

### **From the point of view of Tim (the ostler)**

Freedom stretched out in front of me as I gazed at the rolling grassy hills, which rose and fell like gentle green waves. Wispy clouds flitted and skipped across the brilliant blue sky, briefly covering the sun from time to time. The sweet sound of singing birds, perched in the apple trees behind me, lifted my soul and distracted me from my worries. Settling onto a grassy cushion, I marvelled at the happy daisy faces peering up at me and gratefully inhaled the fresh perfume of blossom and grass.