

Hot Diggity

It's night time and I have been waiting in the sitting room, I don't know why I haven't been told to go to bed. Some people have come into the hall and are whispering. Mum puts her head round the door and tells me that Great Aunty May and her son Michael have come to take me to stay with Great Aunty May and Granny Mabel. They are very posh and very rich – not like us at all.

The man, Michael, picks me up and carries me to a big black car parked on the road outside our house, he must think I'm a baby, doesn't he know I am 4? Aunty May opens the back door, she whispers to Michael, "She gets car sick apparently, so perhaps if we wrap her up and lay her down she'll be OK". He carries on holding me while Aunty May gets a tartan coloured blanket from the boot. I want to say "I won't get sick if I sit up and have the window open", but I don't speak. Michael sits me on the back seat sideways, with my legs out the door. They both wrap me in the blanket and lay me down. "Just stay there darling and you will be fine", says Aunty May.

They get in the front, Michael starts the engine and the car starts moving. It feels a bit strange, not scary – just strange, why did they wrap me up? I can put a blanket round myself. They are talking about whether I am OK, I don't know why they don't just ask me, they seem to think I am much smaller than I am and not very strong. I want to tell them they don't need to be worried, they seem worried. The seats are red, they smell of polish. Aunty May turns her head round and tells me we are going to her house in Ruislip for a few days. I lay there, very still, they talk to each other very, very quietly – they sound a bit like buzzy bees.

I wake up and Michael is carrying me again, I am still wrapped in the blanket and we are going through Aunty May's front door. I have been here before. Granny Mabel (she's my Mum's granny, not mine) is standing at the door. White, white hair, a big round belly, a smiley, smiley face – she is very excited that we are there. She kisses my head, then my cheek and strokes my hair a lot. She is so happy to see us.

I wake up again in a bedroom all by myself. The curtains are open, the sun is shining outside and a tree is right outside the window. The sheets are so white and smell of washing powder. I get out of the bed and my feet sink into a thick, thick carpet. It's so soft. I have a nightie on, it's not mine – they must have had it here for me. It's pink and white with a floaty, frilly bit around the bottom. I twizzle around from side to side to see the frills swinging around.

There is no noise at all. The door is open and I can see Aunty May's room across the landing. I have definitely been here before. I walk across the landing, and push Aunty May's door wide open. There is no one in her bed but the covers are pushed back, waiting for someone to get in. I climb up on to the bed, it's very high and takes two jumps before I can get up. I sit in her bed, pull all the covers over me and lean against the big squashy pillows. It's all warm and cosy, I think she's only just got up. I hear Aunty May calling out "Come and look at this!". Then Aunty May and Granny Mable appear at the door. They are both

smiling and happy – they think it’s funny that I am in the bed. I wonder if they forgot I was at their house.

They gather round me a lot as we go downstairs for breakfast. I think they are not sure what I can do for myself. I tell them I can eat the boiled egg myself, they don’t need to take it out of the shell! They really do think I am a baby. It’s warm and cosy here, but so very, very quiet. It feels like they are nervous, I think they don’t know what to do with me.

There is a door from the kitchen to a glass room. On the low table in the glass room there is a colouring book and pencils. Granny Mabel asks if I want to colour in, I say “yes please” so she takes my hand and helps me sit at the table with the book and pencils. She shows me there is a window behind my head which is in the kitchen so I can see where they are if I need anything. I start to colour in the boat on the first page. I am being really careful so I don’t go out of the lines. I like being here but I would like it not to be so quiet.

I can hear dishes being washed, I look round and Aunty May waves from the kitchen window. Then all of a sudden there is music, they must have a radio like the one in our kitchen. You have to twiddle the knob a lot until the music plays – it’s called “tuning it in”, my grandad told me that, he lives with us.

I sing to the song, I know it, it plays on our radio too. *“Hot diggity, dog diggity, boom what you do to me, it’s so new to me, what you do to me, Hot diggity, dog diggity boom what you do to me, when you’re holding me tight”.*

Granny Mabel and Aunty May come running into the glass room. Granny Mabel is clapping her hands and sort of jigging about. There must be two doors into this room as Aunty May appears at the other side of the room, she is smiling and jigging too. They hold out their hands, I stand up and we all hold hands in a circle, singing *“Hot Diggity”* and dancing, from side to side. They laugh a lot, I am laughing too – it’s lovely that it’s not quiet any more.