

An Autobiographical Piece of Writing

How cliché my first day at school. As I walked into a daunting, humungous classroom of bellowing five year olds I realised this would be my immediate source of knowledge for the next seven short years. I would be entwined within this group in addition to where my personality would develop from. I always knew I'd leave with no friends and that's how it'll probably stay but who cares? Ironically, I do. Throughout these years all I can remember are these people, the classmates that stayed and those who left. During the summer of 99' my best friend left schools to live the next chapter for her life in Bath. I was alienated; she was my security of knowledge and the person who I know I wouldn't be able to deal without. So what happened next? One of the roughest years of my life. Following the tragic loss of a close relative my world was shattered again and what could I do? Nothing- that's what. Not only to this insufferable circumstance for which I was in my parents ended their seven year marriage and along the way my dad broke mine. His intolerance to maintain a friendship or connection cracked my soul in every way imaginable.

My sausage like fingers ran through my sun highlighted blonde hair as I sat and wondered how I ended up like this. I was seven, living with my mom with a golden retriever to keep me company. Charlotte, my fourteen week old Golden Retriever puppy was so chunky – her legs like tree trunks and paws like muffins. She was quite literally a ray of sunshine and hope to my life. Her fur is like butter smothered on her. She is amazing, more than amazing- no adjective, metaphor or personification will elaborate on it. Yet, she laced my heart with imagination she's ill now, she'll pull through, she's a fighter. Just like me.