

Bej Yazmin
Year 6

Monday 14th March 2016

To write a narrative which uses a flashback

The opening bars of the old tune suddenly fill my head with the best and worst memories of my life. As my hands dance over the diamond white keys, I am thrust back into my past. I remember everything so vividly: it's like someone's turned a light on in my mind...

I was born to a poor family with no siblings, just a mother and father who loved me. My best memory of being that happy, carefree boy was my 7th birthday. I was given the most beautiful hobby-horse, and I had endless games on it: I was a cowboy, a knight or a prince.

My memories of being 7 fade away as I remember being a medic in the Army.

Guilt washes over me as I reminisce about my poor friend, Rick. It happened so fast; one minute, he's aiming his gun, the next, he's in my arms, taking his last breath.

"Don't leave me, Rick! Not like this!" I scream over the sounds of guns.

"I have to, Albert. Goodbye, friend..." then he shut his eyes. I handed in my resignation after Rick died. I couldn't cope. Whenever I shut my eyes, I saw it being played over and over in slow motion. I couldn't handle it.

Trying to escape the sadness, I begin thinking about Linda.

The day I met her was the happiest day of my life. There was a party at the local ice-rink, with food, drink and

music. I couldn't ice-skate, but I went along anyway. I'm so glad I did go. Near the end of the party, I decided to give it a go, and I realised I truly loved ice-skating. I got braver and ice-skated near the middle, pivoting around gracefully. Suddenly, I slipped, but someone caught my elbow and said, "Steady!". I looked up and saw a beautiful woman smiling. She was smiling at ME! I smiled back. "Be careful from now on, Albert!" she laughed. "How do you know my name? I don't know yours!" I replied shyly. But she just said, "My name's Linda." Even though things were happening around us, I felt like we were in our own private dreamworld. It was love at first sight. On our wedding day, she gave me this exquisite mahogany piano.

But my darling Linda got ill. Very ill. She couldn't fight it. There was no hope for her. Nothing could save her. On our 13th wedding anniversary, I clasped her hand tightly as if I could never bear to let go.

"I love you, Linda." I said, tears rolling down my face. "Goodbye, Albert. Don't forget me," Linda whispered back, then she shut her eyes. I sobbed for hours. That day, I learnt why 13 is an unlucky number. My heart felt like it was breaking. A part of me was missing.

I am suddenly back in the present as I hear a car pull up. It's my daughter, Jade, her husband, Frank, and my delightful grandson, Mike. Jade and Mike look just like Linda. They both have her cheeky smile and her shiny brown hair. I never gave Jade my hobby-horse, because she was a girly-girl, just like her mother. When I first gave it to Mike, I thought he would play with it for 5 mins then forget about it. How wrong I was! He adores it. He comes charging in on it galloping around the piano. But then he laves the

hobby-horse down, jumps up on the piano stool with me, and plays the final note of the tune. I am the luckiest grandfather ever.

