

SIXPENCE

Sixpence spent his thirtieth birthday at Grandad Harry's funeral.

Sixpence had adored his grandad even though Harry was responsible for his name.

Harry a true cockney, born within the sound of Bow Bells, as he delighted in telling all who would listen, and with a Londoner's sense of humour had been incredulous when informed that his first grandson would be called Arthur.

'Arfur?' said Harry laughing, 'you're kidding! Arfur mo? where's the other arf? Arfur what? Arfur sixpence!?' 'you might as well call 'im Thrupenny Bit,'

Then he guffawed. 'that ain't too clever' he said, 'I'll just call 'im Sixpence!'

A Drabble (100 words)

Jacqueline Inglis