

Summer Storm

You are slowly waking up, in a soft little bed. The sun is glinting under the curtains of a new but strange little bedroom. You look around you and see the walls are painted pale yellow and the curtains are green, it's an old cottage and you're visiting here. You feel excited to be away on a country holiday.

Still in your pyjamas with bare feet you creep down stairs without making a sound on the creaky stairs. The house is quiet, but you can hear someone in your family boiling a kettle in the kitchen. You open the back door to the garden and walk out. The grass is wet with dew and the garden is full of flowers and trees. You can hear the bird song and feel the warmth of the early morning sun on your face. You find a small path of old stone stepping stones and follow them as they wind in and out of the trees, until stopping at a garden gate. You lean on the old wooden gate and look over into a meadow so big that you can't see the end of it. The gate swings open. You step forward and look across and see that the grass is very long, over your knees. Far away in the distance on a hill you see a small building and decide to explore and investigate it. The sky is a soft bluebell blue but there are some clouds, very high clouds building in the sky. Some of them look dark and full of rain, but the air is warm with the sounds of the early morning.

So now you walk out across the long grass, you see it swaying in a gentle breeze and the green ribbons look like silver waves. As you walk you feel the grass brushing against your legs and your bare feet and toes feel the cold earth and some stones. With each step you see tiny moths fly up and a few bright blue butterflies. Grasshoppers jump out of your way. As you reach the middle of the meadow you feel a single drop of warm rain water fall on your cheek. You start to walk faster and start to turn your head back at the cottage you have left far behind. As you walk through the long swaying grass you find that you have come up the small hill, and in front of you is the small old shed.

The sky has turned grey and the clouds are dark and heavy with rain, the air you're breathing starts to chill you as the sun is now hidden and another few drops of rain fall on your arms and head. You decide to run towards the shed. The walls are made of old red brick and the roof is tiled, it looks like a tiny house. You're running up the hill now and the summer rain has started to gently fall on your shoulders, your pyjamas are getting a little wet. You can hear your breathing as you quicken your pace through the grass.

You make it to the door of the shed and push it open. It creaks on its rusty hinges, and you step inside. As you start to look around you, the dark clouds above thunder in a sudden loud crack in the sky, and a softer rumble, and you laugh to yourself because you made it in time. The inside of the shed is warm and dry, there is a comfortable old chair with a big blue blanket and you sit down, and you wrap yourself in the big softness. You need to take off your wet pyjamas. Curling your feet up in the chair you feel small and safe. There is a small window and you can see the rain coming down and hear the rain falling on the roof. You are very happy inside and start to notice all the things stored on the shelves inside and you like what you have found. On a small table there is a packet of your favourite biscuits, a cup of your favourite drink and some of your favourite books, art paper and painting brushes and paints. Think about which book you would like to read.

When you hear the thunder rumbling again you're not worried, because you're happy to have found this special place and you settle down to watch the rain fall while you pick up something to do.

After a few minutes the rain stops and the sun starts to shine brightly through the clouds, you peep out and see the rays of sun touch the field. Looking down at the cottage garden you can see your family looking for you, and you want to tell them about this place you've been sheltering in. So, you decide to return to them.

You get up slowly and yawn, you're dry again now. As you step through the door you see the wet shiny world outside. The grass is wet and your toes get muddy as you run down the grassy hill, but the soft blue blanket is wrapped around your shoulders as you make your way back.

The birds are excited as the rain has brought out some worms and the air is filled with their pretty songs. The loud cracks of thunder are only a happy memory.

Arriving at the garden gate, you can smell cooking and now your tummy rumbles, you're hungry!

By Isabel Brooks

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