

Autobiography

The sun shone warm and bright that day. It covered the long, shady garden with gleaming, golden kisses, caressing the weeds. My mum said that they were called Horse-tails, even though they didn't look anything like the horses in my picture-book. I was lying on the prickly grass, pretending to be a starfish, letting the noise of my parents desperately trying to restore order over our wild patch of land wash over me.

I didn't mind that the garden was overgrown and messy. It was my jungle. I was an intrepid explorer, battling my way through the tangled bushes, saving damsels in distress, fighting imaginary baddies with my trusty Argos sword and only returning to civilisation when it was time for sausages and my dad's world-famous bubble and squeak.

Inside my house, however, was a completely different matter. It was light, and cool, and immaculately tidy, like in Beautiful House magazine. It was over a hundred years old, and I was constantly being reminded to be careful with the furniture, to not to jump on the sofa that used to be my Great-Nan's, and to stay off the recliner, as my dad and any other passing relative delighted in reminding me, that she died in, three months before I was born.

The third drawer down in our kitchen broke every time you opened it, and that was where the treats, the chocolate ginger biscuits, the deliciously salty Pringles, my dad's cherry bakewells and my favoritest of all- the light, puffy Ritz crackers- were kept. This meant that any chance I had of sneaking something for a midnight feast was absolutely zero, as the traitorous cupboard would soon give it away. Our oven was ancient as well, and any thing you cooked had to be put in for at least half-an-hour more than the packet said. My mum really wanted a new oven. My dad thought it was fine with the one we had. They would argue, with words flying like arrows, and I would sit in the corner. The argument would end in the same way each time. My dad would tell my mum that when we had some time, we would re-do the kitchen and get a new oven.

We still have that oven.

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