The Magic Coin by Hayden Evans, Age 9, Oaklands Primary, Aberaman

The sun was shining on a cold November morning I walked down the canal doing my daily walk. Every step I took the autumn leaves crunched and crackled. The autumn leaves smelt damp and the log fires burning smoke made a tickling sensation in my nose.

I saw something shiny in the canal it looked like a dime, but it had Queen Victoria on it. It was copper-coloured but with rusty parts. I hopped down into the muddy canal and started to search, but it was hard to find in the cloudy water. I felt around and found it. I was soaking wet, so I went straight back home to scrape the rust off. It started glowing and an invisible force threw me up in the air. As I fell down, something sucked me in…I blacked out.

I woke up in the street by the Hayfield, in Aberaman and saw children helping cut the hay. I heard steam trains and machinery puffing in the distance above the Hayfield. I was in a village that I was so familiar to me but yet so different. I saw a pit head in the distance, and I realised it was the Victorian era. I saw a poor man in muddy trousers and dusty boots.

He was walking towards the pit and he talked to his friend about a Cambrian lamp. I heard him say, “I’ve nearly got enough for it.” I followed the men and tried to speak to them, and I realised that they could not see me. I went down the pit and followed them into the darkness. They lit a candle on their helmets as they began to work. It was so dark and dusty in the pit. I knew I could help him, so when they stopped for their food, I put the money down on the floor. He picked it up and his eyes were as round as saucers.

He jumped with joy and when his shift was over, he ran and ran to the shop. When he got there, he saw the shiny lamps hanging from the ceiling and the owner welcomed him. He counted out his money and bought the lamp and ran home excitedly. I watched through the window when he told his family all about how the lamp would help to keep him safe at work by checking gas in the mine. He sat down to rest in his chair by the fire and dropped off to sleep. I began to sleepy too and felt heavy. The sucking feeling came back, and everything went black again.

Later I was back in the hayfield, I ran home to tell my mother everything. She said, “that is interesting, let’s go to the museum to find out more.” In the museum I saw the exact same lamp. The display had the same clothes, a pickaxe and a black and white photograph of the miner I had given the special coin too.