

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

The Secret

by Garf Collins

The shop was small and so was the house. Lauren looked at the little models with a worried frown. This wasn't what she thought her Mum and Dad had promised and she had been so excited about. It was Christmas Day and, for a reason no one could remember, they always gave presents after their dinner at midday.

Her Mum and Granny were chatting about how well the meal had turned out. Lauren didn't think she could interrupt them.

"Can't understand what this Government's on about. They should pull their finger out and do something about it." Lauren knew from Uncle Dan's words that they were talking about something called politics.

"Maybe but I don't think your lot would do any better from what I hear," her Dad replied.

"Well Joe, I dunno where you get that from. As far as I'm concerned they are spot on," answered Uncle Dan warming to the dispute.

"This politics is a funny thing," thought Lauren. "They talk a lot but I can't understand what they are saying. I do wish I could ask Dad about the shop and the house." She sat in a corner trying to look pleased about the other toys the grown-ups had given her while they carried on their chatter. It seemed strange to her how, now and again, one of them would look at her with a knowing smile. In the end she grew tired of waiting to interrupt them.

"Mum. I'm going out in the garden to feed my rabbit."

"Don't do that dear it's a bit chilly out there," her Mum said and suddenly she seemed to have got her Dad's attention too. He looked at her with a kind smile and said,

"Lauren have you looked in your house yet."

"Yes Dad but it's so small there's nothing in it except this piece of paper."

"Is there anything written on it?"

"Oh yes. It says look out in the garden." Lauren quickly brushed back the curtain and saw that in the garden was a large object covered in a tarpaulin.

"Go and see what's under that," said her Dad.

Lauren rushed out into the garden and threw the cover off a lovely miniature shop and house which she could actually go in. The shop had a counter and a till and lots of her toys were arranged on shelves as if for sale. In the house were a miniature table and chairs and a little bed with her favourite doll in it. All the grown-ups had now joined Lauren and her Mum said,

"You didn't think we had forgotten what we promised did you? Sorry for our little joke. Your Dad and Uncle Dan made this in his garage and brought it round in the dark. This is why we haven't let you out all day.

Lauren couldn't stop herself crying with happiness as she clung to her parents in the failing light. .