

The Tumble

I remember the heaps of enjoyment I was supposed to feel when Auntie made those funny faces at me for a reason I could not understand. As I crawled the other way, wondering where Mummy and Daddy were, she clutched me from under my arms and transferred me to something which looked like a spaceship in one of my reading books. It was an awkward but appealing spaceship. It was as pink as my Barbie's outfit and covered in sparkles. As I adjusted to my new environment, I began to find it quite pleasing. After what seemed to feel like half my life had past, the hyper and thrilling feeling of breaking out of the prison which I called my room, was much greater than the pleasure I felt when sitting in my new spaceship. The feeling of adventure and excitement was overwhelming as I crept out, determined not to wake my cousin, who supposedly was taking care of me, I reached the hallway. As I crept out of the room and arrived in the hallway on my brand new baby-walker, I looked around with satisfaction, deciding what to do next on my exhilarating voyage. I ran around the house, the air clashing against my face and my own voice ascending in volume, adding to the pleasure of the whole experience. I scavenged through each and every room hoping there might be someone somewhere who I can show off my new-found skill of running to. As I returned to the hallway, realising there is no one anywhere to be seen, I took a sudden stop, when I reached the staircase leading to the bottom floor-the long, steep staircase. I had explored the whole of the upstairs on my own, but that wasn't enough. The thought of whizzing down them with no effort of my own was compelling, and remembering that Ted was also sitting on my favourite chair, thrilled to listen to what happens at the end of "The very Hungry Caterpillar". And the thought that someone at the bottom of the stairs seeing me descend down skilfully was pleasing. A hint of a snigger changed to an eruption on my face, and I set out.



By
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