

Part of a creative writing story, based on the theme of loss: The Water's Edgby
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Rays of sunlight bounced off the water's surface as the lake shone in the afternoon sun. The willow tree's branches created gentle ripples as they flowed in the clear water. Lily pads floated on the surface and the vibrant flowers complemented their calm colouring. Invading the air was the smell of freshly cut grass; a peaceful reminder that summer had just begun. Birds sang out to one and other, their effortless chirps filled the clearing. Dorothy leant back and took in the glorious scenery before her, a sight that she was very used to seeing. As she felt in her pocket for a peppermint, her fingers slowly stroked the smooth wood beneath her. Then her arthritis-ridden fingers moved their way up to the plaque that read:

In loving memory of Henry Gray, 1931-2020, you will forever be in our hearts.

Tears welled up in the old lady's eyes and a quiet sob shook her body. It was exactly two months since her husband of 54 years had passed away. He had died peacefully in his sleep after having a long and adventurous life. Now, in Dorothy's bag, was his will.

Taking a deep breath, she carefully wiped away a tear with a handkerchief and popped another mint in her mouth, the fresh taste numbing her tongue. With a shaky hand, she produced a document from her bag. A gentle breeze began to sweep across the clearing. She set the papers down beside her to button up her hand-made cardigan. She felt for yet another mint and pushed her half-moon glasses further up her nose before reaching for the will. Gone. All she felt was smooth wood of the bench. Her head turned slowly, realising the papers had vanished from sight.

A wave of panic washed over her. Quickly, she reached for her walking stick and pulled herself to her feet. Again, she pushed her spectacles up her nose carefully scanned the bench. A bead of sweat began to form on her wrinkled brow as her breath quickened. She bent down as far as her knees would take her only; under the bench was nothing but grass. Her heart began to pound, the thumps deafened her already useless ears as she stared to hobble around the bench. Leaning heavily on the ancient walking stick, Dorothy circled the bench, squinting through the thick lenses at every angle of the wooden seat. More tears began to fill her eyes and soon dripped down the wrinkled rivers of her skin. Her palms were moist and her mouth had turned dry despite the many mints she had devoured. Just as she was about to venture further into the thick mass of trees, her eye caught a glimpse of something white floating in in the lake.

Turning slowly, she feared the worst. Deep in her stomach, she could feel nausea preparing to rise. She closed her eyes, gulped back the saliva that had suddenly filled her mouth, before looking at the lake. Floating on the water was the will of

her late husband. Those papers meant everything to her. The last thing that kept his memory alive. The only thing that mattered. And now they were gone. With that, Dorothy's knees gave way and she fell to the ground. As she lay between the grass fronds, her eyes managed to focus on a single lily pad, she watched its perfect petals relax on the water's surface. While a bee flew down to rest on the beautiful flower, Dorothy's heart stopped and silence fell over the clearing as her body lay at the water's edge.