

ilkley literature festival

**Be All Write
#ILFWritingChallenge**

Prompt: Describe a memory in no more than 100 words using the senses of smell, sound, touch and taste. You may not use the sense of sight.

The Passing

We were together, but only just. I held his hand and gently scratched his back, as I had done every night since we met. I listened intently to the quiet rasp of his breathing, he was still with me, but only just. One last sigh and he was gone.



– Jo Wheatley

Harriet

I remember snuggling with Harriet, her warm body nestled against mine. I could feel her beating heart, and hear the soft, strange noises she made.

One Sunday we went to gran's house for lunch. A much better cook than Mum, lunch with her was always a special occasion. The smell of roast chicken had us all salivating. As we ate the first succulent mouthfuls, gran dropped the bombshell. 'Today we are eating Harriet.'

My brothers and I dropped our knives and forks, and tears flowed. None of us could eat another morsel of the adorable Harriet.

– SusieH

Disturbed

At the muffled sound of someone loudly arguing..... At the sudden, unexpected pungent scent of ammonia.....

a little boy wakes to the sound of the kitchen door slamming. His father is shouting again. His mother is crying again. The little boy cries too. Eventually he sleeps. In the morning the smell of urine is strong and his bed is wet again. To his everlasting shame he will continue to wet the bed long after the rowing has stopped and the grown-ups have gone their separate ways.

– Pengy Church