



Beatrix Potter's Untold Bat Tale

Winning story (Up to 11 years)

The Tale of Robinson Bat

By Sarah Lock, aged 9, Northumberland

Once upon a time there lived a little bat called Robinson. He lived all alone in the cosy, old rafters of the Coach House which stood on the shore of Buttermere Lake.

Each night Robinson would leave his perch to fly across the lake which dazzled in the moon light. He would swoop over hills and soar over mountains in search of his supper, each time returning to the safety of his roost before dawn. Robinson loved his special home and although he was the only bat that lived there he enjoyed spending the day hanging upside down and watching the many climbers who would stay in the house below. He would listen to their stories and enjoy the warmth of the fire that they lit in the hearth.

One warm breezy summer's night Robinson bat left his house as usual and carried out his normal search for supper. After successfully catching two moths and three beetles Robinson returned to the Coach House with a full tummy.

As he flew in, Robinson got the fright of his life. Staring out of the gloom, in his own home, were four shining eyes staring down at him.

Winning story (12-16 years)

A Batty Tale

By Philippa Clarke, aged 13, North Yorkshire

One misty evening there stood a tall red barn in the middle of a field. From within this barn came the sound of small voices having a very large argument. The argument was coming from the mouths of three tiny bats. Their names were Pippi, Stella and Charlie.

"I-I don't think we should be here" Stella whispered nervously.

"Oh, pull yourself together girl!" Pippi snapped.

"What if the monster comes back? Charlie said.

"It won't come back," Pippi answered calmly.

"Everything is going to be..."

She was interrupted by the loud mooing of a black and white cow that had wandered into the barn. Stella screeched and hurled herself from the beam, flapping hurriedly around the other two.

"It's back! It's back!" she cried shrilly. "Fly for your lives!"

"Stella, will you calm down! It's down there and we're up here. It can't get to us!" Pippi hissed. Stella eventually decided to land back on the beam and once she had settled herself turned to look at her friends.

"I think it has wings," she said sincerely.

"Where?"

"On its head, except they're spike wings."

All three bats peered down at the cow. It looked up at them.

"Oh dear."