

A Penny's Worth

A whole penny was what Grandad gave.
Should I spend or should I save?
A penny round, hard and warm,
A bit of love in copper form.

Treasure should be exchanged for treasure
And today, weight is the way to measure-
To Wakefields, then! For luxury!
And choose the best confectionery!

The jangling bell loud as I opened the door
To delicious aromas, and colours galore!
Wide eyed I stare at the wealth that's there.
At the altar of wood I worshipped sweet goods.

Mr Wakefield's eyes were kind. He smiled.
Amused to see this child beguiled.
My words to him came out a whisper
(doffed cap, dropped gaze) "good morning, Mister"

"What can I get you, lad, today?"
The question asked, but was hard to say.
I lifted up small currency
"Oh, please sir, I don't mind any!"

Then the confectioner showed his skill
To scoop and weigh and bag to fill.
Swiftly he chose a little of many
I'm sure what he gave was worth more than a penny!

The deed done, exchange was made
Plunder grasped, farewells conveyed.
Right out the door, right at the junction
I ran and I ran I'd brook no interruption

Left at the cobbles and run down the hill
Holding on tight so my treasures won't spill!
And gasping, I entered through grandad's back door
My boots making noise on the quarry tiled floor

Grandad's face broke into his lopsided grin,
"You've sweets? In that case you'd better come in!"
I opened the bag, and in words unrehearsed
"Here y'go grandad, you can go first."

By Sharon Cartwright