



Here is a story, from the Junior Department of the Edward Betham CE Primary School, which has been shared in assembly.

THE MYSTERIOUS BAG

Mathew is an 11 year old boy who just loves to have fun. He's quite tall with freckles and ginger – grey hair and his family (Mum and Dad) are just about to go on holiday to America – however, Mathew is unaware of the craziness that awaits him.....

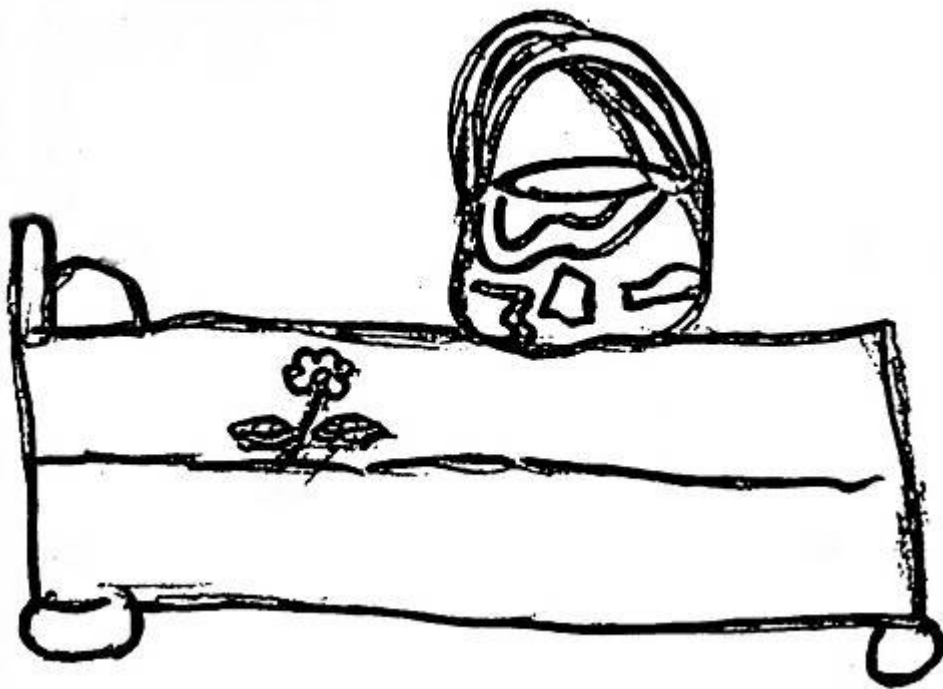
Chapter 1 - We're off to America

“We’re going straight to Ame-ri-ca!” started Mathew in high chorus. He and the rest of his family were on the plane with direct flight straight to America – their destination – the home of the weird... the wonderful...and definitely the wacky! “Shhh dear, there are other people on this plane you know,” whispered Mum. Mathew suddenly realised that there were people watching him. “Sorry,” replied Mathew. A few minutes later a man’s voice popped up announcing, “We will be arriving in America shortly and I hope you’ve enjoyed your flight.” Mathew slouched in his chair as if he just dropped dead. “Hurry up already,” shouted Mathew. Although Mathew knew they would be landing in a few minutes time, he was still complaining. The constant snore of Mathew’s Dad sitting next to him was really starting to annoy Mathew. It was quite a surprise how long Mathew lasted before exploding with rage. He really liked his Mum and Dad. Nevertheless, there was just one little thing he hated...his Dad’s snoring. “Oh Dad, please will you (Mathew looked at his Dad with an annoyed expression on his face) be quiet!” whined Mathew. His Dad woke up with the look on his face as if he’d just woken up a thousand years later and he didn’t have a clue where he was. “Wh – What?” asked Dad. Mum stepped in before Mathew had a chance to speak, “Umm, nothing dear, er – we just arrived in America.”

Just then people and families were getting off the plane. “Arrr, lets go explore,” started Mathew. “Let’s go and see.... the Big Apple (New York) or Missi.... whatever you call it. “Come on let’s – “Mathew looked around the plane. Finally he noticed the plane was empty and he was just talking to himself. However, there was one person on the plane that was the pilot. Mathew stared and he stared back. The pilot said, “These English people....I just don’t understand.” Mathew strolled off the plane. “Wow” he said.

It was very dark by the time they reached America but it was still lit by skyscrapers, cars, shops and it looked packed full of things to do. For a minute or so he stood there watching the fantastic views go by. The call of his Dad next to a taxi shouting “Mathew” was muffled by Mathew’s day dreaming. All of a sudden, there was a loud ‘beep’ which made Mathew jump. He looked over to see his Mum and Dad next to each other waving at him. Mathew smiled then ran over to catch the taxi. “So you’s from England, ey?” said the taxi driver. Although he was trying to be kind – he didn’t understand a word he just said. “Pardon?” said Mathew. As Mathew said this, his Mum and Dad looked at him with an angry faces. “Mathew, just get in!” shouted Mum and Dad together.

It took around twenty minutes until they reached their hotel. It wasn’t the best of hotels though at least they had a place to stay. The family waved good-bye to the taxi driver, paid the fare and settled into the hotel. “Look, look at this view!” screeched Mathew. The hotel overlooked the whole city with tiny lights of shops and cars. “Oh, what’s this?” asked Mum. Mathew ran into his Mum and Dad’s bedroom where he found a peculiar looking bag sitting on the bed.



“Must’ve been left over by the last people who used this room,” answered Dad. As Mathew’s Mum and Dad had exited the room, he was left alone with the mysterious bag.

“Oh it won’t hurt looking,” said Mathew. Mathew looked inside the bag. “Who carries a lan- ,” began Matthew. Inside the bag was a lantern, Japanese writing and other strange objects, the best thing of all was a remote control. “What’s this?” wondered Mathew. A few minutes later, a loud buzzing fly entered the room. Mathew tossed his hands around, trying to get rid of the fly and therefore he wasn’t concentrating on the remote control. There was a huge flash in the room and the fly disappeared. Mathew stared at where the fly was flying....”Cool,” said Mathew in amazement

Chapter 2 - Here comes trouble

Mathew woke up the next morning like a new person. Somehow he managed to find a weird remote control with powers. "Mum, I'm going out to the shops," called Mathew. Before his Mum could answer, he had already left. Alone out on the streets of America. He ran down to the nearest shop down the road: Kenzos Doughnuts. Mathew was running so fast that he bumped into a passer-by. Mathew fell to the ground very hard. It took him some time to recover, all he could see in front of him was a tall, bold figure...

"Hey! Watch where you're goin' shouted Gutzy Garvy. Mathew looked up, a bit perplexed. "Huh?" asked Mathew. He just got up almost as if no one was in front of him. "Are ya deaf or something?" Gutzy demanded. Mathew then pulled out his remote control to get revenge on the boy called Gutzy (Gutzy Garvy was the local bully around the area) "Hey, watcha got there shorty?" asked Gutzy. Mathew tried to put the control back into his pocket but it was too late. Gutzy Garvy had the control and there was nothing Mathew could do.

Chapter 3 - Mathew's got a plan

Mathew returned to the hotel with nothing to look forward to (Gutzy must've taken his money too!) "What am I going to do?" Mathew asked himself several times. "I've got it!"

Mathew only had one day to get his remote control back, as he and his family were going home the next day. He needed to get out of the hotel without his Mum and Dad seeing him. "Simple," he thought to himself. He would simply do the good old run –out-the-door-like-lightning technique. Luckily it worked. Mathew knew where Gutzy would be hanging out around the shops. By now, Mathew was face to face with Gutzy....

Chapter 4 - Time to have fun

"Hand it over Gutzy!" yelled Mathew. Gutzy held out his hand. "Come and get it!" Mathew was pretty clever at tricking people into what he wanted, nevertheless, this was going to be a tricky one. "Hey! Gutzy your mummy's calling," said Mathew. Gutzy looked over to see where he was pointing to. Mathew took his chance to grab the remote control as Gutzy didn't have full grasp of it. "Now it's time to have fun," Mathew said to himself.

He pressed the pause button – Gutzy stood in front of him as still as a statue. "This'll teach him not to mess with the Maestro of tricks, baby!" shouted Mathew. He grabbed the top of Gutzy's trousers, pulled it down and revealed his Tweenies boxer shorts. "So, you like the Tweenies, hey," said Mathew. "Let's see how he'll react to this! Suddenly Gutzy's body started to move. People in the street stopped with constant laughter, the sound you would expect in a baseball arena. "WH – WHAAAATTTT - I want my mummy," screamed Gutzy. It seemed as if Mathew was the bully. Gutzy Garvy ran away still tripping over his pants as his figure faded away. "Cool," said Mathew.

Chapter 5 - What's happened to the remote?

After happiness and excitement Mathew and his family returned home. As far as we know, he still has the remote control.

By **Dwayne Lewis** Year 6