

My autobiography

I remember when I was 6 years old and seeing the bright colors and hearing loud music. I remember seeing all these new faces and not knowing anyone but everyone new me. They'd all come up too hug me, squeezing my cheeks and lift me in to the air whilst making a weird face. I was stunned into silence by my new surroundings, I breathed in deeply hoping to find some comfort me, maybe a familiar smell but there was nothing that I could make sense of just a sea of different perfumes.

By now everyone was filing outside, it was a nice warm day and the sun was beating down on us. Finally, someone who I new, my gran came tottering over to me mumbling something about being able to see. She took me into her arms and I was grateful to be at last with people who I new. Their was an air of excitement and anticipation, they were all waiting for something but what. Then I saw as everyone turned their heads their was a beautiful white horse trotting over too us with my uncle on his back.