

Rose Partridge

Memory of visiting grandparents.

Grandma and Granddad's bedroom, just the same, oh yes, just the same. I remember coming up here and picking Grandma's fuchsia flowers thinking they were all seeds, and carrying them down - we used to wear little aprons in those days - filled up the apron with all these seeds, she used to keep them on the window sill.

I bet you got into trouble for that?

Oh yes, I expect I was scolded, she was very proud of her fuchsias.