Submarine

Agent Dali: Hello there! Welcome to Stories by the Sea. Young art detectives from Beechcroft Primary wrote a story inspired by this mural, which is called Moonshiner. Take it away agents!

Ominous, thriller music, then the ping of a submarine in the background)

Chris: What's our location?

Kat: Two minutes out, closing in.

Chris: Final kit check.

Lenny: Grappling iron and rope

Chris: Check

Lenny: Skeleton key

Chris: Check

Lenny: Flame thrower

Chris: Check

Lenny: TNT

Chris: Check

Lenny: And we're wearing our coats with the extra large pockets.

Chris: Check

Kat: Check

Lenny: Check

Kat: Up periscope

Chris: Status report

Kat: The tower is in sight. Just one light on in the very top window. Can't see from here if there's any guards.

Lenny: We should assume there will be.

Kat: Agreed. Down periscope.

Chris: Run the plan one last time.

Lenny: Approach the tower from the south side.

Kat: Throw the grappling irons onto the parapet.

Chris: Climb up silently.

Kat: Lenny and I overpower any guards

Chris: While I pick the lock to the tower door.

Lenny: Once inside I keep watch

Kat: While I blow the safe with the TNT

Chris: We pocket the money

Lenny: And abseil back down the tower

Kat: I burn through the rope in case the guards wake up and try to follow

Chris: And we all head back to the submarine

Kat: which I've securely moored to the coral reef

Lenny: and head for Rio.

Chris: Perfect.

Kat: This is it. Here's the coral reef.

Chris: Good luck everyone.

Kat: Up submarine.

(sounds of submarine surfacing)

Lenny: This is the south tower.

Chris: Grappling hook is go!

(sound of rope being lassoed through the air, the clang of metal, sounds of effort as they climb)

Kat: Shhh!

Guard 1: Cor, bit nippy up here, innit Bill.

Guard 2: It's the altitude, Ben. Tallest tower for miles this is.

Guard 1: Wish I'd brought me flask of cocoa now. How many more hours we got to keep guard then?

Guard 2: Uh, let's see, so it's 2am now, and our shift ends at 6am so that's 1, 2, 3...carry the doodah... wait a minute I've confused meself - start again. 1, 2, 3....

(sound of Guard 2 being knocked on the head then collapsing)

Guard 2: aaaagh!

Guard 1: BILL! Talk to me, what's happening!

(sound of Guard 1 being knocked on the head then collapsing)

Guard 1: Aaaaagh!

Kat: Guards overpowered.

(sound of clicking then door opening)

Chris: Door is breached!

Lenny: Standing watch!

Kat: Cover your ears!

(sound of flame, sizzle then massive boom. Coughing and spluttering)

Chris: Crikey, Kat!

Kat: Sorry about that.

(sounds of coins being stuffed into pockets)

Kat: Safe is empty. Go go go!

(sounds of whizzing as they abseil. Sound of flamethrower)

Kat: Rope is burned.

Lenny: To the submarine!

Guard 1: Bill? Bill? You ok mate?

Guard 2: My head hurts! Must have been knocked out.

Guard 1: Oh no, look. Blooming safe's been blown.

Guard 2: Anything missing?

Guard 1: What do you reckon, Bill?

Guard 2: This is terrible.

Guard 1: No point moping, Bill. Get your binoculars. They might not have got far.

Guard 2: Right, yeah. Cor, you're right Ben. Look, over there. Three of 'em.

Guard 1: The cheek of it. Where they going? Bit late for a swim, innit?

Guard 2: Whack on the searchlight, Ben.

(sound of bright light being switched on and buzzing as it illuminates)

Guard 1: They got a submarine!

Guard 2: They seem to have thought of everything.

Guard 1: Sound the alarm, Bill. It's all we can do at this stage.

(Sound of an alarm)

Lenny: That went like clockwork!

Chris: Good work team!

Kat: Down submarine

(sounds of metal scraping as the submarine starts to sink)

Kat: Rio here we come!

(more sounds of scraping)

Chris: What's that?

Kat: Oh no.

Lenny: What?

Kat: We've hit a rock. Hull is breached. We're taking on water. Abandon submarine!

Chris: Swim for the bay!

Lenny: Secure the money in waterproof bags!

Kat: There isn't time, Lenny!

Lenny: Cram it in quick!

Chris: Faster!

(sounds of money bags jingling)

Lenny: Done! Go!

Guard 1: You seen this Ben?

Guard 2: What is it Bill?

Guard 1: Says here in the newspaper a speedboat's gone missing.

Guard 2: Where from?

Guard 1: The docks just down the road.

Guard 2: Fancy that. That'll be long gone then. Those things aren't called speedboats for nothing.

Guard 1: Says here the owner had installed a GPS tracker on the boat.

Guard 2: Oh right?

Guard 1: The stolen speedboat was last seen on a direct course for Rio de Janerio.

Guard 2: Wonder why they're going there?

Agent Dali: Before you go, a young art detective at Weymouth library wrote a very exciting rescue mission story also inspired by this mural. Agent Kahlo has turned it into a song, set to the tune of a Victorian song called Grace Darling which is about a lighthouse rescue. Take it away, Agent Kahlo!

A song accompanied by a single accordion

'Twas near an ocean lighthouse there dwelt a fine young maid,
Her name was Kieona, of danger ne'er afraid;
One morning just at daybreak a storm-toss'd boat she spied,
And though to try seemed madness, "I'll save that boat," she cried.

So she signalled fast from the boiling beach, over the waters blue;
To Cara and Lacey the lighthouse crew
They quickly looked out to sea, to the raging winds and waves;
They grabbed their ropes, this was no joke, the small boat to save.

Now on the boat was Sophie, fishing for sardines
Between her and the lighthouse the sea like deep ravines;
Will no-one help young Sophie? Alone and in a boat
“I didn’t see this storm ahead, I’ll never stay afloat!”

So she rowed her best o’er the boiling sea, over the waters blue
Towards the brave young women of the lighthouse crew
She saw their ropes a-sway, in the raging winds and waves
She grabbed their ropes, this was no joke, the small boat to save.

They pulled her with a heave and ho into the lighthouse tall
Sardine bag upon her back, “I dare not lose my haul.”
Then spoke the lighthouse crew to her, "Return or doomed are we!"
But Kieona called the Coast Guard, who was Brave Emily.

And she revved her boat o’er the boiling sea, over the waters blue
Towards the three young women of the lighthouse crew
So brave she steered her boat, through the raging winds and waves
The storm she chased, no time to waste, the small boat to save.

They bravely rode the billows and reached the shore at length;
They’d saved the storm-tossed Sophie, young women with such strength;
Kieona waited on the shore, she bought the sardine haul
And she fried them up with golden chips, a supper for them all.

For they’d done their time on the boiling sea
Over the oceans blue
Pull together and keep your head
Like the lighthouse crew
Remember these women brave
Of storms they were not afraid
They formed a team, it worked like a dream
And the boat they saved.

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