

## The Secret Garden

As she walked down the cold, cobbled street, Lavender's spine tingled as she felt inside her smooth, silky pocket and touched the rusty, rough key, uncovered just hours before. Lavender - an eight year old girl - had discovered the key under the black earth in her neglected garden. The wind howled ruthlessly once again and the innocent ivy clinging to the wall was whipped away. For one second, when the ivy was in mid-flight, Lavender had thought she had seen a glint of gold from behind the ivy. All of a sudden, Lavender stopped in her tracks. Her heart pounding. And then she saw it...

"Inside your pocket" whispered a minute voice within the depths of Lavender's head. Just at that moment she remembered the key in her pocket. There was a small chance, a very small chance, that the key laying inside her dark pocket could fit... Lavender Jones gradually lowered her pale hand into the pocket on the right side of her spotted dress, and wrapped her fingers (thin and long like twigs) around the antique looking key. To Lavender's great surprise, the escape from her dull life slipped perfectly into the key hole. Slowly, she turned her hand, ready for the world beyond. The door swung open of its own accord with a loud "Creak!" and Lavender was free in the beautiful tranquillity of an unknown world. She looked left and right, her long, elegant hair swishing behind her. No-one was coming down the path in this windy blustering storm. Lavender stepped forward with a sensational feeling...

All of a sudden it stopped raining and the wind stopped howling. In its place was a mesmerizing rainbow, meaning the storm had passed and it was the sun's time to shine. Covering the baby blue painted sky, which was gleefully watching over the secret garden, the rainbow was as vibrant as an allotment in bloom, even though it was beginning to fade due to the change in weather. Along the side of the smooth, tarmac path were crunching pebbles which moulded their way gracefully around stationary ancient pottery pots. As she stood, the garden unravelled away from Lavender, reaching out towards the distant hills. Standing out from the rest of the garden was the towering, thick, giant of oak whose fingers bent uncontrollably and creaked with the movement of the now whistling wind. Sitting next to the oak tree, sat an arch which even though it was heavy and tangled, was bent in a perfect way.

After exploring the garden, time after time, Lavender noticed a faint pale blinking blue light in the depths of the garden...