

## Silver Coin

Decorating the depressing alley, it lay there. Glinting in the illuminating sunlight, waiting to be noticed.

It was only button sized, and as weightless as a pencil shaving.

Supporting my pocket as I wound my way through the streets of bustling Tokyo, accompanying me to every aged, lavish temple and cramped, dim shop.

I look at it now, turning it over and soothing my hands, and I remember that holiday. It is worth further than numbers can go in memories, not money. It is only one Yen.

Isaac, Year 6  
Forest Lodge Public School