**‘Ada’: My Lockdown Hero**

One bright sunny warm midday when Mummy and Daddy where both on calls, Ada and I crept out into the garden without permission. There was a gentle breeze blowing through the dainty old trees and two tomatoes were ripe red. The beautiful bright sun was shining as if a low fire was burning above us. Ada and I started racing around the lovely garden floor but when Ada had nearly caught me, I fell on the ground and grazed my wrinkly knee!!

“Waa, waa, waa” – I cried and Ada howled with me. After getting my sore knee a paw patrol plaster, Ada began wondering around the garden and found a delicious spider as hairy as a gorilla. She popped it in her mouth and munched it up!!! I tried not to laugh, biting my cheeks and closing my lips together with my hands. It sounded like someone doing a raspberry! Twenty nine minutes later, my watercan that was filled with icky mud, sludgy fungus and slippery moss was filled right up with water to the yellow brim. Without noticing, I forgot to turn off the tap, Ada stealthily prowled to the water can and messily lapped up a quarter of water. Luckily, my knee got better in two weeks but the spider was pooed out in a pile in the middle of the garden, with a plop and a splat. I constantly giggle like a kazoo, each time I remember Ada’s spider poo.

Like me, she hasn’t always felt people understand her during lockdown and she speaks a nonsense language for humans but God and I understand and sometimes Mummy and Daddy. People can feel misunderstood when they are from a different country and / or speak a different language and come to a new country. Lockdown, was an unchartered world, all there was to discover were boring black and white emeralds and rubies, not a flash of colour. I was locked up and I could not escape my boring black house. With Ada, it became a world of fun, art, colour, colour, colour and a friend. Ada helped me feel free and unlocked by clambering on my back and licking my cheeks.

On her Birthday, I translated that Ada said “Ada wow cake!” to Daddy and Mummy and “Ada scared of sparklers.” *She* did not moan that she was not with her pack or that we did not go for a walk to the muddy duck pond.

Since the beginning of lockdown, Ada had been trying to walk on just two legs and she practiced every day but kept falling down and never gave up. During lockdown I was covered in paint and washed lots of dirty brushes. I felt hot and angry because my paintings were ruined. Ada inspired me to persevere, to discover a hidden talent. The dust in the house reminded me of deserts in Mexico and Frida Kalo. The smell of pollen of Georgia O’Keefe, the sound of metal of Andy Warhol and our fridge of Basquiat.

A pair of vacant eyes, a clump and knot of hair, a giggle and a smile and sometimes the rage remind me of my beloved sister Ada. Oh, the secret’s out, I know you’re thinking that Ada was an alien dog or a wolf or something like that. Well, you’re wrong, sorry, you get a red card for that. Ada is just a one year old baby but she can’t pronounce her name - Esther. She is my sister and she is my lockdown hero.