

## Autobiography

When I was younger my family used to live in a different house. It was only on the other side of Bournville, but now it seems like a world away.

We used to live at the bottom of a cul-de-sac in a little semi-detached house – number 27. There were lots of other families too, so me and my sister used to play outside with all of the other children after school. We used to play football and have bicycle races (except I couldn't ride a bike then so I just watched). One day, somebody from round the corner had a scooter so we had tried to play with it, but I fell off into our neighbours' half-done new drive. My sister also managed to injure herself by hitting her head on a drain while playing football, so we had to take her to hospital. We went in a taxi and got stuck in traffic in town, which was hilarious looking back, but not that funny at the time. My sister had to get her head stapled back together and I always remember wondering at the time how they managed to fit a stapler on her head!

I also remember the first time I was embarrassed, which was when I first went to hospital because when I was three, I hurt my leg and had to go there. The doctors offered to lend us a wheelchair, but my mom said it was alright and made me use the old pram. Thankfully everyone else was still at school and nursery when we got home (for a while, but then they laughed at me when they got back!).

Eventually, we all got too big for the houses and people started to move out, to go to bigger houses. My sister and I had outgrown the bedroom we shared and our kitchen was becoming smaller each day. We realised then that we would have to move house so started looking around the area. We visited loads of houses. Some were small, some were big, some were beautiful, and some needed....a bit of work.

After about 2 months of looking we thought we had finally found the perfect house. It was down the road from ours and was huge. It had an endless number of bedrooms, a beautiful garden and best of all; the owners had converted their attic into a massive bedroom which my sister and I both wanted, although my mother was dubious about us sleeping in the attic.

We were really happy about living in the new house, but then our parents told us they lost it, so we went back to looking for houses. Eventually we found another house, which was not as big but big enough for us (and my sister and I still argued about who would get the bigger room!).

One of my best memories from moving house was when I was eating lunch not long after and I met the boy who used to live at the house we lost. He asked me why I never moved there and I said "We were, but we have a better house now!"