**Pg.2**

One night, when Dave is making rounds

He hears a sudden crashing sound;

He cannot tell exactly where,

But thinks it comes from high up there.

He pushes through the tight-locked door,

And trips on something on the floor.

He flicks his torchlight on to find,

A tiny van is on its side.

And tiny footprints on the floor,

Leading off into next door!

He takes a breath and gingerly,

Decides to follow where they lead.

And there - a city’s bustling,

Huge and all-encompassing.

Built from all corners of ours,

From pavements to the toppling towers.

Then something catches his attention

A mini Springhead Pumping Station

Feeling brave, he presses his face,

Against the tiny wrought-iron gates.

And there he is, the tiny Dave,

Cleaning spiders off the gate.

He notices, as streetlamps shine,

The deep-set groove of his frown lines.

**Pg. 3**

Dave nips his arm and rubs his eyes –

gives some other things a try –

But when he opens them again,

All he sees is just the same.

“Do I always look that cross?”

He wonders in shock

Goggling at fresh-baked bread,

No bigger than a matchstick head.

A tiny lamppost – smaller than,

Half the span of Dave’s huge hand –

Flickers gently as he tracks,

The footprints through the cardboard stacks.

It must be near an hour or more,

Before he kneels down on the floor,

Something more about what he sees

Hours pass, the new day’s dawning,

The freezing station tower’s warming;

Dave’s still there, he’s mesmerised,

By how their world is synchronised.

He notices that every part

Holds all the others at its heart;

They work together, not alone,

And that’s just how their world has grown.