



# Winston and the Biggest Clock

By EnricaDD



This is Winston. Winston was a proper London black cab. He loved zipping down the high street and seeing all the lovely colours. His favourite thing was a good, quick job!





One morning, a gentleman named Giles peered at Winston's window. Giles looked ever so flustered, holding a huge, folded-up map that covered his entire face, right down to his chin.



"Excuse me, Mr. Cab!" Giles mumbled from behind the map. "Could you possibly take me to the most famous, biggest, shiniest clock tower in all of London? I haven't got all day, you see!"





Winston beeped happily. "The Big Clock, is it? Brilliant! That sounds like the Elizabeth Tower—but everyone still calls the bell inside 'Big Ben'! Hop in the back, sir. Let's get motoring!"



Off they went! Winston drove sensibly, waiting patiently at the zebra crossings. "We're heading past Trafalgar Square now," whispered Winston, his engine humming a happy tune as he navigated the roundabout.





They pulled up near a bright red post box where a long queue was forming. "Hold tight, Giles," said Winston. "We might have to wait a tick, but look! A little red double-decker bus is joining the queue right behind us!"



Giles was getting restless. "Are we there yet, Winston? My camera battery is nearly flat!" Winston gave a friendly wiggle of his wheels. "Almost! Just look up when we round this corner, Giles. It's right ahead!"





DONG! DONG! DONG! The huge, magnificent clock tower stood taller than everything else. The clock face was glowing golden in the sunlight. "There it is!" shouted Giles.



Winston gave a happy toot of his horn. Helping tourists see the very best bits of London was his favourite job. Now, perhaps he could find a nice little café for a cup of tea before his next adventure!