



There were days at the reclamation yard where I could perhaps feel a little lonesome, but I needn't worry as I always had other ceramic, wooden or glass companions to gossip with. We would discuss glassy issues such as whether the beautiful, honest mirrors would make it to their new hanging places in the vain homes of reclamation visitors. Would an old armchair be carted off to a cottage to slowly cook by the log fire? We would ponder these tragic upheavals and occasionally discuss and compare the beautiful, elegant baths on legs like myself with the quite frankly grotesque plastic baths that people appear to choose these days.

Most days were wonderfully tranquil and restful, we had all been in the reclamation yard run by the rookie Ronald brothers for years and had become content and happy to be there. However, the chilly evenings weren't kind to my porcelain. Although they were rather unsightly, Boris and Bert were passionate about old and glorious things, so we were always well looked after. We all presumed we would be here for many years to come – some of the antique wardrobes and bed stands had been here for seventy years or more!

Every now and then an old dusty glass vase would be bought by a lady looking for a pretty home for her roses, or to join a host of others in a grandma's cabinet. Those cabinets that children are told not to touch however

much they want to. Then there were the weekenders; these were the people who find it enjoyable to visit reclamation yards at the weekend and spend a few minutes prodding things and moaning about the price before leaving. However, baths and old fashioned toilets – the ones that have a chain flush – we are a little more special. Only certain people with pretty and tasteful houses buy baths like me. You may think I am a little snobbish, or even precocious, but with a history like mine I would like to think I deserve to be.

All of this changed though. All of a sudden every John, Joan, and Jimmy wanted a bath like me to sit proudly in their bathrooms. This wasn't good news. I didn't want to be sat in any old bathroom! I could mix with my fellow porcelains without the slippery, wet, and scummy hassle of a dirty rascal (children are the worst) splashing into me and dirtying my glory.

There were two other baths like me. One was very big and tall and a bit gruesome looking I must say. He was the colour of avocado, with black legs that resembled the feet of a Komodo dragon, and rusting taps. The other was devastatingly pretty. She was sparkling white like me, but had polished silver legs and taps. This bath was clean, glistening, and eye catching. Together we were a rather dashing pair.