I remember…

My brother was the biggest part of my childhood. A little brown boy in a pair of grey crumpled trousers, muddy at the knees, and an oversized superman T-shirt. The vibrancy of the red T-shirt hurts my eyes to this day. When our parents left us home alone for hours at a time, he was my playmate and I was his. We exchanged the warm, friendly, familiar surroundings for striking exotic paradises that our minds conjured. The vivacious, almost fluorescent colours have been engraved in my memory. I don't know how we did it, but we always seemed to be in each others paradises however wild they were. We explored the exotic with nothing short of utter delight. We could bring our dreams home.

My dreams were what made my childhood. Every child out there deserves to have their own dream and their own fantasies. I was lucky enough to share the fruits of my imagination with my little brother. We made mansions and palaces out of upside-down plastic chairs and fluffy blankets. We crafted puppets and figurines out of soft, supple clay. We even made perfectly rounded, birds nests in rainbow colours and luxurious furnishings which we put up in small bushes and ledges. They never seemed good enough for the birds somehow.

Neethu Mariam 10v