

Dalkeith



Dear Dalkeith

I will never forget visiting you every school holiday & sleeping in dad's old room with mum & Hannah, I was always slightly scared to be up there by myself. When we were younger we would run down to grandma & grandpa's room every morning & get into their bed & watch the telly. The famous blue & green bedsheets were my favourite, always so fresh & crinkley, but most importantly cold, just how we & grandma like it.

There was this special cupboard opposite their bed full of books & games for rainy days, we always begged for something as we never knew what we were gonna get.

The statement piece in the house is the grandfather clock, it always chimes 2 or 3 minutes before the hour, it always makes the dogs bark. A visit to Dalkeith was never complete without a super cheesy portion of grandma's mac & cheese, along with the cheese straws & veggie sausage rolls, all topped off with grandpa's fruit salad & if we were lucky a cadbury's chocolate button pudding.

When I visit now it always feels the same, the walls may have been painted & the bathroom & kitchen done up, but Dalkeith will always feel the same.

Love

Lauren xxx



Pat was my first dog and I remember coming home late from a party one Saturday night and finding her dead in the backroom. She'd had a bit of a stroke earlier in the day but I wasn't expecting to find her stretched out like that.











A piece of chicken being cooked for the dog was left on the cooker when nobody was in except the dog. Our next-door neighbour smelt burning & concerned about the dog, got a ladder & crawled through the small toilet window & saved the situation.













One of our neighbours was called
Grumpy Guts because he was
always complaining about us hitting
balls into his garden. So once we
took pot shots at flowers in his
garden with an air rifle. We were
hiding behind curtains in my
brother's bedroom window and he had
no idea where the pellets were coming
from.





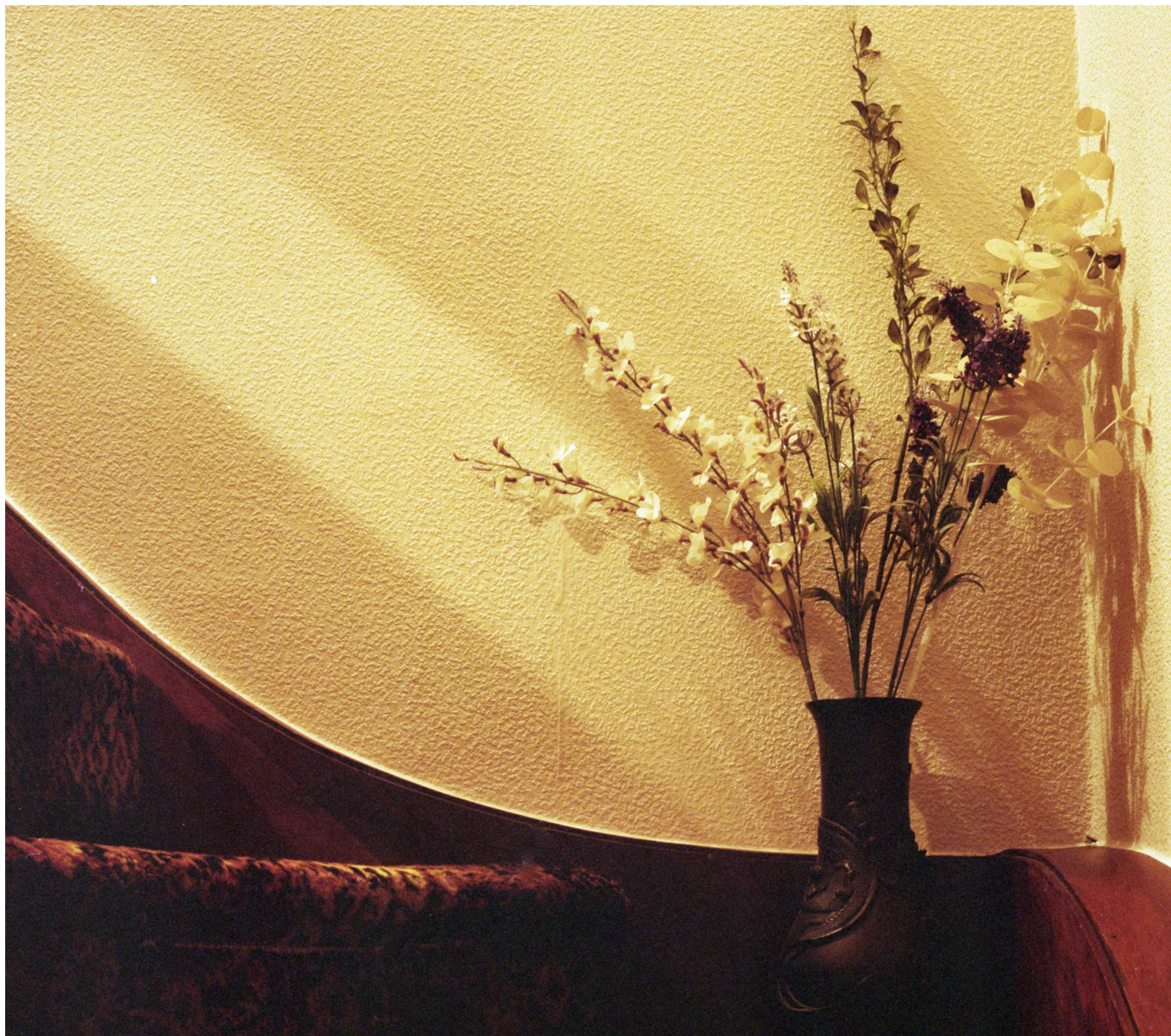






At Christmas Grandpa
regaled everyone with a
rendition of "I'm Henry the
8th I am, I am".





John unexpectedly showed an interest in chemistry which took the form of home brew. We noticed his frequent + unusual visits to the bathroom + whilst he was away at some Scout Weekend we investigated the airing cupboard in the bathroom + found a stash of bottles of home made beer. On his return we explained that explosions had wrecked the bathroom. His incredulous face said it all!







sitting in the front
bedroom, there was a
terrific crash reminiscent
of the war. The ceiling in
the next bedroom had
collapsed - debris & plaster
everywhere but it was
nearly 100 years old!

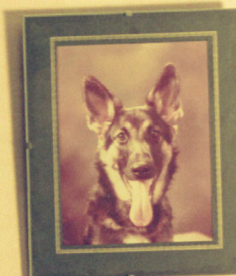




At a Halloween party
one boy, dressed as a
skeleton, kept visiting the
cupboard under the stairs,
followed in turn by others,
all returning very happy!
I later discovered the empty
half bottle of vodka!









Mr Taverner was our nice
neighbour. He was an old
boy who lived on his own,
apart from a giant tortoise
which used to force its way
under the hedge to eat the
dandelions in our garden.



Late one night, I heard a lot of crashing in the garden. - I looked out and saw a figure carrying our ladders across the lawn. I shouted at him and then ran downstairs and out into the garden to 'bravely' chase him off, thinking our big German Shepherd was behind me. When I turned round, Sacha was still sitting in the kitchen, looking at me rather quizzically!













Love
Lauren
xxx

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