

I remember that day, that cold wet summers day on the farm. All the family were there, Mum, Dad, Charlotte, Hal, Grandma, Grandpa, my Great Aunt and myself. I remember leaving the farm house to go to the apple trees to pick the apples. I remember mum specifically saying to me, 'Check over the fallers;', the fallers were the apples that had already come off the tree, but you never knew how long they have been there. We didn't eat the 'bad' apples, they weren't very nice. I remember my older sister Charlotte was allowed up the ladder to rattle and branches, but I wasn't allowed. I was too small.

I ran as fast as I could back to the farm house, where grandma and my great Aunt were washing up and sorting out food for the next meal. I still to this day cannot remember why I was going back to house, maybe now I only wished I hadn't.

I did not quite make it to the house in the way I had previously hoped. In amongst the lush, long, sodden, green grass near to the narrow, dusty, country lane was a gate prop. This gate prop just happened to be in my path, off all the different routes I could have taken to get back I have to choose that one didn't! All of a sudden down I went, flat on my face with a huge smack! The tears started streaming, family looked round and saw....

Little did I know that there was even more to come, I couldn't just stop there could it! Mum, being a mother came running after me, she, not knowing why it was I fell over also tripped up the prop. She fell, oh yes she fell, she fell right on top of me. I sunk further and further into the squelchy, wet ground.

Who would have thought that that small metal shape, at a maximum of 10cm in height could have inflicted so much pain and I supposed laughter, though I would have seen it that way at the time.

This always has and always will, forever more be a true family memory. The day my loving mother fell on me.

Mia Smart 10v