The Garden of Delight

At this moment he said he had a pull of destiny to shove open that old oak green door and embrace that magical world that hid on the other side. And so, with a hand like stone, he pushed the old brass handle down and with his shoulder barged this vintage antique door and fell into a world of magic that fills his mind still, day in and day out.

There was no doubt that Tyler could hardly explain where he had put himself - to say it properly, to explain what he actually meant.

There was a sense of brilliance - wondrous thoughts that swam through Tyler's head like fish in a current. As if there was nothing that could drag him down again. As if he would never feel sadness. The colours were so perfect and slightly brave and strong, with nothing bad at all about them. Tyler was overwhelmed with amazing delight, filling his heart to the very top. And everything was beautiful there…

There were twisting paths with stones and birds above; vines with grapes and bushes heavy with berries. There were ponds full of fish and nests full of birds, ponds with lily pads and flowers galore. There were ancient rocks and vintage hills. There were birds with wings and fish with gills. The grass was tall and the frogs were small. The peacocks roamed and the frogs groaned.

It was a place of pure beauty, and somewhere Tyler would never forget.

Oliver Phillips, year 5