

Chapter 1 part 1

Born on Padding Station - platform 6 maybe

Obviously, I was born somewhere, but as one is not born with a label around ones toe you have to rely on your birth certificate. Well, that says, 'Wendy Ann born in Paddington London.' It seems my mother wasn't sure whereabouts and said it was close to Paddington station so that's all I know, as far as I am concerned I was born Wendy Ann on Paddington station, I added platform 6 as it could be true. I will never know!

Looking at the few pictures I had of my mother, when she was young, you could tell she was great fun, her hair was a platinum blonde, she was tall with long, long legs and had a big smile. Later I was told she used to go to the car racing at Brooklands and cause quite a stir, she went out with a saxophone player in Ambrose's band. As I grew up she never told me much about herself, people didn't in those days. All I knew was that she was brought up by her grandmother who was very Victorian and strict....and she had squeaky boots!



My mother seemed to have no parents and I always thought she was an orphan, none of this was true. I later found out when we went online and discovered she had a brother called William, who had had Polio and lost the use of his arm. The only job he could get was being a sweeper in Kew Gardens. Just recently I met Uncle William's daughter, my cousin, and she told me the family story as she knew it. Apparently, my Grandfather, she was not an orphan after all, had seen her walking over Kew Bridge pushing a pram, with me in it, she was smoking a cigarette. He went up to her and slapped her face and the cigarette fell to the ground. My mother just looked at him for a few moments and then without a word she pushed the pram with me in it over the bridge and no one ever saw her or me again.

I understand now, that day when she walked away she started a new life with my wonderful father and me. Well the wonderful father bit didn't work, but who knows what happened there, again I was given the wrong information. My belief then was that I had a mummy and a daddy and we were a little family living in Kew and the Germans dropped bombs on us every night. I thought, or did I make it up, that my father was in the Navy and he was very brave. I promoted him to an Admiral because I thought he was the most wonderful man in the world. We didn't see him very often as he was always on missions somewhere in the world. Tripoli, I think. When a telegram came one day and my mother read it, I knew at once something terrible had happened, my hero was dead...no, actually my hero had run off with a Wren and was last seen on Kew Bridge station 'canoodling' with her on a bench on platform 1.

When my mother told me that my hero had been killed in action, I believed her. I couldn't think what to do so I ran out of

