**The Very Special Teapot**

“Angelina! Angelina! Where are you?” a gentle, loving voice called from the kitchen.

“I’m here Gran!” came the cheerful reply from the garden, followed by a happy face peeping round the door.

“I’m trying to find an old teapot from the bottom of the cupboard and my poor back won’t bend that far. Do you think that you could reach it for me, dear?”

“Of course I can Gran,” Angelina answered, and in her usual, helpful manner, she stooped down by the open cupboard door.

“Is this the one you wanted?” asked Angelina, as her head emerged from the cupboard. In her hands she held a beautiful, blue and white teapot.

“Oh yes! Thank you, dear,” replied Gran, gratefully. “I’m going to put it on my new shelf over there in the corner, so that I can look at it every day.”

“I’ll wipe it for you if you wish,” offered Angelina.

“Yes please, if you don’t mind, “said Gran.

Gran left the room. Angelina found a damp cloth and began wiping years of dust from the teapot. Dreamily, she wondered if there was anything inside it. Old people often hide their treasures away, she thought.

She gently lifted the lid to look inside. Suddenly, there was a silent explosion of hundreds of tiny, sparkling teapots, like stars from a rocket on Bonfire Night.