

Auto-biography

I remember climbing up those huge boulders, scrambling onto the ledges to get away from my friend. We were playing tag, and I was certain that I was the best and that I was invincible. We raced through the ball pit and round the corner and I got away. My speed was no match for him. He was chasing someone else now, but getting nearer fast because I could see him across the other side of the second floor, just about to exit the ball pit at the bottom of the slide. Onto the first ledge easily, second just as easy, but not the third. I smacked my knee, straight into the ledge. The tears were streaming down my face and I was screaming at the top of my voice. Mom heard me, and got one of the workers in the Wacky Warehouse to come and get me. They pulled me downstairs and carried me outside into the deep-red corridor. My knee was purple and I was convinced I'd broken it. I hadn't. The old lady with the scraggly brown hair told me so in that high pitched squeaky voice that all young children are scared of because it's the voice that teachers and parents use when they are angry with you. After about 5 minutes I got bored of listening to that woman's voice, scared really, and decided that I could bare the pain and ran; well, limped, back into the ball pit and straight down the slide.

Mom said it was time to go now; she was worried I might hurt myself even more. Of course, I didn't want to leave and obviously knew that I wouldn't hurt myself and didn't understand why she would think that I would. Straight down the big, blue, camel-shaped slide into the ball pit. Out of the arch-like hole in the bottom of the wall and back to the tables. Mom had got me a slush puppy from the counter. She knew that my favourite was a mixture of the blue and the red flavours. I think they were strawberry and bubblegum. They were nice on their own, but I liked to mix them together to make a purple-coloured ice drink. I hated that thing that happens when you drink the juice out of a slush puppy but then all you were left with afterwards was plain ice with almost no flavour at all. Although, avoiding this is almost impossible because at some point, you had no choice but to drink the juice in fear of all of the ice melting. After all, a slush puppy is an ice drink. They were all jealous of my purple drink because whenever they tried to make it, all of their ice melted. You needed to be able to get an even mix of juice with ice. I thought that this was a perfectly simple thing to do but for some reason, they were never able to do it.

It was raining when we left. Not nice when you've just drank a drink full of ice. Mom always used to get worried that I would be cold which I thought was a bit over-the-top because she was always over-paranoid and worrying about me. Sometimes it could become annoying, but I knew that she was doing it for my own good. We were going back to my godmother's house. I liked going there because mom would sit in the kitchen with her drinking endless cups of tea and discussing either the day's events, or for some reason, the slight possibility that me and Alex, the boy on in tag, would end up married one day. We both knew that this was never going to happen and preferred being friends.

I remember at my first birthday, mom and dad covered the floor with plastic sheet, a bit like when you laminate something, because about 10 of my friends from nursery were coming round for food, including Alex though. It was at the house that I used to live at that I can't remember the name of. The house was quite big, and we were in the room at the back of the house in the dining room. The big double doors leading onto the patio outside were at the rear of this room. This let in the light that we needed and if we wanted to go outside, the adults would carry us, or keep their eyes on us if we wanted to make our own way out.

When I was around 2½, mom set up a paddling pool in the back garden. Well, she arranged it. Dad blew it up. I remember when dad, with his surfer-style, flowery clothes and goofy moustache, picked me up and threw me into the paddling pool. There were four of us in it. I remember that mom had set up a small table, one of those plastic, multicoloured tables that you find in kids play areas that we were going to sit round and eat our fish fingers, smiley faces and ketchup. When you're little, you have no sense of self consciousness and you have no care in the world, so, in much to my embarrassment now, we were all naked. No matter though, none of us cared because we were all having fun. The water was a strange colour; it was a reddy-blue with white specks. The red was probably from the base of the paddling pool and was just being passed through the water making it look red. The white specks must've been from the sun I thought. There was no other explanation that I could think of that would create this unusual effect.

My favourite singer when I was a bit older was Shakira. I used to go into the dining room and play the CD and just sit, imagining the video in my head. I could spend hours doing this. Sometimes, I'd bring dad into the room when he was home from work and make him dance with me. He's always though he can dance; then again, I can't really talk. As well as music, I liked the TV. I especially loved comedy programs such as: You've been framed. Every time it was on the TV, I'd be watching it. One day, I decided to imitate one of the tricks on the TV, and ran around pretending to fall over saying "Film me! Film me! I'll get you £200", unknowing to the fact that any stunts performed on purpose meant that you ran the risk of being fined.

As I have a fear of open doors, I had to shut them. So when it was dinner time, I ran through into the dining room, and slammed the door shut. Unfortunately, my dad was on the other side...and the door shut straight onto his nose. He said it hurt, but put on a brave face just for me and proceeded to eat his potato salad whilst I ate my chicken nuggets, potato crochets and my favourite, tomato ketchup.