

Dear Reader,

I hope this message finds you well wherever you are in the world?! What a strange time we find ourselves in. I hope you have managed to keep busy and find ways to beat the lockdown boredom (this is actually why I'm writing to you, to help keep my imagination flexed and to stay connected with the world). Plus I've not written a letter in a LOOOOONNNNGGGG time and I never had a pen friend so I'll have to imagine what all of your responses will be to this letter.

This year I've not managed to see my family as much as I would of liked. They live in Wales and because of the lockdown I've not been able to go and visit, but like so many others, I video call them when I can. I've been thinking about my family a lot recently, and in particular, and I've been remembering memories which I thought I forgot! Small memories which you wouldn't say are particularly memorable...memorable memories would be like when you learn to ride you bike without stabilizers or when you felt brave enough to swim in the deep end of the swimming pool. The small memory which crept into my mind which I wanted to share is actually a memory about junk. My grandparent's junk draw to be precise. Now you might have a junk draw where you live, but just in case you live in a house which is very organised (which means the adults will have a secret junk draw!) a junk draw is a place where you put all the things which are random, broken, precious and important.

Now my grandparents had a particularly spectacular junk draw which lived in their kitchen next to the cutlery draw, and snuggled under the toaster. Every Sunday I would visit their house along with my parents and brothers and whilst everyone was far too distracted by Grandma's finger buffet (white triangle ham sandwiches, party rings, pickled onions to name but a few highlights!) I would make my way to the junk draw and look for the most sought after object in the draw...the GIANT MAGNET!!

Now it's hard to use words to describe this magnet but I've NEVER seen a magnet like it in all my life. It was magnificent!! This isn't the type of magnet you would put on your fridge but rather the type of magnet you would probably find in a science laboratory. It was the size of plum and it was heavy...the kind of weight which instantly makes you feel that you are carrying something so important because it makes your arm hurt from holding it for so long. It was metallic grey and it would leave a black smudge on your hands after you held it. It had a bend in the middle and I could fit 3 fingers through the bend. Now readers, as some of you may already know, the joy of a magnet is finding all the metal things you can attach it too...whether that's the fridge, the handle of the door or your brother's braces. On this one day which I can now fondly remember, I took the magnet outside and started to see what metal surfaces I could attach it too. Unfortunately for my grandad, the surface I found was his brand new car. The magnet attached itself with a TWONK and I pulled it as hard as I could, only to find that I removed the paintwork and the magnet stretched a zigzag dent in the door.

The good news readers is that Grandad did forgive me for me and I've never attached another magnet to another car and I hope no one ever attaches a magnet to my car. The lesson readers is be curious in a cautiously curious kind of way!

Best wishes,

Ross