

The Countryside

Winner Senior prose
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aged 15

from The Beaconsfield School

Some people regard it as just 'the countryside'; I still regard it as home.

From my petite cottage window I see never-ending miles of vivid greenery; both deep and light shades of green stand alone; each telling their own story.

The shades of green are darker in the distance, but much lighter and healthier looking - nearly the colour of a freshly picked lime - towards the front. Among the giant fields and hills the odd sheep are scattered along like polka dots on a green background.

Left of the luscious greenery; oak, chestnut, sycamore and silver birch trees stand tall and proud; looking as though they are quite reliant on one another as their many broad branches overlap and rest themselves on top of each other; it is perceived as if they have woven a bed - with their strong branches - for any bird, squirrel or other mammal to sleep upon when night falls. The trees aren't in competition with each other; each has their own remarkable persona and sly look about them.

Right of the many fields a vibrant, vast, valley trickles down the moderately steep hill which, at the bottom, forms a perfectly shaped, circular lake. The lake itself is as clear and clean as glass with the odd leaf floating around aimlessly upon the surface; showing no meaning or way of being.

From up above the various breeds of birds are singing happily together and the towering, colossal trees are dancing and swaying to the music the boisterous birds are producing.

Come, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, the charming countryside always exceeds my expectations of it; it is consistently so inviting and I'm repeatedly made welcome, whatever the weather: sun, snow, hail or rain.

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This is one of my most powerful childhood memories. Ever since I was a young, spirited and energetic girl I have loved the countryside; adored the beautiful scenery and the long walks in the summer. However, much to my dismay, my childhood memories are a thing of the past; no longer are there miles upon miles of vivid greenery; nor are there the tall trees that offer a bed and protection for its occupants.

Instead, I see in the distance litter: plastic bottles, crisp packets, chocolate bar wrappers, cigarette ends. The picturesque countryside is no more. Yes, it's still there, however, instead of the bold, bright and happy colours radiating back at me, I see sad, dull and meaningless colours that have no life to them.

The unique countryside is now overcome with carelessness, selfishness and laziness by its pedestrians. All hope is that one day, I shall wake up one summers morning, draw back the heavy curtains and see my cherished childhood memories once more. I hope and I pray. I do not believe this to be much to ask for; don't you agree?