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 soon as Edward opened up the dusty, hand-carved box, he took out a photo and a seashell and had a sudden flashback to his childhood. It all started on the 12th August 1988 on the beach, it was a lovely summer’s day. Edward’s and Irene’s parents met up at the beach for a catch up. Whilst they set up the towels, sun chairs and the parasol, Edward’s dad pumped up the inflatable boat and kayak. The waves lapped over one another gently, the seagulls cried overhead as they fought over chips. The taste of sea salt made Edwards’ tongue go wild.

Later on, Irene called Edward to show him her deepest secret,

“I have something to tell you. We need to get away from these people… come on, I’ll show you in the water.” Edward was intrigued.

“Watch this…” she looked down and Edward immediately noticed that she had starfish on her where her bikini top would normally be. And the skin on her legs had turned into scales with a fishy tail at the end.

“I can turn into a mermaid whenever I want,” she explained, “so I can be in water or on land! You’re the only person I’ve ever told!” Edward just stood there, with a ‘I wasn’t expecting that’ face. He promised never to tell anyone, but to keep the secret between them as best friends.

Eventually they walked back to their parents and Edward’s Mum asked,

“Shall we go for a swim? If so let’s go!” Edward suddenly looked nervously at Irene, but she winked at him as if to say, “it’s fine”. They played happily together for the rest of the day, having the time of their lives. At the end of the day, Irene handed Edward a gift – it was a hand-carved wooden box with a seashell in it.

“So you’ll always remember and keep our secret.” she whispered.

Then one of happiest days went back into the box.

“That was a wonderful day, I wish I could make that day happen again!” Edward thought to himself. He finally found the hammer he’d been looking for, it was under the box of memories! He went back inside the house to fix the leaking pipe under the stairs, and bang on time the doorbell rang. Edward opened up the door, it was his best friend Carter, his wife and Irene’s best friend Lizzy and their son Ryan. Irene had come back from swimming with their kids, it was time to fire up the BBQ…