

MY MEMORIES

By Mary

Carrying water from the well
A few miles
The water splashing on our feet
Bucket in each hand
A long way to school
Sometimes flooded
The teacher came in a pony and trap
Took us across
The same on the way home
My mum was lovely
Tall and slim
With hair down her back
Planting potatoes by hand
And picking them
Remember them all I do