

A Visit to the Bluebell Woods

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“Look!” we all shouted as we pointed and stared.

A sea of purple mist hovered in the distance as we crossed the road. It was so magical none of us could speak. Even my little sister who was whining for her dummy and teddy fell quiet.

As we stepped into the woods the lilac mist turned from purple to blue, then back to lilac again. I could smell a lovely fresh scent everywhere I stepped. We followed the pathway cautiously, trying not to tread on any stray bluebells. My mum got her camera out and started snapping. My middle sister was on her hands and knees studying a flipped-over beetle wiggling its legs in frustration. Trust her to be more interested in a bug than the incredible sight of bluebells.

On many of the towering trees I noticed some signs with names on. My mum and dad explained that they were put there in memory of lost loved-ones. Was it just me or did the atmosphere suddenly change from enchanted to eerie? I ran over to my mum (STILL taking photos) and I held her hand as I glanced around worriedly. Were these woods full of spooky ghosts? Were they watching me? I started to shiver. Goosebumps crawled up my arms. But then I thought, “Actually what kind of person would want to spend their after-life surrounded by beautiful flowers like this? Certainly my mum and my dad. Certainly my sisters (if the bugs were included). And most definitely 10,000% me!!!

“Come on, let’s head back to the car,” said my dad. As we left the woods I spotted something wonderful, right next to our car. Was it the second most beautiful sight in the world after bluebells? Or was it the first? THE ICE CREAM VAN!

