

'Stan Goes to Scalby Fair' Mog Tales 1

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*Cover Illustration is a montage by Sarah Olley compiled from the
original story submissions.*

The Authors

In this first ever edition of 'Mog Tales' we feature great new stories from: Jack Chandler, Leia Wells and Elissa McMann, Skye Goldsmith-Thorpe, Erin Hirst, Jasmine Staton-Hill, Amelia Dolby, Jacob Mallinson, Katy Hart, Elliott Watson, Mary-Jane Martin and Alys Astbury, Savannah Foster, Grace Patrick, Hope Patrick and Miles Temple.

‘Stan Goes to Scalby Fair’

Mog Tales 1

Great New Stories from Great Young Writers!

Editors: D.B. Lewis and Wanda Maciuszko



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Foreword *by* Liz Dyer

National Literacy Trust Hub Manager for ‘Our Stories’

The power of literacy cannot be overstated. Through our research at the National Literacy Trust, we know that better literacy skills leads to better lives; health and life chances, mental well-being and employment are all affected by our ability to read, write and speak.

We are so incredibly fortunate to have Literacy Champions on the North Yorkshire Coast like David Lewis and Wanda Maciuszko, people who are prepared to volunteer and dedicate their time to promote reading and writing to our children and families. The commitment and drive to produce a wonderful published book such as this, the first collection of exciting stories from the young people of the area, should bring a smile to many faces. What a perfect reason to encourage any child to write!

This book is filled with imagination. Reading these tales has been a privilege and I would like to thank David and Wanda and all the authors, including the wonderful Stan, for their valuable contributions.

So now, sit back and let the tales unfold, remembering that next time, it could be your story that is published for all to read!

Best wishes to you all in your reading and writing,

Liz

***Greetings from the
Mayor of
Scarborough,
Councillor Hazel
Lynskey***



Dear writers and readers,

It was a privilege to be at the 'Stan' story writing project at the 2019 Scalby Fair. The idea of using the International Police Association Morris Panda car in this way is a great initiative. The National Literary Trust are doing a fantastic job in helping to improve literacy in our region and this is just one example of their work with local partners.

With very best wishes to everyone involved. STAN is a real symbol of the friendship we all have with the police here in North Yorkshire.

Hazel

Hazel Lynskey

Cllr Hazel Lynskey
Scalby, Hackness and Staintondale
Scarborough Borough Council

Photograph © The Scarborough News 2019

Welcome!

Great Stories from Stan's Visit to Scalby Fair, Scarborough in 2019!

*Welcome to the very first edition of 'Mog Tales', a collection of stories written by young people and helped by their parents, guardians, other relatives or friends. The whole point of this story writing project is to help families explore literacy **together** and so the stories you can see here are the result of that wonderful work. (And just in case you might be wondering how 5 to 10-year olds come to be using such advanced literacy skills!)*

Many of the stories came to the editors from their authors in hand written form, complete with guidance, corrected spelling by their helpers and even with stapled covers in some cases, and they were, and are, a joy in themselves to see; but all the stories are fabulous fun to read.

We have; Vampire Zombie Hybrids, Cat Burglars, Cake Thieves, Scared-Silly Bats, Amazingly Brave Super-Teds, Superbly Strange Wonder Plants, Jail-Escaping Jewel Thieves, Rocket-Firing Super Crooks, a Terrifying Tyrannosaurus...more.

And of course, lots and lots about Stan, the heroic Police Morris Minor (although he might come to a sticky end in one of the stories...)

So please read on and enjoy all the wonderful 'Mog Tales'.

If you have been inspired to write a story about Stan yourself, then please contact the editors at:

davidlewis@brynstowe.co.uk.

We are busy putting together a second volume with even more wonderfully imaginative stories based on the idea that:

'The Beach Patrol Needs Stan's Help!'

Stan cares a lot about the seaside and he is great friends with the beach patrol from Scarborough Council. They ask for his help a lot. What stories do you think they might have? *You* can tell the stories!

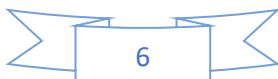
Members of the Scarborough Rotary Club loved the '*Mog Tales*' idea and suggested you might like to use some of their concerns about our lovely beaches. This is what they told us they were concerned about, together with some ideas for you:

'...litter, especially plastics; water safety; dog fouling; noise; bad behaviour; too many dogs; more dog friendly areas, a competition for the greatest variety of litter collected, how to stop chalets being vandalised, supporting the wonderful RNLI lifeguards, 'Stranger Danger'; rising tides; coastal erosion; lives in danger at sea; pollution.' So; there is going to be no shortage of work for Stan by the looks of it!

The closing date for this second book is **12th January 2020**. Happy writing everyone! Please feel free to illustrate your stories too!

Please mail all stories to:

davidlewis@brynstowe.co.uk



Thank you, Parents, Guardians and Schools!

*Thank you to all those parents, grandparents, guardians
and schools who supported the writers so well, in
particular:*

*Lindhead, Hackness and Wykeham, Newby and Scalby,
Shawlands, St John's.*

A Note on Stan's Name

*'Stan' is so called because his number plate is 'STN 749 G'
which most people read as 'Stan'.*

*We called this first collection of stories 'Mog Tales' because
Morris Minors were often called 'Moggie' Minors by their
original owners. We used the word 'Tales' because it is a play
on the word 'Tales' meaning 'stories' and 'Tails' as in 'cats'
tails'. 'Mog' is a word sometimes used to describe feral cats;
so 'Mog Tales' became the name.*

A Big Thank You to our 'Mog Tales' Supporters!

The National Literacy Trust

&

The International Police Association





The National Literacy Trust

The **National Literacy Trust** is an independent charity (registered no. 1116260 in England and Wales and registered no. SCO42944 in Scotland) based in London, England, that promotes literacy.

It was founded by Sir Simon Hornby, former chairman of the major national retail chain, WHSmith PLC. Its current Director is Jonathan Douglas.

The charity campaigns to make literacy a priority for politicians and parents, supports children and families to improve their literacy skills and conducts research on issues relating to literacy. It also works with teachers, literacy professionals and librarians, and establishes literacy projects in disadvantaged communities across the UK. Since 1993, the National Literacy Trust has raised over £10 million from the business sector to support its work, and has directly worked with 2 million children. The National Literacy Trust is based in Vauxhall in the London Borough of Lambeth.



Our Stories: Whitby, Scarborough, Filey

Supported by the North Yorkshire Coast Opportunity Area, 'Our Stories' brings together local partners to champion literacy. An area-wide campaign inspires parents to share stories with their children every day, and community Literacy Champions promote the importance of reading, writing and talking.



The International Police Association

The International Police Association, Stan's owner, is a social, cultural and friendship organisation for members of the police service worldwide, whether serving or retired. It was founded in 1950 by a British Police Sergeant; Arthur Troop. The organisation now has over 400,000 members in 65 countries over 5 continents making it the largest police organisation in the world.

The 'IPA' as it is usually known, seeks to create links and encourage co-operation between individual police officers around the world. It also seeks to promote international concord and is an NGO in Consultative (Special) Status with the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations; is in Consultative Status with the Council of Europe, the Organisation of American States and UNESCO and is an International NGO maintaining operational relations within EUROPOL.

Seminars on police related themes, organised in close cooperation with the international and national bodies of IPA, take place throughout the world and in particular at the IPA's own conference centre - IBZ Schloss Gimborn in Germany.

In the United Kingdom there are 11 Regions and 53 Branches. 'Stan' belongs to 3 Region which covers the North of England. The idea of using 'Stan' to help story writing is in support of the ideals of international co-operation and friendship that lie at the heart of the organisation.



‘Stan’s Story’

‘On June 1st 1966, the British police introduced ‘Unit Beat Policing’, a style of mobile community policing common today but very new in the 1960s. Many of the police forces chose the Morris Minor as their ‘Unit Beat’ police car whilst others chose the BMC Mini or Vauxhall Viva.

Because of the two-colour appearance the cars quickly became known as ‘Panda Cars’ named after the black and white colour pattern of the Chinese Panda bear.

The Morris Minor, designed at Cowley in Oxford by a team led by Sir Alec Issigonis, famous for his ‘Mini’, was chosen because it was cheap to buy and maintain and was surprisingly robust. It was first introduced in 1948 and continued in production until 1970 by which time over 1.6 million vehicles had been produced.

The police-liveried Morris Minors were usually two-door ‘1098 cc’ saloons and they became a familiar sight across Britain, some seeing service well into the mid-1970s.

In the original police Morris Minors, the interiors were usually black and of standard design, the only concession to policing needs being a zipped roof lining which was fitted to give access to the wiring for the roof mounted illuminated police sign where these were used.

Many of the police forces adopted a colour scheme where the front half of the roof was also painted white and some forces added a

police sign to the front radiator. Some forces also added blue lights to the roof but the vehicle was intended for community policing use, not for response to emergency calls. Car radios were not originally fitted due to their bulk, the officers relying on the newly introduced 'Pye' Personal Radios.

'Stan' started life in 1968 as a privately-owned vehicle until it was purchased by No. 3 Region of the International Police Association in 2012 for use in charitable activities. It is now leased by them to Bryn Stowe Publications of Cloughton to deliver charitable literacy interventions with the National Literacy Trust. Stan celebrated his 50th birthday in 2018.



The Stories

Day Rider

by Jack Chandler, aged

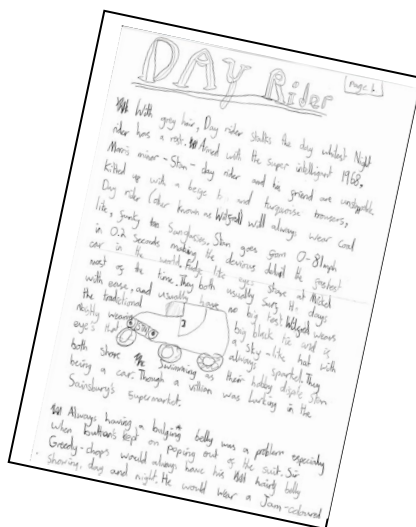
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With grey hair, Day Rider stalks the day whilst Night Rider has a rest. Armed with the super-intelligent 1968, Morris Minor, 'Stan', Day Rider and his friend are un-stoppable.

Kitted up with beige top and turquoise trousers, Day Rider (otherwise known as 'Wilfred') will always wear cool like, funky sunglasses. Stan goes from 0 - 81 mph in 0.2 seconds making the devious devil the fastest car in the world. Fudge-like eyes star at Michael most of the time. They both usually surf the days with ease and usually have no big test.

Wilfred wears the traditional big black tie and is mostly wearing a sky-like hat with eyes that always sparkled. They both share the swimming as their hobby despite Stan being a car. A villain though was lurking in the Sainsbury's supermarket.

Always having a bulging belly was a problem, especially when buttons kept on popping out of the suit. Sir Greedy-Chops would always have his hairy belly showing, day and



night. He would wear a jam coloured waist jacket and some chocolate trousers. He would sometimes mistake his hair as chocolate fingers and would lose hair every day. Living in the world-famous supermarket meant that he would have the luxury of food. Fat food. Flying food. Food food. Given a piece of food, he would gobble down anything in two seconds flat. Whatever type he would chew it down his oesophagus. Being greedy meant something...

As the alarm rang, Wilfred leapt into action. Pulling on his 'Sizzily Suit' he thought what the crime was. As he leapt into the clever car, he picked up the newspaper:

Crazy Cakes Gone!



The Suspect

Last night cakes vanished from the UK. It is thought that Sir Greedy Chops stole them though Sir Greedy is not found. Crumbs led the way to the warehouse.

After seeing the newspaper, Wilfred asked Stan to drive to the place which held the clue. Seconds later, Stan pulled up onto the kerb to reveal Wilfred, the 'Day Rider'. "Night Rider is idiotic 'cause it was on *his* shift" was muttered underneath Day Rider's breath. Stan followed closely and was thinking what his brother was doing. After a few minutes the pair eventually found the clue. Stan mouthed the words "Follow the crumbs!" And Day Rider knew what his friend was saying.

Moments later, the duo found the abandoned warehouse. Metal bars and roof tiles were propped up against the wall. Copies of thrown-away books - 'Mog Tales' - were piled up in a heap. Stan smashed the metal doors to reveal a hungry Sir Greedy-Chops...

Armed with a fat belly and a cake slobbered around the edges of his mouth, Sir Greedy Chops waited for Day Rider. The two of them, Wilfred and Sir Greedy-Chops, stared at each other without noticing the polite police. Luckily for Day Rider Stan had called the police and had led them to the suspect. Seconds later, Greedy-Chops was behind bars.

For Day Rider and Stan, the day was just like any other...

Stan says;

"I loved the idea of going from 0 to 81 miles per hour in 0.2 seconds. That would be so exciting. Sadly, at the moment I can only go from 0 to 50 miles per hour in about 30 seconds! But this is a great story with super pictures to illustrate it. Well done Jack."

The Bat Who Was Afraid of the Dark

by Leia Wells and Elissa McMann aged 8

There was a little bat called Belinda. Belinda lived in a big oak tree with her mum and dad. She was only 8 and was afraid of the dark. One night, Belinda's mum and dad went hunting and left her all by herself. An old woman was passing and Belinda wanted to know what was actually good about the dark.

Belinda flew down to the old lady and asked "Will you tell me about the dark?"

The old lady replied "Dark is amazing because you can watch fireworks, see the moon, see the stars, get to sleep, have midnight feasts, have pyjama parties and so many more amazing things! You should not be afraid of the dark...you're a night bird! Anyhow I need to go home now, bye."

Belinda replied in a nervous voice "Okay, see you later." Then; "Oh no! My parents are home!" Her mum looked really angry.

"Where have you been?" she said.

"I've been with the old lady!" shouted Belinda.

"What old lady?" replied mum. "Are you lying to me?"

“No, she left in a minute ago in her blue Police Morris Minor. She called it ‘Stan’. She was telling me about the dark,” Belinda replied.

“Anyway come and have your food then its off to bed; the sun will be coming up soon” mum said.

Belinda finished her worms and went off to bed, she fell asleep so quickly he didn’t even say a word.

That night Belinda had a dream of flying in the dark, she wished she could go soaring through the woods with the light of the moon behind her, the glistening light of the stars and the many colours of fireworks being set off by the people that lived near her. That’s when she realised she was no longer scared of the dark.

The old lady was right...it really is amazing!

Stan says;

“Lots of people are afraid of the dark and there is nothing wrong with that; it’s a human safety device to make us wary of hidden dangers. When I was a new police Panda car, I used to love being on night duty. Like it says in this lovely story; the dark nights are the greatest time of all to see wondrous things; shooting stars, barn owls hunting, badgers going home to their setts. And bats... of course!”

Rover and the Strange Plant



by Skye

Goldsmith-Thorpe aged 8

Rover was a funny and jolly lad who loved to look at nature and plants. One day Rover had to go to school. That means that on a Wednesday the class does planting. One minute in that lesson Rov planted a strange looking seed. But he didn't care what the seed looked like and planted it.

A few days after Rover planted the special bean something odd happened. The plant that grew had a yellow stem and a set of spikey blue leaves with a purple flower with black and white dots. Rov thought it was so very strange.

He told his teacher the plant is weird and almost poisoned him. The teacher said "It's a Lukatharma, the most dangerous

plant in the milky way galaxy, it has blood sucking ants all over it!"

After that chat the teacher got questionable about the plant and wondered how its seed got to Rover. The next day Luka started attacking people he didn't like for example, Bolly the Bully. The next day to try and fix Rover's plant issue, the caretaker (Mr White) used weed-killer to kill the plant, but that failed; the plant sprayed it back.

Oh, the school had a genius idea to call Stan the policeman to sort out the problem!



So, they called Stan and he and his police car told the whole school to evacuate and he pressed the fire alarm. Stan, Lukathama and Rover talked to each other in Luka language and they said "Why are you attacking?"

In Luka language that is the same as English. Then Stan let everyone back in

and said to them “Luka hates crowds and noise so around him don’t be loud or crowd around him, clear?” “Yes sir, Stan!” the class said quietly. Mr Stan the policeman left talking about the positives of a team.



Stan says;

‘ Bolly the Bully was well sorted this time wasn’t he? If you are being bullied or feel unsafe at any time for any reason because of someone else’s behaviour then please tell someone you trust; you will not be alone and there is lots of help available. Please don’t feel you have to bottle it all up inside you!’

The Epic Adventures of Teddy Wonderheart

by Erin Hirst

One day in High Mill a small curious puppy called Teddy Wonderheart was peacefully sleeping in his cosy little bed when some mysterious person came and left some scrummy waffles for his breakfast.

But one thing that Teddy didn't know was that the mysterious looking person was a dog catcher. Just then Teddy and the scary person went silent. TEDDY'S OWNERS WERE AWAKE!

The mysterious person used its magic to teleport to her lair. When Teddy saw these colourful colours, he decided to go and touch it. All of a sudden Teddy disappeared into millions of colours. When Teddy came out of the colours, he turned into a rainbow gummy bear dog. "Wow" said Teddy amazed.

Before Teddy could talk any more, he looked around cautiously and excitedly. He was just making sure there was no dog around the spooky room. First, he decided he would find a cosy place to sleep for the night since it was getting late. "Zzzzzzzzzzzzz" went Teddy soundly.

The next day Teddy decided to look around and explore the hidden wonders of this pretty but spooky place. Teddy saw jars of beautiful mythical powers and mythical creatures. He saw red hot dragon's breath, sparkling unicorn horns and finally a hybrid mix of a wolf's tail, a fox head and a horse body and legs. He didn't know if he should be scared or curious but before he could answer that question, he heard a person talking wickedly in another part of the room. When Teddy entered the mystery room he saw the evil mysterious person!

"I am going to go place all of you dumb dogs to different dimensions ha ha!"

And so she did. She got her magic wand and one by one she placed them into different dimensions but they would have to turn into something to match their surroundings. Teddy decided to use these powers from before to make the different portals. First, he made a Candyland portal to find the German Shepard. Then he would make a portal to the ancient jungle ruins to find the Pug.

Next he would make a portal to the underwater shipwreck to find the Poodle. Finally, he would make a portal to space to find the Chihuahua. Teddy decided how to make this quickly so the mystery person didn't know what happened. When he decided what to do, he put all the powers back. Then he saw the mystery person's wand and remembered what the wand

could do. Then with the wand he got all the powers and formed them all together into a galaxy portal.

Then Teddy jumped into the portal. First, he found the German Shepard, then the Pug, then the Poodle. Finally, he went and got the Chihuahua. When all the dogs were rescued, they all jumped into the beautiful portal happily. When they all got out of the portal they used the magic wand to separate all the powers into their rightful place.

Finally, they used the magic wand to teleport then all home. As for the evil dog catcher he got took away to prison by a very special police car called a Morris Minor known as “Special Stan”. ‘*Teddy Wonderheart*’ was one of his many adventures!

Stan says;

“I wish I had Teddy Wonderheart to help me when I am on patrol; he has such amazing powers! Dog snatchers are a big problem these days so please make sure your own dog is kept safe at all times; do not leave them alone in cars at any time if at all possible. Well done Erin for a fanatically imaginative story.”

Jailbreak Town

by Jasmine Staton-Hill aged 9

Once upon a time in 1964 there was a popular location called Jailbreak Town, so called because of the many breaks from jail. We start this story in the dark orange cells of the prison where Charlotte o' Donahew lies in her bed asleep thinking of a plan to escape the awful prison.

"Charlotte wake up!" shouted the voice of Officer Robert, one of the most dreadful officers in the whole prison.

"Okay sir" she said, trying to be nice as she walked up to the prison cafeteria. She looked hopefully out of the window. Just then she spotted a sewer vent.

"Okay, yard time" shouted Officer Robert. This was Charlotte's time to escape. She climbed down the slimy, gross pipes of the sewer, down and down. She felt she had been there for weeks and weeks; she finally slid open the sewer grate outside the prison and climbed into one of the undercover police cars.

"Yes, I have done it, I have finally escaped that dark prison."

A few days later Mrs Unicorn was walking around town in her beautiful dress and her tall high heels with her magnificent crown of jewels, rubies and emeralds and diamonds. Just as

she was crossing the street, she was knocked down by none other than Charlotte o' Donahew.

"What you got there, madam" she said very suspiciously.

"Oh nothing, just my crown and gems" Mrs Unicorn said, nicely brushing herself off from when she had been knocked over,

"Any chance I could have a look?" Charlotte said, peering into the bag very innocently.

"Yes, young dear" she said not knowing what was about to happen. It all happened so quickly, Charlotte grabbed the gems and said "Cya!" At that moment the bell rang at the prison and Officer Robert climbed into Stan, the police car, so called because his number plate says STN. Anyway, he jumped in and started driving, he knew who it was, he knew who had been missing from the station; CHARLOTTE O' DONAHEW.

When he got there, Charlotte was trying to shoot Mrs Unicorn and she was screaming.

"STOP RIGHT THERE, MISS O'DONAHEW" shouted Officer Robert as he pushed her up to the wall and arrested her. A week later Officer Robert was awarded officer of the year for noble work to the squad and in celebration they watched a programme which was 'Top Gear' and they had lots of food and drinks.

And as for Charlotte she will be locked up forever.

Stan says;

“What a rotter that Charlotte is but well done Officer Robert for catching her at her dastardly deeds. Maybe if she eventually sees how nasty her crimes are, she will change her ways and can then lead a decent life out of prison?”



The Terror T Rex

by Amelia Dolby aged 9

Chapter 1 – Camp

Pitter patter, pitta patter, that's the first thing I remember. All was quiet except for the pitta-pattering of the rain and the snoring of my friend.

The camp wasn't as pleasant as you might think, the tents were like rags and our beds were wet.

Finally, it was morning and the fire was lit.

But as we were eating our sloppy porridge the ground started to shake. Something was coming through the trees!

THUD THUD THUD!

Everyone soon realised what it was...the terror T-Rex.

I didn't do anything surprisingly, I just stared. Well, at least someone tried, it was Stanley. Stanley is really tall, has brown hair and glasses. He had freckles and always wore his special hoodie.

He always came armed with weapons. Like a two-barrelled gun or a sword. When he tried them, it was just like a tickle to the Terror T-Rex.

One day later.

We had to evacuate the camp. I was happy, but also sad.

Chapter 2 - The Take Over

Breaking news!

Something is eating all the sweet shops.

We have the answer.

The Terror T-Rex is back!

What shall we do? You tell us after these adverts.

My thoughts were interrupted by someone at the door.

“Hi Amelia, do you like my new car? I named it Stan!” He said with delight.

“Anyway, why are you here?” I said.

“Oh yeah, I’m here to discuss how we get rid of the Terror T-Rex” he said.

“Wait, why are you asking me?” I said with curiosity.

“Because I asked all the boys and girls and they said no, so I came and asked you!” he said.

“What will I get if I do?” I said.

“We’ll be millionaires!” Stanley shouted.

“Yes definitely” I replied.

Oh, by the way, my car is a police Morris Minor! A retired Morris Minor, it's very special" he shouted as he left.

Chapter 3 – Millionaire Minds

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

"What now" I said.

"Can I live with you?" Stanley said.

"Wait! What? I said.

"Well, the Terror T-Rex destroyed my house" he said sadly.

"Of course, come in" I said. "Don't worry, when we've got rid of the Terror T-Rex you Can get a mansion!"

"Ok let's get planning!" Stanley said. "So I will lure it out of the sweet shops and into a giant cage."

"And I will make sure the cage is secure so it can't break free" I said.

"Then we will put it in a rocket and send it to the moon!" we said together.

Chapter 4 – Moon Problems

Two days later.

"I hired a rocket!" I said.

“And I got the giant cage!” Stanley said.

“Ok let’s go!” I said.

But suddenly, BANG!

It was a horrible sight.

It was a...Vampire Zombie Hybrid. It was right in front of us!

There were only two options, we could either scream in terror or run.

We chose run. Well actually we chose both.

Four minutes later.

Luckily, it stopped chasing us.

How did it get here, what is it going to do on earth? All those questions were floating through my head at once.

“Great now we can’t be millionaires because either the Vampire Zombie Hybrid is going to destroy the rocket or the Terror T-Rex notices the Vampire Zombie Hybrid and they battle to the death!” I shouted in Stanley’s face.

“Don’t worry” said Stanley. “We will be fine.”

Two days later.

“Sorry but I take back those words” Stanley said as we drove in his car. “Haven’t you watched the news?”

“NO” I said.

“Good thing I recorded it then, watch this” he said.

Breaking News

Well actually it is breaking. Because there is a battle to the death. That’s right. It’s the Terror T-Rex versus the Vampire Zombie Hybrid. Where did they come from? How did they get here? Nobody knows.

“We need to help the Terror T-Rex” I said.

“But why? The Terror T-Rex is a terror to the earth not to mention the Vampire Zombie Hybrid” shouted Stanley.

“But if we help the terror T-Rex get rid of that monstrosity we can get rid of the Terror T-Rex after” I said.

“Ok” said Stanley.

BANG!

“AAARRRRGGGGHHH” we screamed together.

We were whacked out of Stanley’s car, AKA ‘Stan’. The Terror T-Rex’s tail had hit us.” Don’t worry, I can talk to T-Rexs” said Stanley.

“You can?” I said in disbelief.

“Watch” he said.

This is how I heard Stanley.

“Grr suss grrrrs hsss grs”

But apparently, he said we have come to help you to defeat this monster.

And ...it worked.

Luckily, we had weapons. They were garlic, a pocket full of sunlight, a two- barrelled gun and a sword.

“The Terror T-Rex can have the gun and sword” I said.

“You have the light, I shall have the garlic, let’s go” said Stanley.

I aimed the pocket of sunlight at his head, and Stanley put the garlic on his nose, as the Terror T-Rex was waving the sword and shooting the gun.

But after five minutes of kicking and shooting, the Vampire Zombie Hybrid was getting smaller. And smaaaaaaaalllll until it was as small as an ant.

Chapter 5 – Best Friends

“Let’s send him off to space with the Terror T-Rex” I said.

“No!” said Stanley.

“Why?” I said.

“Because as we were fighting, we were bonding” he shouted.

“But don’t you remember we were going to be millionaires” I said.

“Well if it means sending him to the moon, then no, I’m against it” he said.

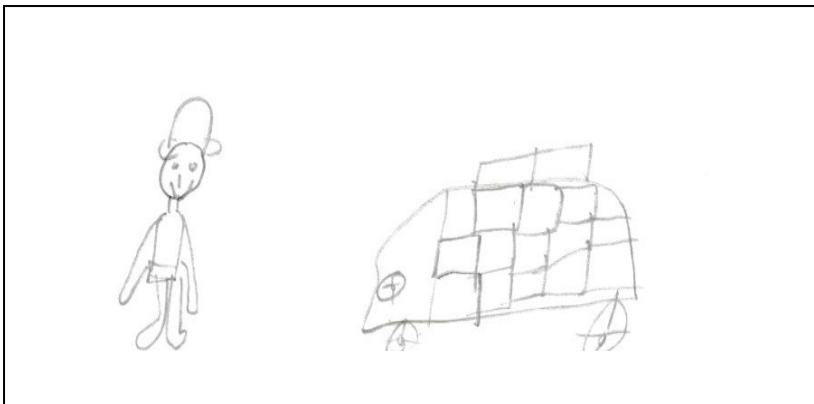
“Oh fine, but we are still getting rid of the Vampire Zombie Hybrid” I said.

“Ok, let’s put him in. 3, 2, 1, blast off” shouted Stanley.

“Bye Vampire Zombie Hybrid” I shouted with triumph.

Well that was the most adventurous week of my life. I hope I can do something like that again soon.

Stan says; “Rather you than me then Amelia! This was a cleverly put together story and a huge well done for thinking up the complex story: sometimes we find two evils like this and it is very hard to choose between them isn’t it?”



Police Car Morris Minor

by Jacob Mallinson aged 9

One day at the police station, Officer Peter was getting ready for a hard day's work. Drrrrrrring. "Peter, we need you at South Street right now." Peter jumped into the police car, a Morris Minor called Stan, and set off.

Soon he was there. "Where were you?" shouted Lyn, his boss. "Criminals have broken into the bank."

"I'll deal with them," said Peter, running into the bank.

BANG! Peter leapt over the counter as criminals shot at him. He pulled out his gun and fired back. BOOM! BOOM! BANG! The criminals dropped their guns and held their hands up.

“Take them to the station’ said Lyn.

At the police station they interrogated the criminals. One said, “Tomorrow, the rest of the gang were going to go to the jewellery shop and take all the jewels.

“Wait,” said Peter. “There’s more of you?”

BANG! “Help!” shouted a police officer. Someone had fired a rocket at the police station. She was covered head to toe in rubble.

“Get the squad together!” ordered Lyn. “And be quick about it.”

The other members of the criminal gang kicked down the doors. BANG! BANG! BANG! They opened fire on the police officers, who ducked behind cover. Lyn was grabbed by a criminal and pushed into a car. The car drove off in a plume of tyre smoke.

“We need to save Lyn”, Peter yelled jumping into Stan.

Very quickly, Peter caught up to the criminals. He rammed them in the back, sending their car skidding off the road. The crooks jumped out and were about to flee, but Peter leapt from the still moving Morris Minor and landed on top of them. In one smooth motion, he took out his handcuffs and hooked the criminals around a tree.

“You saved me,” Lyn cried out, giving him a big hug.” It was nothing,” Peter blushed.

Stan says

"I'm really glad this is only a story! The poor officers in the police station; and what would I look like after I'd rammed another car off the road? I think I wouldn't like this too much but it's certainly a great action-packed story Jacob. Gripping stuff!"



Stan at Scalby Fair 2019. 'Who's your new friend?'

The Burglar

by Katy Hart aged 10

Summer, sunshine, heat, birds and the smell of grass - that is what usually wakes me up during a holiday and Rooster. I forgot about this new addition to all the morning noises. From 4 o'clock in the morning Rooster starts his wake-up calls. It was very annoying at the beginning.



I am living in a small town not far away from the town centre. Through my window I can see well-groomed gardens with a lot of flowers. Some of the neighbours' cats wandering around looking for a nice spot to sleep. It is a peaceful area; not much excitement around.

That all changed on one Sunday morning and It was a very funny indeed but let's start from the beginning.

I woke up to my two cats who demanded food. Both of them scratching and meowing under my door. Since my cats realised

I am the person who is giving them food in the morning they wake me up every day.

My two cats are so different from each other. They are both 'rescue' and we do not know how old they are. One is brown and skinny with long fur. She is very sophisticated. She likes to sleep upstairs and does not like to go outside very much. She is very much like the 'Aristocats' and she thinks of herself very highly. Second cat is the complete opposite. She is white with shorter fur, fat and very simple in her behaviour with no sophistication whatsoever. She likes to spend all her days in the garden.

I fed my cats and went with a cup of tea to the garden. I took a book and I thought I would read for a bit. I was reading and drinking my tea. I heard a car approaching. I looked up and could not believe my eyes. It was an old Morris Minor painted blue and white. I saw that kind of car only once in my life before. Inside was a gentleman dressed in blue top and white linen trousers. He looked around 50 with his grey hair and gentle smile. He left the car and opened the gate to my neighbour's garden. I could hear my neighbour Suzy offering a coffee and asked the gentleman to sit at the garden table. I did

not want to eavesdrop but the conversation was very intriguing.

Suzy asked this man to help her resolve a mystery. She found his advert in the local newspaper. As I understood he was a detective who specialises in strange small crimes and mystery issues. My neighbour had a problem and she could not understand what was happening.

“Every Sunday around 5 pm I am cooking my dinner,” she said. “I like chicken drumsticks with some potato and salad. I put all food on the plate and I leave it on the table to cool down a little. I go upstairs to make my bed ready and by the time I am back my meal is just right. Well the last couple of weeks I come back downstairs and my chicken is gone. First, I thought I am going crazy and imagining things but some of my chicken is gone. I am living all by myself and I do not understand... I hope you can help me.”

That was the moment I decided to help. It was all too exciting to let go. I apologised and offered my help as well. The gentleman and my neighbour looked at me and after a minute of consideration they invited me into the garden.

“This is Stan and this is Katy.” Suzy introduced us.

“Hi, how are you? Do you think we can find out what is going on?” Stan asked.

“Of course. I have an idea.” I answered with a very high voice.

We decided to hide on the garden garage roof. Stan took his camera with us to have proof just in case. Suzy was instructed to do everything as she usually does.

We stayed on the roof being very quiet, just looking around and waiting. It was quiet and nothing was going on. I started thinking that it is a joke and those two want to play a prank on me... I was going to say something when Stan pointed to my garden. I still cannot believe in what I saw.

I saw some shadow slowly and very carefully moving towards my neighbour's garden door. It stopped and after a few steps looked around and gently went through an old pet door inside Suzy's house. I could not work out what that was. That thing was covered by bushes and flowers and I could not see very clearly from the top of the roof. I went down to have a better view. Just in time.

A few seconds later I saw a fat furry shape running away from the house. That was... my cat and in her snout was a

chicken drumstick. She ran behind some bushes and that was all. Me and Stan looked at each other and started laughing.

“My chicken is gone again.” We heard Suzy scream. We went down and showed her the camera. She looked at our recording and started laughing as well. I was a little bit nervous and did not know what to do. My cat was a thief.

Suzy and Stan told me not to worry. My mum bought two boxes of chicken drumsticks and big box of chocolates to say sorry. Stan helped to secure the door and we all went for a cup of tea and a nice cake. Now Suzy, Stan, Mum and me became friends and sometimes we meet for cake in Suzy’s garden. We watch our crime movie and laugh.

We also have a special guest.... a fatty cat. We always give her some chicken and she is very pleased. We tried to invite our brown cat as well and she gave us a look and slowly went inside the house...

Stan says;

“This is a great story Katy, a lot of fun and well told. If only all the crimes I have to attend had such a great ending! But sometimes tricky looking situations aren’t so tricky after all are they?”

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

by Elliott Watson aged 5

In the court room the defence and prosecution were muttering to one another. They were discussing how to get Goldilocks in or out of prison. The terrible crimes committed by Goldilocks were burglary and eating the bear's porridge.

The jury were stern and annoyed at the defence and prosecution. Then all of a sudden, the judge walks into the room looking stern and murderous. The judge bangs his hammer and shouts "ORDER! Silence in Court! Bring in the wicked!"

Goldilocks enters screaming and kicking while the police are struggling to keep hold of her. The judge says that Goldilocks will be sent to prison for 25 years. The jury agree with the judge and Goldilocks was sent to jail.

Stan says:

"Poor Goldilocks; she is having an awful time isn't she? Did you know the story of Goldilocks was first written by a writer called Robert Southey in 1837? She has had many adventures since then and this is another one! Keep telling your stories Elliott and it's important you had your family helping you with this; it is a really great thing to have lots of help with reading and writing."

Stan the Transformer

**by Mary Jane
Martin and Alys
Astbury both aged 9**



Stan is a police car who was good at his job but in his own way. This is how Stan became what he is today.

It was one cold winter's day when the snow was pristine. Everyone was snuggled in their beds even the police cars, apart from one who was named Stan. He was one of the best police cars in the world; that was until he got fired that day. Stan tried to tell them "Give me one last chance" but they didn't reply. So Stan thought "I can prove it to them that I can catch bad guys."

The next day Stan woke up with a startle. Someone was driving him. When he got out he drove on by himself to somewhere to hide. Then he slowly turned into a Giant Metal Man. Then he heard someone call out 'Help' and with a blink

of an eye he caught the bad guy and quickly took him to the police station and got his job back because not only did he catch a bad guy, he caught the one no-one could catch.

And that is how he became who he is today.

Stan says:

“This is another gripping story with all the right elements of a thrilling tale: a solid beginning, a descriptive middle and a great ending. The conflict is right there with its resolution and good triumphs over evil once again. Well done both of you! Great writing.”



Stan

*by Savannah
Foster aged 8*

Once there was a car who used to work as a police car and he is an old fashioned 1968 Morris Minor. His number plate is 'STN' so they called him Stan and he goes to emergencies every day.



Stan has got two seats in the front and about three in the back of the car. Then one day a car crashed at York so they set off. As they were driving to the crash the car caught on fire so they parked a good distance away from the car on fire.

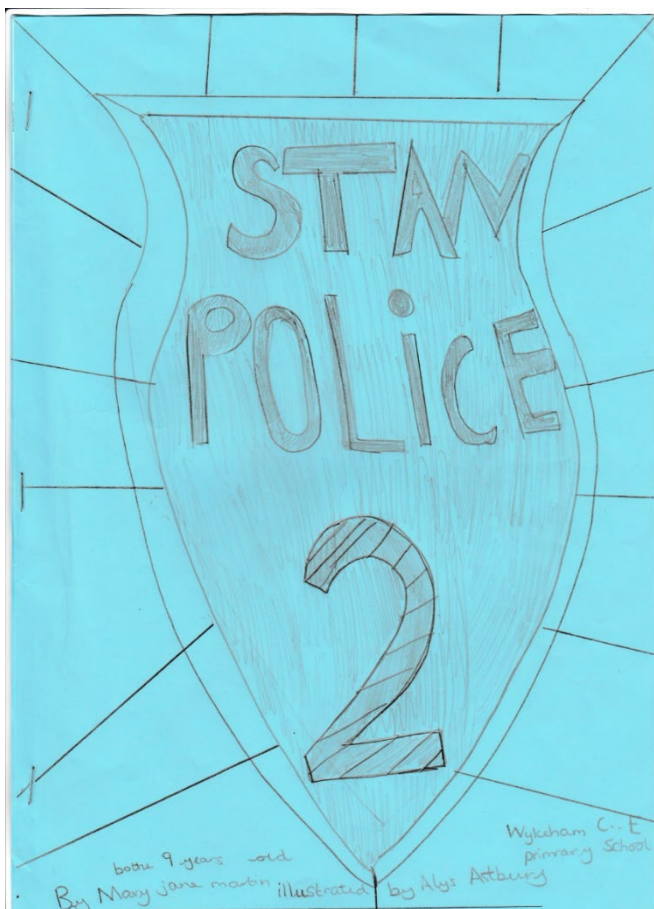
After they put the fire out the man and the woman were badly burnt so they got some plasters and bandages from Stan because they had run out of them in the ambulance.

Stan and the police man were happy that the man and woman were safe and it is all thanks to great Stan.

Stan says;

“Good for Stan! But I hope the ambulance crew can replace their plaster supply quickly; they might need them later. It is good job that police officers are all trained in First Aid but these days the ‘para-medics’ as they are called do a brilliant job and save many lives. Another imaginative story, Savannah and thank you for the cover!”





Stan Police 2

by Mary Jane Martin and Alys Astbury both aged 9

A long time ago there was a car called Stan. He loved to race around a little loveable village called Normton at the south side of Scarborough. One day he heard there was going to be

a new race and in it there was going to be the fastest car alive called Carnaldo.

Stan thought and thought “Should he enter?” Then something inside of him said “Do it. Do what makes you happy.” So Stan ripped the sign off the board and turned on his flashing light as he zoomed to the arena.

When he got there the gate was closed but he saw a police man who ran towards him and he said “Please help me, I need a ride.” So Stan said “Yes” and they drove off into the sunset.

Now everyone knows him as the racing police car.



Stan says: “I always wanted to be a fast racing car; now I can be!”

Stan the Police Car and Hero

by Miles Temple aged 8

Stan is a 1968 blue and white striped Morris Minor police car. The reason why Stan was called Stan was because his three first letters on his number plate were 'STN'. So they decided to call him Stan.

Even though Stan was small like other police cars he was still very, very fast. People think Stan was lucky because Stan was a small and thin car and what he also had was a very small and thin police man called Freddie Cramp who was the driver of Stan.

People say Freddie was also lucky because he's a small and skinny police man too and a small and skinny police car and man match. Freddie's boss called Michael Treder can take an engine apart and put it back together again. He sometimes trains on his police car. His police car was called Barry. Barry was also called that because of his number plate. His number plate was 'BARY' and that was why he was called Barry.

When Freddie and Michael were younger, Freddie was learning to drive and he was also learning to be a police man. It was very weird for Michael and Freddie as they both did the same stuff like Michael used to be Freddie's driving teacher and when they did sports Freddie was

Michael's football coach. But then one day suddenly they quit. And decided to be police men. If you decided to be a police man or woman one thing: it's an extremely hard job!

Michael and Freddie do everything together. When they used to go to work they parked next to each other. Stan was different to all cars. He was used only for really special things. Other police cars are used for normal emergencies and that's why Stan's a hero! And he became famous for all of it.

Stan says;

"This is a really funny story and I loved it Miles: most of the policemen and women who sit in my car are far too big for it because they have to carry so much equipment. Freddie Cramp is such a great character."

Stans' Cup of Char!

by Grace Patrick aged 10

Stan was a car
That loved a cup of char.
He made the perfect brew,
And boiled it through and through.
Still, he knew his famous brew
Would have to come from Yorkshire too.

So up to 'his mam's' in Scarborough he came,
It started to rain, (always the same).
His mam told him 'he was gonna rust',
So into the garage go he must;
He begged his mam for a tin of spam,
To go with his brew, at least it was something new to chew.

The whippet thought he had stolen his meat,
Which was always his very special treat.
The dog grew mad,
Which made Stan sad;
So he chewed his rubber
That made him blubber.

Stan asked for one last pot of spam,
From his mam, who replied:
'You greedy gobs!'
Now get you gone;
That drove him away
...'Till another day.

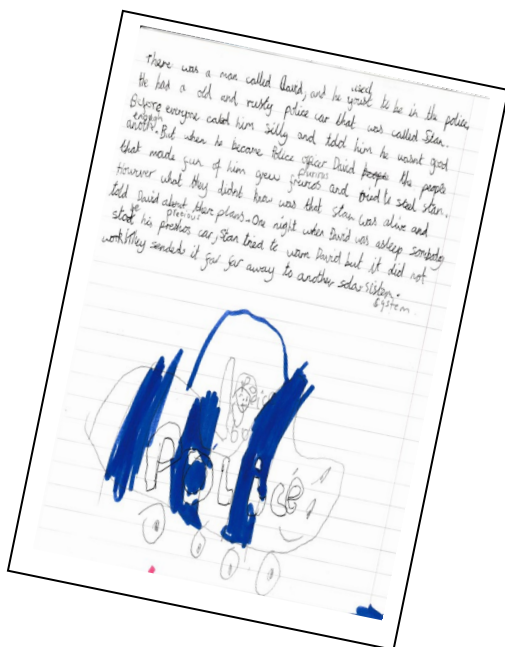
Stan says; “ I love poetry and it is great to see a poem in this collection of stories. You tell a really gripping story in poetic form Grace! Well done indeed.”

Stan Goes Solar!

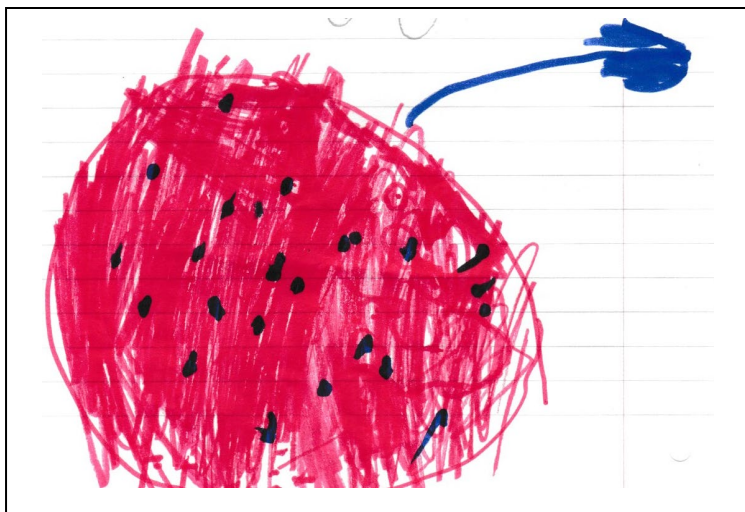
by Hope Patrick
aged 5

There was a man called David and he used to be in the police. He had a very old and rusty police car that was called Stan.

Before, everyone called him silly and told him he wasn't good enough. But when he became 'Police Officer David' the people that made fun of him grew furious and tried to steal Stan.



However, what they didn't know was that Stan was alive and he told David about their plans. One night when David was asleep somebody stole his precious car, Stan tried to warn David but it did not work. They sent it far away to another solar system!



Stan says;

"Poor Stan and poor David! Hopefully the story ended happily in the new solar system? You will have to write about this Hope! Thank you so much for this great little story and for the brilliant way you put it together: we have used this to illustrate story writing in the next part of the book."

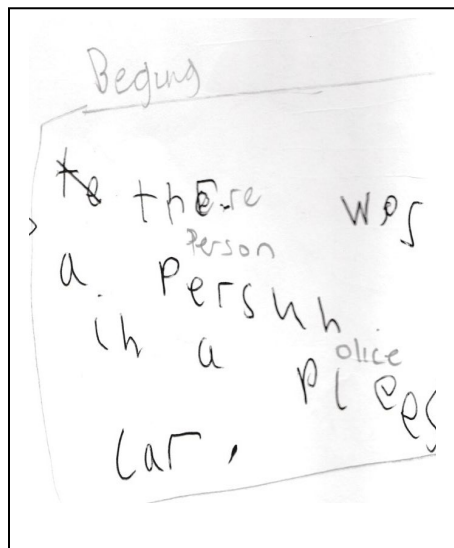
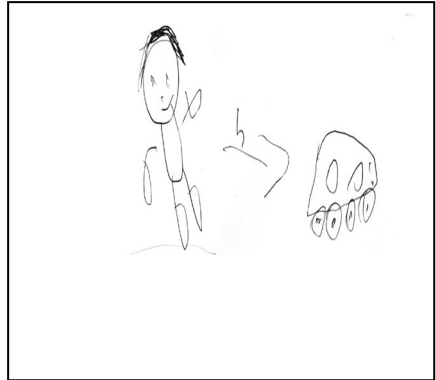
Planning Your Story

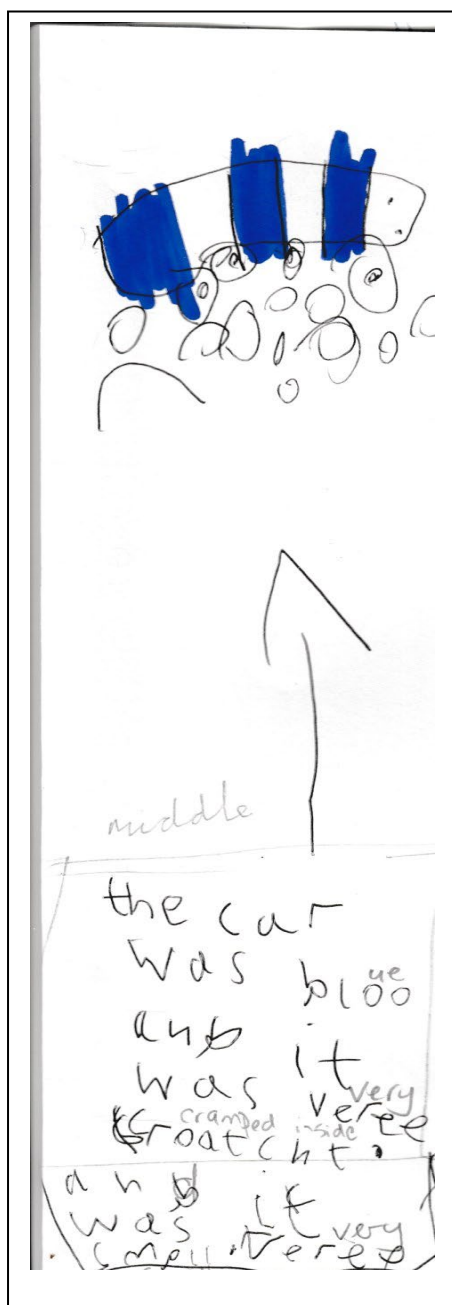
PLANNING YOUR STORY

We gave all the writers the idea that most stories have a beginning, a middle and an end. Hope, who is 5, used this idea and made herself three boxes into which she wrote the main points she wanted to write about.

In this way she tells us that 'in the beginning' there was a person in a police car.

What a great start Hope! Now we know exactly what the story is about. That is a fabulous opening line!





GREAT WRITING!

We love the way Hope has used drawings to help her.

Here she is seeking to tell the story that Stan the Police car is blue and is very cramped.

Her writing skill is fantastic and she has been helped with her spelling by her older sister and her parents.

Working together in a family to draw, read and write wonderful stories is a great way to enjoy literacy!

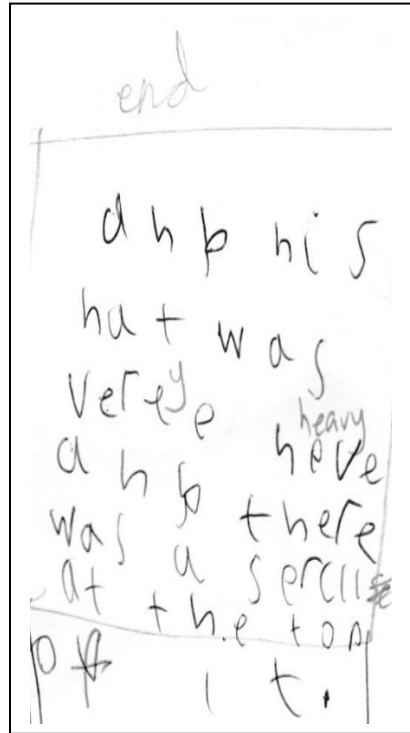
THE END

Writing from real life is another great way of putting detail into stories to help make them come alive.

Adding how someone felt and what they saw, heard, smelt, or tasted all help to tell the story in an exciting way.

Here, Hope remembers that she wore the police officer's hat and it felt very heavy on her head. She also remembered that the top of the hat was round and describes it in her own way.

Well done Hope, and well done everyone for using the tips and writing such brilliant stories!





A Big Thank You to all Our Supporters

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Watch out for Mog Tales 2!

Coming Soon!

