

Catarina's Early Recollection:

There is an argument.

My father starts to get authoritarian and tells me what to do.

I say: Then I'm off. I'm going to run away now!

He says: Well go on then.

I think: Well now I have to.

I grab my raincoat and run off.

I sit in the garden under a bush and look out.

It's dark and cold.

No-one comes to look for me.

I then go back inside.

I sneak around the corner, into the room.

Momm says in a normal voice: Ah, there you are. It's time for dinner.

We all sit at the table.

I feel OK.