The Magic Coin

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One beautiful autumn day, I went for my daily walk on the old railway line. Suddenly, I spotted something glinting on the ground. I moved towards the object and saw it was a shiny coin. I ignored it and I kept walking on the crunchy leaves. I tried to ignore it and not look back (but inside my determination to pick the coin up began to grow). I struggled to continue my way through the walk because out of nowhere, thick, misty fog began to roll all around me.

Beaten by the fog, I decided to turn for home and on my way back, I came across the coin again. My determination was now so strong, I just had to pick the coin up. It looked like a very old coin, one I thought I had seen before. After looking closely, I realised it was a Victorian coin because my teacher had been teaching us about the Victorians and I recognised the picture of Queen Victoria on the back. Slowly, a dizzy feeling began to creep over me and I slowly fell to the ground. It was not fast, I felt as though I was in slow motion. My vision became as black as a night sky.

Once I woke up, I did not know where I was. There were still terraced houses across the valley and the Hayfield was still in front of me but I was no longer on the old railway line. I was sitting on a high, brick wall and looking down I could see two, thick metal railway lines. I could hear trains chuffing and steaming close by. I could see smoke rising above the trees and people with old-fashioned clothes were walking by. The smell of cawl wafted from a nearby kitchen window along with the chatter of women while they were working. I went into the village and I met a man. I greeted him and asked him his name.

"My name is David," he said.
"Where are you I headed?" I asked.
"To work of course," he replied.
"Could I go with you?" I enquired.

We walked along the dusty, flagstone street followed by the sound our hobnail boots tapping against the ground. I told Danny I was looking for somewhere to work and stay. We got to know each other, and he offered me a room. I became his lodger.

When I woke up for work, it was 3 or 4am. I had some cheese before I left and got dressed. Once I was at work, I followed Danny down to the pit and we had a chat about our candles being really dim and then we heard are boss talking about candles and we all go silent and we hear him shout,

"I'm not giving them the Cambrian lamp!!!"

After work Danny went out, he didn't usually go out but he went to the lamp shop and looked at the price of everything and he was 1p short, so he went back home in disappointment. He slipped on his way back and it was a 1p !!! He ran and ran and ran back to the shop and he bought the Cambrian lamp. When he came home I was sleeping. When I woke up I was back on the line, I decided to go to the museum and there was the Cambrian lamp. I bought it and still have it till this day.