

numburnholme



Anglo-Saxon & Viking

It's worth a stop at Numburnholm's church. Inside the Church of England building (ironic if you keep reading) is the Anglo-Saxon and Viking cross photographed here. Once built into the wall of the church, it's now prominently displayed right in the entrance.

The Pilgrimage of Grace

Starting at Pocklington and heading west towards Warton, the National Trail takes in 8.6 miles of beautiful Yorkshire Wolds countryside. It's a great way to see the Wolds and is mostly forgotten by other ramblers. The perfect slow pace adventure if you're looking to dodge folk and stick the middle finger to Henry VIII too. Sort of.

FUCK HENRY

It's 18th October 1536 and the Catholic people of Yorkshire are pretty much sick to the back teeth with Henry VIII's policies. He's shut down a bunch of monasteries, switched the national religion (just a bit), and there's rumour of more taxes on stuff like baptisms. Without eternal salvation provided by the prayers of monastery-living monks (not to mention the cash and health care they provided to poorer folks nearby), it's fair to say the people were pissed.

10,000 people gathered in a 'conference' at Market Weighton hill and, under the guidance of Robert Aske and William Staplton, set out to peacefully march out to York and Hull, respectively. Aske took his mob roughly on the route of the walking trail marked today.

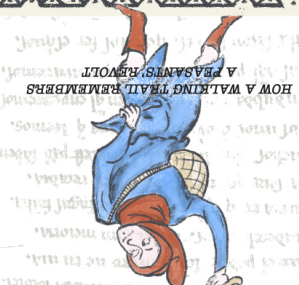
By 24th October, our lad Robby Aske has managed to gather an additional 7000 people to the cause and, eventually King Henry VIII agrees to a meeting.

He listens. He pardons. He promises a U-turn.

It's all bollocks. In July 1537, he executes Robert Aske by hanging him on chains from the walls of York Castle and leaving him there. Grim.

Oh, and Staplton manages to dodge the same fate by accepting the pardon back in 1536 and then keeping quiet when the renewed risings stared the year after.

FUCK HENRY



a mostly accurate historical rambling by

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