**The Seahorse**

For most of us, memory is an integral part of our psyche. People admire those with a good memory as well as it being a matter of personal pride. But what we recall and how we do it is both varied and complex.

Often a single word or thought can trigger a succession of memories. Recently I read an article entitled ‘The Seahorse’. Setting aside for a moment the life of this creature, what really struck me was the name. It reminded me that this was the not inappropriate name of the suburban house in the seaside town where I was born and brought up.

I saw again the rooms, the book-laden shelves and the garden of that house and I recalled the people I met there. The very old uncle, a gas casualty of the Great War, who sat, huddled in an armchair, breathing deeply and painfully. I saw too a cousin and remembered again how upset I had been when he left to live in London, never to be seen again.

With the passing years our memories, particularly of places, become distorted, especially by dreams. Confusion follows so that the memories themselves become, like the seahorse itself, fleeting and mystical.