

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

When I was young, I suppose about three or four, I was taken to my auntie June's house. I don't remember why, but I had to stay there for a couple of years. She was not my real auntie; she was just my parents' friend. But to me, she was like a mother and father, everything.

My Auntie June was one of the loveliest people you could ever wish to meet. And as well as being so huggable and smiley, she was the cleverest lady in the whole world. And to prove it, whilst I was there, she made me a new party dress. It was a vision of pink and white chiffon, with lemon lace and layers of airy petticoats. Hand sewn sequins adorned the neckline.

I was stunned by its beauty. It wasn't just the dress that caused me to be standing there with my mouth hanging open, and silent tears rolling down my cheeks. It was the fact that it was so hard and so beautifully just for me and I was incredibly moved. The only thing was, that it was about six inches too long for me.

Auntie June, seeing my disappointment in not being able to wear the dress immediately, hung it on the back of the door in the bedroom, as it was time for my afternoon nap. She thought I might like to gaze at it as I fell asleep.

I was drifting for a while, letting the dress fill my vision, but then I happened to turn and could see a huge pair of scissors just lying on the top of the chest of drawers.