



Come to Where I'm From
Sarah McDonald-Hughes

Ten-year old Lily lives in Manchester. Her dad is a builder who recently lost his job. His final project was building a tower until it was the tallest building in Manchester. Every Saturday, Lily's dad picks her up and takes her for a day out. This week, Lily and her dad stop off at a canal where they reflect on the changes in their hometown.

LILY: By the Palace Theatre, me dad jumps up and rings the bell and we're getting off the bus. Dad takes us down some steps onto a canal. There's crisp bags and cans and that in the water, but there's some ducks an' al, and a shopping trolley sticking up which is pretty mint, really.

I follow me dad along the side of the canal. It's alright down here, nice really, quiet- apart from the few dogs and runners and bikes and that. Then me dad stops and he stares up at a building. It's a car park, I think, an underground one, with flats on the top.

'See this, Lil?' He seems a bit angry all of a sudden and I don't know what we're looking at. 'Probably the most important place this town ever had that. Tony Wilson'd be turning in his grace'. 'What is it, Dad?'. 'The Hacienda, Lil. where I met your mum. Best club in the world.' It's started raining. My dad starts walking up and down the canal, bouncing around on the side of the water. I don't know what he's talking about. 'Everywhere you look now it's flats and Tesco Metro and it's as if none of this ever happened. And I don't want no part of it. I don't want to build all these hard faced, heartless buildings in the place of things that were real and important and true'.

It's proper chucking it down now but me dad sits down, right there on the path. 'I just thought... that I could have one last stab at it. At being who I want to be and doing something big, and with a bit of meaning, d'know what I mean?' Then the worst thing ever happens. My dad looks up at the sky and the rain's falling on him and I see that it's mixing with the wet that's already running out of his eyes.

Suddenly there's no bikes or dogs or runners and it's just me and my dad and the canal and the car park that used to be the best club in the world. I crawl onto my dad's knee. My dad wipes his face with the back of his hand.

'So what about you? Do you think I'm a loser an' all?'

'No', I say, cos I don't. 'You built the tower Dad. Look, Dad. There it is.'

I look back into the black canal, all shiny like oil. And then- it's there. Stretching high above everything, reflected in the water all bright and shiny and special. And I know it'll always be there. Watching me.