

Crystal Taylor

Autobiography

I don't remember much from my childhood, just vague ideas of what may have happened. I remember my primary school, although I wouldn't call it the best four years of my life, but it was enjoyable and left some lasting memories.

I was in a small group of five or so best friends. The number of which shrunk and fluctuated whenever a new friend was made or lost by the group. There were a few key people who stuck it out for the 3 years that we were actually friends. Amelia, could be considered the leader of the group. She was a good friend but made secret pacts with seemingly everyone in order to somewhat understandably keep on top of the group. The other members of the group, including me, followed like lost sheep in desperate need of a Shepherd, someone just to keep us all in check. Occasionally of course, someone would revolt wanting to be freed.

But enough about the somewhat regrettable group dynamics, it wasn't for those reasons why I enjoyed my primary school. It was the fun things that made those four years amazing. Things like running through the playground with all your force possible in a breaktime game of British bulldozer, and struggling with a brand new hand clap from several lunchtimes until you finally can complete it with ease. It's these things which makes my primary school the way it was.

Our school had a large playing field behind it and medium sized hills at the front. I remember the many handstand competitions we used to have at the top of the hills. Taking a deep breath, raising your hands to the sky before thrusting your hands onto the dry grassy hill. Holding on for as long as physically possible or until your legs collapsed onto the ground and the winner was silently commended. Those were the days!