

Lydia

“On your marks, get set, Go. I’ve said go liddi” I toddled off into the wilderness, in search of my prize. The care bear rucksack hung limply from my back for a purpose I knew not but still needed. My cap on my head and my basket swinging in my hand I was equip, ready! The glistening fur of a tiger slipped through the undergrowth or as we called him poopoo woopy, perhaps there? I ducked eyes probing the elongated grass edging the garden, but no! the golden gleaming I searched for was not found here. The dewy smell of freshly cut grass crept up my nostrils, mingling with the aroma of Eggy bread awaiting my arrival back to the big red door, spurring me on. “Help liddi Han” called my mum from the peaks of the pathway to my sister who was usually somewhat more successful in such hunts. The final clue the finger pointing I pounced on the sharp piercing gleam amongst the sea of murky green as though a god lay hidden amongst the waves. “ahh” the podgy hand I found at the bottom of my arm fumbled and claimed my chocolate egg, before cramming it in my mouth.