

I remember the ball in my grandparent's bath. The thing I looked forward to the most. The thing that would make me want a bath unlike my parents constant nagging. The ball had different sections of which I can remember vividly, one section would squirt out water, the other section would sprinkle water out. But then, I always found the last section the most enthralling. The glitter and balls; I could happily sit there for hours staring at it. I never entirely figured it out, each time I would discover something new, I guess that's why I believed it was the most exciting, amazing toy I'd ever played with. The happiest sight when walking into the bathroom would be the intense, bold colours of yellow, aqua and red just staring at me, as though it was waiting for me to come. The ball is and will always be one of the things I will never forget when I think of my grandparents and is the perfect reflection of some of the great memories that I have experienced and I am yet to experience at the safe, snug house in South East London.

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