Edward knew that the hammer was somewhere in the shed. He had always tried to keep the place tidy but somehow never quite managed it. As he had grown older he had collected more and more things that had somehow become precarious piles around the shed. His wife, Irene, used to call it “junk”. For Edward however, it was treasure.

As he moved a rusty saw, he spotted the old box. He knew at once what it was. As he slowly opened the box, he remembered the day he was given it.

As the glistening sun was shining, there was an alluring smell of freshly cut grass, it was perfect for a day to go out and watch racing. A beautiful clear and crisp sky could be seen for miles and there was not a raindrop in sight.

The place was electric, fans were chanting and the sound of the race cars as they zoomed passed reminded Edward of his dad. Various children had mini race cars that they pushed along the grass. Dogs were playing on the grass, people were having picnics, everybody was happy and content. Moments later, an intense smell of petrol filled the air as the cars went in for a pit stop.

In the distance Edward could see a father and son sat on the bench talking. Edward remembered 20 years

ago, when he used to go out with his dad in his racing car, which he loved.

When Edward was a teenager, he remembered his dad taking him out in the car, he didn't realise at the time why his dad was having a kind of a heart to heart conversation with him.

In his early years, Edward was quite a clumsy child and used to fall over many times, despite the fact he used to be in so much pain his dad would be the one to pick him up and somehow would always know what to do to make him feel better.

During his early life, Edward suffered the tragic loss of his dear mother, his dad was the only one who helped him through his grief, in fact they became a big comfort to each other.

Events took a turn for the worst, Edward’s dad was dying! Edwards' heart sank at the thought of seeing his dad for what may have been the last time. As a child Edward would spend a lot of time with his dad, Edward was the apple of his dad's eye.

In his dad's final hours the time seemed to have rapidly forwarded, even though Edward was thankful to have this last time with his dad, he knew in the back of his

mind that this was going to come to an abrupt end, he would never be ready for this!

His eyes started to fill up and yet he yearned for more time with his son, he knew these were his last moments. whilst handing Edward a key, his words were, ‘fulfill your dreams son’.

His dad's ultimate dream was for Edward to follow in his footsteps, as racing was their passion.
For years Edward couldn't bring himself to open the box, as he knew what was in there.

Edward finally opened up the box and decided to restore his dad's old racing car, he wanted to honour his dad’s memory as the steering wheel was his dad's last gift to him.

Eventually Edward found the hammer, he took both the hammer and the box inside.
Comfortably sitting in his armchair, he sank into stormy contemplation, tears began to run down Edwards' face as he came to a realisation. His dad never got to see him fulfill his dreams.
As evening fell, content with his memories, Edward slowly drifted off in his armchair. . .