



**A Special Place
by Lucy. Age 11
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I have a special place. It is my portal from a world of chaos into my own personal space, where I can reflect and be peaceful. Only my family can see the beauty, joy and many happy moments that are shared with them in my special place. No one can tarnish the happiness it brings. My journey to my special place is not far to travel, I do not need to take a plane or a boat.... it is my own garden.

In the Summer, the ground is luscious green, the sun turns the tips of the grass emerald, every blade a precious jewel. I bask in dappled sunlight without a care in the world. The rhubarb stands proud and tall, and the birds softly sing, darting in and out of nesting boxes. Plump strawberries are picked and devoured with only the pink juice staining my fingers remaining. I gorge myself on the garden bounty.

In the Autumn, toadstools form a fairy ring and the crimson and golden leaves are crisp under my feet. The blackberries and raspberries are ripe and the juicy flavours explode in my mouth. The apples are sweet. Even sweeter when I make toffee apples or the most delicious apple crumble, smothered in a generous dollop of creamy custard! Spider's webs are embedded with beads of dew that glisten in the breeze and sparkle like diamonds.

Even covered with a thick blanket of snow, the garden is a wonderful place to be. A Winter wonderland brings fun such as snowball fights and building a family of quirky snowmen. We dare not use anything edible to decorate our snow creations as my dog once demolished the entire snowman to devour a tasty treat! The trees - though bare- have icicles on their gnarled branches and a coat of frost on their trunk. Sometimes, an inquisitive robin curiously hops towards the house and peers through the window before swiftly flying away.

My favourite time in the garden is Spring, as the cherry tree is covered in pale and delicate candy floss blossoms, its beauty frail and temporary. The sun begins to emerge, cautiously rising with the cover of a cloud. The flowers are buds,

desperately trying to bloom. We tiptoe out from the depths of Winter to once again sit outside and share meals together as the weather is less treacherous. I sit by the glow of a fire and watch the dancing flames. My garden is my special, favourite place.
