**The Malvern Hills**

The sun glistens over the peaks of the jagged rolling hills, beams of light igniting them with a glimmer of summer. A light breeze sways the plants to joyful, bustling play, as the birds sing their jubilant songs on top of the Malvern Hills.

This is where I would go in Malvern.

I would go atop the hills because they are peaceful and filled with nature. The trees stand up bold and hefty (their roots surging throughout the ground), lifting the branches that lay above, brimming with leaves ripe and ready to drop - as autumn approaches. Those leaves cascade on soft grass buoyant with scuttling bugs. The flowers atop the hills are vibrant, and all-pervading, bringing contentment and optimism to all. The hills are the spine of Malvern. They look comforting and stable.

The Malvern Hills are special to me, when I see them it makes me overjoyed. They are harmonious and tranquil. I have grown up around the Malvern Hills and they seem to change with the season. In summer they are singed yellow and brown with splinters of orange. In autumn the leaves plunge down onto the lush grass, coating the mighty Malverns in shades of orange and red. In winter the grass recedes, revealing compact dirt and rock waiting to be swathed in crisp white snow. In spring the hills burst to life with floral colour and diversity. When dark clouds hang ominously above, shedding drops of angry rain, the hills turn glum only to light up later.

The sunsets are the best part, they light up the hills with a charring inferno light that signifies the end of another day. They are the best part of any day.

Leo Bealby