The Perilous Jolly to Dunkin' Donuts

Agent Kahlo: Hello there! Welcome to Stories by the Sea. Young art detectives at Bincombe Primary, and some visitors to Weymouth Library, wrote stories inspired by this mural which is called The Smugglers Map of Weymouth and Portland. Take it away agents!

(*Exciting energetic music then sounds of sea waves, then the low wail of a blue whale)*

Pirate 1: Oh no, what's that giant thing?

Pirate 2: Is that a blue whale?

(*More whale song)*

Pirate 3: Those waves are gigantic.

(More whale song)

Pirate 2: If that weather keeps up, that whale is gonna land on the boat!

(More whale song then a heavy crunch as the whale lands on the boat, flipping all the pirates into the air. A whoosh noise then airy swirling.)

All pirates: Oh no! We're flying!

Pirate 4: Our beautiful boat! Rust in peace!

(Four crunch noises as the pirates land on a roof)

Pirate 1: We've landed on a roof!

Pirate 2: With an octopus in tow!

(suction noises as the octopus quickly gets off the roof and goes into the Dunkin' Donuts shop, sound of a door opening and a shop bell ringing, then chat from people inside the shop)

Pirate 2: Chocolate with sprinkles please.

Pirate 4: And one vanilla.

Donut worker: Sorry, we're sold out.

Pirate 4: What do you mean you're sold out?

Donut worker: Some weird octopus bought the lot.

All pirates: No way!

Donut worker: Yeah, he slotted his donuts on his tentacles.

Pirate 4: I don't believe it!

Donut worker: It's true.

Pirate 4: It's not true.

Donut worker: It is true.

Pirate 4: Whatever you say.

Donut worker: Ok

(sound of door opening and shop bell ringing, then slurping sounds)

Octopus: Oh, these donuts are delicious!

Smugglers vs the Alpha Wolf

(Exciting energetic music, then birdsong and feet walking through woodland)

Smuggler 1: How much further?

Smuggler 2: According to this map, it's around this bend.

Smuggler 3: Oh, we've just got to get over this fallen tree.

Sound of effort as they climb over the large tree.

Smuggler 2: Here it is! Pass me the shovel.

(*Sounds of a metal spade digging in soil, then hitting something metal.)*

Smuggler 1: What's that?

Smuggler 2: The treasure chest!

Smuggler 3: Open it!

Smuggler 2: We need a key.

(Sounds of running feet)

Smuggler 1: Someone's coming!

Pirate: Oi, get off our treasure chest!

Smugglers: Pirates!

(*Sounds of a sword fight over the top of fast energetic music)*

Smuggler 2: I think they've passed out.

Smuggler 1: Look, around that one's neck!

Smuggler 2: A key! Grab it quick!

(*Sound of a lock being turned)*

Smuggler 1: It worked!

(*Smugglers all gasp. Then a large wolf howl.)*

Smuggler 2: It's not over yet lads.

(*Sounds of snarling wolf)*

Smuggler 1: I've a plan. Marcus, you distract the Alpha Wolf and lead it away from the treasure chest.

Smuggler 2: Lucky I brought this raw steak with me.

Smuggler 1: Me and Jacob will open the chest and claim the treasure.

Smuggler 2: Keep some treasure for me!

Smuggler 3: Of course we will.

Smuggler 2: Come on Mr Wolfie!

(Sounds of snarling and running feet)

The Lost Dragon

(Sounds of mystical music, then large heavy slow wing beats)

Villager 1: Oh no, what's that over there?

Villager 2: It's a duck flying in the air.

Villager 1: Whaaaaat? It's a fire and ice dragon!

Villager 2 screams

Villager 1: Calm, calm, calm.

Sounds of heavy feet landing.

Villager 1: Hey Mr Dragon. What are you doing here with us?

Dragon: I'm looking for my little baby dragon. It's dangerous for her right now because there's some people would want to kidnap her because she's so precious.

Villager 1: What do you mean your baby is precious?

Dragon: Well you see, everything she touches turns to gold!

Villager 1: We will help you find your baby.

Dragon: Oh, that would be most marvellous of you, thank you so much.

Villager 1: Where was the last time you saw your baby?

Dragon: By the magical forest.

Villager 2: Where the bad witch lives? I think we should go search there.

Eerie tense music, then sounds of a cauldron bubbling.

Witch: *(in a croaky voice)* Eye of newt and wing of bat, tail of dog and tongue of cat, pour it all into a flagon, give it to the baby dragon.

(Sound of a door being kicked in, the villagers and the dragon shout "Stop right there!" Sounds of a baby dragon squeaking excitedly)

Witch: Aaaagh! How did you find me?

Villager 1: We followed some footprints.

Dragon: I'd know my baby's footprints anywhere.

Villager 2: Game's up, witch!

Villager 1: This baby dragon needs its daddy!

Witch: You've no idea how long I've waited for a dragon that can turn things to gold. I deserve to keep her!

Villager 2: Dragon, do your thing!

(*Sounds of large flames being breathed. Witch screams. Baby dragon squeaks get more excited. Sounds of a chain being unlocked)*

Dragon: Come on little one, time to go home. Thank you both for your help, I'd never have found her without you.

Pirates of the Carry Bean

Uplifting, stirring music. An American voiceover says:

Voiceover: If a magic bean is lost at sea...And a storm pulls your vessel asunder...Are you even a pirate?

(*Sounds of sea waves and creaking of a large wooden vessel)*

Captain: What a fine day to traverse the ocean, me hearties!

(*Thunderclap)*

Pirate: Captain...look, in the distance - a storms abrewing!

(*Sounds of a storm)*

Captain: Batten the hatches!

Pirate: Drop the sails!

Captain: Secure the rum!

Crew: Captain, what's that there you're clutching for dear life?

Captain**:** It's my enchanted bean. I carry's it always to bestow me with the best o' luck.

Pirate: Let's hope it works its magic!

Captain: Brace yerselves lads and lasses!

(*sound of time warping and slowing down, and a splash)*

Captain: *(speaking in slo motion)* Nooooo…my lucky carry bean!

Pirate : Land ahoy!

Captain: Grab what rum you can and swim ashore!

Pirate: What do we do now, sir?

Captain: Swim ashore, shipmates!

(Sounds of swimming)

Pirate: I can't quite believe my eyes…is that… a red and white striped lighthouse…on a deserted island. What in the…

Captain: Keep your wits about you, scoundrels…for this island may not be as deserted as we first well thought.

Pirate: We can use the lighthouse to signal to passing boats! We'll be rescued in no time!

Captain: No. There's more pressing matters to hand shipmates. I will not depart these perilous waters until I retrieve my enchanted Carry Bean from the depths of the ocean. Now, who's up for an underwater quest?

Voiceover: The Pirate's Carry Bean: The Underwater Pirate coming this summer. Rated Arrrrrrrrgh!

The Kraken vs the Boat

(more uplifting, stirring music, then sound of waves and the creak of a large wooden vessel at sea)

Sailor: Master Butcher, if I may, and I mean this with the utmost respect, but I fear our attempts to capture the kraken are entirely futile. We haven't spotted it in months!

Master Butcher: Fear!? You fear! Insolent boy! No crew of mine shall fear these vast waters! When we capture the kraken we will experience fame, glory and all the riches one can buy…

Sailor: Whatever you say, sir.

Master Butcher: Silence petulant imbecile! Men – wield your cleavers, for I sense the beast is close. We'll be serving it up with a side of fries in no time!

(*Underwater bubbles)*

Kraken: Foolish butchers and their insatiable thirst for kraken meat. If only they knew I'd been under their ship this whole time - following them like a looming shadow! Oh how I revel in delight to hear their Master Butcher grow weary and frustrated that I have not yet been caught.

Sailor: Master! We're headed towards a powerful riptide!

Master Butcher: Hold her steady! We must not go off course for my intuition tells me the kraken is nearby!

(underwater bubbles and sounds of a whirlpool)

Kraken: Wait! Why the sudden change in direction! Whoa! What force is pulling me away from the butcher's vessel?

Sailor: Sir, the kraken look, it's been engulfed by the riptide! Your instincts were right! It was close by.

Master Butcher: The final act is upon us! Cast the net!

Sailor: But Sir, I have not the rhythm for percussive instruments!

Master Butcher: No meat-head! I mean throw the net to capture the kraken!

Sailor: Ohhhhh

(*Sound of throwing net into water, sounds of a rope tensing and stretching)*

Master Butcher: The kraken is finally ours. Pass me your cleaver, for I will cut the first tentacle as a ceremonial gesture.

Sounds of a sharp blade cutting the air, then a squelching sound followed by a wail of the kraken)

Kraken: Dastardly butchers. This net tightens each time I try to break loose. There must be a way to escape this net.

Sea Turtle: Oh - excuse me, but it seems you may have gotten yourself into a spot o'bother.

Kraken: What makes you think that?

Sea Turtle: Well from the looks of things...oh wait, you were being sarcastic, weren't you?

Kraken: U-huh. Any chance you've a sharp implement handy to cut me from this here net?

Sea Turtle: I can do you one better - this beak o'mine has never been sharper...you see, I've recently been advised to go on a high keratin diet by my Doctopus...

Kraken: Ahem...

Sea Turtle: Oh yes - sorry. Time is of the essence.

Sounds of fast chomping

Sea Turtle: What happened to your tentacle?

Kraken: It was cut off by the Master Butcher!

Sea Turtle: Oh don't worry, me duck. It'll soon grow back. Squirt some ink, so they don't see me release you, would ya?

(Sounds of ink squirting)

Master Butcher: What did I tell you, crew? The kraken's tentacle is the finest cuisine of the sea!

Sailor: Uh, Master Butcher...

Master Butcher: Don't interrupt me, boy!

Sailor: You might want to look out to sea, Master...

Kraken: Think you can capture the mighty kraken? In your dreams! Smell ya later suckers!

Master Butcher: Who's he calling a sucker? You're the one with tentacles!

Agent Kahlo: You've been listening to Stories by the Sea. Remember, there's nine listening stations in this sound walk. Where might you go next?