

Autobiography free



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Hey my name is Luke Wye, (or ginge for short) My life began on 16th December in St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London. I was supposed to be born on the 15th.

It was a tough 17 hour labour, till I came out with my bright red hair. When I got home to our flat in Paddington, I met my sister Jade for the first time. I didn't like my sister, she took my giant gorilla toy away from me and wouldn't let me play with it she also dropped all her toys on me and then just forgot about it. As these were the first impressions of her I didn't like her much. This event in my life followed on from the last not liking my sister.

When I was about 1-2 I was still living in London we had a fire in the living room at this time I had 2 years of watching my mum and dad poking the fire with a big metal pole that used to make the fire bigger when you poked it(Now I know it does more than that) I went to pick up the big metal pole but I couldn't lift it because it was too heavy the next best thing was a plastic coat hanger(Weird I know) I picked it up and waddled over to the fire and poked the fire through the safety rails(Not so safe now ha-ha) when I pulled it out realizing there was something bright and red on the end of the coat hanger I started to wave it around, as I ran round the lounge hot plastic bits flung everywhere, one hitting jades head who was innocently sitting on the floor watching TV it burned like fuel I don't think she noticed for a while, then she started screaming and mum ran in putting out the fires leaving black patches on the floor, couch and Jades head!! At this time my dad was still strong so when I started play school he used to put me on the handlebars of his bike (not motorbike but that would have been cool!) I don't remember much about play school, just that the walls were blue, this might have been

why my favorite colour is blue. I've never been able to remember much just insignificant details, I also remember one time we stayed in a box tent with three compartments. The next thing was moving from the capital city London, to little old fish town Lowestoft, where there was nothing to do or see for a little kid like me. Before we moved up to Lowestoft mum and dad split up, but I don't know a lot about when or why that happened. My dad stayed in London and me and Jade tried to visit him every half term.

Mum used to take us by train to Ipswich then dad took us down to London by train, then we got his amazing campervan with airplane seats. When I got to his house I was surrounded by junk, magazines, ornaments, games, papers he was a bit of a junk collector you might say. Then I was introduced to the Lego room, which was packed full of Lego, it was supposed to be an office but he converted it into a Lego warehouse, with every shape size and colour you can imagine. We used to spend days playing with Lego making little pirate ships and castles and battling them out, destroying was always the best part for me, but I think dad was a little upset to see them abused, so he started to glue his favorite models together.

Outside he had a really nice motorbike it was orange with shiny silver metal work, this was when I first wanted a bike I was completely fascinated. One weekend when he's car broke down he had to take me out on the bike, at that age it felt like I was going so fast speeding past all other cars who were held up in the London traffic. When I got home to Lowestoft I told my mum all about this great ride I had, at the time I didn't yet know my mum didn't like me riding the bike. After that my mum banned me from riding it again.

But I did. (If any one know her don't tell her.) The next funny thing was when we went to Hunstanton. There was a bike hire service as from one side of the park to the other was a long way for our small legs my mum got us a bike each. On the way home from a quick race with my sister I saw another bike coming towards me, as there was a car to the right of me and a small fence to the left I froze forgot to pull the brake.

We hit each other dead on each others wheel we both went flying, I landed flat on my back got up unhurt as I looked round at the other guy he was walking perfectly. The only problem is that the bikes were in a worse state the front wheel looked like a snake and the break cables were snapped and chain nearly fell off but apart from that it was ok. As I limped back to the caravan my mum was sitting out side and noticed the broken bike after I recovered from my small injuries, we went back to the rental place and gave them the bike back but because of the slight damage we didn't get our deposit back which I thought was pretty unfair. After this my life has been pretty boring until there have only been a few good things, like when me and my best mate at the time Tosh won the 3-legged race by 8 seconds on a 50 meter race and held the title for 2 years till they banned it and the time when we went on a school trip to Dover and back for free we were meant to go skiing but the teacher made a mistake and used group passports when we weren't allowed, He was a PE teacher so we cant blame him. We also went on two holidays to Florida but they were that same as any other holiday sleep, eat and go on rides.

This is all my life really so if there are any questions please ask.