The Garden through the Archway

And just at that very moment, curiosity got the better of him. The creeping vine arch called his name, and as he stepped inside he was overwhelmed with a world of colour. No words could describe how beautiful this palace of colour was.

He had a flash of excitement like he had never had before, and he dashed through the tropical trees. Beauty reigned; neon colours rushed through his legs and arms. The mint-green ferns didn’t fail to impress him. And everything was beautiful…

Nourishing coconuts shimmered under the sun whilst silent waves whispered in his ears; songbirds chirped while trees swayed softly, and the breeze hit his face. The garden was a piece of art, and he had never seen anything like it!

Ffion Evans, year 6