



This text is deliberately not presented as a story book. It is out hope that you will read this story to yourself, become familiar with the storyline and then tell it to children as a verbal story. If you like, use actions, props small world figures etc as well as Eden Bear to help you tell the story. Play around with it, make it your own, act it out with the children, get them to tell you, or to make up their own version. Have fun with it!



Why Eden Bear came to Morecambe Bay looking for stories ...

Once upon a time, Eden Bear was sitting on a bench when an old woman and an old man sat down beside them/her to eat their picnic. They were telling stories to each other about when they were children and lived by the sea in Morecambe Bay.

Eden Bear listened to the old woman and the old man. “Do you remember” said the old man, “that time when Clarence the Carthorse” got stuck in the house?”

‘Got stuck in the house?’ thought Eden Bear ‘Horses don’t go in houses! What a silly story ...’ but Eden Bear leaned in nearer so they could hear some more.

“Yes, I remember!” said the old woman, “what a day that was!”

She could see that Eden Bear was curious, so she started to explain ...

“Clarence was a cart horse – and he was the tallest, strongest, most handsome cart horse in the whole of Morecambe Bay.

He lived with a fishing family. The dad was called Albert, and the mum was called Flo, and their children were called Daisy and Alf and they all lived together in a little house (in Flookburgh) by the side of the bay.

Albert went out every tide to catch shrimps from the sea and Clarence went with him, pulling the heavy net through the channels to catch shrimps.

And every day, he would pull that heavy cart home again full of shrimps so that Albert and Flo and Daisy and Alf could boil them and peel them and then sell them for people to eat for their tea.

Clarence was so big and so strong he could pull that cart out of the deepest, stickiest, muddiest mud even when it was loaded heavy with shrimps.



Every day as Clarence pulled the cart, his beautiful coat got splashed and caked in the gritty, salty mud.

Now Clarence didn't mind the mud nor his heavy work, because every day as he clip-clopped towards home he would smell the bread and the cakes and pies that Flo was baking.

When they arrived home with the cart laden high, Albert would unhook the cart in the yard and Clarence would drink from a trough of water.

"Glug, glug" went Clarence as he took a long cool drink.

Every day, Flo would pat Clarence on his neck and tell him what a good horse he was and give him a nice big crust of bread as a reward for all his hard and heavy work.

Well, one day Albert's haul of shrimps was heavier than ever, and Clarence and the fisherman were delighted with their catch.

Clarence proudly pulled the loaded cart off the shore towards home.

When they got home, they unhooked the cart from Clarence but left his big heavy collar round his neck as they got busy with the shrimps.

Clarence was thirsty after all his hard work

He straight away went to the trough to glug down some water,
glug glug glug

and waited for his bread.

He waited and he waited and he waited some more.

He looked around ... and saw that he was all on his own in the yard.

He neighed ... and he whinnied ... and he snorted. And he waited a bit more ...

But Flo was nowhere to be seen.

After a while Clarence stretched his aching neck and saw that the back kitchen door was left open ...

He could smell the fresh baked bread in the kitchen.

He stepped forwards, his nose following the mouth-watering smell.

He nudged the door wide open with his muzzle.

And then ...

And then Clarence the great big colossal cart horse stepped into the house and down the steps into the narrow kitchen.

And then can you guess what happened?



His great colossal cart horse shoulders
And his big colossal cart horse collar
Were much too wide for the narrow kitchen and he got completely stuck!
He was wedged in tight!
But he could still smell the bread, so he wriggled and stretched his neck and wriggled and stretched his neck some more until ... Success!
He snaffled the bread right off the table and ate it all in one great big colossal cart horse gulp!

Then Clarence heard Flo behind him,
“Clarence”, she shouted, “whatever are you doing?”
But he couldn’t turn round to see her and say thank you for the bread.
And he couldn’t go backwards because the steps were in the way!
The one thing clever Clarence couldn’t do was go backwards up steps!
Poor Clarence panicked and neighed and whinnied and snorted and tried to free himself.
But he couldn’t. HE WAS STUCK FAST!

He couldn’t go forwards and he couldn’t go backwards.
Clarence the great big colossal carthorse was stuck in the kitchen!

Flo called Albert, Albert called Daisy, Daisy called Alf and together they all pulled Clarence but he didn’t move.
Daisy climbed through the kitchen window and pushed Clarence from the front,
Whilst the rest of the family pulled from behind ... but still they couldn’t move him!
Alf called the neighbours to come and help.
The neighbours called their neighbours to come and help.
The ice cream lady and the fish and chip shop man came to help ...
And they all pulled and they all pushed and they all pulled and Daisy and Alf laughed and laughed
And Albert and Flo laughed and laughed ... and the neighbours laughed and laughed
And the ice cream lady and the chip shop man laughed and laughed until all their bellies ached from laughing.
Finally, just as the sun was setting over Morecambe Bay,
Clarence was finally freed from the kitchen and led out of the house and back to his stable.

The family looked at the kitchen all splashed and caked in mud.
There were holes gouged in the wall from where Clarence had kicked his great colossal carthorse hooves and scratches where his great big colossal carthorse collar had scraped along the wall.
They fetched brushes and water and began to scrub everything clean. They worked late into the night before finally heading to bed where each one of them snored loudly until the morning.”

The old man and the old woman laughed and laughed as they remembered seeing Clarence stuck in the hallway and everyone coming to help.
“That really was a day to remember, wasn’t it!” said Daisy, the old woman, as she turned to Alf, the old man and nudged him, pointing to Eden Bear who was listening with his mouth wide open.
“Did you like the story of Clarence the Carthorse who got stuck in the kitchen then, Eden Bear?”

“Oh yes” said Eden Bear with a big grin, “Well” said Daisy, “Morecambe Bay is full of wonderful stories. That one happened to us a long time ago when we were little children.”

“I want to hear more stories about Morecambe Bay” said Eden Bear.

“Well,” said Alf “Why don’t you go and ask the people who live around Morecambe Bay. They will have lots and lots more stories for you, especially the children. Off you go and find stories.”

“OK” said Eden Bear “that’s exactly what I’ll do” ...

And with a cheery wave and big thank you, Eden Bear set off to find more stories.

(AND THAT’S WHY HE’S HERE TODAY TO SEE US!)

Written by Anne O’Connor



TURN OVER THE PAGE FOR AN EXTRA ENDING ABOUT HOW SHRIMPS ARE FISHED ON THE MORECAMBE SIDE OF THE BAY

So, Eden Bear came all the way to Morecambe Bay and headed first for the seaside at Morecambe.

Well ... after all that travelling, Eden Bear was feeling very hungry and thought “I know – I’ll go and get some tasty shrimps!”

So Eden Bear pooped into the shrimp shop and explained to the Shrimp Seller they had come to Morecambe looking for stories.

“Oh, I’ll tell you a story” said the shrimp seller ... “I’ll tell you about when I was a boy.”

The shrimp seller began to tell his story about when he was a boy, and his family went out every tide on their big boat to catch shrimps.



“You went out in a boat?” said Eden Bear, thinking of the story Daisy and Alf had told him. “I thought you collected them in a cart with a horse or a tractor?”

“Oh no” said the shrimp seller, “There were lots of boats our fishing for shrimps when I were a lad. We were a fishing family, and we caught shrimp every day from our boat.

Then when the boat was full of shrimps, we’d heat up some seawater in a big boiler, to boil them before we’d bring them back to the shore. And we had an old cart horse too, to pull the cart full of shrimps back.”

‘Just like Clarence’ thought Eden Bear.

“Our horse was called Monty” said the shrimp seller and he listened as Eden Bear told him all about the story of Clarence getting stuck in the kitchen.

“That’s a great story” said the shrimp seller as he laughed and laughed “have you got anymore?”

“That’s why I’m here” said Eden Bear “I’m off to find out lots more stories from the children who live here.”

“Well take some of my lovely shrimps with you, I caught them this morning” said the shrimp seller “they are the best!”

“Yummy! Thank you” said Eden Bear and they got on the bus and came here to (nursery/school/childminder/setting name) to see us!

Morecambe oral stories archive <http://www.recordingmorecambebay.org.uk>

To try local shrimp, you can buy from
The Shrimp Shop, LA4 5PZ
Edmondsons Fresh Fish, LA3 1QE
Furness Fish, Flookburgh, LA11 7LS

