

*Gavin came out of the door and slumped onto the step, miserable and sulking. Normally a cheerful fellow with his bright blue eyes, a wide sunny smile and curly golden locks of hair.*

*Recently, the family had moved house and Gavin did not yet know anyone. To make matters worse, during the move, he had lost his box of prize possessions.*

*Unbeknown to him, Hob was watching his every move from the tangled shrubbery. Understanding how he felt, lonely and fed up.*

*Hob had lived near nowhere and close to far far away until he had left under a cloud, embarrassed and rejected. Teased for being too small and weak. Jeered at for not yet having the must have item, a mushroom on his back (which was essential for all young goblins)*

*Taking his collection of very special treasures carried in his thoroughly useful old roller skate contraption, he pulled it along with a tatty bit of string. Collecting things that the everyday person would overlook: The elastic bands that the postman drops, buttons that pop off when no ones watching, discarded bottle tops of all kinds. Although he didn't collect anything bigger than himself.*

*Suddenly Hob had a light bulb moment, he could not allow such unhappiness, something was going to change. Rushing back to his roller skate, makeshift workshop. He set to work, bang, crash, ouch, wallop. Emerging some time later looking very pleased with himself.*

*Arguably the next part of the mission was the most complicated, getting into the house. Feeling excited and anxious in equal measure. In through the cat flap, up the stairs. He located Gavin's room and scrambled up the chest of drawers placing the wish capsule in the correct position. Back down, hiding under the bed, all he had to do was wait.*

*Gavin stomped upstairs, whacked his bedroom door back and through himself on his bed. The bright sunshine was streaming in. He lay staring into space when unusual shapes caught his eye, the pattern cast on the wall looked exactly like the skyline of London. He remembered the great day out with his beloved Grandpa and how he'd showed him all the wonderful sights, riding on the big red buses and he had bought him the beautiful snow globe (currently misplaced with his box)*

*Wondered how that could be, he spotted an unusual object on his drawers, intrigued he shuffled closer and discovered it was made of bits of rubbish. An old bicycle cog was casting the shadow of the London eye, St Paul's dome an upturned bottle top, a small chewed pencil created Nelson's column, a decorative ring recreated the sparkles of the snow.*

*The sound of a car horn startled him, crossing to the window and glancing out. Overcome with emotion Gavin rapidly leaping over the bed and bounding down the stairs two at a time.*

*Hob emerged and smiled.*

*Passing the cat's water bowl and catching a glimpse of his reflection, What was that on his back?*

