licking her lips in hunger. He picked Gronmoad up, grasping her with a strong hand. Suddenly a shallow, evil man, who had dark circles under his eyes, broke out in a shout.

"THE DOG'S MINE!" the man was angry and hit Gronmoad out of the potter's caring hands. Then a police man, with a broad grin on his face, slung some chains at the poor potter. The potter yelled and called Gronmoad over and meekly he turned around and pulled on his head.

The policeman was shocked.

"Gronmoad is the potter's!" exclaimed the main man of the court.

Gronmoad, excitedly, bounded towards the potter. Gronmoad chewed at the binds of the rope that held the potter captive in the court. Gronmoad and the potter had been reunited once more.

**Chloe Year 5**



Why not get an adult to bring you to see where we found Gronmoad?

During three weeks beginning August 7<sup>th</sup>, 14<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup>, we will be on the field at Woodgate Nursery.

Come and have a look round for the minimum of a £1 donation per person.

Fancy having a go?

£10 a day for adults,  
£5 a day for children under 16,  
accompanied by an adult.

We'd love to see you.

*Adults, why not become a Friend for £10 and visit when you like?*

*You can then participate during the three weeks for £20 and £10 for children under 16, accompanied by an adult.*



**ARP.....Getting the community into holes**



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