The Perfect Beach Day

Agent Dali: Hello there! Welcome to Stories by the Sea. Young art detectives from Beechcroft Primary, and visitors to Weymouth Library, wrote stories inspired by this mural which is called Massive Postcard. Take it away, agents!

Carrie: I'm having a great time!

Lizzie: Yeah, it's fun here.

Sarah: Those palm trees are beautiful.

Lizzy: Feel that sunshine!

Carrie: Did you see that?

Lizzy: What?

Carrie: Popped its head out the sea. I think it was a seal.

Sarah: I love seals.

Lizzie: Me too.

Carrie: This is the perfect beach day!

(sound of thunder then rain)

Sarah: You spoke too soon!

Carrie: Quick, get under that tree! My hair will be ruined!

Sarah: What now? Shall we eat?

Lizzie: Good idea. I fancy some cheese from that shop we saw on the way here.

Carrie: We need to run for it!

(Music)

(sound of shop door bell ringing)

Shopkeeper: Hello there. Can I help you?

Lizzie: We'd like some slices of that cheddar please.

Shopkeeper: Good choice! That's my best-selling cheese that is.

Carrie: Oh, but look at those cupcakes! We should get some of those too.

Sarah: Definitely! I want the pink one with the strawberry on it. Lizzy, which one do you want?

Lizzie: Um...the lemon one. No, the orange one. No, the chocolate one.

Sarah: Final answer?

Lizzie: Yeah. The chocolate one. No, the lemon one.

Sarah: For goodness sake. Carrie, want a cake?

Carrie: Yeah, the chocolate one.

Lizzie: Wait, maybe I should get a chocolate one after all.

Sarah: Lizzy! We can't spend all day choosing cupcakes!

Shopkeeper: Here's your cheese. Anything else?

Carrie: Cupcakes please. A strawberry, a chocolate and ... Lizzy did you decide?

Lizzie: Lemon please. No, chocolate. No, lemon.

Shopkeeper: I'm glad they all look so delicious to you! There you are.

Carrie: Thank you! Then three bottles of water and three cans of coke please.

Shopkeeper: Certainly. Rather you than me going out in that rain.

Sarah: I know. It's ruined our perfect beach day.

Carrie: And it's ruined my hair.

Shopkeeper: I do sell umbrellas, if you're interested?

Lizzie: Oh yes! Look, this one is like a giant jellyfish!

Sarah: Let's get it! I love all the ribbons hanging down from it. Like tentacles.

Shopkeeper: A good choice. Thanks then!

(Everyone says goodbye to the shopkeeper)

Lizzie: Let's sit over there on that patch of grass. Hold the umbrella over us all, Sarah!

Sarah: I am!

Carrie: Maybe this rain will blow over by the time we've eaten lunch.

Lizzie: I hope so. Spread out the picnic blanket, Sarah.

Sarah: Ok.

(flap of blanket)

Lizzie: I've got the picnic plates. Pass the cheese, Carrie.

Carrie: Here you go.

(sounds of eating)

Sarah: Oi, who's nicked my cheese?

Lizzie: What?

Sarah: I put my cheese down on that plate there, and now it's gone.

Lizzie: Well I didn't take it.

Carrie: Neither did I. I've been eating my chocolate cupcake.

Sarah screams

Lizzie: What now?

Sarah: A mouse!

Carrie: Where?

Sarah: There! Running off through that long grass! With my slices of cheese. The cheek of it.

Carrie: Well it's gone now. Have your cake and try to forget about it.

Sarah: But it was cheddar cheese. It's my favourite!

(cat meows)

Lizzie: Oh, hello. What a beauty you are!

(cat meows)

Lizzie: Get off! That's my cupcake!

Sarah: I didn't know cats ate cupcakes.

Lizzie: Well that one does. This day is going from bad to worse.

Carrie: And the rain's not letting up either. I think we should go home.

Sarah: I agree.

Lizzie: Some beach day this was!

No Wey News

News Anchor: Hello & welcome to No Wey News. I'm Ivanna Scoop and this is tonight's top story. What does the paddle posse, a dairy-obsessed shark and the moon all have in common? Ivor Story talks to local resident Emily about a rather unexpected turn of events that left her questioning - is local heritage cuisine legendairy or just temptation far too scary?

News reporter: Emily had set sail as she would any other day from Weymouth harbour hoping to enjoy that evenings sunset. But as the evening progressed, Emily's circumstance turned from serene to scream when she was accosted by a big blue shark.

Emily: I was minding my own business enjoying a slice of my Aunt's homemade Dorset Apple Cake with a large scoop of Rossi's icecream when I felt my boat shudder. At first I thought it was an engine issue, but I soon realised I was being pursued by a shark!

News reporter: Startled, Emily boarded her jetski, in an attempt to evade the hostile shark but soon became stranded in the waters after her jetski ran out of fuel.

Emily: My heart was pounding. I didn't know what to do. The shark was circling me. Then - all of a sudden the tide turned and a gust of wind blew me to the diving raft just off of Greenhill. Lo and behold it was Luna - the moon. They totally saved the day. What a ledge! I'm truly indebted to them.

News reporter: Stranded, Emily slept there till morning until she was awoken by local swimming group the paddle posse.

Emily: They really looked out for me. I was blown away by their support. We swam ashore and played hide and seek in amongst the rainbow striped deck chairs. I've made friends for life. I'm totally on cloud nine thanks to the help of the paddle posse and Luna.

News reporter: We reached out to the shark for comment, but retracted the microphone immediately for fear of losing a limb...We did however manage to track down Luna the moon for their take on the incident.

Luna: That shark is a total dairy fiend. Last full moon, under the misapprehension that I was made of Blue Vinny Cheese, he launched himself at me from a cannon on Nothe Fort and managed to sink his teeth in. Look at me! You think these craters are from asteroids? They're not. They're shark bites. My complexion is totally ruined. I'm just glad that Emily girl didn't suffer the same fate as me!"

This is Ivor Story, No Way News. Back to the studio.

News Anchor: Hello & welcome to No Wey News. I'm Ivanna Scoop with some breaking news from Weymouth Beach that has resulted in a dramatic icecream shortage. Our reporter, Ivor Story has more.

Reporter: Holiday makers and local folk alike have woken this morning to scenes of absolute chaos here at Weymouth Beach. Footprints, appearing to belong to donkeys of absolutely enormous proportions, are criss-crossing the sand. The footprints seem to lead to every single beach cafe and ice-cream van here on Weymouth seafront. I'm here with Talulah, a holidaymaker, who has a rather startling take on the whole situation. Talulah, what can you tell us?

Talulah: So it all happened last night. I'd come down to the beach to take in the sunset, and thought I'd treat myself to one last ice cream. There was only one : icecream van still here, called Ephraim's Ices. I ordered my usual, strawberry with strawberry sauce, but that's when things got weird.

Reporter: In what way weird?

Talulah**:** Well the guy serving, who I assume was Ephraim, asked me if I wanted sprinkles with that. And I said, sure, why not? But the sprinkles weren't like any I'd seen before. They were more like a fine dust than sprinkles. All pink and glittery.

Reporter: And what happened then?

Talulah: Nothing initially. Then suddenly my icecream cone expanded to enormous proportions.

Reporter: That must have been startling. What did you think had happened?

Talulah: Well it's obvious isn't it? It was fairy dust.

Reporter: I mean...

Talulah: I know it sounds crazy, but hear me out. Straight after the icecream got enormous, Ephraim took off his tabard and that was when I saw his wings.

Reporter: Wings?

Talulah: Yes, all shimmery pink and purple. Ephraim wasn't an icecream seller at all, he was a fairy!

Reporter: Crikey. I didn't see that coming.

Talulah: Neither did I. I mean, I like strawberry icecream as much as the next person, but the size of this cone was simply ridiculous. Far too much for me to eat on my own. So I offered to share some with Ephraim, and we started tucking in.

Reporter: That doesn't explain the giant footprints in the sand, though, does it?

Talulah: I'm coming to that. So Ephraim and I ate as much of the giant icecream as we could, but we both started feeling a bit sick after a while.

Reporter: It can happen.

Talulah: So then Ephraim suggested we got the donkeys involved.

Reporter: Donkeys...

Talulah: We took the rest of the giant icecream down and offered it to the donkeys. Well they were so excited. Couldn't get enough of it. They were pushing and shoving each other to get to the icecream and and then one of them shoved Ephraim. They didn't mean to, they just wanted the icecream.

Reporter: I see.

Talulah: That's when it went really weird. This donkey who shoved Ephraim, it made Ephraim stumble, and as he fell over backwards all the magic fairy dust that was in his pocket scattered all over the donkeys.

Reporter: I see where this is going.

Talulah: Exactly. These donkeys were literally the size of T-Rexes. But they still wanted more icecream.

Reporter: So you're telling me that a bunch of outsize donkeys have rampaged over Weymouth Beach in the night and eaten all the icecream.

Talulah: That's exactly what I'm saying.

Reporter: Well, you heard it here first, folks. The current local icecream shortage is a result of giant donkeys, and the situation is currently unresolved. Watch this space for updates. This is Ivor Story of No Wey News. Back to the studio.

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?