



An Imagined Love Letter to Norfolk

My beloved Norfolk,

You are the land that made me fierce.

From your marshes and wide skies I learned freedom; from your forests and winding rivers, endurance. You are not soft country, you are strong ground. The earth here remembers every footprint, every injustice, every act of care. It gives generously when respected, and it resists when wronged. I understood that instinctively, long before I ever raised my voice or my standard.

Norfolk mattered to me because it was **home to a people shaped by land**, not ruled by it. The Iceni lived with the seasons, not against them. Your soils fed us, your waterways carried us, your wild places gave shelter and strength. The land was not a possession, but a partner. To wound it was to wound ourselves.

Your environment taught loyalty. The marsh protects those who know it. The open plain offers no hiding place, only honesty. This landscape breeds independence, courage, and memory. It does not forget who has honoured it, and it does not forgive those who exploit without care.

Culturally, you are a land of resistance and dignity. Here, people value freedom more than comfort, fairness more than favour. Authority must earn its place; power must justify itself. These are lessons written into the land itself - in its openness, its stubbornness, its refusal to be easily mastered.

Norfolk is worth defending because it holds identity. Not in palaces or riches, but in continuity: families, stories, working land, shared purpose. When land is taken without respect, culture fractures. When land is protected, a people remain whole.

I loved you not because you were gentle, but because you were true. Because you demanded courage, balance, and respect. Because you shaped strong hearts and clear sight.

If my name endures, let it be known that it rose from this ground, from a place that taught me that land and people are one, and that both are worth fighting for.

Ever bound to you,

Boudica