

## **A house. London**

Council estate. London. I was too young to remember what it was like there. However, from the grained and saturated photograph, it seemed quite cosy.

A rented house. London. I remember it being dark out, my cousin, brother and myself were the trio. At this point we were about six or seven years old, so, we decided to run off to the park which was about four minutes away from the house. I almost fell into the pond where we feed the ducks but my older sister held me back just in time. I don't even think I could swim back then.

Additionally, 'the trio' would sneak into the neighbour's backyard and jump on their trampoline because we didn't have one at the time. Occasionally, we would get excited when we saw the neighbours come out to play football in their garden because we thought they were the main characters from the TV show on Nickelodeon: Drake & Josh. We literally called them Drake and Josh all the time.

A rented house. London. We finally got a trampoline once my family moved out into a new house. The majority of my cousins my age were boys so I joined in when they would play football or parkour. We became friends with the new neighbours and would invite each other over for barbecues or chill out, until, my cousin broke the table in their garden from using the table as one of the obstacles during parkour.

A rented house. Luanda. It was a new and hot environment that I was not used to: everyone spoke Portuguese, the food tasted different, it was a new school and to my surprise, the majority of the students came from all over the world and spoke in an American accent. This is where I met my close friend who were the trouble makers of the school: we threw a food fight, ran around like headless chickens, get sent out of class for giggling and not taking the topics seriously; it got to the point that our parents had to come in to talk to the head teacher.

A house. Luanda. The same school called ESCOLA. The education system was different compared to the ones in the UK. It went like this: we took exams at the end of every school year, if we didn't pass it then we wouldn't move onto the next grade so we had to take it seriously. My close friend who I have known for six years now didn't pass grade seven; she had to repeat the year. That's when we all came into the realisation that core academics wasn't for her.

A rented house. London. The same one as the one I lived in before I flew out to Luanda. This is when I started my GCSEs in year eight. There were some things that I mispronounced, for example, I would say "pants" instead of "jeans"; "cookies" instead of "biscuits", the list goes on. I eased right back into the UK educational system, I got confused every now and then: when I got lost and didn't have a set time table yet, I asked someone if they knew where "geometry" was. Obviously, the student was confused, paused and said, "don't you mean geography?".

A house. London. Grief, events, laughter, travel, change and so much more life turning events that have not been mentioned because writing about every second of your life would create a lengthy autobiography; understated. Now. Throughout all that I am taking life as it goes.

**Chantelle Bango**