

### Alexander And The Pure Gold Horse Brass

BEEEEPPPPP! I woke up. My small bright orange corgi, whose name was Lucy, was barking at the door. That meant mail. I clambered out of my bed, hit the snooze button on my alarm clock, turned my lights on, and got changed. And there it was. A shiny, gold painted envelope. Currently being chewed by my dog. “Lucy, hand it over.” I said, calmly, she let out a whine, and dropped it. The envelope had my name sprawled across the front, ‘Alexander Wilkins’. I questioned who in the world would send the fanciest card ever, to an immature 19 year old. I slowly opened it.

“ Dear Alexander,” I read, it seemed quite boring. I skimmed my eyes through the letter, and found out it was an invitation - a ‘Yacht Celebration’. But something caught my eye, a few letters were in bold. M,e,r, and l. Merl? Oh wait, doesn’t that stand for *The Museum Of English Rural Life*? I knew something had happened. I switched on the television, and saw that on the news, something had been stolen. Not just something. A very expensive item, the pure gold horse brass. It came from all the way back in the early 60s. I already knew who this was stolen by. Richard Richinson, he was always stealing expensive things, the entire reason he’s so rich. BANG! A loud noise came from the front of the house, I ran as fast as I could. The door was open, my dog was barking and a van was driving off.

An hour or so later, I had figured out a plan. I decided to rent a yacht. Why? Well, Richard is having a ‘Yacht Celebration’. So, my yacht will drive near his, and I’ll pretend to be offering party supplies. I sat down patiently, brushing my hand through my bright ginger hair. DING DONG! My doorbell rang, my yacht had arrived at the beach, and the delivery company asked me to drive down and collect it. Later that same day, I drove down and went aboard my yacht.

Time was slowly passing, and I had no hope. Until, because of the cheerful sound of pop music being blasted through speakers, I was alerted to Richard’s presence. I ran to the bathroom of my yacht, and changed into a disguise. I was disguised as ‘ John Mayfield’ of Mayfield delivery supply service. I slung down the anchor of the ship. ‘Is this Richard Richinson?’ I asked, with a fake accent.

‘Yes, why?’ He replied.

‘You’re party supplies have arrived. What was it you ordered?’

‘I ordered a speaker. Where do I have to sign?’

‘Just sign...here!’ I said, my accent slipped away, and my normal voice was revealed.

‘ALEXANDER? GET BACK HERE!’ He shouted. I ran as fast as I could, dodging crowds of people, to the centre of the yacht. And there it was. The golden horse brass, displayed on a neat, marble pedestal. I grabbed it, shoved it in my pocket, ran to my yacht and returned home. I handed in the horse brass to the *Museum Of English Rural Life*, and celebrated another victory.

*Ellen – Geoffrey Fields Junior School*



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