

Episode 2: The Marsh—A History of Faversham, Kent.

Beneath the waves of the North Sea there is a lost island. Known for centuries by fishers for its abundant herring and cod population, the bank is named after the 17th century Dutch fishing boats sturdy enough to handle the rough waves. This bank rests at 10-40 meters below sea level, much higher than the surrounding sea bed. When water travels across this bank, the energy of the wave intensifies and creates a higher more forceful wave—hence the need for sturdy vessels to fish in this productive area. But herring and cod are not the only things fishers have dredged up from the bottom. Fossils belonging to an ancient Boreal forest, mammals like the red deer, moose and bear have been dredged up, alongside older ice age species like the woolly mammoth, rhinoceros and saber toothed cat. At one point, a long time ago, The Dogger Bank was big enough home to support megafauna. But was this land ever home to humans?

While fishers and beach combers have found fossils for centuries, it was only in 1931 a fisherman found an antler harpoon in his net dating to the mesolithic. This was a time in European history just after the last ice age, when the world was warming up, and folks were semi-nomadic and moving across the land.

So yes, this lost island in the North Sea was once home to humans. Over the last half century archeologists, geologists and other researchers began mapping the sea floor and together their findings have painted a picture. Dogger Bank is not a lost island, but a lost landmass. Britain was once a European peninsula, and Doggerland was a thriving wild woodland where people made their way to and from what would become France and Britain—until a massive underwater landslide off the coast of Norway caused a tsunami. In Shetland evidence for waves 25 meters, 80 foot waves. The Storegga Slide was a disaster that sank Doggerland for good, and wiped out an estimated ½ the mesolithic population.

Britain was now cut off from the mainland. Isolated from their sister communities, Mesolithic Britain began her emergence as the island we now know her to be. As waves of migration moved in and out of Britain the memory of these events faded until was all but erased—surviving only in mythologies of the sea and sea gods, and in fragments of folklore about the marsh and marshland. But where people may forget, the land remembers. The white cliffs of Dover are the same body as the Cap Blanc-Nez in Calais, and the shore of Doggerland exists still—only it is found along costs of southeastern Britain, the sand hills of Kent, and the marshes of Faversham.

Today's episode I am taking you on a journey into the history of this shoreline. Once a landmass that connected Britain to Europe, over the last few millennia it has been the site of both division and connection as wave after wave of new people and cultures found their way from the Mainland Europe to the place we now called Britain. Traces of this whole story can be found within walking distance of The Analucia—my little project boat moored in Faversham, Kent, and in this episode I invite you along a historical walk with me to get to know this land which has been home to so many people, and soon to be my own little home away from home.

This is Go-Girl —a podcast devoted to documenting the adventure era of my life—my go-girl era. At 40 years old, I live happily solo with my Siamese cat, Queen Guinevere and together we are setting out to live a semi nomadic life. I spent most of my adulthood trying to be settle down, but now I am ready to run and I am not slowing down for folks to catch up—You can tie me up, but not down because life is meant to be a wild and precious adventure, and this girl is finally ready to go.

Hello and welcome to Episode 2 of Go-Girl! Today I am diving into the history of Faversham, Kent, the place I will begin my semi nomadic journey. I thought it would be good to talk a little bit about the place I am going and better to do it now before I am fully into my adventure. I know history might be a risky topic to dive into so soon after beginning this podcast, but I hope that by the end of the episode I have not lost anyone, and maybe even left with you a sense of just how fun history can be-or at the very least why I think so!

Before I begin, I will just add this disclaimer: I am an amateur historian. A wannabe. I fucking love history. But that doesn't make me an actual historian. So fact check me, question my interpretations of the data, and do your own research! I have provided links to some of the articles that went into this podcast, but not everything. I have been reading up on ancient history for years, so not everything I record here will be sourced.

Time to jump in!

Many writers begin their history of "Ancient Britain" with Roman occupation. Sometimes there will be a paragraph or a chapter about older society, but these I find are often just context for the bulk of their text. And fair enough. Writing about ancient societies is daunting if you want to only comment on the available data. Most of what remains in the archaeological record is material that is able to survive being buried for 1000's of years. Stone, metal, bone, and pottery are all common artifacts which help us understand something about the people who inhabited this land. But missing from this hard evidence are immaterial cultures—songs, stories, beliefs and rituals which might have accompanied these cultural objects. Soft materials, cloth, skins and fibers, for example are also missing. We don't even know what these ancient people called themselves or each other. At best we have Roman accounts of "The Picts" and "The Cletoi" alongside their xenophobic labels of "Barbarians" and later The Holy Roman Empire's label of Pagan to anything non-Christian. You can still hear folks refer to Britain's ancient past as "The Pagans past" which is such a strange designation to me. My point is, without access to written records or living culture it can feel like it's risky to say much about ancient peoples. However, being an artist I feel differently. I enjoy problematically wading into murky histories with nothing more than a few artifacts and my imagination.

Let's start with labels. The terms "paleolithic, mesolithic and neolithic" can be off putting if you are not familiar with them. They are technical labels which mean a great deal if you enjoy immersion in ancient history, however, can be a barrier to meaning if you don't know. When I use these labels I am drawing on not only their technical development they represent, but also years of cultivating a rich place now held in my imagination.

For me, each of these labels represents a profoundly different relationship to the land and it is this relationship that I want to highlight here. When I go to live in the Marsh of Faversham, I am going to inhabit a place that has been home to many different people—the land itself has shifted and changed, and the people who live on the land has changed. History is the way I honour this relationship. I do not love archeology because I can acquire data and knowledge alone—what I enjoy most about archeology and history is that it gives me connection—History enriches my imagination with information. It enables me to craft meaning and connection to place. History invites me into new ideas and understanding of what it is to be alive and living on a shared planet.

So, let me briefly tell you about these ancient people and their relationship to the land as I understand it at this point in my life as an amateur historian. I won't touch on the paleolithic—though there is much to reference there, I will remain on this side of the last ice age.

We will begin this history in Bysing Woods. This forest is designated as an ancient woodland, meaning it is protected. It is a little slice of an ancient forest that has continuously existed since Anglo Saxon Britain—possibly even before that. At one time, after the ice melted and the climate warmed up, trees began to spread over the continent. Birch and willow forests began to plant themselves after the ice, soon they were joined by pines, aspen, spruce and oaks. Britain, along with most of northern Europe was a large wildwood where our nomadic friends we met from Doggerland made their homes and hunted for now extinct auroch, deer, bear and moose.

When you walk through Bysing Woods in Faversham you are crossing the threshold into a slice of what it might have been like to live in Mesolithic Britain. Through the woodland there is a stream. It flows through the forest, pooling in parts into a small pond folks use for fishing and then moves on past the town, through the village of Oare, and meets up with the Marshland called the Swale before becoming the sea. I can easily imagine a group of Mesolithic folks returning to this abundant area year after year.

Mesolithic artifacts specific to Faversham is limited mostly to flint. To get a better picture of mesolithic life, we just need to move up the coast to Yorkshire to explore Star Carr—a 11000 year old mesolithic village. Evidence for houses, a very mysterious antler headdress, an carved slate pendant, as well as Europe's oldest carpentry have all been found in this site! This is likely only a fraction of material evidence suggesting that Mesolithic hunter gatherers had a rich culture of beliefs and practices and lifeways, now all but totally lost. When people ask about “where youd go if you had a time machine” I would go here. I would go to Mesolithic Britain. IT might be my favorite history time period. I am so obsessed with it, I even have the Star Carr Antler Headdress tattooed on my sternum. The Mesolithic captures my imagination like no other time period.

I wont go into many more detail here, but if you want a sense of mesolithic Britain in all it's mystery check it out! There is a video reconstruction of what the land and village would be like—very similar to what the area of Faversham and Oare in terms of a seaside marshland with a mesolithic presence. I will link to the Star Carr website, and just to note, a free online course you can take on the topic!

Onto the Neolithic!

When you think of Neolithic Britain, think of Stonehenge. Many folks associate Stonehenge with the Celts, but stone circles pre-date Celtic Britain. The label “Neolithic” offers some insight into the culture. Neo-comes from the Greek meaning new, and lithic, also Greek, references stones. So it is a “new stone age.” In other words, this is before widespread use of metal, but there was something very different about them—something New, you might say.

If you were to attend these stone circles during the precise time in the year you might experience something akin to magic. What we know about these circles is that they are oriented to the solar year. To tease this out a little further, it means that whoever built these circles, great effort went into marking the wheel of the year. These folks cared a lot about the calendar—and just think how important the calendar is for planting and harvesting, especially in northern climates.

When I hear of Neolithic Britain, I am understanding that these are the folks who brought farming and domesticated animals Great Britain. Along with farming comes permanent settlement. Think about how drastically relationship to land changes. Instead of moving seasonally for food and shelter, you stay put, even through the coldest, darkest nights of the year. Along with farming comes the ability for groups to grow in size. It is in the Neolithic that we witness the birth of urbanization. In my imagination Neolithic Britain is a population oriented to the sun and to the agricultural year. They are tied deeply to the land, sedentary, built on kinship groups. I feel that many of the folklore and traditions around the year have origins here. Here we meet a culture in a kinship relationship with the land and cosmos that surrounds them.

Evidence for the neolithic in Faversham exists, however it is relatively recent, and quite unique. There are no stone circles, but instead, archaeologists have uncovered an ancient cremation site. It was believed that neolithic farmers did not occupy Kent, however, this turns that assumption on its head. While no evidence of neolithic farms have been discovered, what it looks like is that folks came to Faversham to bury their dead. Excavations are on-going, and the site has become Britain's largest excavation. The Kent Archaeology Society puts out calls for volunteers, so you can guess what is on my Faversham activity shortlist!

Just as farming represents a totally new ways of relating to the land and each other, the dawn of metalworking changed society in profound ways.

The reason we separate the work of metal from the work of stone is because it brings with it a set of values and social organization which is very different from what we see in the farming societies. In the archeological record, we begin to see burials of individuals rather than mass cremations, or simply no evidence of graves at all. Not only do we see individuals honoured in burial, but we find individuals buried with hoards of status objects. With metal work comes the birth of status and social stratification.

When you think of the Bronze and Iron Age, think of the birth of class society. This is the age of structuring society into classes: those with power and the rest of the people. In the Bronze and Iron Age we witness the birth of Kings, Priests and Warriors as the folks who wield power. We move from an arguably egalitarian social structure tied to kinship, to a social structure tied to acquisition of wealth and the ability to maintain it through force. That is not to say that there is no violence in Neolithic Britain, however, social stratification and the strategies used to maintain social order change dramatically in the Bronze and Iron age.

Metalwork is associated with the power of the sun. So while the Neolithic orients society around the broader cosmos of the agricultural year, the Bronze and Iron Age people venerated the sun and associated gold with its power. Here have the birth of the Sun King, the rise of mythologies of a Divine child and the union of the crown with metaphysical power. This is the birth of the Divine rite of kings. A priestly class rises to mediate the people and the gods, and Warriors with forged weapons are able to maintain powerstructures.

When I think of the roots of my own western ancestral colonial past I place it here. In particular there is a group of metal working Bronze Age steppe herders who spread over Europe. These folks are from the Yamnaya culture in the Pontic-Caspian steppe region. These are the ancestors of the Indo-Europeans. They are the people responsible for the 10 branches of European language families, and for the rise of European empires who would eventually go on

to colonize much of the world. When folks say “yea, other people did war” I have yet to find a group of people as aggressively colonial than these folks. But we can save that discussion for over a pint!

Over four thousand years, they expanded west spread their culture across Asia Minor, India, and Europe, becoming the Indo-Iranians, Indo-Arian, as well as the Hitties, Greeks, Romans, Celts and Germans, amongst others. They reached Britain around the 2500 BCE. These are the proto-Celts.

They buried their people in Hollow Hills. If you have read Tolkien’s Lord of the Rings series, think of the Hobbits passing through the Old Forest and finding themselves into trouble in the barrow downs. To this day we have cultural motifs remembering this time. Think of the stories of kings sleeping under the mountain. The most famous would be King Arthur, waiting until Britain’s Greatest need. Dawn Nelson is a storyteller and has a wonderful King beneath the Hill story. I will link to her retelling in my notes and on the blog that goes with this episode.

Along with a Neolithic cremation site, Faversham has its own Hollow Hill. Located at the same archaeological site, Lee’s Court, it was discovered by folks using metal detectors. They found a horde of Bronze Age artifacts, associated with burials and later confirmed in the ongoing excavation.

These burials are found all over Bronze Age Britain, and signal a very different relationship with the land. In contrast with the Neolithic stone circles marking their place within a larger cosmos Bronze Age Society links the power of kings with the power of the solar deity; In other words, the class of people with power have authority and control over life on earth, and the earth itself. The land would have dramatically changed during the Bronze Age. Metal made for a much more efficient tool to deforest the land and make way for fields and pasture. For the first time in people’s experience folks would have witnessed widespread clearance of woodland unlike anything they had seen. On top of that, those with enough power could harness it to change the landscape itself by moving enough earth to make a burial mound. I imagine moving through a Bronze Age landscape was to move through a greatly altered land, as if to say here lies a powerful person. Here is someone so powerful they shape earth and can clear a forest. Maybe also, without the cremation of a body, here lies someone who might wake if they feel a need to defend their ancestral right over the land.

Now, take all of this social status and add to it stronger metal, more land acquisition and a greater concentration of power. Hello Iron Age Britain.

Here is where we meet the Iron Age Hill Forts. Imagine a king so powerful they could move mountains—and by “move mountains” what I mean is, imagine a king with enough power and resources to enslave folks to dig and build their mountains for them. Initially iron was used from meteorites. It was limited and specialized. However, metalsmiths discovered how to forge iron, and this changed everything. Iron is a ubiquitous material, so once folks knew how to work with it, it was no longer limited like copper, gold or tin. Once forged it creates a metal that is much stronger than bronze and can be used for building materials, farm equipment and weapons.

Here we meet the world of the Celts. We meet everything from the Bronze Age, but amplified. Warfare, stratification, innovation, specialization and a form of urbanization all emerge at this time.

This is the world the Roman Empire encountered when it arrived on British shores in 44 BCE. However, to think that that was the first contact Roman's had with the British Celts is misleading. Artifacts from Rome have been uncovered in burial sites much longer than the actual invasion of Britain, suggesting a period of contact prior to invasion.

This is a problem for me.

Personally, I love hating the Roman Empire. I love stories of Celtic resistance to the Roman occupation. Boudica, the Warrior Queen whose resistance forces defeated the 9th legion and sacked London. Even the story of the defiant druids on Anglesey uttering their poetic curses upon the Roman army even while they were rounded up and massacred.

While I have no doubt that there were extensive trade networks between late Iron Age Britain (ie The Celts) and the Roman Empire, I do raise an eye brow when I hear about it. I wonder at the nature of the relationship, and how power was navigated during those exchanges and what it meant for folks who were not in the top of the social hierarchy.

When Rome did invade it did what all empires do and along with destroying resistance forces, it also subsumed existing structures and culture. We see that in Faversham with a Roman Villa built on top of an Iron Age farmstead on Abbey Road. There is also ruins of a Roman Mausoleum later incorporated into a medieval chapel just outside of Bysing Woods. It wouldn't surprise me if this mausoleum was built on or by a sacred grove, but we may never know that.

I know many historians cherish Rome with her written records. But Rome to me represents the emergence of a way of Western life that took an already problematic way of being in the world and amplified it into exponential territory. You can read up on Romans in Britain if you like. Open any history of Britain and it will probably begin there.

In my imagination Rome is a powerful wave that arrived to the island to gather its last territorial trophy but then left the second their priorities shifted. They only hung around for a few hundred years, but not before inviting a group of mercenaries to fight the pesky non-compliant Picts and Vikings.

That's right, the invaders invited other invaders, namely folks from what is now Germany, Denmark and the Netherlands, the Angles, Saxons and Jutes. Later, with Rome gone, these mercenaries would set up camp and write back home to their buddies about a nice little marsh land available for the taking, should anyone back home care to join them.

The Romans left Britain to try to rescue what was left of their increasingly fragmented empire—it turns out when you repeatedly invade and occupy territories folks get a little upset and resist—but anyway, guess what part of England was left wide open to the Anglo Saxon invasion?? That's right! The South East side of England, Kent, became a landing spot for the German Speaking invaders? Migrants? Colonizers? Proto-English?

However you want to style them they showed up. They showed up so much that literally across the little creek from where the Analucia is moored is a road named "The Saxon Shore."

Faversham became an Anglo-Saxon Highway. Over the next three centuries this little marshy creek area would emerge as a central site within the kingdom of Wessex. Wessex is the kingdom to ultimately unite all of Angle Land under One Crown. If you want an excellent tv

show watch the Last Kingdom. Uthred son of Uthred. And of course, if you want the rebel resistance story, dig into the King Arthur myth. King Arthur emerges in this context of the power vacuum after the Romans fled, rise of the Anglo Saxons in their westward expansion, and the Celtic resistance forces—King Arthur at their head, who resisted their occupation.

Faversham is on this south eastern shoreline and likely received early waves of Anglo Saxon arrivals. Continuing with the death theme, Faversham is home to an Anglo Saxon cemetery. If you are getting the picture that people go to Faversham to die, well, I don't blame you. It really does seem that way. I will try not to join the trend.

After the Anglo Saxons the Vikings began invading. Many, many coastlines were met by Vikings. The costs of not just South eastern England, but also Scotland and Ireland, France, Iceland and even as far as Neufundland. Some vikings settled in costal territories, and one of those groups became the Normans.

Who, exactly are the Normans? These are the 1066 folks. Billy the Conq. Originally a group of Vikings who assimilated into France, and formed a powerful duchy in Northern France. And then they decided to cross the channel and totally changed Anglo Saxon England.

HRH.

Mes sujets. Cette femme ne rend pas justice à ce grand peuple. Elle ne comprend pas la grande et ancienne lignée qui vient du continent. Je descends moi-même de l'ancienne lignée royale des Dents de Sabre, qui a survécu même à la disparition des dinosaures qui entouraient mes ancêtres. Ma lignée a apporté la survie, et de notre survie nous avons apporté l'illumination et la culture. Souvenez-vous-en, sujets. En présence d'un félin, vous êtes en présence d'une grandeur ancestrale. À la prochaine, adieu.

My Subjects. This Wench is not giving this great people justice. She does not understand the great and ancient line that is carried from the continent. I myself am descended from the ancient Saber Toothed line of Royalty that survived even as the dinosaurs around my ancestors perished. My lineage brought survival, and from our survival we brought enlightenment and culture. Remember that, subjects. When you are in a feline presence you are in the presence of ancient greatness. Until next time, farewell.

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The Normans invaded England in 1066 and brought with them a Feudal system from the continent. If this all sounds really dull, I am sorry, I don't blame you if your eyes are glazing over. Stay with me.

Anglo Saxon kingdoms are iron age kingdoms—so yes, full of hierarchies and class and status. However, they were not governed by the king alone but also by the Witten. If you think that sounds like witty you'd be right! This is the root of our word for wit, wisdom. The Witten were a group of nobles, Think warrior class, who advised the king and held power—so much power that they had say over who became king. Some historians have argued that this is the foundation of a proto-parlement, although that has been debated. Regardless, in a small but significant way, power was shared in Anglo Saxon England. Alongside this there was the practice of a commons—land that was collectively owned rather than privately owned. Under this social

structure, there might have been hierarchy, however common folk had access to land to sustain themselves and their families through hunting, grazing and farming.

When the Normans set up their occupation they brought with them the practice of enclosure through the Feudal system. In Feudal Europe power was centralized with the King or lord. Knights swore allegiance to a lord, and in return for their fighting power they were given land. Land under this structure is then totally owned by the king who uses it as a device to maintain power. Power is shared with knights as a reward for their fealty, but ultimate it lies with the king. The peasant class are granted access to the land in return for their labour, but often bound to the piece of land they work on and all extra production goes to the lord.

In other words, the King owns the Knights who owns the peasants, who do all the work.

So, Normans invade England. They disrupt the commons and then organize England under a feudal structure.

Hello Aristocracy.

Lets just trace that out again: Normans are Vikings turned French invaders, who conquered Anglo Saxon England and gave the land with all its german speaking inhabitants to a class of knights who have just slaughtered their loved ones. And all of this this is mildly acceptable because the King wears a gold crown and we know that gold belongs to the God because the Sun King who rules all kings and the King is basically a divine representation.

Cool? Cool.

Back to Faversham. Remember that this little city sits on an increasingly important entry way to the growing city London. Kings are getting crowned there, and not only that but Faversham is sitting directly on the road that leads to Canterbury where the Archbishop resides—and remember, we really haven't left the Iron Age. If you are a King, a Priest or a Warrior you have power. So a town sitting on both a road and a central water way that leads to kings and priests is a really big deal.

If I was a king I would plant an important church in that town, and bury some people there to make sure folks understood who held power.

And that is just what King Stephan did—when did he do that? Right in the moment when his crown was contested by his cousin, Empress Matilda— A WOMAN NO LESS. I will not dive into the details of the period of Norman rule called The Anarchy— however, just know Norman rule went through its own little cycles of disruption.

Anyway, King Stephan built the Abby of St. Saviour on... you guessed it! The Roman villa that rests on the Iron Age farm. Really all you have to do is build something on top of another thing to claim its power. Also, I just want to point out that a grammar school now rests on top of all of that... so mark my words, the teachers are planning a take over any day now.

I digress.

Normans.

Would it shock you to know folks didn't all cherish Norman occupation? Along with civil unrest, this little flue bug called the Black Death sweeps across Europe, killing an estimated 1/4 to 1/2 of the population.

Now, let's do some social math. You are a king and you rely on the knights defending you, who in turn rely on a working population who is now wiped out by a disease, it's possible that some major social upheaval is in store.

And that's what happens.

Enter the rise of a Merchant class! Step aside Kings, Priests and Warriors—It's Business Time.

In the Center of Faversham there is a Medieval Guild Hall. Guilds emerged in late medieval Europe to protect the interest of industries, or the merchant class against... Well, filthy peasants for one. But mostly nobility. For the first time since the Neolithic, there is a new class of people and they are able to gain wealth and power in what was otherwise only open to the aristocracy, the church and the military.

Moving from medieval feudal society, we enter the time called Early Modern England with a social fabric that is being rewoven. There are merchants who are gaining wealth outside of the aristocratic social structure, and there are folks in the church who are challenging the authority not only of the local priests and bishops, but the pope himself.

Tudor England is set within this context. For Tudor England think Henry the VIII, and Queen Elizabeth I—I hope you thought of Cate Blanchet. These monarchs come to the throne during the reformation. Henry VIII in fact breaks with the Catholic church to null his marriage to his first wife, Catherine of Aragon and marry Anne Bolyn. We are not diving into that here, but I just wanted to mention that the way this shows up in Faversham is that his widespread desolution of monasteries across England, includes the benedictine abby built by King Stephan.

I hope that you're getting a sense of how buildings work in societies defined by power. Whether it is your earth mound you are buried in, or a church you build or a church you destroy, buildings are structures that tell folks whose in charge.

OK, we are nearing the end of this story. We are sitting about midway through the 1500—a mere half millennia ago. We have come so far, compared to all the ground we've covered how much could there be left to cover?

Enter guns. Guns and Ships. Guns and Ships and Nation States.

Oh god.

Yes, God too. Guns and ships and nations and puritans.

Hello Colonial expansion.

Remember Faversham is a port town with access to London and to the continent. The Port of Faversham emerges as a stopping place for industry. It doesn't so much rapidly expand like London, but it stays important as merchants need to move through the area on their way to making and destroying places.

Then someone decides to build a gun powder facility.

It was a great idea. Gun powder can be easily manufactured on site and shipped from the factory either up the Thames to London, or to the continent.

Then one fateful day in 1916, during the carnage of WWI some empty sacks caught fire and caused 200 tons of TNT to explode accidentally. 108 men and boys died.

Windows rattled in London during the explosion, my sister informed me as we walked by the ruins just across the road from Bysing Woods.

Friends, I hope that this gives you a sense of the place I am going. It is ancient, it is new. It is fraught with power struggles and contested histories. The land remembers each period of occupiers. I am going there in a time where nationalism and xenophobia is alive and well and seemingly on the rise. I wonder if folks who are against immigration are familiar with history? It really doesn't seem like it. Britain is an island of migrants. Along with contending with nationalism, there is also sea level rise, caused by human induced climate change, which threatens many coastal places.

As I survey this history I understand that we have been here before. Knowing the history of a place is one way I find my bearings in it. I understand the instinct for security and safety during times of upheaval. Maybe for some that looks like locking in, doubling down and fortifying. For me it looks like easing up and letting go. History helps me to access a long memory.

When I say I am becoming a semi-nomad I can think of no better place to begin this journey than on the banks of the North Sea where the land remembers and holds my own lost but not forgotten mesolithic roots. I am going to Faversham, Kent--this place on the edge between the world of the living and the underwater world of Doggerland. It is time to remember what was lost 8,000 years ago. Time to look to the land for my story in Faversham which will become the portal to both my past and my future.

And on that magical note, it is time for the card of the week: The 9 of Cups!

Outro

That's it for this week! You can find images, links and a transcript for each episode and more on my website, www.alexandrarossworks.com/gogirl

Information on the music in this podcast can be found in the description. If you like what I am doing and want to support me click the link to "Buy me a pint" which leads to my Patreon site.

Thanks for listening and happy adventuring--see you next week!

Description

Today's episode I am taking you on a journey into the history of this shoreline. Once a landmass that connected Britain to Europe, over the last few millennia it has been the site of both division and connection as wave after wave of new people and cultures found their way from the

Mainland Europe to the place we now called Britain. Traces of this whole story can be found within walking distance of The Analucia—my little project boat moored in Faversham, Kent, and in this episode I invite you along a historical walk with me to get to know this land which has been home to so many people, and soon to be my own little home away from home.

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Some Sources

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Tudors

ERH Negative Future Pizzetti Requiem Remix.wav by BuytheField -- <https://freesound.org/s/332158/> -- License: Attribution NonCommercial 4.0

Nation States and Colonial Expansion

Vivaldi - The Four Seasons "Summer" - Presto - RV 315 by GregorQuendel --
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