

I remember the lounge being very dark at the corners, with blasts of light coming from the windows and doors that led out to the porches.

Mantel piece

A pair of Chinese cloisonné vases that Dad always talked about as one of his special antique action purchases

Old clock that didn't work

Big old ship

Pair of ceramic elephants that were a gift from the host family of a Japanese exchange programme

I was obsessed with the chimney for a minute because I didn't understand how the internal structure worked. I thought it was just a tunnel from the roof to the fire place. So when dad was on the roof fixing some corrugated iron I threw as many things that I could get onto the roof to see what made it down the chimney to the fireplace in the lounge. The apple delivered itself, but the anchor from this old decorative sailing ship didn't. I was so sad. I can't remember what else I threw down but it would have been a lot.

those two carvings that dad made

Fire and ash

Mesh screen - that fire guard was very spikey on your fingers, and didn't have many redeeming features either aesthetically or functionally.

The area in front of the fire was the warmest place in the whole house, I remember having my bath towel warmed up on that strange shaped piece of wood/sculpture that sat next to the fireplace.

Red carpet - the place in front of the fire was always gritty from the wood basket, and had little burns from where sparks escaped past the mesh fire guard.

Turkish rugs x 2. Those rugs were always a pain, because you had to lift them up to vacuum underneath, and they covered up bits of carpet that had holes where a persistent ceiling drip had worn out the pile.

2 x dark green velvet armchairs

1 x same furnishing but a couch. The couch cushions were a kind of jacquard floral, and filled with kapok that puffed out when you sat down or used them for huts or pillow fights.

There was a hand-painted frieze around the top and bottom of the walls, copied from a design in an old sketchbook of a great-grandfather kept in one of the cupboards of an old piece of furniture

Spikey coral

Assorted little ceramic things from the local craft gallery, these seem now to have been relocated to the dresser in the kitchen.

Landline with flat buttons and twisty cord

Heaps of crap and phone books in those cupboards and drawers There was lots of old, dark furniture, all with cupboards stuffed with mysterious contents from the past. Nothing much has changed.

The stained glass window in between the kitchen and the living room that you could lift up. This was the telephone area, and you had to sit there and talk to your friends while everyone was watching TV or in the kitchen next door. There was a drawer that always got stuck that was jammed full of old family photographs

Too, too many doors

The room was long, I remember mum suspending a piece of string across the length of the room for birthday parties and hanging cheerio sausages off it, that people had to try and eat without using their hands. It's not a game I played at anyone else's birthday party.

There was a pianola, which was a party-favourite when people came over to pump the peddles and make it play by itself. There was a cupboard loaded up with old pianola rolls, and also a pile of stereoscope photographs and a viewer. I think they're still there.

There was a tall cabinet that held a mixture of ceramic and pewter goblets that we used for drinks. I can still remember the feeling of digging my teeth into the pewter goblets.

It still is a good room, slightly too big and with too many entries and exits to be sensible, but very good for parties.