

Fenella Berry

School Lane

I push a wheelchair
along the same paths
I rode my trike, then bike on,
pushed my doll's pram
(with our rabbit inside)
rollerskated
skipped,
ran,
pushed my own children's pram
and buggy on.

I left home on School Lane
in a wedding carriage
after twenty five years there,
(three years at uni in between).
The parade of shops have changed often
the launderette, now a hairdresser I push Mum to.
Lois's grocery shop (remember Tiger sliced bread?)
merged with the greengrocer's I panic bought
over ripe peppers from
when I was making a teenage meal that needed fresh not tinned
and Mr Western's paper shop,
the stash of liquorice novelties under the counter
Count Dracula ice lollies in summer. (That dates me!)
It's called Sharma's Costcutter now. They're very good.

I always thought it was called School Lane
because my school, the Highlands Grammar School, was at the end of it,
but no, it's because there was a private school there originally, at Popples
(before all the Sixties houses were built) just opposite Sharma's.
It's a house now.

Mum tells me that sheep used to get in the back garden before the rest
of the estate was put up.
The snow used to be terrible
I remember even the snow plough getting stuck one year,
the kids all climbed up the enormous snow pile at the end of School Lane
(Muck track end).
I didn't, too high for me.
