

When I grow up, I want to be Famous: Michael Morgan

Me.
Growing up.
In a small English village.
Upstairs in my bedroom.
Thinking.

I was certain no one outside of the village knew I existed.
My brother knew, but he didn't care.
Tony, my friend, knew and cared.
I don't think anyone else did.
The village was small.
Everyone was old.

Yes, I went to school.
But in the next village.
When I got on the bus, I was the first.
As we got closer to the school, others got on.
On the way home they all got off before me.
When I got off the bus, I was the last.

It was 1956. I was 10.
My parents had no phone, no TV, just a weekly paper and a crackling radio.

I knew things were happening 'out there'.
I heard it on the crackling radio.
People were doing all sorts of things.
I knew a bit about them. They just didn't know about me.
How could they?
They didn't know where I lived, let alone who I was.
They didn't know that I existed.

Me.
Growing up.
In a small English village.
Upstairs in my bedroom.
Thinking.

If I was famous, then they would know.
They would know who I was and where I lived.
They would know that I existed.
I would be in the weekly paper and on the crackling radio.

That's when I decided.
I decided that when I grew up I was going to be famous.