

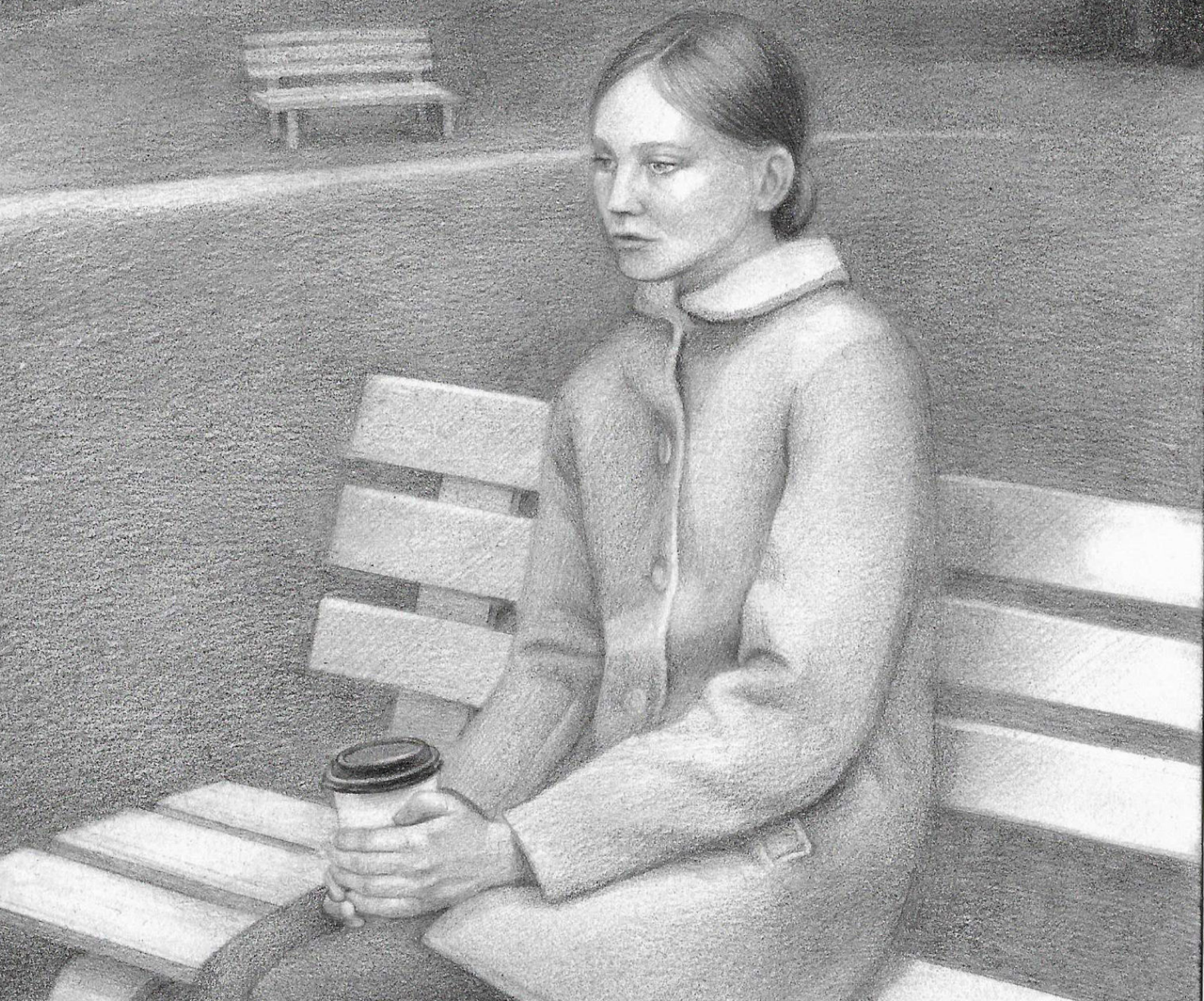
# *Memory Lane*



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Katie sat and stirred her coffee. Too much sugar – far too much. But then again, she wasn't planning on drinking it anyway. Buying it was just something she had done so she wouldn't look too weird sitting on the park bench by herself. As for the sugar, that was her fault too.

She had grabbed at the little packets on her way out of the coffee shop, taken too many, and made it halfway out the door before she realized how many she had. She had slipped them into her pocket and now, just as ordering the coffee had been for appearances, so too was the ritual of tearing open the little packets of sugar and slowly, oh so slowly, pouring the contents into the waxy cardboard cup. She hadn't intended to come here, to this park, to this bench, to look at these trees and the old grey fence. But here she was.





She was in a reflective mood, and this was as good a place as any to enjoy reminiscing, a little wandering back down the often wet and slippery path that is Memory Lane. Maybe it was the time of year, or the fact that things were changing, with her little one not being quite so little anymore, and the imminent house move looming ahead.

Or perhaps it was just that she was getting older. Whatever it was, she had bought a coffee and gone to the park in which she had spent so much time as a child – and as an adult – to think.

It was time for new things. New adventures. New places and people. And that was something she never thought she would have to do. Katie had felt rooted here, where she had always been. But one little thing, one switch, one job change, and bang – everything was changing.

She had spent the first six years of her daughter's life constantly trying to do things with her that she and her parents had done. Reliving her childhood through her little girl. Katie wasn't entirely sure whether that was healthy or not, but it had happened – and was happening.

Sometimes she enjoyed it. Really loved it. Sometimes she could not wait to take her daughter to somewhere that she hadn't been in decades. And sometimes she got scared because it might be different then how she remembered when they got there, her memories might be wrong somehow, broken up and jumbled so that all the things that she was so sure about, had so much confidence in, might simply be a lie she told herself. It was a gamble.



Katie wondered whether it would be better to try new things, to give her children new memories. Or was it better to do the tried and tested, to walk familiar routes, so that they had memories that could be shared not just between the two of them, or the three of them, but between all the generations of their family? She didn't know.

With anticipation, she stood up, stretched, dumped the empty cup into the bin next to the bench and smiled. It looked as though she was going to have to find out.





**GOOD TO GO**  
M E D I A

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