The Garden behind the Door

And at that moment, she said that she had a compelling feeling to push the moss-covered birch door and step foot into the other world. And so, with a shaking hand, she pushed it open. And there she stood - looking at the place that still fills her dreams today.

It was definite that Louise could not find the words to describe the scene in front of her and give it full description.

There was a sense of happiness and wonder as if nothing could break the joy from her. Colourfulness reigned; perfection was everywhere - everything was neat and tidy. Louise was filled with the most amazing sight, filling her heart up to the very top. And everything was wonderful!

Vines weaved in and out of the archway. Pebbles were dotted around on the side of the winding path. Pink-blue flowers grew on the willow, making it look like a cosy den. Palm trees folded over onto the path. Ponds were there with grass domes in a zigzag shape to make steppingstones. You could hear songbirds singing up in the oak trees. An orchard full of fresh fruit and blossom. And by the orchard was a path that led to the Pretty Peacocks’ pens. Lizards lay lazily on the rocks as the dragonflies danced to their silent songs; buzzards and red kites swooped in and out of the beech trees.

It was a place of beauty, and Louise was captivated forever.

Gwenllian Preddy, year 5