



# Lickey Hills Primary School & Nursery

*dream together • believe together • achieve together*

## 500 Words Competition WAGOLL:

### 'Alone' by Sophie Gibbons - Winning entry in the 2017 Competition.

I'm lonely. I'm cold. I'm sad. Nobody cares about me anymore. I wish someone would come to visit me, just once. Perhaps no one visits me anymore because I smell a bit, I am getting old and I'm now useless.

I used to have regular visitors, in fact, I used to be very popular in my younger days, but now, it's just me, every day.

It's not all bad though, I have a lovely view from my window where I live. I can actually see the Tower of London, how many others share that view I wonder? I remember once when the green grass outside my window turned to bright red as thousands of poppies were planted. With the poppies came people, lots of people. Old, young, tall, short, English, Japanese, American, it was wonderful!

The only problem was that not one of those people even looked twice at me. I was enjoying seeing all the new faces, but why were they all only interested in those little handheld computer things? How very strange! Some of them even looked like they were making telephone calls on them, not like in my day that's for sure! Why come to the beautiful Tower of London, and then spend the day looking through a little screen instead of your eyes?! I'm too old to learn about new technology anyway so I don't think I'll ever understand the attraction.

Today is one of those bright and colourful mornings and I watch the six ravens fly around the Tower and I feel happy that I am privileged to see this sight. I've heard thousands of conversations in my time, and I've heard many people say that without those ravens, the monarchy would fail. I don't know how true that is, but it's a lovely sight to see nevertheless. I see the Beefeaters arriving wearing their smart red and black uniforms and remember how well I use to suit the colour red in my youth. Ah, memories of a life which has passed by so quickly. Compared with the Tower of London, my short existence has just been a tiny blip of time.

Wait, I think someone is actually coming to visit me! Yes, it's a young man! He's coming over with a smile on his face, not only is he coming to visit me, but he looks happy about it too. How wonderful! He walks over to me and..... Oh no, not again, there's a puddle around my feet, and now my visitor is leaving quickly. Please don't go, it's only natural, you get used to the smell, eventually.

Oh well, alone again, I should be used to it by now, but it still makes me feel sad. So sad that I don't even get excited when the smartly dressed lady walks towards me, she won't be coming here anyway, or will she? Yes! She is, she's here! She's, she's lifting my receiver and making a phone call. I am one happy telephone box.

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