

The blossom

By E.D.

Frightened, the blossom held on as the wind pushed against it roughly. The blossom watched as its friends and family got washed away in whizzing water. Scared, the little blossom watched as the storm passed and beautiful Hyde Park emerged from the clouds. Hyde Park glimmered in the light; Hyde Park was drenched. It looked like an enormous swimming pool.

Flabbergasted, the blossom huddled into the branch and fell asleep. The blossom heard the thunder and lightning roaring loudly in the distance. The storm continued to rage for two long days until it came to a halt. In the distance, the clouds faded and a majestic rainbow formed, displaying breath-taking colours against a bright blue sky. Consequently, the blossom trees were destroyed and only the poor blossom stood alive. It was as if no one was noticing the tree dying as they walked past. Months went by and the blossom turned to seed but the summer had just arrived and already the tree was not getting enough water due to the heat. The tree was dying; something needed to change and fast!

The blossom needed water, especially in these conditions. Eventually a man noticed and fetched some water for the tree. Soon after, he rushed off to find help from his friends. One week later, the man returned with help. His friends watered all the trees in need and planted more tree in the park.

*The people had done it;
they had saved the park.*



THE
ROYAL
PARKS