

When i was a lad



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Throughout my life, a number of events have happened that I have never forgotten. None of these things are particularly important, but each of them have made such an impression on me that I have never been able to get them out of my mind. Each of them have remained seared on my memory. The first occurred when I was about five or six years old, every weekend my family and I would go into town to do the weekly shopping. My sisters and I would each be given a pound with which to buy an ice cream. If we had any change left over, we would go to a nearby sweet shop and buy a small pick 'n' mix.

However, one day, we passed by a bookshop which was filled from floor to ceiling with shelves upon shelves of books and magazines. In the window, was the 1992 Beano Annual which I wanted more than anything in the world. I used to buy the Beano comic every week on the way home from school with the change from my dinner money. I pleaded with my parents to buy me it but they told me that I would have to save up my change from my ice cream every week until I had enough money to buy it myself. My elder sister had also seen a book she liked and so decided to save up her money as well.

So every weekend I would purchase a small ice cream instead of a large one so as to receive more change. However, my sister still purchased a large ice cream so she received less change than me. After a month or two of saving, my father took my sister and I back to the bookshop. I was quite confident that I would have a bit of money left over and I was correct, after I had purchased the Beano Annual I had a pound to spare. However, when it came to buying my sister's book she was just under a pound short of purchasing it.

I thought that it served her right for being so greedy by purchasing a large ice cream every week. However, she started to cry, right in the middle of the shop. People were turning around and staring at us, so my dad took my pound off me and gave it to my sister! I was outraged! I hadn't had small ice creams all those weeks while she had large ones just so I could give my money to her! I stormed out of the shop and ran away as fast as I could, but my father soon caught up with me and gave me a good telling off before dragging me home. Now that I look back, I don't see why I made such a big deal about it.

The next thing that stands out in my mind, happened two or three years later when my family and I went on holiday to Majorca. We stayed in an apartment on the top floor of the building that was directly next to the beach. The sun beamed down on us every day that we were there so we were on the beach most days. The beach was in a secluded bay in Porta Pollenca and the water was a lot warmer than at any British beaches. A couple of days into the holiday, my elder sister and I rented a pedalo. A pedalo is a funny looking rowing boat that is sailed by means of pedals and steered by a sort of joystick.

We decided to pedal out into the middle of the bay where there was a small rocky island that would only be able to hold about three people at a squeeze. It took about five minutes to reach the tiny island and we decided to get out and sit on it. We sat and looked out back at the beach and talked for what must have been about five minutes. My sister looked at her watch and said that we should be going as our parents would be wondering where we were so we turned around to get back into the pedalo only to find that it had gone!

We looked around the bay and saw that it had floated quite a long way away, we were stranded! None of us could swim very well so we couldn't swim out to the pedalo. It was then that a large green crab crawled up onto the rock. My sister is afraid of anything with eight limbs, spiders and crabs alike, so she started to scream at the top of her voice and jump up and down, flailing her arms around. Everybody on shore started to point and stare at us. In the end, someone phoned the lifeguard and they came out and took us back to shore, it was so humiliating!

It is memories like these that have shaped me into who I am today. I still have the 1992 Beano Annual up in the attic along with photographs of my holiday to Majorca. But in several years time, when these things are covered in layers of dust and are just about ready to fall apart, the memories that they have given me will live on for eternity in my mind, and when I'm old and senile, I can torture any grandchildren I may have by regaling them with tales of 'when I was a lad'.