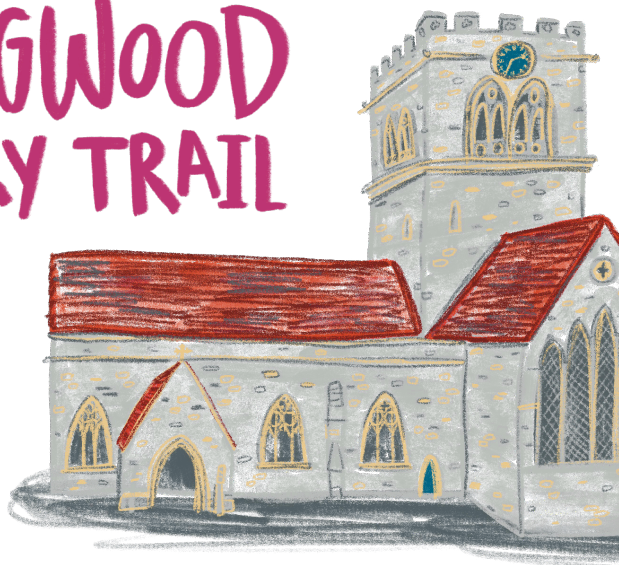


RINGWOOD STORY TRAIL



The SECRET of the King's LOST COIN

Written and Illustrated by
Daisy Kate







This is a Story Trail book created to celebrate 800 years of Ringwood Market. It's a fun way for families to explore the town, get active and learn about our local history. To read this story, you'll need to start at the flagpole outside the Gateway Building in Ringwood (what3words: keeps.vibrate.outermost). Then, follow the story through the route on the map on page 2.

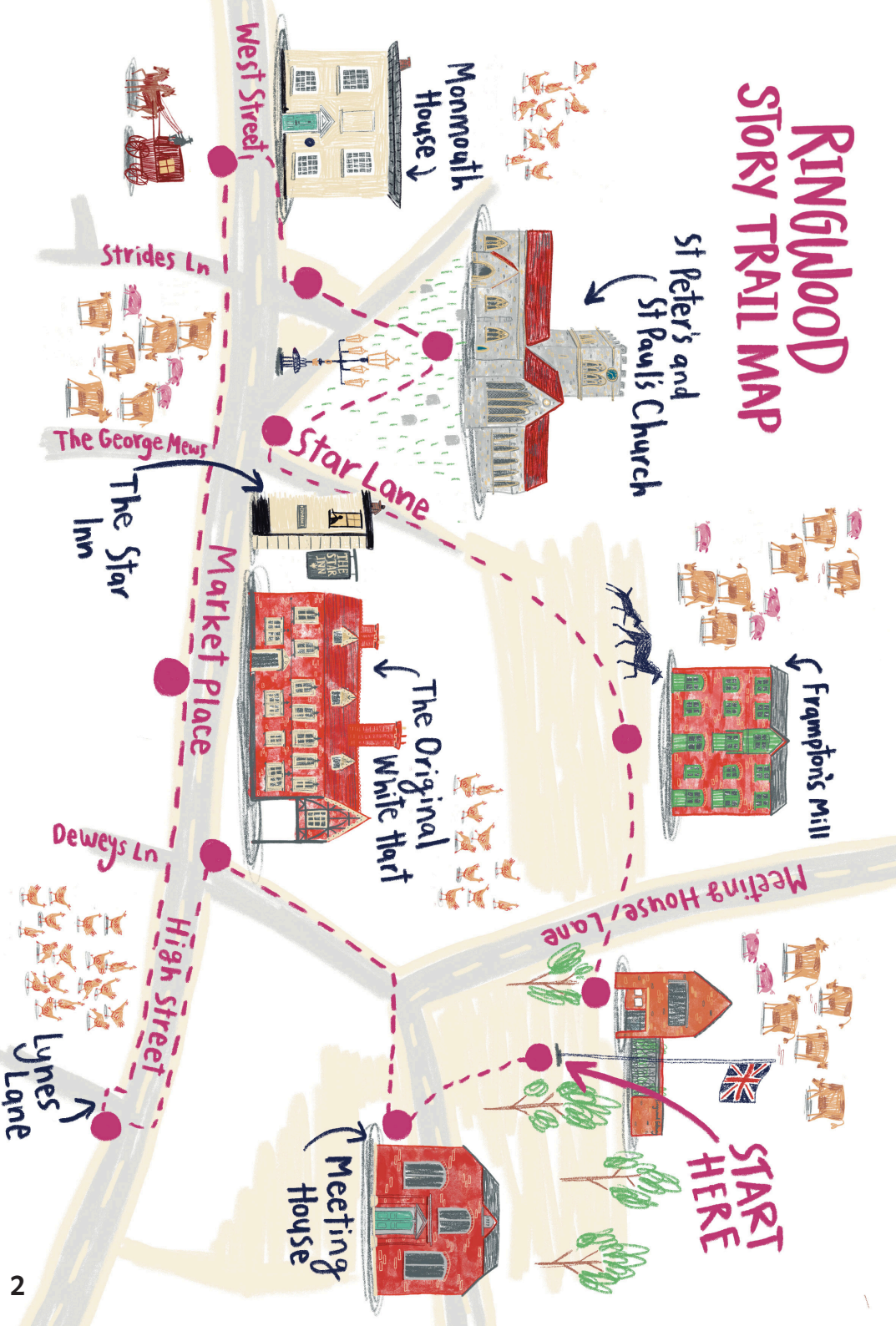
You'll find clues and activities at each stop. You might want to complete some of the drawing tasks later at home, or if you stop at a café or bench during your journey.

Please be aware that there are roads with cars, and other people using the town. You should stop in a safe spot where you're not obstructing the pavement. If the pavement is busy, just keep walking until you find a quiet space. It is important that you are careful and always stay aware of your surroundings.

This book has been created with the help of Culture in Common, Ringwood Town Council and The Ringwood Society. Pupils from Ringwood C of E Infant School and Poulner Junior School helped develop the story.



RINGWOOD STORY TRAIL MAP



At the Flagpole

“Hi friend! My name is Max and this is my sister Mia. Our family has always lived in Ringwood. Our Grandad, and his Grandad, and his Grandma before him...all the way back to 800 years ago when King Henry iii signed the Market Charter. The Royal Charter was an official document that said Ringwood could hold a market every Wednesday. So nearly every Wednesday since 1226, our little town has done exactly that!” Max states proudly.



“Our Grandad told us that King Henry iii had a special coin created to celebrate the first Ringwood market in 1226. However, when the King arrived with the coin, he lost it before anyone in Ringwood could see it! He didn’t tell anyone about the coin, so it has been forgotten in history and time.” Mia pauses, glancing down at Max.

She continues, “Grandad says that there is a secret. He told us the coin is real and still exists in Ringwood today! It has been quietly passed between children in Ringwood for 800 years, hidden from the grown-ups.”

“It’s just a silly story, Mia!” Max interrupts. “There’s no evidence that the coin ever even existed.”

“I know Grandad loves joking around, but this was serious.” Mia urges. “He said there is evidence at the Meeting House. I want to find out what happened to the King’s lost coin and solve the mystery! Will you help us?”

Mia, who loves history, states “When the King came to Ringwood in 1226, he would have arrived via the Drove Road. Every farmer and all his cattle would have walked down this road for hundreds of years!” Mia points towards Meeting House Lane. “Although this road is now mostly under the carpark, there is a sign for the old Drove Road. This is where the King lost the coin. Can you find the sign and the secret code?”



Activity

Use the words on THE DROVE stone to discover the 4 digit code.

How many times does the word ‘and’ appear?

How many times does the capital letter ‘T’ appear?

How many letters are in the word ‘DROVE’?

How many letters does the last word on the stone have?



Carefully cross the road and find a quiet spot to read the next page by the **Meeting House**



At the Meeting House



Leaping in front of the building, Mia explains, “The Meeting House was built in 1727 as a place for local people to gather to discuss business and important events. Nowadays, the building is full of information about Ringwood’s history:

photos, letters, newspapers, exhibitions. It’s the logical place to learn about Ringwood’s history!” Mia states, admiring the proud brick building.

“But we can’t ask the grown-ups in there; they won’t know! Remember, the King’s coin is a secret kept by children!” Max interrupts, rolling his eyes at Mia.

Creeeeeak! The heavy green door slowly hinges open. We all turn to look expectantly. But no one is there.

“Ahem- down here!” A young boy waves at us, peaking from behind the huge door. “Are you looking for...” he pauses and strokes his hair. “Do you have the code?”

Max and Mia’s eyes dart to each other then back to the boy. They whisper the code.

The door slams shut and the boy disappears.

Max’s eyebrows scowl further as he glares up at Mia. “I told you! It’s silly to think they’d have clues about this coin!”

“Psst! Up here!” The boy’s grinning face now shone through the top window. “Good luck!” The window slams shut as a pile of papers flutter down into Max’s hands. His mouth and eyes open wide.

“I told you it was real, Max! Now let’s solve this mystery. I suppose we need to start at the beginning. What’s the oldest clue in the pile?”

Mia teases open the string that is holding the stack of papers together.

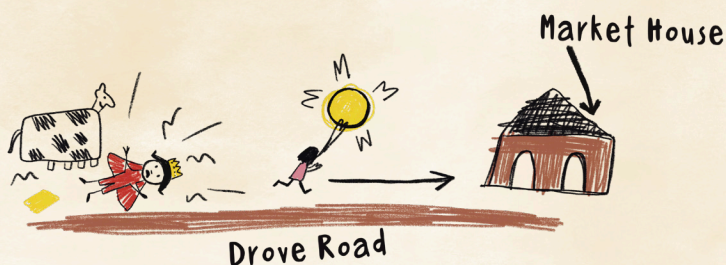
“This one is dated 1226- the year the Market Charter was signed, and the King lost the coin!”

Dear Diary,

Today, the whole town joined to celebrate the King's visit with the new Market Charter! It was a joyous occasion until one big fat cow spotted the King's red coat. She charged at him, knocked the Charter out of his hands and gave the King a big slurpy lick.

When the King fell, something gold flew from his hand. No one else seemed to notice, so I shuffled through the crowd and picked it up. It was a brilliant gold coin! I tried to return it to the King, but everyone was too busy. They all told me to shush!

So, I thought, if the grown-ups won't listen to me, they don't deserve the King's gift. I promise I will never let a grown up find it!



“She took the coin to the Market House at the end of the Drove Road. Where is that?” Max questions.

“The last remains of the Drove Road is Meeting House Lane. Let's follow it down towards the High Street.”

Staying on **Meeting House Lane**, walk left past the **Inn On the Furlong**. Then turn left towards **The High Street**.

Find a quiet spot on the corner to read the next page.

At the end of Meeting House Lane

“The Market House was a huge building!” Mia beams with her arms wide. “It would have been bustling with farmers, traders, their cattle and wares.” Mia closes her eyes, “I can smell damp hay, heavy in the air. Cows’ moos would echo around the walls, colliding with the calls of the traders. Local families would push their way through the crowds of people and animals. You’d hardly know if you were barging past a farmer or his cow!”

Activity

The Market Place has silver squares on the ground.

These show where market stalls can go.

How many can you spot?



“Mia, we’ve walked the path of the old Drove Road...” Max declares, breathlessly, “but there is no sign of the Market House. In fact, I doubt any of the buildings from 800 years ago still exist!”

“Important buildings often get upgraded and rebuilt in the same place for hundreds of years.” Mia responds. “Look, here’s a newspaper from 1866!”

Market House to be
demolished
and rebuilt on
Lynes Lane

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Find **Lynes Lane** on the map. Turn left and walk down **The High Street** until you see the entrance to the small lane on your right.

At Lynes Lane

“Look at the window arches on the right side of the jewellers! Part of the Market House was rebuilt here after the it was demolished.” Mia points at the corner building.

“But is there any evidence of the coin being here?” Max flicks through the papers.



“Do you think someone found the coin here and used it to pay for the party?” Mia ponders.

“If that’s true, there might be evidence of the coin at The Original White Hart- let’s look!” Max grabs the papers and begins trotting down the pavement.



Activity

How many windows can you see which belonged to the old Market House building?



Walk back down towards the **Market Place** and you will see the **White Hart Inn** opposite you on the right.
Find a quiet spot to stop on the pavement.

Opposite The Original White Hart

“The White Hart Inn has been in the centre of Ringwood for over 300 years. On market days, the inn would be bursting with farmers and merchants discussing the day’s business!” Mia admires the old building. “Here’s another clue!”

Dear Cousin Joan,

Last week, a large gold coin mysteriously arrived with a note asking Dad to host the Ringwood FC party! So, as the Landlord, Dad organised the biggest party for the club. We had food and music and the whole town danced all night.

Unfortunately, Dad’s been to the bank and they said the coin is a fake! Dad is devastated. But I know the truth.

Remember the story of the King’s lost coin? No one in Ringwood has seen it for 200 hundred years. Then, a few months ago, the Stride brothers started telling everyone at school that they had found it hidden in the rebuild of the Market House. They also happen to be the biggest football fans (and the biggest liars) in Ringwood!

I knew the coin was fake the moment I saw it, because I own evidence of the real one. 200 years ago, a servant from Monmouth House came to live here at the White Hart. She hid her diary behind the bedpost in my room.

I can’t risk Dad discovering anything about the secret coin so I am mailing the diary to you to hide from the grown-ups.

Yours faithfully,
Mary

“The coin was a fake! How awful of those boys to trick the landlord!” Mia moans.

Max looks up at Mia with a cheeky grin “They’re geniuses! They skilfully created a fake coin and used it to fund the first Ringwood football celebration! I love that!”

Mia rolls her eyes, “regardless of your questionable morality, Mary has given us the best evidence for the real King’s coin we’ve had so far! Let’s go and read the diary entry.”

Activity

Every Wednesday for 800 years, this road has been FULL of market stalls. What would you sell at your own stall? Draw it here.





Continue down the **Market Place** past **The George Mews** and **Strides Lane** on your left. As the road becomes **West Street**, you will see **Monmouth House** on your right. Find a quiet spot on the pavement to stop.



At Monmouth House

We arrive at the pale building as Mia recalls, “In 1685, the Duke of Monmouth wanted to become King. So, he attacked the reigning King in The Battle of Sedgemore in Somerset. After the Duke’s devastating defeat,” Mia giggles, “he disguised himself as a shepherd to hide! Unfortunately for the Duke, he was caught and locked up in this house whilst the King decided his punishment. I wonder if the servant girl met The Duke!”

Dear Diary,

June 1685

I lit the fire in the man’s room this cold Wednesday dawn. The thick smoke churned my empty stomach. The heavy gold coin in my apron chimed on the hard floor as I knelt. He stared at me with an uncanny smile. Suddenly, the stern, dishevelled man lunged at me, questioning how I found the coin.

I twisted and ducked out the door. Galloping down the wide stairs, I shoved open the heavy front door to sprint towards the Market Place. Flecks of light flickered across my face from lampposts. I glared at the gold coin grasped in my hand, as it stared back at me. The man began to yell, breathless and frantic. My heart pounded faster than my feet thumped the cobbled streets. I dodged cattle and market stalls. Left, right, left.

I must not let him catch me or the secret!

“That nasty man was the Duke of Monmouth! Perhaps he thought he’d be forgiven if he could return the coin to the King.” Mia ponders.

“I think he was just greedy!” Max snatches the diary from Mia. “Never mind him anyway. Look here! A drawing...I wonder if the servant girl is in it?”

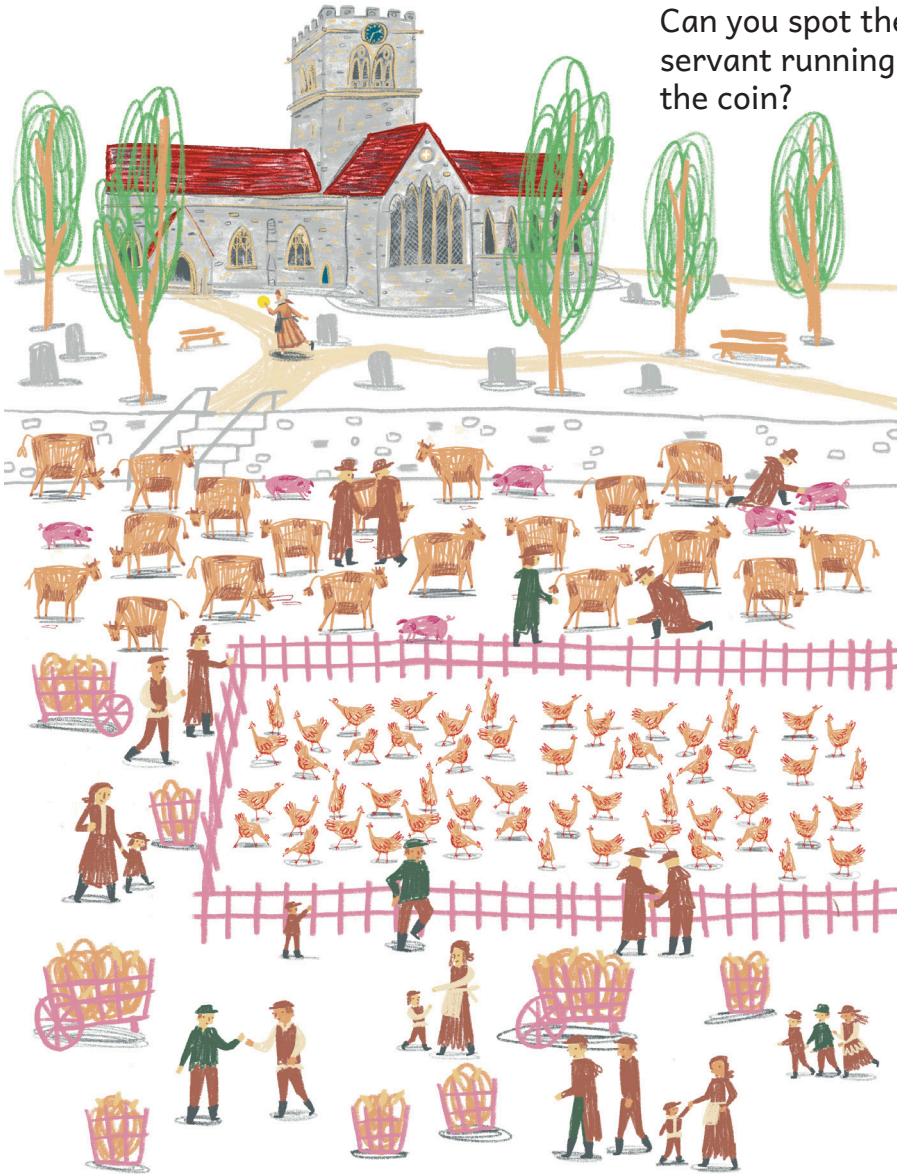


Turn back towards the **Market Place**.
Find a quiet spot to stop near the **Church**.

At The Market Place

Activity

Can you spot the servant running with the coin?



Walk up the steps to the **Church**. Find a quiet spot to stop.
Remember to be respectful of people using the church area.

At the Church Yard

We admire the tall architecture. “For over 1000 years there has been a church hon this spot! Isn’t that incredible? This one was built in the 1850s, using many of the bricks from the old buildings.”

June 1885

Dear Tom,

Master Tom
The Star Inn
Star Lane
Ringwood

You must help me keep this secret.

I arrived early for choir rehearsals last week when I found something. It was a dark, damp Wednesday dawn. The familiar bleating, banging, and commotion of the market swelled into action as the winter chill fogged my mind.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight pierced the towering stained-glass arc beside me. Below, a flash of light caught my eye— a sparkle, a glimmer. Something hidden beneath a wooden panel wanted to be found.

I dropped to my hands and knees and forced my hand, then my arm, through the gap. Reaching into the frosty abyss until my shoulder pressed against the cold tiles, I finally touched it. It’s the legendary lost coin. I have found the King’s lost coin.

There are grown-ups everywhere at the church, so I’ve placed it in the wall safe. It will stay secure there until Saturday, when the accountant collects the deposits. You must retrieve the coin and hide it for me!

Trusting in you,
Mark

“The coin must have sat under the church for 200 years! How lucky was our Mark to spot it! That will be me soon!” Max gleams.

“You’ve come a long way since this morning when you told me this was all a silly story, remember?” giggles Mia. “It’s great having you on the team.”

Activity

In 1885 when Mark found the coin in the Church, the Market Place would have been full. Look out at the road and imagine it full of market stalls, cattle, farmers, and local families.



Activity

Unscramble the letters to reveal some things you would see at the market.

Then match the word to the illustration.

1. FRMRSEA

2. CTATEL

3. MERTAK
TSLASL

4. HCKICNES

5. RHSOES

A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



Leave the **Church** yard and head up the **Market Place**. You can try to spot the wall safe on the outer wall of the Church.

Find a quiet spot on **Star Lane** on your left to stop.

At Star Lane

Activity

How many **star jumps** can you do in 30 seconds?



Dear Franny,

We are about to move to a new Inn and I can't risk travelling with the coin, or leaving it here for a new child to find as I did.

On Wednesday morning at 6:30 AM, join your Dad on his daily walk up to the mill. You must stop outside my window. Don't act suspiciously. The commotion of the market should distract him.

Ensure I have a clear shot at your bag. I have spent weeks practicing my rounders throw. My aim is excellent.

As soon as it has landed- move! Mum will invite you in if she sees you outside and we both know you're a terrible liar.

Please keep your cool, Franny! Ringwood's secret is relying on you.

Sidney

"It's risky but I like it! Look at the window- that was Sidney's!" calls Max.

"So, Franny and her dad would be stood exactly where we are now, near the entrance sign." Mia's eyes trace from the pavement to the window. "Do you think they got away with it?"



Turn left up **Star Lane**. Keep walking until you find the pony sculptures. Find a quiet spot to stop in the **Furlong Centre**.



In the Furlong Centre



Activity

There are sculptures of our famous New Forest Ponies in the Furlong. What material are the sculptures made from?

“This cafe used to be the Frampton’s Mill,” calls Mia. “It was built in 1913 to grind grains and corn to produce animal feed. This place would have been bustling on Market Day with farmers making deals to buy feed, whilst the local families trot down to the stalls.” Mia closes her eyes and imagines aloud “the fresh scent of corn lingers in the summer breeze as workers lift and lug heaving sacks of seeds across the yard.” She abruptly opens her eyes, “This is where Franny was heading with the coin!”

“Some of the windows look like doors!” Max points up. “That doesn’t look very safe!”

“This building would have housed huge milling machinery.” Mia replies. “The doors allowed workers to use ropes to lift and lower all the heavy corn!”

“Now, instead of grinding corn they’re grinding coffee beans here!” laughs Max.

Mia rolls her eyes and files through the pile of papers. “It’s Franny’s diary!” she exclaims.

Dear Diary,

"Ah, my shoelace!" I cried, as I dropped down to one knee, purposefully placing my bag to my right. Papa abruptly halted in front of me. I could smell the leather of his big brown shoes as I crouched to pretend to fix my lace.

Ding! A golden blur rocketed past my face, the force blowing my fringe up my nose. Grabbing my bag, I marched up the lane while Papa sternly followed.

We did it. I have the coin! At least... I had the coin.

At the mill, I climbed up to join my friend, Tony. I perched on the lumpy sacks of grain whilst he tipped corn into the mill. I told him about the coin. I couldn't help it. It just gushed out of me like a tap!

Suddenly, Papa called my name with rage! I leaped out the door and gripped onto the rope, hurtling to the ground with a thud! Tony peered over the ledge. Then, with a hopeful wink, he disappeared.

I hope I can trust Tony to keep the coin safe!

Mia silently stares at the diary before finally stating. "Max, this is Anthony and Francesa! Our Grandad's parents!"

Max looks puzzled. "So, you mean...our Great-Grandparents had the coin? Did Grandad know about the coin all along?"



Suddenly Mia gasps "Look- there's one last envelope!" She held the small clue in the air. "It's not been opened yet!" Mia's heart was now pounding in her chest. "Let's go and solve this mystery!"

Continue through the **Furlong Centre**. Carefully cross the road, back to the **Gateway** building. Find a quiet spot to stop.

At The Gateway

Mia's hands tremble as she slides her finger under the wax seal, and the crisp paper flicks open, as if the letter inside is as eager to be read as we are to read it.

Congratulations!

I am honoured to present to you the final clue.

Yours sincerely,

Tony – The final keeper of The King's Lost Coin



I watched the market from then 'til now,
as farmers traded five sheep for a cow.

Kings and Queens have reigned and passed,
while I, made of gold, will forever last.

After secrets and whispers for 800 years,
for the sleuthing children, a glimmer appears.

Above the Gateway's glass opening door,
search the left side, then look once more.

Up high you'll find my hiding place,
The King's Lost Coin awaits your chase!

Activity

Can you spot The King's Lost Coin?

“Thank you Mia, for believing in Grandad. Together, we’ve solved the mystery!” Max squeezes Mia’s hand as he beams up at her.

“We couldn’t have done it without you, Max. But shh! Let’s keep the secret and let other children discover the lost coin for themselves.”

Well done for following the clues and discovering the path of the lost coin through 800 years of Ringwood’s market history.







Join Max and Mia on a mission to uncover the mystery of the King's Lost Coin!

Clues from children who have hidden the coin for 800 years will guide you through the town towards the hidden treasure...



Ringwood
Town Council



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