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English  
Original Writing

I can't have been more than about 3 at the time. This is the main reason I can't remember much about this particular time. From the snippets I do remember, I shall try to explain to you, my last few days before I had to leave Turkey to come to London.

I didn't actually know that this day was going to be different from any other; but when you're 3 you don't actually have much control over what your day will be like so this was pretty much a given.

My first memory of the day consists of the daily routines after you get up: washing your face, brushing your teeth. The house was pretty bare and there were a lot of boxes around the place, which would account for a lot; but being a 3 year old, you don't notice these things much. At 3 your only concerns are what toys will you play with today and who you will be playing with.

My next memory is of being in my dad's car with him and my uncle in the front and me sitting in the back. It was a clear day: I knew this because I could see the sky through the windscreen, and the sun must've been out because I remember my father as wearing sunglasses and my uncle as having the little flap in front of him down. My uncle gave me a little teddy bear which he had bought for me to remember him by. I did not know this at the time but I wouldn't be seeing him again for a long time. In my memory I can see my father and my uncle talking amongst themselves; but even though their mouths are moving, I can hear no sounds coming from them.

It's a strange feeling. Having a memory so clear that you can even remember the weather but there is almost no sound. It's like watching a television programme that has been muted. It kind of makes you wonder what the actors are talking about, whether or not it's crucial to the plot.

There is a black spot here in my memory. A great patch of black as I can't remember my uncle getting out the car, or where we dropped him off but I'm sure a great deal of time had passed because it was darker now, but the sound still hadn't returned. My memory occurs in complete silence. Again I can see my father talking but I can't hear his voice. It's very frustrating, as he could have been telling me about coming to England but I must not have been paying as much attention to him as I was to the inhabitants of the glove box. I feel bad now, but I can't do anything about it now so all I have to do is hope it wasn't too important what he was telling me.

Waking up, presumably the next morning, or maybe the morning after; I remember not doing a lot that day and feeling very bored. The problem with being a young child is you get bored very easily: especially when you have an extremely small attention span like mine.

One of my memories of that time is going to my aunt's house. My cousin and I had a lot of fun there, that day. Both of us blissfully unaware that this would be the final time we got to see or speak to one another for a long space of time. That was a time of great fun for me. I can still remember that event even though it might not seem very significant to me now.

Thinking it over though, I can see now that this was actually very significant. This would be the last time I would be able to play with one of my closest friends at the time. And in fact it would be the last time I would ever play with any of my old friends, because I would be leaving them all behind.

While writing this I have discovered that none of my memories have any form of sounds, I can only remember sights. The sights I can remember are very clear so in losing the sound from my memories, I have gained in the clarity of the things I had seen.

My final memory is at the airport. It was coming to sunset and the sky was beautiful. There was beautiful pink tinge to all the clouds. The horizon was beginning to turn into an orange haze. I remember sitting in the café of the airport with my cousins my aunt and my uncle for one final time. Me not realising that we were going away.

Once on the plane I pleaded with my parents to get the window seat. I looked out and waved in the hope that my cousins would see what I was doing. I remember I was very tired and that I fell asleep on the plane.

That is more or less where my memories end. I think by being about 3 at the time there was no way I could have remembered any of this better. At the time of writing this, 13 years has passed since this happened to me. It does feel strange that I know so little about such a life changing event but I think it's better to know a little than nothing at all.