

## Autobiographical writing.

I remember endless, long summers which stretched out and offered endless freedom. The garden was long and green and split into sections, each offering a different adventure. The first section had the knarled climbing tree which had been climbed on so often that it was very severely bent over, yet it would still hold our weight. It was an amazing feeling to feel like you were so high, at the top of the world. I could look out from between the branches and see all the different colours meeting to become one, perfect, picture. I could feel the air move the branches around me and taste the bitter taste of the pine tree next to me. I could close my eyes and imagine, knowing, or hoping, that I was perfectly safe.

Once you had braved the climbing tree you were free to wander down the grey cracked concrete path and through the green, pink tinted white and yellow, the grass and daisy's, staring in wonderment at the Pear tree which had been planted when Rosie was born but had failed to grow in all the time that I'd been old enough to notice. It never produced a single pear.

At this point I would only stop to pick a ripe strawberry or a chive or to look at what I thought of as the most beautiful flowers at the time, not only because of the way that they looked, the colour of piecing blue held my drew my attention in as much as the obvious delicateness of them, but also because of their names – forget-me-nots.

Then came the old swing which could really make you feel like you were flying. The exhilaration which you felt when you felt the air rushing against your skin and tasted the scent of grass could not be beaten. The cracked yellow seat attached the grey, fraying twisted ropes flung you into the air and then gently bring you back down again. The higher you got the harder you would clutch on the ropes until your knuckles turned sheet white.

Once you had dragged yourself away from the swing you felt a thrill of excitement because the best was yet to come. I would sprint around the apple tree, red and green against the deep pale blue sky, which provided us with endless golden apple crumbles in the autumn and proudly pulled out the key which would allow me into my new home, one where I could be in charge.

The musty smell that hit me when I entered the caravan took me back to holidays which were spent playing cards and telling stories because the familiar patter of the rain against the windows refused to stop.

The caravan was large, but not large enough to fit our family in anymore and so it wasn't used for holidays, it just stood there, empty, ready to be filled with laughing and screaming voices.

Some of the best memories I have are in that caravan because it was a place where I could be in what ever world I wanted to be.

I could be a grown up and I could cook and clean and put all the children (either Suzanna or the dolls) to bed. I could be the mum or the teenager if Rosie decided to join us but I would always be some one else, someone who I looked up to and admired.

I admired my older sister so much, she was my own role model and it was often her who I copied.

I would spend endless days in the summer sitting in the caravan 'sipping tea' or going up onto the bunk bed with the red curtain which hid me from the world. It was hard for me to get up there because it was so high up and the sense of achievement that I gained when I sat up there made me feel like I was the most amazing acrobat in the world.

I would take my books and a blanket and sit for hours just staring out of the grotty plastic windows wondering and thinking my childish thoughts which drifted in and out of my head.

I don't think that I was ever as happy or content as I was in those long summers. They are the epitome of my happy childhood.

By Emily Freer