



## Stories of Stuff

**Primroses and Coal**  
by Nell Turner

**Inspired by stories told at Next Steps Stroke Club**



Father had a giant tea pot. Every morning, he brought all ten of us a cup of tea. Special agents were then given missions.

Bunches of dawn plucked primroses were tied with cotton and dew tapped to stop the flimsy boxes getting soggy. The girls had once heard the guard swear when the cardboard had split.

Whistle. The London train! Skinny legs scampered; the train only slowed for seconds. Fresh market-bound primroses flew; caught by brawny arms. Brawn's sidekick threw a grubby bucket of coal which was almost caught by the boys. They heaved it home, coal stained.

Meanwhile, the spent glass accumulator was being freewheeled through lanes. Skidding into the garage, passwords were given. All haste, the heavy bottle of acid was raced home, swinging from handlebars.

Special agents all galloped home. What larks, Snowy!  
Light fire, warm set, gather round.  
Tune in wireless; green goes the cat eye. Hoorah.  
Dick Barton. 10 o'clock omnibus.  
No train guard would ever dare swear at him.

Stories of Stuff is a community arts project discovering the stories inspired by treasured objects. It has been created by The Writers' Block.