300 WORD MALVERN LITERARY COMPETITION 2020

AN AFTERNOON IN THE MALVERN AREA

It is a sunny day in mid-May, approaching the end of spring and the beginning of a long, hot summer. I am in Castlemorton, stood by the edge of the duck pond at Golden Valley, nestled at the bottom of the Malvern Hills. It is a favourite location of mine due to the simple fact that it is so enriched with purity and natural beauty, making it the perfect escape from the hectic lives we all live nowadays, which is why I chose to come here most days. Today is warmer than yesterday. I draw in a deep breath of fresh, unpolluted air and savour it for a moment, reminding myself of how grateful I am of this place.

At first glance I see the reflection of the golden-sun on the vast water, a heaven-like scene is created. Trees sway left to right in the delicate, cool breeze, contributing a slight rustling as they do so. The relentless sun penetrates my skin causing a soft, relaxing sensation to overwhelm my body. The emptiness magnifies the sounds of nature, from the characteristic chirp of grasshoppers, to the spa-like trickle of slow running water. A buzzing bee bombs past me, temporarily masking all other sounds, before it darts off elsewhere. The unmistakeable, somewhat nostalgic, pungent scent of wild garlic fills my nostrils, reminding me of a time in my younger years when a friend and I came here to collect some for her fathers signature dish; wild garlic and nettle soup, a dish which requires an acquired set of taste buds to say the least.

I wish to spend every living second, I have here. Really. It is paradise. I know this wish is unrealistic, but one can hope.