

Waking

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M

in stories



the Wem Market Town Programme



A Advantage
West Midlands

ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND

MAKING WEM IN STORIES

written by
Year 5 pupils at St. Peter's School, Wem

working with
Mythstories, museum of myth & fable

July 2003

Mythstories is a Registered Charity No. 1161594

Introduction

In October 2001, with the aid of an award from the Regional Arts Lottery Programme, Mythstories, museum of myth & fable based in Wem, set about collecting as many local stories as it could find. Stories are an endangered species and if not told frequently enough they die out, so there was no time to lose. The tales we collected came from books, old newspapers and, most importantly from the people of the town.

In the Spring of 2002 Mythstories assembled a choice bunch of the stories and worked them into a storywalk tour of Wem. This storytour has been used on a good many occasions since and a number of favourite tales have found their way into our repertoires for performance. During this time the stories have been refined. The telling becomes more polished but also the audience bring their recollections to bear upon the stories. "You've got that bit wrong", "actually, I heard it happened here" and all manner of other comments.

Stories are not written in stone and each teller has their own way of telling them.

In 2003, as part of the 'Making Wem' project, we took these tried and tested tales and told them to the Year 5 pupils at St. Peter's School in Wem. This book is their stories. The authors have their own take on the tales and some wonderful variations have been added here and there. Your own versions of the stories may be a little different. But that, after all, is the joy of stories. Everyone's tale tells a little about them.

Please enjoy these stories and keep telling your own. Stories are a wonderful present that you can give away and still keep, so pass them on.

Dez Quarréll, Mythstories

The Making Wem project is supported by Arts Council, England, North Shropshire District Council and Advantage West Midlands

Jane Churm and The Great Fire of Wem

Version 1

In 1677 a young servant girl named Jane Churm lived and worked in a house on the corner of Leek Street, Wem. Jane made a living as a servant, washing and ironing the family's clothes. She wanted to better herself so she taught herself to read. Without a school to go to it was more difficult to read, but she had always longed to read one of the many fine plays by the famous William Shakespeare.



It was early March and outside it was raining; Jane could just see the sunset through the thick, grey rain clouds. Jane had just finished for the day so she slipped a book from the downstairs lounge and crept up to her attic room. She lit a candle, changed into her nightgown and slid into bed.

Hoisting the bedcovers over her head, she carefully and silently opened the book at the first page.

Jane was soon in the middle of the story, but since the book was so exciting, her hands started to shake from the suspense. As a result, the candle toppled onto her mattress and the flames grew ferociously. The hot, red flames did the Mexican wave and licked lively up the walls. Jane screamed for help but little did she know she had just begun the Great Fire of Wem. The flames rapidly grew and soon enough they had just about reached the Adams School down Lowe Hill Road. The wind suddenly changed and sent the fire raging down Noble Street where only 3 houses survived.

The Great Fire of Wem

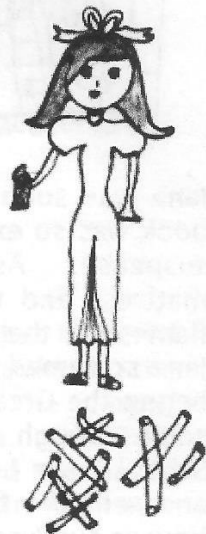
Version 2

There is another version of this story but this one is more probable.

Jane Churm lived in Wem on the corner of Leek Street with her family. It included her mum, her dad, her older sister Mary, her older sister's husband and their children.

Every day Mary went to the well, Oliver's Well, and washed the family's clothes. The washing was done by drawing up the water in a bucket and dipping the clothes in and scrubbing them. When the clothes had been washed they hung them on a hedge to dry.

One day in March it was pouring with rain and Mary went and did the washing. When Mary got back her and the washing were dripping wet since she could not hang it on the hedge. Jane rushed up to the attic to get some kindling for the fire. The kindling was stored in the attic because it was the driest place in the house. Just as Jane was leaving the attic room, she tripped on her long skirt and dropped the candle and the kindling. The candle set the kindling on fire. The fire caught the wall attached to the house next door and all of the houses began to burn. All of the streets in Wem set fire one by one as the flames blew in the wind. The fire reached Adams College but suddenly the wind changed and the fire was summoned directly down Noble Street where only three houses survived. That was the Great Fire of Wem.

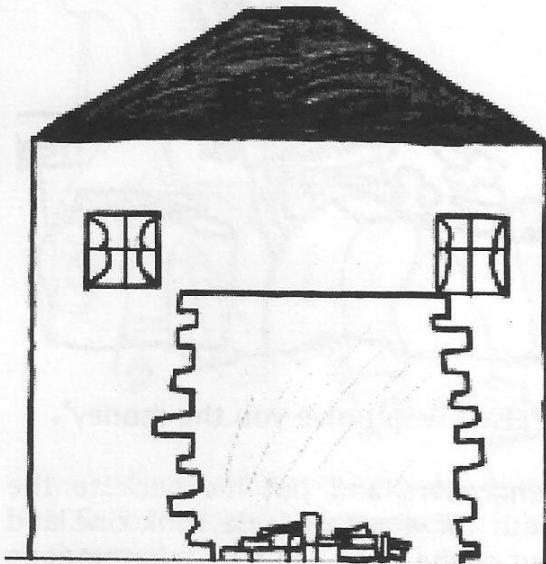


Which story do you believe?

In the 1990's a fire broke out in Wem Town Hall which was when a picture was taken of a ghost, a girl dressed in the clothes of the 1670's and holding a candle. The picture is now on show in the Infolink in the Wem Town Hall. Now at half past 9 or sometime near, rumour has it that a cold breeze blows through the building. Is this Jane Churm?

The Dickin Arms

In 1803 there was a brewery which made beer for the whole of Wem. There were a few men who worked very hard day in, day out. Every day they were working around beer and after work they would be desperate for a pint.



After they had finished work they would have to go all the way around New Street and then go to the pub but they couldn't get in through the pub because it was so packed full of people.

So they went around the back of the pub and burst a hole in the back wall of the pub and

all of the men rushed in and were having their first pint. And that is how it got its name 'The Hole In The Wall'.

The Stolen Potato

Many years ago there used to be a town clerk. Everyone liked him because they thought he was kind and honest. The next day he woke up with a terrible pain in his hip. He walked out of the house and started limping up to the town hall. On the way he met an old woman. She said,

“You need some of the old remedies and I know just the one. All you need to do is steal a potato, put it in your pocket and don’t let anyone touch it except for the thief”.

The town clerk knew someone in the town who was a thief and his name was Jimmy. So he ran up to Jimmy and asked,

“Can you steal a potato? In return I will give you a sixpence”.

“A sixpence!” cried out Jimmy. “I could buy a potato and still have money left”

“But you have to STEAL one, Jimmy” replied the town clerk “Else I won’t give you the money”.



Jimmy ran to the greengrocers and put his back to the potatoes and reached out for a potato. He took one and was just about to run out of the shop when he felt someone grab him by the scruff of his neck and say,

“Hello, Jimmy, you’re still trying to steal are you? I will have to report this to Court”.

It was the greengrocer.

“I was doing it for the town clerk” stuttered Jimmy.

“The town clerk wouldn’t do anything like that, he is too kind”, said the shopkeeper walking up the street towards the Court.

The next day everyone was at court but exhibit A had been stolen. So the police had to shut all the doors and check everyone. They started with the town clerk.

“You can’t look in there,” shouted the town clerk.

“I’m afraid you will have to show us or we will have to arrest you” boomed the policeman. But the town clerk still would not let him look.

“I’ve warned you” said the other policeman at the top of his voice.

So eventually he gave up and the policeman found the potato. They handcuffed him and threw him in jail for the rest of the year and the next year too.

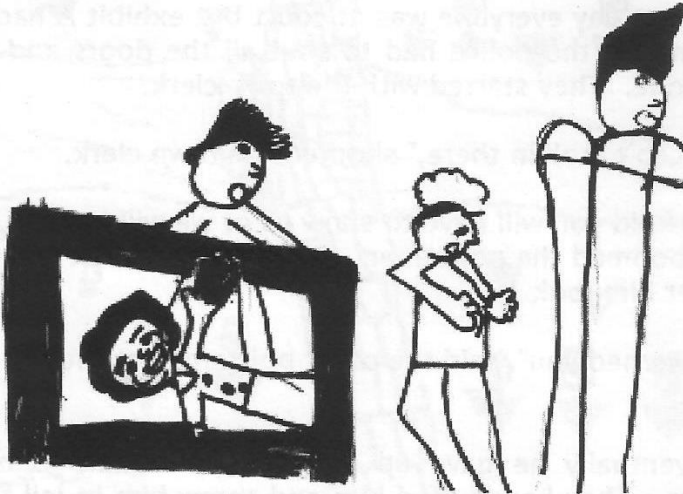
Nellie

In about 1703 there lived an old lady called Nellie. She lived in a village four miles away from Wem.

Every Thursday she would come to Wem to sell her vegetables and earn some money. After that she would go to a pub and have a pint and have a gossip to someone. Then she would go to another pub and do the same. This would carry on until about nine o’clock and she would be too scared or too tired to go home so she would stumble up to the church and open the rusty old gates with a creak

and she would waddle up to a sheltered grave and crawl under it and doze off.

When she had been asleep for about an hour five drunken lads came in, making a right racket and woke Nellie up. She was just about to give them a piece of her mind when she heard a name she recognised and said to herself.



“I can do with some juicy gossip”.

So she sat there quiet as can be and listened carefully. It had been two hours now and “Dong” the clock had struck midnight when one of the lads went.

“Do you think we should really be here?”

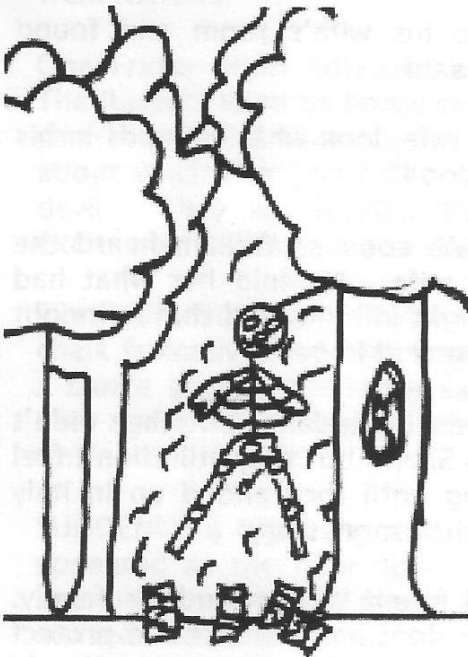
“Why, are you scared?” said one that was really drunk.
“Hey, do you want any beer?”

and he lowered the bottle down and to his surprise Nellie grabbed it. All five of them leapt up and ran to Clive in 15 minutes, and the next week Nellie was telling everyone about it.

The Mystery of the Skeleton

This is a mystery that has not been solved.

After the war was over, many years later, Mr. Smith, a local inspector went to the woods and saw a skeleton hanging from a tree. Underneath the tree was a bundle of letters seemingly from the wife of the dead man. The skeleton was buried in Little Drayton.



The inspector wrote to the wife of the dead man in Germany. The woman wrote back and described her husband and sent some money to buy some flowers for his grave in Little Drayton. The wife described the man in the letter.

The inspector went back to the woods and found some black hair on the rope. The black hair raised a couple of questions because in the letter the lady had said that her husband had blonde hair. After they

found out that this man had a SS tattoo under his arm.

The man that they had found was not the lady's husband. They didn't know what had happened. Did the SS man kill the blonde man and assume his identity and then hang himself in shame? Who knows?

William Pantulf

In 1077 a man called Roger Montgomery owned Shropshire. He split Shropshire into different parts and sold them for £100 each. A man called William Pantulf bought a town called Wem. William built a castle made from the finest stone and had a luxurious life, until Hugo had an affair with Roger's wife and Roger found out about it. Hugo was William's best friend who was very reliable.

One night Roger crept into his wife's room and found Hugo. Robert came out and said

"This man has murdered my wife, look what he holds in his hand, a dagger smeared in blood"

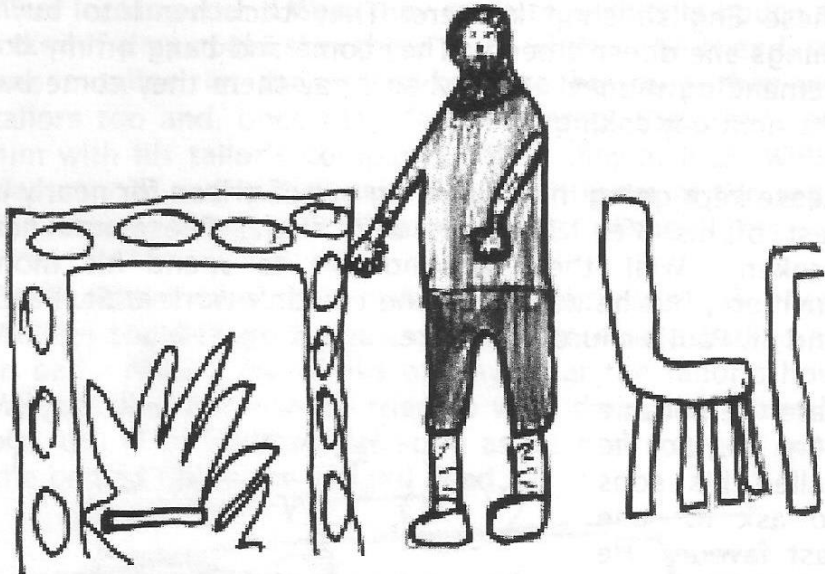
The crowd were shocked. As soon as William heard the news he rushed to tell his wife. He told her what had happened and that Roger might kill him and that he might think that William helped Hugo kill Roger's wife.

So William and his family went to Ireland, but they didn't feel safe so they travelled to Spain, but they still didn't feel safe and they kept travelling until they ended up in Italy and eventually they felt safe in a monastery.

Finally Roger's soldiers had found William and his family. The monk that answered the door had promised to protect William and his family. He didn't know what to do. Should he give William and his family away? Or should he pretend they weren't there? Eventually Roger's soldiers broke in and found William and his family.

Roger's soldiers took William and his family to a room where they decided who was guilty. The Judge said,

“Here lies an Iron bar. It is white hot, when William picks up this white hot bar and holds it in the air he must say the Lord’s prayer slowly and when he drops the bar his hands will be clear if he is not guilty, but if he is guilty his hands will be burnt.”



So William did this and when they looked his hands were clear. Roger was shocked and he apologised to William and after that William and his family moved back to Wem and lived in their castle and everyone was back to normal.

The Story of Reese Hughes

In 1660 in a small town called Wem, lived a Welsh vicar called Reese Hughes. He had a wife who was addicted to spending money. She spent it like water. Every day she would go down to the shops and spend money that they didn’t have. Because of this they became poorer every single day, as people demanded payment.

Eventually the vicar was sent to debtors prison. Later his friends bailed him out of prison. But every time anyone blamed his wife, the vicar would say,

“Are you talking about my wife? It’s not her fault! Its all these English shop keepers. They trick her into buying things she doesn’t need! They come and bang on my door demanding money! And when I pay them they come back the next day asking for more”.

Reese kept going in and coming out of prison for nearly the rest of his life. Then his wife died. Reese was heart broken. Well, there was no one to spend his money anymore, but he was so old he couldn’t work at St. Peter’s and St. Paul’s church anymore.

Later he became very ill. So he called his sons to ask for one last favour. He asked them to go to London to change his nationality from Welsh to English. His sons were



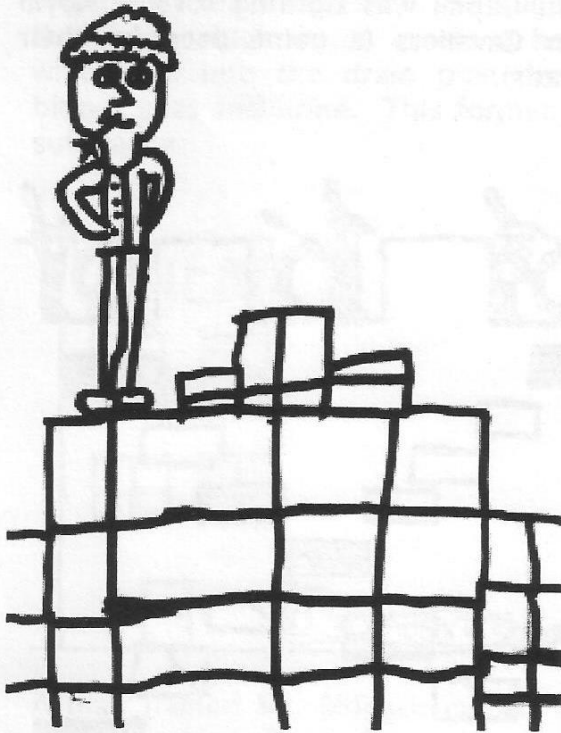
absolutely baffled by this because he hated the English. At once the sons went down to London to change his nationality and came back to Wem with all his documents. They told their father that he was now English. Reese said,

“Now I can die knowing that there will be one less Englishman in Wem.”

Thomas Newnes' Servant

700 years ago a farmer was ready to plough the fields when he couldn't find his plough irons for the job. He knew his friends wouldn't have it because they had their own. His servants searched for 2 days but they could not find it.

Even more strange things happened. The milk went sour, the bacon went rotten and when the lambs were born they died straight away.



Later that night the house caught fire. Thomas Newnes summoned Mr Hughes the curate, to pray to the disturbed house. He announced it was settled.

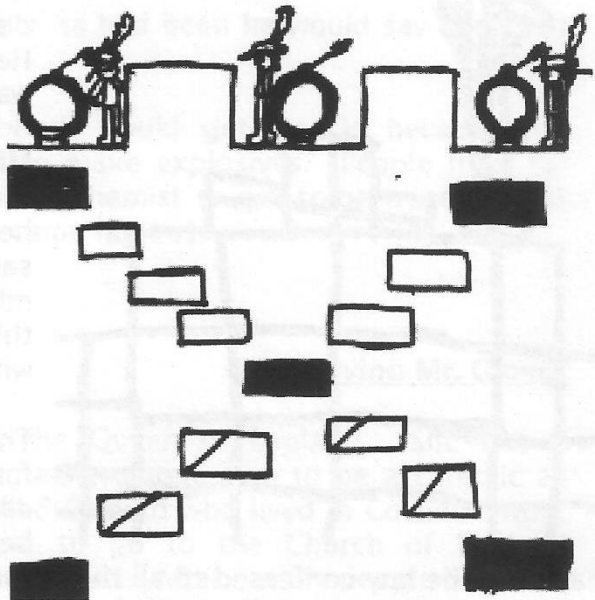
Mr. Hughes asked for his horse when he noticed the saddle was missing. He was thinking it was witchcraft.

Thomas Newnes found the saddle a day later, in his best servant's hayloft. The boy confessed to all the crimes and was taken in front of the court. he was whipped and taken to the school of rights.

The Battle of Wem

300 years ago or around that time period there was a man called Oliver Cromwell. Oliver was a Puritan (a very strict person in religious and moral matters) and he was fighting for Parliament to rule, not the Royal Family. Oliver's fighters were called Roundheads (a name used by enemies such as the Cavaliers who fought for King Charles 1st). Many Roundheads had short hair and wore plain dark clothes, as did the Puritans. Most people wanted Parliament and they fought for them. The rich even supported them! Lord Capell was fighting for the Royal Family with the other Cavaliers (a name used by their enemies, the Roundheads).

Wem wanted Parliament to rule and soon the Cavaliers found out and they went to attack Wem! Wem's women collected all their pots and pans and made them 'lamp black' and placed them on the ramparts. When the Cavaliers came all they saw were cannons.

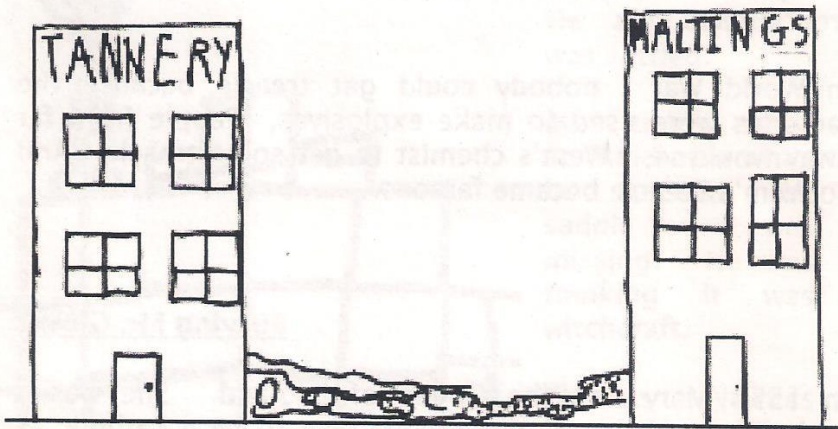


One scarpered, then another. Soon all of them had scarpered, all thanks to the women of Wem.

The Wem Treacle Mine

Many years ago there was a tannery down Noble Street. The tannery produced the finest leather. They dipped the cow and horse hides in a series of chemicals which included urine. When the tannery had finished the leather they disposed of the guts, blood and the urine down the sewage pipes into the drain next to the building.

Next to the tannery was the maltings. At the maltings they would spray the barley with hot water to get rid of the sugar they did not need. The sugar would then mix with the water which would create a hot, sticky, sweet liquid which ran into the drain pipe and would mix with the blood, guts and urine. This formed a brown, sticky, sweet substance.



A man named Mr. Morgan owned a chemists. When Mr. Morgan was walking down the street he came upon the brown substance. He dipped his finger in the sticky substance and licked it and he said,

“This is the sweetest thing I’ve ever tasted”.

He thought it would be nice for using in the chemist shop. A couple of minutes later he came back with some barrels. He scooped up the substance into the barrels and took them back to the chemist shop and stored them in the cellar.

He called the substance Wem Treacle. This treacle was meant to help people who were ill. If they asked if he had a tonic for their children he would say,

“I’ve got just the thing”
and popped down in his cellar and brought up a jug of treacle and he said,

“Give a cup of this to your children every night for several nights and they’ll be back to normal in no time”.

If anyone asked where he had been he would say down my treacle mine.

In World War I nobody could get treacle because the factories were used to make explosives. People from far away would visit Wem’s chemist to get some treacle. And so Wem’s Treacle became famous.

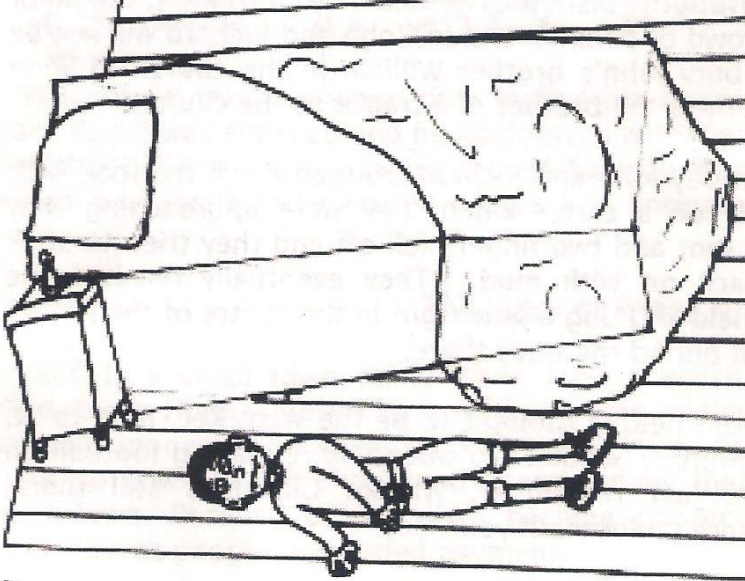
Burying Mr. Glover

In 1558 Mary was the Queen of England. She was a catholic, so she wanted everyone else to be a catholic as well. But a man called Richard who lived in Coventry went round telling people to go to the Church of England because he was a protestant. After a while people began to get annoyed and they tracked him down and caught him. They started to torture him and eventually burnt him alive.

William and John (Richard's brothers) ran away from Coventry in case they got caught. They ran away to Wem, but it took many weeks to. They didn't have much food and got quite ill.

After looking round Wem they came to a friend's house and asked if they could stay there for a while. The friend, who was a tailor, let them stay because he knew they were tailors too and, once they had recovered, they could help him with his tailor's company. When they arrived, William was very ill and had to stay in a small room at the top of the house and was sick all through most of the nights.

On Sundays when the tailor and John went to church William couldn't go because he was too ill and had to stay in bed. After a few weeks of staying at the tailor's house William died because he tried to walk down the stairs but was too ill to walk and as soon as he had stepped out of the bed he fell to the ground dead.



The tailor and John were at the church at the time so did not know until they came back.

John was so annoyed that he threw a vase down and it shattered on the wooden floor.

A week later the tailor and John took the body to the church graveyard to bury him. John asked the vicar if they could bury William's body in the church graveyard. He said "yes" at first but he had to go and see the Bishop for permission. It took him several days to reach the bishop because he was away for the weekend. John and Richard (the tailor) had to leave William's body in the churchyard until the vicar came back.

The body started to fester and smell so John dug a hole to put the body in until the vicar came back.

When the vicar returned, on the Sunday, he came back with a letter from the Bishop. The vicar read it to John, the tailor and a crowd of people. It said "John and Richard will not be able to bury John's brother William in the church of Wem because he is the brother of a traitor to the church".

The next day John and Richard trudged down the road with the body on a cart. When they were approaching New Street a foot and two fingers fell off and they tried to stick them back on with mud. They eventually reached the broom field and dug a hole right in the centre of the broom field and buried the body there.

The broom field is thought to be the Wem Rec. next to St. Peter's Primary School. So when you're playing football on the Rec. just remember, William Glover is still there, somewhere underneath your feet.

The Wem Ranters - Conjuring the Devil

The Wem Ranters were young hooligans who travelled round North Shropshire, drinking and shouting, spending money and vandalising everything they could. Every Friday night the Wem Ranters would go around Wem and get as drunk as a horse on two legs. When Friday came everyone would board up their doors, send their children to their rooms and not open the door to anyone in case it was the Wem Ranters.

One Friday night only one pub was open, in New Street. The Ranters were so bored they went into that pub and the smart one said that one of his friends had read a book about witchcraft and had told him how to conjure up the devil. They all decided that they should bring some excitement to the town by doing it.

Firstly on the floor they drew a big white circle with stolen chalk from a darts board from another pub. Next they did a dance around the circle saying "Devil Appear" over and over again. They stopped when they had gone round three times.

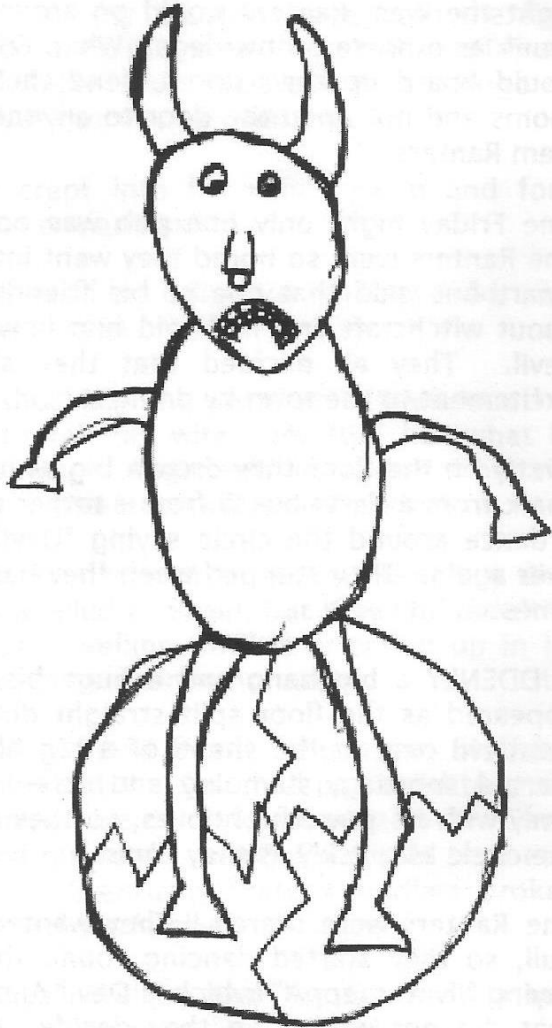
SUDDENLY a big bang and a huge black cloud of smoke appeared as the floor split straight down the middle and the devil rose in the shape of a big black bull. The bull started snorting, stamping and scraping the chalk circle away with its powerful hooves, so they redrew that part of the circle as quickly as they could.

The Ranters were scared. They wanted to get rid of the bull, so they started dancing round the circle backwards saying "liveD raepPA" (which is Devil Appear backwards) but that did not work. So they decided to fetch all of the Reverends from in and around Wem.

All the Reverends brought candles and bibles, but the bull kept blowing out the candles.

But Reverend Hotchkiss from Battle church near Shrewsbury sorted the problem because he had gone to Kings in Wem to get a candle that never went out. So he brought the candle and a bible. The bull kept trying to blow the candle out but it wouldn't go out. After trying as much as he could there was suddenly a huge flash of lightning, the big hole reappeared and swallowed the devil back down to hell.

But there were cracks left in the floor and a big black circle on the ceiling, which can probably still be seen today!



The Wem Rats

One hot sunny day around noon there was a man from Whixall who was walking back from the pub along Dobson's Bridge. He heard a loud noise which was getting louder and louder. The man thought nothing of it because he thought it was just a carriage going as fast as it could.

So he got on the side of the bridge to let it past. When he was on the side he heard that it was coming closer so he kept still. But then he saw a massive fat King rat, followed by a pack of big rats.

Rumour has it that the rats were so fat because they fed on treacle from the Wem Treacle Mine.

The Wolverley Rats

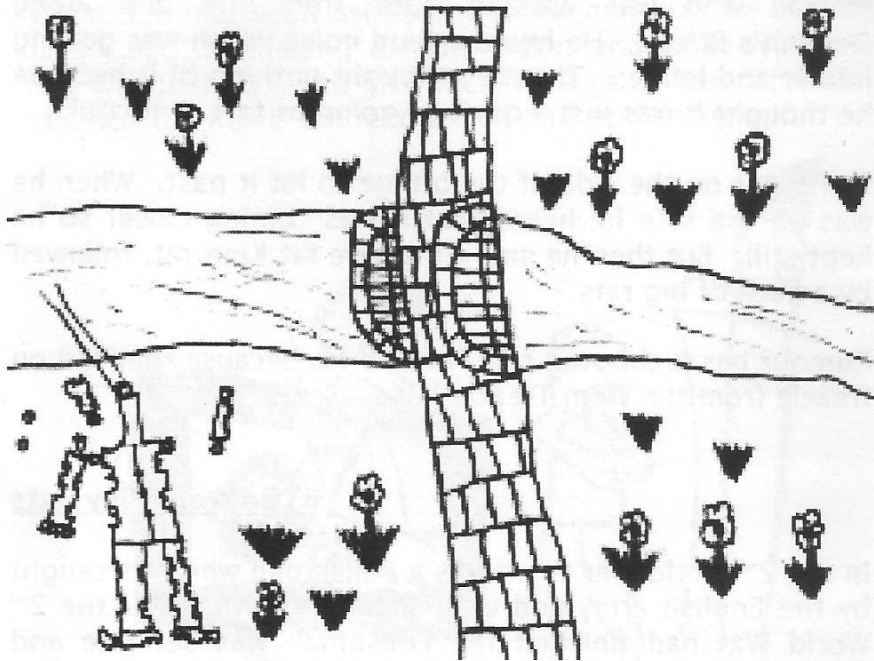
In the 2nd World War there was a Polishman who was caught by the English army and imprisoned in Wem. After the 2nd World War had finished the Polishman was set free and decided he wanted to stay in Wem.

The Polishman had a girlfriend and every day he went over to wait for her.

Sometimes he went to the pub and had a few beers. One evening he had too many and fell asleep on the riverbank. While he was sleeping a farmer went past and saw him. While this was happening his girlfriend and some other people were getting worried. But then they thought he was having a couple more beers than he usually did.

The next morning the farmer went past him again, but as he got closer he saw some grey blobs scuttle away.

He went nearer and realised that the grey blobs were big, fat, hairy rats. He gasped in horror as he saw that the Polishman had been eaten alive by the rats.



The Monkey Who Stole Hats

Many, many years ago in the 1940s there lived a doctor. His name was Mr. Somerset. He had a pet. The pet was a monkey whose name was H.S. which stands for Hat Stealer. They lived together in the Old Hall. It was a black and white building next to the garage.

The monkey had a bad habit. Every day the monkey would sit on the concrete post and when passers-by went past Dr. Somerset's house, the monkey would swipe their hat if they had one on.

Sometimes the monkey would cover up his face with the hat of just go mad with the hat. He never wore the hat that he had stolen from a person in front of them.

He was not just a daytime robber. He also went out at night. At night he would untie himself and go into Dr. Somerset's shed. He would help himself to a hammer. Then he went to the nearest clothes store and smashed into the store and took some clothes to match the hats he had taken. He wanted to be colour co-ordinated!



Sometimes the shopkeeper or shop assistant would chase after H.S. but he never got caught. He always buried the hats in the back garden of the Old Hall and he used to get rid of the clothes which matched the hat. When the hats were buried, he just left the clothes on the street.

Dr. Somerset never knew about HS breaking into the clothes stores. He heard about the break-ins that had been going on, but he never thought it was H.S. because he was always tied to a tree. Or so he thought.

The hats have never been found to this day.

The Wem Goblin

In a pub in Wem there was a goblin. He was quite chubby with thin, bony legs. His face was wrinkled and warty and he had a long, pointy nose. This goblin could shrink and grow. He could shrink to the size of an ant and grow to the size of an elephant. He could also do magic tricks and spells. He lived in the cellar of the pub.

The goblin was angry because the customers were banging and stamping on the pub floor which was his ceiling. The goblin threatened to stop the customers coming to the pub. He thought it would scare the customers if they believed there was a ghost. So he put spells on the plates to make them rattle at 7.00pm. But this brought more customers to the pub because they thought it would be exciting to go to a haunted pub. The goblin was very angry because there were even more people stamping on the pub floor.

The goblin thought of another plan to scare off the customers. He decided to put a spell on the toast. In those times there were no crisps or peanuts so they ate toast. He made the toast dance so when they tried to grab it, it slipped away. The customers thought it was annoying at first but then they thought it was amusing. They went away and told their friends and families about how the plates rattled at 7.00pm and how the toast danced at 8.00pm.

The barman thought next the goblin would be killing off the customers, so he had to think of a way of getting rid of the goblin. He went to see Old Tom, who lived next to the fire station and he asked Old Tom if he could get rid of the pub goblin. Tom demanded if he got rid of the goblin the barman must give him ham sandwiches with big green fat and juicy bits.

He also wanted a bottle of the finest ale and a five pound note, which was very valuable in those times. The barman thought for a moment about the offer and the pub and gave Old Tom his demands.

The next day he left a plate of ham sandwiches and a bottle of the finest beer, and placed a five pound note on the table. The barman waited until Old Tom came, then locked the cellar door. He put the key in his pocket and walked out of the front door.

Old Tom started to stamp on the floor as he munched his sandwiches and sipped his beer.

The goblin started to get aggravated and came to the cellar door and said

“When I see him I’ll give him a piece of my mind!”

When the goblin tried to open the door it was locked. So he shrank to the size of an ant and jumped through the keyhole and then grew to the size of an elephant.

Old Tom sat there still tapping his foot of the pub floor. He asked himself,

“Did I hear something? I couldn’t have, because the barman has locked all the doors.”

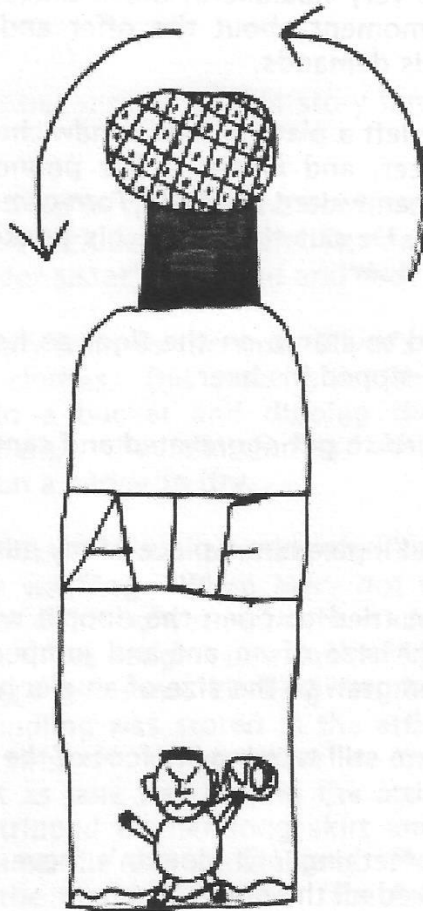
“Yes, I’m here” cried the goblin.

“I don’t believe in goblins!” replied Tom

“I came through the keyhole!” said the goblin.

“You couldn’t have!” Tom answered.

"I can shrink really small and grow really big!" the goblin said.



Old Tom dared the goblin to shrink so small that he could fit into the beer bottle and the goblin said he could. So the goblin shrunk so small he looked like an ant. He jumped into the bottle, with an inch of beer left in. Old Tom quickly put the cork on the bottle and swilled the bottle round so the beer coated the inside. The goblin was never seen again.

The stories in this book were written and illustrated in July 2003 by Year 5 pupils at St. Peter's School, Wem. The book cover shows collages by the pupils

**Jane Churm and
The Great Fire of Wem**

Maisie-Jo Boggild-Jones
Jessica Gough
Frankie Jones-Hanby
Adam Roberts
Rosie Powell-Davies

The Stolen Potato

Samantha Thomas
Connor Fielder
Andrew Walker
Emma Roberts

The Mystery of the Skeleton

Joshua Higgins
Lewis Amer
Daniel Cohen
John Bowen
Jack Davies

The Dickin Arms

Lisa Pearce
Jody Dickinson
Tara Lear-Jones
Ben Foxon

Nellie

Natalie Roberts
Elizabeth Humphreys
Joshua Ralphs
Ian Finch
Rhian Hill

William Pantulf

Sophie Shakespeare
Jake Rotherham
Daniel Grafton
Nicole Lear
Phoebe van der Westhouzen

Thomas Newnes' Servant

Tyler Brook
Lauren Wright
Jennie Lewis
Emily Harper

The Battle of Wem

Joe White
James Parker
Craig Ford
Vanessa Salisbury
Liam O'Hara

The Wem Treacle Mine

Oliver Heath
Sam Peate
Charlie Clorley
Samantha Thorcly
Joshua Roberts

Burying Mr. Glover

Jordy Kennedy
Sam Telford
Anna Rowse
Gareth Carter
Daniel Johnson

**The Wem Ranters -
Conjuring the Devil**

Guy Hannah
Jacob Reese
Emelye Young
Katherine Maudsley
Jasmin Elrick

The Story of Reese Hughes

Rachael Blacklaws
Jack Moss
Jessica Johnson
Katie Hughes
Thomas Rogerson

The Wem Rats / The Wolverley Rats

Matthew Wright
Alice Moodie
Thomas Humphreys
Laura Jeavons

The Monkey Who Stole Hats

Jack Evanson
Elizabeth Golding
David Grattidge
William Reid

The Wem Goblin

Sarah Morgan
Becky Jones
Keela Cooke
Ryan Evans