**On Thursday 14 June primary schools across Hull gather children in an assembly to tell the following story:**

When the [a specific teacher] came into school that morning there was a crate sat in the middle of the playground (or somewhere locked up at night). The teacher wouldn’t have noticed it except for the fact that they could very clearly hear the sound of bells coming from inside it.

There was an eerie feeling in the air that morning, a strange mist clung in the air, and the sound of bells came from the crate that seemed to have appeared on the playground.

How could it have gotten there? The gates are locked every evening after school, and XX was the first person to arrive this morning.

OR

This morning when XX arrived into school she was greeted by the strangest sight. A beautiful carriage drawn by two spectacular black horses was waiting outside the gates. AS XX got closer to the gates the man driving the carriage stepped down and collected this crate from the carriage and handed it to XX. Without a single word he stepped back onto the carriage and drove away before XX could ask any questions or even say thank you.

XX took a closer look at the crate, and could see the words “To Hull from Land of Green Ginger” were stamped on the outside of the crate.

Land of Green Ginger.

Did anyone hear about Land of Green Ginger last year?

Of course, there is a small street in town called Land of Green Ginger, but last year, the name had a whole other meaning because of a series of strange and magical and exciting things that kept happening because of the discovery of some crates just like these.

In April construction workers discovered a huge vault filled with hundreds of these crates in all sorts of different shapes and sizes. There were crates big enough to fit a horse inside, and there were teeny tiny crates that could just about fit a ladybird inside.

The workers were shocked and immediately reported the discovery to their bosses at the council. But they didn’t know what to do either, and so they called in a group of investigators called The Green Ginger Fellowship.

Antony and Allison from The Green Ginger Fellowship went to the underground vault as soon as they could, and decided that they would open one of the crates to see what was inside. And as soon as they did, the crate let out a huge cloud of green coloured smoke and the contents of the crate seemed to disappear. The room had to be evacuated because of all the smoke, but when Antony and Alison opened the same crate again, they could see that the words “Acts of Wanton Wonder are coming” were left burnt into the inside of the lid of the crate.

They knew straight away that they’d need to take the crates to their headquarters where they’d be kept and opened in a controlled environment to better preserve the contents. And so began their investigations.

Now, we’d heard all about The Green Ginger Fellowship’s investigations, so we didn’t dare open the crate we found in the playground until we’d absolutely made sure it was safe to do so. We contacted them, and they talked us through it, and luckily the contents of our crate stayed put.

The crate was filled with, not bells or any kind or music player, but filled to the brim with these books with the title ‘Land of Green Ginger’.

We’ve got enough books for one per class, and this book seems to tell the story of the investigations into the Land of Green Ginger crates and the Acts of Wanton Wonder that took place throughout the year and across the city in connection with those crates.