

## A Yorkshire Childhood: Julie Howard

I am a child of seasons

I am of the March wind that lifts my hair into a wild frenzy and scurries my kite high until it's snared and left dangling by an unfriendly wire.

Now caressed by gentle summer air, I tuck my dress into my knickers and cartwheel languidly alongside fields of swaying corn.

September breezes entice a carpet of golden leaves to my path. I laugh, dance and twirl in a whirlwind of colour and movement.

Now I am a child of soft falling snow, smoky coal fires, hot chestnuts and Parkin. Limbs gently curve around treasured books and my mind travels as the storms brew.