

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Prologue

by Katy Wise

My favourite room in the house. I believe it is everybody's, the warm crackling fire in winter, the fragrant breeze from the window in summer, and the satisfying sound of rain drops on leaves during all the seasons in-between. And that one consistency amongst a changing world outside. The books. How I take comfort in my books.

But it is starting to feel like it is not enough, and if I am honest it has not been enough for sometime now. My heart pangs at the guilt-ridden thought and I leave for a walk.

*'The natural world is the refuge of the spirit... richer even than human imagination.'

(Not that I am human of course.)

I walk across my beautiful meadow to the meandering river and the silent but busy forest. Its secrets so carefully guarded from so many but me and the wonderful few I call friends.

I think of Puck and another pang of guilt hits me.

I admire a grazing heifer nearby to distract myself, she chews a mouthful of flushing grass and blinks her feathery lashed eyes at me.

*'What is this life if, full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs

And stare as long as sheep or cows...'

I smile back at her.

Down to the river I go, it is a windless day and pond weed pools along the banks. I pick up a delicate snail who trundles along one of my oars and place him gently out of harm's way.

*'Sleeping and rising

Always with your shell!

Oh snail'

And I know I must go, I know I must leave all that I love and quickly without much fuss, for I am Trimble and this is the only story I will ever be able to tell.

*'You can't stay in your corner of the forest waiting for others to come to you. You have to go to them sometimes...'

I nod a greeting at The King Fisher and launch my boat into the water.

**Edward O Wilson, Biophilia 1984*

**W.H. Davies, Leisure*

**Kobayashi Issa (1763-1828)*

**A.A. Milnes, Winnie The Pooh*