

My grand memories

As I sat on my grand piano reaching for the first note of Veronica's favourite song to celebrate what would have been her 70th birthday, her beautiful silhouette playing next to me. I remember her kiss burning on my cheek, the duet we once played was now a solo. Her beautiful lavender perfume surrounding us but her ghost fades away into the darkness. As I shouted, come back but she did not so floods of tears surround my face.

My love has faded away as I now remember Ollie and I am running into the frightful war. Ollie was shot in the centre of the nose. I remember putting him on the sniper stone. The noise of bullets and bombs echoing in my head the crackle of fire popping in my head and the hair on his arms static shot my arm's the smell of war blood made me cry.

My big furry hobby horse gently touched my little skin. As my time on the hobbyhorse ended Callum, my grandson, tried to ride and he fell in love with it. My old hobby horse was a gift to Callum for his 5th birthday which was actually Veronica's idea it is nice to see him enjoying something.

Callum gently put his hobby horse on the floor and jumped up on to the grand piano seat as I hit the last note the little arm of Callum hit the last note the horse was brilliant but the memories were still coming.