

- 1: American woman
- 2: English woman
- 3: English man
- 4: Irish woman

Childhood Memories

1: I grew up in Brooklyn, New York, in the United States, and when I think of childhood, I think of summers, I think of going out on the street because we lived on a block that had many houses in a row on both sides of the street and, I just remember going outside and because it was summer, we were allowed to stay out late. But we had to come home when it was dark? But of course there's great debate of, you know, well when is it dark. And so the rule became when the street lights came on, then we had to come in the house. But we would play a game called "tag," and there'd be many different versions of this game. But the idea is you have a group of kids. One person is selected to be "it," and the person who's "it" has to count to 30 as all the other kids run and hide. And then the person who is "it" has to go seek and find somebody to tag and to touch. So once they find someone, you can't just look at them; you actually have to touch them. So then you have to run and chase people and it becomes a lot of fun. So there's different variations of it. There's "freeze tag". So once the person who's "it" tags a person, they're stuck. They're "frozen". They can't move until one of the other players can come and "unfreeze" them.

2. I grew up in a small village in Kent, in southern England, and we had a lot of freedom when I was growing up. We were allowed to play outdoors. There wasn't that much traffic there. And we didn't actually have to be home any special time, so we'd just meet up and we'd spend the day playing in the woods, we'd be building cabins. We'd have all sorts of fantastic fantasy games. And I can't actually ever remember getting hungry for some reason. We just kind of like played and then it got to the end of the day and then we'd go home to somebody's house for tea and after a while we'd go home and there was never a sense of being checked on by our parents. They didn't kind of like know exactly where we were or or exactly what time we'd be coming home and to be honest, I don't think they really asked when we got home either what we were doing. You just like that's what kids did. You were out and played, doing your own thing. And that freedom was fantastic.

3. I grew up in a fairly large house in the country, about six miles outside a town in eastern England. I remember when I was little, we used to go on these... for these tea parties to a family we called Mr. and Mrs. A. Their name actually was Aitkin. We used to go there for these lovely tea parties. And after the good tea, we had a game in their sitting room called "hunt the thimble," where Mrs. A used to hide a thimble somewhere in the room and we had our eyes shut and then we had to find it. That was great fun. One thing I hated was when my parents had friends in to tea. I liked going to Mrs. A's for tea, but when my parents had friends in, we were expected to

sit quietly and be polite and ask intelligent questions, and I was not very good at any of those things, so that was the bad thing I remember. Otherwise, childhood was pretty good.

4. Well, I grew up in Ireland, in Dublin, on the north side of the city, and we had a house on the corner of two roads, and we had a big back garden with a gate on to one of the roads, so all of the children in the neighbourhood used to come and play in **our** back garden. And that would be boys and girls of all ages because I had five brothers and three sisters, and then one of our favourite games — boys and girls — was playing hop scotch. I was absolutely hopeless at that. But the one thing I was good at **was** roller skating. And because our house was actually on a hill, you could start at the top of the hill and you could get a great speed and scorch down the hill and then do an abrupt right turn and come on to the flat road at the end of the hill. So I was actually the local roller skate champion for a number of weeks perhaps, one could say.