



LOTTERY FUNDED **The Last Morning...** A story inspired by the life and times of a young girl living in the 1950s.

Sylvia sat up in her bed and greeted the day with a large yawn, stretching her arms above her head. Today was her wedding day and the last day living in her parents' house! Today was when Miss Stephenson changed into Mrs Morris. She grinned to herself as she thought of Bobby, his slick hair, his ready grin and his smart clothes. She lay back on the pillows and closed her eyes imaging his face, how she loved him, how happy they were going to be.

Suddenly she sat up. The last day in her mum's house. She looked round the familiar room and took in the faded curtains, the green bed spread that was slippery and shiny, and always slipped off in the night; the battered furniture; her wedding clothes already and waiting for her; her half- packed suitcase; the dressing table at which she had cried over bad hairstyles, smiled at new lipsticks and day dreamed. Everything in the room was so familiar- part of her life. It had been a huge part of her life for the past 21 years.

She heard her mum in the kitchen filling the kettle and clattering the tea cups. Soon she would knock gently on the door with a steaming cup in her hand and a cheerful smile on her face. Her lovely mum who was never still. Mum who worked at the local cake shop, coming home in the afternoon and then beginning the job of looking after her husband and only child- her beloved Sylvia... cooking, making clothes, cleaning, always being there for both her and her dad- filling the house with her singing and her laughter.

Her dad, quiet, smiling, dependable- working hard to buy those little extras for her, the dressing table set, the record player the new fur coat for her wedding. Sylvia suddenly felt heavy hearted - how she will miss them both, she was only moving a street away, but it suddenly felt a long way away and a frightening prospect.

Sylvia climbed out of bed and she sat at her dressing table to begin her preparations. She looked at the picture of Bobby, smiling at her through the glass- her wedding day was here at last, her heart skipped a beat-life would never be the same, the last day living in her parents' house....

Extract from 'A life worth Living' by Philomena Jones

1959