

Georgia Prosser

I remember the part of early summer spent playing tennis over some concrete slabs that had been put at the bottom of the lawn, there for an unknown reason. I thought they were just there to aid my tennis playing.

I remember coming home from school on my 6th birthday, and the patio door curtains were closed. The curtains were dingy and floor length, lined and in a deep burgundy so any aspect of light was gone. I thought how odd, it's nearly the end of June and the sun is being completely blocked out. I was told I couldn't go outside or even look at the garden. I was worried and unsure about what was going to happen because it was a new and uncharted territory. I thought it was awfully unfair that I wasn't allowed to go outside on MY birthday. I thought I was in trouble, and felt guilty. Soon my Nan and Granddad arrived and I was told I had a BIG surprise. I soon forgot about the inability to go outside when I was presented with birthday tea and the lovely cake that contained strawberry jam. Needless to say I was covered in sticky mess.

I remember the smell of freshly mown grass drifting into the house, when the back curtains unveiled a little teak shed in the back garden, which had petite timber windows and a door with a silver swinging lock. It was a place where I could come to get away from the house. I had lots of plans for my 'cottage'. I was going to put my kitchen in it (the plastic ones with the pretend food,) and lace curtains along the window tops. My Nan was going to make these for me, so it would feel more homely. I had a white sign above the door, naming it the Pavilion House, as my family were big on cricket. I even held tea parties there. I felt very grown up delivering the tea (water) to the tiny bright pink plastic teacups. I had even arranged little chairs for my toys so they could join in with the party.

The swing ball took pride of place outside my house, occasionally hitting the roof, and as I grew older and stronger, the rope attaching became worn, and with one hit whilst trying to beat my brother, I remember the ball coming off and landing in the compost heap. It was then a frustrating job attempting to fasten the ball back onto the string. This continued to happen every time we or a member of my family played. I used to blame the ugly, chunky, huge, red, racquets for being too strong.

As I got older the shed, or my house, became more and more unkempt, less tidy and home to the dozens of bikes, balls, goalposts, cricket bats, stumps, and the swing ball. During this time the wasps assaulted the shed. A recall the discovery of the wasps, which I had always feared at the top of my precocious shed, which led me to run all the way back to the kitchen screaming 'WASP, WASP, WASPS!' My Dad was then quick to get the wasp spray out to make sure the ghastly things would be no more. The Pavilion House would always be mine.
