

Childhood Memories

I remember waking up one morning to a light greyish-white sky. I walked out of the house and immediately my foot buried itself in a couple of inches of pure soft white snow. The snow that had fallen down during the night, in big white flurries as my mum had told me that morning, was lying untouched and moist on the ground. I gave a whoop of delight as I ripped my hand from my mum's, ran to the middle of the drive and launched myself into a pile of wet snow and immediately set about making a snow angel. The snow was cold and wet, yes, but it was so fun to just lie down and press into it an angel version of my three-year-old body. The snow felt deliciously cold and warm at the same time; the snowflakes crushing together as my arms moved large piles out of the way so that I could make my angel.

When I got up, the snow which had been moved out of the way had revealed the rusty blue and red bricked drive. I remember the walk to school, concentrating ever so hard on trying to step into every patch of untouched snow I could find. The snow crunched underfoot every time and the joy that I received from this was unimaginable. There was something satisfying about squashing the snow with my feet every time, some kind of pride in being the first one to step on *that* bit of snow. By the time my mum and I had reached my nursery, my snow-white tights and shiny red buckled shoes were drenched in snow and absolutely freezing, the cold seeping through my leg, making me shiver. Despite all this, I had never had a more enjoyable walk to school.

That same afternoon, my friend, whose name was Fatimah as well, coming into my house. Her mother walked in, gave me a hug and proceeded to have a chat with my mum in the kitchen over a cup of tea. I led my friend into the sitting room, got the henna paste out of the fridge and applied it onto her hands and then onto mine. It felt cold and nice at the same time, the texture soft as I applied it to my hands as well. The cold from the henna seeped through every fragment of bone and muscle in my hands as it cooled down.

We sat and waited, watching television for a while. All of a sudden, she huffed, announcing that she couldn't wait for the henna to dry and promptly smashed her hands together. I let out a loud shriek; at the time I couldn't understand why somebody didn't wait for the henna to dry and was so surprised that she had ruined the design that I shouted for my mother. My mum came running into the room, saw what had happened, and then laughed. My friend went and washed her hands.

I remember that my mum had told us to drape rugs all over the floors because we were going to have a small gathering. My mum went into the kitchen and, along with my friend's mum, started to cook. The smell of chicken curry and rice filled with air permeated with the smell of mint chutni and salad. After a while, my mum got out a small stand in which she placed four burning incense sticks and placed the stand on the shoe cabinet. The smell filtered through the whole house, so that after about an hour, the house smelt as if it was burning nicely. Then crowds of people would come into the house and after about an hour, the food would be served. The combination of chicken curry, rice, chutni and salad was enough to make my stomach rumble even though I'd only had lunch an hour before. I ate a whole plate.