

Sunday 6th January 2019 :- 9.30am.

It's my last day of the Christmas holidays and i walk, quietly thoughtful to the park. The sky is a real dark grey, the type that threatens rain. A bandsaw breaks the silence as i crunch up the pathway at the rear of the recreational area to my destination.

Today there are seagulls screaming above my head as i enter, creating different tempos between one another, a squirrel barks not so loudly in a tree as if answering the feathered racket. Inbetween the park fence and the hedge lays a gully, with an extraordinary amount of different colored garbage, i look at it all with distaste, some people have no regard to nature.

The aroma of bacon fills my nostrils on approaching the cafe, making my mouth water.... i've only just had breakfast!!

There's some evidence of the mild weather we've had, small pink and white flowers on a shrub.

A father and small daughter occupy the playground, we are sole owners of this green land. A bold squirrel shows off for me as he poses on a wooden post, i snap some shots moving on and i come upon evidence of litter and a train ticket displaying someone's travels, not on foot i fear, both are swiftly put in a suitable receptacle.

There's an army of natural objects on my track ahead, pine needles, feathers, cones and a stick resembling Harry Potters wand, the feathers have merged together to form a heart shape. Somewhat touching piece of nature.

The father now is pushing his offspring somewhat ferociously on the swing as she squeals in delight, "more, more" she shouts when it slows down, then "No" she moans. "It's time to go home", but continues to push her for a while longer, then removing her from the swing seat he chases her across the grass howling and growling making her laugh with joy, he swoops her up in his arms and str

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At the top of the park near the other gate the mud is churned up, criss crossed tyre marks from various vehicles which have entered the lawns on different annual entertainment activities, its a shame there isnt grass reinforcement mesh laid over the top to allow the grass to grow through but stopping the cars from agitating the soil and making the area muddy.

Marching on i sped up my training
Two magpies are quarreling with each other, cant decide who's winning but neither seems to be backing down.

Deciding to thaw out i make my way to the cafe for a welcoming view, kitted back up i adventure back outdoors, theres a fine misty rain in the air, but nothing significant, but feeling the chill i quicken my pace to warm up.

Passing a holly shrub i spy a hidden arachnid, whos been most busy spinning webs, like netting across the thorny foliage to oblivion to the world around it, the next holly bush has one lone red berry snuggled in around its prickly coat of leaves.

The path ahead is a moss carpet, for any minor celebrity to walk down, resembling a typical red one, nestling in a border lies the stump of a magnificent, but now lost, tree, i had witnessed it being cut down many months ago and it was a sad spectacle to see, a valuable part of the lower grounds, its left a big gap for sure in the border, and no shade in the summer months.

Our roses are looking sorry for themselves in the stark brown background around them, the waterfall laps silently across the rocks, no rippling tune to be heard today, the water fountain shoots its usual spout of energy into the air in a rhythmic pattern clearly audible from some way away. The pond is still, like a sheet of glass, the trees above mirrored upside down on the clear shoen.

Along John Ray Garden's theres red leaves on the path, resembling washed up starfish on a beach, lying taking a breather from the elements. Many branches and twigs lie on the ground looking like Stag's

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antlers.

Another Squirrel winds its way cheekily near my feet, bold as brass, he hops into the dry autumnal leaves retrieving some treasured nutrients and begins to eat hungrily, i too have worked up an appetite, and as the rain becomes more insistent i head for home.

I take the magic wand with me as a memento of a memorable walk in our snapshot of Eden.