

Spring had finally overthrown winter after a prolonged battle. The cropped green grass unfurled itself beneath clusters of yellow, purple and white crocuses. The bright blue sky was peppered with cotton wool clouds. A watery sun beamed its beautiful smile on the land like Mother Nature nurturing her children.

Spring had awakened the naked oak tree from its deep winter sleep and now she stood proudly in her delicate, fragile gown of pale green buds. She whispered quietly to the mad March wind, Spring is here. Spring is here.

Along the verges of the busy road stood banks of golden yellow daffodils, dancing and basking in the warm, welcoming sunlight.

In the distance could be heard newborn lambs bleating as their mothers grazed. On unsteady legs, they stumbled precariously towards her; their woolly protector.

Birds once more sang their melodies in perfect harmony, serenading each other in search of a soul mate.

Spring now embraced the earth, giving new life and renewed hope for a brighter, warmer future.