



My Autobiography

By Miss L. Hughes

An Introduction to Me!

I was born in Chester, Cheshire on the 13th December 1993 to parents Christine and Robert Hughes. I was their third child coming after my sister Kerry (then aged 20) and brother Noel (then aged 9). My brother was thrilled that he had ANOTHER sister! Being a 'Christmas baby', my older sister decided to host Christmas Day that year, and has done ever since! That's 26 Christmases and counting...!

I grew up in a small village in Merseyside called 'Little Sutton' and it's here where I attended both primary and high school. Living in Merseyside meant that you were brought up from a young age to support one of two football teams... unfortunately I was given no choice but to support Everton F.C.

My father, Robert was in the army when I was born and was part of the Parachute Regiment, which meant he jumped out of planes. He was away a lot when I was really young, but when I was 4, he became a tanker driver and delivered all kinds of petrol, oil, diesel and even sometimes vinegar all over Europe, so again, he was away a lot of the time.

I was lucky to have my own room for the first 2 years of my life, if you want to know why I had to share, keep reading all about one of the most significant parts of my life...

Alexandra was born 13th July 1996.

Being only 2.5 years old when she was born, I don't remember much about my sister's arrival apart from the fact my brother was once again, THRILLED to have ANOTHER sister.

It was July, so I remember it being warm and my Nan Hughes (my Dad's mum) was looking after me at my house, she let me drink tea out of my bottle, so I was definitely pleased she was there! I was very confused to where my mum had gone because we were barely apart. My dad came in the car and picked both me and my brother up to go to the hospital to visit my mum and the new baby and to bring them home.

On the journey home, my mum let me hold Alex on my lap (you didn't need to have a car-seat back then!) and I was thrilled with my new dolly!

New doll?! Well... let me tell you this story- it's one of my earliest memories that involves my little sister, Alex. It had been a couple of days since the new baby had been home and I had loved to help my mum dress her and change her nappy, so when my mum went upstairs for a bath and left Alex in her Moses basket, I was told not to touch and to leave the baby to sleep. Where's the fun in that? This was my new toy! So, I carefully... carefully... picked Alex up by her HEAD and laid her on the floor, then removed all of her clothes and her nappy. She stayed fast asleep the WHOLE time! Alex is now 23 years old and blames me whenever she has a sore neck!



This is me and Alex!

September 1998- Started Primary School

I think my parents were glad when I finally started primary school. I was a few months away from turning 5 years old and my mum said I was "into everything". Which meant that she couldn't take her eyes off me more than a second before I was up to some kind of mischief!

I could write my name and read pretty well before I started school, so I remember being really excited to go and learn some more.

One of the most memorable days of being in Reception was a school trip to Thurstaston Beach. We were going to find all different types of materials from the outdoors and each group was led by one of the parents, my mum didn't come though as she was at home looking after my sister and niece, Aimee who had been born earlier that year.

Each small group had a paper list of items to collect on the beach, for example a shell, a feather, a rock... I was so proud to be in charge of holding this list. It was quite a windy day and in the blink of an eye I remember a gust of wind snatching my list out of my hand and blowing it right down the beach. I ran. I ran so fast after this piece of paper as if it were a million pounds.



Me in Reception

The head teacher, Mrs Reddy was shouting me and waving, it seemed to me she was shouting for me to continue to run as fast as I could after the piece of paper. Mrs Reddy was a little dot at this point and looked quite angry. She marched up to me, telling me how silly it had been to run after a piece of paper and kept asking me "What's more important- YOU or a piece of paper?" I'd never been told off at school before, so I was quite upset. I never did get that piece of paper back.

July 2012- Teaching in America

I'd always loved horses and riding. It had been a passion of mine ever since I was around 7 years old. When I was 14, I had my own pony, Jed, who I shared with my little sister. We had him for a couple of years before we became too busy to really care for him anymore, so we sold him. I was very sad about that.

After I had finished my A-Level exams (when I was 18) I went to America to a summer camp called 'Camp Birchwood for Girls' and taught campers to ride horses all summer long.

It was fantastic and I met so many new friends and learnt so much more about horses- I even learnt how to ride 'Western'- which is how cowgirls ride, so that was exciting.

It was scary being so far away from home, I was the youngest staff member at the camp, and I felt really brave flying all that way on my own.

I had only been there for a week when one of the horses reared and landed on me. I fell and really hurt my arm- luckily, I didn't break anything, but I had to spend some time in the hospital- which I'd never done before without my parents' support.

This didn't faze me though as I returned for another 2 whole summers over the next couple of years, I was then promoted to director of horse riding and after camp I travelled and visited New York.

Me with some of the horses



Me, now: 2020

I'm now 26 years old and have been a primary school teacher for almost 5 years. I love my job and look forward to going to work every day. My hobbies have changed since I was a little girl, I used to dance 3-4 times a week, but now I don't really have the time. I do play netball for a team in Malvern and I love seeing all my friends and playing a competitive game.

I love to visit my family back in Merseyside, especially seeing my niece Sophie who is almost 7. I like to take her out for the day and go to places like the beach (not to lose pieces of paper!). It's something I look forward to.

Me and Sophie when she was a baby



I've lived in Worcester for almost 7 years and I have now bought a house, which means I don't have any plans to move back to Merseyside. Maybe I can change the football team I support?

2020 has been a strange year so far and I could probably add it to my 'significant events' list due to the amount that's changed in my life. I haven't been able to go to work and teach my Year3/4s for quite a while, which is something I miss incredibly. I am excited for when I can do this again.

Looking into the future, I hope that one day I may get married and have my own children (who can choose whichever football team they want!). I would love to live abroad somewhere nice and hot- maybe Dubai!

I hope you have enjoyed reading my autobiography. I wish I had the time to write about all the significant events that my 26 years on Earth have given me.

