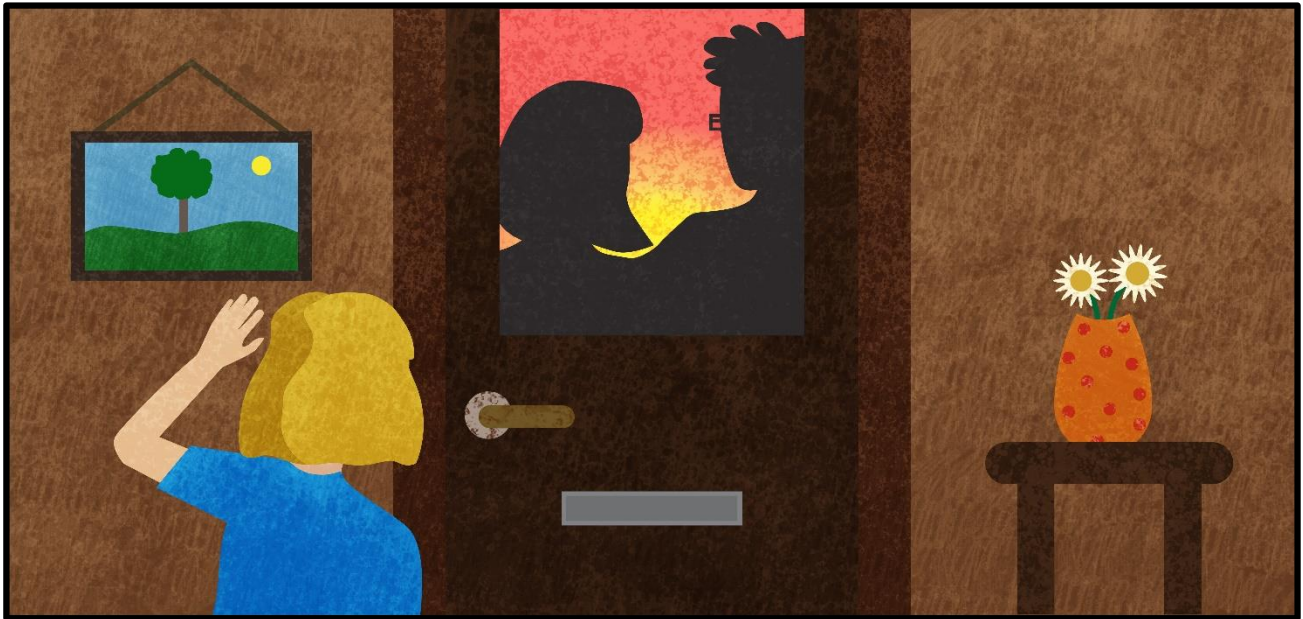


Deepening Understanding
UKS2 Narrative Text
New Baby by Ben Mayoh



Why is it that some things have to wait until you are old enough to know or, in my parents' words, 'mature enough to understand?' Right to this very day, my thoughts have been running wild, leaving no stone unturned in considering each and every possible answer to one simple question.

Many moons ago, as a five-year-old, I remember all the commotion one summer morning. In my pyjamas, my parents ushered me into the car before sunrise and dumped me at my Grandparents'. It was a long day. It was an uncertain day. Nagging my Grandma each hour, I'd ask, "When will Mummy and Daddy be back?" However, she couldn't give an answer - she seemed as uncertain as I was, always trying to change the topic of conversation. I vaguely remember my Grandad trying tirelessly to get me to do a number of jobs, from gardening to spring-cleaning the garage. Again, trying his best to hide the answer to my question: where was Mum and where was Dad?

As the sun started to dip into the horizon, I heard the stones shuffle on the driveway. I ran to the hallway. Through the glass-panelled door, a silhouette of my Mum and Dad could be seen amongst the radiant,

fiery-orange glow of the sky. As they opened the door, I was confused. It was not just them. It was Mum, Dad and a baby. Staring into its eyes, I cried. With no prior warning, I felt like I had been replaced and still to this day, I've wondered, "Where did my rascal of a brother come from?"

With so many thoughts circling my brain, I eventually settled on an idea which seemed plausible at the time. My instincts had led me to believe they'd woken up early to travel afar just like the wise men did. They must have been destined to reach the 'baby shop' before other broody parents so they had a better choice of the babies that were on offer. As they waltzed in, I imagined their widening eyes staring in awe at the fifty isles of stock packed onto ten-high shelves and wondering which child would be the one for them. From the quiet ones to the screaming ones, the dummy-suckers to the finger-suckers, they were out all day so it must have taken them an eternity to decide!

After more deep thinking, more theories crossed my mind... I knew how much my parents enjoyed their peaceful walks along majestic, free-flowing rivers: they had dragged me on many ventures before. That day, I knew the weather was sizzling and the sun was relentless in the cloudless sky. As they rambled along the river bank, I created an illusion of them being attracted to the drone of a baby's cries amongst the slender, withering reeds. "How could someone simply ignore a child in need?" I questioned myself. Another dimension to the same day was later added. Recreating the scene, I pictured Mum and Dad gazing up into the nature-soaked sky and all of a sudden, a great white long-necked stork arising into view. With each swoop of its wings, I saw it clearly heading for them. As it was cradling a baby dangling from knotted cloth in its beak, were my parents the chosen ones?

I ask myself, "When will I be mature enough to understand?"

