

Descriptive writing, park essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The old trees bordering the fields acted like guards, muffling the sound of the busy city around them and creating a peaceful haven for the small creatures that lived inside. The only entrance was a narrow path that gradually widened as it ran through the field and up the hill. It was lined at either side with different types of tree; thin birches, broad maples and tall sycamores. Their long branches intertwined creating a golden canopy over the path.

The only sound was the rustle of the leaves as birds fluttered among them, whistling merrily to each other. Rays of light shone through the gaps in the crisp leaves, covering the floor in dappled sunlight. Occasionally a gentle wind blew through the branches causing sycamore seeds to spiral down onto the carpet of leaves below. A young grey squirrel observed this for a while before scampering down the gnarled trunk. Cautiously it looked round before scurrying up the path.

Once it reached the top of the hill it watched curiously as a familiar woman unlocked the door of the cafe, preparing for her long day of customers bustling in and out of her small shop. Suddenly the squirrel heard a child's squeal and it hurried away. Two excited children ran out of the squeaky playground gate and down the other side of the hill. The lady they were following trudged down the muddy path slowly, leaning on her walking stick for support. They raced ahead of her and were soon waiting at the water's edge.

Hurry up! " one yelled impatiently. Nervously she tried to walk faster before one of the clumsy young boys toppled into the water. Finally she reached the

bottom and drew some slices of bread wrapped in cling film from her handbag. Ducks were already rushing towards them, obviously hungry so early in the morning. The women watched enviously as the boys dashed round the pond trying to throw crumbs to every duck. With a sigh she looked down at her own stiff, wrinkled hands.

However she found it hard to feel sorry for herself for long as she admired the ochre leaves dancing above the grass in the wind, which was making her flowery dress flap softly below her knees. She was distracted by her grandchild laughing and her aged face crinkled into a smile. From the corner of her eye she saw a flash of grey, but by the time she turned around the squirrel was gone. Puzzled, she wiped her large spectacle with her sleeve. As it hopped through the dew covered grass and dead leaves it dodged a cyclist, a dog and a muddy football before reaching the safety of the tree he called home.