**START**

**1. Scanning the building in the top centre of the image (3 buildings either side of the Nottingham sign)**

**BUILDINGS CODE 12246 (5)**

*Indication to start this will come from the ‘postcard’ or sign on site*

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

“Erm, excuse me?”

A young woman stood in the doorway of the Old Angel, otherworldly in her beauty. Her voice was silk sliding over skin, her eyes were bluer than summer sky and her hair shone brighter than the sun.

Juan, who had been enjoying a quiet pint with his friend Arthur, leapt to his feet. “How can we be of service to you, O sublime vision of loveliness? Perhaps a small glass of wine?”

“Oh…” The woman blushed. “I don’t usually drink wine, it makes me *so* silly.”

“Nonsense,” said Juan, signalling the barman.

Arthur and Juan watched the woman intently as she lifted the glass to her mouth and took the tiniest mouthful, then giggled.

“That’ll show Porta! *He* says I can’t be trusted to drink anything stronger than nectar!”

Juan leaned towards her. “Tell me, who is this Porta? I shall challenge him to a duel in defence of your honour.”

“Oh! You mustn’t do that!” she replied. “When I am Queen he will be King by my side.”

“A Princess? How enchanting! Allow me to introduce myself. I am Don Juan, and this lout is Arthur Seaton. May we know your name?”

The Princess giggled again. “Delighted, I’m sure. I’m Finestra. I’m here on my honeymoon. From Fairy-land, you know.” And she suddenly burst into tears.

“Now see what you’ve done, Juan,” said Arthur.

“Oh,” she sobbed, “don’t worry. I’ll be fine once I’ve found Porta. But he said he deserved better than a tiny room at the Ibis, and we had a fight, he just went out on his own. I followed him but I got lost.”

Arthur said, “It’s just one of those things, ain’t it? This Porta’ll be back soon enough.”

“I need to find him though,” said Finestra. She drank the rest of her wine and started to stand up. “Perhaps I should go—”

“No, no,” said the two men, simultaneously. Arthur continued, “It’d do you good to spend a bit of time on yer own. Leave that man of yours to stew. And we’d look after you, wouldn’t we, Juan?”

“Of course we would,” replied Juan. “I think that calls for another drink.”

*[Indication that the next parts of the story are found through pattern paths between each pair of characters using a colour filter – order is not important]*

## 2. Pattern paths 1 – pairs of codes/ RED colour filter (blue code)– character dialogues

### 2a. PATTERN PATH 1A – JUAN ( 11245:1 ) AND ARTHUR ( 12236:4 )

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

“Erm…” said Finestra, “I, erm…”

“You, erm, what?” said Arthur.

“I… need to… you know…”

“You need to what?”

“Well…” Finestra looked pleadingly at Juan. “*You* know…?”

“Of course,” said Don Juan. “You need to powder your pretty nose. Just through that door.”

Finestra took her pretty self off to the lavatory without a backward glance at the men. They gazed after her adoringly.

“That’s a facer, ain’t it?” said Arthur.

“If you say so. I’m not sure what you mean,” replied Juan.

“This fancy piece comes over all ‘I’m a Fairy Princess’ and we’re supposed to believe her? What’s her game?”

“Honestly,” said Juan, “we’re two fictional characters drinking fine beer in a Nottingham pub, why is it impossible that the Prince and Princess of Fairy-land would honeymoon here? You need to open your mind, sir.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

“It’s perfectly clear that I should be the one to look after her, anyway. I have more experience with women from far-off lands.” Juan’s eyes misted over. “She reminds me of my fair Haidée.”

“Why should *you* be the one to look after her?”

“Your sensibilities are rather crude. Far too uncouth for such a lovely young lady.”

Arthur leaped to his feet, fists at the ready. “I’ll give yer crude sensibilities. What do you know about women? And what do yer know about Nottingham, come to that? Arthur Seaton knows how to give a girl a good time, just you ask my Doreen. Can’t ask your Haidée about you though, can we? She’s dead…”

Juan was also on his feet by this time, and if the barman hadn’t whistled to catch the men’s attention, he would have laid Arthur out with a righteously placed uppercut.

Both men were sitting down and smiling through clenched teeth by the time Finestra returned.

*[If possible: if the reader has not read 1b and/or 1c, indicate that there are other pairs to follow, ]*

### 2b. PATTERN PATH 1B – JUAN ( 11245:1 ) AND FINESTRA ( 12356:1 )

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

“I believe, Arthur, it is your turn to buy the drinks,” said Juan. “Why don’t you get the lovely Finestra a G&T?”

Grumbling, Arthur set off for the bar.

“So, fair Princess, how may we entertain you? I could tell you stories of my adventures. You would soon forget your wayward Prince.”

“Why, Don Juan, if I were to forget Porta, it would be for one as dashing as yourself. I’d *love* to hear your stories.”

Juan beamed with pleasure. “I grew up in Seville, in a grand house. I received the attention of many tutors, therefore I am most accomplished in music, swordplay, languages, mathematics and literature. Unfortunately, when I was but sixteen, I also received the attention of Donna Julia. When her husband discovered us—“

“Discovered you doing *what*, pray?”

Juan blushed deep scarlet. “That is not for your pretty ears. Suffice to say, I had to leave Seville. I set sail for Italy, and my misfortune continued. The ship capsized, and I was the only survivor. I found my way to shore, starving and near death, on an Aegean island, where the beautiful Haidée nursed me back to health...” Juan’s attention drifted, and he fell silent.

“Oh, Juan, was Haidée the love of your life?”

Juan nodded. “She was the most kind, the most beautiful…” He drifted again, then shook himself. “Finestra, if Porta is your one true love, you must not let him go. You must chase after him. Take it from one who has loved and lost too many times.”

“But I don’t know if I can forgive him. He said some *awful* things about my dear kind Godmother.”

Arthur returned to the table carrying two pints and a gin and tonic. “What’s ’appened here? You both look like someone’s strangled yer pet puppies. Get these drinks down yer necks.”

*[If possible: if the reader has not read 1a and/or 1c, indicate that there are other pairs to follow, otherwise indicate that they need to switch colour filter]*

### 2c. PATTERN PATH 1C – ARTHUR ( 12236:4 ) AND FINESTRA ( 12356:1 )

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

“I shall purchase another round,” announced Juan.

Finestra was looking prettily dishevelled by now. “It would be jolly to try some beer.”

“As you wish,” said Juan.

“A pint o’ good ale’ll see you right, petal,” said Arthur. “Give you a new angle on that fool of a husband. Men, y’see, aren’t as sensible as women. We kick off about stuff, on impulse or whatever, then we go out and down a few pints and forget all about it. We don’t mean no harm by it.”

“Perhaps that is so,” replied Finestra. “But, you see, my Godmother is so generous. It’s *most* unfair of him to talk badly about her.”

Arthur said, “What I mean is, you two’ve got a job for life, he’s a good bloke who loves you even if he’s a bit of an idiot sometimes, and you’ve got a castle or summat to live in, wi’ no mortgage or rent to worry about. So things could be a whole lot worse, see?”

“Maybe, but he went off having adventures and left me waiting around, and even when I had my own adventures here in Nottingham he kept interfering. I don’t want to just be Porta’s wife. I want to do things on my own account.”

“Yer one of them feminists, ain’t you? Not happy unless you’ve got some poor bloke at yer beck and… Aargh!”

Juan had poured a careful measure of beer down Arthur’s neck. “I don’t care how you speak to your Doreen, Arthur, but that is not the way one addresses a Princess.”

Arthur had the grace to look abashed. “Sorry, Finestra,” he muttered.

“Oh, that’s *quite* all right,” said Finestra, slurring her words slightly. “And *please* don’t quarrel on my account. You’re both such *lovely* men.”

*[If possible: if the reader has not read 1a and/or 1b, indicate that there are other pairs to follow, otherwise indicate that they need to switch colour filter]*

## WE NOW SWITCH TO Yk FILTER

## 3. Pattern paths 2 – pairs of codes/Yk colour filter – character dialogues

### 3a. PATTERN PATH 2A – JUAN (11224:2 ) AND ARTHUR (12334:4 )

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

Finestra stood up. “I need to… erm… again. Would you please excuse me?” Finestra wove her way across the bar towards the toilets.

“Such a lovely creature,” sighed Juan.

“Mebbe, but she’s not in our world, is she? Daft ideas about happy-ever-after, and marriage a bed of roses wi’ no thorns.”

“But she *isn’t* of our world, though she’s *in* it at the moment,” said Juan.

“I blame her author.”

“You may have a point. After all, she was best-known for *The Rose Fyleman Fairy Book*.”

“Bloody fairies. Not down-to-earth, like my author. Alan Sillitoe knew what ’e was writing about. Worked up at Raleigh, just like me.”

“Sillitoe did well for a working-class lad, but he just wrote what he knew. Lord Byron was on the side of the workers despite his privilege.”

“If yer say so. Still lived in Newstead Abbey and was in the House of Lords though, wasn’t ’e? Never worked a day in ’is life, if yer ask me.”

“*These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands; they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them. Their own means of subsistence were cut off; all other employments pre-occupied; and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be the subject of surprise.*”

“What?”

“Byron’s maiden speech in the House of Lords. Standing up for the framebreakers. And he fought in the Greek War of Independence, to free common people from the tyrannical Ottoman Empire. He wasn’t out of touch with working people.”

Arthur had the grace to look ashamed, but he still mumbled, “Yeah, but ’e were still a nob, weren’t ’e?”

Again, Finestra returned to find the men smiling through gritted teeth. She slumped into her chair, and said, “I don’ think your beer agrees with me…”

*[If possible: if the reader has not read 2b and/or 2c, indicate that there are other pairs to follow, otherwise indicate that they need to scan the pattern group again with the colour filter]*

### 3b. PATTERN PATH 2B – JUAN ( 11224:2 ) AND FINESTRA ( 11346:2)

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

“Juan,” whispered Arthur, “Lend us a tenner?”

Juan sighed, and passed Arthur a crumpled ten-pound note. Arthur tramped off to the bar.

Juan turned to Finestra. “Salt of the earth, and all that, but sometimes I wish I had more refined company.” He grinned and winked.

His grin faded somewhat as Finestra frowned.

“What?” said Juan. “Don’t tell me you *like* mingling with commoners?”

“How can you be so *horrid* and *snobbish*? Some of my best friends over the years have been ordinary people! Why, even my author was quite ordinary!”

“Ordinary? Her father was in the lace trade and her mother a Russian princess!”

“Rose’s mother was Russian, but not a princess. Her father was only a merchant. Rose had to fight for everything she wanted, same as Sillitoe. She wanted to be a teacher, but she failed her exams. So she worked hard and became a singer, and taught singing instead.”

“Travelling Europe and teaching the children of royal families, I’m sure.”

“No, she worked at her sister’s school in Nottingham teaching children *you’d* call ‘common’. *And* she worked as a translator (she knew French *and* German *and* Italian, you know), *and* wrote lots of poems and books. I met her the first time I came to Nottingham. She wrote about our adventures together.”

Don Juan snorted, “I’ve read *A Princess Comes to Our Town*. She wasn’t working class. She had a housekeeper!”

“Of *course* she did!” Finestra’s eyes were flashing. “She worked so hard she couldn’t look after the house herself. While I was staying with her she only made time to spend with me by working half the night. I won’t have you thinking badly of her, I *won’t*!”

Juan knew when to back off. He apologised profusely, and accepted his fresh pint from Arthur with a sense of relief.

*[If possible: if the reader has not read 2a and/or 2c, indicate that there are other pairs to follow, otherwise indicate that they need to scan the pattern group again with the colour filter]*

### 3c. PATTERN PATH 2C – ARTHUR (12334:4 ) AND FINESTRA (11346:2 )

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

“Oi, posh boy, I’ve run out of ale again,” said Arthur.

“Another G&T, Princess?”

Finestra nodded vigorously. “You really *must* tell me what divine ingredients make up this G&T. I’d *so* like to make it for dear Mummy and Daddy. They’re the King and Queen, you know—”

Arthur glowered. “Yes, I bloody do know. You keep banging on about it like you’re something special, don’t yer. Just because you’re a flippin’ Princess?”

“Do you think you’re less special than me? Because I *certainly* don’t think so. You make bicycles—they are *such* fun to ride.”

“That were the owd days, before the factory closed. Now I’m signing on. Read a lot o’ books. I’m like owd Sillitoe – started off a working man, ended up a thinker. I never joined the Air Force though.”

“I’ve always wanted to fly. It’s not true that fairies can fly—I *so* wish it was!”

“Didn’t do Alan much good. Got tuberculosis, spent months in ’ospital. That’s where ’e got the writing bug. I was in his first book, then he wrote the film script. Bloody Albert Finney, got it all wrong. I’m nothing like that…” Finestra was looking confused. “*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, you know?”

“I’m so sorry, I’m not sure I do. But *please* carry on, it’s *so* interesting.”

“’E wrote plays and more books and poems and stuff. Drew maps as well—even one which ’e said were really a poem.”

Juan put three drinks down. “My dear Finestra, you must excuse Arthur. He can be such a bore sometimes.”

The Princess’s head, which was nodding slightly, jerked up and her cornflower-blue eyes opened wide. “No no, all very interesting. *Very* intereshting.” She seized the G&T and emptied it in one draught.

“See?” said Arthur. “Nothing snobby about this one, Juan. Told you she were all right, didn’t I?”

*[If possible: if the reader has not read 2a and/or 2b, indicate that there are other pairs to follow, otherwise indicate that they need to scan the pattern group again with the colour filter]*

## 4.FINISH – SCANNING THE CENTRAL BUILDING CODES – scanning this for the second time (starts and finishes the narrative)

TEXT TO APPEAR ON SCREEN-

Arthur, Juan and Finestra were each staring at an empty glass.

“I’m afraid Porta went off with my money,” said Finestra.

“Let’s find the loser and give ’im a talking to!” Arthur struggled to his feet. “*He* can buy the next round!”

Finestra pulled out a baby-pink mobile phone, stabbed at it, then her face fell. “Oh no!” she cried. “He texted me *ages* ago, saying he was *very* sorry. He says he’s outside The Bell.”

“We’d better go there then.” said Arthur, leading the way out onto Stoney Street.

As they rounded the corner of the Council House Finestra shrieked with delight. “Look! Fountains!”

She ran across the Square and started to dance with the streams of water, and they danced with her. Some of the braver (or possibly drunker) revellers joined in, and before long there was a huge crowd dancing in and out of each other’s paths, following the twisting and twirling water.

Arthur caught a neon-yellow movement in the corner of his eye, and nudged Juan. “Look ’ere, the coppers are sticking their noses in. We’d better get Finestra out of there.”

Before they could move, a tall, perfectly-formed man sliced through the onlookers, swept Finestra up in his arms, and swooped back through the gap he had left in the crowd.

Juan shouted, “Hey, you!” and Arthur yelled, “You ain’t kidnapping our Princess!” and they set off in pursuit, leaving chaos behind them as the fountains returned to their usual courses and the police moved in to break up the mob.

They didn’t have far to go. The handsome stranger stopped outside The Bell, and carefully seated Finestra at an empty table.

Finestra looked up at them, her eyes sparkling. “My dearest Juan and Arthur, I should *very* much like you to meet Prince Porta.”

“Charmed, I’m sure,” said Porta, absently.

Finestra gazed adoringly into his eyes, and he gazed into hers.

Arthur sighed and turned to Juan. “Don’t suppose we’ll be getting drinks out of these two tonight.”

“Never mind, I saw Resnick going into Yates’s. He’s usually good for a pint or two.”

Finestra didn’t even notice them leave.

*[Indication that this is the end]*