

"Your Favourite Sweets" by Lucy McNair

At night I often lay alone watching the starlit sky thinking about all of our amazing memories together. I looked up to you just like I look up to the stars now.

Oh how I wish I could go back to the days where I would sit on your knee and play horsy. The days you pushed me around the garden in a wheelbarrow calling me Princess Lucy and picking rainbows of flowers to bring back to nana.

But slowly things started to change. Your mind started to loose leaves like an oak tree in autumn.

I started seeing you less. Each time I saw you your branches had less leaves. Even though you weren't as aware as you where before, you were still there to pick me up when I fell off my bike, tripped over a rock or couldn't swim against the waves. You picked me up and would not let me give up. You made me get back on my bike and cycle faster. You made me stand back up taller and run further. You made me put back on my goggles and swim stronger. You would not let me give up. Your strong hands always behind me. Pushing me further. Each wrinkle on your hand marking a line in the map of your life.

Oh how I wish I could relive every memory I have with you.

Then it started to get worse....

I will never forget the day you went missing. Nana and I went to the shop and you stayed in the car. I picked out your favourite sweets and paid for them with my £2 pocket money. I raced back out to the car to give them to you but the door was open and your seat empty. I ran back into nana and told her as tears streamed down my innocent face. Nana took my small hand into her delicate palm and we went in search for you. Half an hour later we found you sitting alone, lost, on a bench. That's when I knew it was my turn to do what you had done all my life. I took your hand in mine and guided you back.

Our roles had switched. I helped you along the last few likes of your journey.

When the ambulance came to pick nana up after she fell down the stairs I distracted you. I didn't want to see you cry. I played with you, just like you had once played with me. For the next few weeks while nana recovered I looked after you. I sang to you and read with you. I would bring you for walks with the dog and you would tell me about your greyhounds and all the competitions you won with them. At night when you couldn't sleep I would stay awake with you and we would make shadows on the wall.

But then you had to go into a special home to care for your needs. Nana made sure you had the best room and came and visited you every day and spend time reading to you and praying with you. She brought you on car trips and picnics. I could not see you as much anymore because of how far away you were. When I came to visit you I would feed you your dinner and help you drink. I always brought your favourite sweets and helped you open them. I would sit beside your bed once again and make shadows.

You always recognised me and smiled when I came. When I had to leave I would take your hand in mine and pray beside you and then I would hug you and gave you a kiss on the cheek.

The day I had to say my final goodbye I sat at the front in the corner reciting all our memories.. sucking on your favourite sweets. At the end I walked up and gave you your final kiss on the cheek and smiled and a tear danced down my cheek and hit the corner of my lip.

Oh how I wish I could be with you again. Even just one last time.

