

Description of an idyllic place



I look out and around me, a vast valley longing to be explored. It was a denim blue morning when I came to this glorious place. The sky was so clear and pale with clouds so white and clean. The sun wore a large smile and the grass was greener than ever. Humming fish welcomed me with their mellifluous and melodious voices. A rainbow was prolonged across the land and it had the brightest colours of blue, yellow, pink, and orange. The aroma was breath taking as I took more steps into the exhilarating forest. The pastel coloured trees were bright and vibrant, mile after mile. The barks looked like candy cane and the touch of their tufts were much softer than silk, and their sweet smell of fresh butterfly milk. Under the trees I saw the barbaloots, frisking about, looking absolutely brown and furry, but they had the softest fur, I had ever felt and they pranced pass me stuffing their chubby cheeked faces with raspberry looking truffula fruits. Truffula fruits grew on the truffula trees, and they left an everlasting angelic savour in your mouth. They were sweetly succulent, delicious and heavenly. The place was rich in fruit, healthy and enjoyable. The air was crisp and the skies were happily danced through the light breeze. Standing on the highest hill, the valley was sugar coated with delightful candy colours. It was a simple green landscape with dots of orange, yellow and pink and all the colours you can think. The majestic colours made one want to reach out and touch it. The river just illuminated the whole location and added cheerfulness. From the flowing river, the humming-fish were humming beautiful sounds, which echoed for miles in the valley. The blue and crystal clear water was glistening and glimmering in the sun. It was so clear one could see a speck of dust travelling down to the bottom. On that sunny spring day, it smelt like freshly cut bouquets of flowers. As I felt the fresh morning breeze, I noticed

the vast blue sky and smooth, even grass. It was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. I felt a great leaping of joy in my heart. Birds were fluttering past the fluffy floating clouds and the sound of the geese rang out in space. I could hear the comfortable sound of the Humming-Fish singing in a heavenly language, while splashing around. Everything was still, apart from the water of life streaming down the dramatic mountains. The fragrance was a mixture of all the sweetest smelling flowers you could think of. I rushed to the water to cool my feet. The spiky ends of the lush green grass tickled the soles of my feet. As I ran, I could feel that the truffula trees were as soft as, and if not, even softer than silk. I tolerated the coldness of the water, as it felt highly refreshing between my toes. I wondered then how many secrets there were embedded in this place. But that was then. When the grass was still green and the clouds were still clean and the pond was still wet, and stars would dance, while shining brightly through the night. Now, the wonderful valley is sitting at the far end of town, where dull green grass grows, higher and higher. The wind smells damp and decay when it blows. No barbaloots, no truffula fruits, no humming fish and no one making a wish. It is now a bad smelling sky, with smoke covered stars. Am I the only one who has noticed this terrible change?