Edward and his box

Edward knew that that hammer was somewhere in the shed. He had always tried to keep the place tidy but somehow never quite managed. As he had grown older, he had collected more and more things that somehow became 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.

It was a beautiful day, not a cloud insight, when Edward and his mate Charles, went to see their favourite singer do a concert. After a few hours in the car they arrived at a massive dome where it was entered by a towering wall the stood proudly protecting the hypnotic orb, where lights were flashing everywhere, there were stalls all around and a glistening, clean stage had everything set up ready for the big event. This looked amazing. Would it be brilliant…

Slowly and gently the silky, velvet curtains washed of the stage where Robbie Williams rushed onto the stage, where the fun began. Raising the microphone Robbie stared into the audients. Second later, his voice filled the arena with people all around throwing their body of their seat and Edward and Charles jumped as well feeling amazed. Joy filled the stadium, and everyone was now waving their torches as Robbie’s voice still controlled the space.

Having the time of his life, Edward suddenly frozen as well as the whole crowd, looking around Edward couldn't see anything until realised the noise was… Edward recognised the sound and from being the best night those thoughts had changed his heart was now beating at rapid pace and his hands were trembling.

Looking beside him, was a man died laying on the floor as blood dripped down him slowly touching the floor. Edward shook and nervously turn his head to be confronted by a man holding a rusty shotgun aiming directly at Edward.

Gulping, Edward leaped over his chair and charged at the man, aiming at his head. Worried yet fearless, Edward knocked the man out and within a few tense minutes Edward was now a hero. A life saver to many.

Days later, Edward cautiously unsealed the letter when his face smiled his body filled with joy as he read the letter. Tomorrow he was going to meet the queen herself. Excitedly, Edward rushed upstairs and laded out his clothes for the big day ahead. Waking up, Edward was ready for today and rushed out of the house quickly getting into his jeep preparing for the 3 hours journey ahead.

Arriving at Buckingham Palace, Edward felt like a celebrity as he proudly strolled in, entering an iconic landmark. Having entered, the queen welcomed him and still a bit nervous, Edward was starting to ease and feel nothing but excitement, as he sat down with the queen. Meanwhile a servant came with a box and gave it to Edward. Puzzled, Edward gently raised the lid and he was static as a glistening, silver medal

was awarded to him for his pure bravery and determination. Reaching home again, Edward carefully held his treasure and looked at it whilst it glimmered in the breeze.

Edward was in the shed still gazing at his glowing medal, as all those memories flooded back to him. The medal was his treasure, his pride and of course for his bravery.