

THE ASHBOURNE FAMILY SAGA
CHAPTER XXIX
and
Saucy Sophia's Snippets plus trailer for next month,
November, 2025.

“A rolling stone gathers no moss!” Exclaimed Annabel. There was only one other person in the room, her brother George, and his sister was more than just fed-up with his lethargy since the funeral of Emma some three months ago.

“What exactly do you mean by that remark!” Was George’s sharp reply. He had been outlining his latest big idea but in a way that indicated to Annabel that it would never be developed, just another rambling, symbolic of his lethargy.

At first when he returned from Ireland George had pursued the tasks in hand with his usual dynamic vigour. True the interview with his late wife’s mother had upset him badly. Normally he would have taken such matters for what they are, the understandable grief of a mother on the death of her married daughter, but there was more to it than that. Their marriage had been blighted by mother-in-law filling her daughter with such mental stupidity and a fear, nay a loathing, for physical marital contact. Emma had been excessively strait-laced which George had thought would be eroded once she was free of her mother’s overbearing influence, but although at first the freedom of the Ashbourne family had a beneficial effect, after the birth of their second child Emma quickly reverted to her spinster ways, all buttoned up William had called her. But George questioned himself and his judgement. Had he been too harsh on Emma, not understanding of her emotional state and the deep rooted religious observance of her childhood. He kept these thoughts to himself; there was no one with whom they could be shared. He would be condemned at a fool and a weakling. All this sapped his vitality and increasingly he had found it difficult to concentrate on matters of business, Visits to the carriage works in Ross and the Bonny Moira Brewery in Drybrook helped especially as both were operating successfully and producing good profits.

Three weeks after his return from Ireland they relinquished the temporary tenancy of the house on Wye Pitch and moved to the now enlarged and refurbished house at Weston-under-Penyard, but any satisfaction George derived from the extensive re-modelling of the house was short lived as he seemed to obtain little enthusiasm or happiness from his achievement. Alfred Ursell had been true to his word and shortly after the burial an immaculate tomb had been erected over the grave. The funeral service itself at St. Mary’s church in Ross was conducted by the Dean of Hereford Cathedral, a kind and exceptional gesture so thought the Ashbourne family, Emma’s father being too distraught at the loss of

his favourite child to be sure he could keep his battered emotions under any form of control, whilst Emma’s mother did her best to avoid George and his family muttering that

“She supposed its alright, but a vulgar display of **money**. Just what we have come to expect from those sort of people, flaunting their wealth and no breeding!”

The funeral itself had been a success if one can refer to such a sad occasion and success in the same sentence. Emma was laid to rest in a quiet sector of the graveyard attached to St. Mary’s Church where one could look down from the heights of the sandstone cliffs overlooking the horseshoe bend in the River Wye before it flowed past the ruins of Wilton Castle and under the ancient stone bridge at Wilton with its sundial over the central arch on the side looking towards the Kerne Bridge, Tintern and after Chepstow the open waters of the River Severn and the Bristol Channel.

Saucy Sophia’s Snippets



Coca-Cola

A pretty girl and a bottle, but you don’t get the girl or a girl with a “coke”, sorry chaps! Also, now there is not even any cocaine in caca-cola, its all an illusion.



Trailer for October.

After the dramatic events of 1889, first the wedding of Alexandra and Edward in Berlin and then the tragedy of Emma's demise the Ashbourne family were only too grateful for a long period of time during which very little happened, the phrase "No news is good news" was frequently heard in the household. But events have a way of arriving unexpectedly.

Dorian M. Osborne

1st October, 2025.