

## My Autobiography

### “Easy Happiness”

I remember...

The white sunlight streamed through the fine cracks between the thick green leaves, warming the dewy path as we embarked on our journey through the fields of Manchester. I skipped up the path with raw excitement, only stopping to pat the glossy horses in the adjacent field. I spun round calling to the distant united shirt to hurry up. My Nan had sent us out early to get back in time for the big match. Huffing and puffing, my granddad clambered across the cattle grid and I squealed with delight. Our adventure had begun.

Everyone remembers the treasure hunts of their youth, the Easter egg hunts, the search for Christmas or birthday presents, the long summer games of hide and seek. Of all these memories, nothing satisfied me more than the sharp juice of the blackberries filling my dry mouth when we eventually fell down, tubs overflowing with fruit, to admire the beautiful clear view beneath the sunny noon sky. The furry, delicate texture in my mouth. The light weakness as it broke easily between my teeth. The runny juice, the taste of summers to come. The magic of such a small thing to take such a big effect.

We returned to the house at lunchtime. I don't remember what we ate or what happened at this point. I have a vague memory of my Nan using some kind of magic or spell to turn our carefully collected berries into clear jars of homemade jam. I may have helped her, but I expect my time better was spent, as it always is on this day of the season. Decorating the living room with scarves, flags, shirts, hats and maybe a few of my granddads old badges, each with the face of a young Busby babe. The rest of my family arrived just in time for the build up. I remember I had been staying in Manchester for some time, but for how long I could not say.

The match kicked off, and we were once again united by the thrill of yet another FA cup final, one that, despite Millwall's best efforts and a few dodgy tackles from Dennis Wise, we would go on to win as we had done so many times before.

My memories of the celebrations are also limited; I do recollect a drop of wine or perhaps sherry and merry moods all round. I do remember the eagerly awaited hot dogs and burgers, piled with onions, ketchup, relish and other sauces, and sitting at the garden table on the balcony late into the night, until my dad, happy and drunk, tucked me into bed with a beery kiss and the explicit words of a Manchester United chant.

A memory that proves sometimes the simplest things can make a person happy.

by Frankie