

A Short Autobiography – Part Two

Its almost an indescribable feeling, to arrive in a foreign country for the first time, to stand at the door of a migrant hostel, your sole possessions are the clothes you're wearing and the contents of the suitcase in your hand. Nothing familiar, nothing friendly. No home, no job, no friends, no family, no game this weekend, no Green 'Un, no Stones, no winter. Wasn't it snowing back home?

So you get the last flat in Sydney and the last job, you place your foot firmly on the first rung and slowly, bravely, foolishly, you start to climb. You cling desperately to the few reminders you have of home as you embark upon an adventure as perilous as the first fleeters and as fearless as the first settlers. For us it was like another honeymoon, our second in eighteen months, but this was no week-in-Yarmouth. For Chris my wife and for me too, it was a long way back home to mum!

Dear Mum and Dad,

There are only two seasons here, summer and winter. Summer is unbearably hot. Sometimes we feel like sleeping outside on the grass but the mosquito's would eat us alive. Winter is like summer in Sheffield except we have a little bit of frost occasionally. And then there's the rain, back home, as you know, it can drizzle for 2 weeks or more, out here we get all that in half an hour and then the sun comes out again.

It's strange to pick up a newspaper that doesn't mention the petty crims of Darnall and Attercliffe. Can't nip round to Grandma's, Mexborough is a million miles away. Won't be seeing the lads on Friday night. Where do I get Beeza parts from now? Doesn't matter, I sold it. I just realised something, there are no Pakistani's out here – the 'white Australia' policy. It takes time to cast off twenty three years of your life and just as long to realise that you never really will.