Forbidden: Anne McEncroe

That word was like a red rag to a bull when I was a kid in the Forties.

... Forbidden fruit was always the tastiest.

... Childhood was just one monstrous list of 'Forbiddens"

I was forbidden to jump on the bed (just waited till no one was looking)

I was forbidden to swing on the Hills Hoist (ditto)

I was forbidden to argue with my sister (ditto)

I was forbidden to leave the table until everything was eaten (and they wondered why I weighed eleven stone when I was thirteen)

I was forbidden to go on the metal slippery dip on a 100 degree day (oops! that was a mistake – burnt bottom)

I was forbidden to go into the closed off playground (oops another mistake – swing broke - off to hospital)

I was forbidden to go under the house with the boy next door (*glad I ignored that one!*)

I was forbidden to read after bedtime (torch under the blankets)

I was forbidden not to go to church on Sunday (amazing how often I was sick on a Sunday)

I was forbidden to talk in line going into school (broke my glasses and said, "Oh No" and was treated to six of the best with the bamboo end of a feather duster)

I was forbidden by nuns to wear black patent leather shoes to school dance (boys might see reflection up skirt!)

I was forbidden to bite my nails (instantly chewed them down to the elbow)

I was forbidden to go out with boys until I was 17 (*lied through my teeth until then*)

I was forbidden to wear lipstick/makeup (that was easy – just waited until I was out of the house)

I was forbidden to be out after midnight (thank heaven for 'milk and bread servery' -had trimmed down a bit by then)

I was forbidden to go out with non-Catholic boys (of course all my boyfriends just happened to be in that category)

I was forbidden to go overseas until I was 21 (Off on SS "Canberra" the day after)

12,000 miles distant from Australia, finally - my own life on my own terms!

... That erstwhile fruit was no longer forbidden!

... That "f" word was no longer in my vocabulary!