

Fawziah Hussain

### Autobiography

I remember when I went to visit my mum in hospital in February 2000, just after she had given birth to my brother. I was reluctant to go because my mum had left me the night before, but my auntie forced me to go, promising that I can take my new star wars light sabre along with me. When we reached the hospital, I could see my dad coming out. He had a beaming smile on his face but I was puzzled because I didn't know why. He led me through the plain white corridors, where doctors and nurses where whizzing around always having something to do and the patients sitting there, bored and idol. We finally came to the end of the long dull white corridor and reached a large spacious room. On the right side of the room was a small bed and on that bed I could see my mum. I ran towards her forgetting that I was meant to be angry with her, and gave her a big hug. I then saw a small squirmy baby next to her. My brother. I couldn't believe it, I knew that my parents were going to get a baby, but now I had a little brother all to myself. My mum gently gave him to me as I sat down next to her. I felt his soft warm blanket rub against my arms and he had the smoothest and softest skin I could imagine. I could smell the "baby" smell on him as well as that sick smell. It was weird, I just couldn't believe that he was my younger brother and that now I was an elder sister. The nurse then came in with a bottle for the baby. I couldn't help but noticed that everyone seemed to have averted their attention to the new baby; I guess I just wasn't going to get the same attention ever again and I had to get used to it.

Every so often, my dad used to take us to the local fun fair along with my cousins. I can remember the distinct sickly sweet smell of the candy floss and the toffee apples as well as the strong smell of the hot dogs and the somosas. I remember begging my dad to buy me the large bags of candyfloss, the ones that had all the different colours on it, but after the 7<sup>th</sup> mouthful, I felt sick, sick of that sweet taste that wouldn't leave my mouth. The sticky hard floss used to stick in-between my teeth and the sides of my mouth.