

The Winds Alone Come Near

The cruel winds whipped at the trees and the decaying house. Thick clouds rolled aimlessly in the sky. No sodden rain fell on the unkept plot of land. Crinkled brown leaves fell from the frowning trees above. Sparrows and daws circled noisily overhead.

A few feet in front of me the dark winds rustled the heavy blanket of ivy. The crying wind spirits danced tauntingly in front of my eyes. I stood before the undiscovered wreck. No-one knew what happened there years before. I imagined myself as a young girl with long, fair hair, unlike my ageing brown now, down to my waist, skipping merrily along the neatly cut lawns and laughing at the funny shapes the gardeners had made with the box hedges.

I stared longingly at the house before me. I remember that house in my visions, oh so clear. A new crimson, bricked cottage in the middle of a cosy sparse wood with a heavy oak door with blossoming honeysuckle round the door.

I was suddenly aware that the darkness and the deep wood were closing in.....

Lara Bassett, written at The Saturday Challenge Enrichment Centre, Fleet, Hampshire

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