

What Morris Means to Me



I was born into the world of Morris dancing and was dancing in my mummy's belly. My daddy's parents, my grannie and granddad were also Morris dancers.



I like Morris. I love the tunes. I love to watch the dancing and people playing the instruments. I sing away to tunes I've heard Morris dancing, in particular South Australia. Regularly at home I pass someone a melodeon and ask them to play so I can dance. When I am older daddy can teach me how to play my melodeon.



When I go to groups, with other children I am seen dancing around the room to my own tune waving imaginary hankies around. I also pick up toys that are 'like a melodeon' to play, or give them to mummy to play. The staff at Surestart love to watch me to this. I have also invented my own tradition called "Thomas (The Tank Engine)".



Morris dancing to me means lots of camping which I wouldn't do otherwise. Morris also means getting adults following me around a field at a festival pretending they are on the train. Morris adults are silly and up for a laugh, I like this. Morris also means to me eating lots of cheese. I also like that a lot.



Being around Morris also teaches me about tradition, discipline, having conversations, recognising instruments my friends at nursery and other groups do not know and how important it is not to get in the way of somebody carrying beer!



When we have to go home after a weekend away with Morris Family I always cry as I love spending time with everyone.

What Morris meant to me – family 😊



In my daddy's rag jacket
from when he was my age.

By Alex Nesbitt – age 3 years and 4 months (with a bit of help from mummy).