

The College Collection

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Nolan

Georgina Jonas



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Chapter 1

Beginnings

I was born, not so much with a silver spoon in my mouth but, rather, with a cheeky grin on my face.

It was probably just wind, but they said that I also had a twinkle in my eye, so I reckon that it wasn't wind at all. It was most definitely a smile.

I was late. Born at least a week and a half after I was expected.

Maybe that had something to do with it. Everyone was just so pleased to see me! They smiled at me, and I smiled back at them.

Mum was very happy that I was a boy. She was one of three girls, and her mother had been one of three girls, and as she wasn't a typical girly girl I think she was very content with the idea of having a son.

The nurse at the hospital, where I was born, used to sing as she carried me down the corridor to my mother to be fed. "I'm just wild about Nolan ... he's just wild about me," she sang.

My mother told me that nobody had ever heard the nurses singing before.

Me, I was just happy.

I was a good baby in that I was content to sit and watch what was going on. I just didn't like to sleep much, but since I was usually cheerful nobody seemed to mind that much.

Sometimes my mother did get worried that I wasn't sleeping as much as other babies. The health visitor used to tell her that it would be good for me to have an afternoon nap. So she'd put me in the buggy and wheel it up and down, hoping that the rocking motion would help me get to sleep.

It didn't.

I'd lie there quite happily enjoying the ride, but as soon as she thought that I might be asleep she'd stop pushing the buggy. My head would

pop up and she'd be left looking at bright, happy eyes and a big cheeky grin.

In the end she gave up.

She would sit me up and give me lots of interesting things to look at, just thankful that I'd slept through the night.

I was an active baby too.

As soon as I could crawl, I wanted to stand.

As soon as I could stand, I wanted to walk. And then I discovered that running was even better.

It didn't take long and then I was off!

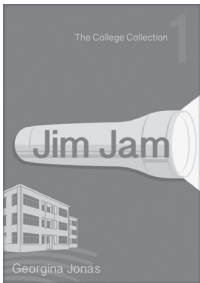
Into everything.

Onto everything.

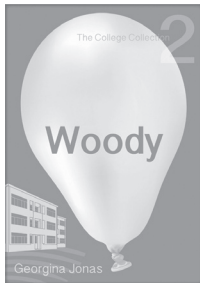
Always keen to know what was in the next room.

I was four when I started school. Which was quite late, according to some of my friends who went when they were three.

I loved it from the very first day.



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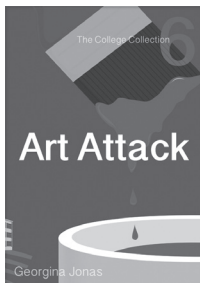
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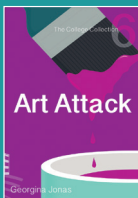
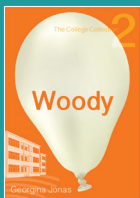
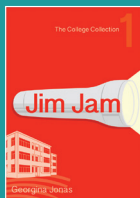
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Nolan has always been good at sports.
One day an accident changes everything.
What will he do now?



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