

I remember...

Bounding down the red carpet stairs one school day morning. It was around half 8 and I was in reception, a four year old girl with lots of energy. Good moods were normal in those days, no worries or stress, just face painting, crafts and play time! Skipping around the house I was, dressed in my sky blue t-shirt and navy blue pleated skirt, and I wanted to use the 'old fashioned' stove as an object to bound off to give me extra jump in my hyperactive state. Unknown to me the ferociously boiling hot fire was actually lit inside the stove so the metal plate-top scorched my hand. I remember the pain and shock I suffered. All the pressure of my body was put into my hand pressing on the hot plate. Fortunately, my mum was there, her comforting voice exclaiming "Oh darling, what's happened!" it still ringing in my ears, and also to rush my hand underneath the cold tap to ease the pain. It soothed it, but I still depended on our Aloe Vera plant's goo to release a fresh sensation on my burn, the smell was so lush like the grass in my back garden in summer. Subsequent to that, my Mum bandaged up my hand and sent me off to school in our big red car. So things were back to normal, I had a fat white bandaged hand but carried on my day.

I was in the reception room in my primary school. The distant smell lingers in my memory, of the dinners, wafting through the different rooms when it was nearly lunch time. My teacher, Ms. Whitehouse, short grey hair and quite stout, noticed my bandaged hand and asked me what had happened in a concerned manner. Knowing I had to re-live that morning, plus the fact I didn't really want to discuss it, I burst out crying and told her everything that had happened.

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