

My Autobiography

I remember how my Dad used to drag me round London for hours on end. Come what may we would be on that train, buildings whooshing past in one huge grey blur. I never liked the travelling aspect, too many people and voices in every direction and there'd always be the split second of panic where I'd feel my legs shake at the thought that I'd lost my Dad. He didn't have a car, in the strong belief that it was not necessary for as long as he was well enough to use public transport, resulting in hours spent waiting in stations or cowering under a bus stop, in vague hope that the rain would not find us. My mother always used to be angry, claiming that I was worn out by the end of my visits to see him, he didn't "understand me," and looking back, I dreaded the journeys. I was a five year old; I had no interest in seeing The Big Ben or Buckingham Palace... I wanted to stay at home, filling my mind with trivial cartoons and filling my stomach with boiled sweets from my Grandfather. I did not want to respect architecture, after being packed in a dusty café full of balding men with beer bellies, whilst being expected to shovel down plates of spicy curry which burnt my mouth, and drinking the only non-alcoholic beverage which they provided- grapefruit juice. I hated grapefruit juice. However it wasn't all bad. One not entirely bleak Saturday morning I was persuaded into visiting 'The Monument.' It sounded grand and important, a place which might have once been the home of kings and queens, so of course my heart sank when I was finally introduced to the actual sight. It was a tower, a tall grim building that reminded me of factories and the colour grey. Naturally this was not going to hold back my power packed father, and soon I found myself hauling my tired legs up hundreds, *thousands* of worn down stairs. After what felt like hours we reached the summit, I was shocked by the chilly breeze hitting my face so violently. I stumbled to the balcony, before looking down, an action that anyone with a fear of heights would regret. Fortunately I was not one of those people, the view was breathtaking.

Abigail Colling Simpson 10V