

My house was my home, and had been since I was born. It was renowned amongst my friends as the spooky house which worked wonders for my birthdays and sleepovers. We would sleep in the same crimson painted room, with the gold grandiose mirror reflecting any smiles and laughter. It was a room of mystery and comfort. An assortment of historical influences established themselves across the room as the souls of my Mummy's antiques. Whenever hosting a sleepover, my friends and I would listen intently to the stories my parents told. Stories about a little girl wandering the top floor and how the girl was not a bad ghost, just lost and wandering in time.

It would be a classic image from any cliché film: two parents sitting down in the dark room surrounded by a huddle of widened eyes, like a forest creature staring at their predator. Then 'BAH!' my daddy would shout, and all our faces would cower under the blankets and scream, revelling in our made up terror. However frightened I got of the stories, it always felt reassuring to know that the stories came from the greatest imagination I grew up with. They didn't belong to any fairytale I read. They didn't belong to any Cbeebies program I watched. They belonged to my Daddy.

9 year old me.