



Conservatives Party Conference

Being fairly new to Kids Count, it was a shocking discovery to find, how many people wanted to know about us, and how far we actually branch off into other organizations. The Conservative party was the final outing we were going to and our destination was Birmingham. Unlike Manchester, where our trip covered three days, this managed to only clear two, similarly like Bournemouth, so I was fairly skeptical going that we'd have the greatest turn out, due to not being able to have a complete day of hand-outs.

Morning, 6AM, awaking into a morning that can only be described as beautifully life-threatening. The Sun exploding out of my curtains and directly on to my eye lids, it felt I had angered the Gods. Stretching out into all the morning routines, shower, coffee and cereal. Before leaving I could not help but look at my brother with pure jealousy, due to him bathing in copious amounts of sleep, it just did not seem fair. Getting to Kings Cross happened to be a miracle, leaving at a late time and arriving at an early time, it felt like waking up would be the end of my troubles today. Ten minutes of waiting and Nigel came in the usual white pick-up van that appeared to be a blessing today, I only could think of one word "Sleep".

As we got on board the white pick-up van, I greeted Natalie, Linda, Nigel, Jennifer and Paris, who seemed suspiciously happy on this Sunday morning, happening to be the day of rest, but then again, I had always had suspicions on how these people could be awake at this hour with such cheery faces. I would never find out.

In contrast to Bournemouth and Manchester, the trip would feel short and unfavorable, due to Bournemouth being an adequate amount of time for a nap, and Manchester being an adequate amount of time for a sleep, it truly felt I was on no one's favor today.



Arriving to Birmingham, we were treated to a McDonald's lunch, which regained me with incredible energy, my energy was back and I was ready to do my job that had entailed through the past two trips, handing out leaflets.

After checking in, we got to our destination of leaflet handing, it was dark, raining, which did not help in favorably, as believe it or not people do not like being handed a soggy leaflet on knife crime, and everyone was miserable, very much contrasting the Kids Count representatives, handing out leaflets, discussing what Kids Count was all about with such glee, I believe this worked to our favor in the end.

The time began edging on six, so Americo, Steven and I, went off onto our break, looking around the city we found Birmingham to be quite satisfactory, as we walked past a cinema, we could not help notice a film just being released. So we went back to Linda to discuss the advantages of

seeing such a film for all of us, the film being Tropic Thunder, we began telling her the political connotations the film had and why Kids Count as a whole would benefit from watching such a film. Linda, however did not see it that way, but instead insisted Americo, Steven and I to go and see the film, so we can report back to our director and tell her everything we learned from the, "audio, visual fringe meeting". We were truly satisfied with the "fringe meeting", and so was Linda and the others with theirs, to this date I do not know what fringe they went to see.

As we came back, Nigel and Linda took us out to dinner, at Pizza Express, as we were walking down the street we realised it was Sunday, and Birmingham is known for it's partying, not that I knew that then, of course. Passing by hundreds of screaming pedestrians, outside clubs, all I could think was, "Wow, they really like they're politics in Birmingham." But we arrived at Pizza Express in one piece, eating the food, and talking to Nigel about Jimmy Page. We all had a very nice time and left back toward our hotel.

Back at Premier Inn, instead of making up for lost sleep as I had hoped, all the youth board, excluding Pariss, the sensible one. Wanted to partially celebrate it being our last trip, so all of us went back and fourth into each others room, until 3AM appeared it's ugly head around the corner, and eventually passed out watching X-Factor. The following day, Americo and I had woken up too late, due to him wanting to get more sleep, rather than eating breakfast. I, however, was a very hungry boy and was determined to go to breakfast, so when we had woke-up 10 minutes before we had to leave, I decided to put the peddle to the meddle and get everything packed so, I can rejoice to sausages and orange juice. So, we did, we made it on time, fitting a breakfast in and leaving at the time we were supposed to.

Another day handing out letters, was fun, the day was sunny, everyone seemed so cheery, and people genuinely wanted to get in conversations about Kids Count, but the same thing happened at the formidable labour party which did not have a great turn-out.

So, after a day of handing out leaflets and bumping into Boris Johnson, it was time for the show-down. The final fringe meeting, at the Novotel Hotel. Getting there early as usual to set everything up and eat some food before the guests came, I was worried. Then people came, in, one by one, till we had nearly a packed place. So the fringe commenced, which went very well, unfortunately I came under the weather and had to leave briefly, to lay my head to rest.

However as I came back into view what was once a very good few people sitting, listening to our fringe, became a room full, with not enough chairs to hold everyone, the gods were back on our side.

Lastly, after the fringe it was time to pack up and leaving, as per-usual straight home, however this time, Americo and Pariss, would be staying.

Random Facts: Politics

