

THE BATTLE AT MANNINGS PIT

Here is the tale of Mannings Pit
One of blood and guts and grit
When, some years ago one August night,
Two Pilton boys put up a fight.

What happened is now history
But very true, take it from me
While they were catching sticklebacks,
Twenty pairs of eyes were in their backs.

The Bradiford gang were out in force
Hiding behind the fern and gorse.
The gang had crept up unawares
Both lads shrugged and said "Who cares?".

The leader of the mob then said
"Put back those fish" - reply "Drop dead".
This really made the gang quite mad
And for the pair it did look bad.

Now, both lads armed with bow and arrow
From fifty yards could hit a sparrow.
That dynamic duo, strong and wiry,
One from Rock and one from Priory,
Gave a shout, a battle scream,
And on a wave they left the stream.

This was it, attack, attack,
Straight into the vicious pack.

The gang were taken by surprise
For there in front their very eyes
Two Pilton boys now in full flight,
Surrounded them, one left, one right.

In panic they began to yield,
The chase was on across the field.
The duo now in hot pursuit,
Picked up the trail of scattered loot.
Eggs of buzzard, rooks and wrens
And all their other odds and ends.

The gang were soon to know their fate.
They ran so hard they missed the gate.
That vicious gang from Bradiford
Were crying "Help, please help us Lord".
When up against the hedge they came
They shot right through it like a flame.

Two horses grazing near a linney
Both let out a frightened whinney.
It gave those horses quite a fright.
Both were brown but one turned white.

Now at the scene remains a stone.
And on it says "They fought alone".
Two Pilton boys of guts and grit
Who won the battle of MANNINGS PIT.

Brian Norman