

The Village

I wake,
and stare
out of the window
and watch the lights
flicker
on
one by one
beaming through the curtains.

You can see
small houses,
dotted around
snake like roads
weaving inbetween.
The hills hug the village
and makes it look like a volcano.
The ribbon like rivers flow down the hills
and into a pond.
The aeroplanes
Oh the aeroplanes
drawing chalky lines across the sky
The sight is amazing.



You can hear
dogs 'yapping'
and sheep 'baaing'
and cows 'mooing'
and the lovely
sound of children
laughing and playing

You can smell
the beautiful
flowers
tulips, pansies, roses, ...
they're all
different
shapes and sizes
but the smell
is amazing
so sweet
each of
the flowers
smell stunning
but they're
all different.

I sleep
and dream
that the
village
will stay
the same
forever.

By Eleanor Walker