

Glorious

The summer of my childhood was glorious, a cacophony of sights, smells, sounds and tastes. The sweet taste of the blackberries that blossomed in the bushes at the back of my garden, the sweltering heat of the sun and the cool delight that the paddling pool brought. My back garden was a source of infinite delight to me. The lawn was littered with daises that felt soft and delicate in my clumsy fingers, and I loved to braid them into chains to hang around my neck. The grass was earthy and cool beneath my bare feet and running around with the garden hose and squirting my three year old little brother until he squealed held a particular pleasure, cruel as it may seem to me now.

The garden, as well, held the promise of fun with friends. Scaling the trees was a favourite among us, where we could escape from the normality of my freshly mowed lawn and enter a world where reality blurred into fantasy. Climbing was an adventure in itself, and I remember feeling like I was on top of the world, after having scrambled up only a few metres off the ground. In my childish mind, I was invincible.

Summer back then seemed like an age, like it would never end, and I always wished that it wouldn't. But inevitably, the summer ended and brought with it another full year of education. The start of the new school year brought with it a new type of excitement. A vague anticipation of what lay ahead rather than the fairy tale story that the summer holidays promised. I was fortunate. My primary was the best that I could have hoped for, with kind teachers and even kinder school mates. Learning was a delight from a young age, and for that I have only my parents and my school to thank.

Although, school also held a kind of disappointment. I wished for the ice-creams and daisy chains and splashing the pool like I did in the holidays. I yearned to sit under the cherry blossom tree and jump up and catch the baby pink petals as they were swept from the branches by the delicate summer breeze. As I grew older, and was thrown more fully into the world of adults, the summer of my childhood seemed to get further and further away until it disappeared completely. The summer of my childhood was glorious.

Laura Stokes 10Z