

Slowly, tentatively, I prize the ragged photograph from its usual hiding place, inside my wallet. The edges, torn and tattered with age, are stained and yellowing with touching. The photograph's faded image and timeworn surface are so familiar to me, yet every time I take it out to look at it, it's like I'm seeing it again for the first time. Never has a photo conjured up such powerful memories as this one has. What wouldn't I give to return to that place once again? I flip the photograph over and read the single phrase scribbled on the back in my scrawly handwriting: *St. Ives, Cornwall*.

Gnarled, age-marked and wrinkled, my hands tremble with age as I gently stroke the photograph. Lovingly, I run one finger around the edge as I think back to that place that means so much to me. Soft and slow, a solitary tear rolls down my cheek; it drips onto the picture, staining the image dark, like rain. I wish I could return there, to relive the happiest days of my life once again.

I remember that day as if it was yesterday. It had been raining all morning, and the sky was still covered with slate-grey clouds, as if they were nature's army, ready to attack once more. As I walked towards the seafront, I splashed through the silver puddles that shone in the golden sunlight like winking eyes, excited and joyful to be free from the darkness of the storm. Cutting across the sky above me, a dazzling rainbow soared from one edge of the horizon to the other. To me, it signified hope and the promise of adventure. Slapping, fierce and pounding, the waves, still defensive against nature's attack, slapped against the harbour wall. Never had I seen the water so agitated. It rocked the little fishing boat in the distance - Grandfather's boat - from side to side like a child's spinning toy. Up above me, seagulls swirled and swarmed, their eyes roaming the crowds below hungrily, desperate to swipe any morsel of food dropped to the floor. As I walked closer to Grandfather's tug, I could see him standing proud astride the deck. His sun-scorched face beamed at me with a giant grin as I approached him. I raised my camera to my face. Snap! The scene was immortalised forever.

"Are you ready, my boy?" I remember him saying, his gruff voice booming in my ear. "Let's get you out onto the ocean! Don't be afraid! The first time is always the worst."

Eager and terrified in equal measure, I clambered aboard.

"Let's go!" I said.

And with that, we sailed out, onto the ocean. My first day catching fish.

With a sigh, I lift my finger, now weakened with age, and wipe away the solitary tear that is rolling down my face. How I long to be back there, with the wind in my hair and my Grandfather by my side.

"Happy sailing, Pops." I whisper.