

FERRY PORT – AUDIO PLAY #9

FERRY PORT FINALE - PART III

performed by Emma (Stella the Storyteller)

We are looking across from Royal William Yard.

STELLA is next to a small booth that reads 'Plymouth tours by a Plymouth Local'

STELLA: Is that everyone?
Yes? Yep?
Can all the little ones come to the front?
Even you...
Okay. Well. This is the end of our tour!
I hope you enjoyed my stories. Some real, some... not so real.
Some, you could say, in between.
I hope you learnt something. That some new bit of information made its way in, even if it had to shove some old stuff out the way to make room.
But most of all, I hope you found a story of your own.
That doesn't have to mean you made any big choices, or even did anything particularly out of your comfort zone. I just mean that in between waking up this morning and going to sleep tonight, you experienced something worth talking about.
Whether that was getting caught in traffic on the way over, or seeing a particularly shiny beetle, or almost-but-not-quite tripping on the cobblestone, or looking out to sea, or liking a tweet, or going on this tour, or buying the last fresh cookie, or making up a little dance, or thinking about robbing a bank, or touching an anemone, or surprising yourself, or allowing yourself to stop reading a book you don't like, or winning a match of rock paper scissors or even making up a list of experiences.
These stories, the ones which take up and make up our everyday lives, usually wind up being blended together and turned into dreams - but when we speak them aloud, we give them life.
We share them with others so they can spread or be solved or be affirmed or be remembered.
And yes, that does leave them open to the more negative reactions.
Judgement, envy, fear.
Yet, I choose to think of those as the problem of the listener.
It's in the name. The storyteller tells the stories, she does not restrain them.
And with that final pearl of wisdom, I'll leave you with a short poem about a Plymouth Captain as she sailed back to her home :

Smeaton which guides me,
Sound which surrounds me,
Sting with your sharp sea-salt.
Strike my hull if you're able,
But don't stop this fable,

Til I'm dry on the Hoe with a malt.
So when the shore light's a-flashing,
And old pup's a-splashing,
I'll join you in dancing the waltz.
Yes I'll join in the Drummer's waltz, my love,
I'll join in the Drake Drummer's waltz.