

My favourite object that I love to see every time I'm on shift...unfortunately it's not on display at the moment...but it was for years on a display at the museum of London. It's in golden colour and it looks beautiful and shiny.

We have hundreds of visitors and they have no clue that this item is behind a wall they might be standing by at the moment. It makes it so special

My name is Marta.

I was born in a small town in Poland. One summer before my nineteenth birthday, my best friend informed me that she was planning to go to England for a summer holiday. She would say that she dragged me here...well... I think I followed her, I remember how unsure we were about where to go. We packed our bags and we decided to flip a coin...so we flipped the coin three times and every single time it was telling us to go to Cambridge. Well...we ignored the fate and came to London. Doesn't feel like holiday anymore! This month we've actually celebrated fifteen years of anniversary.

Being in London was overwhelming. We were looking for any jobs at first so when security job came up, we just went for it. I don't think that I ever thought I'd be working in security industry. It's been twelve years since I started to work at Museum of London and I'm the only woman in our department...apart from the manager.

My favourite object is a coach...is amazing, beautiful coach...it's been made of wood...metal...leather...fabric and it's been painted gold. I see it every, on my every shift. I always stop for a few seconds in front of it. I can't take my eyes off it.

I love when I shine a torch and I can see it standing there beautiful, huge. Every time I look at it I'm tempted to touch it but it feels like, it feels like touching would cross the line.

I'm a single parent of a six year old very cheeky girl and I have never realised how annoying I could be until I actually created a miniature version of myself and I've started arguing with it daily! It's quite difficult to combine working shifts days and nights and taking care of my daughter. I'm really lucky I think to have my mum by my side. It's lucky and unlucky at the same time. My mum came to England in 2011 following my brothers' accident. Since then she's been spending every single day near my brother. Before the lockdown we could visit him every day but unfortunately nobody's allowed to visit nursing homes anymore so it's been really tough. Especially for my brother I think. He's so used to having someone around. It's just really hard for him.

I've been working through the lockdown. We do have to be here. We need to make sure that the building is secure, the collection is secure. Some of you might say, how can you work twelve hours during the night- especially night is tough...but I guess... I'm used to it now. I know it's been hard for a lot of people not to talk, not to think about the situation in the world. But I guess for me I can actually switch off and try not to think about anything else...it helps to be able to forget...even if it's only for twelve hours.

I think good...good people make this place such a good place to work...and knowing that I'm in the Museum of

London that is full of so many beautiful and unique objects makes it more interesting.

The coach goes away on a parade once a year in November. People are able to see it on the streets pulled by six horses. I imagine myself just in front of it...I can see someone opening the door. I get inside...and it's so beautiful finished inside. They say it's quite uncomfortable though! I can imagine myself sitting inside on one of the parades on a main streets of London. I can see hundreds of people around me, looking at me...waving. I can see kids running around and clapping their hands. I need to close my eyes because of how many people are taking photos of me.

Even though I know the coach is only made of wood...It feels so special... to be inside.