

Squabbling Stones

I may not be the biggest nor the roughest nor the heaviest nor the tallest nor even the oldest. But I do have a good girth which has led to some false accusations and being called "Fat" by my nearest rival. We used to rub along nicely, only occasionally pushing against each other. To start with we proudly stood together outside, whatever the weather.

But at least once a century THEY vandalise us knocking bits of us down and building new walls and now we are both inside, but no longer together. This has led to a bit of a falling out over comparing our...Don't you dare call it graffiti! ...HE only has HB merely scratched on him. I have a sail and a mast which clearly relates directly to the poor prisoners, the sailors and their wives engraving their pain (and mine!) Or was I asleep and missed her finishing the boat off, being disturbed by a jailor and maybe transported. If only I could speak, I'd wish her "Good Luck".