

I don't remember much at all. But there were a few memories that stood out. I used to live in Leicester in a big green house. The front steps always remind me of the classic picture of me and my three siblings which is the last picture of that house. The front hedges were lined with bright scarlet roses and other sweet, gentle smelling flowers, that always managed to fill the air around my home with the same distinctive odour. Whenever I smell the same flowers, or a similar aroma, I get reminding of those innocent and simple days.

In the back garden we had a massive garage full of old bikes and tools and boxes with mysteriously unknown boxes. Curiously I would always climb whatever could cope with my teeny weight just to get to that one top and reach the boxes. But before I got there, my dad would always pick me off and tell me that I shouldn't climb because I would fall and break my neck. Sadly I never knew what was in those boxes. We moved out a lot too soon for me to become old enough to see into them.

At the time of moving, I didn't realise fully what was happening. I found it quite strange that it was only until I got older and I was settled in my new house that I started to miss the old one. I remember the one of the last days of that green house. We were emptying that bike shed when the next door neighbours came over. We never really liked them because whenever our footballs went over the fence, they would keep them. So we always used to spy on them over the fence by standing on a jagged pile of rocks hidden away in the corner. They suddenly decided to come over and this beastly girl pushed me and my brother off our cherished go kart and road out of our house with it. We went screaming to daddy but he didn't do anything! He told us to play with our other toys instead. Not long after she strolled back, carrying the go kart and went home. We tried to ride on it again but the pedals would reach biting point and, again we went to daddy but he said that it wasn't her that broke it. Frustrated, I went and sat on the porch in the garden and cried.

Fat girl breaking the go cart. E

The loft

Watching people walk across the beams

Karen the thief

Moving out

Adults perspective.

Give child's view without writing like a child