



Cheese and Pickle
Rosa Hesmondhalgh

Robin's Grandpa used to work in Darwen, Lancashire. In this speech, Robin recalls a summer when they were staying with their Grandpa. Robin's Grandpa wants to go walking, and although Robin is initially reluctant, they are soon won over by the view from Darwen Hill.

ROBIN: My Grandpa used to work in a factory in a little town in Lancashire called Darwen. In Darwen there is a tower called Darwen Tower, and every lunch time my Grandpa would walk up Dawen Hill and go and eat his sandwiches- cheese and pickle, every day- under the shadow of the big Darwen Tower. It was built about twenty-five years before he was even born, and waaaaay before he knew he knew he was gonna be my Grandpa. When he retired, he kept walking up there- every single day. Last summer, when I was staying with Grandpa, he came into the living room with his hat on and put his hands on his hips.

'Right little'un. It's a wonderful day for walking and walking is what we'll do'.

I said no at first because my cousins said they might come and pick me up and take me shopping at the Trafford Centre. Also I was watching a TV programme about how crisps were made and I was interested to know how they got them so crisp-y. But he wasn't having any of it.

'Before we had the Trafford Centre we had fresh air and walks and views for miles.'

So off we went. We drove to the bottom of the hill, and parked next to the factory where he used to work, and then started up the hill. I don't like walking up hill really.

'Grandpa, I don't like walking up hill, really.'

He pointed, silently, at his calves. I nodded. Very strong calves. I knew he was telling me if I want strong legs like him I should walk up more hills. We got to the top and he got out the sandwiches he'd packed. Cheese and pickle for him, as usual, and one with just ham for me.

Then we looked.

I could see for miles.

You could see all the way to Blackpool Tower. The sun was making everything look...

Really beautiful. I suppose/

'So, you used to come here every day?' I asked Grandpa. 'Didn't you ever get bored of the same thing?'

Grandpa looked at his sandwich. 'No'.

And then I looked at Blackpool Tower, and the hills, and my sandwich, and my Grandpa, and I realised: some things just don't get boring.

'Shall we come back tomorrow, Grandpa?'