

Future Memories

When I was born we had a King on the throne. I lived with Mum, Grandad and Grandma. I was the only child with three adults. On the whole I got what I asked for, but, when I asked for something that small children cannot live without, it was denied. The thing I craved most, sweets, I just couldn't have. I asked my Mum I asked Grandad why. Grandad said it was the same when Mum was a little girl, they had to say no to her as well.

Who was this bully that stopped me having sweets but also my Mum.

Grandad said it was because of the War and shortages. I knew about the War, we kids played on the bombsites, lit fires made dens, but to a child that was a lifetime ago.

He explained that the Government, they ran the Country did not have enough sugar to make enough sweets for everyone and to fair, the sugar had to be rationed throughout the Country. To my young mind this seemed fair, but why did he say Mum had the same problem when she was a little girl.

Grandad then began to tell me about another War. He called it The Great War, he was a young man then, a soldier, not my Grandad, how could he be a soldier with his bent back and white hair. To my young mind, he was just making up a story to keep me quiet.

Many years later I had to clear my late Mothers home and came across an old studio photo. It showed a young man in army uniform together with what I believed to be his wife. I took the photo to a local expert on military matter his finding showed he was a musician and he was part of a Manchester Regiment, together with what I remember my Mother had said, the photo was my Grandad and Grandma

Now I am the Grandad studying history, but unlike my grandparents and my Mother, I have the luxury of observation without having to suffer risk of death or injury. In spite of all my studies I still have a sweet tooth!