

YES

2nd Home

From when I was born I had the world to explore. Learn textures and tastes. Growing up in Albury wasn't too busy. Not in Jones street anyway, where my first few years of life begun. My Parents, which had also grown up in the city of Albury bought an old Californian Bungalow style home of which my twin sister and I grew up in. Where my mum grew up was not that far from there, on Read Place.

One of her brothers and my uncle, Gavin was definitely an adventurer. For years I can remember getting postcards from Countries I had never heard of before. However when he did arrive in Australia, a lot of the time he turned up at my Nan's house. My twin sister and I really looked forward to it. Generally we played a game of hot n cold, like a treasure hunt. There were 2 show bags hidden around the house, blue and pink. It was always super exciting when we revealed our prize.

Beechworth always came to mind when I think about West Albury. My Nan regularly took my siblings and me there. Woolshed falls was a hot destination for us. An exciting and enthralling place that could easily be fatal. Luckily my Nan was a trusting person, but I don't think I respected that as much as I should have.

My little brother was not even 1 year old when one day we were walking to the magnificent Monument on Memorial Drive. My body build was as if I were matchsticks. The pram I was captaining hit a bump and went overboard. It was at that moment I thought my trust was lost. He didn't roll that far down the hill, only about 2 meters. There were a few times in my childhood where I thought I had broken bonds. I realized the world was pretty forgiving and the bonds healed up.

The Backyard of my 2nd home was full of things, man-made and natural. Something that stands out clearly to me were the Birds of paradise. How sharp they were when you touched them and how interesting to look at. But right near that area was what fascinated me most about the backyard. A very moist, wet and dark area that never had any sunlight. A little strip of dirt in-between the house and fence and where the blackbirds tended to hang.

In the garden I can still picture in my head, the tin cutout of the 'man and his dog' silhouette standing next to the massive gum tree. It still scares me to the day, but a calm spook that reminds me of all the great times I always had. Another terror was getting in trouble. It was written all over my face when one day there were 2 YZ 450's under the garage shelter. I was feeling mindless and tried to hop on one of them. As you would have guessed it fell over. I couldn't believe that I had escaped the crash. I knew I hadn't escaped Nan's disappointment though.

There is one more hobby that means the most to me. Fishing off the stairs. After we dangled the bucket and rope off the stairs, we waited for our sibling to pop a surprise in the bucket. It was generally a hose fitting or something laying on the ground. It was not that long ago that I realized a coincidence. I was thinking about my early childhood and about how I never got to meet my pop. He raised his family in the same house I performed this activity. He loved fishing, and his son had influenced me the same.

I never met him but there is plenty of stories in my head of him, my Poppy Melgaard. A proud fishermen that I never got to meet. But I've grown up with that my whole life. I picture some of my grandparents doing whatever they would like best and what they would want of me.

My sister and I were close being twins and we did everything together. Most nights we even slept in the same bed. A common fear in all little kids is, the dark. I was petrified of it! The fact that I didn't know what was lurking down the hallway, or what was around the corner. So wherever I went in the dark, I ran. Normally to my sisters bedroom. The interior of the households lots of experiences and traditions. Very often we'd plonk ourselves down in front of the television screen and annual daily show. PLONSTERS stretched my imagination every time. Just how they could mold to anything and go anywhere they wanted. I knew it was all pretend. I tried to think that too when Nans dog died. We kids were always rough on Benji. He just learnt to put up with it, as we dragged him everywhere and dressed him up.

A lot of the time it was smiley chips for dinner. With sausages and mashed potato on the side. One day I will go down to the shop and I buy those memorable smiley chips.

The sound of the ABC radio tune is music to my ears. I heard it every morning when I crawled into Nan's bed and snuggled up with her. It was the sound of a new day.

There was plenty of activities to do anyhow. Whether it was at Nan's house or around town. Getting around in an old red Toyota Camery. Different things for different times of the year exited me. One year when I was little my parents went on a holiday to Fiji that my dad earned at work. I went to that house for a whole week and did whatever I desired. With my sister of course. Fished off the stairs or made trouble for my Nan. Whatever I did I was making memories.

I never enjoyed the view from up there on west hill as much as Nan did. Seeing all the lights lit up my mind, while the steep hill worried me daily.

When I was sitting passenger going to Nans house, every time I asked myself if the Toyota was going to make it up there. Surely enough it managed to cruise up. That car took us everywhere. Small it may have been but it carried 4 people pretty comfortably. The Wodonga indoor pool is a big part of the relationship between my Nan and I. She always tried to do all the hands-on activities with us. I miss her dearly to this day. Life has changed a lot since 3 years ago. We moved out of Albury and she came to stay with us while she was sick. I still think of her every day. I love you Nan.