

## The Ollys

Holly, Molly and Polly are great friends; aged twelve and in the lowest form in year 7. They might not be the brightest pupils but they are the most obedient and will do anything to please anyone.

They met on their first day at their Secondary School and gelled immediately. Always laughing and joking, their new teachers found them a pleasure to try and teach.

Today is their first outing together on the first day of the Spring half-term holidays. Holly met Molly at Molly's house, Holly and Molly then went to get Polly at Polly's house. All the girls together, they were provided with a pack of sandwiches each and a bottle of lemonade between them. The arrangement was to have an adventure, something that none of them had done before.

They sat on the wall outside Polly's house and Holly said, "What are we doing then."

Molly and Polly said together, "Dunno yet."

Molly added, "Trish hasn't written that bit yet, she said she's waiting for inspiration."

“Yeah,” agreed Polly. “Plus Trish said that she was having trouble writing this story as an adventure, ‘cos Mike's being a meanie and will only allow us to take sandwiches and lemonade. We can't take any money, a ball, camera or anything. So we can't go on a bus or to the cinema or swimming or nuffin' like what real kids do.”

“So we wait, then.”

“Umm, no, lets walk round the block and maybe when we get back she will have thought of something exciting for us to do?”

“Yeah, let's do it,” they said in unison.

They returned to the wall guessing Trish was still waiting for a brainwave. They were not a happy trio, all three looking sad as their day was passing them by. They were bored, bored, bored.

Polly then noticed something very small and shiny in the kerb; she walked over and picked it up. “Hey girls look at this, I've found a coin.”

“How much is it worth.” said Holly

“Not sure, I can see 1941 written and picture of a bird and it says fart-hing on it.” answered Polly.

“That's funny. Well, what should we to do with it?” came in Molly. “Can we take it with us or would we get into trouble.”

Polly smiled, “I think Trish might have left it here as part of our story. I have an idea. If we toss the coin and it land heads we turn left and if it lands tails we turn right. Then we carry on like this and see what happens. It'll be better than sitting here waiting.”

So, that is how they progressed, turning this way and that at the toss of the coin, until the coin landed on its edge and rolled down North Hill.

Holly, Polly and Molly raced after the errant coin. It gathered up speed until it got to the bottom of the hill, stopped abruptly outside the library and waited for the girls to catch up. The girls got almost close enough to pick up the coin, when the coin picked up speed and was off again. The girls followed it to the Dolls Museum, before it rolled off again. This happened all morning, the coin running off and the girls following behind. They went through the Country Park, along the canal, passed the lock with boats navigating through and across the railway bridge. They saw the windmill, the war memorial, three churches, seventeen cows and a flock of sheep. They went to the market and heard the stallholders shouting their wares and smelled all the different

food being cooked in the restaurants and cafes in the town.

Eventually the coin stopped outside Polly's house. Polly's mum was walking back from the shops and the girls told her about the coin.

Polly's mum bent down and picked it up. She told them everything that she knew about farthings and asked them if they could work out how old it was. It took them a long time and they got very close to the right answer.

“It's seventy-eight years old, twice as old as me.”

“WOW, now that is old,” the three girls said together.

“Do you think it should be in the museum? said Polly.

“No, but you could take it into school for your World War Two history project.”

“Cor, Miss will be pleased with us,” said Molly.

“She'd be even more pleased with us if we wrote about it too.” added Holly.

“Let's write about our exciting day with the farthing and all the interesting places we have seen. We had a

much better time without Trish telling us what to do all the time. She's not very good at making up stories anyway, is she?" Put in Polly.

Sitting at her computer Trish heard what the girls had said and gave a sly little laugh. She then thought to herself, 'I really must get on with my poem for our coven meeting next week.'