**Mrs Millard’s Magic Box**

I will put into the box

The sound of Father Christmas’ sleigh bells jangling on a snowy Christmas Eve night,

The fragrant smell of freshly mown grass on a lazy summers day

Nan’s sweet, singing voice in her soft Welsh accent

I will put into the box

The mouth-watering aroma of just cooked bacon wafting up the stairs

The ear-splitting bang of the Catherine Wheel on Bonfire Night

White, fluffy clouds galloping across the sky on a windy afternoon

I will put into the box

The eerie yet peaceful sound of silence as only my thoughts speak to me

The sound of children laughing out loud as they build sandcastles on the scorching beach

Snow that’s warm to touch and a four day weekend