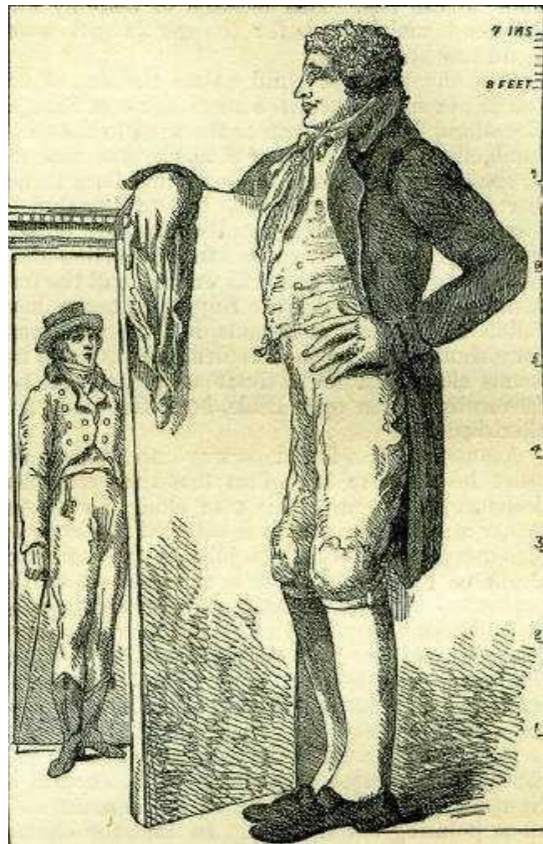


Fairytales of Stokes Croft

Written and illustrated by Year 6,
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The Irish Giant by Khalid

Once upon a time there lived a giant. He was brought to Bristol from Ireland. The Irish giant was as tall as a tree but there was one thing. He was lonely. His name was Patrick. Patrick was the seventh tallest man in the whole world.

It all started at St James Fair. People were afraid of him. He was there on a magnificent day. It was on a daily basis. He went there with kindness but they called him names.

He goes to Jamaica Street, which was loaded with shops. He often came back with barely anything. When he tried to help people they would scramble away. Every time Patrick sighed.

He met a boy, his name was Zac. They became friends. At least he had one friend. He was the kindest person that you could ever meet. Every time Zac would try and help Patrick to get more friends. So Zac came up with a plan to make new friends. And the plan worked .

They lived happily ever after or did they?



Tom the Giant by Ased

Once upon a time there was a man called Tom. People did not like him because they thought he was a vicious man. He was the seventh tallest men in the world.

He had originally come from Ireland. He loved it there. He was accompanied by his brother. He got shipped from Ireland to Bristol.

One day the giant dropped and gasped for air. He was not able to cope with all the photographs being taken all around him. Ten men had to carry him to the hospital. People felt sorry for him.

The next day he went to St. James Fair. The people did not know he had an illness because he had stress from the people calling him names like lanky.

He went on the ferris wheel. Suddenly it broke down. Three people were still on the ride. He got one and then two of the people off the ride. Tom said, "I CAN GET YOU. Hold on." He reached up and just managed to catch hold of the boy. All the people liked him.

He went to his brother for the last days before he want to hospital to get a check-up for his illness. The doctor said, "Your illness has all gone."

The Irish Giant by Theo

Once there lived a giant. He was not one of those mean and cruel giants that usually haunts the common fairy tale. He was in fact a kind giant, a polite giant, he was an Irish giant.

Patrick awoke; a large crowd had gathered outside his cage. They were pointing and making remarks offensive to Patrick the giant. *Creak...*a small hatch was opened at the bottom right of his cage, a man in a pin stripe suit and a top hat ; his master. He pushed a rusty metal plate of beans though the hatch. "Eat up," he said grimly. Then he closed the hatch and walked casually into a large house behind the commotion. "Oh my godfather" a small woman shouted, "he's enormous" she continued. "And..."the crowd split and a man in middle class clothing came forward.



"You're slightly smaller than the rest of us and I'm slightly richer but you don't put me in a cage. " There was a guilty silence. "Do you!!!" .And at that he took a saw out of his waist coat and began to cut though the rusty bars that encaged Patrick .

Finally the man had made hole big enough for a giant of Patrick's size to squeeze through and so he did. They walked off through and out of the village to a small hut.

The man who had saved Patrick was reluctant to reveal his name because if someone was to capture the giant and question him it would be better if he didn't know his saviour's name so Patrick had to make do. He slept in a small bed, his legs and arms stuck out the sides and the blanket only covered his stomach. It was paradise compared to his cage.

He was woken the very next day by the man. "Ok Patrick, now I've thought long and hard and I think I've found the perfect job for you; changing gas lamps" And to this day you can still find a tall man happily changing gas lamps.

The Mermaid's Escape by Annabel

Far, far away, further than your dreams can take you there lived a mermaid; her hair was as red as roaring fire, her eyes were as green as the leaves on the oak tree. Her name was Crystal.

She lived with her mother by the rocks and she spent most of her time collecting pebbles and shells to make necklaces. The next day they were swimming along the cliffs when they saw a rowing boat heading their way! They swung a small net over the young mermaid and hauled the girl overboard and swung a hood over her head.

A few hours later the young mermaid could see the sea again. "Hurray," she shouted with joy. But it wasn't, it was a cold, shallow, small and dirty swimming pool. There were rides everywhere, they were all so big and scary they looked like monsters! She was in a fair ground, her mother had told her scary stories about it. There used to be a few rides there but they were mostly all gone now. They dumped her into a horrible pool. She waited for three whole days. After three days were over, a tall blonde woman called Lily came to talk to the mermaid about why she was here and why Crystal was brought here.

After a while she began to get tired of the same dirty pool and that is what she missed most about the sea, nothing was the same, even if it was the same place it would always look different. Even if it was just a pebble or a clam that had moved.

She didn't like being looked at she just wanted to go home, "but I have to train you up to look beautiful and do amazing tricks". "But I don't want to do amazing tricks and I don't need to practice being beautiful because I already am, I just want to go home." "Alright meet me here tomorrow at 9 'o' clock sharp."

When it got to 9 "o" clock Lily came back to the pool with a cart that had a large bowl to lie her fish like feet in, the young mermaid waddled over to the cart like a penguin on dry ice. They drove up to the seaside; the young mermaid jumped for joy and fell in the water when the water splashed on her tail it looked like diamonds in the sea. But why was it so shallow? Then Lily realized that it wasn't the sea, it was an outdoor swimming pool. They didn't have enough time to get to the sea, it was miles away. "Can we go tomorrow?" said the mermaid. "Sorry no, I have to teach a baby dolphin how to swim". "That's okay, we will go the day after." So they met up at the same time and Lily had a map so they knew where to go. When they got to the beach the mermaid jumped into the sea and they lived happily ever after.



The Captured Mermaid by Ben

Once upon a time there was a beautiful mermaid named Arabella. She loved frolicking in the sea with her mum Eliza. She was also fascinated about all the different kind of shells there were; she knew all the names of the different shells, but one day she found a strange shell with a lump spiralling round an egg shaped shell, with lines shooting up it, and with a dead worm stuck to a hook on the bottom, floating in mid-air. *What a strange shell* thought Arabella. She reached for the shell but soon after she grabbed it, it shot up.

Then she noticed the hull of a boat; when she raced to the top of it, the boat was all white with stairs and a big room with windows but what really caught her eye was a man with no tail but substituted by legs. Just then the man let out a bellow of victory. "Look what I caught." The man called out to two burly men who pulled out two knives and advanced on her. "Wait!" the man yelled. "We can sell her. Get her into a tank!" The man ordered. The two other men gripped her arms and hauled her to a tank filled with water. "Please no!" cried Arabella. Then they placed a lid over the top of the tank. "Let me out!" But the sailors couldn't hear her through the glass. Then they left her in the tank to cry.

Five minutes later an albatross landed on the rim of the boat and a sailor saw it and ran to the captain (sailors believe it to be bad luck if an albatross lands on your boat being the bird able to fly much longer than any other bird). Just then the boat swerved and the lid slid open a bit but not enough for the mermaid to slip through. Then she had an idea.

"Oh mister bird please slide open my lid so I may escape." begged Arabella.

"I would but I am so tired." whined the albatross. "But mermaid shells have healing powers. I will give you one so you can release me."

"Hmmm." thought the albatross. "I will if you give me three so I may continue my travels."

"I will I will." So Arabella peeled off three of her scales and gave them to the bird.

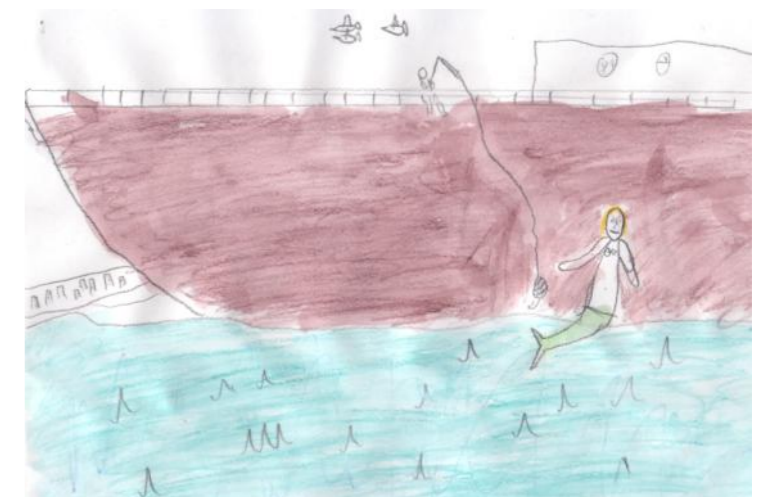
"Ahh that's much better." said the refreshed Albatross.

"Now please release me." said Arabella. So the albatross push the lid open, the mermaid climbed out and flopped off the edge to see her mother Eliza waiting for her in the sea. "Thank you mister bird." called Arabella

"You're welcome." replied the albatross now flying landwards. "Oh I'm so glad you're home." wept Eliza. "What was it like up there?"

"It was horrible they left me in a tank and they were going to sell me." complained Arabella. "But then such a nice bird came along and saved me." Her mother, heavily weeping now said "I'm just glad you're back." and gave her a giant hug.

And they lived happily ever after.



The Irish Giant by Drew, Elyas and Courteney

Once upon a time there lived a giant. His man was Tim. On March the 22nd every year he visited St James Fair. One year he visited the fair and it was a beautiful sunny day. It was the busiest time of the year. Tim's main reason for going was to make friends. When he arrived at the fair he saw many parents and children. He was desperate to make friends because he felt so lonely. He thought he was not making friends because he was ginormous and very chubby!

The truth was that people did not want to play with him because they thought he might trip and fall on them, even, kill them!

The problem was the more angry the giant got the taller and fatter he became. This made him cry and cry and the tears were so big they started to flood the whole village.

At first the people were very angry and formed an angry mob. They brought weapons and fire and demanded he left the village. The giant began to cry. He didn't realise the villagers were there. He was talking to himself... "I just want friends" he was saying over and over and the people heard him. They were devastated to hear his sad cry.

The people shouted up to him, "We will be your friend." He dried his tears and started to feel so happy that he started to become smaller and smaller. So the giant wasn't a giant any more and he lived happily ever after.



The Irish Giant and the Little Mermaid by Elliot

Once upon a time there lived a lonely giant; his name was Patrick O Brien. Every year he went to St James' Fair but everyone laughed at him because of his height.

One day when Patrick was walking home through a dark and gloomy alley, a man asked him very kindly if he wanted a job. Patrick thought long and hard, finally he said, "Yes please." The job was a street lamp lighter, it was very good because he did not need a ladder as he was so tall he could reach the street lamps. Even though he was very happy with his new job, every time someone walked past him they said stuff like, 'you smell' because he only had one pair of clothes and they took ages to wash, because they were so big.

The fair came again but this time there was a mermaid, she was very beautiful she had long dark black hair and she also had a sparkling tail that looked as if it was made of sparkling red rubies.

One year later Patrick came to the fair, the mermaid was there just as he suspected. That night Patrick ran to the tank, picked it up and struggled to take it home.

When he got home he put the mermaid's tank carefully down in the kitchen.

The next day Patrick went to the river with the tank, it took him two hours to get there because it was a very heavy tank and it was a very long way to go. Just as he got to the river the mermaid woke up and started to wriggle, she wriggled so much that Patrick dropped the tank which made it smash because it was made out of fragile glass, and the beautiful mermaid fell to the ground completely. So Patrick had to catch her, which was very hard because she was very slimy so every time he held her tail it just slipped out of his hand. Finally he managed to catch her and gently put her in the river.

They all lived happily ever after and for Patrick, well the tale says he got a lot more friends.



Mermaid by Isaac

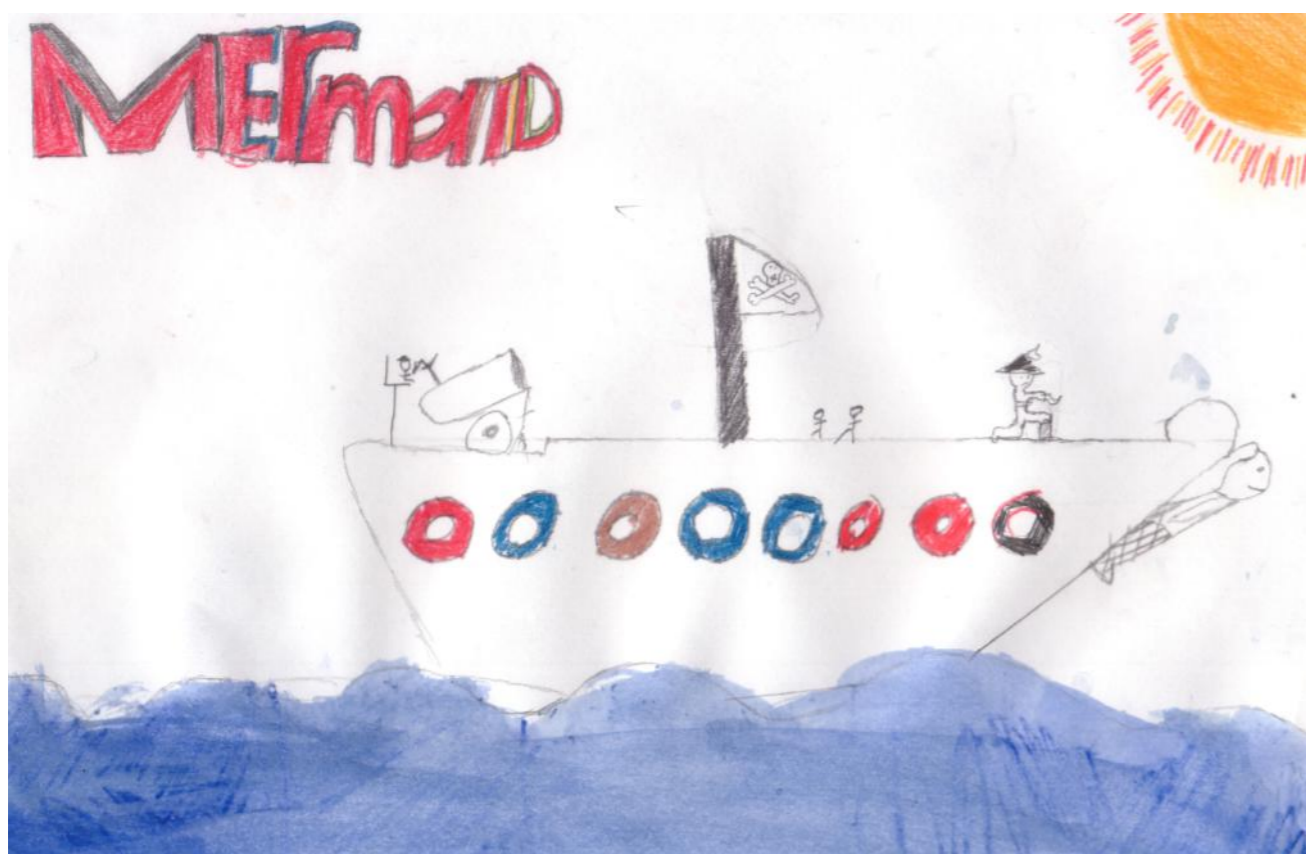
Once upon a time there was a young mermaid called Eden. She was often seen playing with her mother in the sea.

One day when she was swimming a bunch of old, one eyed pirates came. The pirates surrounded the mermaid and threw a net on her and took her on board. They travelled though night and day to a far, far place.

The mean pirates sold her to a man at the fair that then put her on display. He put her in a small fish tank, no larger than a bath and she could no longer swim and play. She could barely turn around or flip her tail. People came to the fair to look at the lonely mermaid. She was very unhappy. Sometimes she wished that she was still swimming with her mother in the sea.

She got annoyed and smashed the tank. Glass was flying everywhere. A load of water came gushing out and flooded the room. Under the shelf was a long, thick rope. She reached for the rope and grabbed it. She was just about to leave when she noticed all the worried people. She was confused because her gut was telling her to stay but her mind was telling her to go. The young mermaid let out a high pitch cry too high for human ears. Suddenly everyone started hearing a suturing noise. The door opened. A load of crabs came in though the door and carried the young mermaid back to the sea.

When she got home the young mermaid and her mum splashed around in the sea and everything went back to normal and they all lived happy ever after.



The Giant and the Mermaid by Jago and Lucas

Once upon a time in Stokes Croft there was a very tall man, named Patrick. He was known as the Irish Giant, but he was poor and lived on the streets. He was so tall that kids ran away from him, so they didn't get squished all over the floor and that made him very upset! He often went to Jamaica Street to scavenge for leftovers, but barely ever found anything; he searched in bins, under bags of rubbish even *in* the bags of rubbish sometimes, but even with all this effort, he often found nothing. He managed to stay alive by begging on the streets, but he could only ever afford a little bit of food. He got a drink from the pub, whose owner was kind enough to give him some rum every day. There were some people kind enough to spare a half crown or maybe a shilling but not many at all.

One day Patrick went to St James Fair to make friends but he was asked to be an act at the fair. He accepted the offer but when he was actually doing it, he didn't like it one bit! He managed to do good deeds all around the fair. Of course nothing good came back around. Then he realised the people in the fair started to like him a bit more. So he kept on doing good deeds until they liked him enough to be his friends! He wandered into a pub to find something to do!

"What shall I do?" he asked the bartender confidently.

"Well, let me think....You can help us get the pancakes down from the ceiling in the kitchen." Patrick walked into the kitchen to find five pancakes stuck to the ceiling around his height. He reached up and took the pancakes down. In return, he got to eat them, and received three shillings!

It was a sunny day and he decided to explore the fair. He saw that there was a poor young Mermaid stuck in a fish tank, she was very sad and lonely. He asked if he could buy her but she far too expensive. He asked if he could buy her for 500 shilling (not that he had them) but they weren't selling. When the clock struck twelve, he appeared out of the shadows like a lightning bolt. He found the mermaid inside a carriage and took her away to the large river close by. He smashed the fish tank and hurled her into the water. She was delighted and returned shortly after retrieving a pearl as big as Patrick's fist!

Then she swam off and waved good bye with a big and lovely smile. He sold the pearl and received lots of money and bought a house which he could actually fit in. He used the rest for food and gave the leftovers to homeless people. He often visited the mermaid at the river and spread the news of what he did.



The Tale of Mother Pugsley and the Giant by Joseph

Once upon a time there lived a young soldier and his wife. They lived happily at the top of the hill with nine elm trees. They often walked along the nine elm trees and a well. They sat near the well for hours looking at the clouds til dark.

One day, the soldier received a letter from the king calling him to war. Captain Pugsley put on his uniform and got his shot gun and his shiny silver sword. He hugged his wife, said goodbye and set off to war.

However, he never returned because he was killed in war jumping in the way of a bullet saving his friend. Mrs Pugsley was now a young widow with no children but she was still known as Mother Pugsley.

The next day it was the fair. She had gone to see all the happy children. She saw a giant but he was not happy. She soon realised why the giant was upset. It was because the children were laughing and throwing tomatoes. She ran in front of him and said, "This is a person and he has feelings!"

After the fair the giant followed her home. When she got home she was relieved that the giant had followed her. The giant said, "Thank you and do you want to be my friend?"

Mother Pugsley replied, "Yes, how old are you?"

"13."

"Do you want to be my son?"

"Is it legal?"

"Yes."

"O.K."

"What's your name?"

"Don't know."

"Do you like the name Henry?"

"Yes I do,"

"Then from now on you are Henry Pugsley."

The next day Mother Pugsley took Henry to school. When they got to school the children made fun of Henry. Henry didn't like it. Mother Pugsley said, "Do you want to go home?"

Henry nodded and started walking home and Mother Pugsley followed. As they walked home, they saw a little boy crying his eyes out. He said my kite is hanging from the highest branch in the highest tree. Henry took it out of the tree.

The little boy said thank you and ran off to tell his friends. When they got home they walked past the nine elm trees and stayed there til dark.



The Tale of the Irish Giant by Lucas K

Once upon a time there lived an old man. He was very poor and had only some sheep and a house. He had only enough money to feed his sheep and eat. He never thought about getting out of his farm. A year later a strange man came to his farm and he came with a cart but it was empty, the farmer asked if he would like to buy some sheep. The strange man said "I will give you a ride to the nearest town if I can have your sheep." So the farmer agreed and they went to the nearest town together. When he got to the town, there was a fair, in the corner of his eye he saw a very big man and a mob of people were trying to make him leave, but the farmer could not do anything to help.

The farmer was trying to find a place to sleep and at last he found an old hotel to stay in. His room was dark and dirty with a hard bed where he had a terrible sleep. When he woke up he was aching all over, and decided to get up out of bed and open the door to leave. After his terrible sleep, the farmer decided to go for a walk in the park which he enjoyed, and then suddenly three men came out of the trees and asked him for his money. The farmer was quite scared, but suddenly the giant came out of nowhere and frightened away the three men. The farmer was very thankful to the giant and he remembered that he had seen the giant at the fair the day before. The farmer thanked the giant for saving him by offering to be his manager. The giant said thanks and was happy because this was the first time someone had been nice to him, and they instantly became friends.

The giant and the farmer made loads of money by going to fairs and charging people to come and see the giant. They started in England and ended up travelling around the world, visiting fairs in America, France, Italy, Germany and many more countries. Over time, on their travels they became the best of friends, made a lot of money and didn't have to stay in horrible hotels anymore.

They lived happily ever after.



Ased the Giant and Mother Pugsley by Miyah

Once upon a time there lived a lonely distraught giant called Ased; he had no job so he travelled a long way into town to seek employment through gloomy forests and rainy streets.

He was just outside the employers grey building when he realised how small the door was, so he had to stoop really low to get in. As he walked in people were laughing, smirking and nudging. He stomped into the dull office and slumped down into the small chair uncomfortably. "What are you doing here? You can't get a job, you're a giant". "Ha ha ha ". He laughed his head off, the giant stomped off sadly.

It was getting dark in the damp gloomy streets and Ased the giant was slumped down leaning against the old brick wall accidentally blocking the road and the other side of the street. Ased was just about to fall asleep when a middle aged woman that went by the name of Mother Pugsley poked him with her walking stick, and asked gently, "What is wrong my dear friend?"

The giant sighed "I need a job desperately", he whimpered, "well come to my house and I'll give you a job and somewhere to sleep".

So the next morning Mother Pugsley and Ased the giant woke up very early and Mother Pugsley made him a delicious mouth-watering slap up breakfast of bacon, egg, beans, sausages, pancakes, bread, hash browns, and 10 gallons of apple and cranberry juice, which the full up giant loved and ate in a couple of minutes, in the hot summers morning. After the giant had finished his breakfast. Mother Pugsley gave the giant a job of cleaning her roof temporarily.

After a week or so the giant had a proper job changing the street lanterns and had many friends .Every one loved him and thanked him for doing his job.

A few months later the giant had built a giant house for himself next to Mother Pugsley's and they were the best of friends and they lived happily ever after.

The Escape by Rudy

Once upon a time there was a giant. The giant's name was Patrick. He was very lonely and had no friends. He got heaved to Bristol from Ireland because of his height, he really didn't like England he took the bribe of having a new life in Bristol.

Meanwhile there was a young soldier and his wife, Mrs. And Mr Pugsley. They lived happily at the top of the hill. One day with the sun as golden as gold as gold, an army officer came in with life changing news. He knocked on the door. "Excuse me madam I've got some bad news on this fine day."

"Come on in."

The army officer came in shutting out the sunlight. I've got some bad news, your husband Mr Pugsley is missing in action." Mother Pugsley was crying and she couldn't believe it. She was going to ask him if they wanted to adopt.

There was an advert placed in the Bath journal, July 1749 encouraging people to visit the Lamb Inn in Broadmead and view a young mermaid, 'caught on the Acapulco in Mexico' which would be too far for most people to visit from England. The little mermaid's name was Myrtle. She missed her mum and her grandpa. She wished that she could go home and see her grandpa. Her grandpa told her to stop rescuing little fish from pirates' nets

There was lots of weird stuff at Captain James' freak show. Some were hairy people. She also saw a giant, where his name tag was there was tomato juice and dust; obviously there wasn't someone who cared about him. He looked very sad. He looked like he wanted to go back to Ireland (she knew that because where she could faintly see his name tag it said the Irish Giant) she whispered to him, "I've got a plan. We are going to bust out tomorrow. We are going we will find a parent for you."

So the giant went to her and listened.

Somewhere there was a bloodshot eyed widow who was very sad. She thought she should go and see what was going on at the fair. At the fair Mother Pugsley bought one ticket. She looked to see what was going on at the fair. She saw a mermaid and baby giant. They were running away; the mermaid with thousand of crabs underneath her. Mother Pugsley ran to them and said to the giant. "Stay with me."

The Irish Giant was stunned. No one had ever asked him to stay with them, a tear of joy ran down his cheek. He said yes. Then the little mermaid's grandpa came. She went to him and they lived happily ever after.



The Giant and the Mermaid by Sabrin

Long, long ago before your great, great grandparents were born, there lived a giant called Patrick. He was 8 foot tall. He visited St. James's Fair every year in the summer. The children who came to see him always made rude remarks about him. As Patrick was walking in the streets the children cried out "he's so ugly I think I'm going to vomit"! Or "Eew gross I think he's looking at me". Or even, "Daddy, mummy I saw a giant monster." It made him sadder and sadder until he couldn't bear it any longer.

He started running, hoping not to be seen and finally came to St James Fair. As he entered the gates there were lots of people crowding around something small. Patrick looked closer to see what all the fuss was about and saw the most beautiful mermaid. She had lovely golden hair and deep green eyes. She looked pale and sad. Something told Patrick that he had to do something, and quick. He came up with a simple plan, at night he would walk in the shadows and take the tank and carry it until he came to the sea then open the tank and let the mermaid get out.

After a long snooze Patrick went to have some fresh air. Suddenly he saw a fire engine coming. He wasn't the kind of man who liked nosing around but somehow something told him that danger was around. He ran like the wind until he came to a broken house with fire coming out of the windows. He saw a lady sobbing, he went over to her. "What's going on, Madam?" asked Patrick as kind as he could. The lady didn't like the giant, but she had no hope but tell him the truth, "My baby, my baby is inside the house and, and the house is on fire". She said starting sobbing all over again.

Patrick wanted to show everyone that he had a kind heart. It was almost impossible for him because nearly everywhere was on fire. Then he heard a cry coming from the corner, there was a little baby lying on a tumbled bed. The baby was crying his head off. It was very loud and for a moment the giant thought that the house was going to shake. Carefully the giant took the baby and ran out of the house as quick as he could. There were hundreds of people cheering out, 'Patrick, Patrick.' This was Patrick's best day for a long time. He carefully gave the baby to the baby's mum. She was absolutely grateful for his help. The father came out and thanked him. Then he became very popular and everybody loved him.

At night he went to save the mermaid ... It was very dark but luckily the moon shone brightly so it was easy for Patrick to see where he was going. Finally he came to the right place near the gates. There was a square thing covered in white cloth. Patrick carefully but quickly went to the tank. He whipped the cloth off. The mermaid was sleeping peacefully. Patrick came closer as not to wake her. Accidentally he stepped on a stick, which cracked immediately. The mermaid didn't seem to hear. Patrick kept going forward, this time extra carefully. He grabbed the tank and ran to his castle near the sea. Everyone was asleep so they couldn't hear a giant saving a mermaid.

After what seemed like years he finally came to the castle. He opened the tank. The mermaid woke up with a jerk and was very scared seeing a giant. Then the mermaid's face broke into a smile and waved at Patrick as she jumped inside the dark sea. The giant felt so happy that he jumped with joy. Finally he went inside to have a nap after his long exciting day. After he woke up the mermaid was lying beside him. "Thank you Patrick. I will never forget you." She said and then she disappeared.



Princess and the Hook by Rozina

Once upon a time, there lived the most beautiful mermaid the sea and world had ever seen. Her name was Stella, she lived with her mother, Queen Edith and her father, King Edgar.

They lived under the deep blue sea in a humongous palace which had a ballroom the size of a cathedral, over 300 bedrooms fit for a king, a fire place as hot as a furnace and a bathroom to die for.

Although they lived in an under water kingdom and ruled over the entire ocean there was a price to pay. Every morning, lunch and evening a fisherman's hook came sinking down to the surface of the sea waiting to catch a meal. Luckily enough the fisherman would not be lucky enough to catch the king as every day 3 fish would disappear. They were slowly getting extinct.

One day Princess Stella decided to go for a swim, but a little further than usual. As the clock struck 12.00 lunch time, the fisherman was getting ready to catch some fish. As he lowered the hook down to the surface Stella was getting ready to head home, all of a sudden she was caught by something hard and cold on her tail. As she turned around to see what it was. She was in for a fright. By accident the fisherman's hook had caught on her tail. As she tried to untangle her self she got into more trouble. Floods of horrible thoughts came into her mind. Princess Stella started to panic.

Luckily her mother had just come back from the bakery and had seen her daughter screaming and so she managed to untangle her and help her home.

The next day Princess Stella promised that she was never going to wander off again and they lived happily ever after.



The Giant Who Got a Job by Angel

Once upon a time there lived a giant called Patrick O' Brien. He was 2 meters and 40 centimetres tall. He went to St. James' Fair every single year. People came from far and wide just to see him. They paid significant amounts of money just to point and laugh. One day a fire fighter came to see him. "I suppose you have come to point and laugh as well," said the giant hopelessly.

"No not at all I just wanted to say... would you like to be a fire fighter with me?" suggested the fire fighter. After a lot of thinking the giant finally said "yes I really would!"

The giant left the fair with the fire fighter. The crowd who was laughing at him walked away in disappointment. It was getting late so the giant said good night to the fire fighter and went home.

Several years went past, several fires went past. But one fire was very important. It was on the top floor of a small cottage. Every fire fighter tried to put the fire out except Patrick... "its worth a shot," said Tom. "GO!" shouted Tom.

Pshhhhh! The water gushed out of the hose pipe into the fire. Patrick closed his eyes, the water was still coming out of the hose pipe. He opened his eyes again. Now several men were fighting the fire with him. Three whole hours later the fire had died down. "Oh thank you, oh thank you!" said the lady whose house it was. "Just doing my job" said Tom. Then quicker than you could say FIRE they were gone. "Wow Patrick you did it!" Tom cried.

"I know I cannot believe it!"

Two months later... "lovely cuppa tea mate."

"Thank you Tom. first time I have made one in a while!" DING DING DING the fire alarm sounded. Tom and Patrick ran out of the office, bolted towards the fire engine and drove off. They put the alarm on - "oh no traffic" they yelled. At last they got to the fire. "Quick!" said the owner of the house with a shudder in his voice. "On it!" said Patrick.

"My dog!" shouted the young man so Tom went inside the house dodging the flames, grabbed the yelping dog, came out and gave it to the man.

"My rat!" he cried. Patrick went in ducking and jumping around the flames, grabbed the poor rat and came back out.

"Oh my dear little rabbit!" said the man. "How many pets do you have!?" said Tom. "That is the last one. I only have three pets." Tom went in one last time, got the rabbit, came out and gave it to the man. The fire fighters eventually put out the fire and drove off.

Patrick had been working as a fire fighter for 32 years. He is now 64 so he decided to retire. He had been at home one month with no friends since Tom did not visit any more.

He then realized there were ten more giants living down his street so they all made friends and lived happily ever after.



The Mermaid by Nikita

Far, far, far away, further than your dreams lived a mermaid. Her hair was as gold as the sun and her eyes were as green as the green leaves on the oak tree. Her name is Krystal. She is so beautiful. Her and her mother lived in the shiny sea in a castle.

One day Krystal was swimming along and caught sight of a boat. There was a man in the boat, big, tough and had a net. Krystal gasped and didn't know what to do as her mother didn't tell her about safety. Krystal went under the sea and swam as fast as she could to her home.

The next day Krystal went for a swim again. As she came closer to the surface, the same guy from yesterday was there. In his large left hand he was holding a net, big enough to catch a shark. "I got you now mermaid." He laughed an evil laugh. But once again the mermaid escaped. Instead of going home she went to see the king. He was evil but would never show it to a beautiful girl. When she arrived there were colours in the sky like fireworks. There was red, blue, green and orange. "Hello sir."

"Who goes there?" He grumbled.

"Me sir, can I come in?"

"Stop asking questions!" He shouted. The king banged his hand on the table.

"Please, someone's after me."

The King got mad and pulled the girl by her wrist to the surface. The guy who tried to get Krystal finally got her and there was no escaping this time. He made the bag so squashing that the mermaid had hardly any air.

They arrived at St. James Fair. Krystal got put on show as well as Patrick, the man next to her. Children came past, looking at the mermaid, talking about how beautiful she is. "Mummy look how beautiful she is, I want to be just like her," said a little girl.

Three boys looked at Patrick and laughed. "He's so ugly," said one boy.

"And fat," said another boy.

"Don't forget smelly," said the last boy. They all laughed and walked off.

Patrick found an empty place in his heart. "Do you want to be friends?" asked Krystal, as she could see Patrick was upset. He smiled and agreed to the friendship.

Two men carried the mermaid and put her into a cold dark room in the museum. They left with no food. "Help, please someone help." Krystal cried. Just then she felt heavy footsteps coming towards her, it was ... Patrick. He looked around to see if anyone was there. But he could see no-one. He lifted the heavy glass off the crowded tank and set the mermaid free. Patrick carried Krystal as she could not swim on land. The young mermaid got flung in the sea but she didn't swim off. Instead, she said a massive thank you to Patrick. "Patrick, you're my hero, you're a great friend."

Patrick leaned over to Krystal and they kissed. From that day on Krystal was half human and half mermaid and was married to the great Irish giant (Patrick) and from that day on they lived happily ever after.



Patrick the Rescuer by Yahya

Long, long ago there was a little cottage. In it lived a girl called Kindness. She was the kindest person you have ever seen. Kindness was 4.6 foot and had dark brown hair.

In Stokes Croft there lived an Irish giant whose name was Patrick. He used to scavenge for food at Jamaica Street. Patrick cured a sick man and the man had never regretted it.

The Irish giant had never felt lonely until Patrick's mum died, he was an only child and never had a dad. He was taken into care and didn't know what to do. The adults were shocked how tall he was, as Patrick became the 7th tallest man in the world at 8 foot 1 inch tall. The people didn't say nice things to him.

On a windy Saturday Patrick went to the annual fair with Kindness. They did a performance which was singing and dancing. Even though the crowd didn't like it they still carried on until the people started throwing food at them. Patrick didn't have a brother or a sister and had hated what he had become; his height, his weight, which made him cry all along the long river. Patrick's happiness was about to fill with love and joy until people started hating him.

Patrick liked to save people even though he wasn't appreciated. He had rescued a cat up the tall long tree; the cat had been chased by a dog and the cat had been stuck up the long tree. Finally he had been a rescuer and had saved a man in a tent. It was on "FIRE" he had to think fast and he had thought of an idea. Suddenly he took the man out as fast as he could, and then stamped on the fire to stop it. He needed water. People began to like Patrick because he was a rescuer.

Someday, somehow Kindness had given a medicine to Patrick which made him smaller, so Patrick thanked Kindness for helping him. So people left Patrick alone and him and Kindness had a wonderful time together. Now people had respected Patrick and his height had gone. He had so much fun. So then again the fair came Kindness was there. Patrick was so pleased to see Kindness at the fair they did a singing and dancing performance which the crowd liked and then they lived happily ever after.



The Story of Mother Pugsley by Frances

Once upon a time there lived a woodcutter and his wife, Mother Pugsley. She was called Mother Pugsley because, even though she didn't have any children of her own, she was known to play with the children of the nearby village; the children loved her company. They lived happily in a little cottage on the other side of the woods. Mother Pugsley was too old to work, so her husband worked as a woodcutter. He worked late into the night, and then sold the trees he chopped at the market the next day. Mother Pugsley was always pleased to see him when he came home. "How was your day dear?" she'd always ask.

"Very good thank you" he'd always reply. But one day, when he came home from work, he found his wife crying. A yellow letter was lying on the floor. He didn't need to read it. The woodcutter picked it up, and walked over to his wife. "We knew this day would come," he said. "I have to go. I've got no choice."

Finally, the day came for him to go. As he was standing in the door way, a tear trickled slowly down his pale face. "I'll miss you, Mary Pugsley." He said quietly. She got up from her chair and went to stand next to him. "You'll be alright without me, won't you?" he said, stupidly.

"I'll manage somehow," she replied, unsure of what else to say. "But promise me you'll keep your promise," she said looking him in the eye.

"But you do know where I'm going. I could, I mean, it's not definite I'm going to come back in one piece." He said, slowly, looking at the floor. They hugged and kissed for the last time. Then she watched him until all she could see was a faint shadow. It would be lonely without her husband, and what was worse, she didn't know when he was coming home.

A few weeks later she received a yellow letter. It was a telegram. She read it and her face turned ash grey. In agony, she slowly covered her face with her hands. Mother Pugsley hung her head in shame, and when she lifted it up she was crying. She felt a sharp pain, run through her blood. "And I don't even have any money for his funeral," she wept.

She chose to bury him by her favourite well where she used to always play when she was a little girl. She visited the well every day.

One day, at the well there was a loud piercing scream. "Oh no, the baby," said a lady nearby. As she ran to tend her baby, Mother Pugsley watched the lady's children playing. She began to join in their games. The lady returned with the baby and watched her.

She'll be like a grandma to them, she thought to herself.

And from that day on she lived with the family happily ever after.



The Giant and the Mermaid by Raghad

Long ago before your great grandpa was born lived a giant named Patrick .He wasn't any kind of tall man, he was 8 foot long. He had never ever been called something nice because of his size.

Every year in the summer he came to St James Fair. He was very anxious as he always was, when he was going to the fair. He dressed up smartly as the children at the fair made rude comments at the clothes he wore. He was walking along the pavement, all the people looked up at him and laughed at him. This was Patrick's worst moment. "He's so ugly."

"I know he is so ugly." "I'm scared, I don't like him."

"Come on children I think he is dangerous," said one of the parents. Patrick tried to ignore them but it was impossible not to, because of his giant ears. Patrick quickly ran as not to hear any more bad comments.

Finally he came to St James Fair. It was crowded with people. They all stared at him rudely and they looked away. Patrick looked closer to see what all the fuss was about .then before his eyes he saw the most beautiful mermaid. She had reddish brown hair and deep emerald eyes. She looked pale and sad. Something about her eyes told Patrick that he needed to do something. As no one was paying attention to him he went to the giant's home that he kept at the fair. He sat on his bed with his hands on his head. Patrick was thinking of the mermaid he saw. "Her eyes it looked sad and lonely" "like the way I feel". He tried thinking of a plan to save the mermaid. He was so desperate to help her. Finally he came up with the most simple plan. At night he would walk in the shadows and then take the tiny tank and carry it to the sea and he would free her. It was all exciting for Patrick, because he always thought of himself as thick and cowardly. Patrick went out to have fresh air. Suddenly he saw a light and next to it was a fire brigade coming from the nearest house. Then Patrick walked to the house to see what going on. He saw a lady crying. "What is wrong madam" the giant asked as kindly as he could. The lady didn't like the giant, but she had no hope but to tell the truth "MY BABY IS INSIDE THE FIRE," she said sobbing. Patrick wanted to show everyone that he had a kind heart so he went to the tumble fire house. It was almost impossible for him because nearly every where was fire. He looked horrified, then he heard a baby crying from the corner. He quickly went to look. There was a little baby crying on the broken wooden bed that was about to catch fire. Patrick quickly grabbed the baby carefully. As he was a giant, his legs were so long, so it was easy for him to get out of the house. There were loads of people cheering him. "Patrick, Patrick, Patrick". That was Patrick's best day of his life.

He carefully gave the baby to the mum. She was absolutely grateful for his help. Then he became their hero and his job was to help people and every body liked him. Then at night he went to save the mermaid. He didn't want anybody to see him so he went to the home at the fair in night. Luckily the man was out, so he went to get the tank. Then the mermaid was frightened and did not like him. She told him if you take me, I'm going to shout and call help, but he really wanted to save her to show her that he was a kind man. He did explain every thing at last. When he wanted to take the tank, the man was on the way home so he went from the out door.

The next day he was too late because the man was on the way out. The third day he did take the tank and put the mermaid in the sea. Then the dark sea become a shiny sea and the dolphin was jumping and all the creatures were happy because the mermaid was here because when the mermaid was not here something was missing. Then a big wave came. It was the mermaid 's Father. He was so pleased with the giant. Finally he gave him a shell. If he blew in it three times and wished for something it was going to be true. Then he blew three times and ... wished to live happily ever after!



The Young Mermaid's Great Escape by Lola

Once upon a time there lived a young mermaid called Freya. She was very beautiful and she loved to play in the sea with her mermaid friends. She lived in a charming cave at the very bottom of the sea bed. The cave was decorated with pretty shells that they had found on their adventures. They had lots of pet seahorses swimming around their sea cave.

The young mermaid was often seen swimming in the sea with her mother. One day some cruel pirates captured the mermaid. She called out for help but no one could hear her.

The pirates took her to St James Fair and they sold her to a stalls man. Poor Freya was put on display and she lived in a tank no bigger than a bath. Lots of people paid to see the mermaid and the stall man made a wealthy profit from her.

Freya was very unhappy and spent her days staring out of her tank looking at the river that eventually led to the sea. She wished she was still playing in the sea with her mother.

One day a little girl called Sally came to the fair with her friends to see the mermaid but when the queue eventually ended the little girl felt very sorry for the mermaid and she really wanted to help her. She decided that she was going to set her free.

When night fell the little girl went back to the fair but all the gates were locked up and there were guards to make sure there were no intruders. She tried to go round to the back entrance but it was also locked up with two rough looking guards standing outside the gates. She made a promise to herself that she would keep on trying until she succeeded and with that she went back home. The next night she tried again but failed. On her third attempt the guards had fallen asleep and she managed to creep through the gates. But the next challenge was to find the mermaid. She looked around all the stalls and just as she was about to lose hope she saw a box with a sheet over it. She pulled it off and inside she saw a rather terrified mermaid inside a glass tank. The little girl was so glad that she had found the mermaid.

Then she realised that she had *another* problem. The little girl had to somehow get the incredibly heavy tank into the river that led to the sea.

She pulled and *pulled* and at last it moved about five inches. The river was about five metres away but because the tank was so big and heavy it took her two hours to finally get the tank next to the river. The little girl put all her last efforts to tip the tank into the river and free the mermaid. The mermaid thanked the little girl very much and gave her a beautiful necklace as a reward. Every day after that the little girl met up with the mermaid after school and once a week she went diving with the mermaid and her mother and they all lived happily ever after.



The Mermaid and the Little Girl by Betty

Once upon a time there lived a little girl and her grandfather. They lived in a small cottage in the middle of the woods next to a small lake. Her grandfather would always tell her tales of a beautiful mermaid that lived in the lake. She had long, blond, flowing hair and a turquoise, sealy tail. Although she was very pretty her grandfather warned to stay away from the lake. Mermaids were known as very kind and loving creatures, but were actually very mischievous and sneaky. The girl was very tempted, but she loved her grandfather very much and didn't want to let him down.

She walked up the wooden staircase and into her own bedroom. She sat on her bed and gazed out the window. There was a strange noise coming from the lake, it sounded like someone crying. She rushed down the stairs and ran through the soggy grass and crouched by the lake. She stared at her reflection in the light, blue water. She had to squint to make out what it was. But she then realised it was the mermaid. Her grandpa was right, she was just as he described. The mermaid was sitting at the bottom of the lake with her hands over her face. The sound echoed all around the lake and finally reached the surface of the water. The little girl felt so sorry for the mermaid sitting there all alone with no one else to play with.

"Oh, don't cry!" the little girl pleaded.

"Would you like to play with me?" the mermaid asked. They played many games until the girl had to go home. The mermaid didn't want to let her go, but eventually she did.

The next day the little girl got up early, when her grandfather was still asleep and crept out of the house to the lake where the mermaid was waiting for her.

"Hello, can we play a different game today?" asked the mermaid, grabbing the girl by the arm and dragging her down, down, down into the murky depths of the brown water. The terrified young girl tried to scream but her mouth filled with water.

At that moment her grandfather spotted her little black shoes and peered into the water. He saw his granddaughter lying at the bottom, looking so small and helpless. He quickly fetched his fishing hook and cast it into the lake. The mermaid swam to the surface and asked him what he was doing.

"I am trying to catch a big, orange fish but it has hidden in the reeds. Would you fetch it for me?" said the grandfather. Once the mermaid had gone, he caught the hook on to his granddaughter and heaved her up.

The little girl and her grandfather decided that they would sell the mermaid to a fair. The grandfather wanted her to be punished, but the little girl insisted. She went to a nice fair, where no one could tease her, a fair called St. James. The girl promised to listen to her grandfather and they all lived happily ever after.

The Lonely Giant by Betzy and Esther

Once upon a time there lived a giant who was very lonely and had no money. His name was Patrick. He knew he needed to get a job and fast. Because Patrick was 8 foot and 1 inch tall, people named him the Irish Giant, but instead of people respecting his size they laughed at him and called him names. Patrick spent most of his time at the Full Moon Pub on Stokes Croft.

Then one day on his way to the pub he noticed a colourful tent out of the corner of his eye. Before he knew it, he was walking toward it. Everyone stared at him in amazement even the ring master froze in his steps. He opened his mouth to speak but couldn't get anything out. Finally it came out, "Would you like a job here to entertain my people?"

The giant didn't know what to say. Patrick thought about it and after a while he replied, "Will I get paid a reasonable amount?" The ring master replied, "Of course, of course, as much as your heart desires." It didn't sound promising but Patrick took the job anyway. "At least I will have some money." Patrick thought. However from that day on he realised that that was a big mistake.

After two years Patrick was fed up all because of that day when he took that job. Ever since he had been laughed at and pointed at and even been called names like, "long legs," "You're the size of a swimming pool" and "you're like a giraffe" and they also said things like, "If you dropped a pin you'd never be able to pick it up." Now on the third year Patrick decided that that year would be the last year of his job.

Finally at six pm Patrick had had six hours of name calling. Then emerging from the crowd he noticed a small ragged boy looking straight at him. Patrick hadn't seen him before. He waited for him to start laughing and pointing at him, but he did not, he just stood there staring. Even after everybody had gone the boy remained glued to his spot in complete silence. Patrick broke the silence and said, "Aren't you going to laugh at me?"

"No replied the boy. I think you're just as normal as anyone else." And with that the boy walked down the cobbled road and disappeared round the corner.

When Patrick was on his way back from the pub after he'd gone for a drink he thought that he heard the ring master's voice saying, "Why weren't you laughing at him?" Patrick thought that it was just his imagination.

But the next day in the same place at the same time he heard it again. He thought that it must be a warning of some kind. On the third day he went down the end of the dark forgotten alleyway where he heard the ring master say "why weren't you laughing at him?" it all suddenly came flooding back to him. He hadn't gone mad, he did hear the ring master gritting his teeth and bellowing at the poor boy. Patrick had to do something and quick, he pulled the boy away from the evil ring master and shouted "I QUIT." Patrick and the frightened boy ran with the ring master right behind them to the harbour. The boy, whose name was Tom, took the money from the giant and ... gave just the right amount for them to get to France. Patrick and Tom lived happily ever after. As for the ring master, every one hates him to this very day.



The Young Mermaid by Ruben

Once upon a time there was a beautiful mermaid swimming in the deep blue sea with her mother. She was called Arabella and her mother was called Eliza. She loved to examine shells; she knew the names of all of them but one day she was drawn to a new type of shell. It seemed to be hovering, suspended. She swam over to it and as she delicately held it she felt a sharp pain in her hand, everything went into a daze. She shot up into the unknown; she landed on something hard-wood.

A moment later a tall muscular man appeared, his face battered by the many years at sea. Arabella guessed he was the captain. He let out a bellow of glory at the sight of the mermaid; she was a precious catch. Two sailors advanced maliciously on her with knives in their hands. "Hold it, she's worth money, lots."

This was replied with by grunts of disappointment. Shoved into a box far too small for her, Arabella was not happy. Soon after ropes were bound round the water filled box for she was left on the deck and escape would be imminent if she was left untied. Hours passed, maybe even a day, Arabella was getting further away from home all the time. Eventually a seagull came.

"Can you peck through the ropes that bound me to the deck of this boat?" asked the mermaid.

"If you promise me one of your beautiful feathers I could" bargained the scruffy gull.

"Ok, you can have one of my scales" replied the mermaid and with that she plucked a scale out of her tail and placed it in the bill of the gull. He then flew away, only to return without the scale.

"Can I have another one for my wife?"

"Fine, but you have to promise to free me and with that the mermaid plucked out another scale from her tail and placed it in the gull's mouth. The gull then flew away only to return without the scale in his mouth.

"Could you let me out now?" asked the mermaid.

"Only if you give me a scale for my son as well."

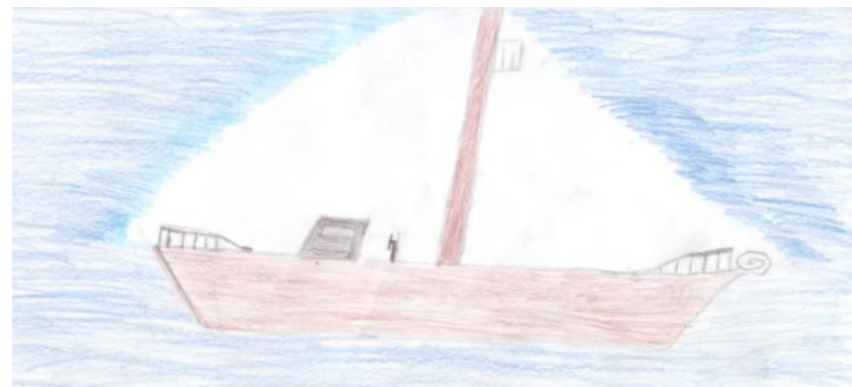
"Fine" said the mermaid, growing impatient. She plucked out yet another scale and placed it in the gull's mouth. The gull then flew away; returned without the scale.

"Please free me now" begged the mermaid, rapidly growing hungry.

Pecking and pecking, on and on, the gull never got tired of helping the mermaid. One, two, three, the salty ropes were gone. "Thank you so much gull," said the mermaid gratefully.

"You're welcome" replied the gull. The mermaid slowly edged her way to the edge of the gangplank, which was only a few metres away. Three more jerks, two more, one: she was there! She toppled into the much missed ocean. The impact broke the glass and who was waiting there but Eliza, Arabella's mother. After the greetings were over she explained that she had followed the ship all the way.

They all lived happily ever after.



Friendship by Harvey

Once upon a time there was a mermaid called Mortal. She was born in Mexico (South America) on a small island. It was a small island and it was infested with tropical birds and exotic fruits. She lived with her mum and her pet chameleon. Mortal was captured and got taken to England, Bristol in Stokes Croft. She was dumped in a bath tub.

Mortal saw a humongous silhouette; it was a giant... She was so surprised at the height of the man, who was so tall that he would have to bend to touch the arched ceiling that was slowly falling apart.

Two days later, Mortal and the giant were plotting to get out of the circus but suddenly someone had taken them both to the front stage and got pelleted with tomatoes at their faces; looking at them in the eye was a very ancient Ma Pugsley. She saw past the size of the giant and the fin of the mermaid and she helped them escape. Mother Pugsley crept round the corner and rushed to the locks of the cages and pleaded to the giant to lift the tub. They made a quick escape. The giant was in shock. He never had anyone to help him like that and the mermaid was in horrific shock. She was so pleased that someone cared that much. Mother Pugsley adopted them both and cared for them and the giant got a job cleaning roofs. And they all lived happily ever after.



The Young Mermaid in Danger by Alice

Once there was a mermaid, she was the most beautiful in all the sea. Her husband loved her very much and would go and catch fish while she would clean the cave. They were a lovely couple but one day her husband disappeared mysteriously. No one knew where he had gone. So the mermaid spent the rest of her pregnant days at the bottom of the darkest part of the sea. Sometimes other mermaids would bring food so she didn't have to eat bonglo weeds. They were the only thing in the deepest part of the sea and they tasted horrible. When she gave birth she was so happy she moved back up to the higher part of the sea.

When the young mermaid was 10 years of age some pirates captured her. The mermaid was horrified her only child was taken away. The young mermaid had been sold to a man who then sold her to a circus man named Mr Baxton the cruellest ring master ever known but no one knew except for the animals who could not speak to humans. Everyday he would throw a few crumbs not much more than a handful. This was not what mermaids eat but she had to eat because she was so hungry. She would get skinnier and whiter.

The mermaid had been in the circus for 3 weeks now and she just wanted to smell the sea for once. Suddenly Mr Baxton threw open the circus doors and wheeled in another glass cage. It was her mother. The young mermaid was so tired she hardly noticed. In the night the young Mermaid called her tiger friend by a noise so high pitched that no human could ever hear. The tiger's name was Tiggy but he preferred to be called Tom as he thought the name Tiggy was silly and Mr Baxton had named him it and he didn't like being reminded of him. The tiger ran through the doors like he had drunk a pint of sugar. He ran over to them. He tipped the tank over and pulled the mermaids on to his back. He was faster than the night sky his feet gently patting the grass as he ran. The young mermaid was suddenly aware of what was happening. "What's happening?" she said in amazement.

"Don't worry darling I'm here" the mother mermaid said in a comforting voice as she squeezed the young mermaid's hand. The whole way the mother mermaid held the young mermaid looking deep in to her eyes as she sung a lovely sea lullaby. As she sung she could see the river getting nearer and nearer and she could hear the crashing sound of the waves.

"Here we are." Tom the Tiger interrupted her dreams. He ran off into the darkness without the mermaid being able to thank him. She slipped off his back and into the water. "Thank you Tiggy, I mean Tom, you don't know how grateful I am"

"It's fine, no problem good luck." He strode off in to the night.

Mother mermaid pulled her daughter in the water and swam. On her way to the sea she collected seaweed and shellfish. When she reached home she took the bundle of seaweed and began to weave. She weaved and weaved and weaved until one day she had weaved two comfy hammocks as the other two from the old cave got washed away. She placed her ill daughter into one hammock and began to feed her some shell fish. Within a week she was completely better.

And she and her daughter lived happily ever after!

