

Mother. I think of her often. And when I think of her I think of her wavy brown hair, reaching below her shoulders. Her dazzlingly blue eyes sparkle in the sun. Freckles cross the bridge of her nose. Her pinky-red lips only add to the glow of her face. My mum loves colourful clothing and (what I find hilarious) lampshade-style hats. She cooks the best of meals and the marvels of puddings for the family. I remember when I've been skiing with my mum. My brother and I are always waiting at the bottom, as she glides over the snow. At home, she always helps me with my homework and explains what I don't understand. My mother was always so calming and mindful of others. There doesn't seem to be a single word in Spanish or French that she couldn't interpret. All the ordering in restaurants and the asking for directions- she might as well be French or Spanish. But she always spares enough time to fit my older brother and I into her day, to help us.

Nanna. I think of her often. And when I think of her, I think of the fresh, sweet smell of strawberries and our walks down in the countryside, past streams, rivers and lakes. I think of the lovely pebble beaches that stretch beyond the eye can see, walks across parks and the lush grass brushing against our legs. I think of the birds in the sky, dancing through the air, or the rabbits that hopped merrily along the snowy, sheet-white paths in the winter. I think of the tall trees in the forest that swayed in the wind, or the rainbows that lit up the sky with colours of green and blues. I think of foxgloves and tulips and daisies and buttercups. There wasn't a single plant or flower she didn't know. I loved the sound of her singing in the warm summer sun; lovely, gentle, wonderful songs. It's her voice I'm thinking of now.

Father. I think about him often. When I think about him, I think of sport, summer and dinner. I think of times he has played cricket with me, rugby, tennis, squash. Any sport you can name with me. Although he never goes easy on me and I always lose, these are

some of my favourite times. Every day, the smells of a delicious dinner waft around the house like a cloud of smells. He can cook any meal. From Asian to Italian to a traditional roast dinner, he can cook it to perfection. On Saturdays, when I come home from golf, he has baked fresh loaves of sourdough bread or other delicious goodies. They smell as wonderful as they taste.

He reminds me of Australia. On the times I have visited, he knew every good place to visit, every day was more exciting than the last. He even made a six-hour car ride more interesting by going past a statue of a giant pineapple. He seemed to know everything, had been everywhere and knew what the best things were to see. There was only one day when we didn't know what to do, so we ended up seeing old cars or machinery stuck up massive poles. We all found it hilarious except my mum who was unimpressed.

I am not the only one influenced by my father's actions. He has greatly helped my sister in her education during lockdown. He stopped working so he could help my sister and I. My sister was in her first year of school. He ended up half teaching her for her first year of school and he didn't need to, but it has helped her massively and both my sister and I are grateful for everything he has done.

Nanna. I think of her all the time. Thinking of her makes me think of wild but beautiful gardens and magnificent cliffs on the coast, looking out over the sea, where the wind slaps your face and sends my hair flying around my face. I think of cold pebble beaches and great ships in the distance and ice cream sundaes on the promenade and donkey rides through the hot summer sand and an allotment filled with juicy fruits and vegetables.

There wasn't a horse, plant or flower she couldn't name. I was entranced, when I watched her touch their gentle leaves and whisper their names as if she was talking to them. Then she would take my hand and gently place it on the flower and tell me that it was a stitchwort or rabelera holostea. I loved the sound of her voice when

she whispered: frog orchid, sea campion, fen violet, pheasant's-eye, cowslip and cuckoo flower. She lives so far away that I rarely see her but when I do I treasure the sound of her voice and the laughter in her eyes.

When she watches me horse ride, she is always cheering me on and smiling encouragingly. She shouts and laughs when I nail a new trick, and this makes me even happier. Once the lesson is over, she always helps me untack and always tells me what I did well, what I need to improve on but also how proud she is of me.