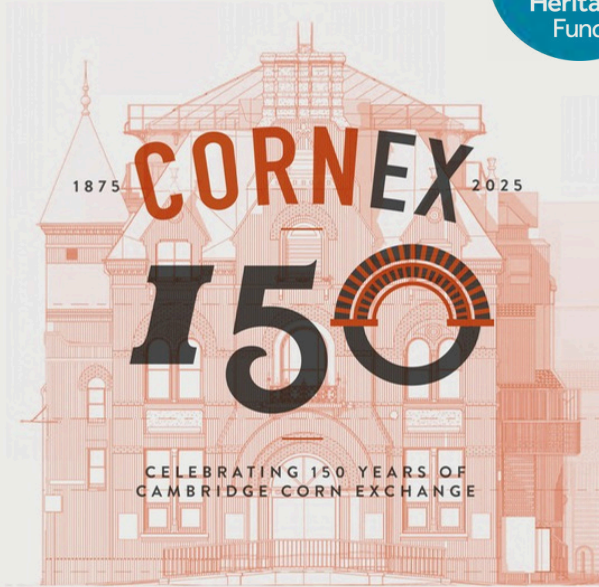




Exchanging Stories

Inspired by the history of the
Cambridge Corn Exchange
written by the children of Cambridge.



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Introduction

This book of children's writing has been put together to mark the 150th birthday of the Cambridge Corn Exchange. It is with thanks to the National Lottery Heritage Fund for a generous grant that the Corn Exchange has been able to work with the Cambridge Literary Festival, local authors and school children from Cambridge to compile this collection of over 80 pieces of writing celebrating the past, present and future of this historic building.



This book represents a selection of the writing produced in the Summer of 2025 by students from Castle School, Arbury Primary School, Milton Road Primary School, Trumpington Community College and North Cambridge Academy.



Cambridge Literary Festival



Originally founded as Wordfest in 2003, the Cambridge Literary Festival was re-established in 2013 as a charity with a mission to promote literature, language and the arts to the public. Today, it hosts two literary festivals per year, inviting writers, scientists, politicians, historians, journalists and other great thinkers to the city.

A free Children's Festival returns every Spring, hosting an array of high quality fun, interactive events designed to spark the imaginations of a younger audience and enthuse a new generation of booklovers. In 2026, the Festival will launch its inaugural Children's Choice Award, in partnership with three primary schools in Cambridge.



Author, Helen Moss at Arbury Primary School 2025

CLF selected three children's authors to deliver creative writing workshops to the school children of Cambridge. Working with the Cambridge Corn Exchange they used the history of the historic venue for inspiration.

The Authors



Helen Moss

Best-selling author of the Adventure Island series, Helen Moss has written more than twenty books, mostly involving history, mystery and animal tales. Her love of writing extends beyond the page, from giving talks and workshops to working as Patron of Reading and Author in Residence in a number of schools in East Anglia and beyond.



Ruth Hatfield

Cambridge author Ruth Hatfield writes a mix of fiction and non-fiction children's books. Through her writing, Ruth loves to delve into new worlds and let imagination soar. Running writing workshops for both adults and children, Ruth is keen to share her love of writing and inspire the next authors.



Chris Priestley

A local award-winning author and illustrator of over 30 (sometimes spooky) books for children and teenagers, Chris has given talks and held writing workshops for young people and adults in schools and festivals all over the UK and internationally.

Chapter 1: A new Corn Exchange for Cambridge

After over 30 years of trading at different sites, the Corn Exchange, building that stands today was opened on the 6th November 1875. Following a mistake in the rendition of the National Anthem, played by the Cold Stream Guards at Opening Night on 8th November 1875, chaotic scenes were reported.



RIOT AND RAG

by Enid Porter

1875 John Death, the Mayor, tried hard to curb the violent students who were causing a great deal of annoyance at that time; a band of them had even broken up a concert in the Corn Exchange at which the Mayor and Corporation were present.

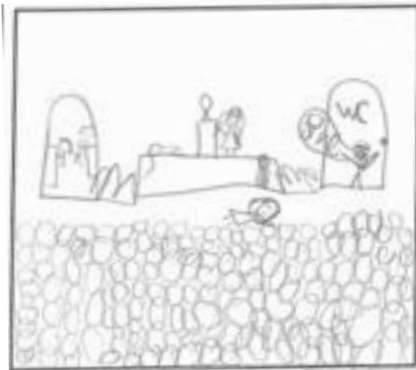
Credit: Museum of Cambridge

Enid Porter, renowned Cambridge Historian relayed how the Mayor at the time, John Death (who laid the foundation stone for the Corn Exchange) dealt with the chaotic scenes.

Inspired by accounts of rioting, this chapter showcases the imagination and creativity of children in Cambridge who have written their own newspaper articles. Author Helen Moss's workshops considered what could possibly go wrong at the opening night of the Corn Exchange, allowing the children attending to let their imagination run wild whilst sticking to age-old conventions of broadsheet reporting.

Hot News For You

....a plume of smoke filled the room then a flicker of fire that became a campfire then a forest fire. Mothers fainted fathers fought then they pointed at the mayor!



....Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved.....

Miss Thatcher, "My husband was seriously hurt by fighting." Mayor John Death age 53, "I didn't have anything to do with the fire and if I did I would of stopped it."

**Year 5 child,
Arbury Primary School**

Cambridge corn exchange riot

Four people started an argument because they didn't like the show so they were shouting and being rude.

....Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved.....they said they felt scared angry sad and nervous.

Jasmine, Castle School

NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

**THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE AND UNIVERSITY JOURNAL
ISLE OF ELY AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE GAZETTE**

Cambridge Corn event gone crazy

The bad people don't like the noises but the cops thought it was the guys that they shouted so they end up in jail.

Evie, Castle School

....Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved.....the people was scared that they were running away from the bad people, the cops came in and arrested 10,000 men and left the women free.

The Death Riot

“Extraordinary
Scenes at
the New
Cambridge
corn exchange!”

The Grand Opening Concert was in full swing when suddenly...

Dave the cat zipwired in and started eating all the food at the table a record of one minute. John Death was furious it got to the point where the police came in.

Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved...

Reporter: “What happened”

Person: “Confetti flew in the air until a cat called Dave flew in!!!”

Gabriel, Milton Road Primary School

THE GREAT FIRE

....the building caught fire! Loads of people's clothes were burnt! The cause of the fire was quite strange. A spark from a candle hanging onto the chandelier flew off from a gust of wind and set fire to a wealthy person's clothes.



....Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved.....in the great fire. Mr Alex Pringle, a local resident, aged 42 exclaimed "It was chaos, women fainted, men scurried and children cried. IT WAS A DISASTER!"

**Year 5 child,
Arbury Primary School**

NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE AND UNIVERSITY JOURNAL ISLE OF ELY AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE GAZETTE

THE creature

**EXTRAORDINARY
SCENES AT THE
NEW CAMBRIDGE
CORN EXCHANGE!**

The Grand Opening
Concert was in full swing
when suddenly ...

a tree
creature
destroyed
the stage.

Olly, Castle School

SHAPE SHIFT...

Extraordinary
scenes at the
new cambridge
corn exchange



The Grand Opening
Concert was in full
swing when suddenly
a fire breathing dragon
appeared from nowhere.
Everyone ran out of the
corn exchange door
and starts a riot
outside for who best
the door open, or what
did you do! People
punched and kicked
people, and violence struck.

Our reporter at the
scene spoke to some of the
people involved and the
witnesses where John
Death. Let it open!

SOMEONE SHAPE SHIFTED!

There was a witness of
a shape shifter...

**Xanthe,
Milton Road Primary School**

CORNY DEATH

The Grand Opening was in full swing when suddenly Dementors came flying in and sucked everyone's souls. Death eaters teleported everywhere attacking John Death's house! Children were kidnapped and Voldemort destroyed everything. Our reporter at the scene spoke to some people involved like Piggletton Wibbly Bottom



**Micky,
Milton Road
Primary School**

who said that he was so scared to death and his beautiful wife was kidnapped, his children disappeared. Another person involved said they saw the horrible faces of murder.

CORNY CHAOS!

Juriya , Milton Road Primary School

Extraordinary scenes at the New Cambridge Corn Exchange!

The grand opening concert was in full swing when suddenly...

An argument started over an event problem. Citizens teamed up. Pitchforks were wielded. Luckily, nobody was killed.

Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved...

Lady Rosie Pollar said.....

"It was horrifying! I broke my arm in a duel with wrestler Jack Coddar."



FENIX IN THE CORN EXCHANGE

A phoenix appeared out of nowhere. It flapped it's wings and began flying in circles. Sparks started coming out of it's wings. People screamed and fainted. A few seconds later a weird man in a cloak appeared and chased after the phoenix. The man and the phoenix disappeared nowhere to be seen again.



....Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved.....

Albert - "I was playing in the orchestra. I was so scared that I threw my violin onto the stage - it turned into ash in seconds"

Vanessa, Albert's wife, "I was terrified. I ran, but fell because of my dress. I got up and tried to find my husband but I couldn't see him. I frantically threw myself in different directions. But then, everything went dark...then I woke up at the hospital."

**Year 5 child,
Arbury Primary School**

Death! Death! Death!

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AT THE NEW CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE!

**Elena,
Milton Road
Primary School**

The Grand Opening Concert was in full swing when suddenly eight people opened a drain and water flooded into the room causing John Death to call the police. It arrested seven people BUT one of them broke free and killed one of the police officers. This made RIOTS! Women were screaming, children were crying and men were shouting at each other! It turns out that the tickets costed too much money!



“This was a disaster!” Catherine Grandle said.

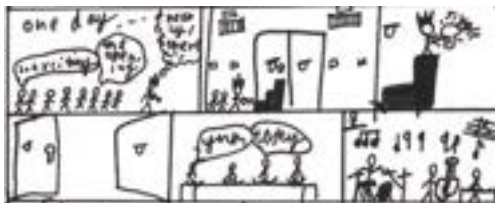
“Yes a total one!” agreed John Death with a croaky voice of caution.

“Obviously I’m not going there ever again!” says Dave Culstandle. So it seems that this has not been a very good night.

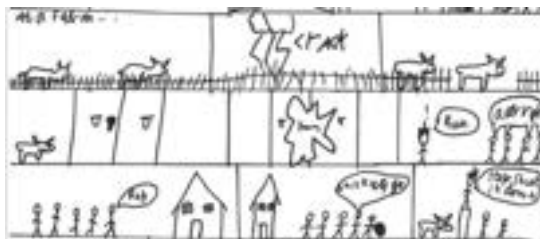
The Death Riot

Unexpected scenes at the New Cambridge Corn Exchange!

The grand opening concert was in full swing when suddenly....a bull from a nearby farm barged in and rammed into the drummer.



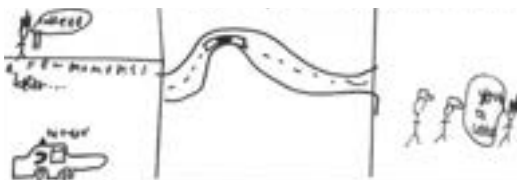
From then on it was total carnage. A crowd of angry men started running down the streets robbing the houses. Meanwhile back at the Corn Exchange John Death had to shut it down. But the police had arrived to help.



Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved...

"The bull was destroying like a bulldozer" said one.

"The chaos and destruction was like a nightmare" said another.



**Simeon,
Milton Road
Primary School**

The Mysterious Person

**EXTRAORDINARY
SCENES AT THE
NEW CAMBRIDGE
CORN EXCHANGE!**

**Ridah,
Arbury Primary School**

A person came from nowhere, appeared and gave a gift to the mayor and a bouquet but the mayor was allergic to flowers and the person was his enemy and they were once friends so he knew he was allergic.

Suddenly, the man disappeared and smoke was all over the great, grand hall. Women and children fainted, everybody was screaming. Police came and people started throwing things at each other and seven people were arrested....

....Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved.....including Hazel Parton who came to the concert with her brother. When asked what happened, she told us, "Oh well a person gave gift to the mayor and a bouquet but as everybody were happy to see the flowers, the mayor fainted.



The smiles faded in the warm air because the mayor was allergic to flowers! And as anybody went to check, smoke cover all of the big hall and I fainted. This is what I know and this is what happened."

DISCO BALL FALL AND POISON'S UNLADY-LIKE REVENGE

A woman called Rose asked if she could say something to the crowd before her performance and as she was about to say her speech all of the lights went out. About two seconds later they turned back on and the lady was unconscious on the floor.



The disco ball was lying next to the lady and later they found out that the balloons got stuck in the disco ball's chain and that then caused the disco ball to land on her head. As soon as Rose was awake another lady came over and handed her a drink but little did Rose know poison was in the drink.

....Our reporter at the scene spoke to some of the people involved.....including Mary Smith who attended the event. She told us "One moment it was a jolly experience and the next it was a mad house".

"It was like screams in a maze without an exit. To this day, some people still shiver at the memory and whenever it's brought up in conversation they almost immediately change the subject."

**Freya,
Arbury Primary School**

Chapter 2: Corn Trading

Once open, the new Corn Exchange in Cambridge became a hub for trade and exchange by local farmers buying and selling wheat, barley and oats.



Credit: Cambridgeshire Collection

Taking inspiration from the poem 'Cat in the Window' by Brian Morse, children imagined they were a rat or mouse in the Corn Exchange, writing about what they might see, hear or feel when scuttling about during trade, shows or even behind closed doors!

Extract from
'Cat in the Window'
by Brian Morse



After only three years, the Corn Exchange played host to a showcase for a thrilling new invention: the motor car! Hosting car shows became an important part of the history of the Corn Exchange as a Cambridge venue.



Credit: Mike Petty

“

Cat In The Window
What do you see?
Cloud, wind, birds,
a bird in a tree.
The daffodils shivering
in the February breeze,
A puddle in the road
beginning to freeze.

”

Mouse

Bread singing
Cash desk ringing
Some mice squeaking
Me, gazing
The business, amazing
Others are peeking
I start seeking
To find a weakling
To cough and sneeze on.
Clocks chime
A kid steals some thyme
It seems like a crime
But I don't mind
I think I may find
A nice treat to hide
The smell of sorghum
And farmers dying of
boredom
This is a typical day
The Corn Exchange way?
It seems now they perform
plays!

**Thomas,
Trumpington
Community College**



**Illustration by MD,
Trumpington
Community College**

“
I hear vroom and boom
”

I can see cars and motor bikes
I hear vroom and boom
I touch tyres
I feel rubber
I smell oil

**Qasim,
Milton Road
Primary School**

Mouse in the door

Mouse in the door,
What do you see,
Breaths being held,
Smells overwhelmed,
They could be,
A little less harsh,
A little more calm,
What kind of entertainment is this?
For the humans who sit and listen.



**Ruby,
Milton Road
Primary School**



Corn Selling

Corn Selling
Bustling and loud environment
I see I was walking and I saw the corn being sold.
I can smell sweat and anticipation in the air.

Olly, Castle School



One step after another. I pace towards the large room.
Conversations fill the room, with a range of wild volumes.
Is that a...

A cheese wheel.

Placed on the one of many tables positioned towards the far left
of the entrance.

A big banner waved like hair in the calm breeze. It looked like
the words; CORN EXCHANGE.

A piece of cheese fell. I raced towards it. I climbed mountains
of books, collectibles and corn. I made it. I started nibbling. It
started –

AWOOAWOH!

A....war cry?

Only the most feared rats held that title.

THUD!

A rat. A powerful one. One covered in scars of a million battles.
It got in position. We were ready. With one great lunge –
SLASH!

A scratch appeared on the rat's shoulder. It cried. This time
fiercely. Another swoop towards the rat's stomach and
AWOOH!

The rat disappeared. It dashed over to the cheese and started
munching.

All good stories have a somewhat happy ending.

**Felix,
Trumpington Community College**

Super bike

I see a super motor bike
Flashing rubber handles
Squeaking with the wheels peaking
Super bike
Revving
People talking
Smooth petrol filling the shiny bike
I taste race air
I feel POWER

**Seb R,
Milton Road
Primary School**



Rat in the Corn Exchange

Rat in the Corn Exchange what do you hear, smell, feel and see?

People in top hats glaring at me

I scurry away while drinking some wine

I smell whiffs of tobacco life is divine.

Beef, pork and chicken scents filling my nose

Feet nudging me hither and thither

I must withstand these blows

In a barrel of beer I dunk my head

Soon I realise I need my bed.

**Ben,
Arbury Primary School**

Most people marvel at cars,
Others inspect the legendary technology,
The rain on the ceiling is thick,
On the roof I just see clouds,
Rolling squeak on the ground,
Cars smoking cloud my vision,
A shiny black shoe skims my fur,
Rinds of leftover cheese
Scared of the cars is how I feel.

**Natasha,
Milton Road Primary School**

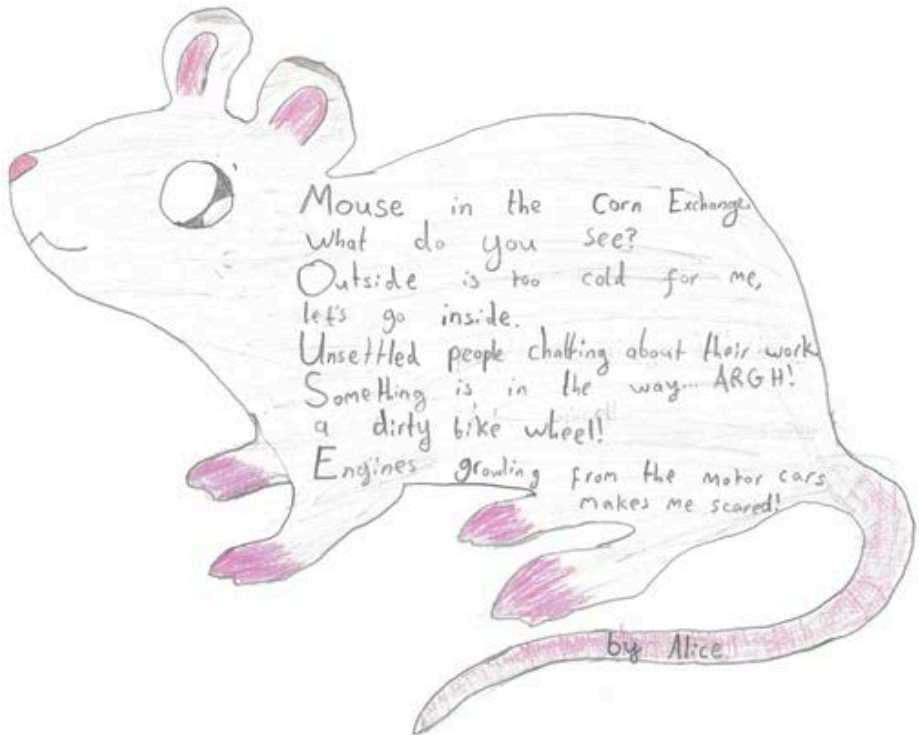


I see humans giving each other wheat,
Barely missing me with their feet,
How I survive is what I now wonder,
When I am in this much of a frightened blunder.
I hear booming voices talking nonsense and more,
As I scuttle across the hardwood floor,
I can smell corn and fabric and also leather,
Also the faintness of a bird's feather.
I taste freshly grown crops and smoke from cigars,
And sometimes even the scent of cars.

**Jake,
Arbury Primary School**

Mouse in the Corn Exchange

Mouse in the Corn Exchange,
What do you see?
Outside is too cold for me,
Let's go inside.
Unsettled people chatting about their work.
Something is in the way...ARGH!
A dirty bike wheel!
Engines growling from the motor cars
Makes me scared!



**Alice,
Milton Road Primary School**

Chapter 3: The Corn Exchange during War Time

As with many large public buildings, the Corn Exchange became an invaluable resource for the community. The first half of the twentieth century saw much change, with two world wars, the suffragette movement and fast-paced developments in technology. From enlistment to billeting, speeches and rallies, the Corn Exchange was used for a wide range of events throughout this time.



Credit: Cambridgeshire Collection

Imagine if you could time travel?

Where and when would you end up?

This collection of postcards home written from the perspective of those enlisted during World War 1 came about following workshops by author Ruth Hatfield. Inspiring the children to imagine they had time travelled back to 1914, only to be swept up in a national movement to join up and do your bit for the country.

To Asha,

I'm Elizabeth, a soldier from 1914. I know what you're going to say: A woman in the Corn Exchange, heading for war! I don't know about you kids, these days, but back in my day, that was outrageous. And you've probably already guessed what happened to me! Yes, I died at war, but my death wasn't in vain. I sacrificed myself for my team, and thanks to me they won the battle! But I suppose the men kept all the glory for themselves. Oh well, now I'll just linger around the Corn Exchange for all eternity. If there's one thing that hasn't changed it's the abundance of rats!

Trumpington
Community College
Line one
Trumpington
Cambridge CB2
9FD

Year 8 child, Trumpington Community College

Dear Mum, Dad and my sister Carci,
Earlier this week, I had gone to the Corn Exchange and enlisted as you suggested. It felt like I belonged, like I was meant to be a soldier, a hero. It felt as if I was doing a favour, and I was promised to be home by Christmas. I'm aware of risks and dangers I may have to endure.

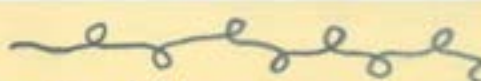
Save me some cake.

Love Albert

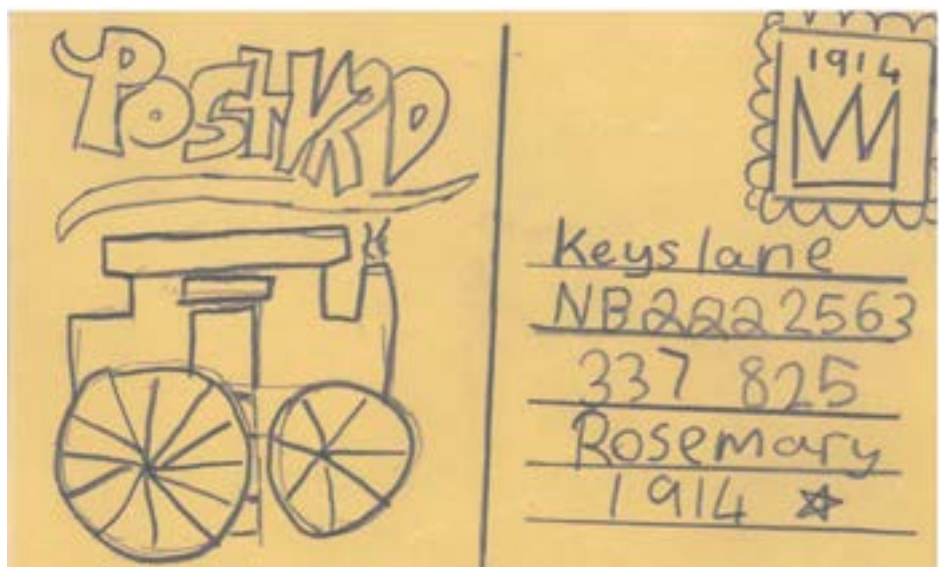


Trumpington
Community College
Line one
Trumpington
Cambridge CB2
9FD

**Maelona,
Arbury Primary School**

Dear Mother, 
 I got listed, listed can you
 bleave, this was Devastating
 neues as they say much ado
 for nothing. Soon we're reaching
 out to a german merchant.
 And there's a twist, Spyes
 from Vietnam are in the
 army but its a secret. enjoy
 ted with Margaret, love
 your son ~~Albert~~ xox.

Sophia
 Milton Road Primary School



Year 4 child,
 Milton Road Primary School

Dear Mum, Dad and Flora,
 I have joined the army and I will be
 back before you know it. They let me in
 so I am writing to you just to let you
 know I might come back I might not
 come back. But I will make you proud
 no matter what. As long as I can
 remember I've wanted to come off that
 farm. I will save our countries and
 hopefully save ours as well. Also, tell
 Flora and Dad I love them. I will be
 back before Christmas.

Save me some cheesecake.

Alicia



Arbury Primary School
 arbury way
 cambridge
 CB4 2DE

Alicia, Arbury Primary School

Dear family,
 I have just signed up at a big
 Desk. They told me I am going



straight to army camp where I will train
 hard and win the war. I am pretty scared
 but I am glad that I am taking part! I
 promise I will return unharmed and this
 will not be the last time you hear from me.
 The man measured me and gave me my
 kit! See you soon!

Albert

Cambridge
 Victoria road
 CB4 89B

Ruby, Milton Road Primary School

To Mum, Dad, Charlie and Sis,

Some days ago, when I had a confident stick.

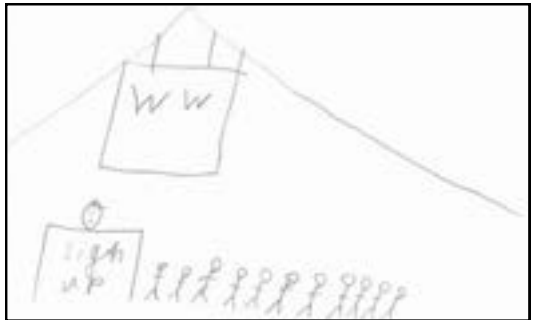
I signed the paper with all my pride. When the person accepted me, I felt good...better than good...It felt like what a person should do. They gave me my uniform and put me with other excited men like me. I shall finish the war before it's even started. PS: Please save some pudding before sis eats them all.

Love from Albert

Sid, Arbury Primary School

Dear Family,

On my school trip I got hold of a tile and travelled back in time and met a World War 1 Sergeant Major and someone signing up to fight in war. I learned that we were very lucky to live in 2025. I miss you all.



Simeon

**Simeon,
Milton Road Primary School**

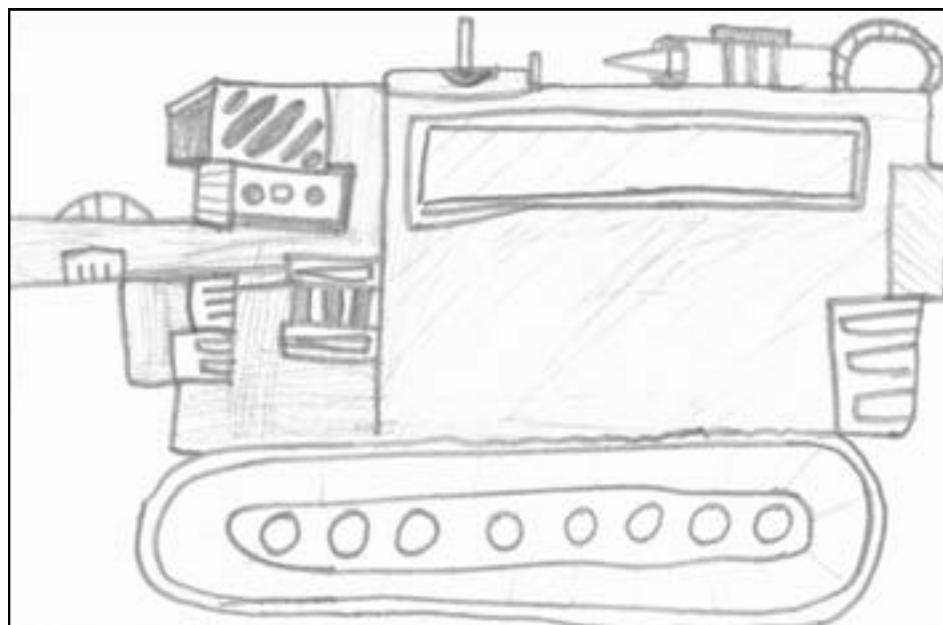
Year 4 child,
Milton Road Primary School

Dear Father,
I am concerned to
go to war. I have
been elected. I do
not know how long
I will be gone.
But I hope I will
be back. I know it
is right to do this.
I am fighting for
our country.



150,000,000
Gibbert Road.
Cambridge,
On Earth.

From Albert.



Dear ma, pa and Cassie,

I've enlisted and it feels gloriously honourable! You all thought that I your 'little Albert' a meek drapers assistant was pathetic in comparison to your brave, bold eldest Cassan-ra (Cassie), but I've walked up those Cambridge Corn Exchange steps and I've signed up to war.

I am going to Belgium and I will make hundreds more mates! Everybody is saying this will be a short, sharp war so I'll be back by Christmas. Albert

PS. Ma, don't let Cassie go Christmas shopping for me.

PPS. She'll choose something really infantile and stupid.

PPPS. Save me some plum pudding!

**Annabelle,
Arbury Primary School**

Dear Mum and Dad and sisters,

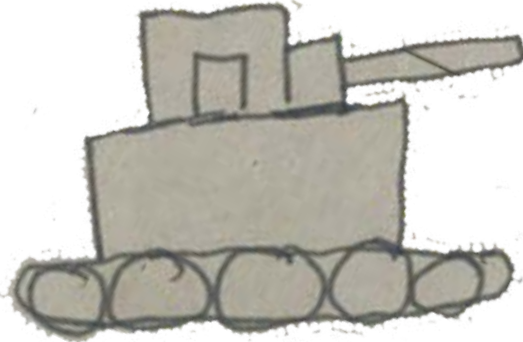
Earlier this week, I walked into the Corn Exchange. As I marched in I felt nervous and enlisted to join the army to fight the war. Before I go, I don't think it'll be that long, with the strength we have the war will be done without a doubt, I'll be home by Halloween or Christmas.



Aani,

Arbury Primary School

All my love, Albert



**Selected illustrations by year 4 children from
Milton Road Primary School**



Chapter 5: New era for Cambridge

After the second world war, a new era began in entertainment and leisure. A new social category emerged, the ‘teenager’ with disposable income, distinct fashions, and music tastes that shaped the entertainment industry.



Credit: Mike Petty



Credit: Mike Petty

This chapter explores this unique period in time through a collection of poems, postcards and mystery stories. Tales of things going missing and strange happenings dominate the mystery stories in this chapter.



Credit: Mike Petty

Working with Helen Moss, the children really captured what life was like for young people in Post-War Cambridge, through their stories set at a roller skating disco at the Corn Exchange!

I see lots of men and women
I see teacups
I hear people talking
I hear people's arguments
I smell perfumes
I smell shampoo scent
I touch fancy tables
I feel happy



Cairo, Castle School

Hello Nikita,

I am Larry Larrison. I snuck into the abandoned Corn Exchange building on 7th April 2009. I sneak into abandoned buildings with history for fun. I snuck into the Corn Exchange because 2 generations of my family worked there. The building still has photos of my grandfather when he was a boxer. Anyway my train is going to come soon! See you in the Corn Exchange,



Larry Larrison

**Year 8 child,
Trumpington Community College**

UNTHINKABLE TRIO

Maya, Arbury Primary School

Marcus hurried breathlessly “I’m going to take a break on the bench.”

“Didn’t you bring your car Louise?” Massy asked, confused.

“Because I don’t see it in the car park.”

“Yes, why?” Louise replied.

“It’s driving off!” Massy screamed.

Matthew and Marcus rushed out with Massy and Louise following.

“Get in my car!” Marcus screamed as loud as possible. They zoomed past cars trying to catch up to the thieves. Finally we caught up next to them and saw that there was a trio!

“The unthinkable trio!” Louise and Matthew shouted at the same time.

“I know them, they steal cars all the time, this isn’t good, hurry!” Marcus shouted.

A police car pulled up behind them...



“

I see a crowd
Cheering

Ella, Castle School

I see young people fighting

I see a crowd cheering

I hear the sound of fists striking

I hear music and screams

” smell the smoke from cigarettes

Winners wrestling
belt.

Oscar,
Milton Road Primary School

On a foggy, Autumn evening, people skated around happily, falling, jumping and doing lifts! When suddenly someone raced in shouting "It's a catastrophe, a calamity, someone has stolen the wrestling winner's belt!"

"Huh" everyone cried.

Just then I saw, just out of the corner of my eye a man running from something with a mysterious looking bag. I was almost certain that he stole the belt so I raced after him at top speed but I lost him in the crowd.

I knew what he looked like so I could tell the police but they were nowhere to be seen either. I had to find him myself.

I tracked him down till I found him in the motor show.

"Oi!" I shouted.

Oi! "I shouted.



He ran away but I chased him onto the street where he jumped on cars and pushed people out the way. I was struggling to keep up. He then jumped onto the railings of a block of flats and I couldn't jump that high so I went inside and climbed up the chimney. When I got to the roof he was trying to make a run for it.

I grabbed him and started calling for the police yelling, hoping they would come get him. The man struggled and yanked but I wouldn't let go. The lady who owned the flat came up and saw me. She called the police they came and arrested the thief and I was awarded a dozen ice creams and a trip to the theme park.

Lost Treasures of the Past!

Areeba's necklace is lost! It's not any necklace, though! It's magical! It was passed down by her great, great, great ancestors, then to her grandma, then Areeba's mum and now her. Will Areeba and her friends find it or will it stay lost forever?



All of a sudden, there was a loud crash and ...BANG!! The friends looked around and guess what they saw? It was Billy! He was racing to the exit of the Cambridge Corn Exchange as fast as he could. But WAIT!

He was holding something shiny, bright and precious! It took the friends a minute or two to realise what he was doing, he was running away with Areeba's ruby necklace! They ran and ran and chased and chased, round corners, round hedges, round the horse driven carts and who knows where else! They just caught up with him and were about to catch him when he jumped onto one of the empty carts. "Hiyah!" he yelled to his horse and off he soared through the market place bumping into stalls here and there, starting a riot!

Everyone was throwing oranges and tomatoes at each other. "Come back!" yelled the friends dodging everything that was being thrown. "Wait! I have an idea!" Elena told Areeba and Josie. "Follow me!" she jumped into the cart (that Billy was driving) and helped the other two get on. "We've caught you now!" Josie alerted Billy.

"W...What! Where did you three come from?" By the way, Billy said that Areeba knew he was definitely guilty. She hadn't thought that Billy actually stole the necklace, until now. "Give it Billy," "Give what Areeba?"

"Oh you know what I mean and what I want." she said threateningly. Billy stopped the cart. He had given up. He gave her the necklace. "why would you take it?" Elena asked, her face puzzled.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't have done that. Please forgive me!"

Areeba, Arbury Primary School

Dear Lolar,

My name's Tom and his is Ned. In the anticipation of the biggest fight of our lives, boxing gloves poised, that's when my heart stopped. My grave has been danced on by boxer's feet and spit on by a defaulted win. Still I circle the ring, still I feel the loss and still I crave revenge.



**Year 8 student,
Trumpington Community College**

Missing Ring

The boy had slid outside, hands in pockets acting as if he didn't have the ring! Lexi, Thomas, Josh and Natalie the owner of the ring. Thomas and Josh followed the thief.

"Hey" Stop right this instance" exclaimed Thomas, "We know what you did."



Natalie and Lexi appeared outside, the ring-pinching-thief bolted outside like when you open the front door and your dog shoots out, like Superman. The running was not very long as the burglar tripped face first and gasped that gasp for air as he was winded. Everyone skated towards him, not to help but to confront him!

"Oi, why would you steal her ring, you ring-thirsty animal?" shouted Lexi completely outraged at the young boy as she couldn't hold back her anger.

"O-of course I didn't steal your beautiful golden shiny, full of diamonds ring." Said the gazing thief with wide eyes, he's not very good at acting.



"Empty your pockets!" Josh said to the boy. Sheepishly he gave Natalie the majestic ring.

"Why would you do that to me?" Natalie's eyes were starting to fill up with tears as this was her late father's ring. The boy, embarrassed walked away with red cheeks.

Catherine, Arbury Primary School

The Mystery MISSING Diamond NECKLACE

Gaia, Milton Road
Primary School



I was at the grand opening of
the corn Exchange when suddenly a
man rushed on the stage and
shouted "who stole my presious
diamond necklace!"

A boy called Oscar shouted "I'll help you find whoever stole your Diamond necklace..."

I put my detective suit on and off I went but suddenly I saw someone running out of the Corn Exchange. It was so dramatic the man literally fainted.



Amelia, Castle School

I see a boxing match and feet
I see poles and I hear the bell
and a mic
I hear the gloves hitting together
and screaming
I can smell sweat
I can smell rubber

Fabian, Arbury Primary School

The boy in the red jacket moved rapidly, weaving through the crowd and headed for the rear doors. The friends had to slip out of their skates and gave chase.

“Hey!” Ryan shouted. “Wait!”

The boy glanced back and bolted.



Skates clattered across the wooden floor.

They zoomed past dancers and dodged a disco light technician holding a tray of cables. Alex skated ahead and blocked the exit. The boy tried to change direction, but Ryan and Wolf flanked him.

“Give it now!” Ryan said, breathlessly.

“I don’t know what you mean!” the boy replied, eyes opened.

Luka narrowed his, “Then empty your pockets inside out.”

The boy hesitated then slowly reached for his pockets. Out came a phone shining with disco lights.

Ryan took it, “Why would you do that?”

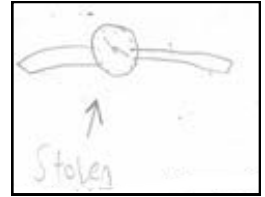
The boy looked down, “I just...I thought it looked cool. I didn’t know it was valuable.”

A roller disco staff member came over. After a quiet talk , the boy was led to his parents. Ryan stared at the phone, then at his friends.

“Thank you so much!” he said softly.

The disco music played on and the lights kept spinning but something had changed. They had solved a mystery together. And that night they skated with a little more pride and a lot more with their jackets.

the stolen
Rolex
Watch



One day there was roller skating at the Corn Exchange. Olivia, Vivian, Khloe and Rianna saw the poster and wanted to go. The day finally came and all the girls wore their best clothes, especially Rianna she wore her Rolex watch that had been passed down for generations. She was so excited when all the people started coming in when suddenly a monster rushed in and started stealing everyone's valuables.

"there's a monster and he's stealing all
your stuffs"

No-one noticed except Rianna. She tried to tell everyone but they just said "What are you talking about?" So she ran up to the microphone that was supposed to be for the Queen Concert later that day and shouted "there's a monster and he's stealing all your stuff" everyone looked at each other and ran out it was like a wave of people flooding out and the only person left was Rianna and the monster. Rianna ran out of there but the monster caught up and stole her watch! Rianna was sad when suddenly her friend Vivian punched the monster and he ran off and everyone got their stuff back.

William, Milton Road Primary School

On a sunny summer day in Cambridge the Corn Exchange was bustling with life and screams of joy and fun when suddenly a man run in shouting "Someone stole my perches crystal onyx sculpture! It was on my bedside table when I woke up it was gone!"

Then the three children saw a man sprinting across the hall with a sack. In the sack they swore that they saw a crystal onyx head poking out the top of the sack. They immediately jumped into action. They were on the trail and catching up quick. When they were right behind they fell into a pitfall trap and managed to survive. After that, Michael, Matthew, William and James clambered out of the pit and the criminal was out of sight. Then they caught sight of a shimmering object. It was a crystal. Then they started to chase. When they caught up, they realised it was a red herring...

.....

Why you should read this book .

- This book has a peculiar mystery, the ~~on~~ diamond necklace.
- This small "childrens" book is fun to read especially through ages 5-9 as it has conversation

Reviews

"This book is the best book I've seen for ages 7 year old! The diamond necklace going missing had being left on a clephant in so fun I was on an internet and I'm over 30 yrs old! I look forward for any other books as the 2nd one is coming out soon"

'5 STARSON YELP'



Illustrator: Evee!
Writer: Evee P!
Author: Evee P!

**Book review by
Evee,
Arbury Primary
School**

Luke, Preslee, Paisley and even (she never comes) Nayvee were all skating when Paisley went slightly ahead of them. "Can I see your ring Nayvee?" Nayvee looked at Paisley and looked at her hand. "It's gone!" she screamed and rushed back to the group. Seconds after, the place she was before, she started to search thoroughly and was crying. "I saw someone with the exact one earlier! Maybe they stole it? The ring is pretty" Preslee softly replied to her actions.



They all raced over to the lady and began running after her. The lady took off her roller skates and sprinted towards the door. Navee screamed at her and so did the others.



When they got to the end of the hall the woman was cornered and had nowhere to go. "I-it wasn't me! I didn't do anything! I promise! I would never!" "She's telling the truth!" Shouted Preslee and she dipped her hand in Luke's pocket and there in her hand was Nayvee's ring! "It's him..." she said softly.

Suddenly, Luke skated away as fast as he could and headed for the exit. Why did he do it? They all charged towards him anger boiling in their blood with rage! When suddenly, a short blonde haired boy wearing a jersey that said 'Ledger 15' on it blocked the way and said "NO ENTRY".

Will they ever get the ring back or will it be gone forever?

Missing Ruby

The four friends Rosa, Jess, Tom and John slipped on their roller skates and took off at great speed across the roller rink. They came here, to the Corn Exchange, every Sunday so they all knew well enough now that it was strictly forbidden to bring irrelevant items into the hall.

The next Sunday, the group of friends once again entered the hard floored room and Jess noticed that Rosa had successfully smuggled, whatever it was, in.

All four friends chatted for a while until finally Jess decided to bring up the thing protruding from Rosa's pocket. John complained that bringing things in was against the rules but Rosa said she would be fine.



Tom, Jess and John all agreed that Rosa should put it back in her bag to stop people trying to steal it and to prevent the fact that it would most likely fall out of her pocket.

Unfortunately, Rosa didn't listen to her friends and someone swiped the crimson gem right out of her pocket and she was so oblivious to it she took another hour to realise it was gone!

All of a sudden Rosa screamed,

All of a sudden, Rosa screamed, "Where is it! My ruby's gone!" Tom raced away from them, chasing after an elderly man with a silver watch, a golden monocle and very white hair. Tom reached for his black suit but only missed by a few inches. Tom was sent flying across the floor. Finally, the others caught up and took Tom to the side and continued the intense chase.

"Hey get back here right NOW!" shouted Rosa in a threatening tone. The man kept skating as if he hadn't heard her.

"Oi! Get back here!" shouted John, louder this time. Yet again, the smartly dressed man just kept skating. Infuriated, Rosa went to get help from a member of staff.

Only minutes later, she returned with a young woman named Lira. Lira called for the mass of skaters to stop momentarily. "Come forth if you have a ruby currently with you or you have seen someone in possession of one." Called the woman.

Suddenly the old man in question came forward and said in a quiet tone, "sorry, I took your ruby."

"Why?" Rosa asked.

"I just couldn't help myself." He replied guiltily.

"well thank you for returning it" replied Rosa kindly.

Stella, Arbury Primary School

STOLEN BOW!



Sophia, Arbury Primary School

As the Don't Stop Me Now song was playing, the maroon hoodied boy saw us looking at him and started bolting away at incredible speed. We suddenly knew it was him!

We dashed after him at speed. He ended up going around 10 times but on our eighth lap, we stopped and cornered him.

Year 5 student, Arbury Primary School

The boy in the black dress moved fast, weaving through the crowd and heading for the side doors. The friends slipped on their skates and gave chase. "Oi" Kitty shouted, "Wait". The boy glanced back and bolted. Skates clattered across the wooden floor.



They zipped past startled dancers and dodged a disco light technician carrying a tray of cables. Lexy skated ahead and blocked the exit. The boy tried to change direction, but Olivia and Lexy flanked him. "Give it back" Isabella said, breathless. "I don't know what you mean!" the boy replied, eyes wide.

**Gracie,
Arbury Primary
School**

The man started running. Fen got Lissa and Rey to help and they all ran down the hall in their roller skates. Rey and Fen ran down the second hallway to cut off the exit when Jill and Lissa chased the suspicious man “Come here!” Lissa shouts.

Jill and Fen saw the man and ran towards him. The man dropped the guitar by accident but he didn't see them and he ran straight into them! Rey picked up the guitar and returned it to Brian May. "Thank you" he said.

“Just don’t steal next time.” Lissa replied.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE *Missing Kitten*

**Saffi, Arbury
Primary School**

Daisy, Lucy, Kat and Arrietty sat on the side to catch their breath when the friends noticed that Oreo, a black kitten was missing from Lucy's pocket! Just then, Daisy noticed a tiny, black and white kitten in a stranger's pocket. "There!" Daisy loudly said charging over to a person asking to see the kitten. The person in the suit looked confused before lifting the kitten out of their pocket. Daisy inspected the kittens eyes and fur.



Daisy began to walk away while sighing "Not Oreo." "I still hear miaows though, and they sound like Oreo's." Arrietty turned to Lucy and continued speaking. "Don't worry , we'll find her." The four friends continued to search frantically around eventually losing hope, until Kat announced "There! There! I can hear her from that person in the black." She pointed quickly to the person.

Rapidly the person rushed off. The group of friends followed after having to weave in and out of the jungle-like crowds. Kate, Daisy and Arrietty got stuck in the centre of a crowd and Lucy wasn't able to find the person anymore.

Tears swelled in Lucy's eyes before she suddenly caught a glimpse of the person shoving out of a crowd. Lucy wiped the tears away and with determination, she dashed after the dark figure. The stranger glanced over his shoulder, pausing for a moment before zipping away. Lucy was right behind the person, lifted her arm and grasped the boy's arm. Lucy was being dragged away by the dark figure and by now her friends were free from the crowd.



Lucy held a tight grip onto the person, probably making a red mark on the skin. Daisy had caught up with Lucy and the stranger so Daisy also took a grasp on the other arm. Then suddenly, the person stopped abruptly. The other friends looked confused and stared with fury right in the stranger's eyes. "Give- me – back – my – CAT!" Lucy screeched at the person. The person hesitated before lifting Oreo out of their pocket. He gently tapped Oreo on her head and handed her over. "Sorry..." the stranger mumbled, skating away.



The Missing trophy Begins!

Erika,
Arbury Primary
School

They shot towards the figure out of the door onto the streets cars stopped people honked their horns in anger. They split up Jess took the left, James took the right and Maria and Jordan behind all of them chasing the figure. They quickly stumbled across a market people shouted and shot out of the way.



Mothers grabbing their kids out of the way. "ahh!" James had stumbled into an apple stand and "oh no!" Jess shouted she had tripped on an apple colliding with Jordan as the apples flew everywhere.



Maria grabbed some oranges and had started to throw them and finally the lucky shot she had knocked the person onto the ground. She skated up to the figure and the others had cut up dripping with apple juice. They lifted the hood and "What?!" Jordan said in surprise. "Lead singer of Queen, what are you doing here?" "

And where's our trophy?" Jess said, panting. "Well I was sneaking into the repair shop to fix my microphone!" he said holding it up. "But then" James said nervously "Who stole Mr Disco's trophy?" whispered Maria...

Chapter 6: The Corn Exchange now and into the Future

Once corn trading had ceased in the 1960s, establishing themselves as venues for live music and theatre became essential for the survival of Corn Exchanges across the country. From the 1970s onwards, Cambridge Corn Exchange was primarily used to host live music performances and concerts.



Preserving the heritage of such a wonderful building and supporting the people of Cambridge remains a priority for the Corn Exchange to this day.

With this in mind, this chapter explores the future of the Cambridge Corn Exchange.

What sort of event could the Corn Exchange host in the future? Parties? Alien karaoke? The possibilities are endless.

Children from the Castle School planned their very own party, here at the Corn Exchange. Writing about their themes, guests and music choices, creating their very own 'party haikus' and writing their own songs makes up part of this chapter.



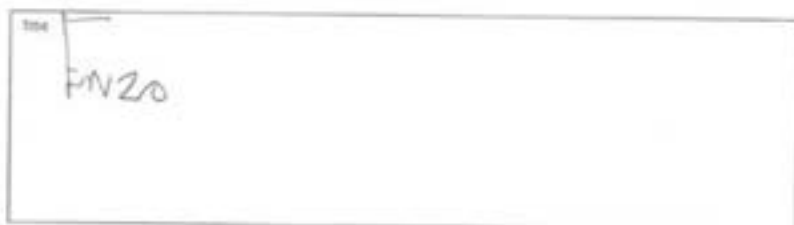
Following a workshop with Chris Priestley, Milton Road and Arbury Primary School children designed posters detailing their weird and wonderful ideas for future events. Watch this space. Who knows what might take the stage in the future!

The Great Maze Of Legendary!



THE CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

PRESENTS



Date: 10/04/2015
Time: 1-4 pm-2m
Ticket Cost: 1-6p
Pound

Evie, Castle School

THE CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

PRESENTS

AJ

Title: **G**ames, games
and more games



Date: 20/8/20
Time: 4:30 PM
Ticket Cost: £20

AJ, Castle School

ALIEN SHOW WITH
A REWARD TO
ALIEN SHOW!!!

ALIN!



SHOW
!!!



Corn Exchange
Date - 29.3.2017
Time - 2pm - 5pm
Alien show and the reward
ticket.
[Decorative orange stars at the bottom]

Party Plan

Theme:

Food and drink:

Guests:

Entertainment:

Costume:

Quinn, Castle School

Birds
Apples and Juice
Everyone
Birds flying
Dress as a bird.



Caden, Castle School

Party Plan

Theme:

Decorations:

Food and drink:

Entertainment:

Costume:

MUSIC Hall
Lights
FREE FOOD!
infinite fun
make them
look like their lookalikes!



Party Plan

Theme:

Costume

Decorations:

ribbon

Guests:

Maiza Alfie

Entertainment:

singer

Costume:

glasses



AJ's Song

AJ, Castle School

There's a cute cat in the thunder,
The sound of a fun guitar,
There's a tasty burger and a pretty butterfly
And my family birthday.
And even though there's pickle juice and scary
darkness,
There's always Roblox and games,
And one day I'll drive a big steam train.
There's building Lego in a cool hat,
There's bang fireworks and change, transition,
There's watching films and my mum is so nice
And the fun cinema.
And even though there's pickle juice and scary
darkness,
There's always Roblox and games,
And one day I'll drive a big steam train.

Sausage Roll Party

Sausage rolls and sausage rolls
Trampoline for me

**A haiku by Brayden,
Castle School**

Jasmine's Song

There's a friendly dog in the cold rain,
The sound of fun music,
There's yummy pasta and a swimming pool
And playing on the swings.
And even though there's dry raisins and
dizzy spinning
There's always Uno
And one day I'll learn to be a swimmer.
There's fairy lights and stitch trainers,
There's banging and moving class
There's Matilda and mummy
And my mum's warm.
And even though there's dry raisins and
dizzy spinning
There's always Uno
And one day I'll learn to be a swimmer.



**Jasmine,
Castle School**





Sophie's Party

Animal balloons

Ballpit and bouncy castle

Pizza and orange

**A haiku by Sophie,
Castle School**



APT Party

No decoration

Black jacket, white vest, red socks

APT music

**A haiku by Bobbie,
Castle School**

Meme

Let's party with deer

Party poppers and juggling

Yellow press costume

**A haiku by Lily,
Castle School**





Olly's Song

There's a Komodo dragon in the cold winter,
The sound of crunching paper,
There's burger and scary games
And I went to Hosein's.
And even though there's juicy peppers and scary games,
There's always sweet tooth
And one day I'll be a builder and save the world!
There's my headphones and crocs comfy,
There's some king shoes and people hurting me,
There's sweet tooth and Kai
And Great Yarmouth.
And even though there's juicy peppers and scary games,
There's always sweet tooth
And one day I'll be a builder and save the world!

Olly, Castle School

Harry's Party

Family and friends
Lobster, beer and lemonade
Football and music



**A haiku by Betsy,
Castle School**

The Ultimate WAKKJUK Match!

Line - up

Wind - vs - River
Shadow - vs - Thunder
River - vs - Shadow / Thunder
Wind - vs - Thunder / Shadow

Players

Thunder = Bluestar - Tigerclaw - Yellowfang - Shadowstorm
Shadow = Nightstar - Cinderpaw - Rainwing - Whiskers
Wind = Tallstar - Leopard - Badger - Mudclaw
River = Crookedstar - Leopard - Mudfur - Blackclaw

Extra Info

Price of entry : £35.00 per person.

Timings : 10am - 1pm, 2pm - 5pm, 6pm - 8pm.

Please do not touch or feed the cats!
This is for your own safety and the cats!

The greatest roller skating match | except its CATS!!

Wind-team



Tallstar

Shadow-team



Nightstar

River-team



Crookedstar

Thunder-team



Bluestar

An EXCELLENT MAZE full of Curious Creatures



REWARD:
a ticket to "Alien
Show"

Location - Corn Exchange
Date - 10/3/2030
Time - 1pm
Price:
5£ (50p) - adult
3£ (50p) - kids under 13

HAVE FUN!!!

Alyona, Arbury Primary School

matilda the musical at the corn exchange



featuring
summer

and
Jasmine as miss thrushell

naughty



Revolting children

7/5/2027
7/9



Oscar S and Oscar MT , Milton Road Primary School

The Corn exchange Events

PETS!



-The Boxing Event-

-03

England without Boxing event -

1953

Tuesday
in the morning

AT 1:00 AM

Watch it now!!

Contestants:

MIKE TYSON

DWAYNE JOHNSON

JOHN CENA

ENDS

AT

3:08

AM

A epic
Battle between

3 BOXERS



Boxing event

Chapter 6: Atmosphere and Intrigue

As with many historic buildings, the Corn Exchange is steeped in atmosphere. Whether it's backstage or on stage, the ambience of the place is hard to describe as it holds the memories of all who have performed there.

Built on the remain of an old friary, some might say it is eerie or even haunted.....



Author Chris Priestly used his experience as a writer of gothic ghost stories to introduce the idea of atmosphere and ghostly goings on at the Corn Exchange. The students embraced the character of the building, both inside and out. as you will see through this collection of short stories.

WARNING

Be prepared to be scared!



A reflection of the past

As darkness came on the night of the 16th, a thick fog rolled in, obscuring Maria's path and blurring the edges of her reality. The wind howling like a banshee, rattling the shutters of desolate houses. A chill seeped into her bones as she stood quivering before the stupendous building of the Corn Exchange. Her neck prickling from the presence of unseen eyes. She had never felt so terrified of anything in her life. The story of the structure making her heart hammer against her chest.

The doors of the Corn Exchange closed to the public 85 years ago when England wailed in despair. Families separated. Food rationed. The loss of Life everywhere. The building was utilised for enlisting men into the army. And people; desperate for any thought that would bring prosper, fantasised of grain piled high in one of the unused rooms of the corn exchange. There to celebrate for when the worst of the war was over.

The bombs fell again and again, deteriorating any certainty that still resided in anyone's hearts. Until the reckless idea of sneaking into the Corn Exchange for this grain seized hold of a young girl. Mary Jones- who on one last attempt to salvate herself-slipped into the Corn Exchange in the dead of night. Where she was never seen again.





This left the corn exchange as it was in the present, casting shadows that balefully danced into grotesque shapes along the ground.

Every Fibre of Maria's being screamed at her to move-to walk away-but her body was inexorably drawn to one door of the Com Exchange. Hands shaking. Knuckles white. She pulled one door open and it caterwauled with resistance. She stepped inside. The floor creaking beneath her as though the building was protesting her presence. The darkness...suffocating. Each step seemed to echo off the walls, like ricocheting bullets, deafening in the absolute silence. The unseen eyes boring into her, engendering beads of sweat to pool in her palms. Hastily, she wiped her hands on the hem of her skirt as the door loomed into view. Every inch of it inciting her with further, mounting fear.

The fog from outside oozed into her mind. Thoughts tangled. Breath caught in her throat. Composure drowning in a sea of terror. She needed to leave. She could be caught any minute. Any moment. Any second. But her hand was already blindly grappling for the handle.





A shadow flickered in the periphery of her vision but it vanished as quickly as it had appeared, leaving her eyes to dart around nervously as she opened the door. Creeping into the darkness beyond, she felt the air grow heavy with tension even though all that resided on the room was an ornate mirror.

Her feet dragged her forward to peer at her reflection. But the visage that stared back was not her own. A pale face and lifeless eyes glowered back. The ghost of Mary Jones. Maria's brain went cloudy with panic, trembling, her hand touched the glass. Cold bony hands dug viciously into her forearms, dragging her into the mirror. Darkness enveloped her. The only connection left that tied her to the real world was the transparent glass she was trapped behind.

Stumbling to her feet, she slammed her fist against it. Screaming, screaming for Mary to let her out. But her ghostly figure drifted away, unrepenting. Leaving Maria to crumple to the floor, alone to sob. Her heart-wrenching cries the only things left to accompany her for the eternity she would spend in the mirror. Lost. Alone. No one left to wonder where she had gone. Never seen again.

Alicia, Trumpington Community College





Who was the mysterious boy who haunted the Corn Exchange?

Opening his eyes, there was a boy who grew up, born and bred in the city of Cambridge, located in England. He was quite the young man—tall, handsome, and very generous. He had a passion for human rights and how corrupt the government system was. He had two elder brothers and two younger sisters. He adored his youngest sibling the most, cherishing her every moment he got.

Making his way down the street, he had discovered a new and familiar building like he had seen it before. There was quite the line to enter. Amongst the crowd, he spotted his dad and elder brothers. Approaching the building and his family, he had a sudden urge to turn around—like something wasn't right. Ignoring that feeling, he slowly pushed the door open with his brother.

There was a huge crowd, frantically searching for an answer. He had made his way to the front. There lay roughly six tables, all filled with pieces of paper covered in names. He asked what all this was for, as no one had paid attention to him 'til now.

World War One had started and students were signing up to go fight for their country, knowing this was a death trap since he had never held a blade or fought in his life. He tried to escape.

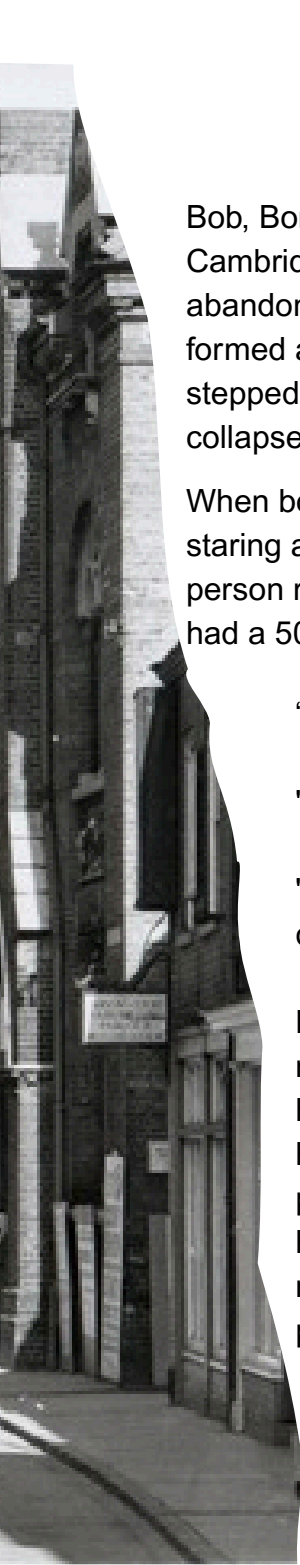


The enormous crowd denied any chance of escape. He was forced to write his name, cut off all his hair, have a uniform and a blade. He had officially been enlisted and was now a part of the war. It only took them a couple of hours to get every student signed up and ready.

The following day they set out to war. No training. No experience. Just himself and hundreds more. Several hours into this bloodshed, traumatizing battlefield, he had developed shellshock from seeing all his friends die.

But this wasn't the end for him. He had a dream, a wish, a family he didn't have the chance to say goodbye to. He was once again back at the same street, same city, same building where he was forced to join the army and fight in the World War I. But this time he was enraged. Hatred filled his heart—which he no longer had.

Little by little, he would move tables, move papers, move chairs. He came back for revenge and wanted his death-trap of a company gone. It was closed two times due to people disappearing randomly at their events. It was the same boy who had died 20 years back. He wasn't giving up until this company was gone forever. Eventually, they were forced to shut down the building and the company due to 20+ mysterious vanishing people. He was finally at peace—but now he didn't have a purpose...



Corn Exchange Mystery

Bob, Boris, and Larry Larrison slowly navigated the Cambridge sewer system before reaching the ladder to the abandoned building of the Corn Exchange when a crack formed above the only exit from the Exchange. When Larry stepped onto the ladder and reached the hatch, the roof collapsed in the exit trapping them In the Corn Exchange.

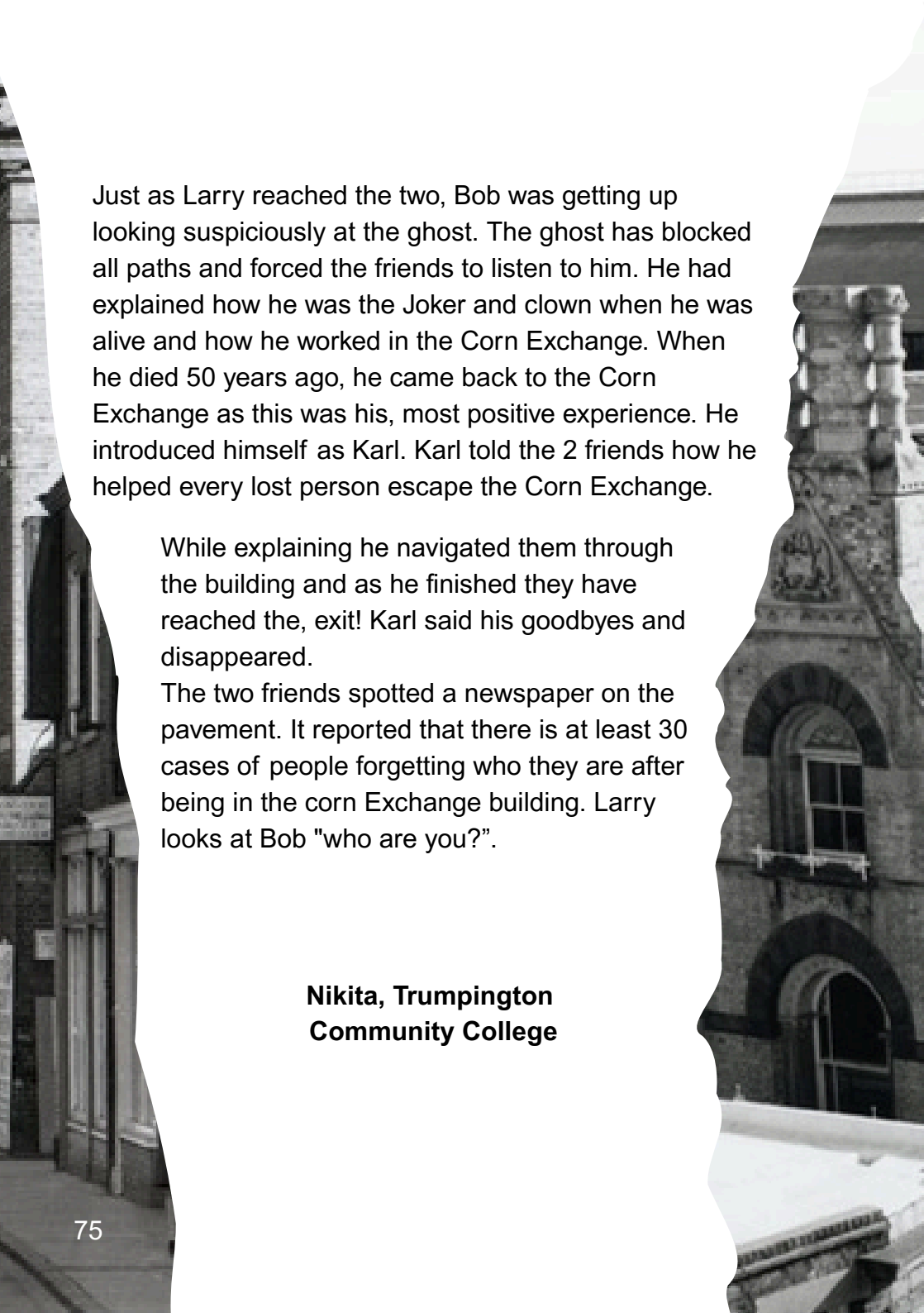
When both climbed up, Bob saw a shadowy figure of a man staring at the main doorway. Larry being the superstitious person ran immediately, but stopped as the room in front had a 50 year old light which suddenly lit up.

“Flick” the man was under the light.

"FLICK!" the man was in the doorway.

"FLICK!" the man whispered “You are caught!!” right behind Larry!

Larry screamed. Bob screamed and started running randomly through the empty rotting halls and rooms completely forgetting about his friend. He ran and ran until he saw a pool of blood and the same man laughing hysterically. Bob tried to stop but the momentum thrust him for forwards into the pool of blood.



Just as Larry reached the two, Bob was getting up looking suspiciously at the ghost. The ghost has blocked all paths and forced the friends to listen to him. He had explained how he was the Joker and clown when he was alive and how he worked in the Corn Exchange. When he died 50 years ago, he came back to the Corn Exchange as this was his, most positive experience. He introduced himself as Karl. Karl told the 2 friends how he helped every lost person escape the Corn Exchange.

While explaining he navigated them through the building and as he finished they have reached the, exit! Karl said his goodbyes and disappeared.

The two friends spotted a newspaper on the pavement. It reported that there is at least 30 cases of people forgetting who they are after being in the corn Exchange building. Larry looks at Bob "who are you?".

**Nikita, Trumpington
Community College**

Don't open the door

Don't open the door. I repeated this in my head on this one dark Tuesday evening, sweeping the floor of the Corn Exchange. It wasn't the first time either. Any kind of bangs, rustles, shuffling, you name it, that I heard, I was told to ignore. I wish I could tell you I really didn't care what was going on past that door, I'd be lying to you.

On this one dark Tuesday evening, see, I was already getting far past puzzled by the noises that just didn't seem to stop, far past wondering what it could be, as every thought I conjured for it seemed to land in a dead end. I was sweeping the floors of the Corn Exchange, just like any other Tuesday evening when I heard it.

An ear piercing shriek. It was coming from the door. I hesitated a moment. Of course, I was only a volunteer, only young, and the general manager already didn't like me. The shriek was getting louder and louder still.

My ears were pleading for me to escape, to forget that this ever happened, to drop my broom and never come near this door again. But what if someone was really in pain?



I edged closer to the door. Closer... closer...

Don't open the door... don't open the door...

Over the screaming and the creaking of the floorboards I couldn't tell if I was saying it aloud or in my head.

Don't open the door...

The latch was rusty and stiff; it felt unused and untouched...

Don't open...

Click!

...the door...

A sudden wave of such intense heat it felt like the tongue of flames hit me in an instant. My face felt agonisingly hot and my limbs went completely numb. So numb I nearly didn't notice when I thudded to the ground.

Something like a mist, like a thick black fog passed swiftly over my head. The door slammed shut behind me and the room was empty once again.

"PRELLER! PRELLER! I SAID DON'T OPEN THE BLOODY.."

A scream cut off the fearsome words of Jean Franco and my blood ran cold. I didn't waste any time. I got to my feet and stumbled downstairs, to meet the eyes of a fear-stricken manager sprawled on the floor.



I couldn't see what was talking to him... I could see...in the darkness of this Tuesday evening I couldn't make out more than a patch – an area of the room encased in inky blackness. The voice I heard was like nails on a chalkboard. The unsettling nature of it's tone sent involuntary chills down my spine. Every instinct was telling me to run away, but my feet were planted where they were.

My ears, stinging as they were and straining to hear the furious screeching conversation, could only make out a few harsh points. "Grandson of the prisoner...freedom...REVENGE!"

The last word was spoken with such conviction, such fury, such incredible volume, my knees buckled and my palms flew to my ears. My head started pounding and my fingers started tingling with built up adrenaline, and tears ran down my face. I forced my eyes open and saw the entity moving at speed up flights of stairs. I heard the shuddering breath of Mr Franco.

The Corn Exchange went dark.

Lolar, Trumpington Community College





Corn Exchange

It's the year 1908. I'm 26 and live in Cambridge and I work 3 jobs to pay off my debt and give a good life to my wife and kids. I wake up every morning feeling the stress of work before it begins. I pick myself up and get ready for another day. There was no time for breakfast, no money for just a drink in the morning. Life was like this for the lower classes.

In the morning I farm the crops, care for the soil all of it only just enough to get by. I also work as a driver for the rich, only to be treated like dirt. In the night I'm a comedian for the rich, just to give them a little entertainment while people like me suffer in the lower classes.

Suddenly I faint, from the fatigue of three jobs. Falling back, I feel my life being drained, sucked away from my very being. Next thing I know, I'm in a place called the Corn Exchange. There seems to be an object pulling my life force and trapping me in the Corn Exchange. I think about how my wife and kids will be without me—no money, no house, everything stripped away from them like it was never there. I seem to be in a ghostly form, so I thought I would be able to steal some money for my family, but it seems my spirit is bound to the Corn Exchange & locked away. I see as the rich come in every so often, always jovial.





Through the next day, I decided to make change and bring equality—whatever I could do for the poor. I started haunting the Corn Exchange, making the rich feel the average day of a normal man. I realised my life in this form would end soon, so I did as much as I could.

I cried, I terrorized, I made them feel the fear. I hovered around, one by one everyone seemed to leave. Everything seemed fine. I shrieked, I shook the building, but it seemed no one was inside.

Enraged, I tore the place down. I looked outside only to see everyone living their life peacefully. What happened to the poor? I thought. But it seems change had been brought. Feeling at ease, my spirit lets go, knowing the world was changed for the better.

Johnny, North Cambridge Academy



Not so bad ghost

Summer after year 11 was meant to be a blast. Hangouts and parties on the daily, alongside the nausea of results day. Not for Aria. She's started a job at the Cambridge Corn Exchange, working long, exhausting shifts to make some money for her holiday with friends. Instead of dancing and shouting, Aria spends these summer evenings cleaning the floors and walls and rooms of the Corn Exchange.

There's only a few good benefits of her job. Having work experience looks good for college and university applications, she gets money, she has time out of the house. However, there's this door. A big white sign is attached to it, warning people not to go in, as if it were a barcode. She always gets a thrilling sensation whenever she walks past it. What could possibly be behind it?

One night, after sweeping and dusting for hours, she decided to gather up the courage to open the door. Whatever it was behind that door, it stunk and it definitely needed a clean. She began noticing more details about the door. The sign had a few cobwebs surrounding it, there was traces of blood and this mysterious goo on the door frame. Aria reached her hand out to touch it, but held back. Just in case.



After waiting in a spiral of her own suspense, she reached for the handle and gently turned it. A storm of dust launched into her face.

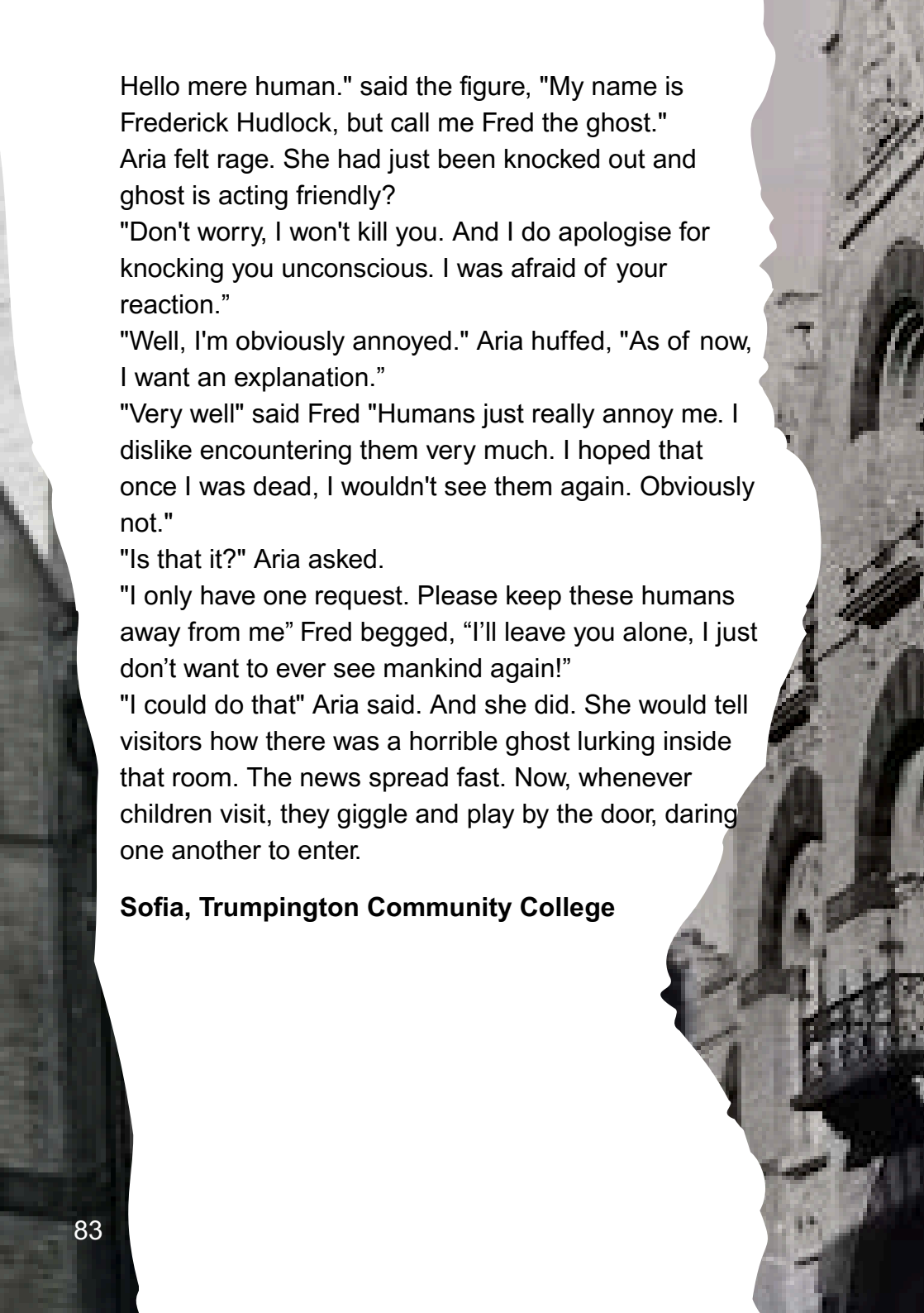
The light flickered. For some reason, the switch was on. Aria cautiously stepped inside. Her footsteps echoed in the bare room. Across the floor, there seemed to be a dark, dried up liquid. She frowned and gulped nervously.

Suddenly, something wrapped around her foot. Layers of cobwebs mounted around, going up to her knees and trapping her down to the floor.

Frantically, Aria squirmed around like a worm, desperate to escape this cage-like prison. She yelled and cried and called out for help but no noise left her mouth. She shivered with fright until, out of the blue, a bright, translucent figure stood overhead by her, like the sun.

Aria reached her hand out, in hopes it would help her. However, her hope was met with doom and despair. Before she could scream, Aria's vision went black.

Hours later, she woke up to sweat smeared across her face and pouring out of her palms. That hollow figure towered again. This time, rather than looking menacing and murderous, it looked guilty and upset.



Hello mere human." said the figure, "My name is Frederick Hudlock, but call me Fred the ghost."

Aria felt rage. She had just been knocked out and ghost is acting friendly?

"Don't worry, I won't kill you. And I do apologise for knocking you unconscious. I was afraid of your reaction."

"Well, I'm obviously annoyed." Aria huffed, "As of now, I want an explanation."

"Very well" said Fred "Humans just really annoy me. I dislike encountering them very much. I hoped that once I was dead, I wouldn't see them again. Obviously not."

"Is that it?" Aria asked.

"I only have one request. Please keep these humans away from me" Fred begged, "I'll leave you alone, I just don't want to ever see mankind again!"

"I could do that" Aria said. And she did. She would tell visitors how there was a horrible ghost lurking inside that room. The news spread fast. Now, whenever children visit, they giggle and play by the door, daring one another to enter.

Sofia, Trumpington Community College



The Cold House

“Leave me alone Brad!” cried Ben “Why don’t you stop crying and being a wimp.” I taunted. I pressed my hands against his chest and pushed, sending him flying into a corner into a pile of snow as Ben squirmed helplessly. I put my foot over his ankle pressing my foot down until I heard a click. Ben screamed so I kicked at his teeth, my snow boot struck him at his two front buck teeth. Ben stopped shrieking and held his mouth a drip of blood dropped onto my shoe. Tears rolled down his eyes I grabbed him by his thin, cold neck. His hand revealed a tooth covered in blood that has been split in two opened like a crocodile.

I was three years older than Ben. Made it easy to pick on him, but it got boring very quickly so easy to beat up. I knew I had done enough. I didn’t mean to do that...kind of. I turned and looked at my friends smiling. I dropped Ben with a thud and walked away.

As we walked down the street telling jokes and laughing “Hey you don’t think Ben will snitch on us again?” Jack worried. “Are you joking? Tomorrow I’ll make sure he won’t have any teeth left to tell the tale!” We burst out laughing.





As we continued to walk we came across the Corn Exchange but there was something off about it... First off there was supposed to be a concert we were going to sneak into but it was completely closed off, bolted, shut to the brim.

Second the bolted door was covered in ice. We looked in at the windows and they were frozen too in fact the interior from what we could see through the indoor fog was frozen. Finally the lock was somehow cut in half?! A slash that cut straight down the middle and frozen the lock pieces like a popsicle!

As we approached the door I could see someone and that someone was walking to us. Golden blonde hair the same as mine, dark brown eyes unlike my lighter coloured brown eyes, broad shoulders, muscular body. These features revealed it was my dad, Alex Johnson.

"Why are you here?!" he roared. "Why are you in town at this hour! If I find you're in trouble at school again, you'll..." "yes ok dad" I replied. "I'm heading home" "You'd better be! Oh and don't even think about going in there!" he pointed to the frozen, bolted door. "Why is it frozen?" I asked. "Don't know, don't care, don't go in". He walked off into the alleyway.





We all turned to look at the frozen, steel bolted door. “I wonder what’s in there?” Jack whispered. “Should we go see?” Felix replied. “Are you dumb?” We’ll get in trouble and Brad is gonna get the worst of it!” Daniel shrieked. “Shut up!” Kaden replied. “It’s not worth it come on let’s just go home.” Shawn spoke with a Scottish accent.

I continued to look at the door. “I say we go in.” I said daring myself. “What but”. I clenched Shawn’s mouth shut. “We are going in, all we do is have a look maybe find some money and out we’ll be like 15 minutes.” The group looked at each other then back at me and agreed.

Orren, Trumpington Community College (Excerpt from)





Five minutes

Claire heard her alarm ring. She turned it off and picked herself up bit by bit. She slid on her fluffy slippers and slowly strode into the bathroom. Cold water splashed her face, which helped her to wake up from her early morning. She eventually made her way downstairs to prepare some eggs and toast for breakfast.

She got a knock at her door. It was one of her friends. Luckily she was done cleaning herself up and closed the door behind her as they left. The rest of her friends were in the car. As they drove further and further away from her house, the feeling in her stomach got worse.

Once they arrived, they all started putting on their roller skates. As she was tying them up, she heard a weird ticking sound. She looked up and noticed a clock. There were only two minutes left until it was their turn on the rink.

As they all sped to go onto the rink, she realised her friend Abby was gone. Claire hit something with the back of her roller skate.

She looked down—a corn doll.





Claire stared down at it before deciding to put it up on a bench. She realised someone might have dropped it or forgotten it. Claire entered the rink and caught up with her friends. Even though she was surrounded by walking and laughter, she still heard that ticking noise in the back of her head.

Five minutes had gone by and her friend Audrey had disappeared. When she questioned her looking for Abby. Before she could respond, she went face-first into the hard floor. Libby, her friend, reached out her hand as her other friend Dain picked up a corn doll. Claire looked at it, stared at it, then quickly turned to see if the other corn doll was still there. It was.

The ticking in her head still didn't go away. Another five minutes went by. She got separated from her friends in a huge crowd. When her eyes refocused on them, she realised only Libby was there. The ticking was now ringing in her ears as she approached.





Libby. "He must have skated away with the crowd," Libby told her. But panic was all over her face.

Her and Libby left the rink to get something to drink—and there it was on the counter waiting for her. Another corn doll. She stood in horror. She looked up at the clock. One. Two. Three. Another five minutes had gone by. She slowly turned around and there on the floor, staring at her, was a corn doll. Except this time she didn't hear other people laughing and talking. She only heard the tick tick tick in her ears. Carefully she looked around. Everyone was gone. There were only corn dolls laying all over the floor.

Claire screamed in horror. She fell to the floor and cried, tears streaming down her sweaty face as she buried her face in her soft hands and wept. Finally the thought hit her—she was all alone, but not for long. She looked up. Another five minutes had passed.

Nicole, North Cambridge Academy



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Exchanging Stories

This book of children's writing has been put together to mark the 150th birthday of the Cambridge Corn Exchange. It is with thanks to the National Lottery Heritage Fund that the Corn Exchange has been able to work with the Cambridge Literary Festival, local authors and school children from Cambridge to compile this collection celebrating the past, present and future of this historic building.