

Made by the Moon.



A story for Morecambe Bay by Emily Hennessey
Illustrated by Nina Wishia



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Made by the Moon is a new story written by Emily Hennessey. Emily is a performance storyteller, based in Cumbria. She was one of a number of artists commissioned by Morecambe Bay Partnership to create and deliver a series of projects around Morecambe Bay to engage people in the special and unique heritage and landscapes of the Bay, as part of their National Lottery Heritage Funded programme, Headlands to Headspace.

Emily created a number of stories inspired by the Bay and led groups of intrepid explorers (schools and families) on storytelling walks at two glorious and fascinating locations that overlook the Bay.

This is one of the many stories that Emily created and performed during 2018 and 2019, for audiences at Arnside Knott and Birkrigg Common, now beautifully illustrated by Nina Blychert Wisnia.

Commissioned by

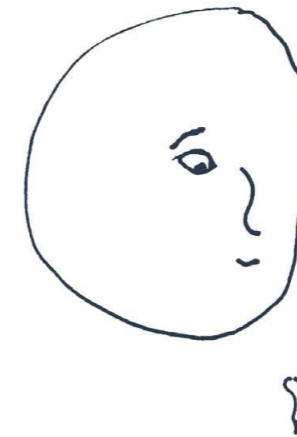


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Before the days when fishermen caught shrimps using horse and cart,
Before the days when monks guided travellers safely across the treacherous sands,
Before the days when voyagers from the North paddled up the Bay in their longships,
Before the days when stone circles were built,

And before the days when the woolly mammoth roamed this land,

There was no Morecambe Bay.



It was the Queen of the Giants who led the rest of them here.

By the time they arrived, they were exhausted. The Giants fell asleep.

But the Queen wasn't tired. She was hungry. Very *h u n g r y*.

The Queen laid her great body down, a little distance from the snoring Giants.

She opened her mouth wide, and began to suck the world in.

She sucked in forests, hills, beasts; everything she could

reach with her long tongue. She sucked until there was

nothing left before her but a vast, empty stretch of sand.

But she was still hungry, and so *s h e s u c k e d* in the Sea.
The waters tried to resist but couldn't. The waves crashed along the sands,
straight into her mouth.

The Queen quaffed the Sea, imbibing the juices of the world,
gobbling up the fish, whales, crabs, cockles, shrimp and
everything else the waters carried.





The Sun was worried.

This Giant must be stopped before the oceans ran dry!

He shone as brightly as he could, *b e a t i n g* his fiery rays down on the Queen. The rest of the Giants felt the heat as they slept. Their skin hardened to rock and their hair was burned from their heads turning them bald. But still the Queen kept sucking. Still the oceans poured in.

The Wind was worried too.

She blew with all her might, battering the Queen.

The rest of the Giants bedded themselves down further into the ground and carried on snoring.

But still the Queen kept sucking.

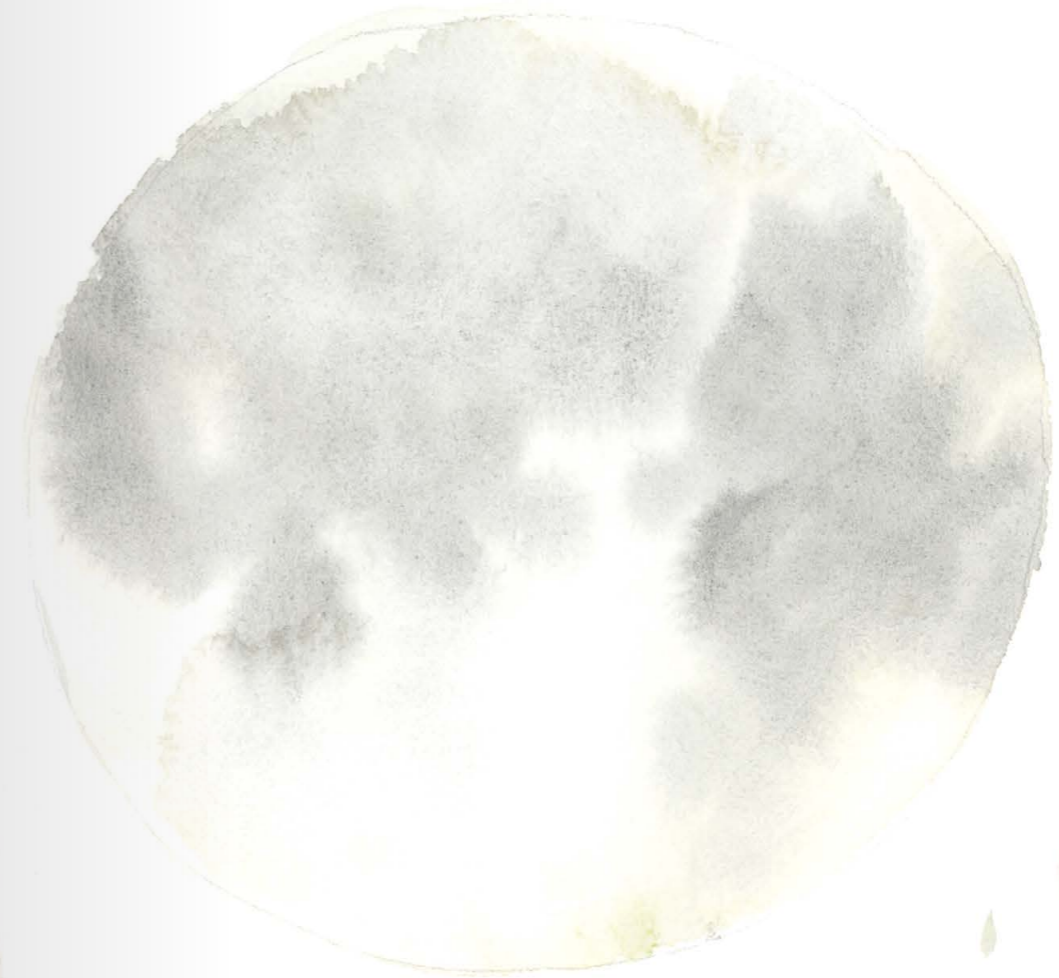
The Rain decided to try. He hammered down torrents on the Queen.

Water cascaded down the hardened backs and limbs of the Giants forming becks, tarns and meres. But the Queen herself barely noticed.

Still she kept sucking.

The Moon could see that none of this was working.

That night, she began to sing a soft, sweet song. It was so beautiful that the whole world stopped to listen. Even the Queen paused in her feasting to listen. As the Queen gazed up at the Moon, the Moon let fall a sliver of her silver body. The Queen caught it, and was *enchanted*. She toyed with the silver all night, distracted, and the Sea, slowly, silently, retreated.





But the next morning the silver was gone and the Queen's belly rumbled.

Once more, she sucked the Sea back in and guzzled it down.

The Sun shone, the Wind howled, the Rain poured but it made no difference.

But when night came, the Moon sang her song,

and let another *silver shiver* fall.

Once more, the Queen was mesmerised, and the Sea pulled back.

On the third night, out in the fields, a brown Bird was pecking the ground for bugs with his stubby little beak when a song, soft and sweet, met his ears. Enticed, the brown Bird flew over the fields towards the song, and came to a huge Bay. He saw, tumbling from the sky, something shimmering.

He leapt up and caught it in his stubby little beak.



“No!” cried Moon.

“That wasn’t meant for you!”



The silver wasn’t very tasty.

The Bird tried to drop it

but it was stuck to his face!



He waggled it, he shook it, he knocked it
against a rock, but it wouldn’t come loose.

In desperation he plunged it into the sand. When it emerged there was something wriggling at the end of it. A worm! The Bird quickly gulped it down. It was the most delicious thing he’d ever tasted. He plunged the silver in again and caught another, and another, and another!

The Bird called out to all the other short-beaked brown Birds living in the fields, “I’ve found treasure!

I’ve found *t r e a s u r e !*”

They all flocked to the Bay, but their stubby little beaks were no good for catching the worms hiding in the sand. And so that night, when the Moon dropped her silver, one of the other Birds grabbed it. The Moon dropped another sliver but this was caught by a Bird too. And the next, and the next, until all the Birds had lovely long curved beaks which they plunged deep into the sand to catch the delicious, wriggly treasure.

But now the Moon had run out of silver. With each sliver she’d grown thinner and thinner until she had disappeared completely. The Queen was tired of waiting for her silver to reach her. She opened her mouth wide and began to feed again, sucking the Sea back into the murky vastness of her belly.

The sand was quickly submerged and the Birds could no longer feed.

They gathered on the salt marsh. "What shall we do?" asked one.

"Let's go back to the fields and eat bugs" replied another.

"No!" replied our friend. "This is where we *b e l o n g* now!

We must bring the Moon back. Only then will we see the sand again."

"But how?"

"She gave us our beaks.

Let's give her our song."



And so that night all the Birds began to sing. Their new beaks gave them a song like liquid silver, rising, haunting, dancing, quivering, ^{up, up, up.}

When the sad, dark, empty Moon heard the song, she was filled with love.

She was reminded that she mattered, and sure enough, a hint of silver appeared in the sky. The next night, the Birds sang again and the Moon grew a little bolder.

Night after night the Birds sang their song, and night after night the Moon waxed until she was round and full once again.

And so it continues. The Moon, the Queen and the Birds reached an agreement which exists to this very day. The Moon spills her silver to the Queen, and the Queen lets the Sea come and go and come and go.



The Birds, now known as curlews, are still here too.

In the Spring they return to the fields where they came from to nest, and in the Winter they gather here, in Morecambe Bay, from all across the world.

In huge numbers they feed,
with their long, curved beaks
plunging into the sands,
and when the time comes,
they sing the Moon whole again.



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The Queen is still here of course. Perhaps she always will be. Look closely when the Moon is full and you may just see her playing with her silvery gift as it dances across the Bay. And the rest of the Giants? They're still here too, with their hardened, rocky backs and bald heads, the crevasses of their limbs cradling waters which also trickle down to feed the Queen. We call them the Fells now. Walk upon them. Climb up and stand on their heads. Sit on their knees.

But be careful.

One day
they might

Wake up.



