

A MOMENT THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

It is hard moving. It is one thing that usually only happens a few times in your childhood, but it hits you hard, very hard.

I was born in Sheffield, a tram city, but when I was four I moved to Plymouth. My mum was pregnant with my little brother, Theo, who now is so fussy that he wants to be called Theodore not Theo. In Plymouth, we spent six happy years having three nannies. After two years we were really settled. Mum, dad, my brother and I lived in a three-bedroom house which overlooked a park. The pets we had were fish, not much but something to start with. Then we got a cat, a Siamese, called Simba who was a very naughty and cheeky cat and my little brother put him in the toilet and the bath (both were filled with water but the cat was unharmed!). Unfortunately we lost him three times and when he was only two years old he got run over by a car. Mum took him to the vets in a taxi but he died on the way. I cried one night for a dog but it wasn't the right time to get one - mum and Theo liked the idea but dad wasn't very keen. But it was against all odds-we got a dog on my parents' anniversary - she is called Poppy and she is probably the cutest puppy in the South-West.

Then dad finished his job in Plymouth and got a job in Salisbury. (My dad's job is a surgeon, my mum is a radiologist so changing jobs and moving house could happen regularly). So we had to move. It was hard packing up, so mum and dad sent us to our Grandparents in Teignmouth while they moved. Then came the big freeze, and we were really worried that the move might be delayed and mum and dad might be hurt travelling in the snow and ice. A week later we (my brother, me and Grandparents) came up to Salisbury to see our new home. Once I got up there, I only had a weekend before school started.

I am less resistant to moving than my brother and my dad who seem to have a see-through shell around them which bumps all the worries off them, leaving me and mum vulnerable. Moving to a new school and saying goodbye to old friends is probably the hardest thing about moving in childhood and it has probably hit me the hardest, but it is gradually getting easier over time. Salisbury Cathedral School is an amazing school and the ability to go to the Cathedral on Fridays is wonderful, the feeling of going into it is a mixture of amazement, wonder and thrill of how people could have made such a gigantic Cathedral. The school is equally beautiful, the outside looks like a stone palace and on the inside you can see what it was like (with a bit of imagination of course) in the days when it was built. In this school you can't ignore music - everywhere you can hear it, there are music clubs like Jazbytes and Cherubini's, and music rules at Salisbury Cathedral School!

So that's my life story so far: it makes you think how hard life is, and that's it, life's unpredictable.