

I remember that day so well. Not an important day, no celebrations, no exciting adventures, just a normal Friday, lounging in the vast palate of festive greens and ruby red which made up my back yard as a typical 5 year old would. The hot sun spot in the sky would blister my skin with its rays, not painful but blissfully, euphoric, as after a long hard day of squabbling with littluns, racing with all the strength I could muster to grab the new array of luscious and some what delicious looking crayons (for some reason we found the waxy sensation and smooth texture irresistible when it hit our mouths) and running a busy day at the small playhouse shop located in the nursery, I deserve the peace and relaxation acquired only by covering your face in thick, gooey vanilla flavoured ice cream while warming up in the large, deep and sometimes sticky outside sun bathers. To me this was heaven, better than life itself; better than the thrill when a game is released or the rumbly feeling you get in your tummy when there is something you really want. Nothing could have ruined it, or at least I hoped no one would ruin it for me, of course being as suppositious as I was, didn't dare say this out loud as the fear of jinxing it enveloped me completely and utterly, merging with my entire body.

Have you ever experienced that fear? Its not the worse thing in the world, which itself lays plagued with famine, earth quacks, binomial distribution and deranged physics teachers constantly on the prowl looking for rebellious students, but for a 5 year old which has yet to experience this it can seem devastating. Even more so when the fear itself becomes a reality as it did that day for me.

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