

Memories

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(This exercise required me to write a few words of memories, good and bad.)

Bad

One day sticks out in my mind from my primary school days. It was the winter of 1967 I think, and there was a lot of snow falling much which had settled on the steep road outside our school. I lived about 200-300 yards down on the opposite side of the road. We were coming out of school for the day and many of the children, who did not live in the village itself, were waiting for the minibus to arrive down the road. As the bus arrived I ran across the road before it came to a stop. I 'bounced' off the bumper and was dragged right under the nearside wheel. Heddd, the driver applied the brakes, and the wheel 'locked'. I had been pushed, very much like a sled, for a few yards until it came to a standstill. I crawled out, somehow stood up, and ran home through the snow. On the way, crying, I wet myself...

Good

Egg sandwiches. I was a young boy soprano and was competing in an 'eisteddfod' at the nearby village of Cwmllinau. I traveled from our village, Bont, in a car driven by my friend, Alwyn's mother. My mother had prepared my favourite, egg sandwiches. But, even the smell of them, before I competed, made my stomach 'churn' due to my nerves. I remember having to wait my turn and when finally I had competed, won first prize, and relaxed and relished those wonderful egg sandwiches. Mmmm