

Growing Up

I suppose you don't miss things until you have lost them. I remember when we used to pick the fruit off the trees when we wanted to. There was a season, of course, but I can only remember the times when the tree branches bowed down heavy with fruit. It was all so easy. And, although I learned to cook simple things, we had servants to cook and serve our food. I always thought of them as almost friends but I suppose they were nice because they worked for us. But I really do think that some of them felt that they were part of the family as well.

We were never frightened of anything. Our house and courtyard was surrounded by high walls. You could see the sea if you stood on the rooftops upstairs, and see people going about their business outside. Fear and anxiety were unknown to us until the day my father said we had to leave. I saw fear for the first time, in his eyes. Everyone in the family went quiet and I don't think the joy and happiness of being alive ever returned to us. We lived in an oasis of, what? Tranquillity or ignorance?

Now, after all that travelling and seeking, I am happier than I can remember being. I just keep thinking if it will end just like the happiness of my childhood ended.