

## Percy Poll

For a moment, Percy took in his own faded reflection in a dusty, gold-framed mirror that was propped against the wall. His large, goggle-like glasses rested on the tip of his nose. Just like his father, Percy needed them for reading, writing, looking and just about everything else. Also, just like his father, he had never



managed to find a pair that fit. His dark, tightly curled hair sat atop his head as usual; it always seemed to grow faster than he could trim it. Today, he wore his summer suit with the bow tie and waistcoat. Mother said that it made him look handsome but Percy was not so sure.

## Daisy Poll

Daisy landed with a thump through the open, glass-panelled doors that led to the grounds, almost as if she had swung in on one of the hanging vines. She shook her head and a cloud of dust and dirt bloomed out in all directions. She wore her usual pair of tatty, denim work dungarees and brought in a smell of grease and engine oil. When she took a second to look at Percy, her brow creased into a frown in the way that it did with all the women of the Poll family.

“Don’t call me Petal,” Percy said. He watched his sister stride farther into the room. Daisy was, as Grandmother would say, ‘a scruffy menace’. Where Grandmother, who lived on the uppermost floor of Poll Manor, demanded dresses, make-up and handbags, Daisy wore old boots, gloves and a toolbelt.

