

E for Easter

As a child, the year stretches out interminably but, because I was a regular little Sunday school attendee, my year was mapped out by the chapel calendar.

Apart from Christmas which had a special magic of its own, my favourite part of the year, as a child, started with Easter and included the following seven weeks until Whitsuntide and the Sunday School Whit Walks. They are still a favourite time of the year because the garden comes back to life and trees and flowers are at their best.

On Good Friday we always go to Daisy Nook Fair. We walk over "The Boodle" from Riversvale, where the celandines and coltsfoot are poking through and the trees have fresh green leaves. We can hear the Fair long before we could see it. The dodg'ems and the Waltzers are for the big lads and girls. I like the Caterpillar except that, when the green cover comes over half way through the ride, there are rips in the fabric and it's not as dark as it should be. The sign over one of the tents reads:

"The Fattest Woman in the World' and 'The Dog with Two Heads'

but my Dad won't let us go in. I throw beanbags at the tin cans, hoping to win a goldfish, swimming forlornly round in its plastic bag. I win a plastic comb from the 'Grabbing Hand' although I really want the diamond ring. I have pink candy floss to eat or sometimes, a toffee apple. My lips are so sticky that I can hardly open my mouth. On the way home, on the brow leading up from the River Medlock, we pass the one-legged man selling 'jumping beans' off his tray around his neck and I pester my dad to let us buy a day-old chick from the farm.

We walk back along Newmarket Road and turn by the Clock Shop into Downing Street. We call in to see Aunty and Uncle and Grandad and Grandma, who give us some pennies to spend and an Easter Egg each.
