For forty years Dave’s worked at night,

A watchman on the Springhead site,

The Pumping Station’s his domain,

He rules the roost come shine or rain.

He spends his evenings dealing with

Things he shouldn’t on his shift;

Cheeky kids and sneaky couples,
Loud teenagers causing trouble.

Nosy parkers, drunken louts,

Dogs he has to chase back out,
“He’s quite the jobsworth” people say

But Dave just like to keep things safe.

And then, of course, the building rounds,

Making sure it’s safe and sound.

Dave prides himself on his inspections,

Settling only for perfection.

His favourite time, generally,

Is when all’s done – a cup of tea.

He settles down and writes his findings,

Never really that exciting.

But one thing bugs him on the hour:

A flashing light up in the tower.

He reports it, though it seems,

That no one cares what he has seen.

**Act V: Micropolis**

**Pg.58**

One night, when Dave is on his rounds

He hears a sudden crashing sound,

behind a massive stack of boxes.

Pigeons? Rats or feral foxes?

He squeezes through a narrow space,

Trips and lands upon his face.

He flicks his torch across the floor,

Some tiny footprints lead next door.

He thinks he must investigate

Even though it’s getting late.

The door creaks open as he’s pushing

Then his blood is really rushing!

Cardboard buildings, ceiling-height,

Fill the room as far as sight.
A tiny city with all features
Filled with tiny human creatures.

Something catches his attention

A mini Springhead Pumping Station!

Feeling brave, he puts 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.

**Act V: Micropolis**

**Pg. 60**

“Do I always look that peevish?”

Dave’s surprised and slightly sheepish.

He starts to look around in wonder

And sees this city’s build from plunder!

Tiny lampposts light this land.

Half the span of Dave’s huge hand.

Flickering gently as he tracks,

The city through the cardboard stacks.

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.

A city, with its shops and bars,

Tiny schools and tiny cars,

Dave just can’t contain his bliss

At finding this *Micropolis*.

Hours pass, the new day’s dawning,

The pumping station’s finally 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.

He cannot wait to tell the team

So they can witness what he’s seen.

They’re quite surprised to hear him rave

They’re much more used to grumpy Dave

But things don’t go quite as he’d hoped

Before he knows it, he’s provoked.

Anticipation far and wide

And everybody wants inside.

Now he finds himself besieged

By all the horrors that he feared,

But gradually, he must admit,

That people are quite delicate.

They love *Micropolis* as much,

As Dave himself does, and, as such,

They want to hear his tale of finding

Such a wonder, there, in hiding.

He lightens up and starts to chat,

Shares his tales and chews the fat.

As weeks go past, to his surprise,

He finally starts to realise;

He quite likes whiling hours away,

Meeting new friends day-to-day.

Perhaps, he thinks, the time has come

To be a *happier* watchman.