

THE NIGHT BLACKPOOL TOWER TURNED ORANGE...



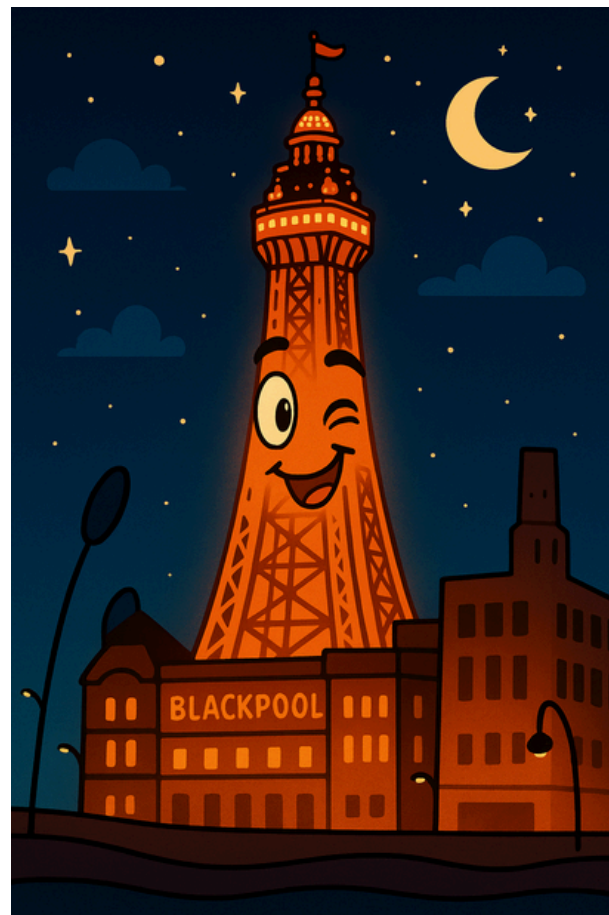
In Blackpool town, where breezes blow,
Lived Elle, with dreams that seemed to grow.
One night she peeked, her eyes so wide,
Outside her window, what did she spy?

The Blackpool Tower, so tall and grand,
Was glowing orange across the land!
It twinkled, it sparkled, it shimmered with light,
On October sixteen, a magical night.



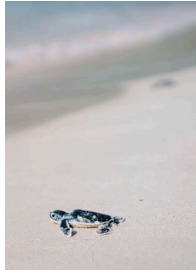
“Why’s it orange?” young Elle cried.
The Tower winked back, as if it replied.
Its lights danced high, they swirled, they spun,
Spelling “Happy House” for everyone.

Then soft as a whisper, the Tower did call,
“Elle, dear Elle, come see it all!”
An orange light-ribbon twirled round her toes,
And up she went—where? Who knows!



She flew and she soared, the stars all aglow,
To Kenya, where warmth and bright colours grow.

In Watamu village, by the sparkling sea,
She saw turtles swim and a tall mango tree.
Avocados hung low - one, two, three!
And children ran out, as happy as can be.

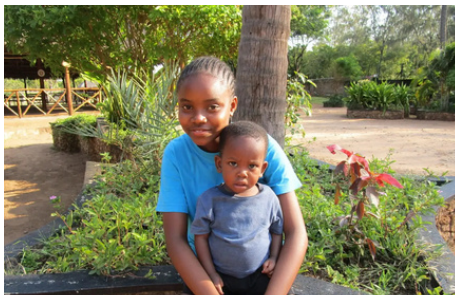


“Jambo!” they shouted - that means “hello”!

With laughter and songs, their smiles all aglow.

They showed her Happy House, a place full of cheer,

Where children live with love, and friends though far, are near.



Elle clapped and danced, her heart felt so light,
“This house is a home, all cosy and bright!”
The ribbon returned, with a swirl and a spin,
And whisked her back home, where the night crept in.

But now she knew why the Tower would gleam,
It shone for those children, their hopes, and their dreams.
From Blackpool to Kenya, a friendship so true,
A bond that shines orange, for me and for you.



**So, on 16th October, look out your window,
see the magical scene!**

**The Tower will glow, all orange and bright,
For Happy House kids, lighting up the night.**

**Join us, dear children, and wave to the sky,
For friends far away who are waving “Hi!”
That orange glow links us, heart to heart,
From Blackpool’s tall Tower to a world apart.**

