

Burghley

## Visiting Burghley House

*A Visual Story*



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I am going to visit Burghley House, which is a big house next to the town of Stamford. It also has a large garden, and an Adventure Play Area that I can visit while I am here.

## Choosing My Adventure 🎫






I can choose where I would like to go. There are different tickets I can choose on the website:

- If I buy a ticket to see inside the house, this also includes the Gardens and Adventure Play Area.
- I can also choose to only visit the Garden and Adventure Play area.
- The Parkland is free to access if I would like to spend the day outside.

Book your tickets & prices: [Burghley House | Day Ticket Prices](#)

# Helpful tips whilst visiting



- The House might be busy. The House might be bright in some areas  or dark in others . Each room feels different. Ceiling heights are different throughout the house and can be low, high, or covered in paintings or patterns.
- I must stay with my friends and family who have brought me at all times.
- I can borrow a sensory bag from Brewhouse Ticket Desk. There are fiddle toys to help me stay calm if I feel overwhelmed. I can use mood cards to share how I am feeling at any time   .
- Sometimes there are groups of adults or school children on a tour in the house – up to 20 people or more. They are with a Guide. I can walk past them, or I can wait for them to go ahead of me.
- I can skip any room I don't feel comfortable in, or I can ask to leave the House if I do not feel happy. I can ask a member of staff to help me to a different room or take me to the nearest exit.



# Objects & Art in the House

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There are a lot of valuable objects in the house. Some of these objects are old and we need to keep them safe and clean. I cannot touch the objects and paintings on display.

While I am in the House there are chairs I can sit on for a rest. There are some chairs that I cannot sit on because they are part of the Collection and might be old or fragile. They have a spiky plant on them – this is to let me know not to sit down on it. I can ask a member of staff if I am not sure or if I need a seat - no one will be angry if I sit on the wrong chair.

In some of the rooms there are red ropes that I must not cross. This is to stop visitors from touching parts of the collection that are fragile.

# Arriving at Burghley House

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As I arrive at Burghley House, I might hear the gentle hum of car engines as other visitors park their cars. The gravel underfoot may crunch as I step out, and I might feel the breeze on my face. Birds may be singing in the trees, and I might notice the scent of fresh grass or flowers nearby.

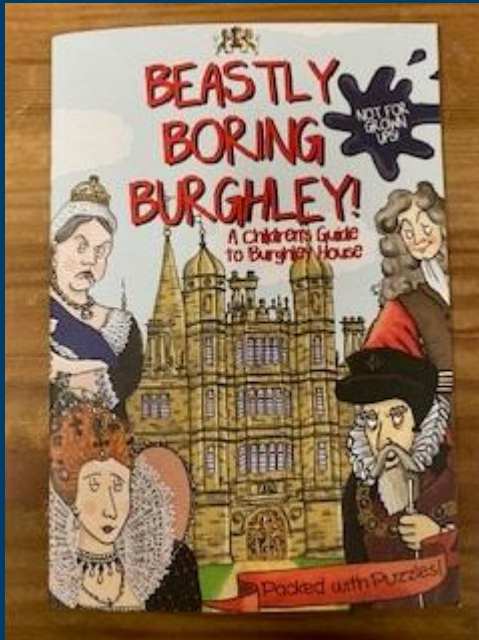
I see the grand, old building standing tall in front of me and I follow the winding path. Through the archway I go to the Ticket Desk. As I step inside, I hear the excited murmur of other visitors. I may have to wait in line so that other visitors can have their ticket checked.

When it is my turn, I go to the Ticket Desk and a friendly member of staff will say hello to me and check my ticket. I will know they are staff members as they will have a Burghley House uniform on. I am okay to speak to staff members at any time.

I can collect a Sensory Bag from the Ticket Desk if I need to.

# Visiting Burghley House

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I collect my Beastly Boring Guide, and I am ready to start my adventure!

I can read my Beastly Boring Guide as I go around the House as there are lots of interesting facts to read about in each room and puzzles to solve.



# The Treasury

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I can choose to take the stairs or use the lift if my legs are tired. As I go up, I am excited about what I will discover!

At the top, the room is dimly lit, there are echoes of a storytelling speaker unravelling the history of Burghley House.

Shadowy images flicker across large screens on the walls that look like moving paintings. I pause to watch, feeling drawn into the story, but I know I can move on if the sounds grow too intense.

Further steps lead to the highest part of the room, where special treasures glisten inside glass cases. The bright lights make them shimmer—I lean in, exploring every intricate detail, feeling like a treasure hunter discovering lost treasures.

Once I've looked at everything here, I make my way straight to the House!

# House Entrance

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I step across the courtyard, feeling the crunch of gravel beneath my shoes.

Each step brings me closer—I can't wait to get inside! The large entrance door is open, welcoming me in. A friendly guide greets me with a warm smile and asks to see my ticket. Their blue badge reassures me—they are here to help, and it's ok for me to ask them questions.

The cool air of the House is different to the warmth outside, refreshing but not too cold. Sunlight filters in, making the space bright. I take my time, reading the stories on the walls and gazing at portraits of people who once lived here—each face has a tale waiting to be uncovered.



# The Old Kitchen

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A vast, open room with towering ceilings stretches before me.

The cool air makes my skin tingle, and my footsteps echo slightly. Shiny copper pots and pans gleam on the walls, reflecting tiny glimmers of light.

The tables are worn with age, whispering stories of grand feasts once prepared here. I notice skulls on the wall—left behind from turtles used to make soup! The thought makes me shudder—gladly, that's NOT my lunch today!

The old oven is fascinating. I watch the rotating spit clank and whirl, imagining the rich scents of roasted meats filling the air during a feast long ago.

# Hogs Hall

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I climb the stone steps, feeling their smooth texture underfoot. I hold the red handles for extra balance as I step into Hogs Hall.

Bells line the walls, once used to summon maids and butlers from distant corners of the House. They sit silently now, but I imagine the lively chimes that once echoed through these halls.

The space feels full of energy as excited visitors crowd in, marvelling at the room's history. I carefully move through, making space as I explore.

# The Roman Staircase

*Burghley*



I follow the corridor until I reach a breathtaking staircase—its stone structure grand and impressive. Each step taps beneath my feet. I grip the railing if I need to steady myself, slowly climbing higher. Light pours through enormous windows, washing the steps with warmth. I pause at the top, catching my breath—I worked hard to see this view.

I glance out and admire the vast Parkland stretching below me.



# Ante- Chapel

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The textures beneath my feet change—I feel wooden floorboards creak softly, then a carpet dampens the sounds of my steps. My balance shifts slightly between them.

The room is large, yet the low ceiling makes it feel more enclosed. The dim lighting adds a sense of mystery.

I search for painting number **64**—I've heard there's something funny about it! A friendly Guide nearby confirms it with a knowing smile.

The windows are high up, but a stool is waiting for me. I step up, peering through the glass—the green courtyard below looks peaceful, like a hidden oasis.

# The Chapel

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I cannot go into the Chapel because I must not go past the red ropes.

As I look inside, I can see rows of wooden benches lined up neatly. There are big paintings on the walls and some of the lamps in the room look like they are being carried by ladies.

The room feels quiet and peaceful. It is quite dark, but some light comes through the tall windows. I might hear the soft echo of footsteps or whispers from other visitors nearby.

I do not have to stay long if I do not want to. If the room feels too dark or unfamiliar, I can take a quick look and then move on to the next part of my adventure.

# The Billiard Room

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This is an old Games Room with a large Billiard table in the centre. It looks like a fun place to play, but I can't play on it now!

The walls are covered in dark wooden panels, giving the room a warm and grand feeling. Even though the walls are dark, the large windows let in lots of natural light, making the space feel bright and open.

There are many paintings on the walls, showing people from long ago. I don't know who they are, but if I'm curious, I can ask a friendly guide. They will be happy to tell me more.

The floor is covered in soft carpet, so my footsteps might not make much noise as I walk through. If I take a deep breath, I might notice the scent of polished wood and history all around me.



# Bow Room

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Wow, what an enormous space!

This grand room was once a fancy dining hall, but now it's filled with towering paintings. Some show soldiers locked in battle—I pause, taking in the movement frozen in time on the walls.

The floor creaks beneath me with each step, its wooden surface holding the echoes of history.

Red chairs sit invitingly, offering me a place to rest. As I sink into one, I take my time, letting my eyes explore the grandeur around me.

# Brown Dining Room

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I step into a smaller, more intimate room. A clock ticks softly in the quiet—its steady rhythm only noticeable when there aren't too many people around.

The space feels dim, its lighting subdued, reminding me that this was once a bedroom. A bed still stands here, a quiet reminder of its past use.

If the room grows too crowded, I know I can move on to the next space whenever I like, finding a calmer spot to explore.

# Black and Yellow Bedroom

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Stepping inside, I notice how different this bedroom is—very grand compared to my own room at home.

The bed is massive, its covers neat and inviting, but I know I must not climb in!

A large tapestry hangs on the wall, its intricate designs holding secrets from long ago. I challenge myself—how many birds and beasts can I spot in the woven scene?

I tick them off in my **Beastly Boring Book** as I go.



# Marquetry Room

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This room feels more open and welcoming.

Soft light pours in through the large windows, making the intricate woodwork on the walls shine gently.

I look over the smooth, polished surfaces — it's amazing to think of the craftsmanship that created such delicate patterns.

Peeking outside, I see the vast parkland spread beneath me. The green trees ripple in the breeze—it looks so peaceful.

# Queen Elizabeth Bedroom

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I turn the corner and step into another grand bedroom—this one far bigger than the others I've seen.

The dim lighting makes it feel quiet and hushed, as if time itself slows down here.

Tapestries drape the walls, each one telling stories from long ago.

I take my time, studying the patterns—what hidden creatures can I find woven into the fabric?

# Pagoda Room

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This room feels refreshingly bright!

The sunlight dances across delicate ornaments, filling the space with warmth.

I scan the walls, searching for **William Cecil**—the man who built Burghley House many years ago. His portrait is here somewhere!

Off to the side, smaller rooms catch my attention. They were once used as bathrooms—what must life have been like back then?



# Blue Silk Bedroom

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The moment I step inside, I feel warmth and coziness.

The large bed dominates the room, its covers rich and luxurious. Though I must not touch it, I imagine how soft the fabric must feel.

The floor creaks lightly beneath me, the wooden boards shifting ever so slightly under my weight.

# Blue Silk Dressing room

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This charming little room holds something special—a delicate chess set rests on a table, each piece standing proudly in position.

I step closer, taking in their intricate details—some look like kings and queens, poised for battle.

Through the large window, I catch sight of the **Lion Bridge** in the Parkland below. If I still have energy later, maybe I'll walk over and see it up close!

# 1<sup>st</sup> George Room

*Burghley*



I make my way round the corner into a space filled with deep wooden tones. The scent of aged timber lingers in the air—I breathe in, recognising the distinct, comforting smell of history.

The floorboards creak ever so slightly beneath me. Above, a shimmering ceiling painting catches the light, its golden details glistening softly.



# 2<sup>nd</sup> George Room

*Burghley*



I step into another grand bedroom. The ceiling is very high above me, painted with colourful pictures. I look up and see soft blues and golds above.

The walls are covered in warm, dark wood that feels rich and smooth. Beautiful paintings and golden frames surround me, each one holding a different scene or person. Some pictures are large, others small, and they fill the space like a gallery.

In the centre of the room stands a big, golden bed with bright red curtains hanging all around it. The golden posts shine in the soft light.

The rug is deep red with swirling patterns. I can imagine sitting on the pink and gold chairs nearby—they look soft and grand, like a seat for a King or Queen!

There's a fireplace on one side of the room. It isn't lit, but I can imagine the gentle crackle and warmth it would bring.

Everything in this room feels special and still, like stepping into a story from long ago.

# 3<sup>rd</sup> George Room

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The corridor leads me to yet another grand room.

As I step inside, the room seems to wrap around me with deep red walls and golden frames that glow in the soft light. Paintings surround me from floor to ceiling—large, powerful scenes filled with movement, colour, and emotion. I pause at each one, absorbing the faces and stories they portray. Some are gentle and still, others dramatic and full of energy.

Above me, the ceiling is like a painting come to life. Figures float across the sky, dancing in clouds and golden light. It feels like the room has no roof at all—just a story overhead.

Furniture fills the room, each piece beautifully carved with swirling designs and golden edges. Though I mustn't sit on them, I can admire the colourful patterns in the fabric and imagine how they might feel—silky, woven, and slightly bumpy to the touch.

Gentle lamps give the room a warm, welcoming glow.



# 4<sup>th</sup> George Room

*Burghley*



I walk into a large room that feels warm and welcoming.

The ceiling is very high—far above my head—and painted with colourful scenes. It feels a little bit magical, like stepping into a castle from a storybook.

The walls are covered in bright, bold pictures. Each one tells a story.

There is a pretty rug, which is full of patterns and colour.



# Heaven Room

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An amazing masterpiece surrounds me—  
paintings stretch from floor to ceiling, creating a  
breathtaking scene. Each image tells a part of a  
grand story, and I can ask a guide to explain the  
meaning behind it all.

The floor beneath me is wooden, its surface  
smooth and sturdy. I take slow steps, looking up  
in wonder—the details are unlike anything I've  
seen before.

# Hell's Staircase

*Burghley*



Leaving the Heaven Room, I step into something entirely different—Hell's Staircase!

The walls and ceilings are covered in intense, swirling paintings. Each detail demands my attention—I take my time, absorbing the dramatic colours and figures within them.

The stone staircase takes me downward. I hold onto the wooden banister as I descend, steadying myself against its smooth surface.

# The Great Hall

*Burghley*



The final room, and it is magnificent!

The ceiling towers high above, making the space feel grand and open. Sunlight streams through giant windows, casting patterns of red, blue, and orange across the floor from their painted designs. The colours glow like stained glass.

Books line the walls, filling the space with a quiet sense of wisdom.

A clock ticks steadily—its rhythm almost comforting.

A grand fireplace stands proudly to the side. When lit, its flames crackle, wrapping the room in warmth.



# Olympic Corridor

*Burghley*



I leave the House through the Olympic Corridor, my final passage before stepping back outside.

A large painting of Lord Burghley catches my eye. He was a champion athlete, winning Olympic medals long ago.

As I exit, I spot the medals themselves—a link to his achievements, shining proudly for all to see.

# The End of My Adventure

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My adventure through the house is coming to an end.

I've walked through grand rooms, each one filled with colours, sounds, and stories.

I've looked up at painted ceilings, felt soft carpets under my feet, and listened to the quiet hush of special spaces.

As I take one last look around, I feel calm and happy. I've explored at my own pace, and I've noticed so many tiny, wonderful things.

Now it's time to leave, but I know I can carry the memories with me— the warmth, the colours, the stillness, and the stories.

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Thank you