

Hello! Let me introduce myself. I am just over the way by the old oak tree. "Old Oak", as we know him, is one of the oldest inhabitants and he never tires of telling us so.

My day has already begun. There is birdsong all around, as they proclaim their right of occupation, and from the reed bed near the lake one can hear the rasp of the corncrake and, now and again, the boom of the elusive bittern.

Two or three joggers are already on the pathway coming towards me. Coloured tracksuits and earnest faces as they huff and puff their way past. Dog walkers armed with the obligatory bag to collect litter amble past. The gardeners are tending the flower beds, which are looking very fine at the moment, and the weather is kind.

People are already on their way to work, using the footpath as a short cut into town, plus one or two mothers with pushchairs near the play area supervising children on the swings.

So the day progresses, bowlers on the green having practice sessions ready for the afternoon match, or is it a knock-up? It is hard to tell. Lunch breaks are approaching and people take advantage of the kiosk to arm themselves with sandwiches, fizzy drinks and, using nature's own table, spread themselves on the grass. I myself am being used, people resting from shopping or just enjoying the scenery and fresh air.

The afternoon wears on and evening approaches, bringing a band concert later on. So, I will be lulled to rest by the music and my day will end. It is so nice to have met you and have this chat. Perhaps I'll see you tomorrow; I hope so. Until then, take care, cheerio.

Copyright AE Hobbs 2013