

The Angry Sandman

HIGHTON TELEGRAPH

23rd June 2008

£0.80

WHO IS THE ANGRY SANDMAN?



An odd sand sculpture has appeared on Highton beach. It takes the shape of an elderly man, with an angry face and he's being pushed down into the sand. Who could make this sculpture, the Angry Sandman? Was it you? Do you know who it was? We are starting a campaign to find out who the Angry Sandman is! So tell us if

you know anything about this unusual sand sculpture. Phone us using the number below, e-mail our office or come and visit us.

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George looked at the newspaper. He looked towards the sand sculpture; he had made it. He was angry, not angry at anyone in particular, but he *was* angry. Sitting on a bench, he thought about his childhood. That was what he was angry about. He didn't really know why, he just was angry about it. He had been evacuated to Highton in 1940, when he was eight years old. He had come from Streatham. It had been the best time of his life in Highton, even though he had been told that his parents had died in the Blitz. After the war he had stayed on at his host family's house and they had looked after him, became second parents to him. He was angry at the Blitz and his parents for dying, he guessed. Pulling out a bag full of bread from his pocket, he sighed. On some days he came down to the beach with some bread and he fed the seagulls. Today was one of those days. On other days he sat in his house, just thinking. Occasionally he went to the village shop to buy some essentials. Even less often he drove to the nearest town, Wadebridge, in his old Vauxhall Corsa. From time to time, when he was down on the beach, he would see a young woman, he thought her name was Anna, with her two children. George would sit there feeding the seagulls and watch them, but then Anna would see him watching and she would usher her children away. He had waved to her once or twice, even said hello, but every time she would just look away and carry on walking. That made him sad. A few nights ago he had crept out of his house towards the beach and he had worked all through the night to make his sand sculpture. He thought back to one day, when he was an evacuee; he and his host family

had come down to the beach for a sandcastle competition and they had won! He had been really happy that day.

HIGHTON TELEGRAPH

24th June 2008

£0.80

WHO IS THE ANGRY SANDMAN? UPDATE

We are no further in our campaign to find who built the Angry Sandman. The residents of Highton are flocking down to the beach to see if they can find any clues. In light of recent events, some of the towns elderly residents are petitioning to have an annual summer Sandcastle Competition reinstated. This existed in World War Two, but was called off in 1954 by the local council, because all the crowds that went

down to the seafront were "disturbing the beach". "When I was little, we would go down to the beach every summer and see if we could win. It was the best feeling you could get if you won. Then the stupid council said that it couldn't carry on," says Ethel Winters, 75. If you are the Angry Sandman, please contact us! *James Morrissey*
jmorrissey@hightontelegraph.uk

George wanted to own up about the Angry Sandman, but not just yet, he wanted to wait and see what would happen. He promised himself that he would go and tell them after he heard the news about the Sandcastle Competition.

HIGHTON TELEGRAPH

4th July 2008

£0.80

SUCCESS! THE SANDCASTLE COMPETITION IS BACK IN BUSINESS



Highton Annual Summer Sandcastle-Building Competition. 1943

The local council has agreed to the demands of the people of Highton and has decided that Highton Annual Summer Sandcastle-Building Competition is going to take place every year from now on. This year's competition is going to take place later this month, on the 20th July. This will be the first

competition in 54 years! So, this is a great cause for celebration for the people of Highton. We have a message for the Angry Sandman, from the people of this village. You have inspired many people, young and old, so if you are ever going to reveal yourself, now is the time to do it! *James Morrissey*
jmorrissey@hightontelegraph.uk

George sat in his kitchen, reading the newspaper. Now, he decided, he would own up. He got up, grabbed his keys from the tabletop, walked out of his front door, clambered into his car and drove towards the office of the Highton Telegraph.

HIGHTON TELEGRAPH

6th July 2008

£0.80

ANGRY SANDMAN REVEALED!

It has been revealed that the Angry Sandman is local resident, George Harfield, aged 76. George was evacuated to Highton from Streatham, London in 1940. While here he learned that his parents had died in the Blitz, so he stayed, living with his host family. He served in the Royal Navy from 1960 to 1975, rising to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander. In 1975, George left the Navy and returned to Highton and started his own greengrocers in Wadebridge. In 1978 he married a woman named Esmé Winterbourne. Together they had two children, James and Patrick. In 1997 George retired at the age of 65. Eight years ago, he and

his wife divorced after 22 years together. "We felt the marriage wasn't going to survive



after I retired, really, so we divorced. Our sons had just moved away, so it was a hard time for both of us. We still exchange the occasional phone call, so we are still in touch" says George, about his marriage. "I made the Sandman so that I could put all the bad stuff in to life. I couldn't put it into words, so I put into the sculpture" reveals George.

James Morrissey

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The doorbell rang. George opened the door. Much to his surprise, the person standing on the other side was Anna, the woman who he had seen on the beach many a time. She stood nervously, with her two children either side of her, they were about seven or eight years old.

"I just wanted to say sorry for how I've treated you all this time. You've been really nice to me, yet I haven't even said hello to you," she said.

"Don't worry. I'm fine, let me do something for you and your children," replied George.

"What?" Anna asked.

George leaned in close and whispered in her ear.

"OK," she said once he had finished. "See you soon".

A few days later, George and Anna were sitting on the beach, surrounded by brightly coloured buckets and spades. George was teaching Anna's children how to make the perfect sandcastle. The sky was a brilliant blue and the clouds were like storybook clouds, like fluffy white cotton wool. It was a treat for all of them!