One Day One World

Stepping out into the unwelcoming English weather, I am greeted with the blustery wind, pushing me back with great force. The crisp, golden leaves blow around my flushed face, making it difficult to see my way down the road. Tall oak trees with intertwining branches tower over the dirt track, devouring any light that tries to stream in. My umbrella betrays me as the harsh wind turns it inside out, leaving me unprotected in the typical downpour. Large, frequent raindrops hit my head, soaking my hair and my blazer. I start to run, not however escaping the weather, just splashing in the dirty puddles which soak my cold feet.

 I reach the end of the cobbled road and onto the recently laid tarmac. There are no more high walls of oak trees however the light is still being engulfed by the fog hiding completely the picturesque blue sky Britain long for most days. It has also formed a white haze around Peel Tower, standing proud and superior above it’s busy village of Ramsbottom. I pass a row of terrace houses, all perfectly aligned and symmetrical with polished wooden doors slamming as the hustling and bustling of my neighbours climb into their frosted over Mercedes and BMW’s. Reading the glum look on their faces, it is clear they are reluctant to go back to work after a relaxing weekend.

 As I reach my friends congregated around the bus stop sign, I notice their expressions match the busy office workers I acknowledged a few moments ago. A typical Monday morning.

 Across from the bus stop, the primary school is getting busier as the mums start to arrive in their big cars filled with small children and babies. As they drag the crying ones out, and chase after the hyper ones eager to see their friends in the playground, it all gets a bit hectic. More and more chaotic families arrive but before long, the bell has gone and the women are driving away, a relieved look on their worried faces.

 As the congregated party at the bus stop start to get restless and impatient, with the weather becoming windier, it feels like hours before the bus arrives. But as we start to give up and set off to walk, the big red vehicle comes rolling down the hill, just as promised, curving my lips into a wide beam, like when you see one of your good friends coming to greet you, a friend you rely and trust on.