The smell of perfume washes over me as I step into her well-weathered wooden home. A whirlpool of memories rushes through me, like a sudden dust storm in the desert. I must sit down. I smile as my glance passes over my first painting hanging silently on the wall beside me; the one I had been so proud of, the one I had given my grandmother for her birthday. To her it was a masterpiece but as I look at it now I see nothing but finger smudges, over lapping each other like a well read heap of old magazines scattered in the corner.

My grandmother, the most wonderful woman you could ever meet, gone! She has left me.

I stumble onto the autumn shaded patio and into the now overgrown garden, the scraggly rose bushes intertwining with each other. The weed covered grass scratches my leg as I wander around aimlessly, trying not to tread on the wild flowers hiding amongst the clover.

The cornflower blue butterflies weave in and out of each other as they chase me, I run as if it's a game of tag, trying not to get snagged by the prickly red rose bushes. As I drift back into reality I see my swing, the one on which I had spent most of my childhood.

“Higher grandma higher” I shriek in sheer joy. I am hurled into the air, the cool breeze gently touches my cheek, I pause suspended in time waiting for the decent. I place myself upon the slats held precariously together by two rusty nails in the dry lofted timber, I clutch onto the
deteriorated rope hoping it will hold me. The swing breaks, I find myself plummeting towards the solid ground predicting my fate yet unable to stop it. Thud! I hit the ground hard.

I curl up into a ball and start sobbing uncontrollably, not at the pain but at the realisation that she is truly gone. No more homemade lemonade, remembering that as I took my first sip my face would scrunch up like a piece of newspaper about to be thrown onto the fire. “Yum!” I would exclaim. The look on her face as that one word came out of my mouth can only be described a pure joy. No more trips to the beach where she would smother me in sun cream, my olive skin now looking like milk. She would kiss me and say, “Now don’t go near the deep water dear” knowing perfectly well that my love for the water was the reason we came.

As I pull my head out of my sanctuary I see a lilac, it must be the last of the season. Oh grandma how you loved those flowers, but you would always remind me that, “It is unlucky to bring them into the house”, so I would just sit outside immersed in their smell like a frog.

Bang! A car backfires as it putt-putts up the road. I realise how late it’s getting. The sun is low in the sky, turning the clouds into shades of pink and purple.

I look at the deteriorating house. What would have once been considered a home, is now just a collection of memories.
I force myself up, and stumble to my beaten up old car. Its exterior scattered with chipped paint and rust, is starting to look quite presentable in the fading light.

The drive home seems to be taking forever. I drive past rows and rows of pine trees, the sensation of déjà vu passes over me. The trees open up into a clearing which leads to the beach where my grandmother used to take me.

Bang! Crash! Dawn? How could I have fallen asleep? I rub my eyes in astonishment. The garbage truck makes a symphony of sounds as it goes about its daily duties. Yes it’s defiantly dawn.

In a daze I find myself walking towards the beach. Unaware of my actions I fell the coarse sand rub between my toes, a cool sensation passes over my feet, my ankles tingle. I dive in clothes and all, the water consumes me as I submerge deeper and deeper trying to drown my sorrow. I rush desperately towards the surface; I am weighed down both physically and emotionally. Air is expelled from my lungs as I burst through the surface. I realise it is not sorrow I feel for my grandmother but serenity. I look out over the water and realise the time has come to expand my horizons.