

## Kay Narration Script: Section 1

I was born in Tiverton, Devon. It's a quiet market town in a valley and not much goes on really. I move around a bit, lived in various places but I always end up coming back to Tiverton - it's a hometown so..

My childhood evokes a mixture of emotions - some happy, some not so..

One of my earliest memories, I think I must have been about five. I was shovelling mud with my Dad in the garden. It was a hot summer day so he had his top off and me being only five, sort of took my shirt off too and started using a small shovel, shovelling with him. Just got fully onto form.

I loved that sort of stuff: Fixing up old cars, going up the tip - rummaging around for old tat to build new stuff out of..

Another memory from around the same time was going over to my local park and getting teased and punched in the face by some older kids. I went home really upset about that. I know there were other instances like this but this is the one that sticks. It had a pretty negative impact on me but I always try and regenerate those negative experiences into positive things..

At some point I started trying to write and stuff - poems, stories, whatever really. Was mostly scribbles and doodles but there was a point where I would shut my self away and try and create stuff.

I loved the things that all kids loved like Disney films. I had all the videos and posters etc. Tarzan, Jungle Book, Hercules..

It's that whole concept of feeling like you're someone else. Tarzan was bred amongst apes and Hercules, he had a really strong sense that he was more than he was brought up to be. He had to pursue that independently and overcome great odds. I can really relate to that.

Spoken Word